

FLORA'S EYES

by

QASIM ANSARI

We all have our preferences in regards to what we find attractive and what kind of person we would like to end up with. In the case of Brandon Stewart it was simply a matter of who would win his heart. And the woman who accomplished that feat was Flora Mendes, a beautiful half-Spanish, half English beauty with flowing red hair and ivory skin, which had collections of rose coloured freckles all over. Flora was well-spoken and reasonably talkative in social surroundings. Though she never admitted to it, she was also extremely intelligent and knew so much general knowledge that people at school called her 'gigabyte'. There was just one thing that was unusual about Flora: her eyes. She never opened them unless she wore sunglasses and quite often covered them with a red veil which she tied around her head. It was something baffled Brandon and despite countless requests to see her eyes, Flora would not budge. That was the price of her love. Brandon knew she was not blind. And even when she covered her face he was amazed how easily she found her way around with no need to ask for help or use a cane. For two whole years he respected her request to not show her eyes. In that time he had been intimate and in those moments Brandon knew he was madly in love with her. And yet he had this burning desire to see her eyes. She resisted his requests until he offered his love to her forever in exchange for seeing her eyes. Flora started to weep, warning him that he would never be the same again, that her eyes held a dark secret that few could endure. Brandon was taken aback by her warnings but could not imagine never seeing her eyes. He begged her to show him, telling her he was heartbroken without them. Finally one day she yielded.

It was a cold winter's night close to Christmas Day. Both of them sat opposite each other by the warm fireplace. They had just made love in a way so passionately that it had taken Brandon's breath away. Making love with Flora was always intense. Somehow she had this amazing ability to almost get inside his head. She knew how to pleasure him before he had even thought about how he liked to be pleased. She seemed to almost read his deepest thoughts and desires. And on this night it was even more so. Flora seemed to take their love making to a new level. She sat there naked before him. She held his hands, he smiled and her hers tightly.

And then almost in a whisper she said *"Brandon, I am going to open my eyes. I must warn you that no one has ever liked what they have seen. Are you sure you want this?"*

Brandon responded as any comforting boyfriend would, *"Flora my sweetheart, I love you with all my heart. You touch me in ways that no other girl can possibly do. But to see your eyes would be the most amazing sight of my life. I feel it is the last step for us to consummate our eternal love."*

She turned her head away to the left side. *"I am not like other girls Brandon. My eyes reveal what I truly am. I don't want to hurt you..."*

Brandon reached out, caressed her chin and turned her head so she faced him again, *"Show me Flora. Show me. Please."*

She breathed deeply and slow said, *"Very well..."*

Flora slowly opened her eyes. The light of the fire reflected in them as she did so. Her eyes were a bright turquoise, similar to sapphire stones, only that they were

shinier and seemed almost like they were made of glass. As she continued to open her eyes they became brighter. Brandon could not believe how gorgeous they were, he was speechless. Flora's eyes mesmerised him with their beauty and for a brief moment he was transfixed on her gaze. She remained silent. That is when it happened.

Brandon suddenly realised that he could not divert his gaze. In fact he could not move his body. He was completely frozen. Flora's eyes continued to increase in brightness. Now strong beams of blue light were emitting from both of them. Her gaze was fixed on Brandon's eyes and his likewise were interlocked with eyes. Suddenly Brandon's mind was taken into a vast corridor filled with various degrees of turquoise blue. On each side of this corridor he could see images of himself. The images were getting older as he went down the corridor. Then a bright flash consumed the whole corridor and Brandon was left with only deep thoughts which presented themselves as hazy blue images. He saw himself and all the mistakes he had made in his life. He saw all the missed opportunities, all the heart ache, all the failed potential and most of all he could see what his life would have been like had he not gone down this road. In essence he was seeing all his regrets, some of them very deep that they plagued him on a daily basis. Now he found himself unable to shut them out. They were upon him and there was no escape. The blue haze of images then shot Brandon into the future. Now he could see all his future mistakes and regrets. He saw a lifetime of pain in a world where more than not he would choose the wrong path. And even though it was happening so quickly, every microsecond was leaving a residue in his brain. By this time he had long forgotten where he was or whose eyes he was looking into. He had forgotten that he was sitting completely naked opposite a woman who had won his heart. He forgot the deep undying love that flowed through his heart. Now all he saw was his pain and his future pain.

The bright light began to die down and soon Brandon could see Flora's face once more. Her eyes were still open and now they were much dimmer. Brandon wanted to say something but his brain had been consumed by this intense wave of regret and sorrow. His body was motionless, his mouth slightly open.

Flora's eyes began to fill with tears. *"I'm so sorry my love. I should have not shown you who I am. I should have resisted your desire to see me for who I am. Yet I feared that you would leave me if I did not show you. But now it seems I might have lost you anyway."*

She began to cry more hysterically. Brandon remained motionless; his body was like a wax statue. His mouth now had a thin line of saliva running down it. His eyes were wide open and had no focus. His mind was clearly somewhere else. Flora tried to get him to blink but it was no use. She moved his hands away from hers. They were as stiff as iron rods. And the heat from his body seemed to be ebbing away.

Flora rose and covered herself with a dressing gown. She wiped the tears from her face. She knew deep inside that there was nothing she could do for Brandon. She had warned him with good reason. Hers was a gift that was not to be shared.

"Good bye Brandon. I shall never forget you."

Flora left Brandon next to the fire. He was still motionless. Later the fire began to die down. His body was still so still, he did not even begin to shiver. But inside his mind Brandon was wide away and very active. He was living in a world which had spawned his every regret and every dark mistake. He was living that secret life; a life that until now he only had to live with in spirit but now he was facing for real. And there was no indication that it would stop any time soon. The next day he would still be there.

And the day after that,
And after that,
And after that...