By: Sam the Luminous

Just before her 18th birthday, Iris' mother passed away forcing her to move in with the father that she never met. Not exactly arriving to a warm welcoming, Iris meets everyone including her father's "co-workers" who are surprisingly and outrageously attractive. Will Iris connect with her father at all, if ever? And will she finally find someone that can fill the void in her heart?



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This Grecian House 1

Table of Contents

This Grecian House Chapter 1

This Grecian House Chapter 2

Table of Contents 2

This Grecian House: Chapter 1

Chapter One

"Here!" a loud voice said from my bedroom door. Aunt Linda threw down a large suitcase. "Now that your mother is dead, you can leave. God knows you're not my responsibility."

I threw her the dirtiest glare that I could manage before she walked out. I grabbed the suitcase and began to hastily pack my things. For the longest time, I was looking for an excuse to leave that evil bitch and now that I had one I wasn't going to pass it up.

"Good!" my best friend, Jenna, said over the phone. "She's wicked. I told you to move in with me a long time ago, and did you listen?"

"Nooooâ !" I droned. "But I'm thinking of finding my own place or something. I don't know. I'll figure it out."

"You know, if you had a boyfriend, you could shack up with him. But no. You don't have one, do you? You never listen."

I smiled. I could just imagine the look on her face. "I never do, do I? Okay, I gotta go. I have to pack my shit."

"Love you, bitch!" she shouted. I hung up.

Although I hated Aunt Linda, I knew that I was going to miss this place at least a little. I mean, I grew up here. It was also the place that I last remember my mom in.

When I opened my drawers, my eyes widened. There was no way in hell that all of my clothes would fit in that suitcase. Hell, they wouldn't fit in two of them! I started pulling shirts from my top drawer. My three Mumford and Sons shirts were definitely going with me. And, oh! Mom's favorite shirt! I didn't realize that I still had that in there. I tugged it out of the drawer and, as I unfolded it, something fell out of it. An envelope. It smelled like my mom.

I cut the envelope opened to reveal a letter, a letter that my mother wrote for me just days before her death.

Iris,

My beautiful baby girl. By the time you find this letter, I will be gone. I know that we cannot rely on your Aunt Linda to take care of you. But there is someone who can: your father. Although you've never met him and I hardly talked about him, he knows about you and has agreed to take you in. At least, until your 18th birthday. If you wish to stay longer, that is up to you. But for now, I'm sure your father can provide you with an exceptional family and house to live in.

Now, my dear, I say goodbye. Remember that I love you, I always will. I hope that you never forget me or the things I've taught you. I will live you for the rest of eternity.

Your Mother

My eyes welled up with tears as I read the letter in my mother's voice. On the back side of the paper, there was an address. There was an actual family out there that I could call mine. I didn't realize until now that I needed someone, anyone to hold onto. Whether it was my father or a boyfriend, like Jenna always insisted.

Whatever it was, I knew something was missing and something told me that I was going to find it at my dad's.

Author's note: Heeeey! So this is my first time ever sharing my work with anyone that wasn't a teacher. So please, my dears, be gentle. :) I'm excited for this story so far and I hope y'all are, as well. Please give me feedback. (Was it awkward? Too fast/slow? Hard to follow?) Thank you all, my dears.

Chapter 2

Chapter Two

I didn't tell Linda when I left; I just did. Something told me she wouldn't mind. I punched Jenna's number into my phone. After three rings, she picked up.

"Have you left yet?" she asked.

"Yeah, I started walking down the street. You think you can pick me up and take me to my dad's?"

"What?!" I could tell her black rimmed eyes widened. "Your dad?!"

I sighed. "It's a long story. My mom left his address in a letter."

"So, what? You're going to just move in with him? He's a complete stranger, Iris!"

"Is this upsetting you?" I asked, surprised. "It's only until my birthday."

"Yeah, but that is, like, three months from now. What if you don't like it? That is three months, THREE MONTHS in Hell!" she shouted.

I paused. She was right. But I think I was more than willing to take the chance. "Can you pick me up?"

"Sorry, I can't," she said. "My mom just got home. I have to listen to her talk about her day now. Have fun with daddy, though!"

I hung up. With my shaking fingers, I typed in the number to a cab service in my phone. About 20 minutes later, a dull yellow car pulled into the narrow driveway. I shoved my bags in the trunk and sat in the back seat; it reeked of alcohol and something else I couldn't quite place.

"Where ya headed?" the driver asked in a gruff voice that, judging by the cigarette behind his ear, was tainted by smoke.

I handed him the paper. He looked back at me with a puzzled expression, then straightened his back.

"Yes, ma'am!" Confused, I grabbed my phone to text Jenna.

Me: This cab stinks, u bitch.

She responded in seconds.

Jenna: anything 4 daddy

I rolled my eyes and looked out of the window. The sun was setting, painting the sky orange and pink. My mom used to love the sunset.

The drive took longer than I expected. By the time he came to a full stop, it was dark out.

Chapter 2 5

"This is it?" I asked. There had to be a mistake. I know that my mom said he could provide me with an exceptional house, but that was an understatement. The sky in comparison to the ivory building was blacker than death, making the house all the more stunning. Well, my dad's house turned out to be a mansion, a Grecian-styled mansion with pillars that gleamed in the fire. Yes, fire! On each side of the colossal double doors, there were golden braziers holding flames that were a deep shade of red. On top of the pillars, I could barely see an engraved eagle made more threatening by the gray and black shadows. The whole thing looked like a grand museum.

I turned to pay the driver but he was nowhere in sight. My bags were laid on the ground where the taxi had been. I wheeled my shabby luggage to the front of the breathtaking doors. They, too, had delicate designs on them. Habitually, I raised my arm to knock, but I paused.

What the heck am I supposed to say? "Hey, dad"? According to my mother, he was expecting me, but I couldn't just waltz into his house without a proper introduction. Before I could decide on whether to be quirky or reserved, the doors creaked open. I expected a tall man with my light hair and unusual violet eyes, but instead a woman in a long red dress stood in the giant doorway. My initial thought of her being Scarlet from Clue was interrupted when she spoke in a seductive voice.

"Yes?" I think she said. She was curvaceous and I was utterly jealous. Her hair was a dark auburn color and styled in a vintage way. The loose curls went past her shoulders, not a single strand out of place. Her eyes! Goodness, her eyes were a piercing green with hints of yellow around the pupil. I wished I was her, with her striking cheekbones and flawlessly shaped face. I wanted to hate her for being so perfect, but something inside me took over as I fell in love with her. I moved my eyes down to the slit in her dress that revealed a perfectly shaped leg. Oh, was I envious of her.

She chuckled and in a strong voice repeated, "Yes?"

My eyes didn't want to pull away from her, but they did. "Umâ !" I cleared my throat. "I'm sorry. I thoughtâ ! I was expecting my fatherâ !" My voice faltered. My father. My father, what?

Her raspberry lips turned upward in a smile. "He's in a meeting. You're Iris, I presume?"

"Yeah," I answered. "You are?" I don't think she heard me because she turned around and yelled, "ATHENA?"

She looked back at me. "She'll find you a room in here for you."

I stood there, awkwardly, as she yelled three more times for "Athena". Finally, a voice behind us said, "What?"

"This is Iris," the woman said.

I turned to the new lady, Athena. She looked like someone had slapped her. "You'reâ !" Her strong silver-looking eyes seemed to be hiding the millions of things that we're running through her mind. "Of course! I see it now." She pulled me into a hug. I stiffened and hesitated as I patted her back. The other woman cleared her throat.

"Oh!" Athena said. "Of course. Follow me."

The other lady followed, too. On one end of the long pearly corridor, a tall woman with honey colored hair and a long flowing dress that went from white to green came walking toward us. When she saw me, she

Chapter 2 6

paused. For a moment she looked like a deer in headlights.

"Iris?" she called. She ran up to me and grabbed my hands. "I thought you wereâ!" Her sentence never finished itself. "Oh." She let go of my hands.

Athena leaned in to tell her something. "Oh" was her only response. She then smiled. "Nice to meet you, Iris."

"What's your name?" I asked. Before she answered, she looked at the other women who nodded.

"I am Demeter." She closed her eyes.

"Cool name." How awesome was it for most of us to have Grecian names?

The beautiful woman spoke with a quiet voice. "And I am Aphrodite."

Wow, all of us with Greek names! And my father was Zeus, I thought sarcastically. I was considering saying it out loud, but all of the ladies looked uneasy. They wore expressions of expectations, as if they were waiting for me to understand something.

"Come on," Athena said.

Aphrodite looked up. "Let's see your room."

Author's note: Okay, my lovelies! Chapter three is on the way! :) Hope you enjoyed this one!

Chapter 2 7

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