

Orthodox

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Mysta Loring's vacation takes a turn as she falls for the local island boy. Is he really all he seems?

Raike Jocanon's life had been one fearful turn after another, will trying to win the heart of the city girl only bring danger from his past?

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Chapter 1 - A Solemn Omen

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1 - A Solemn Omen

Orthodox, The Beginning.

Mysta Loring peered over the edge of the bow, her icy blue eyes glimpsing the first signs of foliage from the island where the boat was headed. A salty sea breeze blew at her white skirt and tickled the back of her nose as she breathed in.

"Mysta!" An almost shrill and nearly wise voice called from the inside of the boat. "Come in here, we need to pack, the boat will be on the island anytime."

Inside a stern looking woman sat perched at the edge of her seat, sipping on a cup of tea as she instructed the baggage boy on what went where.

"Honestly; Halyin. your sister is so persistent on being improper, I hope she doesn't embarrass me like she did during the annual New Season Ball."

Another girl wearing a green travel dress sat in front of a vanity, applying lipstick to her already cherry lips. "Who cares what she does, it's on her conscious." Halyin patted at a loose strand of silver-blond hair behind her ear. "I just hope the local boys are good looking."

Above deck Mysta sighed as she turned to reenter the hull. Another wind struck up as she walked, blowing her silver lavender hair in her line of vision.

She looked up to move it away and she caught sight of two doves flying right above the boat. Mysta smiled at the solemn omen.

Perhaps this vacation will turn out alright.

Or perhaps not.

It wasn't even half a day and already Mysta's mother, Laviet. Lady of the third house on a royal court in the highest part of the Central Continent, decided that her daughters tend to a strict schedule while they vacationed.

"All meals will be attended at the Broking Lounge. Fast at ten A.M, Luncheon at twelve sharp, and Banquet at eight P.M. I don't need any dawdling. You both have maps pinpointing each visitation spot, so I want no complaints about where you should go. Understood?"

"Yes, Mother!" Replied Halyin in a sugary tone, implying her charms with a white toothy grin.

"Yes, Mother." Mysta said in a neutral matter, folding her map and sticking it in a pot of large boisterous flowers while no one was looking.

"Excellent, I'll be at the spa." and with that she hustled another bag boy and was gone with a kiss to each of her daughters cheeks.

"Ugh, finally!" Halyin exclaimed, dropping into a plushy couch with the gusto of a person who'd spent a fort night traveling in the desert. "I never thought she would leave." With a lazy gesture, Halyin reached for a small bell, dinging it loosely. "I need a cold drink after spending so long cooped up in a boat with Mother, how about you?"

"I think I'll just walk around the island for awhile." Mysta replied, anticipation at an undisturbed walk

scratching at her wits.

“As you wish, see if I care when you get blisters.” Halyin shook the bell harder as Mysta left.

“Where’s that fool butler?! Honestly!”

Mysta kicked off her sandals as she descended to the white beach, the heat of the sand proving to be more comfortable than she thought. Eagerly she ran from the dock, jogging until she came to a forest path that rested along the shore of the ocean.

Here the flowers blossomed in tranquil colors of blues and oranges, their fresh fragrance stirring Mysta on as she walked down the path on her destination to nowhere. On the way she paused, hearing a chirrupy noise to her left.

Turning her curiosity to the dense area behind a clump of small palm trees she treaded through the tall grass and found herself standing on a sand bar, where a large frog sat staring out at a large flowing river.

Mysta smiled as she slowly continued forward, mesmerized by the unusual pattern of red color upon the creatures back. Trying her best not to step on any twigs, she leaned forward and brought a foot out further to boost herself closer to the ignorant frog.

Without warning the thing jumped from it’s place and landed in the water with a splash that laced Mysta with large droplets.

It was so sudden that Mysta lost her footing and knelt forward on the sand bar to stop herself from falling on her face, except she hadn’t planned for her hands to go strait through the sand and into water and twigs!

Panicking she tried to lift her arms back up but the entire area she had stood on not to long ago became broken up and drifted away into the flow of the river as she struggled to get up.

Mysta screamed as she fell through the dirt and twigs, her body going down into the cold water, her breath caught in her throat when she couldn’t feel the bottom of the river with her feet, her head going under as she fought to stay afloat.

The twigs felt like vines that wrapped themselves around her legs as she kicked, the water invaded her nose and mouth as she yelled for help.

Tired arms ceased to move at will; and she went below, her vision blurred as she stared out at the world under the water.

She felt what she could only think of was the swift movement of the current grab her as she blacked out.

Ending ch. 1.

I didn’t make this chapter very long because I am still new at creating original stories; so I just need to know if it looks any good so I can keep writing.