

Chapter 3: Chapter Three

I accept and sign the official Fairy tale Challenge's contract. I probably should worry that I didn't read every little detail, but time was apparently of the essence.

I pale.

I'm the same category as those idiot girls in the horror movies that run into the creepy shed full of weapons instead of the only working truck on the property.

Hey, but I was in, baby.

Glancing around the room and watching everyone else sign their name was unnerving. I really hope I just didn't make the biggest mistake of my life. Positive thoughts. And, that would be a very big mistake considering all my other bad life choices. The only girl who did not stay was the Latino woman, whom I never caught her name, said that this was a twisted freak show. A trap, something underground and illegal, she was talking so fast it was hard to catch it all.

Did she have a point?

I'm getting nervous now. Maybe she was the only one with some real sense of danger, not buying into this fairytale. The rest of us must look like dumb sheep, gullible bunnies. Suddenly to urge to see was as bad as trying not to itch a mammoth-sized bug bite.

Too late, Charming was instructing everyone to line up and start the next phase. The next stage, meaning the birdbath of Fate. Taking a shaky breath, I kept repeating to myself that this was going to be a blast, and nothing terrible was going to happen. I plaster a smile on my face and get behind the line.

This is going to be great.

Amazing. Nothing to worry about!

I am super stoked.

Am I panicking...

I wipe my forehead and clench my fist. Destiny is going first. She looks confident and unafraid, but I didn't buy it. I am willing to bet we all are freaking out on the inside. She walked up a few short steps to the Bowl of Destiny and pauses with her hands, hovering over the metallic substance. She's scared.

It didn't help that solar system was back on display behind her. My equilibrium was slightly thrown off as I felt a wave of dizziness. I could compare this feeling to taking shots on an empty stomach while wearing five-inch heels. Steady...steady...

"Go ahead, Destiny. It will only take a moment," Zora says calmly behind her.

She put her hands in the substance and gasps. "It's freezing." We all wait quietly, our hearts in our throats. I was even scared to take a small breath, for it might upset Fate into giving Destiny a less desirable role.

On the screen behind us, in bold letters, it magically read: Castle of Garthorn Royal Chef.

Destiny turned around and read it, taking a moment to register that she would be making food for Apollo and the royal family. "Well," she breathes with a smile, "food is the way to a man's heart!"

Everyone cheers, and Zora nods.

"Quickly now, next!"

April walked up next, pushing her short hair behind her ear. "Okay, here goes nothing."

The screen read: Castle of Garthorn Royal Horse Master.

Everyone oohed and awed at this one. I bit my lip; I would have loved to have that one, horses are beautiful creatures. That would be exciting, riding horses with a hot prince and making love on a cliffside while my hair blows in the wind. I would say something witty, and his laughter would ring in the air.

Focus.

Ivy is next and laughs before she touches the liquid. "This is crazy! I feel like Harry Potter!"

The screen read: Ladies Maid to the Queen of Garthorn.

She didn't look too pleased with that one, but that position would put her right next to Apollo and his mother. She needs to think outside the box. No cliffside *** but she could bang Apollo in his mother's bed. That's a joke.

Laura was next, and she just wore a smirk, grinning at Ivy. I hope she got chamber maid. Please chamber maid.

"I hope this isn't a random drawing," she complains and rolls her eyes, putting her hands in the liquid. "Because I am an inner princess, my daddy said so." She laughs loud like she told the cleverest joke. It was high pitched and forced. It was embarrassing to watch that nobody laughed after. I was about to chuckle out of pity, and I dislike her. That's how bad it was. Her face reddens as she clears her throat. Her hands soak in the liquid and seconds pass.

The screen read: Royalty of a Foreign Country.

"Yes!" She screams. "What does that mean?! Does that mean Princess or Queen?"

Zora took a moment as she eyes Laura. It was hard to tell what the woman was thinking, but I'd bet my poker chips that she was irritated with her. "You will get detailed information later." She turns to the next in line. "Next!"

Cherie glances back to me with her fingers crossed. I pray she gets something decent because three months is a long time to be a slave or a toilet cleaner.

The screen read: Royalty of a Foreign Country.

Laura whips around to Charming and the Fairy Godmother, marching up to them, her heels clicking. "That's the same thing mine read. Is it broke?"

Charming smiles at her, but it was far from reaching his azure eyes. "I assure you they're very different. These are implicit titles. You will get the details later as the Fairy Godmother already explained."

She glances at me with cheeks flush with the color of a cherry icy. Laura plasters a smile on her face that I was sure went against the laws of gravity.

I was the last one.

No. No. NO.

"Come along, Viola," Zora commands. "Is that your natural eye color? Or contacts?"

Everyone stares at me like they were wondering the same thing. "They're real."

My fingers tingle, and my vision is beginning to tunnel. I take a shaky breath and walk up to the bowl of destiny. Please don't make me a crap emptier; I dislike bodily waste. I look up at her and say, "I'm ready."

She nods but didn't say anything, and her calm blue gaze was eerily mysterious. I snivel, feeling like I was some rare creature on display at a zoo. I went to stare down into the pool of metallic wonder. So, this Fate Bowl reads palms? Maybe it read deeper than that? A shiver slithers down my spine. Just do it.

My hands slip into the cool substance, and instantly I feel sensations coursing up and down my arms. I pray, please give me something I can work with Magic Bowl. Tell karma to back off.

It seems like it took forever before it read: Castle of Garthorn Slave: With a Hidden Secret.

My eyes read over the words, and dread sinks in. I hear whispers around me, probably expressing their sympathy. A slave?! "Are there do-overs?" my voice brakes. This is not fair. I want the Horse Master role, I feel like sitting on the ground with my arm crossed and pitching a tent.

Charming says, next to me. "Things are not always what they seem; the part you need to focus on is the hidden secret." He starts to clap to gain attention.

"Everyone, please quiet down. I will now introduce to you your partners for the next three months, our highly trained Fairy Godmother Agents. The F.G.A.'S"

Agents?

"You will not be thrown into an unknown world without guidance. We will set you up for success, not a failure. These worlds can be very dangerous, and I should hate for any of you to end it quickly by unknowingly eating poisonous fruits." Zora walks over to the edge of the classroom to where the outer-space starts.

Where it looks like it drops off into space was now thirty feet of more room behind the white desk. And not only was there extended square footage, but standing was six people decked out in black army outfits with F.G.A. on the front. They were all petite looking women, some with odd colored eyes and abnormal hued hair. Who were these strange people? One of them looked like a small version of Sailor Moon. Where these aliens? My eyes widen in wonder, seeing a different life-form is trippy.

Zora nods at them then turns to us, her midnight dress sparkling brilliantly. "These agents will follow you around, disguised as whatever they need to be to fit in, brilliant shape-shifters. They will be your walking computer, advising you on the world and their inhabitants. They communicate telepathically and verbally. Peirce will also be keeping track of you ladies, providing clothing, and the essentials. The perfect aid to making sure each one of you has the best chance at succeeding. And you all know how important this mission is to me. But keep in mind you all are competing against each other, and strategy is key. They will help you on your journey to ensnaring the prince."

This fantasy went from a Disney movie to me being a part of the, Special Love Operations. And a dose of survivor. I am in way too deep now. There is no turning back.

Maybe I will get lucky and get placed as Apollo's slave?

Wishful thinking never hurt anyone.

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