

# Dusk at Rehab

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Legacy is a rehab school for kids who have borderline personality disorder. And Crystill Justice is one of those kids. Since she was 6, she has been seeing figures and hearing her name over and over. Her eyes change color with her mood. Her abusive parents thought she was crazy and sent from Satan himself, so they tried to kill her. But her neighbors called the police to take her away. They ended up putting her in Legacy. Then, a mysterious boy named Travis McElroy comes. He says his eyes change with the temperature, but in the hot St. George heat, his eyes stay brown-red. Suddenly, something strange happens to Crystil: she sprouts wings. And the strange figures start reappearing; and only Travis knows what's happening. Then, a strange man comes and kidnapps her, saying he is a friend. And only Travis can save her.

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## Dusk at Rehab : Chapter 1

I remember seeing these strange figures dancing around my room at night, darker than night itself, chanting my name over and over. I remember my parents screaming when my eyes changed from their beautiful purple color. When I was happy, they were their natural color, when I was sad, they were the saddest blue, when I was mad, they were brown, when I was bored, they were gray. And when I was excited, they were green. If I was scared, they turned light gray and blue.

When I told my parents that I heard these voices calling my name, and that I saw them, they took me to a psychiatrist. My psychiatrist's name was Dr. Goodwhine. He asked me a lot of questions.

"How old are you?" He had asked me.

"Six." I replied.

"Why are you here?"

"Mommy and Daddy said that I was crazy, and needed to see a professional." I said simply, as if it were no problem.

"Are they abusive?"

"What do you mean?"

"Do they hit you, smack you, kick you, and much more." He sounded sad.

"Yes. But they don't kick me. But they do get those nails like hammer nails and they scratch my wrists and my face. It hurts, but I know better than to speak out."

He frowned. He wrote something down quickly like he has been doing since the beginning question.

"Do you hear voices and see shadows, like your parents have said?"

"Oh yes. They told me their names, and said that they were my friends. They always say my name, and they dance around my room. And sometimes, if I have had a really bad day, they let me dance with them." I smiled and giggled.

He frowned even more.

"Is that a bad thing?" I was suddenly scared, and I heard the usual hissing noise of my eyes changing color. Dr. Goodwhine's face had drained to paper sheet white.

"Wha-- what is your na-- name?" He whispered.

"Crystill Justice." I whispered back.

We stared at each other for 30 seconds, then he grabbed my bicep and pulled me out of his office, dropped me off in the waiting room, then dragged my parents into his office.

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I saw a boy about my 6 year old age. I walked over to him, and put my index finger to my lips, studying his face, so I could remember it forever. He had black hair and brown-red eyes. I held out my free hand to shake his.

"My name is Crystill Justice. What's your name?"

"Travis McElroy." He said, a Scottish accent in his voice.

My jaw dropped open.

"What?"

"I never heard a funny accent before." My eyes hissed to change to green.

"And I never met someone who's eyes change color." He smiled and took my hand. He shook it once, before his mother that had red hair and dark eyes took his hand and rushed him into a room, he never took his strange eyes off of mine. That's when a cold hand took mine and dragged me out of the building.

The minute we got into the house, my mother took me to my empty kiddie-pool and threw me in. My dad came out with a broken beer bottle, you know, those glass ones? Well, the bottom was broken off, and my mom took it and started scraping it against my wrists. Instead of my blood being red, it was black. My mom screamed and got out of the pool, which was now filling up with the black stuff coming out of me.

I heard the car screech, my parents not in sight. I started crying, when my elderly neighbors heard, and called the police. While waiting for the cops to come, the elderly couple were kind enough to stay with me, clean me up, and comfort me.

"Why did they leave me?" I asked, sniffing. I had bet my eyes were light blue: sadness mixed with fear.

"I don't know. I knew they were bad people from the minute I laid eyes on them." The elderly man had said.

"Why did they do this to me?" I held up my bandaged wrists, black blood seeping through the cloth-like material.

"I think they are afraid of you." Just then, the cop car parked in my drive way. A cop appeared in the door way.

We had gone inside and were sitting in the living room on the couch. I had a cup of strawberry milk in my small hands. The old woman was in the kitchen making peanut butter sandwiches.

"May I have a moment alone with her?" The cop asked, her voice soft.

"Of course." The old woman asked.

"Thank you Frank, Maple." The woman crossed over to the couch. She knelt down in front of me.

"Am I in trouble?" I asked.

"Of course not. But your parents are if we find them."

"What did I do wrong that caused my parents to hate me?"

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"Nothing. They are just bad people."

"What are you going to do to me?"

"Well, maybe we need to take you to the hospital before we can do anything else." She stood up and told the older couple what she was going to do and took my hand. I said good-bye and thank you to the couple and went to the cop car.

What happened after that, I do not remember. One minute, I was at the hospital, and the next, my bags were packed, and I was standing outside of a large black building. A tall woman in a black dress crossed the yard to me. She had a long, velvet black dress that went down to her ankles. Her black, white, and gray hair was in a bun. She looked like she was in her early 50's.

"My name is Mrs. Dark."

"My name is Crystill Justice." I smiled, even though I was terrified.

"I know. Officer Nickson told me you were coming here. I'll show you to your room."

"How long am I staying here?"

"It depends."

I never knew what that meant, until I was 11.

It depends on if I live or not.

## Chapter 2

Now, at age 15, I learned that this place, called Legacy, isn't as bad as I thought it would be nearly 10 years ago.

I had made 2 friends: Kelsy and Ronnie.

Kelsy has red hair, faint freckles or freakles as she calls them, on her nose. She has brown-green eyes.

Ronnie (short for Veronica) has brown hair, blue eyes, and a scar that goes across her cheek.

They understand me, well, everyone at school does. Legacy is for people from the age of 6- however old you are here that have borderline personality disorder. You may be thinking, "*What the eff is borderline personality disorder!?!?!?!?*"

Well, it's different for everyone, in my opinion. But, for me, it's where I hear voices in my head and see these stalker-ish shadows following me. But I haven't heard them or seen them in a couple of days. So I think I might be getting better; if there is a "getting better".

"Earth to Crystill!" Ronnie said, waving a hand in front of my face.

"Wha-- huh? What'd I miss?" I say, snapping out of my trance. I didn't notice I was staring at a wall.

"Oh, nothing much. Just us talking about your birthday tomorrow." Kelsy said, singing the last two words.

"Oh. Yeah." Another birthday without my parents.

"Don't be so sad." Ronnie said, scratching my back. Ronnie may be 17, but she is like the sister I have always wanted.

"Why? Everyone's parents come and visit when it's a holiday or their birthday, and mine don't." I pouted.

"My parents love you." Kelsy and Ronnie said at the same time. It's true: their parents treat me as if I were their own kid.

"I guess you guys are right. And I'm saying that because I know that you guys won't stop bothering me until I admit it." I hugged them both.

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"Class, today we have a new student." Mr. Gemory, my history teacher, said.

A boy with black hair and brown-red eyes came into the room. I swear I saw him somewhere before. Every night since I could remember, I have had dreams of him, but that's not where I saw him before. Not from my dreams.

"Introduce yourself, boy." Mr. Gemory forced.

"My name is Travis Mc Elroy." The student said, in a Scottish accent.

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"Take an empty seat." The teacher said. There was only one open seat.

And of course, it was next to me.

When Travis sat down, I turned to him and whispered: "I've seen you somewhere before."

"You have. We were at that psychiatrist place. How old were you?" He whispered back.

"I was six. You?"

"I was seven."

"Really? You looked like you were six."

"Looks can be deceiving sometimes."

"Crystill, Travis, the other other students are trying to learn, and you should be like the other students." Mr. Gemory called.

Travis looked at the board instantly. Embarrassed, I looked down and started to doodle in my notebook. My eyes peeked through my purple-like-black- hair to see if Mr. Gemory was still glaring at us, but his back was facing us. I peeked a glance to see Travis smiling at me. I blushed and started doodling again.

## Chapter 3

Thursday: no homework day. It was the end of the school day, and I was so happy.

I turned on my radio and flopped down on my bed, letting my thoughts run carelessly.

Then, the door knocked. I got off my bed and opened my door, not bothering to turn off my radio, expecting it to be Kelsy, Ronnie, or both. But, no.

It was Travis.

"Can I come in?" He asked.

"How did you get my room number?"

"Your friends told me. They also told me that it's someone's birthday tomorrow." He smiled and winked.

I blushed and let him in. He sat in my chair, and I sat on my bed.

"I came here to ask something." He said.

"And...?"

"Do your eyes change color?"

"Why?"

He got out of my chair and went to the thermostat. He changed it to cold, which felt nice in the hot St. George heat, and the tank top I was wearing didn't really do anything to cool me off.

Travis's normal brown-red eyes changed to green-blue.

"Umm... can you please change it back to hot? I'm freezing." I held out my arm to show him the goose-bumps that have developed on my arm.

"If it helps, I'm getting cold, too." He showed me the goose-bumps on his arm. He took off his jacket he was wearing and wrapped it around my shoulders.

"Thanks." I said.

He smiled and changed the temperature back to warm. I took off his jacket and handed it out to him.

"You can keep it." He said.

"Really?" I loved the feel and smell of the leather. I hugged it close to my body.

"Aye. So, do your eyes change color?"

"Yeah. With my emotions."

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"Interesting...."

I tilted my head in confusion. He sat back in my chair and got a pair of scissors. Then, he jabbed it in the middle of his wrist.

"No!" I yell. I hurriedly got up and ran to him, even though I only took a step and was to him. I heard the hiss of my eyes changing color to light blue and gray, fear.

"It's okay!" He yelled back. Black blood was rushing out of his wrist.

"No it's not! You're bleeding!"

"Is your blood this color?" he asked calmly, as if blood was not coming out of his wrist like Niagara Falls.

"Yes." I found some bandages and wrapped them around his wrist and gripped it to put pressure on it so the bleeding would slow down. His eyes changed from green-blue to brown-red.

"You're not human...." He said.

"Yes I am. I am just weird and different."

"No. You're an angel."

I laughed. His eyes never left mine, they were serious; and they bored into mine.

"Say it again?"

"An angel. You're an angel."

"If I were, how would you know?"

"Because I am one."

Either from gripping so hard on his wrist, or something else, I passed out onto the cold, carpeted floor.

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When I woke up, I was in my bed. I looked at the electric clock.

7:54 p.m

Thursday September 14

A movement caught the corner of my eye.

"Who's there?"

A figure stepped out.

Travis was still here.

## Dusk at Rehab

I jumped out of my bed and picked up my shoe and held it out in front of me as if it were a sword or a knife. Travis held up his hands, as if to play along. He chuckled.

"What's so funny?" I asked.

"You think you can hurt me with a shoe. And, you were totally afraid of me."

"I see shadows and hear voices in my head, okay?"

This made Travis stop laughing and made the color drain from his skin.

"Hello?" I waved the shoe in front of his face. He caught it and threw it across the room. He walked over to me and gripped my shoulders so hard that they started aching and throbbing.

"Did the shadows do anything to you?"

"No. But it made my parents try to kill me." I said quietly.

"They can't kill you." He laughed harshly.

"I am *not* an angel. I don't even have wings!" I yelled.

"*Yet.*" He kissed me on the top of my head, then on my cheek, then left out of the door; leaving me alone in a dark, lonely room.

## Chapter 4

I had fallen asleep around 9:00 last night. I woke up and looked at my clock when the alarm went off.

7:00

Friday September 15

I rolled out of bed and turned off the alarm. I quickly made my bed.

I felt a stinging sensation in between my shoulder blades. Then, the lower part of my back felt suddenly cold. I felt along the bare skin. I found the back part of my shirt and tried to pull it down, but something was in the way.

I ran to the full length mirror to see what was happening.

Large black and purple wings were sticking out of my back.

I whimpered. This isn't good.

The door knocked.

I walked to it cautiously like it was a wild, rabid predator; which it could have been.

I opened the large door wide enough to only poke my head out.

Guess who was standing before me? Travis.

I grab his shirt and pull him in.

"What's happening to me?" I ask, tears pricking my eyes.

"I tried to tell you that you're an angel." He leaned against the wall, eyes closed, looking like everything was okay, even though nothing was okay.

"I thought you were just flirting with me!"

"Well, I was, *while* speaking the truth. It's a win win."

"Just tell me how to get these things off of me. Please."

This made Travis laugh. He layed on my bed, hands behind his head. He opened his eyes.

"You *can't* get rid of your wings. They come on your sixteenth birthday. And they leave about an hour or two afterward."

"So, they will leave in about an hour?"

"More or less." He snuggled into the pillows on my bed. He closed his eyes again.

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"When did yours go away."

He smiled. "Thirty minutes."

I glared at him until his eyes opened. He smiled even larger.

"Why are you so happy?" He asked.

This made me smile.

"You look so beautiful. Truly an angel." He said.

I blushed. "Then why don't *you* look beautiful?"

"Ouch. That hurts." He joked, putting a hand on his heart.

I walked over to him and gave him a hug.

"I'm sorry. You have been so nice to me and helping me and all I have been was mean to you." I grabbed his wrist where he stabbed it yesterday and took off the bandage. It had gotten worse. I gently put my hand on the scar.

"You haven't been mean to me. It's normal for angels to be like that the day before they get their wings." He winced in pain at my touch to his scar.

"Are you okay?" I whisper.

"Aye. It'll heal in a few months."

"If a human gets hurt like you did, it takes them, like, two weeks to get healed!"

"Angels heal different."

"I've noticed."

Our lips were inches from each other. We were about to kiss when the door knocked.

"I got it." Travis whispered.

"I'll hide."

"Good idea."

I hid under my bed so I could see who was at the door, but they couldn't see me.

"Uh... Travis! Why are you in Crystill's room? Is she sick?"

Kelsy.

"No. I am helping her make her birthday costume."

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"Why does she need a birthday costume?"

Ronnie.

"It's more like part of a costume. She is being an angel."

*Nice save*, I thought.

*Thanks*. I heard someone say. This startled me.

*Aye, angels can talk to other specific angels in their minds*. Travis said or thought. I was too baffled to know, let alone hear the rest of the conversation that Travis was having with my friends.

The door closed and Travis came over to the bed, and layed down on the floor so he was facing me.

"You can come out now." He said.

"Good. It's starting to get uncomfortable under here."

He held out his hand and I took it, and he helped me get out from under my bed.

"Now let's get you into your 'costume'."

And for the rest of the morning, we worked on my "costume".

## Chapter 5

We finished my "costume". I had to admit, Travis came through to me in my time of need. And right now, I'm very dependent on him.

He took a step back to view his creation. He must have been satisfied, because he had a huge smile on his face.

"You must like it." I twirled around, trying to see what he had done, but failed.

"I do. Now, let's let you see." He pushed me to my full length mirror, and I stood there in awe.

He had put glitter on my wings, so they sparkled. I turned around and saw that he had attached purple and black elastic around the base of my wings where they met my skin. I looked beautiful. That's when I realized a few things...

"I'm still in my pajamas, I missed my morning classes, and I have no birthday outfit." I pouted on my bed.

He sighed.

"Can you make me a beautiful outfit too?" I joked.

"Hey, I'm not your personal taylor." He put his hands up.

"I know, I was joking. If I were to wear something, how can I get it on with my wings?"

"You have to make slits in your clothing. I know it may seem unfair, but it's the way things are." He shrugged his shoulders.

We sat there in silence for a few minutes.

"Can I see your wings?" I blurted. I was dying to know what his wings looked like.

He hesitated before answering. "I don't think that's a good idea...."

"Please?"

"Fine." His wings unfurled behind him. His wings were black.

He chuckled at my facial expression.

"Wow." I gasped, still staring at his wings.

"They aren't as gorgeous as yours, or as I would like them to be." I smiled, looking down. I saw a hint of red on his cheeks.

He was blushing.

My stomach growled, interrupting our silence.

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"Can we eat?" I asked.

"Aye. After we put some birthday clothes onto you."

I picked out a dark purple shirt that matched my wings and purple elastic. I cut slits large enough to fit my wings through, and found black pants and put them on.

"Looks good. And I think it's about time to get some food into us." Travis said. This made us laugh out loud.

And with that, we left my room.

## Chapter 6

"Oh my gosh! You look so hot!" Kelsy squealed the second she laid eyes on me.

"Uh, yeah, you kinda do." Ronnie agreed.

"Thanks. But you guys should give Travis all the credit. He helped me with my... uh... costume." I twirled around to show them my wings at full view.

I peeked a look at Travis, and he was blushing again.

"Wow Travis! Could you make me a costume?" Kelsy asked.

"He won't do it. I asked him if he could make me a birthday outfit, but he said, and I quote, 'I am not your personal taylor'. Or something along those lines." I answered for him. It didn't look like he was going to answer. Plus, I wanted his talent all to myself.

"Well, that means he won't make them *just* for you. He means to make them for other people." Ronnie explained.

"Nah. I thought I'd do something nice for her." Travis said. It was the only thing he'd said since we left my room and entered the cafeteria.

"So, you won't make me one?" Kelsy said.

"Sorry, but I can't." Travis said, fake sadness in his tone. It made me a little sorry for Kelsy.

"How about me?" Ronnie asked.

"Same answer. I can't."

"Is it because it isn't our birthday?" Kelsy and Ronnie said in unison.

This made me and Travis laugh.

"No. It's because it was a make-up present for her."

"For what?" Ronnie asked.

"When we were younger, we met at this building called 'Jensin's Mental Help for Kids'. We talked for a little, then my mother took me away from her. And we haven't seen each other since."

Kelsy, being... Kelsy, had tears in her eyes. She cried at anything; even if it meant her accidentally stepping on an ant. And Ronnie just had her normal, bored expression on her face.

Then, an announcement came on the intercom: "Due to space problems, we will take people from the ages of eighteen through thirty-nine to a new rehab center. People from the ages of forty and up will also be moved to a new, but different, rehab center."

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"Workers from your new rehab centers will be by later tonight to pick you selected people up," The announcer continued,"You will have time to pack your things, say your good-bye's, and anything else you wish to do.

"Thank you for your time." The announcer hung up.

"Ohmygosh! This is your last two months here!" Kelsy addressed Ronnie, a fresh batch of tears spilling out of her eyes.

Ronnie's expression was blank, her eyes wide and her mouth open. She slumped and sat down against the cafeteria wall.

"I--I can't believe it." Ronnie said, a smile starting to appear.

"Why are you happy about going to a different center?" I asked.

"Because these people treat me as if I'm four years old! Hopefully, I will have more respect at the new center." She crossed her arms over her chest. Sometimes, she could be a pain in the butt. She could be so stubborn sometimes.

Then, tears started falling down her cheeks.

"Why are you crying?" I asked.

"I just realized something: when I leave, I'll leave you two." She opened her arms, and me and Kelsy fell into them.

"You too, Lover-Boy." Ronnie giggled. I looked at Travis, which made him roll his eyes.

"Oh, what I'll do for you, Crystill." He said, looking at me, and then hugged all of us. Well, it was more of a squeeze.

We all squeaked.

When Travis and Ronnie let us go, we all stood up. Ronnie, Kelsy, and I were crying. I looked at Travis, whose eyes were full of tears, and some stray tears rolled down his cheeks. I laughed.

"What's so funny?" They all asked in unison. But only Travis's voice was the clearest out of all of them; mainly because his voice was deeper and he had a Scottish accent.

"Travis is even crying." Ronnie and Kelsy looked at Travis: who tried to hide his face. This made all of us--even Travis-- laugh.

"Why are you crying?" Ronnie asked. I noticed this question was starting to get old.

"Because, I barely know you. See? I don't even know your name--"

"My name is Ronnie." She said. She held out her hand.

"Pleased to meet you." He took it, and gave it a shake, then let go.

"Um... Ronnie?" I say.

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"Yeah?" She answered, looking at me.

"Your mascara is running." I said, wiping the bottom part of my eyes, making sure my mascara decided not to come off my eye lashes. Which, thankfully, they decided to stay on.

"Crap." She pulled out a mini mirror and fixed her make-up under 30 seconds.

"I'm Kelsy." Kelsy said, hugging Travis. Travis was startled at first, but accepted the hug anyway. Then they let go.

"Well, as you girls know, I am Travis. Are you three related?"

"No. We are all just friends. But everyone thinks that we are. I don't know how." Kelsy responded.

"Oh. So, I hear that in two months that it's Ronnie's birthday." Travis smirked.

"Hm, I wonder how he got *that* idea." Ronnie said sarcastically.

"Hey, instead of focussing on Ronnie or her birthday, let's focus on *me* and *my* birthday." I said, pointing to me.

Then all 3 of them laughed and gave me another hug, while I wished this moment would never end.

## Chapter 7

After Ronnie and Kelsy went their separate ways, Travis and I got some time alone in my room.

"How come we only meet in my room?" I asked, laughing, laying on my bed.

The head of the bed was on the top left corner of the room in a vertical position. Travis and I were laying on it in a horizontal position.

"I honestly have no clue. Maybe because your room is already moved in and is more romantic? Plus, I doubt you would want to see my room." He rolled his head to look at me.

"So true. I agree with everything but the romantic part." I giggled, and he chuckled.

"Any other questions?" He asked.

"How do wings come off?"

"They just go into your back."

"Does it hurt?"

"For the first time, yes. Well, for me it did. It depends on the person."

My eyes widened with fear, and my eyes hissed to change to fear. When we were crying earlier that day, I was too moody to keep up the random changing of colors.

"Like I said, it depends on the person." He laughed. My eyes changed back to their normal color.

"What kind of person do you think I am?" I asked.

"A beautiful one."

I blushed. Then, I felt the stinging sensation, probably back for revenge. I waited for a few seconds, but it got worse. I got scared, and my eyes changed to fear again. I noticed that Travis noticed.

"What's wrong? Why are you scared?"

"Is it a good thing that my back is stinging? Like, badly?" I asked, snuggling into him as if his closeness could take away the pain, which I knew it couldn't.

"Not supposed to be badly. But the stinging is good. It means your wings are going away."

I breathed out a sigh of relief, but held my breath when I realized that our lips were less than an inch away. I closed the gap.

Our kiss was a small one, just a brush of the lips. His lips were soft and gentle, which made me want to kiss him more, but he pulled away.

"I love you." He whispered.

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"I love you too." I whispered back.

Then we kissed one more time.

## Chapter 8

"So, are we, like, a couple now?" Travis asked.

"I don't know-- AHHH!" There was a jabbing pain in my back.

"Are you okay?" Travis jumped off.

"I can't stand the pain. It feels like someone is sticking about fifty knives into my back." I gasped in pain.

"I wish I could help...." He rambled on; but I was in too much pain to hear what he was going on about.

Then, the world dark, and I couldn't see. The unwelcome darkness had clouded my mind.

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When I awoke, there was something wet on my head, and the pain had gone away, but moved to my head.

As I tried to sit up, strong arm pulled me back onto my pillows.

"No, no, no. You stay down." Travis said.

"What happened? I remember a jabbing pain in my back, then I couldn't wake up."

"You blacked out. Sometimes angel's can't take the pain, and they black out--"

"So, you're calling me weak?" My head was throbbing, and I laid my head down on my pillow, putting my hand on the wet cloth on my head, which suddenly went dry with a sizzling sound.

"No. And I wish that the cloth will just stay wet." He muttered.

"Does this usually happen?" I asked, holding out the towel.

"No. The last angel that had this happen died instantly. But luckily, I was here to help you." He whispered into my ear. My body went numb at the chill of his voice.

"What did you do?" I whispered back, not daring to look at his eyes.

"Magic." I made myself look at him, and sure enough, he was holding his palm out, facing the ceiling. Instantly, and white fire orb was floating in the middle of his palm.

"Whoa! Can I do that?" I asked excitedly.

"No. At least, I don't think."

"Why?"

He took a deep breath. "Only a few people can. Because they're Healers."

"What?"

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"Healers. They are like the doctors in the Angel World. But instead of using medicine, they use magic. And that's how I saved you."

"Oh."

"By the way, your wings are gone. Such a shame. They were so beautiful."

I whipped my head around, straining to look at my wing-free back.

"Does it hurt to have them come in and out?" I asked, finding two perfect slits in my back. I touched them, which hurt.

"Not really. They will be sore for a few hours. If I were you, I'd keep them out." I looked at him, and he winked.

"You just want to see them again." I smirked.

"Exactly." He sat next to me on my bed, leaving the spot where he had been standing from across the room. I hugged his waist.

"Fine, only because you think they're pretty. But, there is one small problem."

"And that is?"

"How do I get them to come out?"

"It's just like walking. Your brain tells your body to move."

He explained and demonstrated how to get my wings out. And hey! It worked!

He touched my feathers, rubbing them between his fingers. And it felt like he was rubbing my arm. It felt good.

"They're so beautiful." He said, mesmerized. His black wings were out.

"Yours are awesome." I said, giggling.

"But your wings could never compare to you." He said, serious.

I kissed him, his arms wrapping around my waist.

"I love you." I said.

"I love you more."

"Yes."

He pulled away, looking into my eyes. "Yes what?"

"We are a couple." My eyes hissed to change, but I didn't know what.

## Dusk at Rehab

"What does pink mean?" He asked.

"I don't know. Love, I think."

"Then, I want to be pink all over."

We laughed, then kissed.

## Chapter 9

We fell asleep on his bed, his arms wrapped around my waist and my head on his chest.

It was around 12:00 in the morning or something around that time that I realized that my friends would be coming at 12:30 to celebrate. Kelsy's idea.

"Travis, Travis! Wake up!" I hissed, shaking his shoulder.

"What?" He moaned.

"We have to go back to my room."

"Why?" He turned on his other shoulder. I grabbed his hand and took my wings out. I flapped them, trying to fly, but failed. I was going to try to fly with him to get him out of bed.

I fell to the ground with a loud *thud*.

"Oh my-- are you okay?" Travis asked. He quickly got out of bed and kneeled down by me.

"Well *that* got you out of bed, didn't it?" I joked.

"If anything bad happens to you, it will *definitely* get my attention, no matter how busy I am or what I'm doing." He leaned in to kiss me, but I put my hand on his lips.

"No. We have to get back to my room and get ready."

"For what?"

"The party, remember?"

"I don't recall there being a party."

"You are so weird." I said, getting up.

"But do you still love me?" He asked, getting up with me.

"Yes." I hugged him.

"Am I invited to the party?" He kissed the top of my head.

"Of course. It wouldn't be a birthday party with out you."

"Oh. I think I'll stay here and sleep." He yawned.

"You do know it's just gonna be Ronnie, Kelsy, and I, right? Unless you come."

"Aye, but I think you need to spend some time with your friends. I mean, you spent nearly the whole day with me."

## Dusk at Rehab

"But I see them everyday. You know, before you came here."

He looked at me in the eyes.

"You. Have fun with your friends. I'll see you tomorrow. I promise. I'll only be down the hall from you." He whispered.

"Okay. I love you." I kissed him one last time before going in my room.

My room seemed so sad and lonely with out him. I looked at my clock.

12:15

Saturday September 16

Good. I had 15 minutes to clean up my room and put on make-up.

I put my dirty clothes in my closet, put away trash, and went to the sink in the bathroom that was on my room. I brushed through my now knotted hair, and put a fresh coat of mascara on.

Then, the door knocked.

I opened it, but it wasn't any of my friends.

It was a boy.

"Um... can I help you?" I ask.

"My name is Tyler Jenson."

"Aren't you in my science class?"

"Yes. And I've been meaning to tell you that I like you for a while now.... And I know that when angels like someone, they don't change their feelings for them."

## Chapter 10

"So, you're saying that you're angel?"

"I am." Suddenly, wings had unfurled behind him. They were human blood red. They looked like bat wings.

"Uh.... I have a boyfriend. Sorry." I slowly shut the door.

I looked back at the clock.

12:28

Saturday September 16

I layed on my bed for the last 2 minutes, then the door knocked again.

I got out of bed and cautiously opened the door.

Ronnie and Kelsy were standing in front of me.

"Who was that brunette boy standing in front of your door?" Kelsy asked.

"His name is Tyler Jenson." I answered.

"Really? I've heard his name around here. They sent him here for the same reason as you, Crystill. His eyes change color and his blood is black." Ronnie said. She knew nearly everybody here.

"Oh." So it was true.

"Why was he here?" Kelsy and Ronnie asked in unison.

"He wanted me to be his girlfriend."

"What'd you say?" Kelsy asked.

"I said I already had a boyfriend."

"Who is he?" Kelsy asked, at the same time Ronnie said: "You should've said you would be his girlfriend."

"One, it's Travis. Two, why would I say yes?"

"Because every girl that Tyler asks out and said no dissappear. Like, not in thin air. But he takes them one night, they don't know when he comes, and takes them away. No one knows where he goes. Obviously, he has a *terrible* reputation." Ronnie explained.

"Oooooo! This is a *great* romance situation! It's kinda like Romeo and Juliet!" Kelsy squealed. Ronnie and I looked at her as if she were a crazy person.

"It's *nothing* like Romeo and Juliet. No one is gonna die." I say.

## Dusk at Rehab

"Yet...." Ronnie muttered.

"You know what, let's just start the party." I say, turning on my radio with my favorite band playing.

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In the middle of the party, the door knocked again.

I went to the door, thinking it would be Travis.

But it was Tyler.

"I already told you, I have a boy--" I start.

Tyler grabbed me by the waist and tried to pull me out of the room. I was holding onto the door frame, not daring to let go.

"Kelsy! Ronnie! Help!" I yell. But Tyler did something to them that made freeze, making them like statues.

"What did you do to them?" I demand.

"I froze them in time. Right now, they think that they are still dancing with you." Tyler's eyes weren't their normal shade of brown; they were as red as his wings. His spiky brown hair was normal. Tyler smiled, his teeth dangerously sharp.

I whimpered.

I remembered I would talk to Travis in my mind, but only to certain angels. But Tyler wasn't an angel. He was something else.

*Travis: please help me. I'm in danger. I'm in my room. Please come.* I thought said.

I heard a reply from him: *What's wrong?* Travis's voice was urgent.

*I don't have time to explain. I can't hold on much longer.* My grip on the door frame was loosening.

Just then, something hard slammed into Tyler; which let me go of the door frame.

Travis.

I looked into my room, Ronnie and Kelsy were unfrozen, but still dancing.

*You and your friends need to hide. Right now.* Travis said urgently in my mind.

"Ronnie, Kelsy, we need to hide." I whispered. They looked out of the door, but nothing was there.

"Why?" They asked.

"Long story." I grabbed their wrists and pulled them under my bed with me.

## Chapter 11

We heard yells and yelps from both Tyler and Travis. Everytime Travis screamed in pain or yelped, I felt hurt.

I wanted to go out and help him, but I knew I would get hurt, Travis would be mad at me, and/or he would never forgive himself for me getting hurt. Or worse: killed. And then he would be sad, and maybe even turn emo. Then Kelsy and Ronnie would be sad. And they didn't need more grief. The last thing I wanted to do is for Kelsy to lose both of her friends, and only have Emo Travis with cuts on him, grieving over my death.

But then again, if Travis gets killed, *I'm* going to be the one being emo and grieving over his death. And being emo is the *last* thing on my list. Well, no, losing Travis is.

But I already made my choice.

"You two: stay here. I'm gonna help Travis." I whispered.

"No! Don't!" The both hissed.

"I don't want to be emo!" I hissed back. They looked at each other with a look that looked like it said "What the *heck* is she talking about!?"

I crawled out from under the bed. I ran to the door and looked at both ends of the hallway, but no one was in sight. I went to the window on the wall and looked out.

Travis and Tyler were on the field behind the rehab center battling.

Travis's wings blended in with the sky. But Tyler's didn't. His wings were spread out to their full length.

"Oh. My. Gosh." I whispered.

I ran outside and let my wings come out. They were still very sore. I opened them and flapped once, but lifting off the ground. I flapped them again, but harder. Still not getting off the ground.

"Travis! How do I freakin' fly!" I yelled.

Both of the boys' heads turned toward me. I heard Travis sigh. He flew over to me, Tyler staying in the sky, but didn't come over.

"I told you to hide." He hissed.

"What if I told you I'm either a *terrible* listener, or wanted to help you so you won't get killed and save me from being emo?" I asked him all in one breath.

"I understand the first part, but the second part, I'm thinking: What the eff are you talking about!?"

"I was thinking, if I die, you will turn emo and Kelsy will lose both of her friends, and she will only have emo-you with cuts on you, grieving over my death. And if I lose you, *I* will be emo and Kelsy would only have me, grieving over your death."

"Why does this only involve Kelsy?" He asked, sounding a little pissed.

## Dusk at Rehab

"I don't know, but *please* let me fight with you." I begged.

"But if we both die, Kelsy won't have *any* friends." He teased.

"Yeah, but at least we won't be emo, and we will die with each other." I said, slipping my hand in his.

"True. But only attack when I say so." He started to pull me into the air, but I pulled back.

"What's wrong?" He asked.

"One, I don't know how to fly."

"You won't be able to fly until later on today."

"Okay.... And two, if anything happens, I just wanted to tell you that I love you." I looked down, trying to hide my tears.

"I love you too." He kissed me, then we went into the air.

## Chapter 12

We finally got to where Tyler was waiting for us, or Travis. The air was crisply cold, and I wished I brought a jacket. I wrapped my wings around my body, hoping it would insulate some heat.

"Crystill, how nice it is for you to join us for our man-angel fight." Tyler joked. The tone of his voice sent chills up my back, not helping keeping me warm.

"I'm sorry Tyler, but Crystill won't be joining us for our fight." Travis said harshly. His eyes were blue-green, so I tried to wrap one of my wings around him. He looked at me and smiled, instantly making me warm.

"Let me rephrase," Tyler said thoughtfully, "Crystill, how nice it is for you to join us for or man-child-angel fight."

"Let me guess: Travis is the man, you're the child, and I'm the angel?" I shot back,

Tyler glared at me.

*Don't provoke him. He's already stronger than me, but not by much. I can still beat him, but I can't if he's mad.* Travis thought-said to me.

*Sorry!* I apologized.

"Dear Crystill, I really do love you--" Tyler started. His scary eyes looking into mine.

"You have a funny way of showing it." I regretted every word that came out of my mouth.

*Crystill! I said don't provoke him!* Travis's voice was booming in my mind, making it hard to concentrate.

*I'm sorry! I tried not to make the words come out! I'm really sorry!* I didn't want him mad at me.

Something hard knocked us from the sky, and making our grip loosen, until I was falling, Tyler was holding Travis back from saving me, and Travis struggling, kicking, punching, and hitting Tyler to save me.

"Travis! Help!" I yelled, even though I knew that Travis couldn't save me.

"Crystill! I'm trying!" Travis yelled back.

My back hit the ground. Hard. There was a cracking sound, and I couldn't move. I tried to move my right leg, but pain shot through it. I yelped, and everything went silent.

There was no fighting noises coming from Tyler or Travis, the night bugs didn't make their annoying buzzing sounds, and the owls didn't hoot. I whimpered.

The world started spinning around me, the edges of my vision started going black, and the silence was starting to piss me off. Within a couple of seconds, I couldn't see. I accepted the darkness that had surrounded me. I couldn't feel the pain in my back and in my leg.

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## Dusk at Rehab

Rough, cold hands started shaking my body, making my back and right leg hurt like crazy. It was only then did I realize that someone was standing on my leg.

"Crystill, for the last time, wake up!" Tyler yelled.

I refused to open my eyes.

Then Tyler slapped me across my face.

My eyes shot open.

"Good. You got your eyes open." Tyler smiled a toothy grin.

"Let go of me." I shrugged his hands off my shoulders, and tried to stand. I used my good left leg to try to stand. I used my hands to support my bad right leg, but I tumbled down. My left wrist was no good. It was really sore. Tyler laughed.

I looked to my left and saw a motionless mound, black, feathery, tattered wings coming out of the back of the mound.

It was Travis.

"Travis!" I called to him, but no answer.

I started crawling to him, ignoring the pain that my back, leg, and wrist were giving me. Something rubbery landed on my leg. I yelped. Travis looked in my direction.

"Crystill!" He called. I looked behind me, seeing Tyler. Immediate fear coursing through my body.

Tyler's lips found mine. His were *nothing* like Travis's.

His were rough, cracked, and hard.

I put my hands on his shoulders and pulled him off.

Something black hit Tyler's body.

Travis.

Travis grabbed Tyler by the neck and slammed him into the brick wall of the building.

I lay there helpless. I turned my head over to where Travis was beating Tyler. I heard the grunts and moans of Tyler, then silence.

I put my head in the grass, hoping I could disappear.

I heard the grass crunching, someone coming up behind me. My heart beat at least 100 beats a minute.

Travis picked me up, and I whimpered.

"Does this hurt?" He whispered.

## Dusk at Rehab

"A lot." I whispered back. I had tears rolling down my cheeks.

He looked into my eyes, not even caring for the emotion. His eyes were still green-blue.

"He kissed me. I hate him for that. I could never forgive him or myself. I understand if you hate me--"

Travis kissed me for a long time, as if to tell me that my lips were the only ones he was going to kiss, and his lips were the only ones I was going to kiss. I wrapped my hands around his neck, enjoying his nearness.

All too soon, Travis pulled away.

"I don't dare think about hating you. I would *never* hate you. It pained me seeing him kiss you, but you broke away. And that's enough for me." He put his hand on my back, and I yelped.

"Can we please go inside?" I asked.

"Aye." He carried me into his room. I warmed myself with his body.

"Travis, if you're a Healer, how come you didn't fix your wrist?" I asked, grabbing his wrist. I took off the bandage. It was worse.

"To be honest, I never thought to heal my wrist." He took his wrist back and examined it. I giggled.

He put the bandage back on and picked me up, careful not to touch the hurt part of my back.

He layed me on a table, and lifted my my shirt so he could see my back.

"Do you have X-Ray vision?" I asked.

"You can call it that.... This is bad...." He said urgently.

"What?" I asked.

"Part of your spine is broken...." He was still examining. I twisted my head to see his face. His eyes were pale gray.

"Your eyes are cool!" I exclaimed.

"Your back is broken, and you're focusing on my *eyes!*?" He sounded frustrated.

"Yes?" I answered. His eyes went back to their brown-red color.

He touched the broken part of my back, and I yelped. My eyes hissed. What color were they?

"Now *your* eyes are cool." Travis muttered.

"What color are they?"

"This white color."

"Pain." I said.

## Dusk at Rehab

Travis had a big white orb in his hands. He put it in the middle of my back. It went inside me. Instantly, I felt better. He walked in front of me, our faces close.

"Do you feel better?" He asked.

"A lot better. Thank you." My lips brushed his.

"There is one other broken bone, though." He said,

"Really?" I asked.

"It's in you leg."

He walked over to my right leg. A slightly smaller blue orb appeared in his palm, and placed it in my leg. My leg felt better, too.

"Do you have an orb for sprains?" I asked him.

"Not that I know of."

"Crap."

"Do you have a sprain?" He asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Yes." I held my left wrist up. He sighed.

He opened his closet. They were filled with jars of things that I didn't know. He found a jar that was filled with leaves. He took one out and showed it to me. It was green with a vacuum mouth and had tiny black dots on the top of its head. They weren't leaves.

They were bugs.

"Ah! Bugs!" I yelled.

"It's okay. These aren't the bugs you think. Actually, these aren't even bugs." He let one crawl on his hand.

"Then what are they?" I asked.

"I don't really know. But they are called Heals. They can heal bruises, scrapes, scratches, sprains, and more. But not broken bones. That's the only thing they can't heal. That, and sicknesses. But we've already been over the sickness part." He walked over to me and put the Heal on my wrist. It put its vacuum mouth on my wrist, and sucked away all the pain.

"Wow." I gasped.

I took it off my wrist and put it on Travis's. All the blood was gone within 10 seconds, and the scar was gone.

## Chapter 13

After that night, things were hard to explain.

"What the heck happened!" Ronnie and Kelsy demanded at breakfast.

"Tyler had a costume, too. He figured out a way to make wings that actually make you fly. Tyler was pissing me off, showing off his wings, and I fought him outside." Travis lied. He was pretty good.

"But we saw that you had wings too." Kelsy said.

"I made wings, but none that can fly."

"I guess that makes sense." Ronnie said.

End of discussion.

But that was two months ago. Everything went back to normal after that night. Today was Ronnie's birthday.

"Ronnie!" Kelsy sobbed. We were in her room, helping her pack. I had tears in my eyes, Kelsy was crying her eyes out, and Ronnie wouldn't talk to us.

"Leave her alone. She needs some time alone." I said, patting Kelsy's shoulder.

"Let me try to talk to her." Travis said. He was sitting on Ronnie's bed, watching us work. He literally jumped off the bed, took Ronnie's arm, and pulled her out of the room. Kelsy and I looked at each other, then back at the door.

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~Travis~

"What's wrong, Ronnie?" I asked the girl.

No response.

"Please tell me."

"It's just, today is also the boy I like's birthday. And he is also turning eighteen. I'm hoping that we will be in the same mental hospital." Ronnie said quietly.

"What's this boy's name?"

"Jexton."

"I know him. Do you want me to talk to him?"

"Yes please." Ronnie hugged me. I hugged her back.

## Dusk at Rehab

We walked back into the room. I walked over to Crystill. Her back was turned. I wrapped my arms around her waist.

"I have to go." I whispered.

She turned around to look at me.

"Can I come with you? Please?" She asked.

"No. I want you to stay and say your good-bye's." I kissed her. Her mouth was sweet. Her mouth tasted like peppermints.

"Okay. I'll stay here." She kissed me. I slid my hands up and down her back. Someone cleared their throat, and I reluctantly let her go. I missed her touch.

I walked out of the room and went to room 555, just down the hall. When I got to the door, I knocked. A tall boy with caramel brown hair, hazel eyes, and freckles answered the door.

"Hey, Jex. Can I talk to you for a minute?" I asked.

"Sure." He let me in his room. His room had bare walls, the bed stripped. The closet looked sad with no clothes in it.

"Do you know a girl named Ronnie?" I asked him.

"What'd she look like?"

"She has brown hair, blue eyes, and a scar that goes across her cheek."

"Oh! Her!"

"Aye. Do you like her?"

"Describe: 'like'."

"As in: 'I have a crush on her!' 'like'."

"Then yes."

"Great! It looks like it all worked out. Come with me." I motioned to the door.

"What? Why?"

I grabbed his arm and pulled him out of the room. I knocked on Ronnie's door and let myself in. When I got in, they were drawing on Ronnie's temple.

"What are you guys doing?" I asked them.

"We are drawing on Ronnie's temple. It's a star, for her to remember us by. We are using permanent markers. These marker's literally never come off. Not with finger nail polish remover or anything." Kelsy said.

## Dusk at Rehab

"Uh, Crystill?"

"Yeah?" She looked at me.

"Do you have a star on your temple, too?" I left Jexton standing in the door way and took Crystill's face in my palms. I didn't see any.

"No. On my ankle." She held out her ankle to see. It was about the size of a half-dollar.

"Why?"

"On each point in the star, there is an initial. On the top of the star is the person who the star belongs to: 'C' for 'Crystill', 'T' for 'Travis', 'R' for 'Ronnie', and 'K' for 'Kelsy'." She pointed clockwise.

"Mine is on the back of my neck!" Kelsy said, looking up from Ronnie's face. She pushed the hair out of the way of the back of her neck to show me.

"You have to have a star, too." Crystill said.

"I will in a minute. First, I need to borrow Ronnie." I promised. When I said her name, one of Ronnie's eyes opened and looked in the door way. When she saw Jexton, her face turned red.

"I can tell that you guy's are in a middle of something, I'll come by later." Jexton started to walk out of the room, but Ronnie jumped out of her chair and ran to him.

"No, please no! I am done with my star, so we can talk." She said.

Crystill walked over to me and wrapped her hands around my waist and hugged me tightly.

"Next year, I'll be leaving." I mumbled to her. She hugged me tighter.

"Please don't leave me." She said into my waist.

"I won't."

"Let's work on *your* star, Travis!" Kelsy said, holding up some markers.

"Crap. I'm screwed." I whispered to Crystill, who just laughed.

## Chapter 14

~Travis~

"Where would you like your star?" Kelsy asked.

"My wrist." I held out my wrist.

"What color?"

"The color of Crystill's eyes." I said. I looked at Crystill, who was blushing a lot. I thought it was cute when she blushed.

"Okie dokie artichokie." And with that, Kelsy started. She drew a star and initials in pen, then covered it with a dark purple.

When she was done, I took back my wrist and studied it. It was dark purple with light purple and gray intertwined in the dark purple.

"Is that what my eyes look like?" Crystill asked, taking my wrist with the star on it, which was also the hand where I stabbed myself.

"Aye." I replied, kissing her forehead. I looked at her, her eyes a strange shade of yellow.

"What does yellow mean?" I asked her.

"I don't know. I never had yellow before." She said. She looked at my hand, and her eyes widened.

"What?" I asked her. I looked at my wrist. The star was yellow.

"I think it changes with my mood. Like my eyes. You did say you want your star the color of my eyes...." She said.

"That's true."

"Yellow is interest." She said.

"Try a different emotion." I said, thinkingly. My eyes stayed on the star. Suddenly, it changed pink. I looked at Crystill's eyes. They were pink, too.

"Did it work?" She asked.

"It did." I replied.

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Kelsy stood up and stretched.

"Is anyone else's foot asleep?" She asked.

## Dusk at Rehab

Travis and I nodded. Hand in hand, we both stood up, helping each other keep balance. I took a step and nearly fell. Immediately, Travis's left hand went to my waist, stopping me from falling.

Kelsy got to the door and opened it. Ronnie and Jexton were making out.

This made Travis and I fall over. His left leg was on my right, and my left was on his right. Our bodies were inches from each other. I kissed Travis, loving everything about him.

"I feel left out." Kelsy said, sounding sad.

Reluctantly, I untangled myself from Travis and stood up, walking to give Kelsy a hug. But after a step, someone grabbed my ankle and pulled me down. I screamed. A pair of hot lips cut me off by brushing mine.

Travis.

All eyes were on us. An awkward silence filled the room. I stopped kissing him and started laughing. I hated awkward silences. Soon, everyone was laughing.

"Why are we laughing?" Kelsy asked after ten minutes of laughing. She was on the floor on her back, her face red.

"I don't know." I replied. My head was resting on Travis's.

"Everyone, sit on my bed. I have an announcement to make." Ronnie said, her hand in Jexton's. I saw a gray star on Jexton's shoulder.

"Jexton has a star too?" I asked.

"Yes." Ronnie said.

When we were all seated on her bed, she walked to the front of the bed.

"Confession time: I'm a witch." Ronnie said quietly.

"Yeah right." I said.

Ronnie glared at me. I was sitting on the floor in Travis's lap, my head leaned back on his chest. I could feel his steady heart beat and the evenness of his breathing. She did a weird movement with her wrist and a spark danced on her finger tips. I gulped when her eyes changed to this weird golden orange-yellow color.

"I have a confession too." Jexton said. He stood up and him and Ronnie traded places.

"I'm a vampire." He said, fangs visible. I gulped again. I started shivering, and Travis rubbed my arms. I snuggled further into his chest.

Kelsy raised her hand. "I have a confession, also! I bet I beat all of you!" She jumped off the bed, Jexton taking her place.

Bright, leaf-like wings popped out of her back.

"Guess what I am?" She asked. Travis sniffed the air.

## Dusk at Rehab

"A pixie?" He guessed.

"Close. Imma faerie." She giggled, twirling around.

"Oh, Crystill and I can beat *all* of you." Travis challenged. Kelsy raised an eye brow and sat next to Ronnie on the bed. Hand in hand, Travis and I got up and went on the "stage".

"You ready?" Travis whispered in my ear. I gulped, but nodded. "On the count of three, we pull out our wings. One, two, three."

We let our wings out. His black ones larger than mine. Black feather fell to the floor.

"Looks like they're molting!" Kelsy giggled.

"How funny." I said sarcastically.

There was a knock at the door, and we pulled in our fangs, wings, and our eye colors changed back to natural.

"Jexton, Veronica, are you two ready to go?" A man in a tan suit with slicked back dark brown hair asked.

"Yes, we are." Jexton said.

"Good. Get your bags and let's go to the bus." The man said, closing the door. Jexton got Ronnie's bags and his.

"Thanks, hun." Ronnie said, brushing his lips with her.

"No problem."

Ronnie skipped happily out of the room, and trailing behind her was Kelsy.

"Need help?" Tavis asked Jexton, who was obviously having issues with Ronnie's bags.

"Sure." Jexton said, handing some bags to Travis.

I wrapped my arms around Travis's waist.

"Well, well, well. Look who we have here." Travis joked, looking behind him to see me. I giggled.

"Need help?" I asked him.

"No. But since you asked, you can be nice and take a very light bag." He winked and handed me a bag that couldn't weigh more than two pounds.

"It doesn't make a difference to you, though." I said sadly.

"But you asked, and it helps me know that you care about me." He said. I didn't realize that we were walking, and we were at the bus.

With a swift movement of her hand, Ronnie moved her hand in a wave like motion. Only one, though. Which was odd. I felt a tingling sensation on my ankle where my star is. I took Travis's wrist and looked at his star.

## Dusk at Rehab

An "R" and a "J" were next to each other, and a "T" and a "C" were next to each other.

"Aww! It's so cute!" I said to Travis. His star turned pink. Travis leaned in and kissed me. I hugged him.

Ronnie and Jexton gave us all a hug and boarded the bus.

"Love you all!" Ronnie called as her, Jexton, and their luggage went away. Never to return back to Legacy.

Kelsy, Travis, and I cried.

Travis picked me up as if I were air and flew me back to my room. Kelsy fluttered along behind us.

## Chapter 15

The next few weeks went by slowly. Everyday without Ronnie seemed colorless; only black, white, and gray. The only person holding me up was Travis. The was the only color in my life at the moment.

I was sitting at my desk doing math homework. I sighed and quit. I decided to take a shower.

I turned the water on. The water was about 70 degrees. When I got in, the water felt like it was 20 degrees. I turned the water to 80 degrees. It felt like 30 degrees. I sighed loudly and turned the water to high. Finally, it was hot enough.

About ten minutes later, the hot water was taking its toll on me.

"Ow!" I yelped.

A knock on the bathroom door startled me.

"Crystill? Are you okay?" Travis asked.

Wait, *Travis* is in my bedroom? *Alone?*

"Yeah?" I answered, turning the water off.

"You okay?"

"I'm fine. The water suddenly got super hot and it burned me."

I heard him chuckle. I smiled, liking him making fun of me. I sighed loudly so he could hear me.

"I'm rolling my eyes at you right now." I called, putting my bra on.

I heard my bed creak when he layed on it.

"I'll pretend to feel hurt. 'Ouch, Crystill, that hurt!'" He joked, laughing hard.

I found my razer. I picked it up and looked at it. I put my towel on the toilet lid and sat down. I felt the sharp blade. I felt my skin peel. I slowly moved my razor over the blood vains on my wrist. A burning sensation in my wrist. I looked at my wrist as the blood ran down my arm and onto the floor. I cursed.

I put the rest of my clothes on and came out of the bathroom. I didn't dare look at Travis.

"Are you forgetting something?" Travis asked. My eyes widened and I went to the full length mirror to see if I was missing some clothing.

When I saw my reflection, I saw my hair.

It was knotted beyond belief. I blushed. I ran back to the bathroom and got my brush. I brushed my hair hard. With each pull, I yelped softly.

When I was done brushing my hair, I curled up next to Travis and snuggled into his chest.

## Dusk at Rehab

"I have a surprise for you, Crystill." Travis said, kissing me.

"What is it?" I asked.

"If I told you, it wouldn't be a surprise, now, wouldn't it?" He kissed me again. I felt the smile on his lips.

"You seem different, Travis." I said, breaking away from his lips.

"I do? How so?" He seemed confused.

"Never mind." I said, pushing the thought of him being different out of my head.

"If you say so." He got out of the bed with my hand in his, helping me off the bed.

"Wait," I started, "I have homework I need to do." I looked at the complicated math homework on my desk. Travis followed my gaze and raised an eyebrow.

"Would you rather do math homework than see a surprise I have in mind for you?" He asked, sounding a little hurt. Tears welled up in my eyes and I ran into his arms, hugging him.

"No. Never in a *million* years."

He kissed my forehead, then we were off.

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We were flying high in the sky, now.

Travis had his strong arms around my waist, only because he hasn't shown me how to fly yet.

We have been flying for about ten minutes in the crisp autumn air. November couldn't be anymore perfect than this.

The sky was clear, not a single cloud in sight. The air was warm with a cold, gentle breeze. The leaves on the trees looked like something out of a painting. The leaves were orange, red, green, and yellow; a perfect amount for each color.

"Whoa." I breathed. Just then, we were falling. Travis's arms loosened from my waist.

"Travis! Don't let go of me!" I screamed, grabbing his arm, but it slipped from my grasp.

"Crystill!" He called. He was falling faster than me. I saw him hit the ground, and I heard the loud thud. Then he started rolling down the hill.

I forced my wings and started to flap. But my wings wouldn't cooperate.

I hit the ground with a loud thud, then started rolling down the hill, too. Pine needles, leaves, and dead grass got into my now dry hair.

At the bottom of the hill, I hit Travis. We were under the only dead tree.

## Dusk at Rehab

"Sorry." I said, standing up to brush myself off. Travis grabbed my wrist and pulled me down to kiss him. I yelped softly.

"What's wrong?" He asked, letting go of my wrist. His hand was covered in black blood. He looked at his hand and took my wrist again, softly this time.

"What *happened*?" He whispered. I looked away, not looking at him.

He kissed me, as if to persuade me to tell him.

"Crystill, as much as I love you, I need to know who or what did this to you."

"The who is me, the what is a razor." I answered.

"Why?" He asked. He stopped kissing me and looked at me seriously.

"I don't know. I just, blacked out for that one moment." I said. I turned my back on him. Travis grabbed my shoulder and turned me around. He looked at me in the eye.

"When you get hurt, I feel it. I knew something bad was going to happen. That's why I wanted to take you away from the rehab center for a few hours. I care about you, Crystill. You're my life. No, that doesn't make sense," he looked away for a few moments, then back at me, bringing my lips inches from his, "you're my life *and* my world."

A warm feeling settled down in my stomach. I couldn't say anything. I felt tears roll down my cheeks. He kissed the tears away. Then, his lips brushed mine softly. It made me tremble.

"I love you, Crystill. If *anything* happened to you, I would die. I wouldn't be able to live with myself if you got hurt. I can barely keep my sadness in right now." He looked down at my wrist again. He brought it to his lips. His lips were soft. They were mine and only mine.

"I love you, too. And again, I'm sorry I ran into you." I blushed again.

"It's okay. You can't control gravity." He laughed softly, and pulled a red leaf from my hair. I kissed him, running my fringers through his long, black hair. I felt a leaf in his hair and laughed. I felt a smile form on his lips. He pulled away gently.

"Why are you laughing?" Travis asked.

I showed him the leaf. Both of our leaves were circular and red. Travis took the leaf from my hand and tore it. He tore the one in his hands, too. Then he pulled them close.

They were in a shape of a heart. And they fit perfectly.

"Do you have a marker?" He asked.

I forgot that I brought my purse.

"Uh... I think so." I looked through my purse and found a black Sharpie.

## Dusk at Rehab

"Thanks." He said, kissing my cheek. He wrote something on the leaves. When he was done, he showed them to me.

One had "C" and the other had "T".

"Aw! That's cute!" I said.

"I will always love you, Crystill, no matter what you do." He said seriously.

"I need your hand." I said.

He held out his right hand. I took the marker from his and drew a key on his right hand, and a heart on my left.

"You hold the key to my heart, Travis." I said. The key I drew had a "C" on it, and my heart had a "T" on it.

Travis looked surprised.

"What? You're not the only cheesy one." I laughed.

Travis pulled me onto him, kissing him. He layed down, so I was now on his chest.

## Chapter 16

We lay there under the tree for the next four hours. My head rested on Travis's lap, Travis's hands on my waist.

"I can lay here forever. Us tangled up in each other." I said, sighing happily. I closed my eyes.

"Same here." Travis replied. I heard a soft thump. I opened an eye and saw Travis's head rested against the stump of the tree. His eyes were closed, but he had a smile across his lips. Seeing him smile made me smile. I closed my eye again.

A rustling noise sounded in a bush not too far away. Travis was up and in front of me, protecting me before I could blink. I was sitting on the cold grass.

"Shh. Stay still and silent." Travis whispered, turning his face halfway to me. I sat closer to the stump of the tree.

A wolf came out the bush. What was a wolf doing in the hot, humid, desert St. George heat?

"What's a wolf doing in St. George?" I asked Travis.

"That's what I'm going to find out." Travis said. He walked slowly to the wolf, not daring to startle it.

"How? It's not like it can talk." I walked behind him, but faster than him. The wolf's ears perked up, watching us.

"Stay back! Don't come any closer!" Travis hissed. I stopped dead in my tracks.

First, the wolf was on the ground. Travis seemed to slow-motion-turn-around. The wolf knocked him to the ground.

"Travis!" I screamed. This all seemed to happen in slow motion.

I ran to the wolf and tried to push it off of Travis; but it wouldn't budge. It was growling, and I was too scared to get bit.

But I had to do it.

Something inside of me was growing. I don't know how to explain it.

~Travis~

The pain was terrible. Nearly indescribable.

The white, black, and gray wolf that was on me was biting my neck. I felt the blood run down my neck. I heard Crystill talking to herself. Saying if she tries to get the wolf off, she will get bit. If she doesn't, and the wolf was a shape-shifting angel, the wolf will kill me.

It is possible for an angel to be a shape-shifter.

## Dusk at Rehab

I turned my head to look at Crystill. She was five feet in the air, a purple "tube" encircling her. Her eyes, mouth, and nose had a magnificent shade of purple shooting out.

I've heard of an angel having this happen to them, but it's super rare. Only one other angel had this happen to them. And it was the king of the angels, Matthew.

Then Crystill lunged at the wolf, knocking it off of me. It yelped as it hit a tree.

The violet glow disappeared, and so did her energy.

Before she hit the ground, I caught her. My neck started throbbing. Her eyes fluttered before shutting.

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~Crystill~

When I woke, I was under the dead tree. The wolf was laying under a pine tree across the field from me. Travis's head was next to mine.

We were holding hands.

His neck was still bleeding.

"Travis?" I whispered.

"Mmm?" He answered. He sounded tired.

"Are you okay?" I was still whispering.

"I'll be fine. The question is, though, are *you* okay?"

"I'm not the one that got bit. I'm shaking really bad, though." I said. That was the first thing I noticed when I awoke.

"Good. The shaking is adrenaline. It's a good thing you only passed out. If you-- I can't even finish." He said. His voice was shaking. I turned to look at him, and he was looking right at me. He had tears in his eyes. I hugged him.

"Can we keep the wolf?" I asked. I love wolves.

"Why would we keep the animal that tried to kill us?" He asked, obviously baffled.

"Because my favorite animal is a wolf." I said.

"So is mine. But it's a wild animal. It'll try to kill us until it's successful, Love." He said, kissing the top of my head.

"Please?" I kissed him.

He sighed and rolled his eyes.

## Dusk at Rehab

"I guess.... But where are we going to hide it, feed it, or take it outside to do it's... business?" He asked, turning to look at the wolf.

"I don't know...."

"Honey, we can't keep it." He took my other hand in his.

"I know." I looked away.

He put a finger under my chin so I had no choice but to look at him in the eyes.

"We could do this everyday to make sure the wolf is here."

"That's it! We can keep it here! We could tie it to a tree and feed it!" I said happily, standing up. I helped Travis to his feet.

"It's not fair to the wolf, though."

"Could we make a cage for it? A really big one?"

"Sure. I'll build it. For you." He kissed me tenderly on the lips.

## Chapter 17

The wolf still lay knocked out. Travis snuck back to Legacy to get some rope. We always had spare rope. He came back with an ax, two bowels, rope, meat, and a water bottle filled with water.

"Uh, what are you doing with an ax?" I asked, stepping back.

"One, I'm not going to hurt anyone with it. Possibly myself.... Two, I'm going to chop down trees and make a cage and a dog house." He dropped all the supplies except the ax. I walked to the rope, made a slip knot, and put it around the wolf's neck. I tied the end around the tree it was under.

"So...." I said, walking to Travis, who was in the middle of chopping down a tree.

"Whoa! Stay back! I don't want you to get hurt!" He said immediately, and stopped cutting the tree.

Eyes wide, I took a giant step back. I hated feeling like I was far from him.

"Sorry." I said quietly.

"No, I'm sorry." He walked over to me and kissed me. I shivered from the touch of his lips.

"Are you cold?" He asked between breaths. He started to take his leather jacket.

"No. It's like, seventy degrees out." I wrapped my arms around his neck.

"I know." He kissed me again.

I heard a low growl and looked at the wolf. It was starting to get up.

"Uh oh." I hid behind Travis. He reached behind him so his arms were around my waist.

"It's okay. It won't come over to us. It's too weak to break from the ropes and from me hitting it."

"And I'm still mad at you for that."

He turned around quickly-- faster than I could blink-- and held my face in his hands.

"I hope this will make up for it." He kissed my lips tenderly, then faster and harder.

We kissed like that for a few minutes.

"Get back to work." I said jokingly.

"Yes ma'am." He said in an American Country accent. It made me laugh.

"Travis, I love you, but you're weird." I smiled at him.

"Says the girl who's eyes change color with her mood. It's super easy to see your emotions." He winked.

## Dusk at Rehab

"No. Says the girl who's eyes change color with her mood so it's super easy to see her emotions and who's boyfriend's eyes change color with the temperature so I can see if he's cold or not." I winked at Travis, who's eyes were huge. I laughed harder.

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I fell asleep under the dead tree. It's weird: I'm an angel, which doesn't require sleep, but I am dead tired.

Someone with rough hands shook my shoulder gently, and I jumped. I had to got at *least* five feet of air. I heard a small chuckle.

My eyes were closed, so I didn't know who it was.

"Tyler! Go away!" I said, eyes still closed. The chuckle turned into hysterical laughing.

"It's not Tyler. It's Travis!"

I opened an eye and saw Travis leaning on the handle of the ax.

I breathed a sigh of relief.

"You scared the living daylight out of me!" I said, standing up. I brushed dead grass off of my pants.

"Sorry about that. I finished the dog cage." He held my hand. I hugged him all the way to the cage.

The cage was amazing! It was about ten feet long and ten feet wide. The bars were about two inches thick.

"I'm not quite sure it's safe enough to go in. It was hard to get him in there." He said.

"Him?" I asked, puzzled.

"Yes, it's a him."

"Oh. What should we name him?"

"I don't know. It's your wolf."

"Hm... Tony." I said.

"Let's go home." He said softly, gently kissing me.

"Agreed." And off we went.

## Chapter 18

We were in the "forest" behind the rehab center. The colorful leaves have fallen to the ground. I started to move them and kick them softly, moving them from where they lay.

"What's wrong?" Travis asked, wrapping his strong arms around my waist.

"I don't want to go back to Legacy." I put my head in his chest. His grip around me tightened.

"We won't." He gripped my wrist and pulled me into the forest.

"What's wron--" I heard a rustling noise behind me. I started to look back when Travis stopped, making me crash into him.

"Don't look back!" He started running again. The rustling noise grew louder and louder.

Then the person who was runner stopped. Travis and I looked back, but no one was there.

"Huh. I guess we can go ba--" Travis started. But there was a loud thud in front of us. We both jumped, and I screamed. We both turned to see who it was.

Tyler.

"Well, what a pleasant surprise to see you two here. In the forest." Tyler said smoothly. He was wearing a black cloak, so I couldn't see his face.

"What do you want?" Travis said, stepping in front of me.

"I think we *all* know what I want." He lifted his head enough so we could see part of his face. He smiled a wicked smile, ripped Travis from me, and out came his wings. They flew about twenty feet in the air. There was a loud rip, and then there were two Travis's. They both came down and faced me.

"What the--?" I stumbled backward into a large pine tree. The needles that had fallen pierced my skin. I whimpered.

## Chapter 19

I looked at the two. No difference. If I choose one, will I choose the right one? I had an idea.

*Are you on the left, or the right?* I thought, hoping Travis will answer.

*I'm on the left.*

*No, I'm on the right!*

Two voices, two Travis's.

I closed my eyes, fighting a scream.

I knew more about Travis than Tyler did....

But how did he know that Travis and I could think talk to each other? And how did he do it? Something weird is going on. But as I said, I knew more about Travis than Tyler did.

"Travis, Travis," I nodded to both of them, "what is your favorite color?"

"Green." The one on the left said.

"Dark purple." The one on the right said.

"Dark purple is correct." I said. Travis once said that his favorite color was the color of my eyes and natural highlights in my hair.

I longed to go back to that day.

"What is your natural angel talent?" I asked them.

"Healing." They said at the same time.

"Uh, correct. What is your worst fear?"

"Being separated from you." The one on the left said.

"Being separated from you, *and* losing you." The one on the right said.

"The one on the right is right. Last question: what is my middle name?" I never told anyone this but Travis, and it isn't on my records. So Tyler won't know.

"Becca." The left one said surely.

"Diamond." The right one said, coming over to me, holding me close to his chest. I felt his lips in my hair.

We heard a scream from behind, and we stopped instantly. Tyler ripped out of Travis's body, his costume, and let his demon wings out.

## Dusk at Rehab

"I'll get you both someday." He flapped the large wings and flew away.

"Travis!" I hugged him, my arms around his neck.

"I'm here, and I won't leave you." He wrapped his strong arms around my waist and pulled me into him, and we took off to the school.

## Chapter 20

It's been a week since Tyler dressed up as Travis.

I sat in the cafeteria, eating my favorite food: muffins. I usually ate muffins with a spoon.

I felt arms wrapping around me, thinking it was Tyler.

"Get off me!" I yelled.

"Why would I do that?" I heard the person. His voice was fairly deep, with a Scottish accent.

"I thought you were Tyler, Travis." I turned around and kissed him.

"All is forgiven. I'm still jumpy from the incident, also." He let go of me and sat next to me. He stared at my muffin.

"These muffins are so good!" I took another bite with my spoon.

"What is a muffin?" He asked.

I gasped.

"You don't know what a *muffin* is!?" I gasped.

He shook his head.

"How long have you been on Earth and not the Angel World?" I asked him.

"Hmm; not too long. About ten years. About seven years in the Angel World practicing my Healer skills."

"Ten years on Earth, and you don't know what a muffin is?" It was almost unbelievable.

"I spent most of my time in my father's shop. How do you think I got these muscles?" He winked and flexed. My eyes widened and my jaw dropped. His muscles were *huge*! I shrugged.

"Stereroids?"

He laughed and shook his head.

"I'm not into that kind of stuff. May I try your muffin?"

I looked between him and my muffin. I treated muffins as if they were my children.

"But... it's mine...."

"Do you love the muffin more than me?"

"Never." It was an obvious answer. Yes, I love muffins. But I love Travis more.

## Dusk at Rehab

I reluctantly handed him my muffin. When he took a bite, I thought something inside me died.

"Mmm! These muffins *are* good!"

"Yes yes. Now give me my muffin!" I was so serious when it came to muffins.

He laughed and gave my muffin back to me.

"Where can I get these muffins?" He looked at it as if it were an alien.

"Over there." I laughed and pointed to a cart that said "MUFFINS" in bold, colorful letters.

"You'd think I'd notice that earlier." He got up and left to get a muffin.

Muffins never fail to bring people together.

## Chapter 21

As we walked down the hallways of Legacy, we ate our muffins in silence. What was there to talk about? I suddenly thought of something as I stared at my muffin.

"Can we see the Angel World?"

Travis nearly choked on his muffin.

"You *what!*?" He exclaimed.

"I-I wanna see the Angel World."

"Why?"

I paused, thinking of reasons why.

"I've never been there before. I wanna see where I came from. Who my parents are."

Travis snorted.

"Angels don't *technically* have parents."

"Well, you said that you did."

"I know. Because I *got* to keep mine. Very few angels don't have the privilege to keep their parents. They're usually taken away from them around the age of ten."

I stared at my muffin more. I suddenly didn't want to eat it anymore.

"Can we go back to my room?" I asked softly. Travis held me close.

"Anything you want." He whispered in my ear.

Those words kept ringing in my head.

*Anything you want.*

I shook the words out of my head and started walking down the confusing hallways to my room with Travis's arm around my shoulder the whole time. I enjoyed his nearness.

When we got to my room, there was a glowing cream-colored light showing from the cracks in the door. I looked at Travis, who was staring at my door with a serious face.

"What's wrong? Why is there a light?"

"It's the Angel Council." He quickly opened the door. When he did, the light was gone. It was back to its normal dark self. He quickly went in.

"What?" I stayed in the door way for a few seconds then followed.

## Dusk at Rehab

"They decide who comes and who stays... angel wise." He had a note in his hand.

"What's that?" I pointed to the note.

"It's from the Angel Council. They want you. I can tell." He handed me the note. I opened it cautiously.

*Dear Crystill,*

*You have been given a special opportunity to leave Earth and come to the Angel World. This is the chance of a lifetime to come.*

*In the Angel World, we will learn what "type" of angel you are and put your powers to good use. Here, you will go to the Angel Academy to learn how to control your powers and use them.*

*If you choose to accept, write us back ASAP. We will choose a date and time to pick you up. If you choose not to accept, please dispose of this letter where no human or Demon will find it.*

*Sincerely,*

*The Angel Council*

I showed Travis the letter. He rubbed his stubble-free, smooth chin as he read it over and over again.

"You really want to go, don't you?" He asked sadly in his irresistible Scottish accent.

I nodded.

"You can't come with me?" I asked him.

"I wasn't invited. I need a letter to go back to the Angel World."

"Oh." I looked down. I felt a hand on my chin, forcing me to look up.

"Hey, it's okay. Just promise me you won't find anyone else." Travis said softly and sweetly. His eyes looked sad.

"I promise." I leaned in to kiss him, his lips were as soft and sweet as his voice was, his passion as sad as his eyes.

He slipped a pen and a piece of paper into my hands. I sat at the cold, lonely desk and placed the paper in front of me, holding the pen in my hand.

*Dear Angel Council,*

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