

## 5 princes and I By Kiraran Prologue

### Prologue

#### **5 princes and I**

The Queen was in the place where the humans in this world would call a mall. You might be thinking why she doesn't call herself a human because she is not. She is a fairy from another world and another kingdom.

Although she is a foreigner from this world, she loved it here. She would always buy the books and mangas. If she has the time, then she would go out and watch a movie in the theaters. Of all the stories that the humans have created, she loved the romance once. Especially ones that involve stories related to people of different worlds. Fantasy. It's similar to her world.

She would fall in love with the pages and would stick her nose in books. She knows that she is too old for romances and too late for that since she already found her beloved King. Although she is old enough for that, doesn't mean that the other princes in their world aren't. Since she and her husband cannot conceive a child. They decided that they would pick one of the youngest Prince from different kingdoms.

They would put them through a test. With 5 gorgeous Princes in their house, the queen thought of something: their charms would be wasted if they would be stuck here without a teenage girl to admire them. Oh, what a waste! If only there would be at least a single female who is about their age!!

Then it hit her.

She would go to the mortal world, since her world is full of supernatural creatures, and get a single female. But she wanted one who isn't easy to break. That's why she made an illusion about a dating stimulations game. That when certain females would fall under her trap, it means that they are not eligible for the task. She wanted someone unique to play into her schemes. Someone who wouldn't rely on what they saw playing out in-game and apply it in real life. A girl who can solely rely on herself for her actions.

She was slightly disappointed when only a few of the girls would pa\*\*. The illusion was the first test, the second one is more of to test their heart by faking to be an old woman in need, but they would just walk past her.

She was about to give up since hours and days had passed yet no one seemed qualified. She stopped when she saw another girl coming out of the shop looking really pissed. She was the girl that she saw, who was being dragged by her friend in the store.

A petite young girl with ash-blond hair that ends at her chest. She was plain-looking and doesn't seem to be interested in anything. Not even the game.

Oh well, let's see if this girl can pass my second test.

With that in her mind. She approached her.

## Chapter 1 Beware of The Old Lady

### The Old Lady

"It's here! Really here." My friend gasped and shook me back and forth.

I covered my ears and glanced around the game shop. All around us, girls were going crazy about this new game called 'Choose your Prince' I snorted at the stupidity of the title and the game. I mean seriously, what kind of fool would name their game as stupid as that? It's just a cheap Otome game.

The more that I see these girls rushing in the store in hopes to buy their copy, the more I got pissed. Shame on you all! I screamed in my mind. Why waste your parent's money on something so useless!

"Do you really have to go, Jen?" I asked. Really annoyed by her screams.

"Why yes, Rose. I do. If you're a normal teenage girl then you would do the same." she said.

I rolled my eyes and sighed "Yeah. And if you were a smart girl then you would keep that money of yours and buy yourself some cake instead." I said.

"No way. I have waited for this day to come! I need to get that game." Her eyes sparkled as she gazed dreamily at the poster where the banner of the game was posted. I rolled my eyes. "If you badly needed the game, then why did you drag me along?"

“Because you’re my friend.” I stared at her. Not believing that it was the only reason why she brought me here. She rolled her eyes when she saw my look. “Fine. You’re supposed to be the sacrifice to those girls if I have some trouble getting a copy. I want you to tackle any girl that gets in my way.”

“Jen!”

“What? That’s what friends are for, right?” She gave me an innocent grin in which I countered with a glare. The nerve of this girl. She was willing to sacrifice her one and only friend for a game. But her purpose was clear. I’m doomed if I don’t find a way out of here.

Knowing her, I can’t convince her to change her mind about not buying the game.

And now I wish I had a few more friends instead of one. It’s my fault anyways why I don’t have that many friends.

“Jen? Do you mind if I look around for a while?”

“Planning on ditching me again huh? Come on, Rose. Live a little.” She said without looking at me. She knows how much I hate the crowd and she knows me too well to know that I don’t have the patience for these kinds of stuff.

I sighed tiredly at her, looking at the crowd of teenage girls gathering around the shop. I wrinkled my nose at the idea of going in there. For all I know I might not be able to get back in one piece after I charge in there. “Seriously, Jen. You can’t expect me to go there with you. You know how I feel about being crowded.” I admitted. Just imagine yourself charging inside of the store full of rabid girls fighting for the chance to get their hands on the game.

Since when did dating simulation games become so popular?

She puckered her lips and begged me with her eyes. “Won’t you do it for a friend?”

“No.”

“I might need some backup.”

“Not my problem.”

She looked at me then sighed with resignation. “Fine. But if you ever beg me to lend you the game, expect a big NO to it. Some friend you are! Leaving your friend all alone....”

I stifled a laugh. “Sorry, Jen. I’ll make it up to you – And don’t give me that look or try to guilt me with our friendship. It’s not working. And besides, mom and dad are going out on a date leaving Stella alone.”

She let out a huff. “You’re choosing a 7-year-old kid over me?”

“A 7 years old kid who is my sister? Yes.”

She stared at me for a few moments before it registered in her mind that I would – and never will – come with her on her foolish adventure to get her game. “Fine. You have my permission to leave.” She waved me off with her hand. “But you must know that you owe me a drink from Barkbucks after this.”

I patted her on the back. “Sorry, Jen. Maybe you should look for a boyfriend instead. That way you won’t need a game and you’ll have another companion.” She reached out and attempted to slap me. I laughed and moved away from her attack.

“Yeah yeah get out. Just say hello to Stella for me.” I nodded at her as I went out of the shop. I tried to be as casual as I could until I was pretty sure that I was far from that place as possible. Once I was a good distance away, I checked my right then my left.

“Yes!” I whoop and yelled, causing a lot of people to stare at me. I starred back at them. How dare they stare at me. Haven’t they seen a happy person before?

In any case, I can finally go home and watch some movies, preferably sci-fi movies. I don’t know why but for some reason I have become addicted to it. I have this whole bunch of collections in my room that I kept hidden from Jen. Knowing her, she’d throw them in the trash and replace them with a bunch of romance chick flicks.

I looked around the mall, trying to find something to eat. Maybe I could just buy some popcorn or something. Better yet, cake or ice cream. Stella would definitely love ice cream. Now would be the perfect time since mom and dad wouldn’t be home until tomorrow.

Seriously, after I reach the age of 17, they always have their weekly dates like teenagers. And yet they wouldn't allow me to even date.

Not that I really care.

I paused when I saw a woman tripping on her grocery bags. Judging from her silver hair and wrinkled fingers she was definitely old. A bunch of fruits and other stuff rolled out of her shopping bag and she struggled to pick them up. I couldn't help but notice that none of the people seemed to notice this or even cared. They could at least have helped her out.

What is wrong with this world? Don't they feel pity for the woman? I mean, she's right in front of them, and yet they acted as if they didn't see her.

What is she? Invisible?

I changed my direction and grabbed one of the fallen pieces of apple, which happened to roll in front of me. I gathered them in my arms as much as I could. Seeing as I couldn't carry anymore, I made my way and handed the fruits to her.

She grabbed them from me with wrinkled hands and gave me a kind smile. "Oh thank you, child," she said.

"No problem," I said and eyed her grocery bag. No wonder she tripped. "That's a lot of bags for you to carry, are you sure you're alright with that?"

"Yes, I am. By the way, child. I saw you coming out of that game shop over there. Were you interested in that game?" She asked.

I looked behind me to the shop, which was currently crowded for sure. I'm pretty sure that one of them is Jen. Although I couldn't really see her right now.

She must be dead.

I cringed at the sight of the shop. "No way."

The old woman chuckled. Her silver hair falling from her bun. "Oh? And why so?"

I shrugged "It's strange. At least for me, that is. I mean, sure it's kind of interesting? but what happens when you finish the game? Game over. That's it."

She nodded as if she were digesting my words. “Indeed it will.” She said in wonder. “But wouldn’t it all be worth it once you have played? Who knows? Things might get interesting.”

I raised an eyebrow at her in confusion. “What do you mean by interesting, granny?”

“The game. Aren’t you the least bit curious of what’s in it?” Okay, is it me or is this old woman here the old version of Jen? Anyone? “Sure. But right now the only thing I’m curious about is how much that game will cost me my lunch.” I said and glanced at my watch. It was already 1 in the afternoon. Once again, I looked at the old woman and offered her a smile. “As much as I love chatting with you. I believe that I should be heading home to my sister.”

She chuckled “Well as a token of my grat\*\*ude, please take this.” She handed me some sort of charm.

“Take it, child. It is a token of my appreciation. It’s a good luck charm.” she said.

“Ma’am, you need luck more than I do. I can’t take it.” I said politely.

“Take it.”

“...no”

“Come on child. I know you want to.” She bribed. WTH!?

“Um, no. I don’t want to...”

“Take.It.” She said through gritted teeth.

“Uhhh....n-”

“TAKE IT!” She shouted angrily.

I quickly took it.

She smiled victoriously. “Good. Now just imagine that it has some sort of magic that can make your wish come true, dearie. Oh and don’t give it away. I’ll know if you do.” She winked before walking off.

Weird.

In a haste, I kept the charm hidden in my bag and hurried home. On my way, I couldn't help but get the feeling that I was being watched.

## Chapter 2 The Not-so-Lucky-Charm

“Honey, I'm home!!” I screamed and burst into the front door. It's kind of a habit that I usually do when my parents aren't around.

“Amy!!” A little voice squeaked and ran to me. I bent over and messed up her hair. She giggled.

“Hey, squirt. What have you been up to?” Stella, my baby sister, pouted and crossed her arms over her chest. She was a little like a mom with rich white blonde hair and cerulean blue eyes, which I am sure is yet to change when she grows old. I, on the other hand, have ash-blond hair that I got from both my mom and my dad and my silver-blue eyes. We don't exactly look alike.

Am\*\*\* the both of us, you could say that she's more girly than I am. Just looking at her skirts and pretty blouses versus my baggy shirts, shorts, and jeans. Mom probably regretted having me wear jeans since I was a kid because now I wouldn't even wear skirts or dresses. Now, I think she's trying to make up for it through my sister. Her little Barbie girl, Stella Antoinette Stan.

But just between you and me, I'm having some hidden conversation with Stella regarding the comfort of wearing jeans. I think I'm winning seeing as Stella is now wearing jean shorts underneath her skirts. Which is probably uncomfortable.

“Stop calling me to squirt!” She glared at me. “When I grow older, I'll be taller than you.”

I chuckled. “Yeah, sure you are. But for the meantime, you're a squirt to me.” I walked past her to hop down on the couch. A moment later and Stella sat and joined me. “What are you going to watch?” She looked up at me with her pretty blue eyes.

“I don't know. I think I'm going to watch a zombie movie. Care to join me?” I gave her a teasing grin knowing fully well how she hates scary movies and claiming to have nightmares about it. Sure enough, she glared at me and threatened me with her eyes.

“I'm going to tell mommy if you do.”

I couldn't help but laugh at how predictable she could be. Of course, what do you expect of 7 years old?

"Fine. But can we at least watch zombies that aren't that scary?" I said. Stella pouted a little but then nodded.

"Okay, but can I pick a movie after we watch it? Please?" She begged and made her eyes grow bigger. Her own version of the puppy dog eyes is hard to resist.

I groaned. Not believing that she's actually using it on me when I taught her how to do it. "Fine," I grumbled and she let out a whoop in return. "But only if you'll stay quiet and stop asking me questions during the movie, deal?"

"Deal." She grinned.

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Sure enough, after we watched a zombie movie, I handed her the remote as she chose one of her favorite Disney movies. Starting from Peter Pan to Beauty and the Beast, and finally, The Little Mermaid. I should probably be bothered since she had picked three consecutive movies while I only have one, but for some strange reason, I seem to be fine with it. It was actually nice that I was able to reminisce about my childhood movies. I kind of forgot how great Disney movies are.

But SciFi movies are still the best!

After watching her Disney movies, we had a little break and ate dinner – which we just ordered since I was too lazy to cook for us. We then resumed watching. This time, I had picked a sci-fi movie.

"Are vampires and werewolves real?" Stella asked as soon as I turned the tv off. It was already 10 PM. Mother would freak if she learned that Stella was way past her bedtime.

"Nope," I answered. "They're just a work of fiction."

"But if they are a work of fiction, then the writer must have picked it up somewhere, right? All stories come from a certain origin. The writer must have either seen a real vampire or werewolf or must have read something about them."

I stood there frozen. Despite how little Stella was, she's actually wise.



I saw Stella rubbing her eyes and yawning. “Well it really doesn’t matter if they’re real or not, right? What matters now is that it’s time for you to go to bed. It’s way past your bedtime.” Stella let me lead her to her room. I made sure to have her brush her teeth and make her change her clothes before tucking her in for bed.

“Now go to sleep, you little squirt.”

“Stop calling me to squirt.” She yawned yet again. “As I said, I’ll outgrow you one day, Amy. And then you’ll be the squirt.” She grinned sleepily.

I rolled my eyes. “Like that’s gonna happen.” I snickered. “If you really want to outgrow me then you should sleep.”

She nodded her head once before closing her eyes. “You know what, Amy? I really wish that I was in a different world. Somewhere where I could find adventure. Our world is too polluted.” I looked at her sleeping form as I took in her words. She let out a yawn. “Good night, Amy.” With that, Stella had finally drifted off to sleep.

“Me too, Stella. Me too.” I whispered. “Good night, squirt.”

In a daze, I went back to my room and changed out of my clothes, and got ready for bed. Once I lay down on my bed, I felt my bag behind my back. I grunted as I picked it up. The charm that the old woman had given me protruded from my small bag. I got it out and took a good look at it.

just imagine that it has some sort of magic that can make your wish come true, dearie.

I smirked. “A wish huh?” I sat up on my bed and twirled the cd in my hand. I don’t really believe in wishes and luck. I only believe in hard work and perseverance. Dramatic much? I know but it’s the truth. Wishes don’t exist. It’s just something that keeps our hopes up. Whoever invented that wish must have been desperate.

But still.

“If you can really grant me a wish then I would really like it if I could be given a chance to do something different. Somewhere where I could do something that I really haven’t done.” I whispered. A moment later and the silence was really thickening.

I mentally slapped myself and groaned in frustration. “Argh! Who am I kidding? Why did I even say that? Forget everything!! I’m losing my mind.” I threw my pillow at the wall. How embarra\*\*ing. Lucky for me that no one was here to hear it. Otherwise, I wouldn’t be able to live with myself. In my frustration – and my embarra\*\*ment – I threw the charm across the room. “Screw it!! What was I even expecting? Some fairy godmother like Cinderella to appear in front of me? I knew I had too many Disney movies today. I knew it!”

“You mean those lame cartoon movies that children watch? Ha! That was funny. They only fill your heads with false information. They should be banned!”

“I know!!”

“But you have to admit, wouldn’t it be nice to live in a magical castle?”

“Yeah.” I nodded. “That would be great. Living in luxury sounds so……dreamy.”

“Exactly! Now, what would you do if you would actually live in a real version of those castles? Just imagine the freedom you’ll have if you live in a castle. Servants at your disposal, breakfast in bed, a closet full of dresses.”

“Hmm…that does sound cool. Except for the dresses. No homework, no chores, no school, every day is a holiday!!” I grinned at the thought.

“See? So why not come with me and I’ll take you there?”

Come with who?

I laughed out loud. I’m definitely going crazy. I’m actually talking to myself as if there was a person beside me who’s talking to me. “I think I’m going crazy. I need some sleep.”

“Oh, do you now? For all, I know you’re actually crazy, to begin with, dearie.”

This time, I pause. The hairs on the back of my neck stood. For the very first time, I was able to think and a\*\*ess the situation and figured out that I was indeed talking to someone and not just myself. I gulped.

Slowly, I look behind me. There, I saw a woman with pretty blonde hair and blue eyes staring back at me. She was lying on my bed, flat on her stomach with her

head perched on her open palms. She was probably in her thirties for all I know. She grinned at me. “So what shall it be, little one?”

I looked at her in disbelief. “There’s a woman in my room..”

The woman only rolled her eyes. “Yes yes, I know. So what will it be?” She asked again, which I have no clue what she was asking.

“There’s a woman in my room,” I repeated.

“You already sa-”

“THERE’S A WOMAN IN MY ROOM!” I screamed. She covered her ears in annoyance.

“Sheesh! Girls in this world do love to scream,” she said and changed into a sitting position. I immediately got up and ran to the far end of my room. She hid a smirk at my shaking form. Who wouldn’t after you realized that there’s a stranger in your room, right?

“Since you wouldn’t answer my question, I guess I’ll have to decide for you.” She finally got up and made her way to me.

“Stay back! Don’t get closer to me.” That didn’t stop her because she was still reaching out to me. That did it. I started to run away from her and jump on my bed, but my foot got caught on the sheets and I suddenly fell. I need a weapon. Anything.

“Wh-what- ah!!” I yelled as she carried me onto her shoulder. Worse of all? I let out a girly scream that was too much for my liking. Help!

I watched in horror as she held out her hand to my wall and made a twirling motion. Nothing happened at first, which made me confirm that the lady is a psychopath. When she stopped, it now made me wonder if I was the one who was crazy since there was a sort of swirling bluish mist on the wall.

“Holy sh\*t!!” I bit my tongue when I realized that I had just said a foul word and Stella might hear it. “What the heck is that!?”

“A portal. Duh!” She chuckled. “It’ll take us to a world where your dreams could be a reality.”

“Don’t duh me! And dreams? What dreams!? I don’t have any!! – Well except for marrying Alex Pettyfer!” I struggled out of her grip. What is she anyway? The female version of Superman? “What do you know about my dreams? You’re not my mother! Unhand me at once!!”

She laughed at my outburst. “Now you just sounded like a princess. That’s good.”

“What do you mean good? I’ll punch you in the face when I get the chance!!”

“Sure. But for now, hold your breath. We’re going in.”

Going in where? I thought.

Just as I was about to voice out my question. She jumped to the portal with me still on her shoulder. Once we hit the portal, my head started to spin and make me lose consciousness.

The only thing I heard was the woman muttering, “Sh\*t. I should have warned her about the side effects of a first-timer. Oh well.”

### Chapter 3 Charms to Charming

My head is throbbing for some unknown reason. Why does it hurt?

Suddenly I felt the wind brushing past my skin. It was cool and relaxing. I took a deep breath and was welcomed by the scent of lavenders and roses. I moved my fingers and was surprised when I touched something spiky.....feels like gra\*\*.

“Who is this girl?” I can hear a voice somewhere above me. From its tone, I can tell that it’s a male. Am I dreaming?

“I have no idea. Maybe she’s the girl that the queen was talking about?” Another voice said.

“Awe, how cute. But the way she dresses is pretty weird.” And another. I wanted to open my eyes to see what was happening, but I didn’t. I’m guessing that they still think I’m unconscious. Would they leave me if they think that I’m dead?

As if voicing it out, another male said “Is she dead?”

Great. There are more of them.

Whatever, as long as they think that I'm dead maybe they'll leave me alone. I held my breath to make it look like my heart stopped beating. I've never been good at acting, but I guess that'll have to do.

"Oi. She stopped breathing!"

"What do we do?!"

"Leave her. She is not of our concern." A new voice said. This one has a hard edge on it. Oh, joy! More of them.

"Cut it out, Prince Ace. If you continue that kind of attitude, you're not gonna find a wife." Argued the other.

"Stop it. Both of you. This isn't the time to argue! This girl is in trouble and you would rather kill each other than help her?" Yeah! I'm gonna die here and you two would rather argue? Shame on you!

"Sorry, Fred," said the other. I felt something soft brush my nose. I fought the urge to scratch where it once had been.

"Prince Ren, what are you doing to the poor girl? Or are you Dan?"

"It's Dan, you idiot. Get your facts straight. I'm just tickling her nose with this feather, trying to get a reaction from her."

"You really are stupid."

My nose is itching...

"Hey, did you just call my brother stupid?" A new voice said. And he didn't seem happy about the way that the other boy had called his brother stupid.

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I wrinkled my nose since it began to tingle. I was frustrated that I couldn't even reach up and grab it – not when I'm still surrounded by strangers.

Let's just hope that the worse thing that they'll do is tickle my nose with a feather.

"Whatever, Prince Ren." the same man who called the boy named Dan said.

“Actually, I’m Prince Dan.”

I actually want to sneeze now.....

“What?! But I thought that he said he was Dan!”

“Fooled ya!” The man beside me said.

“So you’re Prince Dan and you’re Prince Ren?”

“Why don’t you take a guess?” both the boys said at the same time. I heard the other men laughing.

I really want to sneeze now...

“I hate twins!”

My nose began to tingle more and I fought the urge to sneeze. Just keep it in, Rose. Come on.

“Don’t worry, Nate. We hate you too.” said the twins at the same time.

“ACHO!” I couldn’t stop the sneeze that was coming. It was too much for me.

Whipping my nose after I sneezed, I opened my eyes and was met by 5 gorgeous strangers that made me hold my breath. Two of them had the same faces – I assume that they’re twins. Both have chocolate brown hair which is combed sideward, their eyes are also a pretty shade of brown, only slightly lighter, like chestnut. Their skin was tanned in a somewhat golden color. They smiled and tilted their head to the side.

One prince gave me a warm smile that comforted me from all the stares. He has blonde hair which was combined backward. A few strands were covering his icy blue eyes. He was pretty tall.

Then my eyes darted to one with a cold stare, but despite that, he was good-looking. His hair was black and messy, his eyes are the color of midnight blue, which is currently giving me goosebumps.

The last one I couldn’t describe. He was looking at me without any emotion at all. Just a blank stare. But I can tell that he was curious. His hair was a nice crimson red that I was pretty sure wasn’t dyed like the other boys at my school. It was

neatly combed and some of his hair is covering his eyes, which are the colors of the forest, a rare shade of green. A moment later, he gave me a wink.

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‘Kay.

They all look good, but what really caught my attention was their attire. All of them then were wearing... let’s just say some fancy and expensive coats. Did they come from a costume party?

This must be a dream. For sure. I brought a hand up and slapped myself.

I heard a few gasps.

It hurts. It is not a dream.

“Must have gone crazy.” My eyes landed on the black-haired guy. His mouth pulled into a thin line.

“Crazy? Looked in the mirror lately? Yeah sure, you look good in a costume, but white doesn’t suit you at all.” I rubbed my chin as if thinking “Maybe black will do. Yeah, that’s right. Do you watch Sleeping Beauty? You could be the male version of Maleficent. You know, the evil witch.”

The boy was caught off guard. Probably not expecting me to talk back at him.

“I have no idea what half of the things she said were, but it was damn funny and insulting. Did she just call you an evil witch?” One of the twins teased and they started laughing, followed by red, and blondie, who covered his mouth with his fist.

“Shut up.” was all Ace said before giving me a cold glare that made me shiver. “I’m not a witch you ignorant plebeian.”

“Prince Ace. That is not what a proper gentleman would do. Here.” the blonde one offered me his hand. I took it and let him pull me up.

“Thanks,” I muttered. In response, he made a small curtsy that surprised me. This guy is either a gentleman or just a dedicated cosplayer.

The blonde boy smiled. "I'm Prince Frederick Star from the kingdom of Hazel. What about you?"

Well, a dedicated cosplayer indeed.

"M-my name is Rosalie Amber Stan. Somewhere in Georgia." Did I just stutter? I'm probably nervous since this is the first time that I'm talking to a guy. A hot one at that. Or maybe, because I am still confused as to how I got myself into this situation.

"Lovely name." With that, he brought my hand to his lips. The gesture made me whimper and feel a little embarra\*\*ed – for them that is. But did he just say kingdom? Wow, these guys are taking their cosplaying seriously.

"Allow me to introduce you to my companions, Lady Rose--"

"Please just call me Rose," I said. I'm not comfortable with the 'lady' part since I hardly resemble a lady at all.

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"As you wish, Rose." He said, then he gestured at the redhead, who took a step forward. "He is Prince Nathaniel Denver, from the kingdom of Vertex." Prince Nathaniel bowed. "Please call me Nate if you wish."

"Nice to meet you."

"And the--" he gestured to the twins but was stopped by them.

"Fred," said one of the twins. "We want to be introduced last." continued the other.

These guys are embarra\*\*ing.

"Very well," Fred nodded and gestured to the prince, who I already started to dislike. "This here is Prince Ace Feradin from the Kingdom of Tordis. Please forgive him for his rudeness earlier." Instead of bowing, prince Ace nodded his head once. "By the way, that's PRINCE Ace for YOU"

"Of course, your highness." I forced a smile and couldn't help but add. "Royal pain."

"Pardon?"



“Nothing”

“And finally,” Prince Frederick continued and gestured to the twins. “The twins. Um...gentlemen, will you please introduce yourselves since I couldn’t distinguish you from one another.” Prince Frederick gave an apologetic smile to them.

The twins faced me and offered me a smile. “My name is Renevier Rutledge, this here-” he gestured to his twin “-is my brother Daniel Rutledge.” His brother, Daniel, continued for him “We are from the Kingdom of Sanver.”

I clapped my hands after. Wow, these guys are good. Solid performances. I should ask them for their skincare routine since they all have flawless skin. “Nice to meet you.”

“By the way, Rose. Are you acquainted with Queen Elizabeth?”

“Queen who?” After I said that, we heard a galloping sound from a horse. A back stallion appeared and its rider was surprisingly a female. Her eyes had immediately found mine and she grinned brightly. She got off of the horse and hugged me. I was slightly taken aback. When she stopped hugging me, that’s when I saw it. Blonde hair, blue eyes.

My jaw dropped and I pointed an accusing finger at her. She’s the weird lady I saw before pa\*\*ing out! “HEY!-”

She covered my mouth with her palm. “No need for that dear. Okay?”

“Your highness.” From behind her, the five princes were on one of their knees.

What is happening?

#### Chapter 4 Queen Elizabeth from Another World

“Rise,” she commanded. As she had ordered, the princes had risen to their feet. “I see you’ve met my niece. Princess Rose.”

“Who are you calling your-” Before I could finish my sentence, her foot collided with mine. Since she was wearing heels, it made the pain twice as painful.

I gritted my teeth together to prevent myself from screaming as I jumped on one foot while clutching my injured one. “What the fu-!” She stomped on my other foot, which made me switch to the other one. What is her problem?!

“Oh, what was that, my DEAR niece??” The girl faced me again, but this time with an annoyed face that meant ‘just-play-along’.

I swallowed. “Nothing, aunt-”

“Elizabeth,” she whispered to me

“-Elizabeth” I mumbled.

“Good.” She once again faced the princes, who were standing there patiently. “Gentlemen, my niece here will be staying with us and I want you boys to be kind to her. Teach her how to act like a proper lady-”

“Hey!”

“-and teach her some manners. If you impress her, she might pick you to be the next king of my kingdom.”

“What do you mean?” I asked. I was really confused. They were in a conversation where I wasn’t in. Pick a king? What’s this all about? “Sorry but I am not into cosplay/roleplay so please count me out.”

“You see, my dear niece. Since it had been 20 years and my husband and I still haven’t conceived a child-”

“Wait, 20 years!? Your role is an old hag? But you don’t look like one.”

The corner of her mouth twitched “I’m going to pretend that I didn’t hear that comment about an old hag, but thank you. You see, I’m a Fae. As in a fairy. Two human years mean 1 year for us. I’m 60 yrs old in human years. In other words, I’m only 30.” She whispered in my ear.

A fairy? Is she crazy or something?

“Y-you’re a.....”

“Fairy? Yep”

I backed away. "Get out of here."

"Nothing is impossible in this world, my dear."

In this world? I looked around me. We were on a vacant landscape. Tall trees stood behind us. Judging from its height, I can tell that I'm not in my city anymore. But how could this happen? I mean, novels about people being transported into another world are common these days, but that's not what happened to me, right?

I mean, I haven't been hit by a truck. And I am sure that I haven't been reincarnated either.

She let out a sigh. "Look. I can tell that you are...a bit confused so I will explain everything later, okay?" She turned to the boys who were laughing but stopped when they saw her highness glaring at them. "She doesn't go out much. She's ignorant so please take care of her." The queen said to them.

"Yes, your highness," they said in unison.

"Good," she turned her attention back to me "As I was saying. Since we don't have an heir to our Kingdom, my husband and I decided to pick one of the princes from other kingdoms. As for the candidates, we have chosen the youngest sons of each kingdom and would give them a test to see who is fit to be king."

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"And where do I fit in?" I crossed my arm over my chest. My mind is a mess right now. As of the moment, I believe that I am either kidnapped or in a weird dream.

"You, my dear, will be going to help us to decide that. You will pick a king."

"Say what now?"

"I'm not going to repeat it since I know that you have heard me."

"Fine! You want me to decide?! Nate!" I pointed to prince Nathaniel if I remember correctly. He was slightly taken aback and a confused expression was replaced.

"Do you want to be a king?"

"I...uh....Yes?" He said. Unsure of his answer. It made me wonder if the expression on my face had forced him to say yes.

“Good. Then you’ll be the king.”

“What!?! But that’s not how you decide it!” PRINCE Ace said.

“Fine! Then you’re the king too.” I said.

“What!?! You can’t have more than one king!”

“Gentlemen, please. Let us all just talk about it.” Prince Frederick tried to calm us down.

“Oh, prince Fred, you can be a king too,” I stated.

“Uhm…”

“Hey, no fair. We wanna be king too!” The twins said.

“Fine! You’re all kings! In fact, we ALL can be kings!!”

“Yay!”

“No!”

“This is ridiculous!”

“Is that even possible?”

“Hold it!!!” The queen shouted. She probably didn’t agree with my decision. Her head snapped in my direction and I winced under her gaze.

“You must take this seriously!”

“But why me?” I whined. She could have chosen other girls right? I don’t even do my homework properly and they expect me to pick a king in their play?

“Well, you’re the only girl who wasn’t drooling at their photos during the release of the game.” She lowered her voice so that only I could hear. I’m guessing that the princes don’t know this yet. But no wonder they look familiar. They were the models for that dating simulation game.

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My eyes widened at the mention of that stupid game at the store. That crap'? "How did you-"

"I was the old woman who gave you the charm." She explained. I stared at her long and hard. Trying to find any resemblance of her to the old lady that I help back at the mall. That is so not possible!! She looks young!

Or did she.....?

"Listen," I held my hand up to her. "I know that you needed my help, but I'm very busy and my parents are probably worried about me. Besides, I have no interest or whatsoever in choosing a prince. I want to spend this summer sleeping and eating."

"You can do that here. You'll have tons of fun." Insisted the queen.

"No. My parents might be worried about me right now. I must be going." Then I took a step back and looked around again. "And how can you expect me to have fun when there is no WiFi!?" I whimpered.

"No."

"What do you mean no?"

"It means that you are staying."

"Did you just hear what I said?"

"Yes. Don't worry! Just trust me. And your sister will be fine. I swear on my name." With that, she turned on her heels and turned to the boys to talk to them about my 'behavior issues'.

Trust her? When she's the one who probably brought me to this place?

I'll make sure to find a way to get back. For some reason, I know that I am not Georgia now and only the queen knows where we are. Maybe if I annoy her, she'll send me back? I don't have a problem with that.

That or she could murder me instead.

Wait, what about that charm that I made a wish from? Maybe it's the key? Maybe if I can find it, then I will be free from here. Yes, maybe that's it! All I have to do

is to look for it. But where? If my hunch is right, maybe it's with the queen? After all, she was the one who gave me the charm.

Feeling something hard in my short pocket, I pulled it out only to find that it was my phone.

I turned my back to them and checked to see if I could get a signal. Nope. No signal. No internet.

“Damn this other world bullcrap. Why can't I be transported to a world with wifi!?” I cried.

“What happened?” Asked prince Frederick.

I grumbled “Nothing.”

“Gentlemen!” We finally turned towards the queen who seemed to be yelling at us. When she saw us turning our attention to her she let out a sigh of relief. “I want you boys to take the carriage here and prepare the horses. It's time to go back.”

Without any hesitation, they went down the gra\*\*y path to prepare the carriage that I hadn't noticed.

The queen approached me.

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“So I guess that I have no choice but to come?” I asked.

“Yep.”

“I still do not understand this situation,” I said honestly. The back of my head is starting to hurt.

“You did wish for this, right?” She let out a grin.

“That was a joke! I didn't even know what I was thinking.” Because of my frustration, I yelled.

“Even if you knew it was magical you're still coming here”

“But I thought that you said that the charm will grant me any wish that I desire, right? How can you be sure that I would wish this? Have you read my mind?” I protectively covered my head in case she’ll read them.

“No.” she placed a hand on her hip.

“Then how?”

“Well, the item I gave you is magical for the Faes, humans can’t go to this world unless they use that item and wish for it. But even if you didn’t exactly wish to be here, you’ll still be coming here.”

“You lost me there. And can we please speak in human terms? Like you kidnap me and throw me in a van. We sailed across the sea to an uninhabited island?”

“It seems that your mind still doesn’t welcome the ideas of supernatural beings.” She chuckled. “Wishes can be altered, morphed. If you wish to have lots of money, then I will bring you here and you’ll have tons of gold money. If you wish for more clothes, then I’ll still bring you here and give you plenty of dresses. If you wish for a certain person to love you, then I’ll give you something better from here, a prince.”

“Why you.....” It finally started to make sense. I had no choice in the first place!

“But turns out you wished for something better! Wishing that you’ll end up here! It made my task easier.” She then let out a Santa-like laugh.

Just like what people would say, ‘be careful what you wish for’.

“Say that I am playing along and believing what you just said. What was the purpose of that dating game that was just released?”

“It was an illusion that I made.”

“What do you mean?”

“It will be my basis in looking for the perfect girl who would be helping me choose for the future king. You see, if I will pick one of those girls who’s crazy with those games, then the princes can just use their looks to their advantage. It will be disastrous”

“I don’t even think that I’m the only one who isn’t interested in that stupid game.”

“True, but you were the only one who pa\*\*ed the second test.”

I raised an eyebrow at her “What do you mean a second test?”

“Helping an old woman in need has proven your qualification. We all need a kind lady.” Then she winked.

