

# Royal Blue: Book 1

By : **Sienna Belmont**

Mist Edmons has blue hair and even brighter blue eyes. She didn't dye her hair or bleach it. It's natural. Because of her blueness in school she's not popular at all. In fact most can't recall her name. That is until Caine the school's resident hottie takes notice and likes her and suddenly she's on top and has the nickname 'Royal Blue' but she still has one question: Why is she so different?



Published on  
**Booksie**

[booksie.com/Sienna Belmont](http://booksie.com/Sienna%20Belmont)

Copyright © Sienna Belmont, 2015  
**Publish your writing on Booksie.com.**

## Table of Contents

Caine

Familiarity

Developed Problems

Kirak

## Chapter 1: Caine

I brushed my blue hair out and glared at my reflection. Blue eyes between dark lashes. I didn't like the color blue. Mostly because it looked so odd on a person. Or odd on someone who had never dyed it or bleached it. My adoptive mom refused to let me dye it to a normal color because she used to brush it and she loved the soft texture. She told me I'm lucky to have such pretty hair.

I figure I got it from a freaky mom. I wondered sometimes if she went through the same thing. All the teasing and bullying. It even hurt if they forgot my name. Mist. My name came with a letter my birth mom left. It was simple and quick.

*To Mist,  
I'm sorry, I love you.  
Your mother.*

I added the little makeup I always put on. Black eyeliner. It made my blue eyes pop out. I've always liked my eyes. They sparkled with mischief and humor but mixed with sadness.

"Mist!" My mom called and I gathered my things for school. I grabbed my skull and cross-bones bag and slipped my textbooks and homework inside before leaving my room.

I descended down the stairs and met up with my adoptive parents. My dad ruffled my hair and my mom gave me a kiss goodbye. I'd had breakfast before getting ready in a pair of faded blue jeans and a tight black t-shirt. I left for the bus.

I'm a fifteen year old junior because I'd skipped a grade. Because of my age and my appearance I'm a social outcast and even the outcasts themselves wanted nothing to do with me. I assumed this would be like all the other days with me sitting alone in the back of the bus. But today there was one too many and the only open seat was next to me.

I watched mutely as Ben, the bus driver, and a hooded figure argued. Then, the figure huffed and walked toward me in the back. I scooted away to make myself as small as possible. I was so shy of the figure and I didn't know why.

The person pulled down his hood and Caine Melrose turned to me. I was shocked speechless. Caine is my school's local heart throb and everyone loves him. He smiled at me. I had to question his sanity.

"Your Mist, the smart girl in my grade." He said and I nodded. It was all I could manage.

"You're Caine." I mumbled as he looked at me expectantly. I turned away figuring that would be it. Then he asked me a question.

"Is that your real hair color? I'd heard rumors."

I looked at him mutely. Then, I picked up a lock of my blue hair, "Touch it." I said shyly. He complied hesitantly. His fingers stroked it once. His eyes widen.

"It's so soft." He said and continued to touch it. I nodded. "Like heaven." He continued.

"My mom said I can't ever dye it or anything because it is natural and she's afraid of damaging it." I told him.

"I can see why."

"I think it's weird," I said. I was beginning to feel weird. My body felt cold and hot at the same time and I felt a blush rise. My complexion's pale so I hate when I blush.

I studied Caine as he continued to stroke it. He had pretty emerald-green eyes and brown floppy hair. He was tall and well muscled, which showed even with his baggy hoodie. He smelled nice, too. Like sandalwood. Caine shook his head.

"I think it's cool." He said. My blush deepened. Did he really mean it?

## Chapter 2: Familiarity

\*\*\*Mist's POV\*\*\*

I nibbled on my lower lip nervously as Caine went on talking. I had no clue what to say or even how to act! I felt panic ease in with the butterflies in my stomach. What if he thought I was dumb? Caine calmly smiled and chuckled at my stuttered replies. The girls in the class were taking notice and even if I knew, not everybody was looking at me I felt they were.

My cheeks were in a permanent flush. Why couldn't this torture end? I felt like I usually did when I sat alone. Like a humiliated freak. Caine is so normal compared to me. I felt alone even with Caine with me. I blinked back tears and I snapped at myself mentally. You aren't weak!

"Then, I slammed into the poor kid." He was saying and I winced. I'm five foot and three inches but the guy he was talking about is super short and skinny. I felt bad for him and Caine laughed, "He ended up crying."

No doubt. I felt fury rise in me like it usually did when the weak were picked on. "That's not very funny." I told him shortly and turned away. I felt his warm hand on my shoulder and I barely stifled the gasp I so wanted to let out. His touch, even through clothing, was shocking. Like lightning. Caine sucked in a quick breath and pulled back. Did he fill it too?

"I know. I wasn't really sure what kind of things you think are funny." He mumbled, "To tell you the truth, I felt really guilty."

"Did you apologize?" I asked unsure of what else to do.

"Huh? No." He mumbled and I turned around to see his face bright red. I saw shame in his eyes and I smiled gently at him.

"You should. It'll make you feel better to own up to your mistakes." I told him. He nodded and the bell rang. I gathered my things and Caine cleared his throat. He looked endearingly cute with his now nervous expression, "What?"

"Do you want to sit with me at lunch?" He asked. I considered. His friends were kind of noisy and the girls there were mean. I frowned. I didn't really want to sit there. I was the type of person to do what I felt like then and there. I mentally cursed myself as the words slipped from my mouth.

"No, thank you." I wanted to take them back but I felt the rising fear that if I did so I'd look like a bigger fool. I looked up at him, my cheeks flushing. He's so tall. I had to crane my neck up to see him and I didn't like it.

"Why not?" He asked not ready to give up. I considered on what I should tell him. I decided on the truth.

"I don't like your group of friends." I said simply. He looked taken aback and I cursed myself. I had ruined my only chance to be accepted, hadn't I?

"Then, we can sit alone together." He said. I solemnly nodded.

"Find me later." I said and scurried off. I couldn't get out of there faster.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Royal Blue: Book 1

I placed my books into my locker and grabbed my lunch bag. When, I shut my locker Caine popped up like a ghost. I jumped and settled myself before I screamed.

"Hi there." He said and all I could do was look up. He looked down and I was amazed at the height difference.

"So where are we going?" I finally asked. He grinned at me.

"It's a secret." He said and I nodded. Whatever floats his boat. He grabbed for my hand. Well, and my boat, too. My fingers tingled as he lightly gripped my hand.

As we walked through the halls people stopped to stare. The girls glared at me and the boys had puzzled expressions on their faces. Why would the blue chick be with Mr. Perfect? I, myself, had trouble answering that question.

We didn't have an indoor cafeteria. It was outdoors only because in California, the weather is great. I've never liked the sun. I'd made a habit of staying indoors and staying pale white.

Caine led me through the benches and tables of kids. I got the same treatment as before and Caine didn't seem to mind. His table called for him but looking at me, he ignored them.

I felt butterflies rise again. As we walked a farther distance from the cluster of tables on campus, I tripped nervously. He seemed to catch me on instinct. I smiled up at him feeling weak from the pounding sun. He smiled at me, but I couldn't see his eyes from the sun's glare.

We continued on until we came up to a gate. He helped me climb over and he jumped over. I had no qualms about leaving campus without permission and neither did he.

Behind the gate was a small patch of trees that was about three acres if I remembered correctly. Caine skillfully guided me through the forest and I felt giddy as we finally reached our destination.

A blue pond. It was a beautiful clear color that, nowadays, was hard to come by. There was a bench next to the lake and Caine took me closer. Fish swam to and from in the pond and one flicked its tail at me, causing water to plop up. I chuckled.

"This is amazing." I whispered. I'd always feel rejuvenated by being close to large quantities of water. Besides my adoptive parents, water was one of my favorite things in this world. Caine smiled at me. I grinned at him.

"I come here to be alone. Nobody knows about this place except my uncle, me and now you." He said and I looked at him confused. Why had he taken me here? I voiced my question roughly.

"Because, Mist." He began, "I feel as if I've known you all my life."

\*\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 3: Developed Problems

\*\*\*Mist's POV\*\*\*

"Because Mist," Caine said, "I feel as if I've known you all my life."

The words triggered something deep inside me. I was terrified.

~~~Flash Back~~~

The small girl smiled up at a small boy. The girl had pretty blue eyes and beautiful blue hair. The boy had floppy brown hair and blue eyes.

They stood in the pond besides the big kid school, hidden in the forest. The little girl laughed and pushed the water up with her mind. The little boy reacted as if this were normal.

He jumped to the side as the water formed into a whip and attempted to hit the boy.

The girl was Mist, the Princess of Oiak. A rarity. A water nymph...

~~~Present~~~

I fell forward as the strength was zapped out of me. Caine raced toward me and held me close. I couldn't comprehend what had just happened. Oiak... a feeling of home-sickness overcame me. Then, confusion. I didn't know what was happening but the feeling of Caine's arms around me felt... familiar. I was terrified. I struggled free and I stared up at Caine furious.

"Just... Stop it. I don't know what's going on and I don't want to find out." My voice was low and dangerous. I stalked away, strangely knowing the way back. I shuddered. Where was normalcy when you need it?

\*\*\*Caine's POV\*\*\*

I watched her stalk away. I was frowning. These strange emotions... I hit myself. Damn it! I came off as giving her a pick up line. I had no idea what was happening.

My uncle would understand, so I called him.

"Hello, Caine."

"You know that one girl, Mist?" I asked and before I could continue, my uncle yelled into the phone.

"Stay away from her! She is your undoing. She will destroy you." He said and I shuddered. Mist seemed as though she didn't have a mean bone in her body. Heck, earlier she'd stood up against me.

"Uncle?" I asked cautiously.

"I'm sorry. Just leave her be." And then, he hung up, leaving me speechless.

\*\*\*????'s POV\*\*\*

## Royal Blue: Book 1

The man bowed low to the new queen. Row, Queen of Oiak. That title could change quickly. Too quickly.

"She's alive. The bloodline princess is alive!" Row looked furious. The hunter understood. All this wealth and power she'd attained could be destroyed by a seventeen year old girl who had no clue of this world.

"I want her dead, Kirak! Dead!" She screamed. The hunter nodded. His target would be Mist Edmons.

\*\*\*\*\*



## Chapter 4: Kirak

\*\*\*Caine's POV\*\*\*

Most know me as the popular guy who was oddly kind and smart. A guy who could get anyone. Totally untrue. I felt my thoughts wander to Mist. She had seemed so angry and I had no clue how to react to the talk, I just had with my uncle.

I stared into the mirror and splashed cold water onto my face. I felt the confusion fade into frustration. Not was this happening, but I also felt a big gaping hole in my memory. The strange part of it was that I felt the hole close as I touched Mist.

I shook my head. Don't think about it, I told myself. The problem was, though, that I couldn't take my mind away from her.

I exited my bathroom and I stalked into the living room. With my older brother, Gareld, away, the house I lived in seemed a lot more lonely. Sometimes I couldn't handle the feeling. My parents had died doing something. My uncle had never been very clear as to what happened.

I grabbed my coat from the closet by the door and I left the house. I would most likely go to my friend Billy's house like I usually did. He had told me after lunch that his cousin was coming to live with him. The problem being that I was so preoccupied with Mist that I hadn't heard who it was.

Opening the front door of his house, I knew it would alright doing so. I had gone here so often that his family had become like a second family.

I walked into the living room totally unprepared for the sight and emotions that came with it. Before me the Benson family gathered, around a deeply tanned figure with ash blonde hair and charcoal colored eyes. I felt instant dislike. A strong desire swept through me and I wanted to physically hurt this guy.

The stranger looked up with narrow hooded eyes. Billy, a red-head with brown eyes, also looked up.

"Oh, It's you. Caine meet my cousin, Kirak."

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2015-03-06 05:04:48