

Blair White and the Iris Brothers

By : **breanye**

For Blair White this small town in Covington, Kentucky is like her very own heaven all warm and cozy and safe. Being safe was all she knew how to be. Till two extremely gorgeous Romanian war veterans that should have died in the war of 1812. But why are they still roaming the world and what brings the Iris brothers back to town and what does it have to do with Blair White.

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Walking to school had its benefits and its disadvantages. A benefit is walking, and the disadvantage is not knowing what's going to happen while you're on your way to the first destination of the day. But in my case I only liked the walking the most. It was a twenty minute walk to school and I never eat breakfast at home so I stop at a diner called Avendale.

Before my dad died after I was born he was best friends with the waiter and owner of Avendale. Turns out my mother worked there after I was born and the owner introduced her to my dad. They started to date two months before they conceived me, My mom never told him that I was his baby; she didn't think it was right to say anything. That was her longest relationship, I can't understand why she wouldn't but sixteen years is long she could have told. Sixteen years later they were found murdered on the side of the road with their necks sliced right open. Almost as if they were forced to stop, I didn't even get a chance to say good-bye.

I stopped by to grab a bite to eat and headed off to Brinkley high.

It's a Monday and honestly I really don't think anybody really likes Mondays and I'm one of those many. Walking in to the school I got stares by people I only knew since freshman year and being a junior they see you different when they get to know the real you. After a while you start to wonder how things got so out of hand and why it got so out of hand. In Kentucky schools seemed old but they came with a new feeling even I could not escape. The old brick and cement that was aged with small to large holes reminded me that where I come from history was made on that cement. And speaking of history. That was my easiest class to pass I have a 100 on everything. As I walked into my History class and as always Mr. Swanski is there at the door to greet you. I always thought my teacher looked like a pervert which in some cases it's a bad sign. But in this one he's normal. Though he's like thirty-seven and divorced three times and lives with his younger sister and my Art teacher Mrs. LaVettski and her husband you start to think less of it once you find out more about who you work with. Mr. Swanski was very short for his age and very bulky definitely not the good kind of bulky that you'd usually think. He's so big he can almost not fit in the doorway.

While I took my seat in the back of the class room I had come to realize I was next to a new student. He had to have been new, I'd never seen him here before. He was slightly tan, but mainly very pale. To put this in 'Oh my gosh' terms, he's so pale that his cheeks have no color to them. With dark brown hair with a light caramel looking frost that most women would have killed for. He had the most beautiful deep green eyes that I have ever seen. He stood at a possible "6'4" compared to my tallness standing at a 5'11" and a 6'1" in two inch heels. I hate being taller than most men in my grade but it was worth it. He was taller than me and that I was cool with. He wasn't quite goth not even normal. Normal was way past that but he wore dark clothing so that made it hard to tell what he was like. I knew from sitting next to him that he wore different colors but it was out of a pale white to a grey to a dark black color. Through his shirt you could see nothing but pure muscle break through his shirt. Shocks and chills were sent straight to my heart just seeing him there so close to me it was breath taking. He was perfect.

Weeks went by till I stole a glance over at him and my body went into a melting seizure, I had to contain my breathing and be in control. He was constantly staring at me so I knew he had a thing for me...his eyes still pierced me, and his accent was British like, but fuller and unique. To me this made him different. His voice sang to me as he spoke. The entire time he was here I never paid enough attention in any of my classes to

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know his name. And all I wanted to know was the one question about him. So I made the mistake and turned and asked the question I was holding back the whole four weeks he had been here, only when I did it came out as my native tongue. "Cine suntei?" and he answered in the same moment. All I could think was that he understood me. "Charlie Iris, and you are?" his eyes were a piercing Emerald deeper than your average green. I was in a trance.

"If you must know I'm Blair White President of all sixteen book clubs here at Brinkley High. Welcome to the home of the Pheniox here in the Kentucky State." After I said this it was clear that maybe I shouldn't have said anything in the first place. He looked at me as if I was a dead poor lost puppy that he had finally found. As if to respond he answered my thought. " I'm sorry you just look so familiar to me. I Can't quite put my finger on it. It's been years since coming back to the states. I was very 'young' coming here. It was probably then of why I seem to remember you. Did you live in Covington when growing up?" His question had caught me off guard and left me wondering if I even remember seeing him. But the thought didn't really sink in as much as I had really wondered. " Umm... I grew up there till I was four then I moved for personal reasons...now that I'm back I've given it some thought now...I think that I want to stay." I peeked a smile in the conversation when I did he saw me and returned the gesture with a smile and left me wanting another. How can someone so perfect looking come here to this boring little town and be so calm about it. I mean it's not boring but what I am saying is he could be here for short term so why try and make friends with the guy. Still not sure what I wanted to do just yet.

His next words made me regret talking to him. "Well, you know what? I think I'm going to invest a lot of time here. I'm looking forward to seeing more of this place. Maybe the people might even surprise me. I'll catch up with you some more if you'd like I can come by later. Here's my number if you still want me to come by later. See you at home neighbor." as he finished talking he gathered his stuff and walked away as the bell ringed for first period to end. I didn't even get to ask him any more questions. I was literally cramming my stuff in my bag trying to catch up with him into the hall. As I was coming out of the class room it seemed as if he disappeared out of thin air.

Almost as if he wasn't even really here and just a figment of my imagination. If I was, which I'm certain that I wasn't talking to myself, but I was certain that he was real. Even my imagination was nothing like that. I don't think my imagination would even contain such a vivid image.

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