

# Silver Wing Legacy

Volume One: Gale

*By: Maria and Malcom Ivy*

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*To our sons: we will never stop working  
to make the world a better place for both of you.*

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# Chapter One

Antoine had no idea he was so close to death. Even after his skateboard slammed into the ground and he was flung through the air by the massive fireball splitting the concrete walls of the warehouse and engulfing the surrounding environment, he thought he might be okay (in excruciating pain yes, but okay). As the fire wrapped around his body, he started to worry. The barren ground wasn't nearly as soft as it should have been; it should have been grass. Grass would have been nice; grass doesn't give you a concussion; grass doesn't leave you helpless before impending doom.

He woke up.

He lifted his head and saw the black of his bedroom ceiling, chuckled, and dropped his head back down to his pillow, but it wasn't his pillow. It was still the ground.

"Ughhhh!" Antoine groaned as he struggled to stand up into the thick black cloud of smoke swirling a few inches above his face. He thought he should wait for his vision to adjust to the smoke, but the smoke failed to clear. As he began to stand, he saw the metal nuts and bolts that used to hold his skateboard together melting into the lifeless ground. He had a sudden horrible thought.

*I can't feel my skin. It should be covered in third degree burns, but...* His hands didn't crackle or bleed as he flexed his fingers. His pants, shirt, and boxers were nearly gone and his shoe soles were scorched and disintegrating, but his skin was... normal.

He was ready to wake up. Antoine wondered how his aunt would interpret this one, this dream about being impervious to fire but left naked on the street. He pinched himself. No, this really wasn't a dream.

The smoke around him slowly dissipated. When enough had cleared to allow him to grasp a few short breaths, he let out a muffled snicker.

Despite the smoke clearing (somewhat), he was still miles from home and close to naked. Antoine peered up where the flaming upper floors of the warehouse should have been, but saw only smoke and sky. Whatever had blown the place up had done a damn good job of it. He knew the logical plan was to get checked out by the paramedics and let them escort him to a hospital. Anyone at his proximity to the blast would have some serious injuries.

Antoine knew he didn't. Plus, medical bills would only have troubled his Aunt Rose. The smoke had now fully cleared allowing Antoine to finally take a full, deep breath and gather the strength to jog home. It was almost 11:30 p.m. when Antoine slipped through the side door of the garage and into the small kitchen.

Hallelujah for out of town work training. Antoine had forgotten that his aunt would be at a nursing conference all weekend. He silently lifted a prayer to the scheduling gods. As much as Aunt Rose preferred being home to make sure he got his homework done, tonight's vaporized clothing and late arrival would have caused her fits. He was close to having one himself; his brand new board was gone. Antoine knew there were more important things to be upset about, but who could blame him? He'd spent months working at the New Stratos Son-of-a-Dawg hot dog cart to earn enough for a custom-designed, self-propelled skateboard. It was the latest model, the HyperBoard, and it could achieve speeds as fast as ten miles per hour. He had to have it ordered and imported from Reshira, a city many miles from New Stratos, and just like that, POOF. It was literally gone in a flash.

To top it off, he'd almost been seen by a group of the cutest girls he'd never met. They were likely students at North Stratos Academy, though the reason they were all the way out here in his neighborhood had befuddled him at first. The girls had turned onto Park Ave and Gaelic Circle just as he'd stepped out from behind the pharmacy. Antoine had skirted back into the shadows of the adorable cottage-like facade seconds before they turned themselves toward the entryway.



He'd noted the concern on the faces of the crew, and was afraid he'd been spotted. When Antoine heard the snippets of conversation through the cracked front window, however, he could barely suppress a chuckle as the girls argued over which one had to put the purchase of a box of condoms on her father's credit card.

Safe at home, remembering the relief he'd felt knowing they were afraid of their rich fathers knowing about their sex lives and not the half-naked black kid with dreadlocks hiding in the shadows, Antoine did indeed laugh uproariously. The hysteria and fear he'd felt earlier upon waking in the smoke had been suppressed by his desire to return home safely and unseen. Now, it was all released in a torrent of loud guffaws and chortles.

The picture frame on top of the refrigerator slammed into the wall and shattered; the stack of bills sitting next to the frame swirled chaotically in circles before resting on various surfaces. Antoine's hand flew up to his mouth to cover it and hold back the air that had rushed up and out of his lungs. He breathed in slowly while he gathered the papers that hadn't fallen between the fridge and the wall.

When he was done, still breathing slowly (though his heart rate had quickened excessively), Antoine grabbed a slice of leftover pizza from the fridge and microwaved it.

The three minutes of the clunky turntable spinning and electronics growling at him seemed like forever, but he knew that no one had ever enjoyed a slice of two-day-old chicken and bacon pizza as much as he would enjoy this one.

He padded up the hall to his room and sat down on the bed to eat. A shower was a necessary next step, but after the last crumb of pizza was inhaled, Antoine couldn't bring himself to get back up. He stared at his ceiling (for real this time) and breathed. Steadily. Slowly. Evenly. Suddenly, he started to shiver. Still naked, Antoine questioned why he would have turned the fan on when it was already so cold, but he hadn't. He knew he hadn't touched either switch on his bedroom wall. The light was still off yet, there was the fan, lazily spinning, almost perfectly in sync with the way his chest rose and fell.

The chill that had originally come from the fan was suddenly deep in his bones. He held his breath and waited. Ten seconds, fifteen... the fan came to a stop. Antoine steeled himself, and breathed out. The blades of the fan rushed back to life. It hit him that he needed to address the issue of why his respiratory functions were causing miniature gusts. He sat up and placed his head in one hand, and covered his mouth with the other. This wasn't a normal side effect of a concussion, or being caught up in an explosive fireball. In fact, the side effects he should have had—burns, headache, broken bones... death—failed to manifest.

He wasn't a fictional character. Being caught in some radioactive incident and ending up with superpowers? Utterly ridiculous! This was New Stratos, the safest and best of all five recognized cities. There wasn't a need for superheroes, even if it *was* possible for someone to become one.

*The only superheroes we need here are the police,* Antoine thought, *like Dad. When I wake up, I'll be exhausted and laid up in a hospital bed with Aunt Rose scolding me for falling off that "darn wooden death trap" and the ceiling fan will stay still when I breathe.*

Antoine slept. As he slept, from Friday night to Monday morning, lost in a black abyss of dreamless sleep, far across the city a rapid cover-up operation was being formulated and conducted.

The laboratory of Dr. Alister Mordecai no longer existed. Its backers had no memory of funding it despite the signed contracts hidden in Dr. Mordecai's safe (which had also doubled as consent releases to be part of a memory-wiping experiment), and every employee who worked there had been at the lab that afternoon.

Mordecai had been sitting on the jewelry counter of Enchanted Engagements, waiting for the owner to lock up and leave. No one had seen him enter the store; no one had seen him take the counter key; no one, not even the security cameras, had seen him take all the jewelry he could hold and then leave the store.

He walked away unseen and undetected. Unlike Antoine, Mordecai was aware of his newly imbued powers and knew where they came from. He knew that the warehouse explosion was only just the beginning.

The Selection of the Chosen Ones has begun.

# About the Authors



Malcom and Maria Ivy are a husband and wife who wanted to fulfill their childhood dreams. Malcom had a story, and Maria had the words to bring it to life. Both grew up outside of Chicago, and met during college in Naperville, IL. They are the parents of two wonderful boys and now live in Middle Tennessee. This is their first joint venture, and they look forward to all the sequels ahead.