

Flutter

By JazmynMoon21

Submitted: July 22, 2007
Updated: October 26, 2007

Sisters Jazmyn and Joisan are torn out of their 'normal' world and thrown into chaos when someone finds out they were part of the 'angel' experiment that started almost 20 years ago.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/JazmynMoon21/47259/Flutter>

Chapter 0 - Prologue	2
Chapter 1 - Detroit	3
Chapter 2 - Fight	6
Chapter 3 - Family	9
Chapter 4 - Bats	12

0 - Prologue

Maximum ride: Avian y Nosfuria

part one: My city

1

My city. Why is it my city? A city belonging to a 15 year old Girl? Impossible! Crazy! Well, in some weird way, this city is mine and I am the City's.

There are alot of things I can say about my city. It's a Metropolitan Marvel of buildings and boutiques. We're second to New York, both in clubs and crime. Like most cities, it's rundown in some areas, and well kept in others. My favorite spot, is on the riverfront, where they have the fire works on June 17, and July 4. It's amazing, lighting up the sky with wounderful colors and lights. I've got nothing against the city, just some adult don't know how to manage money, or keep their words. Every other summer, the roads need work, because our winters are the coldest. Salt and ice ruin the material, stretching and expanding the cracks and potholes, eating away at the streets. On the East side, hundreds are poor, and have horrible living conditions.

Me? I live in the Metro area; tall buildings, and apartments belonging to mainly poor/mild class artists. You can tell by the decorated walls, mail boxes, and bus benches. One day, I want to paint a mural, on the entrie wall on our apartment. It's a loft really, with multiple shelves and bookcases to seperate all our things. You notice how I keep using plurals? There were four of us. My mother, big brother, little sister, and me. A few months ago, my mom disapeared. Then my brother. So yeah. It's just me and my sister, Joisan. With all the pressures of mother hood at 15, taking care of a 9 year old. Not the best life. We have our ups and downs, but we survive. Today... eck... I just felt miserable... And the only thing that could get my mind off of it... was something i had to do, without her.

I climbed the finally steps of the fire escape, I opened the door and reached the roof. Walking to the other side of the roof, I looked out at the city. What a marvel. Clubs lit up, music booming and people in glow sticks wanting to get in. I'd love to dance at a club, i even could on kids night. (anyone 15 to 17 welcome) Too bad i never had the time. God, the world was just weighing me down like an anvil in a swimming pool. Pulling myself on the ledge, and looked down at the ground. The building I was on was going to be a casino/hotel in a few months, but wight now, it's my playground. I loved it because of the architecture and solitude. It's modeled to fit in with Greek Town, and has at least twenty floors. Pretty high up, with a perfect river frong view of the city. I took a deep breath, woundering if I could actually do this. I was doing so good. I mean wow, even Joisan thought I would crack after the first week.

I hopped off the ledge, and leaned foreward, and fell. The world passed me in slow motion, everything from the trash fluttering in the air, to the city owls, catching rats. The ground pulled into view, and i felt so tired of this world... My wings opened, and the I pushed the wind beneath me. I angled them sideways and pulled out of my nose dive into a spiralling rocket upward. God this felt so wonderful! The hair on the back on my neck was on standing on edge, and my heart was like a machine. Pumping oxygen to every cell of my being. At night, after Joisan was asleep, and only drunk party-goers were awake, this is what I'd do. God... That reallys makes me selfish doesn't it?! Not letting her fly with me?... Maybe tomorrow... July 18, I'd let her fly with me. After all... It was her birthday. Like i said before, this is my city.

1 - Detroit

2

Morning came, sun peaking through the large windows in the living room to Joisan's curtained section in the back of the loft. She mumbled, rolling over in her stomach, her white wings fluttering against the blankets.. The ten year old's head went up. She sat there looking around. "Guess Jazzy didn't come home yet." Her hands went above her head as she stretched. Her stomach growled loudly telling her to start in the kitchen.

"I'm home!" a voice called, the door slamming and echoing through the loft. "I'll start on breakfast in a minute." The teenager slipped off her step in sneakers, and hopped over to the kitchen area. Jazmyn rustled through the drawers until she found her kitchen tools. Three frying pans, a chopping board, two different knives, and a bowl. Chopping up fruit, she tossed melon, grapes and peached in the bowl. She mixed pancake batter with blueberries and strawberries, and fried up half as pancakes, and the other half as waffles. Joisan pulled out plates forks and knives and set the table.

"Where were you last night?" she asked, sitting near Jazmyn.

With a flip of her wrist, Jazmyn flipped the pancake in the air and caught it in the pan. "I went out."

"Out isn't an answer." Joisan sighed, forking some fruit. Her hand reached out and touched Jazmyn's wing. She looked at the soot-dust that covered her hands. "You went flying?!! Without me?!!"

"We'll go today if you want." Jazmyn said, plating a stack of pancakes on the table. Another plate had the waffles. "Do we want meat?"

"It's full of protein." said the ten year old, diving into the pancakes.

"So is soy milk. Beside meat is bad for you." Jazmyn set a dish of bacon on the table. "Aren't I ironic?"

"Pass the syrup please." Joisan said. "What are we going to do today?"

"We'll go out, shop for some clothes, go to the river to fly a kite... maybe even fly during the day." Jazmyn sipped her coffee. "So eat up. You're going to need all twenty thousand calories." Joisan smiled a grand smile. infact, why don't we do that after breakfast? Just go to the park and fly?" Joisan's smile became bigger.

"Really?! You're not kidding are you?!!" Joisan asked.

Jazmyn smiled too. "Nope. Not kidding."

Jazzy's POV

Wow, you should have seen her face. It just lit up when i told Joisan we'd fly today. We got on the people mover on Walker, which was smaller then a city bus. Joisan was jittery, excited, I could see it in her eyes. She just wanted to jump out the window of the machine and zoom over the river like a bullet. For those of you who don't know what a people mover is, it's like a subway except above ground, and goes on rails two stories over the streets. It's free and runs three times every hour, except after six, they close down then.

Oh, and about breakfast, it may seeeeeem like a lot, but it's actually normal. You see, because we have wings, hollow bones and anatomy like birds, our bodies eat up a whole lot of calories. Don't know how many, all i know is it's somewhere in the thousands. The people mover stopped, and we got off. It was a breezy summer day. The strong gusts pulling at her, Joisan just couldn't keep from hopping around me.

The only place we could really go was to Belle Isle. It's a little island just off the coast of Detroit, connected with this bridge that like, a mile or two long. It had a few parks, but because of the rain from a few days ago, most of the forest and parks were really swampy. But that's not what we're here for. I looked around for anyone there. We had travelled near the center of the island, since today was windy everyone would be near the edge of the river, kite flying.

Joisan looked back at me, pointing to a swan and her five ducklings. We froze where we were. Even if they were some of the most beautiful birds, swans are a bunch of vicious little bastards. Especially when you come three feet near their children. The mother swan looked at us, and we looked back.

After the swan left, we finally made it to the center of the forest. Looking around, Joisan took off her blue jean jacket. She handed me her jacket, and opened her wings halfway. They were truely beautiful. Solid white, but where they met her back the feathers were metallic silver and black. Reaching in her pocket, Joisan pulled out two whistles on a string. One, a normal whistle, the other a dog whistle.

I put her jacket on a fallen tree branch, next to my own jacket. She jumped up, opened her white wings to their full extent and took off. Yeah, it was risky, someone might see us, but i heard through the grapevine both the School and the Institute were destroyed. The only real reason we had to keep hidden now was so we wouldn't become superstar freaks.

I watched her until she was a speck in the sky. Stretched my arms above my head, my wins stretching out too. Unlike Joisan who had white and silver wings, mine were solid black. No other colors. Just black. I bent my legs, and pushed off the ground. A gust helped me sail up into the sky. My soul would be screaming for this, just to soar above the clouds and into my perfect playground. I saw Joisan surge up, straight to the sky, then pushed off and dipped into a backflip. Spiralling and twirling like an acrobat. She was smiling like a maniac, and peforming like one too. I hovered in the air watching her. On her twentieth turn or so, Joisan stopped. She was looking at the empty sky, and in the distance we saw some hawks coming our way.

"JAAAAZZZYYYYY!!!" she screamed. Flying over towards me. Absolute terror in her voice.

I tensed. "What?!" I shouted over the roar of the wind. She came over, holding my hands as tight as she could. I saw what she saw. They weren't hawks, they were too awkwardly shapen. Our hearts died right then, sunk to the bottom of Detroit River.

"Erasers." Joisan breathed. "With wings."

2 - Fight

3

Joisan and I looked at the group of Erasers. There was what? Twenty? Thirty of them? Had Justin been here to help us, this would have been a piece of cake. But he wasn't. After hovering in the same spot for a few seconds, we both bolted downward. Diving to the River, just a few feet from going to the river, we both pulled up. tha cut the numbers from thirty to seventeen.

Great things about flying dogs, they're huge. Giant werewolf monsters that don't live past seven years old. And now, for some sick reason now they have wings. When we were at the Institute, we knew we were faster then those ugly monsters. Sure, they had us outdone in size and possibly power, but in some areas we were faster and more agile.

My girl was awesome, even if she was just ten, she knew tricks to fight. Her leg hit the side of an Eraser's head, clubbing it's ear. I expected it to go down immediately, but our suprise, it didn't. I sent my fist to a beast's throat, again expecting it to go down, gagging and gasping for air. They didn't.

Terror just began to sink in. My hand was hurting like nothing before! Were these guys made of metal or what?!!

Joisan rocketed towards the bridge. She zoomed over the water, between the docked boats and then shot upward. Erasers crashed into the boats, and metal pillars of the bridge over to the island. I saw a few of them explode when they hit the metal. You heard me, explode.

This gave her an idea. She took the dog whistle around her neck and blew it three times. Jazmyn blocked an Eraser's punch, but another hit her from behind. Joisan blew the whistle again, and her sister looked at her. The ten year old pointed to the Ambassador Bridge. The bridge between Canada and Michigan; it was really crowded due to implorting, exporting and trips up North. Chance of being seen: 99.9990%

Jazmyn got the message, taking in a deep breath she kicked the Eraser that was infront of her, knocking herself into the one behind her. Jazmyn folded in her wings and dropped like a rock. Jazmyn's black wings opened a few inches above the river, and she took off toward the Ambassador. They kept zigzagging, switching places as they sped up. Jazmyn glanced over her shoulder and saw that the flying Erasers looked worse then the first batch. As if their skin was stretched over their huge frames by force.

"Go!" Jazmyn and Joisan seperated, twirling like trick kites. The group of flying Erasers seperated, following both sisters. Jazmyn stopped going straight forward, and made an L turn up. This sudden movement would have worked earlier, when the Erasers just saw them, but now they had recognized their flying patterns. She felt six hairy, clawed hands wrap around her wings with such force, it was like they were attempting to rip them off.

These tactics would have saved them on the ground, but they weren't fighting on the ground.

Jazzy's POV

Oh. My. God! These creeps just wouldn't leave me alone! I elbowed an Eraser in the face, causing him to lose balance and fall out the sky. I tried to shake the other two off, but their grips just tightened on my wings. One of their huge airy fists raised and came down on the back of my head. I fell out the sky, just about to crash into the river.

"JAAAAAAAAAAZMYN!!" Joisan screamed. A flying eraser had Joisan in his arms, flying farther away. "NOO! JAZZY!!"

"NO!! YOU'RE NOT TAKING HER AWAY!!!" I sucked in a deep breath of air. My wings felt heavy. It took a few tries to get back up. Powering through the pain, i shot up to the sky like a rocket. "NO WAY IN HELL!!" When i came to the 'flock', or pack, or whatever the heck you call a half wolf bird human group thing, I crashed into Joisan's captive. Shouldering him between his shoulder-blades and his wings. There was a loud crack, and it looked like his bones dislocated.

Joisan dropped out their grasp. She spiralled free and fluttered up into the sky, much higher than before. She blew the dog whistle twice, signalling me up. We were spotted by people on the bridge, over the river bank, something like that. I followed Joisan up up up. The higher you go, the cooler the air, but the warmer the sun. The oxygen is also thinner. Three or four Erasers were left, and for some damn reason (pardon my french), they kept following Joisan.

As I tried to get closer, three more appeared. Where did they keep coming from?! And why were they after Joisan?!! She couldn't last much longer. Even if we were stronger, and faster than normal humans, we had our limits. A thick section of my onyx feathers were ripped out from a behind attack. They held me where I was as another small team assaulted my sister.

In a shred of metal and Eraser chunks, i will say chunks, because that was what ended up being on my clothes, i was free. I rubbed the gunk out of my face. "...What...?" I looked out into the sky, to see a blonde kid sideswipe an eraser with his heel. He then threw something at another Eraser, causing it to explode. I swooped in at an Eraser just as it was about to crack the kid's head open.

Some other kid came from above, and smashed through the Eraser holding Joisan. Her looks mirrored the other kid who had helped me. Blonde hair, blue eyes. After all the Erasers were destroyed, the girl and boy looked over at us. "You okay?"

I nodded. "Are you?" Joisan flew over to me. She had a bloody lip, and a few scratches here and her new shirt was torn. "Are there others?"

The girl nodded. "But we got seperated." She looked around in the sky, we all did, expecting their flock.

"Where were you when you guys got seperated?" i asked.

The boy kept looking around, "A couple miles back. But we were headed this way, so it should only take

a few minutes before they're here."

Joisan and I looked at them. Joisan whiped the blood away from her face on her shirt, leaving crimson-brown on the stomach of her clothes. "You guys can stay with us until then." she said. I glanced at her. Even with a busted lip, she was smiling like a maniac. I realized why, ever since we broke out, she had never seen any other bird kids. "Can't they Jazmyn?"

3 - Family

4

Ha ha. When you're in a bind, the best thing to do is laugh. But when you're a birdkid who's used to live with three, then one, and now six. You need to laugh pretty flipping hard to make this situation funny. So i said yes. I said yes to Angel and Gasman staying. I did not know when I said yes, their entire flock was staying. Each one older then the last.

There was Angel, the youngest, a cute little blonde girl who was as sweet as sugar. Then her older brother, Gasman, a normal nine year old boy, he could make bombs and mimic anyone's voice. Nudge, was an eleven year old who loved to talk. She was good company. While i was cooking she told me about the places they've been. Colorado, New York, England, Germany. And flying erasers, and other experiments. After Nudge, there was Izzy, Fang and Max. Izzy was pretty cool. Like Gasman, he assembled bombs and flares from scratch, what i found absolutely amazing was the fact he was blind. Fang was obviously the Alpha male, and Max was the alpha female. Fang wore dark colors, and rarely spoke. He just sat down typing on his laptop. Max made sure Angel and Gasman were okay from the battle. Oh, I almost forgot the last member of their family. A cute terrier by the name of Total. Confused me a little, at first I thought his name was Toto, like from the Wizard of Oz.

Total quickly corrected me when I called him over for a snack. He spoke to me, saying he wanted a spot at the table between Angel and Joisan. Yes. You heard me. Total can talk. Quite well, like he went to English classes.

Looking at their family, made me a little jealous. Joisan was talking with Nudge and Angel, showing off her books and files she had from the Academy. She was like a kid in a candy store. So excited to see others like us. "Wash your hands. It's just about ready."

Max POV

After dinner, each of us took a shower. Which was a bit backwards, (food then cleaning up?) to what was normal. But Jazmyn said it was okay. She looked a little spooked by us. It was a big place, and even if there were only three bedrooms, everyone slept comfortably tonight. It had been awhile. But what really made my head do a tailspin, was the fact the Flyboys, Mechanical Flying erasers, had come after Joisan and Jazmyn.

They didn't even try to get Gazzy or Angel. It was wierd. They immediately went after Joisan. She was like a cross between Nudge and Angel. Ten years old, black hair, brown/gold eyes and white wings with blue and silver. She was really cute, but when excited, she'd talk nonstop. Or shut up completely. And Jazmyn didn't seem to mind Nudge. She smiled, listened and asked questions.

I looked around and found that two of the rooms had different styles, and looked like no one lived there for months. On a bedroom wall was a garden scene, with ivy vines, and lilac flowers climbing up white

picket fence. Clouds and little birds, and bookcases full of science, biology and things on birds. I stood in the doorway, just looking.

"That's Mom's room." said a voice. I turned to see Joisan holding a stuffed cat. "You can sleep in there tonight. If you want."

"Oh... Where's you mom now?" I asked her. She shrugged. God that just made me shiver. What if she was like Jeb? It was unlikely in the most ways... that they were a paralall version of us.

"Dunno." Joisan said. "She just didn't come home one day." She paused, looked around the room. "...When you leave... could we come with you?"

I shrugged. Adding two new members, I didn't know what to do. They seemed to get along with everyone else, and they knew how to fight. I ruffled Joisan's black hair. "You guys aren't really in any danger, so I think you can stay here."

"Then maybe you could stay!" Joisan said.

Jazz's POV

So after dinner, i decided to take a walk. It was really late, like past ten, so everyone was asleep. I must seem reckless to you, leaving my own sister with a bunch of people i barely knew. But something told me, Joisan was safest with them. Construction had blocked off certain streets along the river. My favorite spot that was under construction was the bridge. During the day, workers were seen there from 8:00 a.m. to 12:00 p.m, then the rest of the day they were nowhere to be seen.

I went under the street barricade, and kept walking. my hand shoved into my sweatshirt's front pocket. It was chilly, and a little damp. Absolutely lovely in my eyes. I looked up at the sky, then back at the bridge. I thought there was a worker, checking something out. So i tried to avoid them, and just swerved closed to the railing. I pressed close to the metal, and looked at him.

It wasn't a him, but a her. "Holy Crap!" My hands flew up to my mouth to keep me from shouting. I was shouting because i knew the girl. Her name was Andreia Bond. She was fifteen years old, had red-brown hair and awesome ivy green eyes. She and i were almost the same height. She was 5'10", I was 5'8". I know. We're freaking giants. She was pretty, no, stunning. Just standing there in the moonlight. Like nothing else in the world mattered. Andreia stood, balancing on the railing, her hand on a metal support wire... Then she let go, and fell.

"WHAT THE HELLL?!!!" I screamed. Before my brain could register what i was doing, i was falling after her. I grabbed her, and pulled her into my arms. my wings opened we were soring high above the bridge in seconds. "Are... you okay?" i asked breathlessly.

Andreia looked at me. Her green eyes looked like glass stars, shining in the moonlight. I couldn't keep my nerve loing at her, so my gaze shifted to the sky above. I needed to get her somewhere safe... like home or the hospital. I thought about my choices, and decided to drp her off at her apartment. I glanced at her from the corner of my eyes, and found Andreia wasn't awake. She had either fainted from this

experience, or was asleep.... or was in shock. Whichever came first.

4 - Bats

5

Jazz's POV

At around twelve-ish, i landed on the roof of our loft and made my way through the attic to the mainfloor. I opened the door silently, and crept in. Max, Nudge and Angel slept on Mom's bed. Iggy and Gasman had my room, and Fang had Justin's room. Joisan was able to keep her own bedding, the nest like package in the back of the loft full of stuffed animals and blankets. I watched her sleep for a little while, until a voice made me jump.

"How old are you?" It was Fang. Gaaaawd he was creepy when he wanted to be. I was catching my heart that had practically lept out my chest at the sound of him. Fang repeated his question. "How old are you?"

"Fifteen." I replied. "I'll be sixteen in February. Why?"

"Just interested." He shrugged, then turned away. He walked over to the couch where he had the laptop propped up and open. More research i guess. Fang was usually on the web, looking up things on the School, the Hospital, the Institute, everything, or typing for his blog. Yes. i've read it. Quite interesting. I sat on the couch next to Fang, reading with him.

The little black dog, Total (not Toto) yawned and came over to us. He looked groggily at me, then Fang. "Could i have some water please?"

"Will you need a walk after this?" i asked back. The black terrier yawned again. I sighed and pulled myself up to the fridge. I knew Total'd have a fit if i just gave him tap water, so i poured him some from the pitcher in the refrigerator. "Anything else?" I turned to fang who was on the typing. "Fang? Want anything?"

He shook his head and went back to his business. I set Total's bowl next to the basket Joisan set up hours earlier. Fang finished minutes later. He closed the computer and went to sleep. I stretched my arms above my head, my bones creaked in certain areas. "Night guys."

I woke up to the smell of something burning. I juttred up from the couch and look to see Iggy at the stove. I stepped behind him to see what he was making. It looked fine, nothing black like coal. I looked around him to see what the hell was burning.

"It was a faulty plug." Iggy said. "I already took it out."

I looked around again, to see just what he was talking about. "...Where's my toaster?" Sitting at the table was Gazzy, fiddling with some wires and metal pieces. He looked at me, a sheepish smile on his face.

Parts of the white plastic were burnt so badly, it was melted and distorted to look like a dead panda. "...I don't even want to know. And you don't need to cook. I can do it."

"You were still asleep." Gasman said. "We already tried to wake you at nine."

I pulled out a chair and sat next to him. The nine year old sure was crafty. "Quite the craftsman. Turning the toaster into another bomb?"

"Yup. Incase more Erasers come." He looked at me, smiling. "For you guys."

"Actually. We might be moving." I said thoughtfully. "...If those erasers found us, then we're going to have to move if they come again." Or if worse things come. I gave Gazzy a reassuring smile. "Thanks. When we use it, I'm sure we'll be thinking of you."

Angel sat down across from me, giving me a wierd look. "Yes, Hon?"

She blinked her pretty sapphire eyes and smiled at me. "I just noticed. Your ears are a pointy."

Max's POV

Jazmyn was a little spooked when Angel said that. I looked at an angle at her. And yep. Jazmyn's ears were pointed. Almost like a cat's or something. She laughed and looked at Angel. "You wanna know why?" Gasman and Angel both nodded. "I'm a hybrid."

"Well duh." Gasman said, cleaning up his tools so they could eat. "We're all hybrids."

"Well, instead of me just being a birdkid, I also have Desmodontidae DNA." Jazmyn grinned. "And Joisan is an Avian-Chiroptera-Chordata." The two kids gave me a wierd look, I turned so I could look at Jazmyn. Her wings were a little bigger then mine. And the feathers looked fuller near the spine. At the bottom of them, i saw small clawlike digets, and at the top a small talon. "We're part bats."

The two kids looked over at me. "What type of bats?" i asked.

"Joisan's a fruit bat. or flying fox." Jazmyn explained. "And i am a vampire bat."