The angels call, but demons beckon.

By: Livebecausevoucan

blushe's feelings toward Bliss are strong but hang on by a very thin band. And every time she sees him, she's feels a certain pull towards him, strong but very weak. She know this because all Bliss is doing is shutting her down. but maybe he's protecting her, protecting her from so many things she has no idea exist. She sees him as the cute new Boy who has just joined her school, but maybe their history goes way past the other week when he joined. Maybe, is she is meant to know about all the secrets, maybe just maybe. Or is it to much to risk?



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He came padding down the school corridor. A folder in one hand with his planner and organizer piled in his other, I watched as he slightly bent his head to take a look at his planner, looking for his locker number. I couldn't stop thinking about him, he had aroused the car park earlier that morning, and the news spread that a new student would be joining them, but we had new students all the time, so why did everyone feel so attracted to him? I will tell you why, he had a face like an angel, his features on his face clipped, to not show emotion but enough to make you warm inside. his jostled hair with curled in little golden locks at the ends, that seemed to make his face glow, his strong rigid jaw, his soft buttery lips, his small nose, his sun beached tan skin. He was perfect and yes I had observed this from him in under half a hour, when he walked into the school alerting everyone he was here. Nobody knew who he was maybe, maybe that was why everyone was so intrigued by him, should sound right, but nobody ever acted like this towards a new student. Or maybe because he was flawless and everyone wanting a piece of his attention. Either way, as he descended his way down too me (nearly fainting) I gripped onto my locker handle, ready to shove my face in it so I would stop staring at his beauty. Speaking slowly in my head telling myself that the hottest guy in the school was not going to have a locker planted right next mine. No, I was never that lucky. Risking a look around I was startled to see 'him' right behind me, waiting patiently to grab my attention. I smiled, feeling like a idiot because I knew I couldn't smile. I had a terrible smile. "Hey" he spoke towards me, giving me a smile, a real one. "I was wondering if you could tell me if this is the number of my locker" I took a glimpse at his planner seeing the digits in hand writing-the proof to say he was right next too my locker. "yeah, right here" I motioned towards the left of me, watching as he nodded and smiled before opening it and packing his stuff away into his locker. "do you know how to read you planner?" I asked, a smirk creeping onto my lips. He turned and gave me a look of confusion his brow narrowed, face in a thoughtful expression. "Yeah I think so, but could you show me to Maths?" leaning against his now organized locker, waiting for my reply, he was in no rush. "sure" I spoke the words slowly, not sure if what he said was true. If he had maths, well bravo because I did too. "Yeah no worries" I said reassuring him, grabbing my books and flicking a quick look of my reflection, from the doors leading outside. I already knew this was going to be a fantastic day.

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