

# Someday My Prince Will Come

By : Storielover1117

Arianne is a simple girl with an athletic scholarship at Harvard. Frederick is a handsome stranger with an intriguing secret. Arianne has a boring life. Good grades, no friends, and only an aunt and uncle to support her. Frederick's life is anything but boring. Murder, hatred and jealousy are just a few fun words that he wakes up to every morning. These two meet, and their attraction for one another is astounding. But will their different lifestyles drive them away? Or will Arianne's prince in shining armor finally arrive?



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# Someday My Prince Will Come : Chapter 1

## Chapter One

Arianne

Once upon a time...

I was studying. That's how I believe it all started anyway. It was late in the evening, and I was studying for my French test. I know, the language of love, supposedly. Well, for some reason this magical language hasn't done much for me in the last three months.

My name is Arianne and I'm a nineteen year old Harvard student. My major is foreign studies and I literally have absolutely no social life. That's right, no life. Does that seem strange to you? A student who goes to Harvard must be crazy rich and have a million friends, I know. But I'm not like that. I'm here on a volleyball scholarship, not on my daddy's credit card.

My roommate decided to switch dorms the day before college started, so I'm in a room by myself. Having my own room can have its benefits, of course, but that's what I've had my whole life. I wanted a change; for something exciting to happen in my life. So far, no good.

So here I was by myself, two days before my French test studying French Verbs and their conjugation, when a knock sounded at my dorm room door. Being alone in the room, I sighed and slowly made my way toward the knocking. I figured that if anyone was unfortunate enough to see me, then they definitely couldn't be that important.

I reached for the doorknob and opened the door, apparently abruptly because the young man who stood before me seemed to jump a little. As he looked at me I noticed something about his person that made me feel very nervous. Like, he was on edge so in turn, I was on edge as well. I was just about to scoff at his jumpiness when a ringing thought clicked in my head. There's a guy at my dorm room door!

For the first time, I let my gaze go into 'focus mode' on his face. To say it simply, that was the biggest mistake, and yet the best decision of my life. Standing before me stood the most delectable, most delicious, savvy, gorgeous man that I had ever seen in my days on planet earth.

Sub-consciously, my ears heard someone ask if there was something I could do for him. Sub-consciously, I felt my head spinning and sub-consciously, I heard more than felt, my heart pumping against my fragile eardrums. Sub-consciously, I heard him answering me! and then I did it. I did the most stupid and ridiculous, annoying and absolutely the most amazing thing ever! I looked into his eyes. And I mean *really* looked.

Like a forest, the deep green pools with occasional random brown speckles, completely overtook me. It was all that I could see, hear; feel. Those eyes, still sub-consciously being stared at, seemed to kidnap me into their depths and I felt that I was gone, for sure. They were insanely intriguing.

To this very day, I don't understand how I managed to find my way out of that jungle, but after about two seconds, I snapped out of the trance he forced on me, and directed my attention on what he said. I almost cried in embarrassment when I realized that I had missed everything that he had just spoken. Feeling my cheeks burning at the stake with a crimson red, I shook my head slightly and asked him to repeat himself. It was then that a Forest Fire emerged from his lips as he smiled at me; oh, such a dizzying action.

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"I said," He repeated slowly, as if to make sure I didn't miss a single word this time, "I'm Freddie. And I was told that I was going to be staying here; room 154?"

Again, my trance was lifted and I smiled in return, even laughing a little. It ended up sounding more like a burp or a hiccup than an actual giggle, but believe me; a giggle IS what I was going for!

"I think you're a little confused," I said, stifling a laugh. "This is room number one-hundred and fifty-three." I grinned at Freddie again and pointed at the number on my door. "See?" I asked pathetically as his eyes followed my pointed finger.

I dropped my hand and shoved it into my pocket stiffly. I don't know what was going on but for some reason, my body was out of control as soon as this door opened. It was like he was a negative charge and I was a positive; like I wanted him to be right next to me but there was an obvious resistance.

Freddie's light brown hair was neatly combed into a perfect Faux-hawk, and the cut of his hair seemed to somehow outline his wide, masculine jaw perfectly. Following the jaw, came broad, strong shoulders and a casual grey/blue t-shirt with a subtle black leather jacket covering it. His jeans were tattered and dark, very dark blue, and he was wearing old, tattered converse. All in all, his appearance nearly took my breath away and I found myself removing my hand from my pocket, and onto my stomach. I felt as if the wind inside of me was forcefully knocked out by his green eyes.

Face blank, Freddie stared at the door number for almost a second longer and then looked at me. His face suddenly broke out into another heart-wrenching smile, and he shifted nervously. "Well what do you know, it sure is, isn't it?"

"Yup," I offered, still pathetically and couldn't help but notice the tall man with dark sunglasses that stood right behind Freddie. He wore a dress shirt along with dress pants and quite frankly he looked like a bodyguard of some sort.

Suddenly recovering from his awkwardness, Freddie loosened up and smiled apologetically.

"Well, my fault, I apologize," he said suavely.

"It's all good," I replied, making sure he knew I forgave him. I suddenly had a feeling that it would be hard to deny this man forgiveness to *anything*.

"I guess I'll be seeing you around then, huh?" he said. I noted the tinge of hopefulness in his masculine voice, but shook off this feeling as a dog would water.

"Guess so," I said laughing. I bit my lip, nervously and then suddenly realized that he didn't have any luggage with him. Before he could walk away, "Hey, where's all your stuff?" I wanted to take it back the minute I said it. I lowered my eyes to the floor and mentally punched myself for being such a nut-head.

Freddie looked at the ground behind him quickly. I wondered what he was doing. "Actually, I think I must have left it all in the lim-uh- truck. All in the truck, yeah. It'sâ there."

I smiled cheerfully. Something about this man really wanted to make me laugh. One minute he seemed so confident; the next, nothing but a nervous wreck. I wondered whyâ

"Well, welcome to Harvard, Freddie," I offered, still smiling.

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"Thanks. See ya."

"Okay." I said, as nonchalantly as possible. "Bye." Slowly but surely, I then closed the door. Away from his presence, away from his smile, and most importantly, away from his eyes. The door closed and I leaned against it, breath coming fast. I could still feel my heart beating. It was practically banging around in there like drums for goodness sakes! I closed my eyes and took a deep breath. One of my bangs had fallen into my eyes and I somewhat shyly reached up and placed it back where it belonged, as the thought of his presence still lingered in my mind.

This had never happened to me before. Usually whenever I was around guys, I was confident and sometimes, even one of them. I could make jokes like them, laugh like them, and talk like them, heck even walk like them, but around thisâthis manâ I could hardly talk, my laugh sounded like hiccups, my legs felt like jello and my heart beat wildly from within. Maybe I was coming down with something.

I was about to make my way back to my boring desk, when another knock sounded at my door. Hey, this is a record, two people in a matter of five minutes? I must be dreaming!

Slightly confused I opened the door again and, this time, it was my turn to jump a little. Standing before me was Freddie, again but his manner seemed to change in five seconds. He was grinning again and he looked somewhat shy all of a sudden. I looked at his face, not his eyes mind you, and waited for him to tell me what was up.

"Hey again," he lamely offered.

"Hi. Did you forget something?" My smile must have broken his shyness, because all at once he seemed more at ease.

"Actually yes, I did."

"Oh?" I asked, wondering what on earthâ

"I forgot toâto ask your name." Freddie broke me out of my thinking and as soon as I heard this, I smiled. I felt my cheeks aflame again and told him, while laughing, "I'm Arianne."

He grinned at this, as if excited by the mere mention of my name. "Well I'mâ!"

"Freddie," I cut him off, still grinning. "I know. You told me remember?"

"Yes. I do. Nowâ I mean I remembered before but, umâ!" He seemed nervous again. This man was definitely entertaining.

I looked at the floor and blushed. Here I was, making a fool out of myself in front of this guy again. *This never happened!* I must have looked retarded because, suddenly, Freddie waved his hand and walked away.

I shut the door on him for the second time that day and wondered what he thought of me. Slowly, dreamily, happier than I had been in months (for some reasonâ!) I made my way back to my desk. Sitting down with a flop, I decided that I needed to concentrate on my studying. That was the only way I would get a decent gradeâbut something, somewhere inside of me were banging cymbals, and I couldn't concentrateâ!. The sound they made? Freddie.

## Chapter 2

Frederick

Walking up the stairs in the co-ed Harvard dorm excited me, but at the same time, I felt longings of home dripping into my heart, mind; soul. I quickly wiped them away, and made my way to room number 154. This place looked decent enough. I had, of course, heard many great things about it and was anxious to get settled in. I'd had a long couple of days.

As I approached the room, I became quite anxious and suddenly stopped in my tracks. Jameson, my body guard, almost ran into me and quickly, but quietly asked me what was wrong.

"Nothing," I said hurriedly. "Well, no I can't say that honestly. I just feelâ I feel strange." With that, I turned to Jameson, who was a good five inches taller than my height of 6'1. "Have you ever felt excited for something and nervous about it at the same time? You want to just walk up to that door, knock and announce your presence, but you're scared to say it? I've never felt like this before, Jameson. In all my years of watching my parents rule, going to grand balls, and giving little speeches in front of my entire country, I can't seem to muster up the courage to enter a new life." I shook my head and put my hand to my forehead. "Something must be wrong with me."

Jameson put his large hand on my shoulder. "You're going to be fine, Prince Frederick,"

My head snapped up to look at him.

"Er, excuse me, Freddieâ it's not easy adjusting. It's not your fault; living in royalty can sometimes burden you. And plus, I'll be right here watching you 24/7, so there's nothing that's going to happen. I make that promise to you."

My gaze on his face softened and I smiled nervously. Even though I would be staying in this room alone; we arranged it before I came here to ensure absolute safety, Jameson was here to plant some bugs and cameras in the living space.

The thought did reassure me so I turned abruptly and made my way to a few doors down, number 154. I looked to both my right and my left, and then knocked on the door, desperately trying to make it seem like I was a new student and would be waiting for my room mate to answer.

I turned to my bodyguard, after checking the halls twice. I knocked again, just to be sure that I looked confused. I hoped it was working. Something inside of me twitched as I realized that I probably looked like a fool right about now.

Jameson seemed amused by my actions and I heard him chuckle from behind me, but I ignored it. I was just about to knock again, when the door opened. It startled me a little and I felt myself jump. At first, the shame of a grown man jumping at a door overtook me tremendously, and then confusion followed when it clicked in my brain that there wasn't supposed to be anyone here. But then, when I saw that womanâ the angelic figure whose deep hazel eyes came looking up at me, her long slender legs clad in black running shorts, and her soft brown hair, pulled back into a messy bun, I felt all the more shamed. It was like I wasn't good enough in her presence.

I had seen countless beautiful women in my day, all dolled up with loads of makeup and jewelry, in fancy dresses and beautiful accents, but none of them, and I mean not *one* of those women seemed beautiful in

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comparison to this creature standing before me. Sub-consciously, I heard myself rambling off something about my name, and hoped I didn't introduce myself as a prince. I somewhat gained composure and told her I was supposed to be living there when she suddenly shook her head slightly and asked, "What?"

For some reason, her confused manner seemed to calm me down, and I took this opportunity to start out right.

"I said," slowing my words down, "I'm Freddie. And I was told that I was going to be staying here; room 154?"

"I think you're a little bit confused. This is room number one-hundred and fifty-three. See?" The beautiful woman lifted her slender, muscular arm up and pointed at the door number. When the number connected to my brain, I felt like the stupidest person alive. How could I have made such a ridiculous mistake? I stared at the number as if it would attack me for a second more, and then looked back to the girl. She was smiling, and I saw her eyes twinkle.

For some reason, she made me feel nervous and confident at the same time. I decided to say, before looking like a complete idiot, "Well what do you know; it sure is, isn't it?" I stumbled daftly.

I saw the girl look at Jameson with her big hazel eyes and I figured that he was no doubt staring at her vividly through his dark glasses. I felt relieved that her attention wasn't on me, for the moment. It gave me time to regain my composure.

"Well, my fault, I apologize," I said, somewhat suavely.

"It's all good," she replied, almost hurriedly.

"I guess I'll be seeing you around then, huh?" I asked lamely, but the truth was, I really hoped that I would see her around. Something about her intrigued me, and this was strange since I had just now lain eyes on her.

"Guess so," she laughed. She bit her lip, as if trying not to laugh at my stupidity and awkward behavior. "Hey, where's all your stuff?" she suddenly piped up. As soon as she voiced this, however, she seemed to retreat back to being shy.

I looked at the ground quickly. What to say, what to say? I couldn't very well tell her that I had been forced out of my country by escape and therefore, didn't have any time to pack, so instead I babbled, "Actually, I think I must have left it all in the lim-uh- truck. All in the truck, yeah. It's there." How stupid. I almost told her I came here in a limo.

"Well, welcome to Harvard, Freddie," she spoke sweetly, as if the angels had blessed her with their voice. "Mark's a nice guy; you should really like him." She smiled again and I decided right then and there that it would be more than impossible to forget about this female.

"Thanks. I'll remember that. See ya." I started to make my way to my actual room and heard her say something before she shut the door.

"Okay," she said, nonchalantly. "Bye."

The door closed and I quickly made my way directly across the hall to room 154. It seemed like my whole body was resisting that pull that seemed to gravitate toward her. Man, that girl! Suddenly I balked. That girl? That girl?! I didn't even know her name! At first I shook the feeling off; I would find out, somehow. I was a prince wasn't I? But I knew deep down that I needed to know. Now. Pushing past Jameson, I turned

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around and knocked on her door again. I didn't care. I didn't care if I looked like an idiot; like a mental psychopath. I needed to know her name.

The door opened faster than last time and I grinned at her confusion.

"Hey again."

"Hi. Did you forget something?" Her voice squeaked slightly at the end of her sentence.

"Actually, yes I did."

A little frown pursed between her eyebrows. "Oh?"

"I forgot to ask your name," I said in a jumbled mess of letters. It occurred to me that she seemed flattered by this because her cheeks flushed a deep red.

"I'm Arianne."

I grinned at this, as if excited by the mere mention of her name. "Well I'm..."

"Freddie," she cut me off, still grinning. "I know. You told me remember?"

"Yes. I do. Now... I mean I remembered before but, um..." I didn't know what else to say. So I waved my hand a little bit, and then turned to my room. I heard the door shut behind me and I looked up at Jameson, dumbfounded. He seemed to share my amazement because his mouth was slightly ajar as well as mine.

"She..." I started, lamely. "She was amazing."

Suddenly Jameson laughed. "That's what I gathered..."

I frowned up at his mocking, and then turned towards my room. Here we go. 154. The start of a new life. And I had a gut feeling that it would include Arianne.

## Chapter 3

### Chapter Two- Arianne

The next day, I woke up with a start. I had just dreamed about my mom. She was walking down the stairs in our house when suddenly, someone burst through the door with a black mask. She ran down as fast as she could and tried to grab me, but the man got to her before she could. Another man came in and rushed toward me. Then I blacked out and the next thing I know is I'm in a police station and my mother is dead. The man in the mask shot her. Luckily, the police found him nearby and arrested him. The police told me that it was my dad. I hadn't seen him in months, and my mom told me that he was on a business trip. I found that strange at my tender age because he never wore a suit. I was recovering at the police station when suddenly, to my astonishment, I saw Freddie walking toward me, arms wide open. That's when I woke up. I wiped the sweat off of my face and got out of bed. That dream shook me up more than I wanted to. I hopped into the shower and let the hot water pour over my body; down every curve, every pore, every muscle, until I felt completely relaxed. The part about my mom dying wasn't the part that scared me. I had nightmares about that all the time. It had only been ten years, okay? Yes. The dream was actually not a dream. It was a nightmare. And that's all I can remember from that time. Before it, yes. After it, yes. But for some reason I couldn't remember anything else. Maybe that was a good thing.

I was getting dressed when I remembered who was there at the police station; Freddie. I shook my head slightly; getting those thoughts out of my head and conscience.

The scary part; I had always wished that instead of my uncle coming through the door, that it was someone that I actually cared about. Someone that I loved with all my heart. And then, there came Freddie. I couldn't love him! How could I? I met him last night! I needed to stop thinking about it. Things like that really took a lot of my thought process away and I needed to have my entire mind here if I was going to be seeing Freddie any time soon.

That next day was definitely a busy one. I didn't get any more knocks on my door from Freddie, and I was starting to believe that it was a very good thing. The effect he had on me was absolutely astounding. I didn't usually dream about people unless they made an extreme effect upon my life in some way. My mom, my dad, my aunt and uncle; why Freddie?

Thoughts like these filled my mind as I made my way down to my first class, Home Ec. It was for general ed., and I thought it was probably a good class to take, seeing as I how I would be cooking for myself the rest of my life. Besides, I liked cooking.

The class was pretty full, seeing as how I got in late. I searched the room for an open seat. No. No. Way. This probably sounds so very cliché, but I swear the only spot open was right next to the ominous Freddie. I seriously almost walked out of the classroom right then and there.

Freddie looked up and we made eye contact. I wanted to give him the most evil look I could possibly muster. Curse him for making my life complicated! Why did he?

"Miss Weathers?" My professor, Mrs. McCabe said calmly, breaking into my thoughts. "Please take a seat. The class is about to begin."

I nodded solemnly and walked over to my doom. Freddie wasn't looking at me, thank God, and I put my stuff down under the seat. All I could feel was this incredible heat coming directly from his body. It was definitely impossible to forget about him right now.

I snapped myself out of thinking about him and chastised myself for doing it. 'Shape up, Arie.' I thought to myself bitterly. 'He's just a random guy that you met last night. It's not like he feels the same way.' Then came the pain. It was subtle. Very small and innocent at first, but it grew larger as I realized the truth. He wouldn't feel the same way, ever. And that sickened me more than I would have liked it to. I was staring at my professor and rubbing my head, trying to pay attention, when suddenly I felt someone bump my elbow. I looked down and saw Freddie's arm next to mine.

The exhilaration of my body was too immense to describe, and I literally had to grab my arm to keep it from exploding! Freddie bumped me again, and I inwardly cursed him for being so drop dead gorgeous.

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"Hey!" I heard him whisper. "Arianne."

Could it be!? Casually, I looked at his face and saw him smiling at me. The light seemed to bring out his eyes all the more than it had in the dimly lit hallway. I found myself smiling at him. It seemed to be a reaction to his face. I couldn't help but smile.

"Yes?" I whispered back, still smiling.

"Hey." He casually said, then grinned and leaned back in his chair, still making eye contact with me.

I felt my cheeks bloom and I looked down at my notebook. All that was there was, well, nothing was there. I then remembered that I needed to focus. I looked back at Freddie once more, who was still smiling broadly at me, flushed all the more, and then turned my attention back toward Mrs. McCabe; as best I could, under these circumstances. However, about five seconds later:

"Arianne."

This time, I turned my head to him a little bit more sharply and whispered, "What?" Again, I couldn't help but smile. He was smiling too, and I watched his luscious lips as they parted to speak.

"What's your next class?"

I found myself rolling my eyes and answered, "Economics. Pay attention, Freddie." For a student who just entered mid-semester, he had a lot to catch up on. I looked back to my professor, but this time, fully knew what to expect.

"Arianne."

I smiled to myself, but didn't look at him. I really DID need to pay attention. I then felt Freddie's arm bump my elbow again, but this time he slid his notebook over to me. It said (in beautiful cursive, I must addâ )

'What's after that?'

I accidentally giggled and brought Mrs. McCabe's attention, on me. Crap.

"Silence please." She said to no-one in particular. Oh whatever, she was staring right at me. I mouthed 'sorry' to her, then scooted Freddie's notebook away from me. This was getting to be a little bit risky. I promised my uncle when he brought me here, that I would get good grades in every class. If I didn't, he would stop paying for my bills; phone and car. If I didn't pay attention soon, then I knew there would be less social life than I already had. Focus, Arie. Focus.

Throughout the rest of the class, Freddie tried writing notes to me three more times, kicking me under the table, whispering my name repeatedly, and throwing a piece of paper at my head. Each time I smiled, I couldn't help but like the attention, then told him to pay attention. He didn't heed my commands; obviously. Finally, class was out and I was about to rush out of the class when Freddie stood up and stopped me. He was grinning down at me, and I couldn't help but smile. His green eyes twinkled as he asked, "Can I take you to your next class?"

This time, I laughed out loud. "No! If I let you distract me anymore than I already have, I'm not going to make it to any of my classes. Thanks, though." I gave him one last smile and then tried to move past him, but his hand grabbed my arm, and wouldn't let me through. I looked down at his hand on my arm, and desperately tried to ignore the raging currents that electrified my arm. I started to find it hard to breath. I needed to get away from thisâ ; this monster!

"Wait, wait, wait Speedy Gonzalez. Why are you trying to get away from me so fast?" A different look came to his evil eyes. "You're overwhelmed by my presence aren't you?"

I gasped; half at how he was so very accurate when it came to my feelings, and half because he actually had the nerve to say something like this to a girl who he met the night before. It suddenly seemed strange to me that I had only known him for less than twenty four hoursâ ; it already seemed like monthsâ ;

"How dare you! Of course not, you moron! My next class starts in five minutes and it's almost all the way on the other side of the courtyard, up the stairs, down two halls, then four doors to the left. I really need to go." I urged, glancing at the clock. Crap.

"Hold on, just a minute." He said as he stopped my futile attempt once more. "What time is your lunch?"

"1:30."

"Where?"

"Usually the courtyard."

"Can I meet you there?"

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"Whatâ!" As you could probably tell, I was in shock. First, a guy was actually holding my arm; a hot guy. Second, this hot guy wouldn't leave me alone. Third, he actually wanted to meet up with me? I realized I was gaping, and then shook my head slightly.

"Um, Sure? Bye." This time, he let me go, and I nearly jogged out of the now empty classroom. From across the courtyard, up the stairs, down two halls, and four doors to the left, I couldn't stop thinking about everything he said. It was like they were definitions, memorized in my head. I kept hearing him talking to me, asking me, talking, and asking! It was driving me crazy! I walked into my class, just on time, and breathed hard as I sat down. It was bittersweet for me that he wasn't here with me; I needed to focus.

## Chapter 4

Freddie

I smiled at Arianne as I watched her run out the door. It seemed to me that she wanted to be away from me, at all times. That was definitely NOT the effect I wanted to have on her. I couldn't wait until her class was over. I didn't have any other classes right now, so I checked my surroundings and found a secluded place where I could talk to Jameson in private. I told him I would call-in after my first class. I found myself a small little garden and waited until the last couple stopped making out. At first I scowled, but then I thought about Arie. What I would give to kiss her like that! Alone at last, I pulled out my earpiece and pressed the button on the side.

This was no normal earpiece. This called Jameson and only Jameson. It was claimed to be the 'best earpiece in security', and I didn't have my doubts about that. It was no bigger than an iPod ear bud, and the clarity was unreal.

"Bonjour Prince Frederick."

"Jameson." I acknowledged quietly. "Où<sup>1</sup> sont vous?" (Where are you?) I questioned in one of my countries language, French.

"Dans le jardin. Près le 'Court yard.'" In the garden, near the courtyard. I looked up at thisâ was Jameson in this garden?

"Quel jardin?" Which garden? I questioned with a smile on my face.

"Je vous vois, Frederick. Tous est bien." I see you Frederick. All is well. That Jameson. He just had to be James Bond didn't he?

"Ah, merci Jameson. Saves-vous ? La fille, Arianne, est dans ma classe ??" Ah, thank you Jameson. Did you know, the girl Arianne was in my class?

"Oui," Jameson said, laughing. "Je sais tous." Yes. I know all.

Again, a smile broke out on my face. "Bien sûr, Jameson. Ok. À bientôt." Of course, Jameson. Okay. Talk to you later.

"D'accord." Okay (agreed).

I pressed the button on the earpiece again, and checked my watch. I still had another 45 minutes before I was to meet Arianne in the courtyard. Before leaving, I looked for Jameson one last time. I saw a shiny part of a shoe behind a large tree. I smiled, and then saluted in that direction.

Walking into the courtyard met me with silence. I decided to just stay here while I waited. There was nobody here, and even though I had only been here for a day, I could tell that it was rare. I sighed as I thought about that real reason that I was here. War, jealousy, hatred; all fun little parts of my escape. I'm a prince, yes. But before you think about a spoiled little wretch, let me tell you this. Spoiled was a word that was rarely in my vocabulary as a child. Even though we lived in a castle, we lived modestly. We gave more than you could imagine to our villages. There were only about ten, but each was overpopulated, which caused many troubles. Our villages were in peace, until my parents died.

The thought of my parent's death panged a cut deep in my soul. I rubbed my head and my eyes became teary. Somethingâ must have gotten in them. I had only cried once; the night they were gone. I was with my date, Holda. She was a Duke's daughter from one of our larger villages, and my parents were trying to hook us up. However, both of us were against it, and though she was a beautiful girl, she wasn't my type. And her being in love with someone else didn't help much. He was a commoner, she was telling me, tall, handsome, bright blue eyes. She told me that mine reminded her of his eyes because they were so clear. She wouldn't stop talking about this man, and remember thinking about how wonderful it would be to have someone in my life like that. Someone I adored, and who adored me. My parents only wanted me to be happy. Somewhere in between the beginning of Holda's description of the man and the end of it, my bodyguard, Jameson came rushing in with a look of terror on his face.

The castle was under attack, and my parents had been found dead; murdered by some crazy servant. He had gotten paid to do the dirty work but didn't have a chance to tell us who because he was shot while trying to escape. I didn't cry then, no; not until weeks after when I was at their funeral, and their ashes had been spread

## Someday My Prince Will Come

at their desired location. It didn't seem to hit me until then; they were really gone.

After that, everything else seemed a nightmare. I received constant threats from an un-known source. Even my best agents couldn't seem to find out who the heck was behind all this. We had a suspect; an old uncle that could have been in line to rule, but I had never met him, and we couldn't pin anything on them. There was no proof. They covered their tracks so very well! It had to have been an inside job. Soon enough, the threats became so frequent that my secret service almost didn't even read them anymore. Then they attacked. It was a nice, sunny morning with the sun shining bright and the birds singing happily; like a nice wedding day in a movie. I was sitting at a table, looking over different eligible maidens to whom I should marry. I needed to find someone to rule with since the king and queen had passed on. I didn't like it, my kingdom didn't like it, but it was the law. Stupid rules. I had just sorted through the last of the papers when I heard an ear splitting explosion and I was rushed up to the helicopter on the roof. The enemies had bombed my castle and were going through trying to find me. Just as I flew away, they reached the roof and started shooting at me with machine guns. We got away in the nick of time.

I decided to try and find someone in America who could be my queen. I was tired of the whole, 'I own a kingdom' type, so I made up my mind to find someone my age who was suitable to run a kingdom! someone who was used to having a fancy life, and could deal with it.

Harvard came to my mind almost instantly. People who went there were usually at the top of the social ladder, or so I imagined. Any school which cost THAT much to attend; well let's just say it didn't take very long to direct the heli driver to this destination.

Rubbing my forehead, I thought of all the things that had led me to this very moment, all the months. They seemed like years now; molding together into what seemed a doomed life. Then I met Arianne. My heart picked up at just the thought of her, and I couldn't help but smile. She was so interesting, so very different. I loved it, and everything else about her personality. Well, I must say her stunning beauty did a fantastic job of encouraging my affection along as well.

Suddenly, hearing a door open from afar, my thoughts were gripped back to the present, and I realized that class was over as students boringly shifted into the courtyard. I stood up and was looking for Arianne when a random guy walked by me then, curiously, backed up. I made eye contact with him, and he was at least a half a foot shorter than me. Being 6'1, this wasn't the thing that surprised me!

"Hey." He said, offering a strained high pitched voice at me.

"Hello." I offered back. I decided to take in his appearance, and then instantly regretted it. He was wearing a neon pink dress shirt with a tacky sweater vest over it. It was plaid, with black and light blue lines going randomly across the material. His hair was neatly parted to the side, and way too much gel held it in place.

"See ya 'round." He said suddenly, after looking me up and down. Then, to my astonishment, the man winked at me grinned, then walked away with a little bounce.

My jaw dropped. I had never been hit on by a man before! Where I came from, everyone knew who I was and never had I even encountered such a person. My shock must have been apparent because Arie, who had ruthlessly snuck up on me, voiced her wonderful opinion.

"You've never been hit on by a guy, huh?" She said a smile in her voice.

My eyes whirred away from the bouncing man, and onto Arie's perfect face. Lord, she was beautiful.

"How did you know?" I finally voiced. She smiled at me, and a part of me erupted.

"I saw the whole thing walking over here." Arianne giggled. "I've never seen a jaw drop more."

It was my turn to laugh, and I did. The ice was broken in this conversation, so I felt myself relax. I saw her do the same, and that cheered me.

"So, why did you ask me to meet you here?"

I didn't know what to say for a moment. The truth was I didn't have a reason. I just wanted to spend some time with her. So I just said, "I thought it would be nice to get to know you a little better! you are the only person I know here, so far."

She blushed. "What about your roommate and! that guy that was with you; where is he?"

I thought it was cute that she turned her head to look around and smiled. "I haven't met my roommate yet. He hasn't been there since last night and Jameson, the guy with me, he, uh! has something else to do right now."

I hated lying to her about having a roommate, but it technically wasn't a lie about Jameson! he WAS doing

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other things right now.

'Yeah, spying on you.' My conscience nabbed, but I shook it off.

Arianne seemed to notice that I wasn't being completely honest with her, because she gave me a funny look, and then wrinkled her nose. OH MY LORDâ that was cute!

"Alrighty, wellâ luh, I'm going to get my lunch now."

"Ok." Did she want me to come with her? "Do you want me to go with you?"

Arianne smiled. "If you want."

"Always."

## Chapter 5

Arianne

'Always' he said to me, then we both started walking to the cafeteria. I was excited for so many reasons right now! First, today was Thursday, and this meant the best tacos in the history of cafeteria food! Second, there was this uber hot, fine, nice, polite, tall, gorgeous, fine guy walking with me, WITH ME, to get lunch! Could this be considered a date!?!?

My excitement must have shone, because during the walk Freddie kept looking at me and smiling. Whenever we made eye contact, I saw the twinkling of a question there; he was wondering something about me.

"What?" I finally asked, convinced that my cheeks were the color of apples.

"What, what?" He teased.

I laughed. "Why do you keep looking at me? Oh, Gosh is there something on my face?" I inwardly slapped myself for being so stupid, and lifted my hand to clear anything off!

"No!" Freddie said quickly, catching my hand in mid-air. I stopped walking, and so did he.

Like a fire, his skin was burning my hand. The heat seemed to intensify as he clung to it, letting the feeling travel up my neck and into my face. I must have been the color of scarlet, right now. Curse my blushing problems! I looked at his hand, still attached to mine and then to his face. He was looking at his hand too, as if something was happening to him. He then shot his eyes to mine, and smiled.

"No, your face is fine. It's perfect."

Oh my Lord. I ripped my hand away from his, and made myself look like I hated it. Crap. My eyes shifted nervously to the ground, and I started to walk again. He followed, and for a moment there was silence. I decided the best I could do was to pick up where we left off, so I did.

"So, if my face is fine," I stumbled over that word, "Then, why do you keep...?"

I couldn't finish my sentence! I felt like such a retard! Why couldn't I just collect my thoughts around him like I did with every other guy?

Surprisingly Freddie laughed, and I found myself breathing again. I still couldn't believe he was still around.

"Because. You look so confused and excited at the same time. I guess I'm just wondering why. How did you know I was wondering anything?" He asked, subtly.

How did he know I was confused and excited? Well, okay, maybe it was obvious but still! He seemed to know everything about me, by just looking into my eyes!

Note to self: Avoid eye contact with wonder man.

"Well, I admit I am confused!"

"Yes!" He interrupted, bringing his elbow in toward his stomach. "Score!"

I laughed, then added "But I really can't understand at ALL what you mean by my being excited!"

Freddie laughed aloud, obviously not believing my attempt.

"What?" I asked his laughing becoming contagious. "Why would I be excited?"

"I don't know. You tell me."

"There's nothing to tell." We reached the cafeteria and he stepped forward to open the door for me. He paused before he opened it and got a mischievous look in his eyes. "I highly doubt that."

I grinned and pushed past him. How he knew those kinds of things about me, I didn't know. But there was one thing that I did know, I liked it.

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Yes, I know this is a tad bit short, and I'm sorry, but I'll update soon! =D Thanks SO much for reading!

## Chapter 6

### Chapter 3

Arianne

That lunch with Freddie was the best lunch that I've had with anyone in years! Although limited to about an hour and fifteen minutes, we had the most amazing conversation. Freddie and I talked about everything, and nothing. It never felt so good to talk to anyone else in my entire life. I was getting up when Freddie suddenly stopped me and told me to wait. He came around table, took my hand, (which lit fireworks through my pores, just so you know!) drew it up to his perfect mouth and kissed it. I almost melted before looking like an idiot and bolting away! But the best part, he lived right across the hall!

Freddie

I watched the sway of her adorable hips as she walked away from me. I could still smell the scent of her skin in my nose. It was a delicious type of smell. Like sugar and roses. I loved it. I couldn't help but kiss that delicate little hand. At first, I was just doing the customary thing that I ALWAYS did in my country, but in a flash, I remembered America, disregarded it, and kissed her anyway. I found myself wanting to do this over and over and over again, and I really had to control myself to not run after her, carry her into my arms, and then whisk her to my room.

Arianne

The next day, was one of the worst days in my life. (Or so I imagined!) I had thought from now on, things would be picking up around here; I had someone to talk to for once, my grades were amazingly good, my volleyball team was undefeated so far and did I mention? I was falling in love with an amazing man!

Freddie and I had decided to do something today. He, again, gave me that lame excuse about not knowing anyone around here. I pretended to believe that, but deep down inside I really hoped he liked me the way I loved him! Ever since that kiss yesterday at lunch, I couldn't think about anything but Freddie.

We agreed to go out Saturday morning. It really wouldn't take me long to get ready. It never did. Freddie and I agreed that I would meet him in his room. He said he had only seen his roommate once, and so it would be fine for me to just walk in.

So 8:45 came, and I was ready to go. I had decided to dress up a little bit. Dark wash jeans and a cute dark red blouse. Hey, it was dressed up for me! Like I said, I wasn't here on daddy's credit card. I really didn't mind though. Living simple was easy for me; of course, I wouldn't mind being filthy rich. Nobody would, right? I checked myself in the mirror quickly before going out. My hair was down and I decided to give it a slight curl. My eyes were lined with some dark brown liner, and the mascara I wore highlighted my hazel eyes nicely. Cover girl rocks! A soft pale lip gloss was applied lightly to my lips. I had no idea why I was dressing up so much; and I had no idea why I cared right now.

Finally accepting the way I looked, I made my way to my door. Here we go.

Freddie

It was about 8:40 and I was dressed, ready to go, and waiting for Arianne, when I heard a knock on the door. Wow. Early and everything! I liked how she never kept someone waiting. However, when I opened the door, I found that it wasn't my darling girl standing in front of me!

"Hellllllo." A high pitched slurred voice greeted me. Here in front of me, stood this drunk, busty, blonde. She smelled disgusting; beer, vodka, other things, I don't even know! All I did know is that she smelled bad and I wanted her out of here.

"Can I do something for you, miss?" I asked cordially. Even though she honestly looked like a slut in that dress, I still needed to be nice. I'd met worse people, I supposed.

"Where's Tiff?" She asked looking me up and down.

"Not here."

"Well, well, well, what's your name handsome?" She grinned and took a step closer. Then, she stopped, seeming to change her mind. "Do you have any water?"

I sighed. I wish I didn't, but I just couldn't seem to be rude to this annoying girl. The way I was raised, I supposed. As a prince, you were nice to everyone. No matter how much they wanted to kill you, or how slutty

## Someday My Prince Will Come

they looked. Maybe I could sober her down enough so she wouldn't bother someone else as much as she was me.

I led her into my dorm, un-occupied except for us, and opened my fridge. Hm. No water there. I was starting to become irritated and I looked at the clock. 8:45. Arie would be here any minute and this girl needed to get out. Stench, or not.

I whirled around and was about to tell her to get out when she grabbed my face and kissed me; hard. At first I didn't breathe; too shocked to move. Then I snapped out of it and put my hands on her waist, to push her away. At that moment, I heard my door open and a soft gasp. The girl finally stopped kissing me and hugged me tight, her face

away from Arie's stunned one.

"Oh my gosh." Was all she said, her face torn in pain and disbelief. Without another word, the gorgeous girl turned from my doorway and entered her room with the slam of a door.

Rage poured through me. First at this crazy slut, and second at the now dimming chances of getting with Arianne!

"Get out of here, now!" I almost screamed at the girl, pushing her out.

"Fine, you don't have to get all pushy!" Suddenly she started laughing hysterically while walking down the hall.

All I could think about was Arianne at this moment. Man! I must look like the worst person right now! And I didn't even kiss that whore back!

I knocked on Arianne's door firmly, hoping that she would let me explain.

"Go away!" I heard faintly.

"Arianne, no, look I'm so sorry, please let me explain!"

She yelled something, and I heard her perfectly but decided to fake being deaf so maybe, just maybe she'd open the door.

"What?" I shouted.

Again, she screamed the same line of words but again, I denied it.

"Say again? I can't hear! Open the door or talk louder!"

I heard pounding footsteps coming toward me, and inwardly I was proud of myself for conniving such a plan. However, this was not the case at all. Arianne stopped at the door and screamed even louder, the same words for the third time.

"Leave me alone, or I'll call the police for harassment charges! Don't come near me ever again, did? YOU? HEAR? ME?"

Whoa. I almost laughed out loud. The capacity of those lungs on such a fragile seeming woman amazed me. Again, I pleaded with her, wanting to open the door myself, but my hand resisted. Disrespect would get me nowhere; especially now. Nevertheless, not giving up, I decided to try another approach.

"I'm going to stand here until you come out, Arianne." I smiled as I almost heard the steam coming out of her ears.

"Fine. Rot there for all I care. Maybe your girlfriend can keep you company." She spat at me through the wood that separated us.

At this, I laughed. Don't ask me why; she amused me when she was mad. I could almost bet that her cheeks were red and her sweet lips pouting. I leaned my hand against the top of the door frame and sighed. "You have to come out sometime, hun. Can't live in there forever."

"Don't talk to me." She said (quieter), and then I heard her footsteps walking away from the door.

I sighed again. What compelled me to stand here and wait for this girl, was beyond my comprehension. And so I waited. I waited, and waited and waited. It was about 10:30 when I finally heard movement near the door. My back hurt, my neck ached, and I really had to pee, but I convinced myself not to move from this spot until she came out.

"Are you still there, Freddie?" A sweet, soft voice echoed through the door.

"Mhm." I moaned. I hoped she didn't hear me so she'd have to open the door. Arianne sighed.

"It's been two hours. Just leave."

"No." I pretended to pout.

## Someday My Prince Will Come

"How much longer are you going to sit out there?" It was funny to me that she could be so mad, and then be so sweet like that to me. Well, I guess she did have a while to calm downâ

"Forever. Give me a chance."

"No! Have fun with the floorboards. Maybe you can make love to them too."

"Arie!!!" I pleaded, as her footsteps faded from me. My shoulders slumped when I realized she wasn't going to be giving in anytime soon. Why was she so stubborn!? That made two of us. And that meant more waiting, more pain. Arrrgh.

~~~~~

I hope you liked this chapter, everyone! I'll try to update sooner next time! ;)

Also, apologies if it's hard to read...I'm CONSTANTLY trying to change the way it looks but Booksie's stupid sometimes, (as you all very well know...) so please bear with me! =/

## Chapter 7

WHOO! Double update! Love me!;P Just kidding, you don't HAVE to! Enjoy!

~~~~~

Arianne

Good grief, he was still there!!! I was certain that this new found obsession with driving me crazy wouldn't last this long. What compelled him to sit on the cold floor boards was more than I could fathom. It was around 10:30 and I didn't hear any movement outside the door like I had for the past two hours.

"Are you still there, Freddie?" I asked when I reached the door.

"Mhm." I heard him moan. I sighed, and closed my eyes.

"It's been two hours. Just Leave."

"No." He whined. Oh, what a baby!

"How much longer are you going to sit out there?" Like it or not, I was starting to feel sorry for him. I couldn't imagine the pain that he must be feeling right now in his back. Those floorboards were pretty un-forgiving.

"Forever. Give me a chance."

Anger surged through my veins. Partly because I knew that I wanted to give in, and partly because he thought I *would* give him another chance!

"No!" I replied forcefully. "Have fun with the floorboards. Maybe you can make love to them too."

I smiled as I heard him slump all the more against the door, but felt a pang of regret. Maybe there was something I was missing. However, the clarity of walking into a room with a guy groping a busty blonde didn't exactly look forgiving.

I flopped down on my bed and decided to study for a test I had coming up sometime. I couldn't believe I let myself fall for someone like that. That's precisely the thing I strove NOT to do when I came here. Suddenly, my cell phone rang. I already knew who it was without even looking; Auntie Claire.

I pressed 'send' on my red Envy2 and answered the call with a casual, 'hey.'

"That all you have to say to me, young lady? I must say it doesn't make me feel that loved. Maybe I'll just hang up and go cry under a pillow." I smiled, despite of myself. That was sweet old Auntie for you. Quirky or not, I did miss her. Especially right now.

"How are you, Auntie?" Was the pain that obvious? Was I really letting myself slip that much, for she asked;

"What's bugging you lil' bug?" Lil' bug has always been my nickname. My mom gave it to me years ago.

"Nothing too important. It's just a guy." I nearly heard my Aunt's eyeballs bug out at this comment.

"A boy!?!? I don't believe it! You're finally having boy issues! That's amazing sweetheart, what's his name?"

I rolled my eyes. It was great how she made you feel loved, wasn't it?

"It's not important. I was just starting to like him and then I saw him with another girl. Never mind. It's my fault anyway."

"How so?"

"Well," I said adjusting my position, "I fell for him in the first place! I should have known he was like everyone else." I sighed, then. "Are there really any guys who are different, Auntie? I mean really different. Someone who could sweep me off my feet and just adore me? And I mean someone who can do that AND actually resist the wiles of sluts."

I heard my Aunt laugh at this, and it made me laugh too. Her laughing was contagious. I had always loved that about her. That and her caring for me after my mom died for all these years. Her and my uncle became my second parents, and I loved them to death for that.

"Look, Arie. There are men out there like that, I promise. Look at your uncle! You know just as much as I do that he's not like those other men. They're out there but they're most certainly rare. You're going to have to wait, sweet pea."

I moaned, "Auntie, I'm tired of waiting. I've been waiting my entire life! Ever since." I stopped. Ever since? Ever since I saw the way my father treated my mom. Abusive, drunken and he cussed her out daily. I vowed

## Someday My Prince Will Come

to marry a man who was perfect, not anything like my drunken father. I decided to veer my conversation away from horrid memories.

"Anyway, I'm starting to give up. I don't know what's going to happen to me. I'm going to end up an old maid."

Again, my aunt laughed but this time, I didn't laugh with her. I didn't find anything funny about this situation. "Darling, it's not going to come right when you want it. Look for it when it's least expected." Suddenly I heard clamor on the other end of the line. "Look, hun I got to go now, the chicken just got loose again and your uncle's running around the yard trying to catch him. I got to help. I love you dearie."

"Bye." I smiled. I had always thought living on a farm would be boring and pointless. But the last ten years had proven me wrong. I clicked the 'end' button and sighed. Then I looked at the clock. 11:15am. I heard Freddie tapping on the floorboards outside the door and I battled within.

Maybe I should give him a chance. My aunt WAS right. I couldn't expect him to be perfect. He probably wasn't the 'one.' My heart suddenly wrenched in pain at the thought of him with some other person forever and ever. I wanted it to be meâ just me. But it never would. I sighed again and rubbed my forehead. I guess there was no harm in being nice to the guy. I took a deep breath, released it, and walked to the door. Here goes. Freddie

I was just dozing off when suddenly the door opened from behind me! I came crashing to the floor, now instantly awake. Gazing above me, I saw the delicate and delicious figure standing there, gazing at me with a stern, but softened look on her face. Her arms were crossed and lips set into a firm, set line. Oh boy. Then, surprising me completely, Arianne sighed.

"Get up Freddie."

I felt like such a retard for just lying there staring at her, but it was a miracle in itself that I wasn't attacking her right now! Give me some credit here!

I got up and shifted nervously. What was she going to do to me? I had 0% doubt in my mind that if she got mad enough her attacks wouldn't be softâ

"I'm sorry I screamed at you, Freddie."

Woah! Wasn't expecting that one! I didn't know what to do, what to say for a moment, so I just stared at her. Finally, collecting my thoughts enough to look like a civilized human being, I answered; and I made SURE that she felt my forgiving nature.

"Don't worry about it. I guess you had reason enough to."

"Yeah." She bit her lip and looked at her toes. I felt like such a pig! Here I was in this tense, awkward situation and all I could think about was kissing those lips! Man!

"I-I just thought you were different." She said calmly, but refused to look at me in the eyes. Wow, I must have really hurt her feelingsâ She had to know the truth!

"Arianne, I swear, I've never seen that girl before. She wanted something to drink so I was getting her some water then, wham! And then you came inâ!"

After my pathetic speech Arianne looked up at me, still not into my eyes though. Anger flashed in her eyes, her features. "You really expect me to believe that a sexy, blonde chick just walked up and started kissing you!? How pathetic! I was expecting something a little more solid but, wow. That just shows how bad of a liar you are!"

"Arianne, I swear, I'm not lying! Everything happened JUST that way, I-I promise!" I stuttered as she reached for her door. She suddenly started to laugh bitterly.

"I must have been crazy to even think about giving you a second chance. I don't want to see you anymore. Goodbye." With one last glare, Arianne slammed the door into my face. My jaw dropped. She didn't believe me!!! How could she not believe me! Anger sprinted through my veins. I lifted my hand to pound on her door, but somehow let it drop. I wanted to get Arianne back, not drive her away. My hands angrily ran through my hair and I stormed into my room.

This was the most ridiculous thing that I had ever gone through before with a woman! Why did they have to be so much trouble!?! I sighed and flopped onto my bed. I was starting to see the chances with Arianne fading more and more. I did have to admit, a guy telling his date that a cute, busty blonde was the only one doing the kissing, wasn't completely believable. I knew dozens of guys who would love to bang that chickâ but not

## Someday My Prince Will Come

me! She might have been cute to some men, but those sparkling hazel eyes of Arianne's left her in the dust. I would never lie to Arianne. No matter how big of a deal it was, or wasn't. I made that vow then and there. Unless of course, it was about my royalty. It saddened me that I had no choice in that matter. I still marveled at my obsession with this girl. It was uncanny. My manly instinct took over. I wasn't going to let her beat me at this game. I'd make her fall in love with me if I had to drag her there with my teeth! But hopefully, that wouldn't be necessary!

## Chapter 8

### Chapter 4

#### Arianne

The volleyball slammed into the blockers' hands and flew behind me, out of bounds. My whole team came together in the middle of the court for a cheer and huddled quickly to discuss our plan to conquer. This was it. Game point, of our season finals. If we won this game, we went to playoffs, and then on to the championship. If we lost, we went nowhere.

Ruthie Bernhard backed up a great deal before the serving line, and after the whistle blew, she fiercely did a jump approach and sent the volleyball flying over the net with a loud crack. Unfortunately, the other team received the ball well and I readied myself for an outside hit. But just as my feet were about to move, I noticed the setter's head in front of me; it was tilted back. I then looked to the outside hitter, prepared and ready to attack.

"They're faking us!" I thought quickly and screamed "Back hit!" As loud as I could. Being an outside hitter, I saw that by this time everyone had gone to defense for the opposing team's outside hit; meaning everyone but me was going to block the wrong hitter. I gulped as I heard my coach telling me to cover the outside hit. However, as the set went up in the air, I felt relief in my stomach that I turned out right. This was THE play. The last thing I could do to help my team, and my school. It was one-on-one time; me and the hitter. As I saw the hitter start to attack, I bent my knees and started to jump. I braced myself for the impact of the ball against my hands and then I felt it; Like a bullet, the volleyball came slamming against my hands. However, much to my delight, the ball went flying, and dropped directly behind the hitter; right on the line.

As I came to my feet, the numbing of my hands from the contact of the ball seemed to get decrease as the realization of winning the game took it away. My entire team started screaming and they all came rushing over to hug me. I felt tears running down my cheeks as every one of my teammates congratulated and celebrated with me. Finally, respect.

After the celebration party that night, my face showed nothing more than immense fatigue.

"Ah, bed sweet bed!" I yawned.

I was just about to pull down the covers, when a knock sounded at the door. My eyes flew to the clock and saw the time. 2:30 am. Who in their right mind? For a moment I stood still, wondering if I should ignore the door, or answer it. As the knock sounded the second time, I decided against myself and went to answer it. At first, I only opened the door about an inch, just so I could peek out. Then, as my eyes saw who stood in front of me, I winced. There was no reasonable way that I could actually make myself look even half as presentable as I wanted to in front of this guy;

Freddie was looking down at the floor and when he heard the door open he looked up and saw me almost hiding behind the door. He flashed that wonderful smile and said quietly "Don't hide. I won't hurt you." There were so many words I wanted to say to him right now. I remembered a time when I thought that I could forgive him anything, anytime. I guess I was wrong.

Freddie

The extent of amazement that I felt for Arianne was nothing worth writing in words. When I saw the way she played that game, it made her look so in place. It was like she really belonged there; she felt she belonged there. The evidence of that confidence while she played made her somehow even more beautiful to me than she ever was before.

It was game point and I couldn't believe that I was getting this nervous for a game I had never took much interest to before. When I saw Arianne make that point and I saw her face; shining and so very happy, it made my heart dance with delight. After the game, I had tried to get her attention, but she was so taken by her team and the after party, that I felt it was best to wait until she got back to her dorm. So I quietly walked back there to wait, in silence.

Little did I know, my little princess wouldn't be coming home at the stroke of twelve. As I waited for the sound of her soft footsteps in the hall outside, my heart seemed to grow heavier and heavier. Here I was, waiting for this girl, this wonderful girl who seemed to hate me. What in the world was wrong with me?

## Someday My Prince Will Come

Two hours passed and I was starting to find it difficult to stay awake. I was just about to give in to the temptation of sleep when those footsteps I had been waiting for finally sounded in my ears. I nearly jumped, and waited for her door to shut. There was no use in startling her in the hallway. However, I couldn't seem to shake the feeling of being a wicked stalker, ready to attack.

I opened my door quietly, and shut it equally softly. I crossed the hall quickly and took a deep breath. Then, I knocked. The wait seemed to take hours. I was in agony, waiting for this girl and I didn't even know why. The fact of the matter was; I NEEDED to be around her. I was almost convinced that I was falling in love with this silly little spitfire.

I was looking at my toes when the door opened and I looked up instantly. I strained to see her face through the door, and smiled when I realized she was hiding from me. Why?

"Don't hide." I grinned. "I won't hurt you."

Arianne opened the door a little bit more and it was then that I realized how tired she looked. She had the formation of bags under her eyes, and I couldn't believe how selfish I was. But in any case, I was here, and I wasn't backing out.

"Sorry to bug you right now." She said nothing, and I continued. "I just came over to congratulate you on your block tonight. It was amazing, you did really well."

Arianne smiled lightly and even THAT made me go crazy.

"Thanks, Freddie." She said carelessly. Her nonchalant attitude almost decked my happiness a little bit, but when I saw that glint in her eyes; I knew she was fair game. Somehow, I could read her eyes like a book, and I knew she didn't hate me that much. I voiced my thoughts:

"Look, Arie, I know that you don't hate me as much as you pretend. It's in your eyes, even right now."

"Wh-what?!" She protested shifting her eyes away from mine. "You're crazy, Freddie. Okay, so I can't even make eye-contact with you without you criticizing me? That's bull." She didn't make eye contact again, but I could see that she was hurt, and as she turned to go back to her room, I reached out and grabbed her shoulders gently. She seemed shocked by this as I turned her to look at me, because she suddenly froze.

If she was feeling what I was right now. Wow. My entire body was pulsing with temptation right now. I had her in my grasp, I could've brought her to my lips right now, but something stopped me. Respect for her? Maybe.

"Arie, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to sound.... Just. Just look at me." When she shook her head, I pleaded with her again. "Please? Just. Come on."

She finally consented and I almost jumped when her hazel eyes connected with mine. I don't know if she felt it, but there was a definite connection there. Like a magnet.

"There we go. Not so bad right?" I saw her smile a little and I continued, "Look, I have to see you. More than just passing through the hall or in class."

"Freddie." She started, but I cut her off.

"No, no. Really, Arianne. Please? Meet me tomorrow by the fountain outside the library, ok?"

For a moment, Arianne looked doubtful. She was still looking straight into my eyes and it was making me feel a little bit. Let's not go there! I could see her struggling with herself in them. Like she was having an inward battle of whether or not to say yes, or no.

"Fine!" She suddenly said, a little louder than expected. So I was right. She was battling. "I'll go. What time?"

"2:30." I said enthusiastically. I felt like a little boy who just received a puppy. I grinned broadly and, as much as I didn't want to, I let go of her shoulders. "Goodnight, Arie."

"Night."

## Chapter 9

Arianne

When Freddie pulled my arms and I could feel the warmth traveling through my cold body, I knew I was fair game. NO matter how much I thought that I didn't want to talk to him, the reality of my feelings overcame my emotions. Every stinking time! Freddie kept pulling me closer, like he was going to kiss me, then stopped. My heart secretly sank. I wouldn't look at him; I had made up my mind; until he started pleading. Begging me to look into his eyes! That was it. I hoped it didn't show, but as soon as our eyes linked, there was that instant connection. Like a magnetâ !

"There we go. Not so bad right?" Freddie said softly and in spite of myself I smiled. It was cute how he was always trying to say things to make everything better. "Look," He began again, "I have to see you. More than just passing through the hall, or in classâ !"

"Freddieâ !" I was going to tell him how much I wanted him to leave me alone but he cut me off.

"No, no. Really, Arianne. Please?" Aww, there he was begging me again! "Meet me tomorrow by the fountain outside the library, ok?"

I knew the doubt of if trusting him was a good idea or not, showed on my face. Why should i? Just because I always felt happy around him? Just because when I looked into those 'jungle like eyes' I felt myself resisting the pull between us? Just because when he smiled, I went weak at the knees? I was having an inward battle. My heart was literally singing, GO! But my always 'do things by the book' mind was screaming in protest.

Yes, no? No, yes? I don't know!!!

"Fine!" I said, a little too exuberantly. I hoped Freddie didn't notice. "I'll go. What time?"

The change in his entire appearance was immediate. Delight filled every cranny of him as he grinned. "2:30." He then looked at his hands, still on my shoulders and carefully removed them. Yeah, thanks. Shoulda done that before they sucked the life out of me. "Goodnight Arie." He said finally.

"Night." I closed the door. I walked to my bed. I closed my eyes. I tried to sleep, but to no avail. All I could think about was meeting my prince charming tomorrow in eleven and a half hours. UGH!

~

The time came to leave for the courtyard. I had gone up to my room after my last class and decided to freshen up a smidgen. Don't ask me my reasons because, in truth, I didn't know myself. Ever since I had met Freddie, I had actually taken a care to how I looked. He had more than one affect on me.

I took one last glance at myself in my trusty mirror, and actually convinced myself that I didn't look half bad. I was wearing skinny jeans with a few tatters in the knee and a cranberry colored t-shirt covered by a black vest. My hair was down, falling in wavy cascades over my shoulders, make-up light but effective. I decided to wear blat 'Tom's' instead of converse, and then I stuffed everything I needed into a little wallet. Driver's License, College ID, Cash, Debit Card. Why carry a purse if you aren't on your monthly blessing???

As I walked out of my door, I put my wallet in my back pocket. My breaths were coming short, and I was nervous as heck. I prayed I didn't sweat; this makeup didn't go on easy and breezy.

The fresh air hit my face with approval and I liked it how the breeze felt on my skin. Welcoming center, cafeteria, student lounge and around the corner, the courtyard. I took a deep breath and turned the corner confidently my eyes flew to the fountain and there my jaw dropped. I stopped dead in my tracks as I saw Freddie, and who was with him.

The same blonde, busty and all was standing there with Freddie, holding her books. She was smiling and Freddie just looked outright nervous. Probably because he knew I'd show up there any second, and he didn't want me to find out. My heart sank for actually letting myself trust him. Giving him a second chance was too much! Being caught with another girl TWICE???. This was too much for me. I turned around to go, but it was too late. Freddie had already seen me.

He called across the courtyard to me, but I kept walking. Tears rolled down my face, threatening to give away my hardcore exterior. What kind of a person did that? Pretended to be good, and then meet up with 'the other girl' at the exact same place that he was using to reconcile with? This guy was jacked up.

Suddenly, I felt a hand on mine and Freddie whirled me around to look at him.

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"Leave me alone!" I hissed, furious that he even dared to touch me!

"Arianne, what's wrong?" Wow. Good acting skills. He really sounded like he actually cared that my eyes were getting puffy and, OH GOOD LORD! I yanked my hand out of his.

"Don't ever touch me again." I seethed and turned away again. I had taken about two steps when Freddie put his hands around my waist, this time holding tighter so I couldn't get away. He turned me around gently.

"Don't cry, please. Tell me what's wrong?"

Freddie's hands on my waist felt way too good for the moment. I tried wiggling free but he just pulled me closer. Thank God there weren't really people around right now. This would be beyond embarrassing.

"You're what's wrong." I spat at him. He looked absolutely stunned. Oh come on! "The blonde, AGAIN!?"

Freddie's face literally turned green. He put one of his hands over his face and I could see him muttering something under his breath. This time when I jerked free of his hold, he let me go. Without another word I glared at him and ran the rest of the way to my dorm. My heart had been broken twice in a week by the exact same freak. How could I ever trust any man again?

Freddie

"Hey, thanks for meeting me here." I smiled politely at that retarded blonde who had caused so much trouble for me.

"No problem. And, I'm really sorry about last Saturday morningâ I was so wasted, it totally wasn't me."

"Yes, that's exactly why I needed to talk to you." I stated and saw her perk up. No, you crazy woman I don't want to make out some more!

"I need to you explain that to this girl Iâ this girl I like. She was supposed to meet me and saw you there and...well you can guess. She really, really got the wrong impression."

"Ohâ !" The blonde whispered gently. Her face showed nothing less than regret. "I'm so sorry; of course, I'll do whatever I can. I feel so bad."

"Thank you so much!" I was so relieved that she didn't just blow me off. It hadn't been that hard to find herâ with secret service around, finding people was one of their many specialties. "She'll be here any minute."

"Okay!" She grinned and nodded mutely. Why was she so happy about that? Whatever. I was starting to get nervous for some reason. My forehead showed drops of sweat and I was tapping my foot and twiddling my thumbs at the same time.

"Are you okay?" She suddenly piped up.

"I'm so nervous." I grinned at her.

"Dang. Do you really like her more then something to just screw around with?"

I looked at her and nodded fervently. "She's all that I think about. Her being gorgeous doesn't even come close to all the things that I really love about her." I hoped I gave her the impression that I was in no way up for grabsâ the last thing I needed was her flirting with me when Arianne was due here any second.

"Don't worry!" She said cheerfully. "I'll explain and then everything will be back to normal."

Man that sounded good. I hoped she was rightâ !

But of course, if everything DID go right, that would be too easy, wouldn't it?

Four seconds later I saw Arianne. However, the look on her face was something I would rather not have seen. She looked so in pain! Even from the slight distance I could see the tears budding in her eyes. I called out her name, that wonderful name, but she just turned around and started walking away. No, no, no, no! This was not going right at ALL!

I ran over to her, she looked miserable. I reached out and grabbed her hand. Thankfully, there weren't any people around to see thisâ !

She spun around and glared at me. "Leave me alone." She said through clenched teeth.

"Arianne what's wrong?" I asked trying to show the caring in my voice. I really did care; when I saw her like that it made me want to be the same way. My stomach was turning in anticipation. Was it something I did?

"Don't ever touch me again." Wow. I could almost taste the venom in her voice.

"Don't cry, please. Tell me what's wrong?" I said. She wasn't acting like her normal pissed off selfâ right now; Arianne was at an all time evil. There must REALLY be something wrong.

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I was starting to get worried. She ripped her hand from mine and instantly I wanted it back there. She tried leaving but I wouldn't let her. I took about two steps and over took her. I placed my hands on her waist, turning her toward me gently.

Un-thinkable feelings went up my arm and I cursed myself for being such a pig. I tried to shake the immensely good feeling of my hands on her waist by trying look into her eyes. She finally looked up at me and instead of the warm, hazel eyes I was used to, I saw dark brown eyes full of hatred. This was not like her. Suddenly she replied.

"You're what's wrong." Arianne was seething right now, and I could tell that I did something really bad. Really, really bad. What did I do!?!?! The confusion must have shown on my face as clear as day, because she decided to tell me without any further encouragement. "The blonde, AGAIN!?"

Oh my Lord. How much more STUPID could I have been? I mean really? I smacked my face with my hand and closed my eyes. I let go of Arianne, reluctantly yes but it was for good reason. Now I understood. She had battled so hard within herself to give me a second chance and then she comes here and I'm laughing with that same stupid blonde! I HATE BLONDES!

When I opened my eyes Arianne was gone. Gone forever? Yeah, let's go with that one.

## Chapter 10

### Chapter 5

#### Arianne

Three days later I was still distraught, crying on my bed. I couldn't seem to stop. The first day I had just resisted the tears, but after going to volleyball practice and being completely unable to perform, my coach had sent me back to my dorm with a warning. I needed to get focused or I wouldn't be playing. That would be a violation of my scholarship which, in turn, meant that I would have to leave Harvard.

I couldn't believe how un-lucky my life had turned out to be just because of a stupid guy! They really were the worst creatures on the face of the earth. This morning, my first class wasn't until the afternoon so I took this time to let out my sobs. I did have to admit, it felt great to let out all of that stress, emotion; pain. I was crying silently to myself when I heard a knock at my door.

Oh my gosh. He was NOT bothering me! I couldn't believe he had the nerve to actually show his face!

"Go away!" I shouted at him, crying all the harder.

"Arianne, it's Sophia."

Sophia? Who the heck was Sophia??? I sat up and wiped off my face as best as I could. I quickly blew my nose then bolted over to the door. No need to keep my visitor waiting even though I did NOT feel like seeing anyone!

I opened the door and peeked out. Sophia, the big, busty blonde who had broken my heart, offered me a sad smile. "Hey." She offered.

"Hi. What do you want?" I hadn't meant to sound rude, but I didn't feel like beating around the bush. Seeing her was making me hurt more, and I just wanted to know why she was here.

"I need to talk to you, Arianne. Please! Can I come in?"

'Yeah, come on in and let me get a bungee cord so I can strangle you!' I thought with hatred. How shallow of her to do this! But even though everything inside of me wanted to slam the door in her face, I finally conceded and let her come in.

I slumped down onto my bed and I watched as she pulled out the chair to my desk. No one said anything for a couple seconds and then she finally piped up.

"So, you live in here alone? Where's your roommate?"

"I don't know." I said coldly. "I was never assigned one I guess. Look, Sophia, this isn't easy for me! Could you just tell me why you're here?"

"Sure, I'm sorry. Look," She began getting a little more comfortable in my chair. I wonder if she did that on Freddie's lap! The thought made me want to kick her fake butt right out of my room, but I counted to ten and kept my mouth shut.

"I know you probably won't believe this, but you've got to! It's not fair to you or Freddie if you don't. It WAS my fault. I drank way too much last Friday night and, in my drunken splendor," she giggled, "I went to

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the wrong room. I live down the hall."

"How convenient for you two." I spat, hoping she could hear the hatred in my voice. Sophia only smiled a little. Then shook her head.

"No. I'm telling the truth. I asked Freddie for some water and then something came over me and I just started kissing him. I can hardly remember it, but I swear that's exactly the way it happened."

Oh, how I wanted to believe her! I wanted to run to Freddie's room and welcome him with open arms, but I couldn't. For all I knew, he could've paid her off just to make himself look good.

"Why should I believe you?" I voiced my thoughts. "I saw you two again, remember? Explain that one?"

Sophia then looked down into her lap and bit her lip. "You really don't know how great of a guy you've got there. I don't know how long it took him, but somehow he found me. And it was for the sole purpose of reaching me to make up with you. Can you imagine how much work it must have been for him to find a student at Harvard? There are a lot of studentsâ!"

My mouth was slightly ajar, and I couldn't believe the words she just saidâ! Was Freddie really innocent???

Hope surfaced from the bottom of my damaged heart as I waited for her to continue.

"He asked me to meet him in front of the fountain because he said he arranged for you to be there. If you ask me, he's a pretty rare guy. I mean seriously, think about it." Sophia tossed a lock of over-curled bleach blonde hair over her shoulder. "If he didn't like you more than for some fun, why would he go to all that trouble, and why would he be sweating like a pig; hoping that everything could be okay between you?" She smiled, and I started to laugh a little.

"He was nervous? About meeting me?"

"SO nervous!" She laughed. "I asked him if he was really that into you and do you know what he told me?"

Captivated, I shook my head; no.

"He said that you're all he thinks about. He said that how gorgeous you are is only one of the things that he really loves about you. 'Loves', Arianne. This guy's gone. I could see it in his eyes. And he should be, you really are sweet even though I can tell you want to kill me."

I embarrassedly nodded, and I was almost about to pinch myself; wake up! "They're like a window." I said, referring to his magnificent eyes.

Sophia nodded and gave me a smile. You know, even though she looked 150% the definition of a slut, she actually was pretty nice. After a few seconds of silence, she stood to leave.

"Well, I've said all that I can say. I swear; all of that is as true as I'm standing here. Freddie didn't tell me to come here; I haven't even talked to him since that day. But let me just say one more thing? This guy, he's totally a keeper. It's not often that you find guys like him around here. I wouldn't wait too long to give him another chance." With that, she gave me one last smile and left.

It was like falling off a building then finding that you can fly, seconds before you hit the ground! Incredible.

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Dazed, I stood up and looked at myself in the mirror, my eyes were baggy, red and I looked like I'd just got hit by a bus. For the first time in a long time I laughed. I really, really laughed until my sides ached with pain. I know, I must sound crazy but, I couldn't help it! I was so happy. I felt like my heart was filled with helium and it was floating away from me! Come back here, you little wretch. We got someone to go talk to!

## Chapter 11

Freddie

I hadn't seen Arianne for about three days now. I just couldn't face her. How come everything that I try to make better, turns out horribly wrong? No matter how hard I tried? Ahh.

I closed my eyes and took in the solitude of my silent dorm room while resting on my bed. To think, I could be out with Arianne right now; laughing, teasing, smiling, and loving. But I had blown that chance. TWICE! I started to smack my head on my desk, where I decided to move to. The beating followed the rhythm of my thoughts. So. Stupid. So. Stupid. So. Stupid. So stupid. Then I heard a knocking. At first, I honestly thought it was my brain jiggling around from the constant juggling, but then the knocking became louder and more urgent. What the crap?

I rushed over to my door, afraid that it was Jameson, telling me that we needed to run because my enemies had found me!!! But when I opened the door, I found that it wasn't Jameson. It was just Arianne. ARIANNE?!?!?! I felt my jaw drop. "Arianne?" I murmured, thinking she might be a ghost! (These last few days had really taken a toll on me. ) However, before she said anything I found my entire chest and stomach burning from her body, which she rapidly placed against me. Her arms were around my back and I stood still; the thought of Arianne actually hugging me not yet registering in my mind!

Slowly, I began to process it and my arms gradually wrapped around her strong but delicate body. Could it be?!?!? Was my princess really embracing me? I found she was mumbling something into my chest and the vibrations of her voice sent chills down my body.

"What?" I asked, unable to hear her mumbled words. Arianne looked up at me and I saw small tears running down her face. Before I knew it my hand flew up and wiped some of them off. I couldn't stand to see her like that. It broke my heart.

"I said," Arianne repeated taking a breath, "I'm sorry that I doubted you. I should have believed you but I was just too stubborn to actually let myself. Sophia just told me everything, and I feel like such a freak for treating you that way. I'm so sorry, Freddie-"

"It's okay, Arie, it's okay!" I soothed. I would ALWAYS forgive her. No matter what. Arianne's lips were pouty and looking delicious and after her apology was over, I found myself wanting to do nothing more than kiss her. I silently brought my other hand to her face and wiped off the remaining tears with my thumb. Her face felt so good, so right in my hands. Our eyes connected and once they did, I knew it would be torcher to break free. I could feel Arianne breathing heavier and my face grew closer to hers as my eyelids grew heavier.

My body was being shot with electricity as I felt her breath on my now parted lips. My mouth was beginning to burn, knowing the only solution was to bring her lips to mine. Then, in one final movement I connected our mouths with victory. I was wrong. The feeling made my lips burn more, not less, and I could feel her trembling as I kissed her; gently at first but then increasing into a faster, more sensual dance. Our kiss seemed to make her stronger and she finally brought her hands from my waist and placed them behind my head. I felt her fingers entwined in my hair and I removed my hand from her face then placed it on her back. Her body felt so good in mine, and it wasn't awkward in the least. I pulled her closer to me, like she wasn't close enough, like the world was about to end and she was my life source.

Suddenly, just as quickly as the kiss had started, it ended. I don't know which one of us ended it; maybe it was both of us, but I knew for sure that I was starting to get way too into it. This poor girl probably couldn't

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breathe because I was suffocating herâ but I couldn't help it! I can't believe I actually did that. Watch, just watch, I probably screwed up, yet again, because I wasn't man enough to control myself!

But joy replaced my fear. She was still panting lightly, something that really wasn't good for me to see her do, but I held back. She looked too peaceful right now. I couldn't mess with that. For a really long time we just stared into each other's eyes. She had this strange look in her hazel onesâ it looked to me like she was overwhelmed for more than one reasonâ I suddenly smiled because I knew exactly how she felt. From this point on I could feel it. We were going to be okayâ together.

Arianne

After that kiss -which I must say was an 11 on the scale of one to five- Freddie and I were nearly inseparable. We did everything, aside from taking classes together; but as soon as that bell rang, I knew where I was going. To meet Freddie in the courtyard. We did every day. He was even the best boyfriend a girl could possibly ask for. The night after we kissed he took me out to dinner and properly asked me to go steady. Of course, I agreed and that day turned out to be one of the best I'd had in my life. Life was going so well! I was back on track with volleyball, my grades were back to normal, and I now had a best friend and an amazing boyfriend. All in one!

There was only one thing that troubled me about our relationship. I knew when Freddie was telling the truth. His eyes always held something that I couldn't read. And when did that look come? When he talked about his life before coming to Harvard; he never looked me in the eye and his voice became huskier than normal. He was definitely trying to hide something, and it nearly drove me crazy trying to figure it out.

He told me that his parents abandoned him when he was about four. He couldn't remember anything from that time except for being found and taken care of by a wonderful old woman who found him alone in a park the day his parents left. They had told him they would be going for a little walk and that he could stay there and play with the other children until they got back. But they never did. Night fell over the park and gradually, Freddie told me he remembered all of the people fading from his sight as the hours went by. Then, he saw an old woman from afar. He ran over and told her that he was scared; his parents had gotten lost. She told him that he could stay at her house, and that night turned into 15 years.

After high school, he said that he started working right away, in a law office in the city he lived in. From then on with the money he saved from working throughout his life and the money his 'mamma' had saved, he was able to get a numerous amount of loans and attend Harvard. The story had seemed shaky to me at first; an old woman and three years of working at an office got you into Harvard in the middle of the semester? It didn't sound quite rightâ but maybe it was just me. I proceeded to ask him more about it, but he told me it was too painful. I agreed to drop it, but the lurking feeling of dishonesty never fully left my soul.

This wasn't the only thing that troubled me, however. As time went on and school grew nearer to thanksgiving break, I happened upon Freddie making numerous phone calls. This, obviously, isn't the thing that worried me. Please, I'm not an insane girlfriend. It was the fact that whenever I walked into the room, he almost always freaked out and hurriedly disconnected the call. Then, he tried to act all suave and amazing, for the purpose of distracting me. For example, one time:

It was Saturday morning and Freddie and I always went out for breakfast. It had become an unwritten law in our relationship and it was his turn to choose where we went so I went to his dorm. When it was my turn, he came over to me. We had long since used the customary knocking and decided to walk in without notice. It was working excellently for both of us; until that dayâ I carefully turned the knob and opened the door silently, making sure Freddie wasn't still sleeping. I was about to walk in when I heard Freddie talking. My first thought was that my silly boyfriend was talking to himself, but when I heard the content of his

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conversation my ears perked up.

"Yes, all is going well. No, so far we haven't had any trouble. No, I'm pretty sure she doesn't suspect anything; she's very good at trusting me. No of course not, I made up some bit about my parents abandoning me. Yes I do, maybe even more than that. Of course I'm sure!" Freddie answered, his tone becoming harsher. Then, as if reconsidering who he was talking to he stuttered (something I had never really heard him do before.). "I- I'm sorry. I've just been thinking about the situation a lot lately. Yes, I know I'll have to tell her something butâ 'now's not the right time. Look, sir, I need to disconnect. She'll be coming over any minute. Out." Then he hung up. I heard him sigh and was quite frankly speechless before I opened the door and pretended to be happy.

The second after Freddie saw me, he knew something was wrong. He crossed the room and gave me a delicious morning kiss (which aided in waking me up, so you know) and brought me into a tight hug. "What's wrong, doll? Did you have another dream about your mom?" I shook my head. I *had* told him about her; he was my boyfriend. I loved him. Why wouldn't I? I still couldn't speak from the shock of finding out such a thing, so I just shook my head.

"What's wrong then?" He looked so worried. I could see it in his eyes.

Wrong?!? Who were you saying all those dreadful things to on the phone?

"Nothing." I said, finally finding my voice. "Who were you on the phone with?" My thoughts finally surfaced and I lost that connection with him. I felt his muscles stiffen under my touch and he looked at me strangely. "How much did you hear?"

"Oh, just when you said 'out' and hung up." He seemed to relax. Was I really that good of an actress?

"My 'mamma.'" He grinned. "She called me today wondering how I was doing, and how you were. I told her about you, you know? She said she likes you just from my description." I smiled a little and tried to look happy. My insides boiled as I remembered back to the phone conversation. He had referred to the person he was talking to as 'sir.' Mamma? I think not. Freddie lifted up my chin with his thumb and softly stroked the skin. "Are you sure you're ok? Do you want to skip breakfast today?"

I shook my head. "Where do you want to go, today?" From that point on, he seemed to accept my attitude as being tired so the whole way down to his truck, he had his arm around my waist. It left a burn mark. At first, my conscience nabbed and prodded me about the conversation, making me lose sleep, but then I forced myself to trust him; it was the least I could do. Freddie would never lie to me. But, then again, he just told whoever he was talking to that he did lie.

Thanksgiving time rolled around and we discussed what we were going to do for the holiday. I knew how he felt about me; he had told me on countless occasions, but I also knew that neither of us could stand to leave each other's side for even just four days. "Do you want to go see 'mamma?'" I asked one day when we were discussing it.

"No!" he said, almost too loud. "She's-uh- in Phoenix. With herâ 'nephew. Jake."

"Oh." I pretended to muse. "I know! Let's go to Phoenix too! She'd probably love to see you!"

"Doll, I don't think that's a very good ideaâ '!" Freddie said, shifting his eyes away from mine and taking my hands. He seemed to know that if he touched me, in any way, then I would be his foreverâ ' so he used this to his advantage. However, this time I would not be swayed.

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"Why not? You said yourself that she likes me already, and I desperately want to meet her. Especially after all the things you've told me about her!"

"Arie!" Freddie said loudly, stopping me. I looked at him with big eyes, pretending to be stupid. Did he really think I was? "Can't we just go see your aunt and uncle?"

So that's what we did. I shut up about the matter and before you knew it, Freddie and I were on the plane headed for Auntie Claire and Uncle Ben's quaint little farm in Minnesota.

When we arrived, both myself AND Freddie were smothered with kisses and love. My relatives were known for their warm welcome and I could feel that Freddie was relaxed and I was glad. When he was relaxed, I was relaxed. My uncle took charge of Freddie, grabbed his bags and pulled him into the house without a word of protest from my gorgeous boyfriend. All he did was look back at my aunt and I, and give me one of those forest fire smiles.

Just as we were about to go into the house, my auntie Claire stopped me. "There's something ailing you, lil' bug. What is it?"

"How did you know?" I asked. I had literally *just* arrived.

"It's in your eyes. Does Freddie see the concern written all over your face? Because it's pretty obvious. There's something big buggin' ya, and you need to get it off your chest. Come on lil' bug. Let's get to your room."

I nodded solemnly. It *was* bugging me. More than I wanted it to. A tear formed in my eyes as we walked up the stairs.

~UGH!IHATEBOOKSIE! lol. I'm sorry the format is driving me crazy; acting up and what not. So I really do apologize if it's not very easy to read. I tried. ISWEAR. Itried. lol.

Hope you Enjoy! Tell me your thoughts, please. I can take criticism. =D

OHhhh yes! And by the way, 'mamma' isn't pronounced like mama. It's ma- ('a' as in apple) mah. =) Just thought I'd let you know, because it really does make a difference! =) ~

## Chapter 12

### Chapter 6

#### Arianne

Once upstairs my auntie nearly attacked me with questions! Is he abusive? Is he cheating on you? Are you pregnant? Oh my gosh, are you pregnant? You aren't pregnant right? The list went on and on.

"No, I'm not pregnant! I'm not even sleeping with him!" I said for the tenth time.

My aunt looked exhausted and sat down on the bed next to me. "Then what is it?"

I took a deep breath and sighed. "I don't know. I justâ I heard him on the phone with some guyâ I don't know. He told the person, whoever it was, that he made up this story about his past. He made up being abandoned, left in a park, all thisâ 'thisâ 'CRAP!" I started to cry. I hadn't let this out to anyone until now and nowâ 'it astonishingly hurt more than I thought.

"How could he lie to me? Why would he?"

"And then," I continued, "I asked him who he was talking to and he said his 'mamma', when four seconds before that, I just heard him say she was make believe!" The sobs overtook my body and I put my head on my Auntie's chest.

At least she was here for me. Not lying behind my back and acting like everything was okay!

For at least a half hour, I cried and she soothed. When I sobbed she whispered encouraging words to me.

When I couldn't breathe from crying and sobbing she patted my back and told me that I was strong; I could take this. I nodded my head, but I didn't believe it. Look at me! I was sitting here crying like a little baby!

Finally, I calmed myself down just enough to breathe, and just then we heard a knock on the door.

"Is everything alright in there, Claire?" It was my uncle. He was such a sweetheart. I wondered where Freddie was and mentally slapped myself for still being in love with him. This was way too hard.

"Just fine. We're just doing a little bit of catching up right now, but we'll be down in a minute," Auntie Claire looked at me and wiped the last tear off of my now red cheeks. "You ok?"

I nodded giving her a weak smile. "We should probably go eat now. I can't wait to eat some of that homemade fried chicken of yours!" I offered, giving her a hug. We stood up together and her arm went around my shoulders lovingly. She then proceeded to kiss my forehead.

#### Freddie

Something was wrong with her. Ever since that one Saturday morning when she had heard me on the phone. I reached the conclusion that she had heard more than she let on; what else could it have been. I felt so torn in my relationship. They were all about trust and being truthful, so how could I do this to her? If I reached out to her, I'd have to tell her my secret. Yet if I didn't, she would do doubt stop trusting me to a point where she felt obliged to break up with me. My insides went dry. I needed her. Every second of my day, she was the one that kept me going. I loved that girl to death. I decided then and there. I needed to tell her. Tonight.

I had it all arranged. I figured we were mature enough in our relationship, that she wouldn't take it the wrong way; I hoped. After dinner I would ask her to take a walk with me around the farm, showing me all the places she had told me about. Then, I'd tell her. Gosh, I felt nervous enough about this; ten points for all those guys who have to go through proposing!

Arianne's uncle was talking to me non-stop about a bunch of random things, but every subject always turned into hurting his little princess. Funny. I called her that too.

"You know, the corn's really great this year," he had said, referring to the crops. "Arianne loves harvest time. When she was little she used to get up before me to tell me it was harvest day. My, my I love that little girl. It wouldn't be good for anyone who hurt her, though. They'd answer straight to me,"

Arianne's uncle had rolled up his sleeve by then and showed me his muscles. "Won two local boxing championships two years in a row," he said evenly. I gulped.

After a while, he seemed to get tired of threatening me and decided to see what was taking so long. I heard my stomach grumbling. I hoped everything was okay up there. I heard Uncle Ben shouting to them from upstairs and I laughed.

## Someday My Prince Will Come

I had never been surrounded by coziness like I was experiencing now. The floors smelled like old wood, probably because they were. The furniture was old-fashioned but beautifully made. There were random pictures of animals on the walls and I couldn't help but be alarmed by a picture of a bear with a rabbit in its mouth! Poor woodland creature!

I heard footsteps on the stairs and was happy to see Arianne coming toward me. However, my happiness subsided as I saw her eyes.

They were red-brimmed and just the slightest bit puffy. Had she been crying?

I stood up as she reached out her hand to mine. Her usually soft and warm hand was now cold and as I looked into her eyes to try and comfort her, I found she wouldn't look back. In fact, all throughout dinner she avoided eye contact with me and no matter what I did or said, she wouldn't do it. Something was definitely wrong.

After dinner was over, which was a delicious meal of Fried chicken, mashed potatoes and gravy, corn, and greens, Uncle Ben decided that we'd all go into the living room to talk.

As I seated myself I tried to smile at Arianne and convince her to sit next to me, but she pretended not to notice and sat herself next to her uncle. Now, I was starting to get angry.

Why was she ignoring me on purpose? You don't do that to your boyfriend! I found myself wanting to shake her out of this trance she had been in. This was going too far. Just as I was about to ask Arianne to walk with me outside, her aunt came in with four plates of pie, skillfully balanced on her arms.

It looked delicious and even though I had convinced myself not to eat another bite, I was surprised to hear my stomach rumbling at the sight of those delicious looking apples.

"Here we are!" she almost sang and carefully handed Arie and her uncle a slice of pie. Then, turning to me, her face went cold and almost tossed the plate in my lap, then sat in a chair between the couch I occupied, and the couch that Arianne and her uncle occupied. Why was she being hostile to me too? Was there a conspiracy against me here? I decided this was enough. Nobody was talking, Auntie Claire was glaring me down, and Arianne was picking at the apple pie she raved about on a weekly basis. Uncle Ben seemed to be the only one actually enjoying the silence because it meant less talk, and more eat.

I'd had enough. I gently put my plate down and said as sternly as possible, "Arie. Can we take a walk please?" For the first time that night, her eyes flew up to mine and I saw curiosity written all over her face. She glanced at Auntie Claire, who was quietly watching the scene with a mouth full of apple pie, and shook her head slightly. I felt myself getting angrier but said more softly, "Come on, doll," and I reached my hand out to her. She seemed to relax by my relaxed tone, and a second later she took my hand and stood up. I gave her a smile and she seemed to relax even more.

Like a fan, the cold November night breeze hit our faces with force, but it felt good on my flushed face. We walked slowly for a couple minutes, neither of us saying anything until we got to a small pond about 100 yards from her house. There was a bench beside the water and a few stepping stones led to it. I stepped over the stones with my big feet and kept her following me. I sat down first with a 'thump' and was scared that this bench would break, but as Arianne sat beside me, I could feel the sturdiness of the wood.

Arianne was looking away from me and I reached out and grabbed a strand of her hair. I twirled it in my fingers a few times before I spoke.

"You want to tell me what's going on?" I made sure to use the kindest voice I could muster but I'm afraid my anger showed in that sentence more than I wanted it to.

She turned to me, her eyes cold. Arianne stared at me for a few more moments then suddenly she burst! "I know you've been lying to me, Freddie. About everything. You don't have a 'mamma'. Your entire pathetic abandonment story was crap. Your childhood, your pastâ ; you lied to me about everything! Even how you got to Harvard. And I want to know why? Do you seriously think I'm THAT stupid, that I wouldn't figure it out? Our entire relationship has been built on a lie! How can I trust you? What else have you been lying to me about Freddie? Have you been cheating on me? Is that it?"

I suddenly grabbed her shoulders. "No, Arie I swear, I'm not cheating on you! I lo-â ; You don't understand any of this," I decided to say instead. I just couldn't bear the thought of her thinking I was with someone else. There would never be anyone else, ever. I loved her more than anything I ever had, and I would sacrifice my life for hers. I needed to tell her that; it wasn't fair for her, but now wasn't the right time. She would probably assume that I was lying about that tooâ ;

## Someday My Prince Will Come

"It's gone too far," she said taking my hands off of her. "I don't know if I can take it anymore!" By this point she was crying, which showed that I had been right. She did hear more than she had let on. I couldn't believe I had been so stupid. Again! It would be a miracle if she forgave me. Just then, Arianne let out a sob and broke me from my thoughts.

She quickly stood and started walking away. I practically flew to her side and turned her back to me.

"Arie, you can't go. I need to tell you something."

## Chapter 13

"What, are you going to lie to me more?" She said with hatred. She started crying harder. I couldn't believe I hadn't noticed how miserable she had been before now.

"No, no, doll I swear I'm going to tell you the truth! But you have got to stop crying!" I was frantically wiping tears off of her beautiful face. Seeing her like this was making me weak, and I had never been weak. Not my entire life. "Arie, it's okay," I soothed, but for some reason she wouldn't calm down. I decided there was only one way I fervently and effectively I grabbed her face and kissed her. Hard.

For a moment, she tried pushing me away but I clung to her with all I had in me. I hadn't kissed her since 4 o'clock this morning when we left, and it felt so good. We really were meant for each other. I just felt it by the way our lips fit.

Little by little, slowly but surely, the love of my life calmed down. I did everything I could in that kiss to get her attention, and I'm assuming it worked. She placed her arms around my middle and I felt her relax. Finally. I didn't want my lips to release themselves from hers but they did. It was the only way we'd be getting anywhere in this conversation. Of course I could kiss her all night but she would still think I was a liar. Well I guess I was in a way. Arrrgh! Why did being a prince come with such annoying side effects? She looked at me; eyes filled with love, and clung to me tighter than ever before. Gosh, I loved this girl. I brought her back over to the bench and we sat down together. For a couple of minutes, I just stroked her hair while she rested her head on my shoulder. Then she sat up and wiped her face.

"I'm so sorry, Freddie. I must look like a freak to you right now. I don't know what came over me."

"It's perfectly normal. Holding feelings like that inside for months isn't exactly ideal," I said.

She smiled at me sadly and *laughed sadly* as well. "You'd better start talking while I'm normal. It might not last long."

I took her hands in mine and took a deep breath. "Arianne, I'm -uh- well, I guess I'd better come out with it and just say it, huh?"

Arianne just nodded. So I cleared my throat and told her.

"Arianne, my name is Frederick Stephan Papillion III and I'm the Prince of Beiland."

And that's how it started. I told her everything. I told her of my parent's death, my search for a queen so I could finally rule, the enemies, the threats, the murder, the jealousy; hatred. I voiced my deepest concerns, my childhood, my favorite part of the palace, my favorite \$4,000 suit. Everything that I could possibly muster up about my life I told her. Then, an hour and a half later I told her about coming to America.

"I was walking up to my rooms and my bodyguard, Jameson, tried to tell me that I was knocking on the wrong door, but I didn't listen. And you know what, gorgeous? I'm glad I didn't. Because that's when I met you. You want to know something?" I asked softly.

She nodded a little bit.

"When I first saw you, doll, I was overwhelmed. I don't even remember what I said. Your beauty was beyond anything that I've ever seen in all my years of fancy balls and parties. All the women there are so artificial and since I've come to know you more and more, I find that I love you for a new reason every day. We ARE meant to be, Arie. I know it might not seem like it, but you've got to know that I have hated lying to you.

Sometimes I couldn't sleep because I was forcing myself not to walk over to your room and just tell you all that I have now. I'm so sorry. All of this is my fault, none yours. How were you supposed to know that I am who I am?" I put my hand on her face and smoothed my thumb over her blushing cheek. "I love you Arianne. More than you'll ever possibly imagine. I don't know what else I can say. But you, sweet doll, are everything that I want, and it will always be you, only you. Until the day I die."

Arianne

Oh my Gosh. Oh my word, did he just tell me he loved me? Did he just tell me I was beautiful; gorgeous even? Did he just say that we were meant to be and did he just tell me that he was a freakin' prince???? I have never done this before, so don't ask me why I decided right now that my body was too weak for this

## Someday My Prince Will Come

momentâ I fainted.

I woke up the next morning. My head didn't hurt, and my eyes weren't blurry like a normal case of what happens after fainting, but everyone WAS crowded around my bed like they thought I was going to die. What do you expect? My hunk of a boyfriend just told me that he was a prince AND that he loved me and I was pretty much going to be a queenâ in one night. That's a lot to take, thank you very much.

I saw everyone around me in chairs sleeping soundly. Freddie, my wonderful prince, looked like he had fallen asleep sitting beside me, because he was lying on the bed holding my hand in a strange position. My aunt and uncle had brought up their old rocking chairs and I laughed when I heard the comforting sound of my uncle's snoring.

The birds sang outside the window where the sunlight had broken into. It cast warm rays throughout my room causing a warm, cozy feeling on all of us. I looked at the ones I cared about so very much. They looked so very peaceful, and I didn't want to wake them upâ Just yet! As carefully as I could, I climbed out from under my covers and attempted to get out of bed without waking anyone up. I didn't succeed with my plan, for almost as soon as I moved, Freddie was awake, and alert. I put my finger over my mouth, telling him to be quiet and he glanced over at my aunt and uncle and then he gave me a knowing smile. He let go of my hand, but as soon as we had both tiptoed around the bed, we instantly connected again.

Like stealthy spies, Freddie and I snuck down the hallway, down the stairs, past the dining room and into the kitchen with success! Once there, before I could even breathe, Freddie had captured me into his strong arms and was kissing my cheek. I giggled at the feeling, I had always been ticklish there, and placed my arms around his neck. He loved it when I did that so I felt him respond by giving me a squeeze.

The feeling of knowing everything about him, every tiny little thing was so reassuring to me. For once it actually felt like a real relationship, not something that I forced myself to love. Don't get me wrong, though. I loved spending every second with Freddie. It was just hard to be happy when I knew everything wasn't completelyâ right.

"Good morning, love." he whispered then kissed my nose.

"Mornin'," I said, still breathless from his kisses.

"Are you feeling ok?" Freddie put his hand on my forehead.

I laughed at his silly attempt to be a doctor. "I don't have a fever, silly. Maybe you should stick to being a prince?"

"I don't really have any other choice," he grinned. "So you aren't disappointed?"

"About which part?"

"My being a prince."

"How could I be? Every girl wants to be a princess!"

"Even vicious creatures like you?" He teased and reached his head down to bite my earlobe.

I squirmed and playfully slapped his arm for saying such a thing. "Of course. I don't think I'll mind it."

"Well, it's not a piece of cake you know. Like in stories or movies. It's much different than that. Reality is something even Hollywood doesn't want to mess with."

I looked at his hair then brushed my hand through it. It was soft and playful. "I know. Especially from what you told me last night. What, with being kicked out of your own palace? That's awful. But I'll be there for you, always," I said looking him straight into the eyes. I saw his eyes flicker with love and it made my heart well with pride. "There's something I never got to tell you last night though, Freddie."

His eyes suddenly flashed worry and his voice matched it equally. "Oh, yeah?"

I nodded solemnly. "I love you too," I practically whispered. I never thought I would hear those words come out of my mouth. Finally! He knew; I knewâ everything was right.

~~~~~

Freddie and Arianne!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Or somewhat of an idea of how I imagine them, anyway. You don't know how hard it is to find good pictures these days! If anyone knows of good sites, PLEASE tell me. I was nearly pulling my hair out, trying to find these...=/

Oh, and just scratch the beard off of this guy, and give Arianne lighter brown hair, and there ya go! =D Thanks for reading! I appreciate it!

## Someday My Prince Will Come

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## Chapter 14

Thanksgiving Break was over much too quickly. It felt so nice to spend a day with Freddie without worrying about leaving for school or volleyball practice. Now that I knew the truth, I looked up to him even more than I previously had. I could tell he was thrilled to be himself again. He could talk the way he wanted, act the way he wanted and say whatever was needed.

We suddenly became like peanut butter and jelly, pizza and pepperonis; even more inseparable than before. Freddie and I still continued our Saturday morning breakfasts, but one morning he changed everything up on me.

"Let's not go to breakfast, tomorrow," he said with a glint in his eye.

"Why not?" I pouted, wondering what I could've done?

"Because. I want to take you somewhere a little nicer, and there's not an upscale breakfast place around. Let's do lunch instead."

"Fine," I murmured. "Where are you thinking of?"

Freddie leaned down from where he was standing and kissed my nose. "It's a surprise."

"NO!" I protested. "I hate surprises! They make me feel nauseous," we were walking out of class together and Freddie placed his arm around my waist.

"That's okay. I'll bring a bag for you to puke in."

I pulled away and smacked his arm as he laughed at me. "You're awful."

"I'm sorry, doll!" he dramatically wrapped his arms around my shoulders and gave them a big squeeze. "How will you ever forgive me?"

"By telling me where we're going?"

"It's nowhere fancy, Arie. Just some place that I saw when I was driving around yesterday," Freddie said, casually.

"Ugh. Alright, I'll go with your obnoxious little plan," I said haughtily, "but you owe me big time!"

"You're right. I do," Freddie kissed my lips lightly. My body went into raptures.

Saturday morning came, and I found it strange to wake up with nowhere to go. I decided to take a quick jog; to help myself be alert when Planet Freddie attacked later this afternoon.

I slipped on my running shoes, pulled back my hair and looked at my face in the mirror. Man, I was ugly. I had these horridly dark circles under my eyes, but they weren't too obvious by the way they sparkled.

Freddie's powers were uncanny.

I grabbed a Post-it note and scribbled a quick message on it. Smiling, I left my room and shut the door behind me, leaving the note hanging from the front of it.

If, or when, Freddie came over looking for me, this note would tell him why I wasn't answering my door. It read:

'Good morning, sunshine! I'm taking a run, I'll be back in about 45 minutes. I love you. Can't wait until this afternoon. Xoxo. P.S. If you read this before I get back, take it off so I'll know that you haven't been killed in the night. ;) Love, Your doll.'

50 minutes later, I stumbled back into my dorm with heavy legs. They felt like Jell-o! How could I be this out of shape; I was on the volleyball team for goodness sakes! And I hadn't even run the whole 50 minutes!

Feeling like a lazy butt, I almost forgot about my note as I neared my door, but then I saw the little yellow slip of paper still on the door. I stopped in front of my room, and realized that it wasn't my note, but a note from Freddie stuck in the place of mine.

Excitement passed through my fingertips as I lifted the adhesive off of the wood, and brought my face closer to the paper so that I could read it properly. The fancy cursive stretched all the way down the front and onto the backside as well. I don't think it's very fair for a boyfriend to have nicer writing than you. Oh pooh.

'Good morning, yourself, doll. I love you too. I'm not going to be around this morning, I have a meeting with Jameson. I just thought I'd let you know, so you didn't come looking for me and then suddenly think that I had been killed in the night. How silly, doll. I love you, again. I'll pick you up at the fountain at around 1:30pm.

With all my love, your prince. P.S. Dress VERY warm.'

## Someday My Prince Will Come

I sighed dreamily as my door shut with a 'click' behind me.

1:30 could not have come any slower. It was 2,000 years before I finally met the breeze on my face as I walked out of my dorm. It was a beautiful day! The sun was shining and there was a cold breeze, but it was a real pick-up from what the weather had been like recently. I was guessing it was probably 70 degrees; that HAD to be an all time high for Massachusetts weather! Still, I was happy that I had worn something with a little substance.

I had decided on a cute, cozy red turtleneck sweater. It was made of that comfy fabric that had sparkles sewn into the thread, and it was very warm. I had a dark wash pair of straight leg jeans on, and I decided to wear some boots. They were made of dark brown leather and came up to about mid-calf. There was only a tiny bit of heel, but the boots were amazingly comfortable.

Freddie was waiting for me at the fountain when I got there. He was definitely royalty; always on time and precise, looking just about perfect as if it was nothing. A forest fire grin reached his eyes as he saw me.

"How is it," he said as both of our hands linked, "that you look so stunning no matter what time of the day or night it is?" Freddie greeted me with a warm hug, and kissed my hand. Yup, prince.

"Oh please," I said, blushing. "So are you going to tell me where we're going, now?"

"Of course not," Freddie grinned. I frowned. He smiled. I smiled.

We made our way to his rental truck and he opened the door for me like the gentleman he was.

"Do you have everything?" Freddie suddenly asked me.

I thought for a moment then nodded my head. "Mhm. Why?"

"I feel like I'm forgetting something," he responded. We sat in silence for a little while, and then he shrugged it off. "Oh well."

Soon enough we were off, making our way through the ritzy, more upscale part of town. I was twiddling my thumbs in anxious excitement, wondering what would be our final destination.

Then, suddenly we were passing all of the restaurants and pulling into a retarded looking parking lot. Freddie was grinning as he pulled into it, and his face almost burst as we parked. I didn't say anything, partly because I was expecting him to say 'you've been punk'd', and take off to some NICE place; but he didn't. Instead, he surprised me with something else.

"Alright doll, we're here!"

I gave him a look and that was ALL that needed to be said.

"Trust me!!!" he whined. "Oh, and I'm gunna' need you to put on this-"

I gaped as Freddie pulled out a black blindfold.

"What the heck, Freddie?" I ogled at it. There is no way that I was getting out of this truck with that thing on my face!

"Please, Arie?" he begged. "You're going to ruin the surprise if you don't."

"UGH!" I groaned, knowing that I couldn't resist his begging. "Fine, but as soon as we get into the restaurant, it comes OFF!" I exclaimed.

"That's the plan." I saw Freddie grin before he tied it around my head, carefully. I couldn't believe I was going through with this. I was going to look like a FOOL.

Freddie got me out of the car a few moments later and I stepped out, like I didn't even have a blindfold.

"Which way," I asked spinning in a small circle. Freddie laughed at me and took my hand.

"This way." Freddie grabbed my hand and started leading me off in a random direction. I liked the feeling of following him, and I didn't murmur a sound of distrust. I needed him to know that I trusted him completely now; it wasn't an option. After all, wasn't it the least I could do for not trusting him before?

I was caught up in my thoughts, but the smell of cooking food caught my attention. Apparently, we had walked into a restaurant, for I could hear the murmur of people and glasses and cups clinking. The food smelled delicious, but I couldn't put my finger on what kind it was?

~I know, awful place to stop the chapter, but that's why I updated two chapters; the rest is too long to make into just one, in my opinion. Hope you enjoyed! PLEASE Comment and tell me what you think. I really need feedback. =)

## Someday My Prince Will Come

Also, if you go to my profile, I posted the picture of Arianne and Freddie there since it didn't work on the chapter before. =) ~

## Chapter 15

~ This is a REALLLLLLLY long chapter so....LOVE ME!!! =D Enjoy!~

It definitely wasn't Italian or French, no not Japanese, I ruled that out as well. Greek? Maybe. I found this all very exciting as Freddie spoke to whoever the hostess was. My heart was pounding, and I was glad that Freddie forced me into this. It was fun.

I was carefully listening for the hosts' response and the dialect of the diners; maybe their accents would give me a clue as to what culture this was? However, Freddie and I started walking to our table without even a word from the seat assigner or any of the guests. What???

I smirked as I realized that this was planned. My, my, seems that my little Freddie isn't as innocent as he looks. My heart swelled as I realized how much thought he put into all of this. Did I have the best guy out there or what?

"Watch your step, we're going up!" Freddie warned me.

"Stairs?" I murmured to myself. "What on earth?"

I climbed the steep stairs with some help from Freddie. They were wooden and they creaked from the wind, which told me we were now outside. I had thought that I figured this whole thing out, but this new outdoor thing threw me off completely!

We finally reached the top of wherever we were, and I heard some footsteps pat away from me. Now, it was just me and Freddie.

"Alright, we're here!" Freddie took my hand from his, but gently placed it on a chair. I seated myself and I couldn't help but smile. This was something completely new to me. It's not every day that I get blindfolded and led around.

"So," Freddie said, as I heard him take his seat, "Have any guesses so far?"

I could hear the smile on his lips and I wrinkled my nose at him. "How could I? Everyone in the entire restaurant went silent as we walked through. Very sneaky."

"I thought it might be. But go ahead. Take a guess."

"Hmm," I pondered. "I'm thinking it's pretty dainty but fancy at the same time, seeing as how we're on a roof/patio of some sort, but it's at the back of the restaurantâthere's no noise."

"Bravo," Freddie said, still smiling. "What else?"

"It's an exotic sort of place, maybe Greek? I'm not sure. I can't put my finger on it. But I'm assuming that was also planned."

"Bravo times two," he said with a slight chuckle. "You really are perceptive for a blind woman."

"I resent that! Now could you PLEASE take this silly blindfold off? I'm starting to feel humiliated."

"Fine," Freddie said and a moment later I felt him lean over the table and his hands behind my head, untying the knot.

As soon as my eyes adjusted to my surroundings my mouth dropped. Freddie and I were on a roof! A roof! There was small wall that ensured your safety all around the edge of the roof. It went up about three feet, which hid us from most of the street. We were at a small table in the middle of the roof, set under a darling white wicker arch. It had vines weaving in and out of the diamond shaped holes; and the sun shone brightly illuminating the dinnerware. My mouth was a fly-trap as I looked at Freddie's grinning face.

"This place is so cute!" I squealed. I giggled in delight as the candlelit table met my eyes. It was small, but covered with a white tablecloth, with a beautiful glass centerpiece. It was a bowl shaped object with a round red candle sitting at the bottom. Around it was a small wreath of bright green leaves. The silver silverware looked beautiful against the shining glass plates, and all in all the whole set-up was, well, perfect.

"You were right except for one thing. It's Mediterranean, not Grecian." Freddie spoke.

"Wow! Freddie, this is amazing! I love this! There's so much detail and color! It's SO unique. You're the BEST!"

"It wasn't all too much work. The head lady here is really sweet, and she did all the decorating. I just paid for it. Or, I will after we're done."

## Someday My Prince Will Come

We talked for about 10 more minutes, until a short, young woman came and served us our drinks. She also brought delicious bread sticks, and they were steaming hot, flaky, and looking good! I nodded my thanks to her, and she smiled and walked away. After I left I looked quizzically at Freddie. "She didn't even take our order."

"She's not supposed to. I've had everything all planned out already. The drinks, the appetizer, meal and even the dessert."

"Aw!" I cooed. "That's the sweetest thing. What did I ever do to deserve such a man?"

Freddie got all red. I had never seen him like that so I giggled. He was so cute when he was embarrassed. Over the course of the date, we had a marvelous time. Our meal was delicious, and it was devoured instantly. The hot white fish seemed a perfect combination with the spaghetti covered by the bell pepper sauce. Delicious.

Dessert was astounding. Their specialty was an amazingly crisp baklava shaped into a bowl. In the middle were assorted berries; blueberries, raspberries, blackberries and strawberries with a dash of cinnamon and mint to spice it up. I could see why this was their specialty. It was something like I'd never experienced before.

The head of the restaurant came up after the meal, and I thanked her graciously. I would never forget this little adventure as long as I lived.

After our thanks, she sort of stood there awkwardly. It was silent for a few moments as Freddie and I tried to figure out whyâ

"Oh!" he suddenly piped up, grinning. "We still have to pay for it!"

Duh. I felt like a retard. That poor woman. I glanced up at her with a nervous smile and she was just smiling broadly and vigorously nodding her head. How funny.

Freddie reached inside his pocket to attain his wallet. I looked at my lap to make sure there were no more crumbs there from the baklava, and when I looked back to Freddie, I was startled by his expression. His face was white, Blanche white. In his eyes was something that I had never seen before.

"Do you have any extra change, Arie?"

I shook my head. "No, I don't. I left my money at the dormâ you told me to."

"Ah, that's right," he suddenly recollected. "Well, remember how I felt like I was forgetting something before we left, doll?"

I nodded, not liking where this was going. Then, Freddie whispered, "It was my wallet."

At this, I let out a laugh. Not a happy laugh, not a surprised laugh, but an angry "OH NO YOU DIDN'T!" Sort of thing. "W-Wh-WHAT?" I stuttered.

I saw the woman grow stiff. I glanced up at her face with my stunned one, and I saw her features contorted in anger.

"You forgot your money? You think you gunna' just walk out of here after I slaved for five hours on this roof last night?" she screamed with a thick Italian accent. "I don't think so!"

"I-I'm so sorry!" Freddie struggled for words. "If you give me a little while, then I can call someone and get money here in a little while, okay?"

The woman suddenly started spiling off in Italian, and walked off the roof. Freddie rushed to find his earpiece.

He pulled it out of his pocket and pushed the button on the side.

I put my head into my hands as Freddie apologized to me.

"I'm sorry, Arianne. This is the most irresponsible- Jameson!" he answered, "I need you. I know, there's no-one on or around the rooftop. Yes, I know that you're watching me."

My head flew from my resting place and I scanned around the area. I didn't see anyone! Okay, that's kind of creepy.

"Yes," Freddie continued, "I know, she's not used to the whole surveillance thing."

I glared at him.

"Look, Jameson, I forgot my wallet, I need you toâ" he put a hand on his forehead as it appeared Jameson spoke. "I'm sorry, I realize that butâ" Freddie let out a sigh. It looked like Jameson was chewing him out, and I couldn't help but feel sorry for my little prince, no matter how mad, embarrassed, annoyed, angry,

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humiliated, amused or just plain, downright MAD I was right now.

"What???" Freddie suddenly stood up in his seat, bumping the table. "That's not fair!"

I almost laughed. He sounded like a little kid right now, talking to his mommy. What could be so upsetting?

"You can't just leave me here like that? What am I supposed to do?" Freddie raved. Oh. THAT is what was so upsetting. "I will not accept this, as your superior I command you toâhello?"

I stifled a laugh. This was getting a tad bit comical. Then I suddenly wondered how we were going to pay for all of this.

A burst of lukewarm dishwater came splashing all across the front of me when a man dropped a load of dishes into the almost empty sink. I shrieked, and was glad that an apron covered part of me. Freddie and I stood side by side, washing and drying dishes in the restaurant's tiny kitchen. I couldn't believe it had come to this. How very old fashioned.

I had decided not to talk to Freddie hours ago, when the woman first told us what we were to be doing for the rest of the day.

"Arianne? Can you please talk to me now?" Freddie begged. No matter what, I would not give in to his begging today. No siree bob. "I told you that I was sorry 4,000 times!" he continued, "what more can I do? Jameson won't help me, and you know I've tried calling him for hours. I'm sorry. So, so sorry! There, 4,002, now will you talk to me?"

I shook my head and dried a pan that Freddie had just made sparkling clean. He was a good dishwasher, if I do say so myself.

"I really don't think this day could get ANY worse," he mumbled to himself. I nodded my head in silent agreement, but I don't think he noticed. I cannot believe my new red sweater with the sparkly thread sewn in, was being treated with such disdain! I let out a moan. It had been two hours, and the woman said that we were going to work until closing time. That was 7 o'clock. It was five. I could feel my brain on strike.

Another load of pots and pans came toppling in, and a few of the cooks yelled at us to hurry up. We did so, but each with a groan. One hour later, my arms were aching. Two hours later, I was throwing my apron onto an old looking chair and stomping out of the restaurant with Freddie somewhere behind me.

My nose was up in the air, and my arms were crossed; hoping to signify to my prince that I was in no mood for talking of any sort.

I heard him running up behind me, and my nose suddenly went up higher. He didn't even say anything but, just grabbed my arm roughly and started to spin me around.

"Freddie, let go of me, I do NOT want to talk to-" My breath caught in my throat as I realized that my captor was not Freddie. I gulped as he sneered down at me, a tall, strong looking man with a dirty beanie and an un-kempt five o'clock shadow.

"Where are you going off to in such a hurry, sweetheart?" He breathed at me, tightening the grip on my arm and pulling me closer to his smelly body. He grinned, evilly, and I caught a glimpse of his rotten yellow teeth. I almost gagged then and there.

"Let go of me right now!" I shouted, trying to pull away from him. The man held on as if he was wrestling with a worm. He laughed and then said,

"Spirited little thing, ain't she boys?"

Boys? I whirled my head around and saw two more men standing about 10 yards from me, completely blocking off the alleyway. Where was Freddie? Desperately, I tried looking around the broad man in front of me, but he suddenly jerked me to attention and proceeded to drag me toward his disgusting looking friends. My heart pounded in my ears, and my breath came faster. I struggled as much as I could, and just as I was beginning to give him a little bit of trouble, one of the guys grabbed my other arm.

"Let go!" I screamed, and yanked my arm free of his grasp, and then before he could react, I swung my foot up as hard as I could. Destination? Crotch.

The man yelped in pain and wobbled off somewhere, and I took this opportunity to try and attack the man who still held me in his strong grasp. I twisted my arm backwards and suddenly I was behind the man. I kicked him in the knees with all my might and sent him falling to the ground.

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"Freddie!!!! Freddie!!!" I yelled, running back toward the restaurant. I was about to scream again, when a hand enclosed around my mouth, making it impossible to speak. I kicked and fought like a wild bucking bronco, but this man, though shorter than the last one, was much, much stronger. I was starting to freak out. My breath was coming so fast that it was extremely difficult to breathe, especially with his hand blocking an escape for my breath. He spun me around and put an arm around my shoulder, pulling me to his side with force. He had me in a sort of head-lock, and I couldn't get free. He had decided to release his hand from my mouth, so I screamed as loud as I could. My throat was getting sore, and I was afraid that Freddie would never hear me. The kitchen was loud, and if he was in conversation with someone, it would be even harder for him to help me. Tears started to burn my eyes and I was just about to yell again, when I heard a deep voice, lined completely with anger somewhere from behind me.

All of a sudden, I heard the man who was holding me grunt, and his grip on me loosened as he fell to the ground. I fell to the ground with him, but instead of my head hitting the ground, my knees took the impact of the fall. I felt arms around my shoulders and a frightened voice calming me down. Finally, Freddie was here. I burst into sobs, then, almost becoming hysterical. My hair was rustled in seven different directions, and my mascara was breaking free in long black lines down my face. Freddie pulled me close to him, and I buried my head in his chest. I thought it was all over; that the surprises had ceased for the night, but I was very wrong. "Hey," the first man who grabbed me shouted, "you mess with one of us, you mess with all of us," he growled. I spun my head toward his voice, and saw that all three men were standing with their fists firm and their face's menacing.

"Don't do it," Freddie said forcefully, backing me up with him, "I'm warning you."

The tall man laughed and his two henchmen grinned. "Or what? It's three against two."

There was a tense lull for a few moments. Suddenly, Freddie reached into his pants pocket, and pulled out a small revolver. Woah, wait WHAT? Since when did Freddie carry a gun!?!?!?

"Or I shoot," he said icily. "Now back off before I blow your brains out for messing with my girlfriend."

Go ahead, Freddie! Blow their brains out anyway! I started to gain a sense of power, and straightened a little bit; I held my head higher. Anyone who has a boyfriend like this should be proud enough to walk a tightrope over Niagra Falls.

The three men looked like deer in headlights for a moment before they bolted out of the alleyway. Freddie suddenly lowered the small gun, and shot it at the ground, directly behind one of the first man's feet. My jaw dropped. I didn't know he could shoot like that! Heck, I didn't even know he could shoot!

As soon as the men were gone, Freddie didn't waste any time. He picked me up, bridal style, and jogged toward the truck as fast as he could. It was a bumpy ride, but nevertheless, I clung to him, my tears still falling, but now more silently. That was the most terrifying experience that I've ever had to go through in my entire life. I couldn't believe all of that had just happened. This was the worst night of my life, and it was about to get worse.

Freddie buckled me in the truck, and then in a matter of seconds we were flying out of the parking lot as lightning speed. Neither of us said anything for a long time; Freddie was probably trying to wait until after my tears stopped, and I had calmed down.

We reached the college's main parking lot, and as soon as he parked, Freddie pulled me into his arms again and let me sob. He soothed me every once in a while, but the majority of the time he spent gently rubbing my head, calming me from the horror.

After a while, I calmed down, most of my tears from being such a retard and walking into an alleyway by myself in the middle of the night. Sure, the part about being attacked was almost too much to bear, but it never would have happened if I hadn't been so stubborn. Suddenly, Freddie grabbed my shoulders and pushed me away from him gently, but with force.

"Don't you EVER walk away from me like that ever again, Arianne! EVER! Do you hear me???" Freddie ordered me, harshly. "You almost got killed!!! Do you understand? Killed! When I say never I mean NEVER!" his eyes were filled with worried love, and I felt so bad for putting him through that. What a jerk I was!!!

"I'm so sorry," I whispered to Freddie gazing up at him with big, red eyes. "I shouldn't have been so thoughtless."

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Freddie only nodded and pulled me to him again, tightly. "Well, I guess it's not your fault that I forgot my wallet OR that Jameson wouldn't bail us out. He's going to get in a lot of trouble for that," he added.

I laughed a little, and Freddie lifted my chin with his finger. I gazed into his eyes, starry and bright, and a small smile played across my lips. "Thank you for saving my life."

I saw a flash of anger streak into Freddie's eyes, and it startled me how fast they transitioned from love to anger. "I should have put a bullet in their skulls," he said with hatred.

"Yeah, and that's another thing," I piped up, pulling away from him and wiping my eyes. "Since when do you carry a gun?"

Freddie laughed, "Since when don't I carry a gun? I always have. They're just for situations like these."

"I still can't thank you enough. I had it going pretty good before that last guy got me though. I took two of them out before I got too tired."

"As soon as you get to Bieland, we're teaching you self defense. Everyone in the castle is required to know it, just in case. And you, my gorgeous princess," he smiled cupping my face in his hands, "are no exception,"

Freddie leaned in and gave me a quick kiss before dropping his hands and sighing.

"What's wrong?" I asked, sensing bad news. Freddie looked at me with pain in his eyes.

"Arianne," he said, softly, "I'm leaving you."

## Chapter 16

"What????" I screeched, wanting to rewind the tape of life. Did he just say I was he breaking up with me? He couldn't. He wouldn't. Would he? "You're breaking up with me!?!?! Why? What did I do? I'm sorry, I'll do anything to change your mind-" tears were budding in my eyes, and I felt a lump in my throat willing me not to breathe. My heart had just been hit with a hammer, and it was now falling helplessly into a million tiny pieces.

"Ari what are you talking about?" Freddie asked, putting his hands on my shoulders, looking worried, "Why would I want to break up with you? You're the best thing that's ever happened in my life. I couldn't put myself through that! I love you!"

I stared at him, not understanding. Freddie stared back, confused as well.

"But you just said that you were leaving me!!!!" I shrieked, feeling my heart cautiously mending its way back to sanity.

"Yes!" Freddie said slowly, pursing his eyebrows together. "Leaving the country is not you, doll."

I slumped into the car seat with absolutely no more energy left in my body. That had been even scarier than being attacked by three goons!

"Freddie," I said slowly, "In America, when people say that, it means that they're breaking up with them. Not leaving the country. If they're leaving the country then they say 'I'm leaving the country.' Do you know how much that scared me?" I put a hand on my eyes and took a deep breath. In, out. In, out. Breathe, Arianne. Freddie chuckled. I didn't find anything funny about this. "Sorry," he apologized, "I wouldn't ever do such a thing to you OR myself."

I nodded and then tried to regain my senses. Whew, it was getting a little bit easier to breathe, after that shocker.

"Well, I mean leaving the country isn't as bad, of course," I stated, "but what are you talking about?"

My gorgeous prince sighed. "That meeting that I had with Jameson this morning was to tell me that I have to go back to Bieland. This week."

"But why?" I pleaded, meshing our hands together and facing him. "What's so important there?"

"I can't tell you, doll, I'm sorry," Freddie said looking down.

I rolled my eyes. This was so unfair. I mean, he had to leave! And he, MY boyfriend, couldn't even tell me, his girlfriend, why? This royal stuff was getting on my nerves! Tears came to my eyes for the tenth time that night. This day had been awful. Awful, Awful, Awful.

~

The night before he left, Freddie took me out to dinner. I must say it was hard to explain to people, that my boyfriend was indefinitely leaving Harvard. So I simply told them his mom died and he had to leave right away. It was true. His parent's death IS what caused all of this, you know.

"I know," he had grimaced, "I JUST took you out to eat like, four days ago. But believe me; this place will be upscale like you've never seen before. And this time, it's impossible to forget my wallet, cuz I'm not bringing it. Everything's been paid for, so don't worry your cute little head about it, at ALL, okay? Oh and by the way dress to kill, doll," he whispered to me.

Freddie decided to take me to a super fancy restaurant not too far from Harvard. After taking about an hour and fifteen minutes on my entire self (longest record time, let me tell you that), I heard a knock on my door and I almost tripped over my high heels to go answer it. This high heel thing was totally new for me. Even though they were only two inches long, I hadn't worn heels since my graduation and that was over a year ago. Before opening the door, I smoothed my dress over and adjusted my hair one more time. Freddie told me that this restaurant was posh to the MAX; stars were seen in this place a countless numbers of times, so I decided to try and look halfway decent.

My hair was twisted into an easy but complicated looking up do, and I had curled every inch of my scalp before putting it up. I decided to go smoky on my eyes and paired it with a nice medium hue lip color. All in all, it looked fabulous. I sprayed on the perfume that smelled like roses and sugar because I knew Freddie

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liked it. Taking a deep breath, I opened the door.

Freddie gave me a welcoming kiss then took my hands and stepped back to look me over. I felt embarrassed under his watchful eye. He didn't say anything for a really long time.

"Is it too much?" I asked looking at the way he was dressed. In those black dress pants and the crisp white dress shirt, Freddie almost took my breath away. He snapped to attention after I finally spoke, and then grinned.

"Absolutely not, doll. You look stunning." He stepped closer to me and pulled me against his body once more. He didn't kiss me, but he wiggled his nose against mine and whispered in my ear. "I love you."

"I love you too," I whispered back and then we were off. The restaurant was amazing! It was called 'Le Bon appétit' and there was a humongous chandelier in the middle of the high ceilinged room. The lights sent brilliant sparkling shadows across the entire humongous room and it made everything look just that much more posh and expensive.

As I stepped in the foyer, I seriously was about to question Freddie's choice in cost but then the realization of my boyfriend being a prince sunk in; yet again. Man, this was hard to get used to. Freddie had made reservations and we were seated with only two minutes wait. But I could definitely get used to *this*! Our table was made for two, so it was small. At my height and Freddie's we soon found a way to get our legs fitted right under the table. Mine went to the right and his went to my left. It was still a tight squeeze and we soon started to giggle at the situation. However, our giggling stopped abruptly as a stern looking waiter cleared his throat at us.

"Bonjour. My name est Jean-Paul. I am your waiter 'sis evening. Can I start you off wis' a beverage?" He coldly asked looking at us from down his nose. His eyes shifted to Freddie as he spoke.

«Ah merci, Jean-Paul. Je parle le français. Donnez-nous, s'il vous plait, une carafe de limonade?» ( Ah, Thank you Jean-Paul. I speak French. Would you, please, get us a pitcher of lemonade?)

I smiled at the waiter but he didn't even look at me. Since I took French, I understood their conversation and before Jean-Paul left, I added one more thing.

«Et beaucoup du tranche jaune citrons, s'il vous plait?» (And lots of lemon slices, please.) All he did was give me a curt nod, then turn on his heel and slowly walk away. I snorted a quiet laugh under my breath then turned my eyes to

Freddie. I almost jumped when I saw the intensity of his stare for me. I blushed and took his hand from across the table. It was soft and strong and I relished the feeling. Who knows how long it might be before I got to hold him like this again?

"Why are you looking at me like you want to zap me?" I asked with a smile.

Freddie laughed and connected our other hands. "Because you never cease to amaze me. Honestly is there anything you can't do, doll?"

I loved it when he called me 'doll.' It sounded so retro to me. Like we were a young couple back in the 50's!

"Yes," I nodded completely serious. "Be away from you for too long. You've got to give me an estimate on how long I'm going to be trying to survive without you."

Freddie looked to our hands and shook his head. "I can't. Look, Arie there are things about this that you can't know. Ever. I'm not going to risk your life in this anymore than I already have."

My face went pale. Life? Risking? Who said anything about dying? "W-What do you mean?" I stuttered, feeling my throat go dry. I was in danger? But I couldn't be! Everything was perfect!

Freddie looked like he wanted to kill himself for letting that out. "Never mind, I shouldn't have said that. Don't worry. You're going to be perfectly safe. I didn't mean it in that way. You aren't in any immediate danger, I promise," he reassured me.

I looked into Freddie's eyes and could tell that he was telling the truth—but not completely. He meant it in another way—something less obvious, I gathered.

"Fine," I pouted. This was getting harder; each second that went by meant saying goodbye to him at the airport tomorrow morning. I didn't want it to come. Maybe this whole princess thing wasn't ideal after all. I felt Freddie squeeze my hands and some of my depression erased. We linked eyes and I saw love, admiration and something else that calmed me down. I felt like a retard for being so emotional on our last night together.

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Our stuffy waiter returned, breaking our moment and set the pitcher down along with some cups and the lemon slices. He then proceeded to fill our cups with the lemonade, carefully set them down and then left; obviously taking note of how our menus were still untouched. Freddie thanked him and then took one of his hands off mine. As soon as it was gone I wanted it back; it was cold and lonely without him.

"I got you a present, doll. Now you can think of me every single day."

I was so surprised. Freddie had never given me any gifts before and I eagerly took the small little rectangular box into my hands. It was beautifully wrapped. Wrapping red, and ribbon white, the colors reflected my two favorite co-coordinating shades and I gave Freddie a smile before carefully untying the bow and ripping the paper gently. Under the paper there was a beautiful black rectangular velvet box. It was soft and silky and I wondered what it could possibly hold? A bracelet? A necklace? I knew it wasn't a ring for the box was much too big, so without another thought I opened the box and gasped.

Like a flame, the semi-thick silver chain shone under the light of the chandelier. Attached to it was a gorgeous charm. It was a beautiful heart. It was made with two different strands, which were twisted around each other in a vine like motion. Four skinny little pieces of metal held a beautiful diamond in place. The diamond was so clear that it looked like glass. My mouth was wide open and Freddie's eyes were sparkling.

"Wow. Wow!" I squealed and laughed at my new present. I had never owned anything so real, so expensive, and so beautiful in my entire life. "This is so gorgeous. I wonder how much it cost you?" I looked at him with a reprimanding smile.

"You're worth any amount of money and more," he said.

"I'm going to wear it every day!" I said closing the case and setting it beside me.

"You'd better!" Freddie teased and bumped me under the table with his knee. I stuck my tongue out at him and we started laughing. Never mind how corny we are! We're in love. Freddie and I finally decided to look at our menus and the waiter came back to ready orders. Freddie decided to share the Tortellini and shrimp appetizer with me, and after munching on all of that to death, we both went with the Chicken Wellington and the Chocolate Truffle Cheesecake for dessert. I guess we both just had the same cravings that night.

When the conformation paper came, the receipt that confirmed our previous payment, I tried to be naughty and sneak a glance at the price, but my prince was too smart for me. He took the paper and signed it under the table, where my crafty eyes couldn't see. I pouted and he grinned and then, before you knew it, we were driving back to our dorm.

The night had been fantastic, and Oh! To think about that delicious dinner almost made my stomach pop! I was walking down the hall thinking about my wonderful night when a warm hand around my waist brought me from my thoughts. Turns out, I was about to walk past my room and Freddie had stopped me, amused. He pulled me close and backed me against the wall. I grinned and put my hands around his neck. This was our favorite way to stand.

"How'd you like your dinner, doll?" Freddie asked me after kissing me tenderly.

"It was amazing," I grinned. You know, there's something about a man who wears fancy clothes well. When he works that walk, the look of confidence over his entire being, his feet clad in fancy shoes or his legs in those charming black dress pants, it does something to you. It's so totally irresistible. Or at least, that's just me. Suddenly, at that point, my love for this man was pushed up a notch in the looks department. The compartments of kindness, sincerity, love, and pretty much his overall personality, were already overflowing at the brim. It was impossible for him to get any higher in my book.

I hugged Freddie with an aching of love and then our lips connected. My whole body, even my ankles were burning the millisecond that our skin touched, and now my toes' nerves were strained with electricity. It was just a small, sweet kiss, and then the heat and the intensity of that it rose faster and I found it delightful how Freddie's hand was effortlessly drilling my back with his hands. They felt like tasers as he moved his fingers around in tight, small circles which made my whole body shiver. My entire body was pulsing with vibrations quite new to me and Freddie's hand went down to my hipâ

For some reason this caused me to stop abruptly. I couldn't go any farther; it would be too hard to stop!

My mommy had always told me that it was more precious and sacred for a man and a woman to wait until they were married to experience the art of love making, if you will. My aunt and uncle stressed this as well, though I have a feeling that they were more concerned about having a pregnant teenager more than actually

## Someday My Prince Will Come

thinking about morals. But nevertheless, I had promised my mommy when I had that first talk with her; not until. And I would hold that promise if it killed me.

"You okay, doll?" Freddie asked, lifting my chin so I could see his eyes. I nodded and took a deep breath.

"Just fine," I smiled. Freddie seemed to understand my thoughts and nodded his head.

"I know," he muttered smiling. "It was amazingâ " "

I laughed a little and he changed the subject taking a step back. "Do you want me to put on your necklace for you?"

I grinned and nodded my head, a blush coming over my cheeks. I removed it from its case and gave it to him carefully. I turned around and he carefully slid it over my neck, making the cold metal warmer at the touch of my skin.

Freddie surprised me by kissing me and whispering sweet nothings into my ear. I giggled and then turned around to tell him goodnight. A tear came to my eyes and he saw it. Quickly, he pulled me into a tight hug that seemed to say, 'Don't worry. We'll see each other soon.'

Then we let goâ ; then I opened the room to my doorâ ; then I blew him a kissâ ; then I shut the door. I solemnly undressed, redressed, then went to my bed and fell asleep. The next morning, I woke up to my alarm. Then we drove to the airportâ ; then I said goodbyeâ ; then I cried my way through the taxi ride back to the dorms.

~~

Ahh! =( I hope that made you guys' sad when you read it. It made me REALLY sad when I was writing it. I get into my stories too much, lol. =P

So guys! I have a couple of requests pour vous! =)

1. If you aren't a fan, I know it sounds kinda conceited, but I was just wondering if it would be possible for you to become one, so that I can update more easily. It's difficult to go through everything, so I'd really appreciate it! =)

2. Feedback. I've GOT to know some things about this story besides all the grammar. I'm open to criticism, unlike some authors on this site... (One in particular, actually. OHBOY! ;) )

a.) Too gushy? Not gushy enough?

b.) Description. Am I describing things okay, or does that need work??????

c.) Do you like Freddie? Is he too surreal?

d.) The way things are worded...is it confusing to read? If so, I'll try as hard as possible to make as many changes that I can!!! ( But you know Booksie!)

So, if you guys could PLEASE answer these for me, that would be absolutely amazing, I SWEAR, you'd make my day!

Thank you SO much for reading all 16 chapters! To all my fans, THANKYOU! I love you SO much!!! =D

ALSO: IHATTTE Booksie! It keeps messing up all of my formatting and such...it's VERY annoying. So I'm VERY sorry. I tried.

And to all of you who got a really strange message, and then to those of you who didn't but got the apology, sorrrrry. I a freak tard, sometimes. Ha. Anyway..peace out! ;D

~~

## Chapter 17

### Chapter 8

One week later

It was difficult with Finals coming up, to balance everything evenly. I found myself staying up until all hours of the night, and thankfully, I wasn't letting it affect my grade. Welcome to college life, right?

It had been one week since Freddie had left me. I wasn't bitter toward him, of course. Things were just so forlorn around here without him. It had escaped my mind of how much of a loser I was before my prince happened upon me. I had forgotten how dull my mornings had been without the 'good morning kisses' that I had grown so accustomed to. Everything now seemed even more tragically depressing.

Certainly, the terrible seclusion and tediousness was sickening, but do you want to know what the worst part was? There was absolutely no contact allowed with Freddie. I didn't think that was fair, but Freddie had explained it to me in this way:

"It's a matter of your safety, doll. If my enemy intercepts any calls or contact from me to you, you don't realize the immediate danger you could be put under. I know it's going to be hard," he said before taking off on his flight, "but I love you too much to let it happen. I'm sorry."

"But what about the man you were talking to when I walked in that one morning?" I argued. "You talked to him while you were here. What's the difference?"

"I thought you might bring that up," Freddie said, lightly tapping my nose with his finger, "but I used a special type of communication with him. The method is complicated and very, very expensive, and he was the only one I was in contact with besides Jameson while I was here. I wish I could get you one, I even asked the head of security if it would be allowed, but he said it was too dangerous. It's used in a special way, and I wouldn't have the time to explain it to you. I'm sorry, princess. I really am."

I nodded my head, I understood completely. That's what made it so awful. I looked back down to my homework, snapping to the present. I couldn't let these thoughts distract me; I had other things to worry about right now.

Two weeks later

It had been almost a month since Freddie's departure. Now, more than ever, I struggled to live; to breathe. I couldn't believe how big of an impact Freddie made in my life; and all in just two short, but oh so miraculous, months. Christmas was coming, and even though I didn't have the love of my life here with me to celebrate it, I couldn't help but feel excited. I had always loved this holiday! Something about it stimulated me and I decided to at least try to be cheerful. That's what Freddie would want me to be doing.

And then here were Finals. I was really not looking forward to what this torturous week would bring for me. Each day grew closer and closer, and I was constantly losing sleep. But just when I was convinced that it couldn't get any worseâ

Maybe it was Freddie's fault for making me so happy, but soon after he came into my life, my team-mates started warming up to me. I was constantly getting invitations to the 'hottest party of the year', but I always declined since I had plans with Freddie every night. They didn't seem as important as he was, but now that he was gone, I decided to accept the invitation one night.

It was directly after volleyball practice, so at first I told the girls that I was too sweaty and disgusting, but a pretty brunette named Jennifer told me that the whole team was going like this. I thought for a moment and then agreed. Jennifer gave me a smile and sprayed some sweet smelling perfume on all of us girls.

It was light-hearted and strangely amusing, so soon, I found myself laughing with them like little second graders. We were walking into the shaking dorm room, when I grabbed Jennifer's arm and stopped her.

"What's wrong?" she asked, a worried look covering her face.

"Maybe this isn't such a good idea. I look like crap!" I said, a giggle randomly coming out of nowhere.

Jennifer laughed it off. "Look at me, Arie. If anyone here looks like crap it's me." She grabbed my wrist and told me, "Just follow my lead," and we were suddenly in the middle of the room dancing; or at least she was. Turns out, the party was pretty fun. I decided that I wanted to save my insides, so I didn't partake in the beer or the smoking, but Jennifer and I had a pretty good time by ourselves, being crazy and laughing at a drunk,

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red-headed girl who was making out with a random guy.

"This is fun!" I screamed over the music.

"Heck, yeah it is!" Jennifer screamed back. "Why don't I ever see you around? You're really nice."

I blushed, and was glad that no-one saw it. "Thanks, but it's probably because my boyfriend and I are really close; we do everything together."

"Aw, that's adorable," she grinned. "It sucks that you're taken."

I balked at the comment. Was this blaring music affecting my ears? "What?" I gasped.

"Taken," Jen said laughing, "you know like 'in a relationship?' If you weren't, I'd totally be asking for your number right now."

"Okay!" I said awkwardly, backing away slightly. "I didn't know that you'reâ!"

"Yeah, I know. Most people don't except like, the whole volleyball team! Me, Ruthie, Alexis and Jennifer Millstone all are! How did you not know this before now?"

"I have no idea-" Oh my gosh. This was totally not cool. My first chance at a friend and she's hitting on me! I suddenly started feeling sick. "I-I'm going to go, okay?" I stuttered. "I don't feel very good. It must have been the foodâ for something."

Jen looked confused but nodded. "Okay. I'll see you tomorrow at practice!"

I nodded and made my way out of the room.

After the party, while walking down the hall to my dorm, I was thinking about a nice hot shower when suddenly I stopped at my door and sucked in a breath. My dorm door was open; I was sure that I had shut it before I left todayâ!

Panic surged through my veins, leaving me standing stark still for about twenty seconds. Dare I move? Dare I breathe? I did, slowly but surely because believe me; it was starting to hurtâ! My heart rate increased as I thought about who could be in there? Was it some crazy physco college student? Was it Freddie's enemies? Had they found out about us, and were now lurking in the depths of my room, waiting to whisk me away? I tried to calm myself as I searched my bag for my pepper spray. In dismay, I realized that I had left it in my room this morning. I inwardly cursed myself and took a deep breath.

Slowly, I opened my door, and was thankful that it didn't creak. Maybe I could take the enemy by surprise! I crept inside my room; chills flying throughout my nervous system. At first glance, I could have sworn that I saw a dozen ninjas with swords ready to attack! But as I entered my room, nothing looked amiss. I let out a deep breath and felt like a silly child for over-reacting. I must have just forgotten to shut it behind me this morning.

Suddenly, the door slammed behind me! I screamed in surprise and I was about to turn around when a huge, strong hand grabbed my waist, and another hand covered my mouth in one smooth motion. I was terrified! I could feel my lungs tightening and my heart beating desperately inside my chest. I was trying to scream, but the hand muffled any possible sound from reaching farther than my lips. I was fighting like a crazy bull; trying desperately to get away from this humongous human being! Then, I heard him whisper in my ear.

"Ariane, please calm yourself! We can't put you in any more danger than you are already in!" The sound of his voice was steady and reassuring and this made me stop struggling. Suddenly, the man let go of me, and I turned around and stared up at him. It was Jameson, Freddie's body guard. I almost fainted.

## Chapter 18

"What do you think you're doing???" I said slightly pushing him against his chest roughly. (He didn't even stir.) "You aren't allowed to just barge in here and scare me out of my wits!"

After I was finished hissing at him my head began to spin. Oh man. I put my hand to my forehead and Jameson offered his explanation.

"My apologies. But I could think of no other way to keep you from screaming. But, my lady, there is no time for chatting. You must come with me at once. Time is getting smaller."

"Smaller? Am I in danger?" I asked, not quite understanding. He had a very strong French accent, and it was hard to comprehend completely. Then something clicked in my head. BodyguardâFreddie's bodyguardâwhere was Freddie?? "Is Freddie here?" I said, my voice becoming hopeful. A warm feeling crept into my core, and I started darting my eyes all behind him.

"I am afraid not," he grimaced. "But I cannot say anymore, Miss Arianne. We must go. Now." Jameson finished abruptly and gently but firmly grabbed my arm and started leading me to the door.

"What about all my stuff, don't I need to pack?" I said, resisting slightly.

"No. All will be provided for you. Now please, hurry." Jameson opened the door and I shut up. I figured I may as well do my best not to disconcert the man, so I let him lead me through the halls. We went down to the main parking lot, and there was a black SUV with tinted windows waiting for us. Jameson got in first, and then as soon as the door was shut, he nodded to the driver and we were off. I watched the trees rapidly flying by us and wondered where on earth I was going. To be in Bieland with Freddie would be more than wonderful! But why would they randomly take me to the same place that I thought they were trying to keep away from me? It didn't make any sense. I wanted desperately to ask Jameson, but he already had told me once that he couldn't say anymore. So I let my mind wander and kept my mouth shut during the rest of the ride.

We arrived at an airport about an hour later. The drive was long but judging on how fast the driver was going, I'm assuming it could have been longer. Jameson got out of his side and ran over to my door and opened it for me. As soon as my feet hit the gravel, his hand was around my arm again, making me feel safe in this dimly lit parking lot. It was dark now, being about 8 o'clock, and I shivered as I saw a rat scamper in front of our path. Eww!

I looked around and saw a few random cars scattered in this parking lot, and wondered why we weren't with everyone else. Our next move answered my silent question for me. We went behind a building and descended down a stairway going underground. Jameson silently opened the creaking door and pushed me inside, then followed a second after. I was being led through a tunnel, much like the one in the phantom of the opera movie, except I was being mesmerized by a delicious looking man in a mask. The only light sources were the dim lights on the ceiling and I was glad I was being held in custody by a tall, strong bodyguard. I didn't like this at all.

The corridor ran like a maze, and we turned a numerous amount of times before going into a rusty blue door. This led to a stairway going up; back to the normal world. As we ascended the stairs I noticed that it was windy. As we reached the peak, I realized why. There was a humongous black jet emitting a crazy amount of energy, and the door was open with removable stairs in front of the entrance.

"Whoa," I whispered. The jet didn't have any logos on it, but that certainly didn't take away from the effect. It looked fast and expensive and I was thrilled to be experiencing this right now! Maybe it would get even better and Freddie would be waiting for me inside! My hope was burst, however, as I entered the interior of the jet. But disappointment was replaced by complete awe when I saw how gorgeous royal living was! There, before me was a lush carpeted floor and couches nailed to the floor of the plane in random places. A small bar/kitchen was located near the back of the room, and as Jameson let go of me to attend other business, I touched my fingers to the dark brown suede couches. Each was equipped with a seatbelt and a cup holder built into the arms.

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"Miss Arianne?" I heard Jameson call me, and I looked up to find him waiting for me to sit down. I quickly walked over to where he was and sat down in a seat that looked like a recliner. It was definitely the most comfortable airplane seat that I'd EVER been in! Heck, the most comfortable seat period! Jameson decided to buckle me, and I wondered if he really thought I was that incapable, or if those were his direct orders. Either way, I didn't mind and watched Jameson walk away into away into a separate room. A few minutes later, after the steward fetched me a refreshing beverage, Jameson came in and sat on a seat near me. Two seconds later: "Prepare for takeoff," and we were flying.

~

10 long hours later, I felt Jameson shaking me gently. I couldn't believe I had slept the whole way. I must have been more exhausted than I thought! We had just landed in Bieland and we were about to get off the jet! I was so excited! One of the reasons was Freddie. Plain and simple. I missed him, I needed him. That's just the way it works. Another reason was that I would actually be seeing the country that I could possibly be ruling on day! I don't know about you, but I think that's pretty exciting! I was following Jameson out of the plane when he suddenly stopped short at the outside of the door. His hand flew out from behind him and signaled me to stop. He almost hit me in the stomach. I stood stark stillâwas something wrong? Jameson took a pair of binoculars out of his suit coat pocket and I saw him scanning the area. For a couple of minutes we just stood there like that, and then finally Jameson reached back and grabbed my arm, still checking his surroundings. I sighed as we made our way down the stairs provided.

"Is this really necessary, Jameson? I'm starting to feel like a little puppy. You already checked the area, so I'm sure I could walk around by-"

\*CRACK\* A loud gunshot interrupted my sentence. I jumped and screamed, covering my head with my free hand; not knowing where it came from! As soon as the first one started, more started to sound. I kept screaming and by this time Jameson and I were sprinting across the airfield. I kept my hand over my head, and by now tears were streaming down my face! What was happening? Why were they trying to shoot me!?! Jameson had pulled out a gun and was firing in random directions; I was pretty convinced that he didn't know where it was coming from either.

I was losing stamina. My breath was coming faster as the loud shots continued to ring through the air. Crying and the running at the same time were starting to have an effect on my body so I started to slow down. My legs wouldn't go faster! Go faster! I almost screamed at them. Just then I heard a whistling sound and felt the ground behind me vibrate. I realized that a bullet had just barely missed my feet. I jumped about ten feet in the air and screamed again; hyperventilating beyond control. The next few moments seemed like life was flying in slow motion. Everything was a blur as all around me became suddenly silent. All I could hear was my heart pounding and my breath pushing against my throat. My adrenaline seemed to be the only working function in my body, because my running legs were growing increasingly weaker. Tears blinded me as I clung to Jameson's hand as he led me toward a plane hangar.

I stopped breathing as the building grew closer and my fear started to subside when, finally, after what seemed like hours, Jameson and I were safely behind the building. For a moment I closed my eyes, wondering if this was a dream. My lips were forcing out jagged spurts of air; the brain desperately trying to connect to my lungs.

Suddenly, my eyes whipped around in a million directions. I had the horrid feeling that someone was watching me. I didn't see anything as I scanned the area, but I could feel evil eyes on my weakened body. Where were they?

I almost lost it as I hallucinated the form of a sniper coming from behind me with an M-16. Jameson was muttering something into his walkie-talkie in French, but I wasn't in the mood to translate. I tried to push away the thoughts of someone running at me from around the corner, but I checked just in case. I closed my eyes again and really tried to breathe. My mind was going through an extreme case of paranoia and I could feel my knees locking. I had to sit down! My body slumped to the ground and I desperately tried to keep myself calm. One second later I heard Jameson muttering to me and he told me in French to stay calm and that help was on the way. I nodded my head, still crying. This was madness! What a welcome! I just wanted to go home! I didn't want to be here anymore! The only thing that kept me going was the thought of my darling Freddie. At this point, I hoped and prayed that he wasn't going through something even half as awful as this!

## Chapter 19

I love this chapter SOMUCH! Haha, I don't know why. I just do, though! I hope you enjoy it.

For those of you who are wondering where Freddie is....read to the end of the chapter! =)

~

I was offered a breathing device and it instantly helped to clear my lungs and calm me down. None of the men said anything to me, but I was grateful. This was not a time that I wanted to be chatting. After about 15 minutes, my tears were dried and I gave the breathing device back to the man in black. He curtly nodded his head but still didn't speak. He probably didn't speak English.

"Excusez-moi, oÃ est Frederick?" Excuse me, where's Frederick? I asked quietly in French.

The man looked at me and replied quietly, "Il est sÃr." He is safe.

I nodded my head and asked, "Où allons-nous?" Where are we going?

"S'il vous plait," The man replied a little roughly, "Aucune plus de conversation." Please, no more talking.

I lifted my eyebrows, surprised at his manners. He didn't have to be rude about it. Unlike him, I wasn't going through this on a daily basis! Then my attitude softened as I realized the reality of what I was thinking. He WAS going through this daily. It was his job. He was risking his life all day and night for me and my loved one. What about his loved ones? What if he didn't come home one night? I shivered at the thought and felt guilty for being so selfish.

As I sat in the helicopter with a blanket over my shoulders, I thought about the day I had. When I woke up earlier, I thought that I was going to see Freddie, not be shot at by monsters! My head was throbbing but I tried to get through it. Hopefully, we would be going to the palace and I would get to see Freddie. That would make everything so much better.

About twenty minutes later I felt the helicopter landing. I prayed that this time I would have a safe exit and almost didn't want to get out this time. The man in black looked at me sternly and as if by instinct, my body almost told me that I'd better be brave. Freddie wasn't lying when he said that it wasn't a piece of cake. Boy was he right. I jumped out of the helicopter and landed on what seemed to be a roof of some sort. Beyond it was a gorgeous sight. The sun was shining over lush green meadows and fields. There were little huts about a mile from the castle rooftop and I assumed that they were part of a village.

A dense forest lined the horizon of this brilliant masterpiece known as Bieland. It looked dark and mysterious at first, but the way that the sun kissed the apex of the trees gave the woodland a welcoming and affectionate facade.

Just like Jameson always did, the man grabbed my arm and turned me around. At first all I saw was the rooftop. It was very large, and the helicopter was blocking any part of the view behind it. I was led a couple steps away before I stopped dead; dead in my tracks. A vast, dazzling, antique and an incredible castle stood in front of me. This roof top, I noticed was the only flat one on the entire palace, and it was lower than most of the walls and towers. The dark grey stone shone under the sunlight and illuminated all of the hundreds of windows. The glass was reflecting the great ball of fire and it made everything look just like a fairy tale in the aura of sunset.

There were towers and shining windows, pointed rooftops and those that were steep; to top it all off, a delightful little bridge connecting the castle to the land before the river and aft. It was trickling and peaceful, and the water gently lapped over the large rocks that comprised the riverbed. It seemed that I had barely seen it when we were already going down an elevator that descended from the roof. I wanted to look at this masterwork longer, take it in, relax; but there was no time for that now. Some other time, I promised myself. The elevator was small but it wasn't a tight fit for it held me, the man in black, and the helicopter driver. They weren't men of many words, if you know what I mean, and in the silence I noticed that the elevator buttons didn't have any numbers. They were just evenly pressed into the wall. The walls were metal and cold at the

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touch, and I was surprised. I was expecting beautiful gold walls and red carpeted floor. But maybe those movies had you getting the wrong impression about palaces.

Without even the slightest 'ding', the elevator came to a soft stop and the doors flew open. What I saw before me was something that I was definitely not expecting. A dark hall way made its way to my eyes and I almost felt scared to walk into it. However, I convinced myself that with the man in black holding my arm, and the helicopter driver directly in tow, it was impossible to feel in danger. Maybe it was just the solid gray walls of stone and the dimly lit atmosphere that had me feeling uneasy.

Suddenly, I was pulled to a stop and my thoughts of disgust were erased as I was pushed through a door. Behind it was a black wall; the hallway sloping directly to the left. Some palace this was. What part of gross walls and damp air screamed 'royalty?' I sighed as we walked on and on; and on! When would this end? It seemed forever since we had gotten out of the elevator, even though in reality it was probably more like five minutes.

Finally, as the man in black opened another door, my expectations were fulfilled. I found myself being led out of the damp, dusk hallway and into a gorgeous little hall with pillars edging the sides of the gold and white patterned carpet. I gasped as I saw the dark red walls contrasting the creamy white pillars laced with gold and silver diamonds and dots. It was like they were covered in a beautiful net, each end of the diamond secured by a small silver ball.

There were about eight pillars, four on each side and each about fifteen feet apart. The little hall stopped at a dead end after a little while. There were two options, left and right, and the man in black directed me to the right. The heli driver followed silently; what else? At every hall way, I marveled at the unique styling and beauty of it. In this particular area, all of the walls were the same luscious deep red, and had random pillars or statues that were either gold or silver; coordinating with the entire look. I loved this, every minute of it, even though there were two grim secret service officers leading me around everywhere.

Also, at the end of almost every hall there was a guard, standing still in dark sunglasses, a dress shirt and dress pants. My, those were popular here. Each of them quietly nodded at the men accompanying me, and as we passed I could feel a hole; boring into every inch of my body. They were no doubt doing an analysis on meâ but hey, what do you expect?

After about four or five different hallways, and turning in random directions, we entered another part of the castle. I could tell that this was where most of the guests were brought to, because the floors were no longer carpeted, but a rich white marble floor. My flip flops made a clacking sound with every step, and I suddenly remembered that I was still in sweat pants and a white work-out shirt with a sports bra underneath.

I cleared my throat, self conscious, and tried to walk a little bit taller; more like royalty perhaps. This hallway seemed to be particularly long, for it stretched both behind me and in front of me. This area of the castle was more open; on either side of me, spaces like living rooms were set up and I found my contentment at how open and airy they were. There were windows that shone light over the open rooms; couches, bookshelves and other random furniture occupied the space. I was amazed at how many rooms looked completely different but matched in perfect coordination.

My mini-tour of the castle was ostentatious, and after a few turns, I found myself walking into what seemed to be the front of the castle. A humongous foyer stretched out all around me, and there was a gorgeous, grand staircase that flew up to unimaginable heights. This foyer was majestic; so very beautiful that I can scarcely describe it! Gold seemed to be the main color here, because almost everything in this lovely 'foyer' was accented with it; but not overly done. Everything was perfect. I was gaping and staring and I must have stopped subconsciously, because the man in black jerked my arm impatiently.

Gracious. This was my first time being in a castle! Give me a break here! We were going up the staircase, and I wondered why. Was I to be taken to my room? Maybe to see Freddie in some romantic little private library! In any case, I was excited and I almost squealed at the whole prospect.

My first guess was the right one; I was being led quietly to my room. The second floor of the palace was just as lovely. A beautiful dark green color was placed on the walls, and more wood-like antiques seemed to be the main theme up here. It almost seemed like it was designed to give a homey feeling to the guest.

All too soon, our fabulous trio stopped in front of a room, I presumed. The doors were double, and made out of solid oak. They looked heavy and expensive, and beautiful flourishes were etched into the once living

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wood. The man in black pulled out a brass key, and unlocked the doors with a 'click.' I gulped as he pushed them open.

The room was dark, black actually when I first stepped in, but my guards stepped away from me, for the first time since my arrival, and deigned to turn on a light. Let me just say it this way; my bottom teeth hit the floor and landed on the pure white, soft, lush, beautiful carpet with hardly a noise to reveal itself. It looked like something that you would have seen in a myth.

The white carpet reached the toned dark blue walls perfectly. Directly in front of me was a magnificently large window, covered in sheer white fabric for the curtains, and outlined with a solid white drape which was tied back with strips of blue cloth; to match the walls. To my left were a desk, a bureau, and an entertainment set. It had small but large doors covering the top half, and I presumed that behind them was a TV. Everything was made of a dark oak wood, and the fluffy chair next to my bed was suede. A few doors were on my right. They were no doubt my bathroom and closet.

A beautiful oak vanity was set up on the wall near my bed; occupying the other side of it. In the spaces between, were random little chairs, or dresses or nightstands.

«Si tout est bien, mademoiselle, nous irons, maintenant.» If all is well, miss, we will go now. The man in black almost startled me, but I hoped he didn't see it. Then I awkwardly recollected that he was secret service. He saw everything. I clutched my necklace, something that I had grown accustomed to do when I was nervous. It helped calm me to think of Freddie.

«Ah, oui, merci. Tout est très bien gentilshommes.» Oh yes, thank you. All is very good gentleman. They nodded stiffly, and turned to leave me in my small paradise. Right before he closed the door, however, the man in black said one more thing :

«Le prince sera ici bientôt. Au revoir.» The prince will be here shortly. Goodbye.

Everything was silent for about 30 seconds, while I made sure that they were gone for sure. Then I screamed in delight! Oh, the joy that poured through me was indescribable! This was the best thing that could possibly be happening to me! I squealed in delight and kicked my flip flops off like the American that I was. I ran around in circles, holding my arms out and laughing until my lungs hurt. I saw the bed and sprinted toward it, flying in the air for a moment before landing on the soft blankets and letting the decorative silver pillows laced with the blue of the walls finally fall on my face. Could this get any better??? Then I heard the door open.

"Arianne?" I heard a voice call. Freddie was here.

## Chapter 20

### Chapter 9

Freddie

One month earlier

As soon as she left the airport I felt a tug at my heart. So very many girls had an important part in my life but this girl seemed to be my life. I lived her spirit, I breathed her name, and I slept her voice. Arianne and I were definitely made for each other. If we weren't, then tell me why my heart ripped at take off? How I wished that she could be here with me, sitting here and smiling, holding my hand and telling me something about her day. Seeing her eyes sparkle at my stupid jokes and that innocent blush violently take over her cheeks at my every compliment.

My thoughts were interrupted by the steward asking me if I would like a drink. I nodded and told him my request. Then, I was left back in my awful longings for Arianne. When would this be over? My hand flew to my forehead and I rubbed it between two fingers. I was getting stressed out. Think Frederick. What helps you calm down? 'Arianne', came the answer. No, no before Arianne. I realized how much of a mind case I was when it came to me that I had always been stressed out. There was never anything to help that stress. The headache never did go away. But it had for a few months, and I realized the cause of that now.

« Ah, Frederick. Il est bien de vous voir le coffre-fort. » Frederick. It is good to see you safe.

I looked up to see the head of national security in Bieland walking toward me. He took a seat next to me and got comfortable before I answered.

"Merci, Paul. Je suis heureuse d'être coffre-fort. La méthode pour votre sécurité est magnifique."

Thank you Paul. I am happy to be safe. The method of your security is magnificent.

« Merci. Mais nous avons des choses plus importantes à discuter. » Thank you. But we have more important things to discuss.

Paul and I started a grave conversation; the real reason that I had been called back to Bieland. They had found me. At first, I couldn't believe it either. If they had, shouldn't I be dead right at this moment? But according to Paul, that was the problem. I should be dead, but I wasn't. They were holding back and we didn't know why. Even though the plan was to get out of the country, Paul started to think that it would be better to keep an eye on me in my rightful country where he could see me.

"Are you sure that they had me locked in?" I asked Paul in French. "Isn't it possible that they just had a whim, and went off of it?"

"That may be the case, your highness. There are trained snipers who could have picked you off in a matter of seconds, so it seems strange that they would have been waiting for something. Waiting for what, though?" He fathomed, speaking in fluent French.

I shook my head bewildered. There was no logic to figure it out. We were missing a key element in this. Something small, but easy enough to overlook. I couldn't think this hard right now. Paul seemed to understand this, for he told me to get some rest.

We landed in Bieland, and I was guarded with the heaviest security that I had ever known in all my years of ruling. I was thankful for this, of course, but after a month of puzzles, threats and trying to solve this mystery, I found myself on edge and bitter toward everyone. I felt like I couldn't calm down. No matter what happened, no matter what I tried. Arianne was in my thought process constantly. Her face was like a nerve in my body; every time I thought of it I was in immense pain.

It had been a month since I had left and I was starting to feel perturbed about her. Was she alright? Yes, of course Jameson was there with her. She would be perfectly safe. But what if... then suddenly, I knew. I knew the answer to the questions that we had so long been searching for! And it was right under our noses. Arianne was the answer. If they found me, then they surely must have found her. They knew she was important to me and they were going to use that against me. I sat up straight in my bed. She was in danger. Right now, at this second. She had been for a full month and I hadn't even seen past my blinded loneliness. I sprinted to the security office and screamed for Paul. He came to me at once and as I told him my theories, his eyes grew

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large.

"I want her here. NOW!" I yelled, now raising my voice. Anger coursed through my veins; at me for being so absolutely stupid, and at my secret service, for not seeing this sooner. "I don't care what you have to do to get her here; she needs to get on that jet. Tonight." Before I had even finished my rant, Paul was already scrambling around and ordering officers about, who had already heard the whole thing. He was about to leave the room, but I clenched his arm and stopped him. My stare was cold and frigid.

"If she comes back with merely one scratch, someone's going to be in trouble," I spat, glaring hard. Arianne was all that I had left in this world. I would throw myself off of a precipice to keep her with me. You mess with my doll; you mess with Prince Frederick and his army of soldiers.

"Oui votre hauteur," Yes your highness, Paul stated boldly and rushed away. I was starting to feel weakness churn around inside of me along with my absolute fury. How could I have been so brainless? Leave Arianne alone with the enemy lurking around? I must have been really stressed out to overlook the love of my life! But then again, maybe she was the reason that I was so stressed.

I reached my room and all of a sudden I became suddenly depressed. How long would it take for her to get here? About ten hours judging by the flight of the jet. Then there was driving to and fro, which added another hour and a half. That meant almost half of a day before I could see that sweet smile again. I would surely die. Centuries later, I finally heard one of my guards telling me that Arianne was here and waiting in her room. Finally! I glanced over to the clock before I checked my appearance in one of my mirrors. It had been exactly as I had calculated it. Eleven hours. I looked into the aluminum coated glass, and saw that I had ruined my hair; it had been neatly combed before I had run my fingers through it all night. Waiting for Arianne was like being stabbed over and over again with every beat of the clock hand. Each time that the clock struck a new second, it pierced another dagger into my heart.

I had arranged where she would be staying on purpose; I placed Arianne in the same hall as mine. Of course, I wanted her to be in the room next to mine, but this particular corridor was for royalty only, so I settled for down the hall. However, it was a very long hall. I had always taken pride in my palace. Everything always looked so very clean and proper, thanks to the maid service. I loved how the colors coordinated with everything around it, so as to make things look professional and well kempt. As I was walking down the corridor, at a very brisk pace I might add, I thought about each step and how it got me that much closer to Arianne.

It had been so long since I had seen her; I felt like I was forgetting what she looked like. I had never taken any pictures of us together for fear of someone would find it and she would be found as well. But I guess it had happened anyway, picture or not. I was getting closer to her room and I was starting to get antsy. I walked a little faster. I knew, whatever happened, I couldn't tell Arianne anything. If worse came to worse, it would be safer for her to know nothing. I knew she wouldn't like it, heck I didn't like it, but it's what would keep her sane and most importantly; safe.

I walked up to her door and ignored the guards standing outside it. I took a deep breath and smoothed out my dress shirt and dress pants. We always did try to look nice here in the castle. I reached my hand out for the doorknob, turned it and walked in.

"Arianne?" I called out to her. Then I saw her. She was flopped on the bed like a penguin in the pole. I stopped dead in my tracks. She looked more beautiful than I had ever seen her before. Happier; her face held a certain joy and I saw her eyes twinkling. When our eyes connected I realized how much I had missed that feeling. The instant connection was unbearable and I found that I couldn't move my legs. Me, a prince, the man who had gone through evacuations and wars, and I couldn't even make myself look like a man in front of this single human being. But what a human being she was.

"Freddie!" She whispered. For a moment she just sat on the bed, as if collecting herself, and then I found her rushing toward me; arms outstretched. I couldn't move when she embraced me, I couldn't move when her body clung to mine, and I still couldn't move when she reached up and kissed my cheek, whispering words of the awful feeling of separation. It was like my body was glued in place. Like I needed something to jolt me out of the trance that she put me into.

Suddenly, Arianne stopped her outstanding welcome and stared up at me, her eyes full of worry. I saw her face fall and she dropped her hands to her sides.

## Someday My Prince Will Come

"What's the matter, Freddie? Aren't you happy to see me?" her voice cracked at the end of her sentence and that was it.

"Arienne!" I whispered and pulled her back to me. I hugged her, oh so very tight and I felt her arms fly around my waist. I was glued again, and I wanted to stand like this forever. Wars, hatred, threats, jealousy; none of that even seemed important to me now. The only thing in the world that was even remotely imperative was this girl; my doll.

Arienne

I couldn't move for a moment after our eyes connected. I sat there for a moment, collecting my thoughts then I couldn't stand the distance between us. I needed to be next to him, after all this time it was all that seemed important. Then I rushed to him with outstretched arms, taking in his scent, memorizing it and hugging him like I would never see him again. All that I could do was tell him how much I missed him after I kissed his cheek. Then I realized something was wrong. Freddie just stood there, not doing or saying anything. I looked up at him and saw that his eyes were distant even though he was staring right at me.

"What's the matter, Freddie? Aren't you happy to see me?" I felt my voice crack as the tears budded in my eyes. "Did he not love me anymore? Oh, no please don't tell me."

However, my dreadful thoughts were not the case. Freddie whispered my name then suddenly I saw the life come back to his eyes. He grabbed me and pulled me tight, tighter than he ever had before and just held me there. I placed my arms around his waist, quickly. This felt so right. Being without him just wasn't an option. For a long time we just stood there holding each other. I closed my eyes and breathed in every single moment of it. I needed to remember him just in case, which reminded me.

"Freddie!" I said softly pulling away slightly and looking into his disappointed eyes. "Why did you send for me in the first place?"

A slow smile spread across his face. "I knew you were going to ask that sometime. Let's not talk about it right now, though. Do you want a tour of the castle?" The truth is, I didn't really, I just wanted to know what was going on around here, but being with Freddie was definitely on the top ten lists, so I decided to go with the flow. But I would get it out of him eventually.

The tour of the castle ended up being wonderful. Marveling every room, every door, every wall, however, took more energy than I had originally planned on. About an hour later, after every single room was stepped into and explained, an exhausted Freddie and I slumped down on a bench in the garden.

This was my favorite part of the castle so far. It was so peaceful out here. It felt like we were the only two beings on the face of the planet. The air was blowing like an angel's whisper and it was relaxing after all of that walking. I leaned my head on Freddie's shoulder and pulled on the necklace that I wore every single day.

"Freddie?" I said quietly, cherishing every part of this second.

"Hm?" He answered, stroking my head softly.

"I love this necklace. It's gorgeous. The best part about it was that it reminded me of you. I wore this necklace every single day since you left, you know."

"Yes, yes I know."

My head lifted and I looked into his colorful eyes. "How did you know?" A smirk washed over my face as I saw him trying to recover his answer. What was going on with him? He had been secretive almost as soon as he walked into my door. I would get to the bottom of this. I would not stand for lying anymore.

"Because you just showed how much you love me?" He said, stumbling slightly. He kissed my nose to try and make me drop the subject.

"No, really Freddie." I sat up a little more now, fully curious. Freddie became tense. What was the deal? What was so tentative about a necklace? How did he know that I wore it every day? "Did Jameson tell you?" I asked first. "Did you have a camera hidden in my room?" At this, he laughed,

"No, of course not. I'm not a stalker!" He teased pinching one of my cheeks.

"Freddie!" I was beginning to let the curiosity get the best of me. "How did you know?"

"Never mind, doll okay?" I realized that he was avoiding eye contact with me and he suddenly seemed fascinated to look at his toes.

I would NOT stand for this. "Fine, I'm not kissing you until you tell me." I stood up and started to walk away with a grin on my face.

## Someday My Prince Will Come

"Hey!" He protested, and I heard him following me. I started to run, sprint actually, along the path that led us away from the castle. I heard his footsteps coming closer and I started to laugh as my lungs gave way to fatigue. Suddenly, I felt his arms wrap around my body. He burned me at the touch, and I struggled to get away. There was a large patch of grass to the right of the path and around it was a border of flowers and small shrubs. Freddie pulled me down on top of him into the sweet smelling grass, and by now we were both laughing. As I was trying to get away from him as best as I could, again, I remembered that I was still in my workout clothes. Something must be done about this.

I was suddenly self-conscious and I stopped resisting. "Freddie, stop it!" I said quietly and he let go.

"What's wrong? Did I hurt you?" Worry was prominent in his voice and I laughed it off.

"No; no of course not." I sat down in the grass next to where he lay and looked at my toes. "It's just that I'm all smelly and I don't want you to suffocate." I said, looking down at him. I smiled and just looked into his eyes. They looked so beautiful right now; sparkling, happy, filled with love. The last one made my heart pump faster and it increased as I felt him moving toward me. Soon, his lips were against mine in a soft but forceful kiss. I put my hands around his head and he pushed me toward the ground gently. I was lying on my back with him holding himself over me before he released the kiss.

"I don't care if you're smelly, doll," Freddie said, perfectly serious. "I'll always love you. Always."

I could only smile. What possessed this man to have feelings for me when I looked like this was beyond my wildest thoughts. He brought his lips down to my cheek and I giggled. Oh, how I had missed his touch. I closed my eyes and savored the sensation. He kissed my neck and it tickled my skin and my heart. Suddenly, his chin grazed my necklace and I remembered the whole reason that I was running away from him in the first place.

"Hey!" I said pushing his head away slightly. "I'm not supposed to be kissing you!"

"You can't resist it, doll," he said laughing. "You know you like it."

"No. I don't. Now get off me!" I said trying to push him away with my hands. He laughed at my struggle for he was still holding himself over me as if a feather tried to knock him down. My hands were against his chest and I felt his muscles moving as he bent down to kiss me again. My, he was strong! It nearly took my breath away, just touching him like that, so I quickly removed my hands and rolled my head away from his passionate attack. I somehow managed to find a way out from under his arm and I giggled as I realized that I was free.

I clambered to my feet and tried to run again, but my prince was too fast for me. His hand found mine in a matter of seconds and he tried to pull me back down to the ground. I resisted with all my might, but my flip flops were giving in and I realized that they were on his side. They were sliding against the grass and I kicked them off as fast as I could. I was laughing really hard, and that made it difficult to be mad at him. I really tried to mean it when I said that I wouldn't kiss him until he told me, but it was so hard not to!!!!

After fifteen more seconds of helplessly struggling, I decided to give in and fell to the ground letting him take my hands and plaster them to the ground above my head. I was still laughing and my eyes were starting to fill with mirth. Soon enough, my giggles ceased, and then Freddie and I held eye contact for a few moments and then I sweetly asked him to let me go. He smiled and released my hands, but he still crouched over me with his hands next to my head.

I started to twirl my fingers in his hair and I knew he liked it because his closed his eyelids drooped and he tried to bend down to kiss my cheek again.

"No, no, no. I don't think so." I grinned playfully in his ear. Then, in one swift motion surprising us both, I moved out from under him and pushed him to the ground. He was no doubt taken aback and I'm sure he felt even more astonished when I put his hands over his head the same way that he did to me.

"There now. How does it feel when it's happening to you?" I said, feeling the laughter bubbling in my lungs.

"Are you feeling more talkative now?" I grinned, asking him with a smile.

"No not really," he told me.

I rolled my eyes and gave him a quick kiss on the mouth. "How about now?"

This time, he didn't answer but he just shook his head and beamed. He freed his hands from my grasp and I felt them close around my waist forcefully. He pulled me down on top of his body and I oozed when my chest

## Someday My Prince Will Come

landed on his. I had forgotten how strong he was and I struggled to get away, but to no avail. He turned me around again and pressed me to the grass. I felt like screaming! I was getting no-where in all of this! Every time I tried to put up a fight, it always ended up with me right back on my spine in the cool green grass. I finally just decided to give up; what was the use?

The surprise must have shown in my eyes because he laughed at me.

"You think you're all tough, doll? Nice try."

I stuck my tongue out at Freddie and let my breath catch in my chest, then fall.

"What do you think that was going to accomplish?" He said with a kind grin.

"I just want you to tell me what's going on. I don't like being in the dark," I murmured completely serious.

Freddie looked like he was about to break, so I pressed on. "Why can't you just tell me already? Please, Freddie?"

I saw him contemplate within himself and then decide. "Alright." He nodded. "I'll tell you as much as I can, okay?"

I smiled. That's more like it. We started to walk back to the palace and I thought about my first question.

"What did you mean when you said you knew that I wore it every day? You can't lie to me about anything. I can tell when you lie you know."

"I know." He nodded. "But you can't be upset about this. Please know that it's completely for your safety and nothing more."

"Okay." I said, curiously.

"Um." I waited as he stumbled over what to say. What on earth could it possibly be? "That necklace... it's not a normal necklace. It's my own personal tracking device."

I stopped dead in my tracks. "What?" I said, probably too loudly. That was the LAST thing that I expected. I felt mixed emotions in my head. He was tracking me? Everywhere that I went? A feeling of affection washed over me, instead of anger. If anything, this showed his love more than anything. Giving me such a gorgeous gift as a means to my safety? That was beyond caring, beyond sweet, and beyond anything that anyone had ever done for me. I couldn't believe the man that I had. I looked up into his worried eyes. He probably thought that I was going to be really mad at him. I don't know how I could be. Anyone who would be mad for something like that was a total crack head. Sure, it could be looked at as over protective, but for the situation that we were in, I could see his worry and I respected that.

Tears came to my eyes. My boyfriend loved me so much that he made sure he knew every place I went everyday while he was gone. Even though Jameson was there, even though I was under complete protection, it wasn't enough for him. I reached up and kissed his mouth soundly.

"That's the sweetest thing that anyone has ever done for me, Freddie. Thank you so much."

"So you're not mad, then?" He asked hopefully, to make sure.

"Not one bit." I grinned when he grinned. It made my insides tingle and he pulled me close to him in a warm hug.

"I love you, doll."

"I love you too."

## Chapter 21

### Chapter 10

Freddie

We pulled away a few minutes later. I felt so relieved that she wasn't upsetâ at first I thought that her reaction was of anger, but now I see that it was nothing but pure love. Wow. What did I ever do to deserve such an amazing girl? It was unreal.

We walked hand in hand back to the castle. She had mentioned that she was smelly, when in reality she wasn't, but I figured that she would be grateful to have some time to refresh herself.

We were silent in our own thoughts during the walk back. I don't know what she was thinking about, probably about the necklace and everything like thatâ but all I could think about was when she went all 'commando' back there. I thought back to the way left acid on my skin; a burning sensation unknown to mankind.

We reached her room and I told her my plans for her. She smiled sweetly at me and said that she really would like a shower. I informed her to look in her closet and she would find clothes that fit her perfectly. Back in the states, I had eyed her size. She really was perfect to me. Everything about her body.

I told her that I would come get her when it was time for 'le dÃ©jeuner' or lunch to you Americans. I still marveled that it was only one o'clock pm. It felt like she had been here for years already. I thought it was spectacular how she fit in so well in this new environment. It was like she was a chameleon; always comfortable wherever she went. This, of course, budded another seed of love for this girl; in the garden that I already thought was full.

As I left her, I instantly felt lonely. How much it meant to me to have her right next to me, our hands laced togetherâ 'Ahh. I'd better not go into that.

I walked to the security room with a cheerful heart. It was always a good thing to walk into that particular room when you were in a good mood. For it was dark, and grey and the only light that showed was the hundreds of TV screens from all of the cameras. Hallways, Stables, the driveway, heck, even rooms were being spied on. As I entered the room, I seriously had to make myself stay away from the sector of cameras that had been placed in Arianne's division. It was the same one as mine, yes, but there was nothing to see in my room. In Arie's, however was a beautiful young woman with a heart to match her face.

I escaped my thoughts when I saw Paul beckoning me to his desk. He had a 'special desk', placed in a small corner of the room, where there were small walls dividing it from the rest of the operation. It looked sort of what you would imagine a cubicle to be, and I kept reminding myself to get a better space for Paul. He did far too much to deserve this tiny little space. But he never complained, and that was one of the reasons I trusted him so very much.

Ã« Je suis dÃ©solÃ© de vous tirer Ã partir de votre temps avec Arianne. Mais c'est la raison exacte pour notre rÃ©union. Ã» I am sorry to pull you from your time with Arianne. But this is the exact reason for our meeting.

I nodded my head in understanding. After their fantastic job in bringing her here safely, I was very close to giving them all \$1,000 raises! See how nice I am?

Ã« J'ai peur que j'aie de trÃ©s mauvaises nouvelles pour vous, cependant. Ã» I'm afraid that I have some very bad news for you, though.

"Ah?" I asked, curiously. "Comme?" Oh? Such as?

Ã« Comme cela. Arianne et Jameson ont Ã©tÃ© attaques ce matin aux l'aÃ©roport. Nous ne savons pas pourquoi, ou qui, mais c'Ã©tait une expÃ©rience trÃ©s dangereuse pour votre petit ami. Ã» Such as this. Arianne and Jameson were attacked this morning at the airport. We do not know why, or who, but it was a very dangerous experience for your girlfriend.

By this point my teeth were clenched and I could have sworn that lava was pouring out of my eyeballs. She was what? I didn't say anything. Not for a long time. Paul took this time to go through some papers and then finally handed them to me.

## Someday My Prince Will Come

"These are the lists of suspects that we have so far. We have checked all air-wave recordings, but nothing has been transmitted since four o'clock yesterday afternoon." Paul said in rapid French.

I responded in the same, "And what was that?"

« Je ne sais pas, altesse. » I don't know your highness. "It was a gargled message, too complicated to understand."

I nodded solemnly. I didn't care about the suspects. My mind kept flying to Arianne. She was attacked today? Her life could have been taken from me, right in my own country. I shuddered and put my hand to my head. Paul questioned my health, but I told him that I needed to think through this. He told me that he was doing every possible thing to find out what was going on. I simply nodded and walked away.

I kept on walking until I reached Arianne's room. Why didn't she tell me? How could she keep that from me? I must have distracted her with my selfish kisses. I felt a dagger plunge through my heart. To think; I might not be coming to see her, happy and cheerful right now. I could be going to her dead body, crumpled in my arms; never to see the light of day ever again. The thought made me sick and I felt my stomach pumping. This was the last straw. It was too close, now. She needed to be under constant surveillance; I really didn't care at all how much she didn't like it.

My suspicions were right. She did hate it. For the first two days, my heart ached as she begged me to release her from 'her prison', as she called it. Each time, I took her hands and gently, but firmly told her no. Each time she frowned and her lips pouted, and each time I only wanted to soothe her pain with a kiss. Sometimes, I gave in. Other times I tried but she wouldn't let me. Something happened that I was not expecting in all of this. She was becoming upset towards me for doing such 'a constricting thing' to her. I tried to apologize; I even brought her huge bouquets of flowers, candy, chocolate, love notes, the whole nine yards. She thanked me for them, but I knew what she really wanted was to be able to walk in the castle; alone.

Maybe I had gone a little bit to the extreme. Every time she stepped out of the door, there were three men waiting for her. They escorted her everywhere, the dining hall, the garden, the library, everywhere. At first she was only complaining to me about how they grabbed her. It made her feel like a puppy, she said, and I gladly took those restraints off. She was mine to touch and mine only, even if it was just holding an arm.

One chilly morning, about three days after she had arrived, the clouds miraculously parted and I felt the sun warming my face through my window. I opened my eyes and smiled a little, stretching my arms. They were a little bit sore from working out last night. I looked at my arm and flexed. Man, I had such pathetic biceps. Quickly getting dressed, I remembered what today was. Me and Arianne's picnic with absolutely no security! Too good to be true! It definitely was.

We weren't doing anything too risky. We were still inside the castle walls, but in a certain section of the garden, I knew of this darling little place where the cameras didn't reach. It was a small nook, hidden by a large oak tree. The tree was so large that its branches covered an entire lawn which rested beneath it. It was shaded, quiet and completely off limits to the cameras; my mother and father had gone there on countless occasions, just to get away. Of course, we were not completely deprived of help. Hidden in the bushes was a small alert mechanism trained for certain words. If you said them, the alarm would sound in the castle's security room, and men would be there almost instantly to save you from harm.

My parents and I had done this drill a countless number of times, but we hadn't needed to use it so far. I prayed that it would never come to such a thing. It was a good thing that this part of my country didn't have snow. Being December, it was cool, but not too cold. I've heard that our weather here is much like California's. It only snows in some places, but in the winter it just gets chilly; sometimes even seventy-five degrees.

I went straight to Arianne's room after taking a hot shower and dressing in something casual. No need to look fancy when you were going to be rolling around in the grass for half the day. Knowing Arianne, and knowing me, I knew that grass stains would be a definite possibility.

Knocking on her door, left me in a tizzy. I couldn't wait to see her and spend time with her. The past few days had me in the security office from morning till night and I'm afraid I only was allowed to behold my sweet princess at meals. I nodded courteously to all of the men standing outside her door. One, two, three, four. Wow. Four men? Since when had it been four? I thought I only assigned three? Oh well. I didn't really pay attention to who they were, because an opening door killed my thought process.

## Someday My Prince Will Come

Then, as if my body needed to be crushed to the ground even more, I saw Arianne. Did one of the guards just kick me in the stomach? For all the air was out of my lungs the second my eyes connected to her. She was smiling at me, hair loosely curled in gentle waves, and flowing down her shoulders. She was wearing a white sundress with darts all around the waist, making it look even tinier. It came down to just before her knees, and the square neckline accompanied by the thick white straps made her shoulders glow.

"Hey-" I slurred slightly, still looking at her appearance.

"Hi!" she said, happily. She reached up on her tiptoes and planted a kiss on my lips. I smiled as I felt my love for her pack up times ten in my veins. She would be the death of me.

"You look really nice," she said as we walked away from the guards.

"Nah," I denied, "Nowhere close to this goddess right hereâ!" my arm was around her waist, and I moved my hand up to tickle her ribs. She squealed in giddy delight and pushed me away from her.

"Don't do that, Freddie! Il est ndrÃle pas!" It's not funny, she added in French.

"Fine. But I can't think of any other way to control you, you little spitfire!" I teased and pulled her back to me. She responded by wrapping her arms around my waist. I felt her constrict gently and it made me smile.

"Oh please," she said looking up at me. "Do I look like a spitfire to you?"

I stopped walking and gently pushed her away, still holding on to her hands. I deliberately let my eyes trail down her entire body, making sure she saw me do it. I wanted her to know how much I loved everything about her, including her body. I lifted my eyes up to her face and saw the roses in her cheeks. I laughed at this, and answered her, shaking my head.

"Nope. Tu est trÃs belle, et je t'adore, Arie." You are very beautiful and I love you Arie.

The roses in her cheeks grew more prominent and we started walking again, disconnecting a pair of our hands, but savoring the touch of the other.

"I'm not beautiful," Arianne stated evenly. "You're more beautiful than I am."

She smiled as I chuckled a bit. "I'm not sure if I should take that as an insult or a compliment."

"Take it as a compliment!" She pushed my shoulder playfully. "You know what I mean."

I nodded and looked down at her. She had this wonderful glow about her today; I wondered what could possibly make her so very happy? Her eyes twinkled, her face was continuously twisted into a smile, and she walked with a little bit of a bounce. I found it positively appealing!

"You look so happy today. Why?"

"I've wanted to be with you for so long, Freddie. Not just this month, but ever since I met you. I can't describe how happy I am to actually have it. I've never had anything as wonderful as you; all this," She said waving her arm about the castle, "in my entire life. It's overwhelmingly amazing. I guess I'm just happy because of you." Well, that made my day! What was so great about me? By this point, we were outside of the palace and I noted the unusually warm zephyr, a strong but gentle breeze, carefully blowing her hair about her face. The sun shone down onto both of our faces, and I squinted a little bit. We were both silent. I'm not sure, but I can almost guarantee that she was enjoying the bright day as much as I was. I kept her hand in mine even when the path became big enough for only one person at a time. So I led the way, and kept her close behind me, loving the feel of her skin on mine.

Finally, we reached our secret little destination. There was a picnic basket and a blanket all set up for us when we got there; one of the perks about being royalty. I was comfortable in my jeans and long sleeved shirt and sweater, but I felt Arianne shiver and I realized how much of a selfish jerk I was; not telling her to grab a sweater.

"It's pretty cool out here. And I meant the weather, but it's cool in that way too-" Arianne stuttered, disrupting my thought process.

I smiled, "I know. I love this place so muchâ! But here, take my sweater. I have on a long sleeved shirt." I handed her my garment and she took it without protest. A feeling of guilt washed over me. "I'm sorry I didn't tell you to get something warmer onâ! you just looked so mind-bogglingly beautiful andâ! I guess I forgot," I added sheepishly.

"Oh, please Freddie. It's totally not your fault." Arianne encouraged, snuggling closer into the fabric. "So why doesn't this place have any cameras anyway?"

Arianne

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"It's meant for privacy." Freddie replied. "There are a few more places like this inside the castle, but we're not completely without help."

"What do you mean?" I asked, curious. If there were no cameras, thenâ ????

"In these bushes, right over there actually," Freddie pointed behind me, "is a small little device that has a word activated alarm." My eyes grew large in surprise.

"What are the words??" I sprang up from my seat on the blanket, now fully interested.

"Hold your horses," Freddie said coming up behind me. "You have to look in the right spot." He placed a hand around my shoulder to stop my head from spinning in 50,000 directions. My gaze followed his hand as it parted a certain section. We bent over slightly and peered inside the little hole, and I saw a small silver box looking thing with a big red spot on the top of it.

"Activate," Freddie suddenly said, and I jumped a little from the randomness of his command. "Sorry," Freddie responded. I said nothing but smiled, and then wrinkled my nose at him.

Suddenly, about four seconds later, the small red spot rose with a little whirring sound. My mouth became and 'o' as I looked closer. Oh, the advantages of having a prince as your boyfriend!

"Listen carefully, now, okay Arie? I've instructed for the guards to hear the alarm, but not to do anything about it. If it sounds twice, however, then they'll come running. So make sure that you don't say it after me, okay?" Freddie instructed. I nodded my head and listened for his words.

The air stood still as Freddie cleared his throat then paused. It was like walking on broken glass; the tension was astounding. It seemed to be forever, millions of years, decades before he spoke-

"Sourire."

"That's it?" I said, feeling a wave of disappointment wash over my curiosity. "I thought it was going to be something complicated like, 'code 6742' or something."

Freddie laughed. "No. It means 'smile' in French, but I'm sure you knew that. It was my mother's favorite thing to say to me, 'Always smile.' The code was different before she died, but then I changed it; to remember her by," he gave me a sad smile. Standing straight, I put my hand around his shoulder and gave him a hug. "I'm sorry, sweetie."

"It's fine," Freddie reassured when we started to walk back to our blanket. "I've gotten used to it as the days go by."

I didn't care if he did. That was still the most awful thing that could possibly happen to someone. So I gave him another hug then looked up and gently kissed him on the mouth. Now, my intention of the kiss was only to show him my love by throwing him a token of my affection, but he responded to the kiss by pulling me about the waist; so that I was touching his chest. I giggled in between our lips, and answered by grabbing a lock of his delicious hair. He moaned a little, and I was surprised by how easily I turned him on! I would have thought that a girl like Sophia would do more justice in that area.

This made me feel wonderful, so I pulled my other arm up to his slight curls as well. Freddie deepened the kiss and my stomach rumbled in the midst of all of this, making me realize that I was hungry.

"Freddie!" I pulled away slightly and looked into his eyes, grinning. "I'm hungry."

Goofily, my prince wiggled his eyebrows at me. "So am I!" He then grabbed my face and kissed me again, making me laugh in my throat. He released me shortly after, however, and we both sat down to eat. Freddie opened the picnic basket and revealed a delicious lunch.

After the fresh grapes, roasted turkey Panini's, fruit salad, and Italian sodas were devoured, Freddie and I left our belongings and decided to take a walk. He wanted to show me the little bridge over a small creek in the garden. The pond at my aunt and uncle's farm had reminded him of it, and he had a hankering to show it to me, for some reason.

So, I willingly obliged and took his hand; letting him lead me through the maze of flowers and stepping stones. It really was a beautiful garden. There were humongous oak trees, willow trees, cherry trees, all sorts of different ones; each placed in the realm of plants perfectly. There weren't too much, but not too little, and the theme was definitely built into the 'white wicker bench' look. I loved it here; I understood why this was Freddie's favorite part of the palace. Even though it was December, the air was crisp and cool, just a little bit too cold to wear a sundress.

## Someday My Prince Will Come

The sun shone through gray skies, and I could imagine the glory of the place in the spring, when all was fresh and in perfect balance. I sighed and then realized we were stopping; standing on a white little bridge that ran over a creek.

I let go of Freddie's hand and leaned over the edge, placing my elbows under my arms. The wind grabbed at my hair gently, and I was glad that I had kept it down today. My heart was welling with happiness; filled with joy, love and the overwhelming feeling of finally being safe.

Freddie's arms encumbered around me, making me snuggle into his warmth. I closed my eyes and breathed deep, forgetting all of the problems that I struggled with before this glorious day. For a long while, we just stood there enjoying each other's touch, and the peace of the garden.

I broke the silence by asking the love of my life a question; "Why is this bridge so important to you, Freddie?" "Well," he thought, his chin moving up and down on my shoulder as he spoke, "when I was little I came out here one night and saw my parents standing here, cuddling like there was no tomorrow-"

"Ew!" I interrupted. If I ever saw my parents making out, there would be some serious repercussions.

Freddie laughed at my disgust. "I know, I know, parents doing that is gross to some people. But you didn't know my parents. They were so loving, so very calm and kind," he said pulling away from me. He walked down the bridge a little more before he spoke again, very slowly. His eyes were glazed over, like he was somewhere else; some other time. "My mother and father had to have been my best friends. We were always together. Every breakfast, lunch and dinner we would eat as a family, no matter what important speech there was, or what grand ball. My mother was my playing companion; she couldn't have any more children after I was born. She taught me everything, how to be proper, but not too proper. How to show kindness, but not flirt with all the cute little princesses. She taught me when to be serious and when to laugh. She also taught me to respect our security. They've always done so very much for our familyâ My parents made me laugh, but never cry. They smiled all the time, and I don't think I ever saw them frown, except once... They were the greatest inspiration to me, that I've ever had. Well, them and you," he came back to the present and gave me a loving smirk. I blushed and waited for him to continue.

"I think it was also the night that I saw them, which made me love this bridge. It was when I was seven, fourteen years ago, and there was a small war that my father had to leave for. It nearly broke my heart to have to see him leave us; my mother and I. I didn't really understand why Paul couldn't just handle everything by himself. He seemed to do everything else. My father shook his head and told me that that's what kings were for; making sure everything ran smoothly, and not letting someone else do all the work for them. That's what made good kings, he told me. Throughout all of this, my mother just smiled and nodded her head, telling me that he was right. I thought for a while that she didn't care, but then I saw them that night under the stars. She was crying and he was holding her tightly. I heard her say the same things that I did, 'Why couldn't Paul just handle everything?' My father had laughed lovingly, and he started wiping tears off of her grief-stricken face. Then he said, 'Because I love you and Frederick too much to let anything happen to either one of you.'"

By this point, silent tears were running down my face. The way he described them made it so much harder that they were gone. I couldn't imagine how he must feel, if even I was standing here crying. However, Freddie stayed strong, as he continued;

"I thought that little sentence was the most valiant that I had ever heard from my father. I remember feeling sick at the stomach for thinking my mother didn't care, and I wanted to rush over to them, but I didn't dare ruin the scene. My mother stood there, crying for a couple more minutes, then gradually she stopped, my father was comforting her by running his hands up and down her back. Of course, just walking up to see this might be revolting to some people, but it showed me just how much he did love us. That's when I promised myself that I would be just as brave and strong a king as he; I just never thought it would be so soon. I also promised myself that I would love a woman like my father did, and when I knew that she was 'the one', I would take her to this bridge just like my father did. He was so-"

Then I saw it. My prince was crying. It wasn't an over-emotional sort of crying, 'oh woe is me, I lost a game' or 'this movie is sad, I'm going to cry.' It was full of pain and of love. It was silent, I didn't even realize that he was crying until his voice squeaked slightly and he stopped talking. The tears were running down his face slowly, but the pain in his eyes was too much for me to bear. I rushed to him as fast as my legs could carry me, and all I could think of doing was embracing him, comforting him as he let out his pain.

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Frederick Stephan Papillion III was a strong man. He was brave, opinionated and tough, so for a rock solid guy like this to be cryingâ it meant pain. Utter and wretched pain. My tears were also flowing down my face, threatening to destroy my meticulous makeup, but I didn't care. I felt the liquid of my eyes land softly in Freddie's shirt, and my tears seemed to make him hold me tighter. I stopped crying before he did, I could feel the tears in my hair long after mine had dried, but I held on like the world was ending and he was my life source.

There was nothing, no amount of money or power that would drive me away from this man. I felt his hand running up and down my back, and I smiled. When he told me that we were meant to be that evening by the pond at my aunt and uncle's house, he was right. And there was nothing in the world that could change that.

## Chapter 22

### Chapter 11

Freddie

I gave Arianne one last kiss before I told her that I would see her later. We were at her room now, and my mind was swirling; still catching up from the emotion that I had surfaced from the depths of my heart. I couldn't believe I told her about all of that, or much less started to cry. When did I ever cry? Oh well, I guess it was for a good reason. I discarded the lump that wanted to form in my throat, and instead looked at Arianne's bouncing curls as she walked into her room, and then shut the door. God, I was lucky, wasn't I? I smiled at the door, as if I could see her through it, and subconsciously saw the cluster of body guards standing around the wooden separation. I decided that I needed to talk to Paul about this; four bodyguards were really a bit too much. For the first time in a year, I actually felt happy in my palace. I hadn't felt this kind of joy for a long time. It felt good to be happy; to release worries to someone that you loved.

I walked into the security office with a blundering grin, "Hello Paul," I said as I greeted the back of his body. He was leaning against a desk and suddenly he whirled around, catching me off guard. I frowned at his behavior and casually asked what was wrong in French.

"Prince Frederick, I was just about to send for you," he said quickly responding in the same language. Paul's mannerisms were making me worry all the more. He was a very collected man and he hardly ever showed his emotions. Something was definitely wrong. Great; way to ruin my happy day! My heart rate increased as he blurted a string of words, "We have just received another threat, but this time in the form of a letter. At first it was just another threat, but at the end is where we have finally found our answer."

"An answer?" I nearly screamed, "what is it?"

"Read the last paragraph," Paul told me. I grabbed the wrinkled white paper and scanned the words, 'Say goodbye to your little princess. Your bodyguard Jameson has done a great job so far; make sure you give him a raise, he has been a very big help to us. Are you worried about your country, my friends? I would be more worried about your sweet Arianne. Goodbye.'

Jameson? It couldn't be! He had been my bodyguard for years now! It just couldn't be possible. I felt the sting of betrayal burn my soul. It simply seemed like a mean joke, for it didn't sink in the right way; at first. I wanted to believe that there was something wrong; it just couldn't be the truth.

"Are you sure that Jameson is really the answer? What if they're trying to delude us? Take down our own players so that we stop trusting each other!" I reasoned, my eyes wild with the truth. They wouldn't lie about something like that. Then it suddenly became clear to me. Jameson was working for them the whole time. He was assigned to become close to me; know my weaknesses and fears, and after four long years, he had finally found one. Arianne. Yes, he had been there when I had first seen her in all of her glory, and he saw the infatuation immediately. He knew our feelings for each other, and he knew what I would do to get her out of danger, hadn't I instructed him to stay behind to watch out for her?

I put my hand to my forehead as Paul spoke, "This is the reason that you were not attacked in America. The enemy has found what you want most, and Jameson is the one who led them to it. They figured that if they killed you there, it would be harder than kidnapping your girlfriend and using her as a ransom, and the price? Your country!"

"No," I moaned suddenly feeling weak. How could this be happening? And on my happy day, too?

"I have sent countless amounts of men to search for Jameson; he mysteriously disappeared after the shooting. Now it's clear that he rendezvoused with his group, no doubt planning the next move. I wouldn't be too worried about Arianne. I have assigned a number of men to watch her every movement, and report every time she leaves her room.

I nodded, understanding completely. "I'm sure she will be safe. I was just coming to talk to you about how many men were guarding her, but now I think that four bodyguards are quite sufficient." I smeared my fingers over my temples, desperately trying to take away the pain that pulsed in my rattling head.

"Did you say four bodyguards, your highness?" Paul suddenly said, with an edge to his voice.

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"Yes, why?" I asked with suspicion, looking up at him blankly.

"I never assigned four bodyguards, Prince Frederick," Paul said, confused. "Only threeâ€" "

I looked at him bewildered and then suddenly my heart exploded. "Jameson," I whispered. Paul's eyes grew large and I suddenly sprang up from my chair and sprinted out of the office, my nerves slowly disintegrating with worry. I could hear Paul right behind me, and he was breathlessly ordering men about through his watch, which was also a system of communication.

"Lock down the palace, I repeat, lock down the palace. Do not let anyone out, I repeat, Lock down the entire palace."

I only sub-consciously heard his orders for my mind was filled with only one word, Arianne. I don't know if I've ever run faster in my entire life, as I did that afternoon. We rounded the corner to the hall where Arianne's room was, and I suddenly stopped breathing as I saw what lay in front of her door. Three bodyguards were lying helplessly unconscious on the floor, the back of their heads oozing bright red blood onto the white carpet.

"ARIANNE!" I screamed as I ran through the already opened doors. "Arianne, where are you? Arie?" My lungs were starting to hurt and my eyes burned when they connected with my brain that her room was empty. No, no, no! I frantically rushed around the room, looking under the bed, behind the curtains, in the closet and in the bathroom, and there was no sight of my sweet Arianne. I felt my lungs giving way, and I struggled to breathe, the hyperventilation taking over my airway. I refused to give up, not until I found something that would lead me to her; a clue.

Anger descended onto my face, making my teeth squeeze together and my breathing become a growl. Then suddenly my eyes caught something white as I looked to the large desk that was in a corner of her room. I jumped for it, and as soon as my hands touched the paper, I felt as if it would burn to ashes from the heat of my touch. "NO!" I suddenly screamed after I read the note. "Arianne!" My voice was lined with despair, and I started to feel physically weak. But then, suddenly, I felt hatred seeping out of my every pore. My eyes flared honest fury and they bore a hole through the carpet that I was simply staring at. I suddenly went into a daze, and everything around me, all sounds, all senses were completely blocked out from my mind. The only thing I could think of was my precious doll; what would they do to her? I slumped into the chair at the desk and pressed my elbows on the lifeless wood. I buried my head into my hands, and all I could do was sit there; my body was suddenly unresponsive to any movements. Paul rushed over to me when he saw my disturbing state and then his eyes widened as he read the note out loud, voicing the two words that I never had planned on hearing, "You lose."

## Chapter 23

Arianne

"You inspire all the good, all the great, puts me in the mood for love," I sang happily. Claire Denamur's songs were always so beautiful, so happy, joyful; inspiring. I twirled around in my humongous bathroom and burst out in a fit of bubbly laughter.

Freddie always made me feel like dancing around like a maniac, and so I did. For once I was actually free to jump around as if I was crazy, singing at the top of my lungs, without anyone knocking on my door and telling me to shut it. "Puts me in the mood for, love!" I sang. I opened the door to my bathroom and exited, attempting at a few pirouettes while my hands flew loosely above my head. The room was dark, darker than I remembered and I suddenly stopped dancing as I noticed that the shades had been closed. How strange! I could have sworn that I opened them as soon as I came in here! I shrugged the matter off as I convinced myself that I had just imagined it, until:

"Miss Arianne."

"AH!" I shrieked, putting my balled up fists in front of me, ready to attack. I spun in a semi circle, and then saw a shadowy figure lurking in the shadow of my huge bureau. "Who's there?" I wailed, not really wanting to know the answer.

Suddenly, Jameson emerged from the shadows, and the only reason I could tell it was him was because a small glint of light escaped from a crack of the closed drapes.

"Oh, it's only you Jameson," I muttered, feeling awfully embarrassed about spinning around in such an undignified manner.

"Yes, it is only me," Jameson said. I frowned as I heard the sarcasm in his voice. Was he making fun of me? Really? I was about to stubbornly protest when Jameson's quick, harsh words stopped me.

"The prince would like to see you, your highness. He has sent me to retrieve you."

I grimaced even more at his strange words. I had just seen Freddie less than five minutes ago. It seems that if he wanted me, then he would come back himself, not send someone. That wasn't like Freddie at all.

Something wasn't right here, and I oddly felt strange with no one else near me. The silence was filled with tension, and I could tell that Jameson was strangely impatient. Something was definitely wrong, so I decided to just nod my head and go along with Freddie's wishes. "After you," Jameson said, offering an arm out into the air when he saw me stir. I tried to smile but my heart beat was too distracting. I felt nervous; I had that kind of feeling that you get when something bad is about to happen. And boy, was I right, for the moment I stepped in front of Jameson, he suddenly grabbed me from behind and shoved his strong hand over my mouth. His other arm went around my neck, and I found it very difficult to inhale. My eyes grew wide with terror, why was he holding me like this? He had already gotten my attention! And then he spoke. It wasn't the usual dull but lighthearted Jameson that spoke to me, it was a completely different man entirely.

"Don't make any sudden moves and everything will go easier for you, doll." His voice was deep and menacing, and it sent shivers down my spine. My adrenaline was kicking in, and I suddenly felt the urge to fight him; especially for calling me Freddie's nickname. Oh, the nerve of this guy! I paid no regard to his warning, so instead I thrashed around and tried to scream through his wide, muscular hand. I was getting really scared at this point. It seemed that every time I struggled, it was another deafening blow to my courage, for it was hopeless to get free from this humongous being's grasp.

I let out another terrified scream and I felt petrified tears streaming out of my eyes. My pupils were dilated from the darkness and the terror, and I suddenly felt Jameson move his position and, for a millisecond, he removed his hand from my mouth. However, before I even had time to think, much less scream, Jameson was growling at me to shut up, and a soft cloth replaced his rough hand. The cloth smelled delicious, but I knew what he was trying to do.

I held my breath, not allowing myself to give in that easily. Jameson saw my attempt and suddenly rammed his fist into my stomach. A searing ball of pain welled in my tummy, and I winced as my lungs forced out a breath. The cloth was still over my mouth and I realized just why he had done such an awful thing. He was

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forcing me to breathe in his despicable concoction. My brain resisted, but the law of nature was winning this battle. I had to breathe, like it or not. As hard as I tried to oppose, my nose sucked in a whiff of the sweet smelling fragrance that had been doused onto the cloth.

It smelled like something acidic would taste, but at the same time there was a very poignant and sweet smell. I felt Jameson's fist ram into my gut again, and this time I croaked at the pain. Again, I breathed in a whiff of that awful aroma, and I started to feel my eyes going crazy. Dizziness overtook my body and I felt myself falling limp. Another blow forced me to suck in a breath and suddenly everything became black. The last thing I remember was Jameson's evil chuckle as I fell to the soft white carpet with a crash, helplessly holding my stomach.

I woke up with a jolt. I felt excruciating pain in almost every part of my body, but the place that hurt the most was my sore tummy. I blinked in the dark, trying to adjust my eyes to the lack of light. I was sitting on a hard wooden chair and my hands were behind my back, tied together with a thick itchy rope. I suddenly struggled in vain, as though the thought of fighting the bondage would burn it away. However, the ropes stayed firmly wrapped around my crossed hands, and I rolled my eyes in annoyance. What an inconvenience this was; sitting here in a dark room and being completely helpless. I started to feel angry at myself for not doing something sooner. I should have made a run for it instead of trying to fight a six foot six body guard. Jameson was humongous; there was no way that I could have beaten him.

A length of time went by, and I wasn't even sure how long it was. An hour? Two hours? It was impossible to judge anything when you were groggily sitting in one position like this. Eventually, my eyes became accustomed to the dark, and I could make out that I was in a lifeless room.

The walls were a dark color, and from what I gathered, the chair that I rested in was in the middle of the small space. I sighed as I wondered how long they would keep me sitting here like this. My stomach rumbled and I suddenly wondered if I would ever eat again. Despite my conditions, I really wasn't that scared; most of my frustration was from the emotions which aroused at the prospect of Freddie's worry. I knew he must be screaming at the top of his lungs; ordering men to do random things so as to find me as soon as possible. I let my chin droop, my neck tired from holding up the one hundred pound brain. It must have gained weight, because I never remembered it being this heavy.

Suddenly, the door flew open and made a loud 'crack' as it fully swayed and hit the wall behind it. My head shot up to its normal position, and I squinted my eyes as light came pouring through the doorway. Two men in black walked in from the lighted hallway, and the outside of this room looked to be what an abandoned hotel would look like. It was damp, all the walls were gray, and the wooden floor was scarred up and covered with shavings or splinters. My heart beat quickened as the men came closer to me, and now I felt frightened as I wondered what they would do. I started breathing in short little gasps, and I ended up sounding like I had just run a quarter mile sprint!

However, I was completely wrong from my worries. The two men in black stood on either side of me, and I noticed for the first time that they had AK snipers grasped firmly in their gloved hands. They looked like SWAT members from the way they were dressed and I wondered who could be coming in here that had such a distinguishing set of ken dolls, like this. Somebody important, I guess.

Suddenly, as if on cue to my question, another being entered the room, followed by that traitor, Jameson. I sneered at him when I saw him smirking at me, and I fathomed as to what must happen in people's lives to make them choose these kinds of lifestyles. My attention shifted from Jameson to the man standing in front of him. He looked like he had a high rank in society, for his clothing was dignified and well kept. A captain's hat adorned the peak of his skull, and I saw him looking down at me from where he stood in all of his condescension.

"C'est Arianne?" This is Arianne? The man sneered at me. "C'est que Frederick aime tant?" This is what Frederick loves so dearly?

"Oui," Jameson nodded stiffly, looking down at me slightly.

"Je vois pourquoi," I see why, he said suddenly breaking into a smile. "«Je suis Monsieur Reynard, le petit cousin de Frederick et le vrai hÃ©ritier Ã Bieland. Tu es trÃ¨s belle ma Cherie." I am Mr. Reynard, Freddie's second cousin and the true heir of Bieland. You are very beautiful my dear. He leaned down until his eyes were level with mine, and his face erupted into an impious smile. I just imagined his face exploding.

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My thoughts made me smirk, and I instantly saw confusion on his face. I clarified as quickly as possible, «Je ne peux pas dire le même pour vous, monsieur.» I cannot say the same for you, sir. I accidentally let out a small laugh when I saw his eyes change from flirtation to anger in a matter of milliseconds. He suddenly raised a hand as if to strike me, and I raised my head higher, challenging the blow with a determined set of my jaw.

Wow, what courage, you might be thinking. No. Actually, I was scared to death of what these men might do, but I figured that I might as well pretend to be brave so maybe they wouldn't think they could push me around as easily. I was overjoyed when Reynard's hand stopped in mid-air. His grimace turned into a soft scowl, and I found myself thanking God for bestowing this wondrous endowment upon me. It was silent as our eyes locked; I was nervous that they could hear my heart thumping around in my chest.

"Leave us," Freddie's second cousin suddenly barked in French. I averted my eyes away from his and watched the two men beside me quietly leave the room as ordered.

After they shut the door, it was dark until a light popped up from above my head. I saw Jameson at the wall with his hand on the light switch. He moved casually back to where we were occupied and placed his hands in front of him, clasping one around the other.

"I think you should know, my dear, that I am not to be trifled with. Do not be afraid, you are simply here as a matter of urgency on my part, for I could find nothing else in this world that Frederick might trade for his kingdom."

My stomach churned at the thought, and this time, it wasn't from hunger. My nerves were melting inside me, and I desperately hoped that Freddie wouldn't do such a thing; give up his country to save me. I wasn't even worth that much.

"But," the man continued, "I would also have you know that if you make me angry or do something even remotely close to being irrational, you can be eliminated from this planet with nothing more than a snap of my fingers." He quickly lifted his hand and demonstrated what he meant by pressing his middle finger and thumb together, then snapping them irately. I jumped at the sound of it, almost expecting a cold bladed knife to scrape across my neck at any moment. I started to breathe faster, and my face revealed inclusive worry.

Reynard evilly laughed, which made me scowl in annoyance. I heard my stomach rumble and his eyes shifted to my stomach, then slowly down my legs. I stirred, trying to get the feeling of his eyes away off of my body. Suddenly he stepped closer to me and bent over, leveling his face with mine, yet again. "Are you sure that you don't want to leave your silly little prince for me? I'm going to be the one with the big bucks after this is all over, you know."

I pursed my eyebrows in horror. "Ew!" I said with disgust, "You're like fifty! Get away from me, you perv!" I jutted my leg out in front of me and soundly kicked him in the shin. He yelped in surprise and momentarily stepped back, wincing slightly. Jameson rushed to me and lifted my chin with a raised hand, aiming at my face with a vengeance. He was about to strike when the Reynard suddenly told him to stop. Jameson obeyed, but was obviously confused because he lifted his shoulders in question. "Leave her. She's just testing us," he spat in French.

He grabbed my cheeks with one hand as Jameson let go of my face. He jerked my eyes to his and held my face tightly between his fingers. I winced at the pain. I think he was trying to squeeze my teeth out of my mouth, for that was how hard he held on. "That was strike two, princess. One more and you can forget your dreams of Prince Frederick saving you. He won't have anything to save."

My eyes widened and I shook my head out of his grasp. He snickered malevolently and I felt tears burning my eyes. I fiercely glared in hatred at the men standing before me as they quietly exited the room. Jameson turned off the light before he left and I could feel him glaring at me through his dark glasses. I bared my teeth at him before he laughed, and I could have sworn that he rolled his eyes, even though I couldn't see them.

Suddenly, I was alone. The tears were falling down my face like a waterfall. I couldn't believe that this was happening to me. A hot drop of liquid fell onto my lower cheek and I felt the sensitivity of my skin where that vicious man had hurt me. I gently wiped my cheek off onto my shoulder and sniffed back a wave of mucus.

Oh, how disgusting. I needed a tissue. Just the thought of having to use my shirt made me cry all the harder. My stomach was sore and hungry and my cheeks were burning from the hot tears. The pain developed my cries, and soon they became sobs. How long had it been already? Would they ever find me? Another tear fell

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onto the tender skin of my face, and again I wiped it off with my shoulder. Suddenly, my chin grazed something cold and thin. I frowned as I tried to realize what it was, and then rapidly, I whooped with joy as I remembered what adorned my neck! Freddie's necklace was lying with me in all of this, and my sobs became giggles. I couldn't believe my luck! Here I was crying about my rescue, when my prince was probably tracking me at this very instant. I instantly praised God for having such an overprotective boyfriend. "I'll be okay," I smiled, whispering to myself in reassurance. "Freddie will save me. I'll be okay." Eventually my tears dried as I thought about just how long it might take for him to get here. Then, in the middle of my happy thoughts, my face suddenly scrunched in aggravation. I had to go to the bathroom.

## Chapter 24

Freddie

"Prince Frederick? Prince Frederick?" I heard my name being called and lifted my head from my arms where it was softly buried. Paul's words echoed in my ears and the ringing effect made my never ending headache increase. I shook myself awake and tried to focus on Paul's blurry figure. I blinked a few times, and then saw him looking down at me with worried eyes. I saw his face overcome with fatigue and realized that I had fallen asleep at a table in the security office. It had been about 10 hours since Arianne had disappeared. I felt myself growing weaker when I thought about every minute that she had to endure; wherever she was. At the thought of Arianne, my mind suddenly jolted awake.

"Anything, anything at all?" I pressed at Paul. He solemnly shook his head and all I could do was sulk. The more I thought about it, the more my head throbbed. The more I thought about it, the more the pain in my heart scratched deeper and deeper. I let out a mournful groan. How long would it be until I saw her face again? Would I ever see her eyes shining with happiness? Would I ever see the soft hair that crowned her head, falling onto my shoulder as we embraced? The sudden thought of losing Arianne pumped me up. I looked to the table where I had scribbled down a million and four different ideas on a notepad. After the first five hours, my brain stopped working, so I was forced to use this notepad so that I could actually remember my train of thought. I looked to the clock. It read 2 o'clock a.m.

I shook my head, turning away the sudden bout of fatigue that washed over my brain. I knew I was tired, but there was no way that I would stop working; stop fighting this. Whoever was holding Arianne hostage right now would be toast by the time I was through with them. I let out a sigh and then realized that Paul was dozing off while he was standing next to me. I couldn't help but smile and I sincerely appreciated the way he had been working. He had been doing more than me, and I had already fallen asleep. I'm sure that he would be grateful for even a few hours of rest.

"Paul," I said softly, still grinning like a maniac. "Go get some rest. I'll handle everything for a while." He shook his head in disagreement after wobbling his head around a few times. I frowned at his stubbornness, but inside I applauded at his diligence of duty for this country. "There's no option, Paul. As your superior I command you; go get some rest."

Paul looked at me funnily after my little spiel, but firmly nodded and said, "Oui, altesse."

My smile grew wider. I watched him stumble off as he tried to conceal a yawn. What a great person. He was sacrificing himself for something that I loved. He hadn't even met Arianne. I looked about the room and saw all of the night security doing random things around the office. Sentimentality welled into my aching heart, calming in down somewhat. Each one of these men was doing something for me and my country. It really made a guy appreciate life more.

Three hours passed, and no matter how much I thought about my Arianne, nothing seemed to take away the sting of sleep that begged for attention. I stood up, trying to wake myself up, but it was absolutely impossible at this point. It had been a long day; a very long day, and my mind resisted the war against slumber, but my body eventually won the battle. A few of the head security officers helped me to my room and I collapsed onto the bed. The instant my head hit the pillow, my eyes clamped shut, and I fell into the painless universe of dreamland.

I had the strangest, most startling dream. I was back at Harvard and it was the first day that I had met Arianne. I dreamt that instead of wearing running shorts and a t-shirt, that she was wearing a habit. I gasped in disappointment when I saw her forbidden face, and in my dream I noticed even then how very breath-taking she was; even when she was donning a nun's outfit. I felt myself wake up slightly, and but it was so minor that I could only feel myself turn to the other side of my body.

The next time I dreamt, it was definitely worse and more tragic than the last one. I dreamed that we were holding hands while walking to class, and suddenly a gunshot rang in the once peaceful air. In my harmless hallucination, Arianne fell to the ground with utter pain written on her face. I saw blood pouring from the back of her neck, and I screamed in horror. Suddenly, before I even had time to wake up from that one, the

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scenes randomly switched and we were at 'Le Bon Appetite.' I had just given her the necklace and she was smiling like she had just won the lottery. I was so glad that I had given it to her in the first place becauseâ Suddenly, I bolted straight up in my bed. Since when had I been such an idiot? I can't believe I had forgotten about the necklace. Pulling the covers off of my body was like taking the wrapper off caramels; quick and painless. As fast as I could in my half delirious state, I ran to Paul's room and pressed through the doors as if they were air.

"Paul, Paul, Paul," I chanted. I felt as if I was insane talking like that, but I couldn't think of anything else at the moment. "Paul, Paul, Paul," I kept saying loudly until he was awake.

"What's wrong?" he demanded as soon as he had drifted out of dreamland. Paul rushed over to where I was standing. I had my hands on my knees and I suddenly looked up at him from my position. "Le Collier, Arianne as le collier de moi," Necklace, Arianne has my necklace, I stammered, trying to catch my breath. "This is about a necklace, Prince Frederick?" he said rapidly in French. "Come on, you need to get some rest." Paul grabbed my arm firmly and started to lead me to the door. By this time I had caught my breath to a considerable amount, and I jerked away roughly while I grabbed Paul by the shoulders and slightly shook him.

"Je ne suis pas idiot, Paul!" I'm not crazy, Paul! I exclaimed. "Arianne has the necklace that I gave her, the one with the tracking device in it. It's our ticket to find her, Paul, we must hurry!"

One hour later, we had a target on where Arianne was. It was in one of the larger villages in my country, the second largest, in fact. As soon as we received the location from my trusty stalker's tracking device, I was ready to go in the helicopter that dozens of SWAT members were flying around in. Paul was ordering people about, and when he suddenly saw me in the black uniform and boots, he grabbed my arm to stop me. I spun around with a crazed look in my eye. He was keeping me from saving Arianne, and each gasp that I breathed freely could be another step closer to her last.

"What are you doing?" I snapped, "We're wasting precious time here, Paul!" I struggled to free myself from his mighty grasp.

"There is no way that I'm letting you go out there Prince Frederick!" he said shortly with determination. He didn't even have to say anything else; that alone was enough to make me realize that it was going to be really hard to persuade him otherwise.

I shook my head and stared at him with longing in my eyes. "I have to go, Paul. I can't just sit around and wait. I need to do this, get back at those people for what they've done to me. The only way to do that is by getting back Arianne by myself; not with help from anyone else. Please," I begged, "I need to do this! It's the only way that I'll say sane. You know I'm going crazy without-"

"Alright," Paul suddenly cut me off, gruffly. "I understand. But you must promise to follow my orders and only what I say. Your life is too much at risk already. Please, Prince Frederick. Promise me that."

Wow. It had been easier to win than I had thought. I suddenly let out a short breath of relief. "Thank you, Paul. I'll never forget this. And I promise. You have my word as a Prince." I shook his hand firmly and a sudden rush of strength seemed to flow through him into my heart. Knowing that I had people like this behind me, made fighting for this country all the more worth it.

I suddenly whirled around and sprinted to the helicopter which was waiting for its ascent. I jumped into the mechanism and told the flier to lift off. It was time to get Arianne back.

## Chapter 25

### Chapter 14

Arianne

I felt another stinging hit whiz onto my cheek. It was sore already from the constant strikes, and I winced as the pain of the fresh hit mixed with the soreness from the old ones. I closed my eyes, trying not to lash out, but to be fairly calm. My tears had long since fallen down my face, and another gallon of them came tumbling down in saltiness. I was angry, and I was just imagining what Freddie would do to these people for treating me this way. My thoughts of vengeance were quite drastic, and it scared me how much I suddenly hated the male generation.

"Now, let me ask you this again, princess," the awful Reynard remarked, "what are Prince Frederick's plans on retrieving the information about us?"

"Je ne sais pas!" I don't know! I yelled again. Why wouldn't they believe me? Freddie had told me absolutely nothing, I hadn't even been in the security office let alone know his plans of attack! I started to sob and wondered what it would take for them to stop hurting me. I was sick of the pain, and my lip was already dripping sour blood.

"Je promets, je ne sais pas! Je ne sais pas!" I promise, I don't know! I don't know! I suddenly couldn't let it in anymore and started to scream at them in English:

"What is wrong with you people? Can't you tell when someone's telling the truth? I'm freakin' bleeding from my mouth for goodness sakes, do you think I like it? Do you think I like to be slapped around by you crazy morons? Stop, just stop! I don't know anything; if I did I would be trying to endure the pain, not screaming at you like this. Just SHUTUP!" I finished, panting heavily. The entire length of time that I had been shouting at them, I had been lightly lunging and struggling against my restraints. I now glared at the man who was doing all the hitting and also at Jameson who was frowning down at me from where I sat.

After my little rant was over, I spat in each of the men's directions. Blood mixed with my saliva left a strange taste on my swollen lips. My pleasure suddenly sprouted up in the midst of my disgust when my spit landed on Jameson's humongous shoe. He glared at me and it was so very cliché when he reached out to strike me. My head flew to one side, and I could feel the bruise on my cheek intensifying, as well as my head's ache. I suddenly lifted my chin and rolled my eyes at the action. I saw Jameson strain in annoyance. He probably wanted to wrench the living daylights out of me for being so derisive, but I saw him hold back. I wondered at that moment if there was any good inside of that man. I really pondered on this, and almost didn't notice the man in charge speaking to me through gritted teeth.

"I can see that our work here is done. You know absolutely nothing, and I'm wasting my precious time. Les hommes," Men, he suddenly muttered angrily, "Nous avons." Let's go.

"Un moment," One moment, Jameson suddenly muttered. "Je veux un moment seul avec la femme." I want a moment alone with the girl.

"D'accord," Okay (Agreed), Monsieur Reynard said lightly. He sneered at me one last time before turning on his heel and storming out of the room. The room was suddenly eerily silent. The feeling that was crawling on my skin, at the moment, was the same that I had experienced in the room with Jameson all those years ago. How long had it been in reality? My mind had millions of questions, and they weren't all about my predicament.

"What do you want?" I hissed, wiping the corner of my lip onto my sweaty shirt.

Jameson stopped pacing back and forth, and he stood before me, making me stare at his stomach. "Want? Oh, nothing special, Miss Arianne. I simply want to know you're thoughts. I want to know what you think of me. It prides me to hear of what my work has done to others. It makes me feel, shall we say, happy inside?"

I suddenly let out a crack of laughter. This guy was too much for me. I don't think that he was really that bad. Not deep down inside.

"Jameson," I said sweetly, obviously throwing him off. "I never had a chance to tell you how thankful I am for all that you've done for me. You know, keeping Freddie safe for all those years, so that I had a chance to meet

## Someday My Prince Will Come

him, letting us have our own little adventure in that kitchen all those months ago, watching me for months just to make sure that I was safe. I never got to properly thank you. So, thank you Jameson. Thank you for all that you've done for me. I sincerely appreciate it," I finished with a sarcastic smile. The nerve of this man, betraying my boyfriend, much less a prince. I couldn't see anything but a big red target when I looked at this guy, and I knew that he was going to be dead meat when Freddie came. Oh, where was Freddie? When would he save me from this torturous doom?

"Very funny, Arianne," Jameson said in disgust. "I am not going to fall for your stupid ruse. I know what you are trying to do; make me soft. Well, it's not going to work. I didn't do any of that for you. I did it for myself. Do you really believe that all those snipers at the airport weren't able to hit you? If I hadn't instructed them to shoot only in front and behind us, you might very well be dead at this moment."

"So why did you do it?" I countered. "Why didn't you just let them shoot me?"

"Simple. I knew that if you were dead, then we would be just as close to getting the kingdom then before. We would have a very sorrowful prince, oui, but with you, my sweet," Jameson leaned down and looked at me in the face. His glasses were off, and his eyes were black; the color of darkness. They shone with a glistening effect of evil, and I narrowed my eyes in revulsion. "We can get so much more. So much more," Jameson finished. He whispered the last sentence with greed. I wanted to bite his nose off right now; I had so much anger boiling inside me, ready to blow. This guy really was bad to the core. I couldn't believe him.

"I hate you so much right now, Jameson," I muttered as he stepped away.

"The feeling is mutual, my dear."

"So why did you wait?" I asked, suddenly curious as to his actions. "Why did you get me safely to the palace if you were just going to steal me away?"

"It was all for the effect, you know. Let the prince believe that you were safe so that his guard wasn't up as much. I must tell you that the other three guards assigned at your door were a temporary setback, but that was taken care of with little difficulty." Jameson let out an evil chuckle.

"What did you do?" I whispered in horror. No, maybe I didn't want to know.

"It doesn't matter now. Don't worry your pretty little head about it. All I want from you is to tell me what you know. You must know something. You're the prince's petite ami." Girlfriend.

"Ugh!" I groaned after I rolled my eyes. "What is wrong with you? Can't you tell by now that I'm telling you the truth? I'm telling you for the last time, Jameson," I said his name with annoyance, "I don't know! Now if you ask me that stupid question again, I swear, I'm going to kill you!"

Jameson looked at me with an amused expression. "It amazes me how much courage you have against a man who could very easily do anything he wants with you. I'm not going to deny your beauty, mademoiselle. It's absolutely stunning."

"Blah, blah, blah, Jameson," I quipped. "I know you aren't going to do anything to me. I'm your ticket to the country, remember? I'm not stupid."

"No. You aren't stupid, Miss Arianne," Jameson replied thoughtfully. "Which is why I'm thinking that you'll make a wonderful wife for Monsieur Reynard after this is all over."

"You mean that old guy with the cape?" I shrieked? "You really do have a twisted mind! Besides, you said yourself, you need me to get to Freddie. So, sorry to disappoint you, but that's not going to work. I'd kill myself before I'd let that happen." I couldn't believe that I was having a discussion with Jameson about this. It was quite frankly immensely awkward.

Suddenly, he surprised me by letting out a short laugh. "Be assured, mademoiselle, ending your own life won't be necessary. I'm sure that you'll be gone before you even get such thoughts."

My stomach lurched. "What are you talking about? You said-"

"I said that you are what we need to get this kingdom, Arianne. Frederick will no doubt sign the paperwork before we hand you over to him. Of course, we'll promise to keep you from harm until the papers are in our hands, but who says that the 'bad guys' have to keep their promises?"

I felt scared tears brimming from my tear ducts. They wouldn't do such a thing, would they? How completely awful. I never thought that they could be so low. "You monster!" I suddenly screamed and struggled with my bonds, yet again. Jameson only let out an evil cackle.

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"Bonsoir, mademoiselle. Sleep tight." Goodnight miss. Jameson smiled a toothy grin before he finally left my room and shut the door behind him. I know it sounds pathetic, but I couldn't help but cry. Sobs wracked my body when I thought of the terror that Freddie would experience. He would lose his country and the one he loved. I strangely didn't even care about losing my life. All I could think about was how my prince would feel after all of this.

I was glad that I had been given a bathroom break a couple hours ago, but now my stomach rumbled in annoyance at my deprivation of nourishment. What I would give for a hot juicy steak right now was scary. Eventually, my tears subsided, and I gagged as I used my shirt for a tissue, yet again. I wasn't even going to bother washing this shirt. It was headed straight for the trash can. Plain and simple.

\*\*Thank you for reading all the way through this! It was boring, I know; sort of an explanation chapter, but those are pretty important. Don't let me stop you from reading the rest!\*\*

## Chapter 26

\*Sorry that it took me so long to update. I've been more busy than you can possibly imagine!!! Well, I hope you like this chapter! This story will be coming to a close after a few more posts! Thanks for sticking with me this far! Enjoy!\*

### Chapter 15

I had just dozed off, when suddenly I heard the door creak open slowly. It woke me up completely, but I let my head hang; maybe they would see that I was sleeping and leave me alone. I closed my eyes tightly and prayed it wasn't some horny guard who had been around men for too long. I felt the ground tremor slightly as the being's footsteps echoed into the walls. I remained as still as a statue. Terror was spreading through my lungs, and I found that I had stopped breathing entirely.

Then, suddenly, the man shook me slightly. "Mademoiselle?" Came a deep trembling voice. "RÃ©veiller! S'il vous plait-" Wake up! Pleaseâ ;

My hair covered my face as my eyes opened and I frowned. This guy was begging me to wake up? It definitely wasn't one of the men around here. Maybe I was being rescued! Hope stung my brain as I slowly lifted my head. My heart pounded in my ears like seventeen million drums. The first thing I saw was a pair of legs, clad in black pants which were tucked into dark boots. The next, was the tip of an AK sniper shotgun. It looked even more menacing this close to my face, even though it was pointed at the ground.

I felt my lungs constricting from lack of air, but my body refused to breath. Worry crowded my features as I slowly raised my head, tilting it farther and farther north. I then saw a belt, loaded with random things like bullet magazines and a communication device of some sort. It looked almost like a walkie-talkie without the antennae. Then, to my eyes appeared a black shirt covered by a bullet proof vest. I saw the buttons mismatched slightly, and wondered how fast this person had gotten dressed. Then I saw a strong jaw line covered by a black mask, similar to the ones you would wear in a paintball game. It covered most of the man's face; all the way up to just below his nose.

His eyes were sheltered by a pair of black sunglasses, but they looked pretty heavy duty. On the top of his head was a dark round looking helmet. It covered most of his head, and I was actually surprised that his face didn't have a shield protecting it.

"Who are you?" I suddenly croaked. The breath in my lungs was pumping fast, so my gasps were short and hurried.

"A friend. I'm here to rescue you," the man gargled.

I let out a sigh of relief and a huge smile took over my face. "Please get me out of here fast, I'm tied up and I can't move!" I pleaded, and the man rushed to the back of the chair and freed me from my bondage. I felt like jumping around in glee; I was finally being saved. Emotion that I had never felt before over took my entire being. I was still grinning, but my happiness was dulled when he ordered me around, roughly. "We have no time to waste. Follow me. Do exactly as I say and do not take your eyes off of me, whatever you do. This place is wired to blow in exactly ten minutes; so we don't have time to delay."

I nodded solemnly and if I wasn't already committed to Freddie, I would have married this man right now. I loved him with all of my heart. He grabbed my hand and quickly but smoothly led me out of my room into the hall. I sucked in a surprised breath when I saw a guard outside my door, slumped onto the ground, dead. I tried to be brave and ignored the trauma of it all, and desperately struggled to forget about it by focusing on my surroundings.

It was exactly as I had pictured it. This place had to have been a hotel of some sort, because it had dozens of doors lining the hall in which we ran. The man was taking huge steps, and his humongous gun was ready for attack, carefully placed under his right arm. His other hand was still around mine, and I sincerely hoped that there was nobody behind us. We ran down the hall deftly, before rounding a corner.

"Stop!" I suddenly heard a voice shout. I looked to the hall before me and saw a man pointing a gun at our faces. Then, before I could even gasp, the man holding my hand fired his weapon, and soundly hit the enemy.

## Someday My Prince Will Come

I shrieked and closed my eyes, clutching the man's hand ever so tight. My heart beat like a drum, and I felt tears falling down my face as we passed the corpse. I don't know why I did it, and I can't explain it, but something possessed me to glance down at the body as we sprinted past it.

The body was lying still, completely without life, and I let out a shudder as I momentarily squeezed my eyes shut, again. He was dead. He was really dead. My heart filled to the brim with pity and regret. I know that he was the enemy; the bad guy, but I couldn't help but feel sorry for the man. I tried to shake off the feeling of outright murder, knowing that it was all for my safety. A wave of nausea hit me, hard, and I was thankful that I was in shape; running this fast would definitely be harder to do if I was a couch potato.

I couldn't help myself, but every couple of seconds I glanced behind me. I had this awful feeling that someone was going to attack me by coming out of one of the rooms with a knife. This quickened my pace, and I was glad when the man sped up. I suddenly saw a door up ahead that said 'STAIRS' on it, in big, bright red letters. The officer in front of me smashed the butt of his gun into the old wood, sending the large slab falling to the floor before us.

His grip on my hand tightened, and for some reason it gave me a momentary burst of valor. I tried not to show how tired my lungs were but instead, my chin rose and eyes widened. I couldn't believe that I was sleepy at a time like this, but lack of water and food can do that to a person.

I clambered over the splintered wood with ease, and I groaned internally as I saw the flight of stairs looming before me. I rolled my eyes as the officer hopped over three at a time, and my arm felt as if it was about to be yanked out of its socket. I bounded up the raised concrete as fast as I could, but this man's legs were strong and ready for action. Plus, he had probably consumed at least some sort of nourishment before rescuing me, just now. As much as I, and he, didn't like it, my exhausted body slowed both of us down. I could hardly breathe as I counted just how many flights of stairs we sprinted up; five. We rounded a bend and up the man and I jumped, bounding over the stairs as if they were hot coals.

My entire chest was starting to hurt from the constant exercise, but my adrenaline suddenly lurched as the man shouted at me: "This is the last flight of stairs, and then we're on the roof! You're doing great, Arianne, keep trying. We're almost there!"

All I could do was nod, but hopeful excitement reached the darkened parts of my heart. Then, suddenly out of nowhere, I saw a humongous black figure jump out at us on the landing before the last flight of stairs. I screamed in surprise, and the officer let go of my hand as was about to shoot, when the figure commanded us to stop. Jameson stood before us, grinning evilly. He had a pistol in his hand, and he was pointing it at the two of us, daring our bodies to move.

"Well, well, well. Look who we have here. The princess to be and her little rescuer. Just keep your hands up and don't make any sudden actions, or your little trophy here gets a bullet in her head," Jameson told the man beside me. He swiftly swung the gun's attention to my face, making me suddenly cringe at the thought of his aim. Jameson triumphantly snickered when he saw me cower in fear. Suddenly, the man beside me spoke and the suddenness of his voice almost made me jump.

"Look, if you let us go now, I can make sure that you can get off a lot easier than you would if you murdered an innocent young girl."

I nodded hurriedly in agreement, just wishing that I could knock that gun's focus off of my face.

"Oh really," Jameson quipped back, "And what makes you think that I would listen to some insignificant little man from the Special Forces?"

"Because," the man replied, suddenly pulling down the front of his mask and his glasses with one quick swipe, "What I say goes."

The movement caused Jameson to move the gun to Freddie's head in alarm. I suddenly balked at our sudden discovery. Freddie was the man who saved me? A feeling of awe washed over me. He had risked his ridiculously important life, just to save mine. He had willingly placed himself in this hellhole, just so that I could live. I couldn't believe that he would do such a thing for me. Our hands were still connected and I squeezed it gently as he looked into my eyes with a slight smile.

"Hey there, doll."

I almost melted on the spot. "Oh my gosh Freddie, you're crazy forâ€"!"

## Someday My Prince Will Come

"Stop!" Jameson suddenly shrieked at us. I frowned at whipped my eyes in his direction. He was glaring at the two of us and I could tell that he was slightly confused as to what he should do next. His expression suddenly turned sour when he looked to Freddie more intensely. "Prince Frederick. It is so good to see you here. Now all I have to do is kill the little brat and take you hostage. It will be much easier for you to sign the papers here instead of trying to capture you at your own palace."

"I don't think so, Jameson. Like I said, surrender now, or face the consequences."

During Freddie and Jameson's staring contest, the slow ticking of the timed bomb was ringing in my head. It was all that I could hear in the back of my mind. Tick-tock. Tick-tock. Then, I noticed that the gun's nub was no longer pointed at me. I rejoiced inside for two reasons; the first one, was obviously the fact that I wasn't about to be shot any moment. The second, Jameson felt that he should hold the aim on Freddie instead of me, showing that he thought Freddie would be more of a threat to him than I would.

I suddenly smirked when an insignificant plan formed in my head. Jameson was seriously mental if he felt that I wasn't a threat. I slowly let go of Freddie's hand, and I felt the alarm in his body when I did so. He didn't make it very obvious. I kept my gaze on Jameson; he was boldly directing every ounce of his attention onto Freddie, giving me the absolute advantage here.

"To surrender would be worse than death," Jameson was saying angrily. "I will never do such a thing. You and Arianne will accompany me to Monsieur Reynard. You will sign the necessary papers and then the country will finally be-"

At this moment I lunged at Jameson, thrusting my leg out and piercing him directly in the kneecap with my foot. He screamed out in alarm, and a random gunshot went off in the air. I fell onto my butt, and then screamed at the loud sound, hoping fervently that Freddie hadn't been hit. I looked up from where I was crouching against the wall and my breath picked up its pace as I saw Freddie tackling Jameson into the wall ahead of him. Freddie suddenly swung at Jameson's rock hard jaw. I winced as I heard a crack, either from Freddie's fingers or Jameson's face.

I decided that this was too much for me to watch; my hands covered my face frightened tears streamed down my face. I heard the two men struggling against each other, and this encouraged my tears all the more. I heard another fist contacting skin. I screamed in horror as I imagined blood oozing out of Freddie's mouth. The thought sickened me and nausea flew over my stomach almost instantly. I suddenly heard another loud crack, and then one of the men hit the floor with a grunt. Again, I screamed, tears helplessly running down my face as I prayed to God that it wasn't my Freddie on the floor.

It was quiet for about two seconds, except for the clicking in my head, and then I jumped when I heard someone groaning in pain. My head buried farther into my knees, and I covered my head with my arms; as if I was a three year old and doing such an action would hide me from the seeker. I heard another pounding of skin on skin, over and over again. I suddenly became curious as to why there wasn't the sound of a struggle any longer. I really can't tell you where I summed up enough courage to actually lift my eyes from my knees, but when I finally did, I was glad that I had decided to do so. My stomach lurched as I saw Freddie leaning over Jameson's unconscious body, pounding away at his face with his angry fists. I leaped over to the scene and grabbed Freddie's arm right before he was about to strike again.

"Freddie stop!" I urged, as he struggled; blinded by absolute hate. "Freddie, please, let's just get out of here. We're running out of time!" I was holding back Freddie's arm tightly, and I saw him glare at Jameson's bloody face with blinded fury. His eyes were somewhere else, walking down a path of abhorrence and revulsion. Tears started to crawl down my face, yet again, and a small sob escaped from my throat. This seemed to be all that Freddie needed to wake up from his trance. He suddenly shook his head slightly and looked at me with guilt and relief. I quickly pulled his head to my shoulder in a quick embrace.

"Arianne," he whispered urgently, but I cut him off.

"Not now, Freddie. Quickly, we've got to go; now! The bomb, hurry!" I pulled him to his feet after he nodded slowly; obviously still in a daze for mauling someone carelessly; like he just had. I ran up the stairs, blood pumping in my ears. I felt that I was a balloon, and if somebody poked me then I would burst from anxiety. We flew up the stairs, and then suddenly I saw it. My label out! I never thought that I would be so happy to see that wonderful four letter word in my entire life; ROOF. I burst out of the door and found myself on the large brown covering.

## Someday My Prince Will Come

The wind was flying about mercilessly, and my happiness did a somersault through my soul when I realized why. There was a humongous helicopter waving its propellers, waiting for us in this crisp night air. I let out a cheerful squeal, and I felt Freddie's strong, warm hand intertwining with mine. We sprinted to the helicopter and as soon as our feet touched the floor, we were being lifted into the air effortlessly. The door wasn't completely closed in the flying machine, however, and Freddie suddenly grabbed the edge, trying to gain his balance in this moving contraption. I grabbed his arm to hold him in place; the copter was whirring around so fast that it was even hard for me to stay in balance. Then suddenly, a deafening boom caught me off guard and I shrieked at the pain that ruptured through my ears.

I suddenly felt a humongous wave of heat close over my entire body. It was so hot, in fact that I worried about the safety of the helicopter. What if it melted and we went falling to the ground? I realized that the building had just blown to shreds, with me and Freddie only seconds away from the mind-numbing explosion.

Then as if an afterthought to the dreadful heat, a numerous amount of shock waves burst into the fiery air. The helicopter suddenly shook at the impact of the jolt. I saw the driver grimacing when he expertly maneuvered his hands around the small steering device. Then suddenly, I heard a heart-wrenching, terrified scream.

"Ariane!" My head flashed to where Freddie was crouching, and my heart stopped when I saw him losing balance; ready to fall into the sky.

I lunged out to grab him, but a nightmare occurred as Freddie was bumped out of the helicopter and went flying away, into the air. "Freddie!" I wailed in heartbroken terror. Then, as if by some immaculate miracle Freddie's hands caught on one of the steps of the helicopter, and there he hung; suspending in the sky with only two hands to save him from peril. I dove onto the floor of the machine while tears were streaming down my face from the heat, dirt, and terror.

Somehow, in the midst of all this, I wrapped my feet around the leg of the nailed in chair, so as to create an anchor. My hands flew to Freddie's wrist, and trepidation overtook my body as I clung to him, praying that he wouldn't slip.

Everything seemed to go in slow motion as I clung to the love of my life's wrist, holding on so hard that I'm sure he was losing circulation. Freddie let out a scream of horror. His despair only urged my emotions on, sending me into a near hysterical place.

"I won't let go Freddie. I won't let go!" I sobbed, clinging to him with all that I had in me. I watched, frightened, as my prince suddenly looked below him. "Don't look down Freddie! Please, don't look down." The truth was, if he became frightened, then heaven knows that I would become a wreck, so I begged him to be strong, just for the sake of my sanity. Freddie screamed something to me, but I couldn't hear him over the whipping blades of the helicopter, and the air that rushed by us at hundreds of miles per second. Dazed and slightly deaf, I looked at him, encouraging Freddie to repeat himself.

"I said let go! Let go, Ariane," Freddie yelled at me. His green eyes held nothing but complete terror, but I also saw confidence written there, as well.

"Are you crazy?" I retorted. "I'm not letting go!"

"Arie, you need to trust me. You need to let go. If you love me then you'll do this for me; please. Let go of my wrist," he screamed in despair. My eyes were wild with emotion. I couldn't believe that he was telling me to do such an awful thing. I would rather die before I let him fall to his death. I shook my head determinedly. Then Freddie looked at me with the most confident and beseeching look that I had ever seen him offer. "You need to trust me, before it's too late. Let go Ariane."

I shook my head again, he must have suffered one too many blows to the head, earlier. He was completely out of his mind. I suddenly felt him struggle against my grasp, letting one of his hands loose from the metal of the helicopter. I looked at him, eyes wide and questioning and I decided that as soon as we got back to the palace, he was going straight to a psychiatrist.

"What are you doing?" I yelled, angry and confused. "You're going to die!"

"Please let go. They'll be there. Just let go before it's too late," Freddie wailed. I suddenly looked into his eyes and saw that I needed to do what he asked. I needed to let go. I suddenly nodded slowly. "Alright. I will. Tell me when," I said as quiet as I could over the noise surrounding us.

"One, twoâ!" Freddie started to count. I gulped. "Three! Let go now, Arie, let go!"

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I suddenly freed my hands from his wrist and screamed in distress as I saw him plunging to the earth. I couldn't believe that I had just let go of the man that I loved. What kind of a sick minded human being did such a thing? I crawled back to the chair and sobbed; the cries wracking my body in humongous movements. I sub-consciously heard the driver angrily cussing at me in French. He was no doubt livid at me for letting go of the crowned prince at one-thousand feet over land. I ignored him and made myself believe that he was somehow alright. He had to be; he told me to trust him, I could see that he knew what he was doing. Still, even with the assurance that I did Freddie's exact wishes, the feeling of releasing a person from your grasp in the middle of the sky wasn't exactly comforting. Suddenly, as if in a dream, I heard an echoing voice calling my name. I noticed that we had slowed down a considerable amount and the wind didn't whip around in my face as much as it previously did.

"Mademoiselle! Regarde! Regarde!" Miss, look! Look! The helicopter flier spoke suddenly. He unexpectedly started to cheer and laugh, loudly, causing me to lift my head in perplexity. I saw his finger pointed to outside of the helicopter, and I cautiously moved closer to the open door, for I needed a better look outside.

What I saw then would be in my heart forever. Think about the best thing that's ever happened to you. Think about your stomach when it churned and rolled over that one special emotion. Think of your wildest dream coming true. Imagine that feeling multiplied times one million, and you still wouldn't come close to experiencing what I felt at this moment.

Parallel to my helicopter were two more of the same model. In between the two was taut a large net, and dangling in the air above the lush green meadows and beneath the shiny yellow sun, was my prince. He was frantically waving to me with a large grin, and I could hear his deep voice blasting my name across the open space. I yelped in amazement and for the first time in what seemed like forever, I laughed happily. Relief swept over my heart, mind, body; soul like a tsunami would on a small village. How glad I was that I trusted him, how absolutely thrilled I became when I realized that I had probably just saved his life. Sooner or later, if I held on, he would have slipped, and the helicopters wouldn't be right there to catch him. It was risky, yes, it was scary, you bet, it was absolutely life-changing, of course, but I knew the reason that I had let go. Love. Selfless, true and undying love for Freddie was the only thing that brought me to trust him, like I had. I suddenly collapsed into my seat again, and tried to get used to the feeling that we had actually won. I smiled to myself as my eyes suddenly shut out of fatigue and lack of nutrition. The only word that passed through my mind before I fell into a peaceful sleep was the only name that had kept me going through all of this; Freddie.

## Chapter 27

### Chapter 16

I woke up from a slight jolt. After I opened my eyes, I realized that we were landing on the roof of Freddie's castle. The events that occurred only an hour or so before flashed into my mind. I was instantly awakened and all I could think about is if Freddie was alright. As soon as the mechanical bird hit the substance of the roof, I flung my body out toward the open air. I landed on the roof and saw that the helicopter that contained Freddie was just landing. From where I was, I peered into the closed doors of the copter, straining to see if my prince was alright.

Then suddenly, as if on cue, the door opened and Freddie jumped out of the helicopter. He didn't waste a second and before I knew it, we were embracing and I was crying joyously into his strong arms.

"Arie, oh my Arianne," Freddie cooed into my ear. My arms were about his neck and I pulled him ever so much closer, savoring the touch of his welcoming arms. I can't believe how much I missed him. I can't believe that he saved me. I can't believe that we were finally safe; safe from everything and anything that came our way. We were now invincible, together.

Freddie's arms sucked me closer to his heaving chest. He was still in uniform, and I found it rather difficult to embrace him with all of that equipment on his belt. But equipment or not, I didn't care. I didn't really care if a bomb went off right behind me; there was no way that I was letting go. Not for a long time.

My tears began to subside as Freddie's embrace calmed me down. The thought of his fingers slipping from mine as I let him fall into the air, came rushing back into my thoughts. I sucked in a breath, suddenly feeling dizzy. I clung to Freddie tighter and he just rocked me back and forth, telling me softly that we were okay. I guilty thought about how scary this must have been for Freddie as well.

Putting his life in danger to get me out of that building, fighting a humongous man, jumping out of a helicopter, just to save me; this wasn't possible. What had I ever done to deserve such a man?

Reluctantly, I removed my head from Freddie's chest and gazed up into his glassy eyes. He was near the brink of crying, that was certain, so I gave him a smile and smoothed a hand down his soot covered cheek.

"Let's get you cleaned up," I whispered affectionately. Freddie grinned and pulled me against him one last time before we descended down the elevator into a free life.

I heard a knock sound on my door, and moaned, wondering who on earth would be bothering me at twelve o'clock in the morning. I looked at the digital alarm clock next to my bed and rolled my eyes. More like noon; how long had I been sleeping?

I pulled the bathrobe which hung at the foot of my four-post bed and slipped my arms into the plush material. I smiled against the fabric, rubbing my cheek against its finery. I made my way to the doors rather slowly, and figured that if anyone needed me that desperately, they could wait thirty seconds. I pulled the door open just a peep, at first, so I could behold who was intruding my slumber.

A smile lit up my face and I yanked the doorknob nearly out of its socket whilst jumping into Freddie's open arms.

"Hello doll," he cooed into my ear. I got the shivers up my spine from the warmth of his breath.

"Hi. What brings you here so early?" I said, landing on the carpet softly and gazing into his lovely eyes. He frowned at my words.

"Early? It's noon." Suddenly Freddie's face twisted with worry and he spoke, "Are you okay? Does the back of your head hurt? What about your lungsâ" Freddie proceeded to feel around different places on my body, and I grabbed his hands just before they trailed to the small of my back.

"I'm fine. I was just teasing you."

"Oh," Freddie said, obviously relieved. "Well, I've brought you some food, go ahead in guys," he called to some people. Apparently, I had failed to notice the hoard of people that accompanied Freddie, because a trail of maids and chefs filed into my disastrous room. Freddie took my hand and led me to the bed, urging me to sit down and relax. I did as he wished, not because I liked this sort of treatment, but because I was much too tired to argue or fight his will. One of the maids pulled open the curtains, and unwanted sunlight streamed through the atmosphere.

## Someday My Prince Will Come

I squealed and covered my face with my hands, prompting Freddie to chuckle. Eventually, after dusting, vacuuming and sweeping the room, the flurry of people skidded out of my room, leaving the prince and me alone. I smelled something heavenly and glanced at the tray that was waiting to be attacked. Freddie seemed to read my thoughts, for he brought the tray that was on the desk over to my lap, and set it down softly. I grinned at the prospect of food, and lifted a few of the covers off of the plates.

"Oh, I want some of that," Freddie said, reaching out and grabbing a piece of sausage from one of the steaming plates. I laughed and rolled my eyes. Freddie went around to the other side of the bed and climbed up, letting me snuggle against his side as he put his arm about my shoulder.

"What's this?"

I suddenly jumped at the harshness of Freddie's voice and turned to see him looking at my cheek intently. I frowned, but raised my fingers to touch the sensitive skin that was temporarily part of my face. "It's just a few bruises," I said casually, trying to forget the horror of that session.

Freddie turned my chin toward him and peered at the other side of my face as well. "Those monsters," he muttered with emotion. "What did they do to you?"

My breath became ragged and my throat irked with the pain from rising tears. "I guess their favorite technique was smashing my face with their hands," I said quietly, feeling the need to sob. I squeezed my eyes shut and desperately tried to forget the pain; forget it all.

"I'm so sorry, Arianne. I should have gotten there sooner, I should haveâ"

"Freddie, stop," I said with disbelief. "Stop talking like that. I won't let you. You did so much to save me, and there is absolutely no way that I'm going to allow you to say such things. You saved me from worse, much, much worse, and I couldn't be more thankful to you for getting me out of that awful place. So I have a few bruises. They'll heal. They didn't even hurt until I started to think about them just now," I said with a small giggle. I needed him to know that I was okay. I couldn't permit him to say things like that; it would just make me nervous.

Freddie's hands gently cupped my face and he willingly smoothed my skin with care. I closed my eyes and took a deep breath, loving the feeling of his warm hands on my sore skin, and the feeling of being held by him. This is all that I longed for when I was in that room. The only thing that I could think of was getting out of there and being with this spectacular being. Suddenly, I realized that those memories didn't seem as bad. All the horrifying things that took place seemed like a dizzy dream whenever I was around Freddie. I gently shrugged the tray of food off of my lap and turned completely to face Freddie. I buried my head into his chest and started to cry softly. They were tears of joy; mind you, not a sob of fright. I couldn't be happier right now; there was absolutely nothing that could depress me.

"Freddie," I murmured into his neck, "How long have I been asleep?"

"A while," he responded while thinking. "We got here at three o'clock yesterday afternoon, and you've just opened your sweet eyes. But I was sleeping until a few hours ago, so don't get all self conscious." He laughed along with me, until I asked another question, "How long was I there for?"

Freddie mused for a few moments and then answered with spite, "About a day and a half. Believe me, it was the longest thirty-six hours that I've ever been through."

I nodded in agreement. "It felt like days, for me."

"Were you really scared, Arianne? Did you think you were going to die?"

I was surprised at the bluntness of his question, but I knew that he had to ask. I could tell that if he didn't he would always be wondering. So, I nodded and squeaked, "I was scared. More scared than I have ever been in my entire life. But you know what kept me going? It was the thought of never seeing you again. That's all that I wanted, I didn't care about food, or a bed; I didn't even care if those men beat me to a pulp. All that I could hope for was to be in your embrace before I died. Then, I would have died a happy woman."

Freddie didn't say a word, but I could feel his heart beating rapidly behind his chest. I snuggled closer to his warm, protective body and closed my eyes. Freddie and I just sat there embracing for perhaps ten straight minutes. I loved how we were both perfectly content with snuggling like this. Then I realized that I hadn't kissed my boyfriend in a while. I looked up to Freddie with a glint in my eye, and he smiled, knowing that there was something up.

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Before he could ask, I pressed my lips to his and immediately entered a realm similar to heaven. He responded by immediately placing his hands around my waist, and slowly, very slowly, our lips molded together in a kiss that was designed to savor. I smiled against his mouth, and I couldn't believe how long it had been since I kissed him. Too long; oh, too long.

Eventually, we pulled away from each other, and I breathlessly stared into his love-stricken face. Somehow, we ended up moving into a position in which he was hovering above me, and my head was smashed into a soft pillow. He smoothed a hair out of my eyes and placed a gentle, loving kiss on my forehead. I smiled and placed my arms around his neck.

"Hey, I need to go, Arie," he suddenly said reluctantly.

"Why?" The disappointment was clear in my voice. I knew that he probably had things to do, but I wanted to be selfish and keep him all to myself.

"Well, I need to take care of a few things. But let's go out and have a picnic tonight for dinner, okay? How about at four? It looks like a warm day, out there," he remarked, nodding toward the open window.

I nodded but pouted. "I'm going to miss you."

"It would be impossible to miss me more than I'm going to miss you," Freddie teased and gently kissed my pouting lips one last time before leaving my room.

## Chapter 28

"This is so beautiful, Freddie," I told him as we were strolling around in the pastures outside the castle. At first when Freddie told me that we were going to be dining in a field, I had questioned about the safety of this venture. Freddie just laughed and told me that the castle walls stretched out to about a mile behind the actual palace.

So even though we felt secluded, we would still be under complete security and possibly one hundred pairs of binoculars. This spot wasn't Freddie's favorite place to go, but he figured that since I hadn't seen it yet, that it would be a great place to spend a small little picnic. I honestly didn't care where we went as long as I had him right next to me.

Freddie stopped abruptly and set down the small picnic blanket with a gentle flick of his wrists. I closed my eyes as he placed our belongings on the fabric, and let the cool wind bite through my snarled hair. I absolutely loved the feeling of wind. It was like a harmless ghost, moving across the earth in an invisible force. It could soothe, yet it could destroy, and I found that balance absolutely breathtaking.

Freddie roused me by grasping my fingers in his hand, and I looked down at his lazy figure with a sweet smile. I sat beside him and snuggled into his awaiting arm. We looked over the peaceful meadow which was calmly stirring beneath the push and pull of the breeze. All of a sudden, my stomach let out a whine of hunger. I blushed furiously and put my hand to my stomach, as if the action would erase the embarrassing memory.

Freddie chuckled and patted my tummy whilst saying, "Looks like somebody's hungry."

I nodded and let out a smile. We, or rather, I, consumed the lunch in about ten minutes flat. There's something about being a hostage in a dark scary room that just send your appetite soaring. I tried to ignore Freddie's snickers of laughter at my ravenousness, and even got to the point of smacking his muscular arm when he accidentally snorted, trying to hide his amusement.

Freddie looked up at me with big puppy eyes from where he was lying and gasped in fake offense. "Did you just hit me?"

I nodded slowly, dramatically. "Yes. Yes I did. What are you going to do about it?"

Freddie didn't say anything but instead, answered me with a grin and the twinkle of his green eyes. My eyes widened and I let out a shriek, flying up from where I sat and running away as fast as I could across the lush green hills.

"You'd better run faster, Arie," I heard Freddie call from right behind me. "I'm catching up!"

"No!" I squealed, laughter almost cutting off my airway. I tried to push my legs faster, but before I gained any speed in the least, I felt arms tugging around my waist. I suddenly tripped, in a bout of clumsiness, and sent me and Freddie falling to the ground. His arms were still around my waist, but he suddenly went limp. I collapsed next to him and even though I had just dropped to the ground, I couldn't contain the laughter that poured through my lungs. How happy I was! I looked up at the sky and saw that there were virtually no clouds.

"Freddie," I nudged the man beside me, "Look. The sky is so blue today."

## Someday My Prince Will Come

When Freddie didn't respond, I rolled my eyes and nudged him again. "Freddie. Seriously, look." A few seconds passed, and still, Freddie didn't make a sound, not even a movement. I frowned slightly and positioned myself so that I could look at his face. His eyes were closed and his mouth slightly open. "Freddie," I said again, this time with a pinch of worry mixed in with my emotions. "Freddie, are you okay?" My heart was starting to pound. What had I done? "Freddie," I shouted in alarm. I suddenly pressed my fingers to his throat and felt a slight pulse, barely anything there at all. "Freddie, please wake up," I started to cry. "Freddie-"

Suddenly, I felt hands grab my waist and Freddie's eyes bulged open. "GAH!" he screamed and it sent me yelping in alarm. I flew to my feet and pressed my hands to my face. That stupid boy! He had been faking it the whole time. "That was so not cool, Freddie," I shouted in anger as he rolled around on the ground, almost exploding with laughter. I stood above him and rolled my eyes, putting my hands on my hips as he laid there, laughing like there was no tomorrow.

I groaned in annoyance, he had given me the scare of my life, and I felt like the stupidest person in the world at this moment. And he seemed to think that it was hilarious. Okay, maybe it would be hilarious; in a few weeks. But right now I was not in the mood to laugh. "I'm leaving," I huffed, more humiliated than anything else. I turned on my heel and lifted my nose into the air.

"Arie, I'm sorry," Freddie cooed from behind me. "Could you just wait a minute?"

"No," I said stubbornly, and continued to walk away.

"Arianne, just turn around. Come on, doll, just turn around," Freddie pleaded with me.

I rolled my eyes and stopped walking away, but continued to face him with my back. "Why should I?" I answered hotly. I wasn't really that mad. But I figured that I'd might as well give him a hard time for the stunt that he pulled just now.

"Because I love you, Arianne. You're my everything, you're the air I breathe, and you're my world. Without you, I would be dust. I'd be as worthless as sand on the beach, but with you; you make me something. You make me want to get up in the morning. Your eyes bring me out of sadness. Your smile lights up my world, and I love you. So, so much," Freddie said with emotion. I frowned in confusion, wondering why he chose this very moment to say such a sweet thing, and I turned around, perplexity struck onto my features. What I saw made my mouth drop and my breath catch in my throat. My knees went weak, and my fingers started to shake.

Freddie was grinning at me broadly, and he was kneeling down on one knee. In his hand was a small velvet box which contained the shiniest, most beautiful diamond ring that I had ever seen in all my days on this planet. "Will you marry me, doll?"

My hands flew to my open mouth, covering them from any bugs that might potentially fly inside. I felt myself starting to tear up, and I know that sounds like the stupidest thing; so cliché, but I couldn't help it. I closed the few yards between us and looked down at him, not even really caring about the ring.

"You want to marry me?" I asked, as if I had just met him on the street this morning. I just couldn't help it. He wanted to spend all of eternity with me? What had I ever done to make him deserve me? He deserved so much more. "Are you sure," I said with a slight laugh, almost expecting him to tell me that it was all a joke. This seemed so surreal, it was almost as if I would blink and it would all disappear.

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Freddie laughed and stood up, letting his eyes tower over mine. He put his objectless hand onto my face and smoothed a thumb over my bruised cheek. "Yes, I'm absolutely positive," he said as if he was talking to a child.

I looked down and blushed, feeling my face light up in his strong hand. "Sorry, stupid question. I don't know what even possessed me to ask such a thing." I shyly gazed back into his face and saw his eyes shining with love and amusement. I suddenly looked down at the ring and plucked it out, feeling the cool, silver metal substance in my fingers. The stone was a princess cut, and I thought that it was rather fitting. All around the ring were small diamonds that had been pressed into the band. I grinned at its simplistic beauty and smiled at Freddie's uncertain face. I suddenly realized that I hadn't answered his question. I slid my arms up around his neck and gazed into those jungle-like eyes of his.

"Yes. I'll marry you."

The End

\*\*\*\*\*THAT'S IT!!! =( Kinda sad, no? Thank you guys for reading until the very end and becoming fans! I'm going to be posting another story soon about a young girl who decides to make an insane change in her life, just so that she can play some *real* basketball! You're sure to love it, so please tell me if you'd like me to contact you when I post it! =)

In the mean time, I have a challenge going, right now, and I would absolutely be SO very thankful if you checked out 'The epiphany of Love.'

Again, thank you for all the support and comments!!!! \*\*\*\*\*

Lover~

# Someday My Prince Will Come

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