

Poisoned Strawberries

By : **AnotherLovelessMachine**

It's the year 2017 in a city call Trilox. In this town, being different to a whole new level is all the rage and what's in style this season? Murder and Poison! That's what Snowelle Rose finds out anyways. Every night murder occurs because of how popular it is, from the time of nine at night until dawn. Snowelle's parents were killed two years ago and she has finally found that man and slayed him herself. But Snowelle's seems to have an admirer. Jovie Cerqa, a thirty year old male who was once a good friend to Snowelle's parents despite the large age gap. The night Snowelle kills, she believes Jovie will kill her by forcing her to drink what she believes to be a poisoned strawberry drink. But when she awakes in her room, she is completely confused. The sight of strawberries make he sick to her stomach now, but only tells her best friend and maid, Raven, a powder blue haired girl. As time goes on Snowelle is forced to spend more time with Jovie and they slowly begin to connect. They keep murder, poison and love in style in the future city of Trilox, but how long can they keep it up for before they get into trouble for being in love?

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My body whipped around as I heard applauding from behind me. Had I been caught, or was it just applause from the end of the show? No, I wouldn't be able to hear such a thing from out here, it would be muffled. It was a single, deep clap from a male who appeared to be thirty years old, which made him thirteen years older than myself.

Nothing but fear ran through my body. The adrenaline which once existed in my veins was now gone. "I like how clean that cut is," He said with a smirk and my face dropped. My eyes wandered back to the bulky man who now lays motionless, breathless and cold. The slash across his throat was quick and it was as easy shot for me.

It helps hiding your blade on the inside of your jacket. The line was perfectly straight so I'm guessing I have a sturdy hand. "I've seen your work," The man told me, bringing me to confusion. What does he mean he's seen my work?

All I do for a living is draw while at home. Draw and design dresses. On the odd occasion I do archery out back, but my house is so secluded and is a large place. But this is the first person I've killed! "I have men on the inside of your house. They work for you and me. Well I guess they worked for your parents first, but now that they're deceased I guess-

"Stay out of my parents death," I spat as I looked down at the man who lay by my feet. His bloody was now pooling around his body and it was disgusting. Whatever drove me to do such a thing baffles me.

Two years ago, my parents were brutally murdered in front of my eyes by the man who now lays by my feet. In this city, murder isn't anything new or scary. Actually, it's common here but only really during the times of nine at night up until dawn.

Trilox is a frightening place to live if you don't know how to fight. If you don't know how to fight, well, you're screwed. Was this man standing before planning on killing me, or just here to admire my work? Slashing throats isn't anything impressive. It's just quick and easy.

This man with hair that matched the same color of the blood gushing from the body took long strides towards me. There's no way that's natural. But no one in this city seems to be natural. There are people around with some freaky body modifications. I've always sworn I'd never do any form of body modifications to myself. I'd only use the assistance of make up and hair color.

My lilac colored hair whipped around my face as I turned to make a break for it. It wasn't my time to die. Besides killing that man, I haven't done anything bad in my life.

A strong hand clamped onto my wrist and I was easily pulled up so I dangled in the air. Loud shrieks of terror passed my lips, but no one listened. It was just another death that no one would care about in the morning. I began trashing around trying to get out of this grip. Of course I'd go falling to the floor, but I want to get away.

It was no use, he was much stronger than I am. He must have been at least been a foot taller than myself. It was easy for him to carry me two feet above the ground with only one hand. "Shut up little flower," The man said and I spat in his face. There was no reaction from him! How dare he call me little flower!

As he walked out of the alley with me dangling there, thrashing around like a fish out of water, people just stared. They really don't care. There is so much not right with the city of Trilox. People look at the man carrying me and as he pulls out a small flask from the pocket of his dress pants.

Amazingly with one hand he was capable of twisting off the cap and tossing it to the side. I hadn't noticed I was actually watching his every move until his shinning silver eyes looked up at me. My eyes widened. It's poison. He's going to poison me!

The strong hand let go of my wrist and I went flying to the ground. My body landed on the ground with a thud and my head whacked of the pavement. There's no doubt that there's going to be a large bump. I tried to get up to run, but before I could even get an inch of the ground there was a sudden heaviness on my torso.

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When I looked up, I saw the large man sitting on me. This was it! The flask was held above my head and as much as I tried to smack his hands away it was just no use. I didn't want to be murdered, but at least it won't be as bad as my parents' death, right?

No, I'm still being murdered. Who's going to avenge my death? No one. I have no other family. I don't even have friends. But I have no choice but to accept my fate now.

What am I thinking?! I can't let myself die this easily! My lips pressed tight together, refusing to let the poison go even enter my mouth. But I hadn't thought of his options. With no struggle at all he managed to plug my nostrils shut, leaving my lungs burning for air after a good thirty seconds. My mouth opened and I sucked in a large breath of air, but the same time I did the flask was pressed to my lips and tilted up.½

At first this poison tasted like strawberries, until there was an acid taste to it. My mouth and throat were burning. The man stood up off of me and stared at me. I rolled over onto my side, my arms wrapped tightly around my stomach as I began trying to regurgitate the poison from my body.

The affect of this poison was horrible on me. My tongue was as dry and rough as sand paper, head spinning, body quivering. At first, my body was burning hot and I was sweating like I would after running for hours. After a few moments of the heat my body started to cool down. But as it cooled, I began curling up in a ball. It felt like it was now twenty below.½

My eyes shut tight and I was hoping I'd open my eyes. When I open my eyes, I'll be at home with breakfast waiting for me at the end of my bed. But when I open my eyes, I'm still on the pavement, my vision is starting to go foggy. As I breath through my mouth, I can see my breath. This is finally it.

I can feel people watching me as I die. It's a scary thought. Karma really does come around and bite you right in the butt! "Oedipus!" Is the last word I manage to bring out as the male leans down to look me in the eyes. It took a small challenge to make out the face, but with hair that shade of red, it's hard to not tell who he is.

My breathing became shallow and everything went black. It was scaring me. The last thing I heard was "Little Flower" before I'm pretty sure I died.

The pillow my face was pressed into still had the aroma of vanilla shampoo. Curiously, I lifted my head looking at the pillow that was incased in a cream colored sation cover. I'm in my bed? Quickly, I turned over onto my back, sitting right up.

Was it all just a dream? I reached around behind my head running my fingertips there. A bump is there, and it hurts. That must have gotten there as soon as my head made contact with the ground. Slowly, I moved my hands back onto my lap. The satin sheets that were on my bare legs were soft against my skin. It was relaxing. How did I even get home? I feel like I've been sleeping for months from how stiff my body is. When I looked around my room, everything was as I left it. Breakfast sat at the end of the bed like usual. Maybe it all was a dream. Did I really kill a man? Did a man with bloody red hair try to poison me? I huffed and crawled forwards to the tray pulling it to me.½

Now that I pay more attention, my mouth and throat are still burning. Maybe eating will help it. As soon as I grab my fork my stomach rumbles loudly. Right away, I loose all appetite.½

Strawberries...

Even the sight of them makes me nauseas. I can feel the acid from the bile in my throat as I scurry off the bed and into the direction of my personal bathroom, but I don't make it. My muscles in my abdoment, arms and legs began convulsing as I hurl out the acidic bile.½

My attnetion tuns over to the door. "Raven..." The name came out in a whisper, calling for my maid. The maid who has also been my best friend for awhile. Maybe if I had died, she would have been the one to avenge my death... No. Too innocent.

"Raven," I called just a little bit louder, but she still wouldn't be able to hear me while I'm this quiet.½

I began crawling towards the double doors, avoiding the bile as much as possible. "Raven!" I now shouted as loud as I possbily could. This time, a girl with powder blue hair and eyes to match came charging in.½

Tears welled up in my eyes as I looked at the girl in the flimsy cream colored dress that made her look like she was floating, charged in. "Miss?" Raven questioned as I fell to the ground on my side. My arms were weak and they just lay on the ground in front of me, weak yet they feel as if though they feel a thousand tons each.½

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I let out pleading cries wanting this pain in my stomach to stop. Raven had to help me up off the ground with some struggle. It wasn't easy. My body was so feeble right now it seemed to take an eternity to get me back to the bed. My breakfast still sat there and I avoided looking at the strawberries. Ever since I was poisoned, I'm guessing, I can't even look at strawberries.

My once favorite fruit is now practically the most deadly fruit on the face of the earth. "Do you want to eat your strawberries? I know they're your favorite," Raven asked as she rathered the tray off the bed. My muscles tensed right up and I leaned over the side of the bed spewing out more bile.

Raven had an expression of pure horror. This was something she never experienced from me. The word made the taste of the poison reappeared in my mouth. "No! Get them out!" I hollered at Raven for the first time ever. Right away I began feeling guilty.

Never before have I even the thought of yelling at Raven. "Yes, Miss," Raven said as she left my bedroom with the tray. All I did was lay there in bed. My body was burning up again like it had when I drank the poison.

Was that strawberry tasting acid really even poison? I'm curious to find this man and find out what happened to me.

Although I know I'll get a mouthful from Raven from leaving bed I managed to pull myself up again. My legs swung over the side and before I could tell myself not to, I was standing up, making my way to the door. My first stop would be to go downstairs and find Dolson, my god-father.

If it wasn't for him and Raven living in the house, I would feel lonely all the time. "Dolson?" I called through the hallway as I walked to the stairs. It's possible he'll be in the sitting room reading the Trilox Phantom while on the plush red velvet love seat.

There was no response from the elder male. At least not to me anyways. I could hear his laughter from downstairs. Curiosity got the better of me. There was never anything interesting in the Phantom, which means someone must be over. Who would come over?

Besides Raven, Dolson, some other workers and myself never really stepped foot inside the house. Being as silent as I could, I made my way to the sitting room where the two voices were coming from. Dolson and another male sounded like they were reminiscing on the old days.

"How long has it really been since we last spent any lengthy time together besides last night?" Dolson asked the man who sat in the room with him. I stood outside the sitting room, waiting for the right time to walk into the room.

There was a small pause and a huff. "I think just before Little Flower was born," That voice... I would have been able to recognize the voice from anywhere! "She's a true born fighter, just like her father was."

The man who poisoned me has no right to speak of my father like they were best friends! I don't even know who this man is! "Yes well, she'll always be like that," Dolson said in agreement. It was shocking to hear Dolson say such a thing about me.

Finally, things became so outrageous that I just walked right into the room, giving them both a blank expression. "Ah! Little Flower!" The man said a grin as if though he were pleased to see me.

My expression turned sour as I looked at him. Whoever he is. Dolson turned to face me with a grin. I don't mind if he's pleased to see me, but I want nothing to do with this other man. Fiery red hair has been slicked back and those silver eyes showed he's nothing but trouble! His eyes are lined in a layer of green eye shadow and when he speaks there's dimples. Not natural. They're man made dimples.

Recent too, because even when he doesn't speak or smile dimples are there. "Darling, this is Jovie Cerqa," Dolson said gesturing to the man who sat across from him in a large white leather arm chair.

Jovie Cerqa, the man who witnessed me kill a person, the man who poisoned me and the man who is now acting as if though none of it has happened.

The blood haired man rose from the chair, striding towards me like he had last night. My eyes widened and I instinctively stood a step back in fear of him. Am I to trust him? No! Trust him? Why that's just too funny! My eyes scanned the room, looking for the small sea foam green pack. It didn't take long until I noticed them sitting on the crystal table that was meant to be shapped like an eyeball. It almost scared me, but it was useful.

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There was an evil smile plastered on his lips and I managed to dodge his hug. He must be kidding me! I ran to the crystal eyeball, lifting up the sea foam green package. Dolson's face dropped. He watched me, thinking I was kidding.½

I wasn't. I stayed calm as I opened the top of the package with no hesitations. There sat seven cigarettes with green filters, giving it a minty flavor. Sometimes you got to love how much companies push smoking now.½

Luckily for me, the strawberry filtered cigarettes aren't sitting out. "Darling, you aren't serious, are you?" Dolson asked and I stared at him as I gingerly pulled out one of the sticks. I made it very clear that I was serious as I placed the green filter between my pale pink lips.½

The silver lighter sat on the table and before Dolson had the chance too, I snatched it up. It didn't take much to ignite the lighter before setting the flame over the tip of the cigarette. As I did, I inhaled the minty smoke looking at Dolson. As I exhaled the smoke, I noticed it was green as well.½

There was silence in the room and I looked at the two nonchalantly. I saw no problem with what I was doing. It's the year 2017, by this day in age, they can fix nearly everything. Of course it usually costs a pretty penny. It's okay though for me, my family has always been wealthy.

My parents were music producers. World famous at that. Other producers got jealous and that's why their dead. "I'm sure smoking can come back into style. I mean, murder and poisoning seems to be in style," I said with a simple shrug.

Still, silence filled the room. It didn't bother me, I'd just go back to my room and prepare myself for whatever is to come today. I've never really followed any set schedules so I always seem to go with it. "Little Flower, where are you off to?" Jovie asked me and as I walked past him to head back upstairs I scowled.

My entire body turned to face him. "You will not call me Little Flower, you will call me by my name," I demanded feeling enraged that he still had the guts to call me "Little Flower".

Jovie looked at me with a smile. "My sincerest apologies, Snowelle," Jovie said with a smirk. I was nearly ready to explode but before I could say anything, I placed the filter back in between my lips.

That's right, my name is Snowelle. I guess my parents loved the idea of snow and on the night I was born, it snowed for the first time. At least the first time for them. It snows all the time now. It's ridiculous.

As I ascended the stairs, I paid no more attention to the world. I was only determined to go back to my room. Of course, it didn't go as planned. Raven stopped me in the hall with a short, fluffy skirt the color of pearls draped over her arms. "It's a big day today!" Raven exclaimed and I stared at her in confusion.

What's today? "You should have remembered, I have it on your cellphone's planner," Raven said with a huff and I blushed deeply. Raven went through the trouble of putting an important date into my phone and I hadn't even checked it! "Miss, it's the day of your clothing lines launch," Raven told me and I nearly fainted.

How could I forget such a thing? Oh yes, I was poisoned. Not exactly my fault though. "I'm so sorry!" I exclaimed seeming a tad bit sad. Raven has been one of the only people I've shown emotions to since my parents' death.½

Raven pushed the apology aside and hurried me into my room. I'm guessing we didn't have much time for me to get ready the way she made me rush in the bath. Since my parents' death, Raven has been the one to wash my hair. Sure I'm a grown girl and I'm fully capable of it but Raven's always been there to do it. Plus, I like feeling like a child again.½

All the shampoo was rinsed out of my hair with the golden shower head as I sat in the tub to match. "Let's get going, your robe is next to the tub," Raven said as she stood up right and cracked her back. I always told her it was such a dirty habit, but I'd let her be.½

I waited until Raven was out of the room before I stood up from the bubbled water and grabbed the robe that matches the color of my hair. I wrapped it tightly around my body and tied it in place with the belt.

It was time for me to allow Raven to mess with my body. She would probably highlight my cheek bones, collar bones and legs in pure powdered gold. It's nothing new. That's how she usually makes me appear when I go out to formal affairs. My eyes would be dressed up with white eyeshadow that has sparkles to highlight my eyes. The large false lashes that are brodered with diamonds help too.

Raven stood waiting for me at my stool with the blow dryer and hair brush in hand. It always made her happy, being able to use me as her own little Barbie doll. But Barbies don't seem to be common anymore this day in

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age. Maybe it's because everyone here in Trilox is all pastel and plastic, just like Barbie.½
I sighed happily before sitting in the stool, allowing my dear friend to do what she does best.
By the time Raven was done with me, I actually didn't recognize myself this time. She had out-done herself now! Sure the parts of my boy she normally highlights are done like usual, but now she has actually caused me to look like I'm atleast twenty. My saphire eyes that are accented with silver flecks stand right out with my eye lids beign completely covered in what seems to be powdered diamonds.½
Of course the false eyelashes are there, it would be weird if they weren't. My lips were a soft pink and my hair was curled to a new extreme. My hair that once down to the middle of my back now stuck out in curls to my shoulders with pearl woven in here and there. The dress I was wearing patched the pearls. It was a wonderful dress. It was a tutu skirt that sent sparkles everywhere with each step and the bust was embroidered in pearls. How shocking.½
"Snowelle, you're so beautiful," Raven told me as she pushed a single lace glove onto my right hand and bracelets onto the left. My nails were even perfectly manicured.
Raven was the beautiful one and I've always admired her. "Thank you, Raven," I said with a grin and curtsied carefully in the stilletoes I've been put into.½
The powder blue haired girl motioned for me to turn and I did so, with a huge grin. "Did you hear who your date is?" Raven asked as I stopped spinning to admire myself in the mirror.
I have a date? That I don't know about? "No... Who?" I asked curiously. I'm almost worried that Raven will say my date is Jovie.
"Mr. Cerqa."½
Great. I'm stuck with him. I turned to face Raven with a sigh. "That man poisoned me with some strawberry tasting acid last night and I swear I was going to die," I told Raven. The first person I did tell.
Raven paused for a moment before laughing. "No! Mr. Dolson was looking for you last night, worried, so he sent Mr. Cerqa out with that sleep cuncocion to put you to sleep so you would come home," Raven explained and I felt guilty.
I still believed that whatever it was is poison. I wanted to smack my hands to my face, but I was worried that I would ruin Raven's wonderful job. "I guess I have to deal with him," I said taking in a deep breath. With some struggle I walked to the door of my bedroom, pulling it open.½
There stood Jovie, ready to knock with the back of his hand. The two of us were dressed the same and he looked at me with a smirk. "Cute," Jovie said before walking along. This would be the most horrid night of my entire life even though it's suppose to be wonderful.
Even though I despise him, as I followed Jovie I could help but admire the pearl white suit we wears with the diamond collar of the jacket and the pearl tie. His eyes are outlined in a powdered diamond like mine. There's no doubt that he's a beautiful man, but he's evil. "Let's go," Jovie said sourly and I scoffed.½
He didn't have to be so rude, but outside waited a white hummer limosine. Impressive. I grinned and hurried to the limo as the driver opened the door for the two of us. It was mandatory that I entered first, but I had no problems with that. It means he has to be a gentleman once we arrive that the festive hall downtown.½
The door shut and it wasn't long before we began moving. Behind us, Raven and Dolson were in their own car. "You poisoned me," I pointed out, trying to break the silence.
Jovie smirked, looking over at you. "I did not poison you, I merely putting you to sleep with some disgusting acidic formula," Jovie told me before looking over at the mini fridge. It opened with ease and out came a craft brewed bottle of beer.½
If he's a drunk, I wont be shocked. I rolled my eyes and looked out one of the many tinted windows. "You didn't have to be so rough with putting me to sleep, next time tell me who you are," I said coldy and kept my arms at my sides, hating this man more than ever.
Jovie didn't seem to pleased to be here with me, but I could careless. I don't want to be here with him either! The entire car ride to the festive hall was silent except for the sound of Jovie chugging down the beer. It's almost repulsive. The car came to a halt after a good half hour and I was almost relieved until I remembered that Jovie's my date. A loud irritated sigh passed my mouth as the door opened.½
"Shut up and smile," was the last thing I heard before being blinded by dozens of camera flashes around me. All I have to do is smile and get the day over and done with.

Chapter 2: Stay Beautiful

Back stage, everyone hurried around to get models dressed and re-dressed for the runway. It's a little bit chaotic but I haven't been paying much attention. Even though all these beautiful models are wearing the clothing I've designed, my mind hasn't left last night's events.

I thought about the look of fear on the man's face who killed my parents. He was terrified. It must have been fate to run into him while at a concert. The look of fear he had almost gave me a sense of pride. Like I was glad that I had killed a person when I promised myself to never follow this "fashion statement" unless my own life was at risk.

Then there was Jovie, who had witnessed me kill the man. Jovie claims to have seen my work, but the only way he could possibly know would be through Dolson. It would make sense. I let out a deep sigh in frustration as I slumped in the crystal styling chair.

Raven sat next to me in one of the dresses I had designed. When we left, she wasn't wearing it. I only had her wear it when we came backstage. It seemed to suit her. It was a black strapless dress that falls to her knees and the bust was covered in diamonds that were cut so carefully to look like snowflakes, and just like normal snowflakes none were the same.

There were lace gloves that were matched with the dress that went up to that bend of Raven's elbow. Instead of becoming a maid, she should have become a model. "Are you alright, Miss?" Raven asked and I looked over in her general direction.

By the looks of it, Raven was being highly careful to not make any sudden movements so she wouldn't ruin the dress. That dress looked near impossible but it was funny to watch her in such a state.

Should I really tell her what's going through my mind? I told her that Jovie had poisoned me already so if I told her that I'm convinced it was poison, she may think of me as being insane. Plus, I don't want to worry Raven. If I asked, she would go to the most wretched part of Trilox without any form of a weapon to defend herself and back for me.

If Raven were to die, I'd be lonely again. Even Dolson wouldn't be able to fill the void in my heart. So to make sure she would believe me, I grinned my bright smile at her and nodded. "I'm perfectly fine, just trying to take all of this in. Doesn't seem real sometimes. It's too perfect," I said trying to muster up a lie.

Lying is such a dirty thing to do, but there are times when it needs to be done. Even if you're speaking to your best friend. Raven stared at me a moment before accepting the lie. I think she knew I lied to her. Maybe not, she never said anything in response.

I feel so guilty have to lie to her, but if she didn't believe me about Jovie poisoning me last night, she won't believe me now. Raven staring at me made me feel uncomfortable so I looked over her shoulder, noticing Jovie was standing there flirting with some of the models who were done on the runway until they did their last strut.

Jovie's eyes caught onto mine, giving me a grin with a wink. My face heated up and I had to turn my attention back to the mirror. I shouldn't get all flustered over such a thing. The only thing between Jovie and I, is hate. Despite the fact the fact that I completely hate the man he's attractive. One of the most attractive men I have ever seen. I've travelled the world with my parents and Dolson a couple of times. I've seen many attractive men, but none of which can hold a candle to Jovie.

That's all I will think of him as though; another pretty face.

Raven was watching me closely. She could see the shade of pink rising on my cheeks beneath the gold. My eyes flickered back over to her and I gave a smile. Raven was about to ask something until the conductor exclaimed with excitement. "Good job ladies!" His name is Malarae, one of those pretty faces again.

When Malarae and I first met, I continually called his Malory because that's how I thought it was pronounced. That was until he became fed-up with me being rude.

"It's not pronounced Malory! It's pronounced Mall-ray." Those were his exact words one year ago. To this day, they still make me laugh.

Malarae came running up to me his deep blue hair bouncing in the pony tail. "Let's go, we've got to get you on stage right after the girls have line up!" Malarae exclaimed pulling me out of the crystal chair. There was no

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point in fighting back.

I wanted to fight back as soon as I heard him call for Jovie though. Must he walk down the runway with me? No questions were asked.

Jovie hurried up to the two of us at the runway entrance. You weren't capable of making out who we were from behind the golden mesh curtain, but you could see our shillouettes. Before I could say something rude to Jovie, he gently took my hand into his.

It scared me. I feel like he's going to kill me while we're on stage. It would seem like a stupid thing but the citizens and press of Trilox would love it. My death while on the runway would be the talk of the town for days; weeks and months even.

The mesh curtain opened down the middle, revealing myself and Jovie to the press and the rest of the audience. Silence filled the hall. Malarae gave the two of us a light shove. I stumbled a little in the shoes I was wearing. The heels were far to large for my liking.

With these shoes, I was bumped up at least seven inches so I was closer to Jovie's height now. I hate him, but using his hand for support is some good help. "Your hands are freezing cold," Jovie pointed out to me as we walked down the chrome runway.

I glanced at him with a smile. "Cold hands, warm heart," I said trying to make myself look like a better person than I am. It was clear that Jovie was trying to surpress a laugh.

Jovie has no right to laugh at me but now that we both stand on the end of the runway, looking out to the crowd I can't say anything to him. Camera's were flashing, capturing photos of Jovie, all twenty four models and me.

There was applause and people congratulating me on a good job with the clothing. I did do a fairly decent job. It made me proud and made me wonder if my parents would be proud. Some of the press reporters were trying to get my attention to ask questions and before I had the chance to speak, Jovie spoke first. "Ms. Rose will answer all your questions during the interview in one hour at city hall."

For some reason, I was so unaware of this interview. It was probably programmed into my phone just like that fashion show was, but I never took the time to check. Once again, I feel guilty. There's no point in me even having a cell phone if I don't ever use it.

Without having the chance to wave good-bye to the press for now, Jovie led me back down the runway towards Dolson, Raven and Malarae. Jovie was being pushy. A little too pushy for me to handle. It took a ton of will power to not lose my temper, but I managed to control myself.

"Well, Darling. Ready for the interview?" Dolson asked wrapping his arm around my shoulders. I looked at my god-father with a small smile.

I'm as aready as I'm going to be. "Let's go get it over and done with," I said unhappily. I never asked for this kind of treatment, but I guess it was going to happen sooner or later.

I yanked my hand from Jovie's hand and looked ahead like I had done nothing. Why would I want to touch the man who tried to kill me? No matter how many times I'm told, I'll always believe he tried to kill me.

The limo sat outside waiting for Jovie and I with the door open. "I want Raven in there with us," I demanded. If someone wasn't in there as well, I'd start yelling at Jovie. Trying to take all my anger out on him.

Raven looked at me with a shocked expression, thinking I wasn't being serious. The look I gave her made it clear that I was totally serious. "Alright..." Raven said hesitantly. Once again, I was forced to enter the limosine first. It was okay still. Raven had to go in next. If there wasn't a gap between Jovie and I things would get out of hand.

The drive was short, but as the limo went through the streets it began snowing lightly but the snowflakes were large. "Beautiful, isn't it?" Raven asked and I nodded slowly.

The snow made me think of my parents. It snowed the night they died and the day of their funeral. "Yes, it is," I agreed in a low voice. The cold never bothered me anymore. It snows so much here that I was now capable of simply walking around in shorts and a tank top while it snows.

I hadn't noticed the car had stopped until a cold breeze came gushing in. Goosebumps appeared on my arms and legs but I didn't care for it. I turned my head, looking out at the public. The press was already there waiting for me to step out of the limosine. It had to be done sooner or later.

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Raven and Jovie had their hands extended to me so I had some assistance getting out of the car. My hands reached forwards and I grabbed their hands tightly as I stepped out of the car. As soon as I stabilized myself, I let go of both hands walking ahead of them.

My shoes clicked against the pavement as I made my way to the glass doors of city hall. My hair blew around slightly and as did my dress. It seemed like a picture perfect moment with the snow around me. Snowelle in the snow. I've been told I'm most beautiful when I'm caught in the snow.

Never before have I listened to them say such a thing. There was silence from the press. So far no questions. Maybe they would save them for the actual interview. Despite the silence from voices you could hear the clicking from the cameras.

As I walked on I turned my direction to a little girl who stood behind the metal gate. She was probably the youngest standing there. "Miss? Where are you off to?" Raven asked as I turned walking towards the little girl.

I've seen this little girl on the streets. She's so young and she lives in the absolute scum Trilox. I've gone through there once before and it was to try and find Raven. For some reason, she decided to go see her family. Without responding to Raven, I crouched down in front of the small girl with yellow hair. She was still so natural besides the color of her hair. She's so young. "What's your name?" I asked curiously and the girl blushed.

All eye contact was broken from her. She seemed to be nervous. "Ursula," The small girl replied in a hushed tone. Ursula... I smiled to her and pulled off one of the pearl bracelets carefully. I handed it to the small girl. There was a look of shock on her face.

Ursula didn't stick out her hand so I grabbed the small hand gently placing the pearl bracelet in her hand. "Stay beautiful, Ursula," I told her as I stood up right, fixing my posture. As I walked towards the doors again, I could feel Ursula staring.

The metal handle was cold against my hand through the lace glove. My direction turned back to Ursula. She was so shocked. I placed my index and middle finger to my lips, blowing Ursula a kiss. Children from the slums of Trilox seem to never be loved or given gifts.

My life has always been easy. I had two parents that loved me very much. From the time I was born, I have been showered with gifts. Not only from my parents, but others as well. I hope she'll be okay in this city. She seemed to be alone here which isn't the safest thing for her to be doing.

I pulled the glass door open and walked in with Raven next to me. Jovie had already entered the building. I guess he got irritated with waiting for me in the cold. "About time," Jovie said rudely and I rolled my eyes. He still has no right to speak to me that way.

Raven and I stared at Jovie as he stormed off. What was he so upset for? I was just talking to a little girl outside! Raven rubbed my shoulder gently, trying to calm me down. I was tensed up completely on the verge of going insane.

Before I had the chance to say anything, Raven pulled me along to the conference room. There was still about twenty minutes before anyone from the press was allowed in to speak to me. I'd have to control my anger once again within those twenty minutes.

There was a long wooden table on the stage in the room and four chairs with name plates. Jovie Cerqa, Snowelle Rose, Raven Aril and Dolson. I laughed slightly at how they didn't give Dolson a last name. It doesn't shock me. No one knows his last name. I don't even and we're family!

I was just glad they were allowing Raven up there with me. Someone had to be there with me besides the man I despise and my god-father.

Jovie already took his seat and I couldn't see Dolson anywhere. Raven was still leading me along and helping me up the steps so I would stumble.

They should have just allowed Raven to be my date! Raven is a female but she's more of a gentleman than Jovie is. "Thank you, Raven," I said taking my seat next to Jovie. I rolled in under the table just as Raven took her seat next to me.

My hands rested on the table in front of me and my fingers began drumming along the wood. I began wondering why Ursula was in the city center by herself. It's not night time yet and she should be safe. Still, I'm worried about her. Will she be able to make it home without someone hurting her?

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I guess I had thinking about it for the past twenty minutes because I hadn't noticed people from the press and a few from behind the metal bars walking in. My eyes scanned over the people who sat in the seats, looking for Ursula. She's so tiny I wouldn't be able to see her from up here anyways.

Ursula isn't out in the crowd. Hopefully she's headed home. "Thank you all for coming out," Dolson said into his microphone and I looked past Raven seeing Dolson sitting there. When did he get in here? I shook my head, sitting straight back against the chair.

"Snowelle!" A male voice hollered and I looked at him awaiting the question. "Of all the dresses you designed for your fashion show today, which is your favorite?" The male with pink hair asked.

I gave a smile and looked to my friend. "The one that my maid Raven is wearing. It didn't make it out on stage, but it is the best I believe," I responded before moving onto the next question.

There were many pointless questions that I answered within the first half hour but finally, only one stood out to me. "There were rumors that you killed a man last night, is that true?"

A small smile tugged onto my lips. My hands folded together on the table and I moved closer to the microphone. "Yes, I did," I answered starting at the woman who had asked me the question.

Commotion started in the crowd. "How do you feel knowing you feel into the fashion statement?" The woman who appeared to be in her late twenties asked. Moldy green hair and dark brown eyes. It's not suiting her at all.

"There was a sense of pride," I answered nonchalantly. The woman appeared shocked with the rest of the crowd.

I've told the press that I'd never fall into this fashion statement. This was something new. "Do you know who the man was?" The green haired woman asked me.

I nodded, showing that I knew exactly who it was. "The man that I killed last night is the man who killed my parents two years ago," I told and silence fell over the room. The camera man for the Trilox television station focused directly on my stiff face.

It was clear that I didn't care. "I apologize, but I must leave," I said jolting up from the chair. The large rolling chair rolled back a few feet. I glanced over the crowd one last time before making my way to the stairs.

"Snowelle! Tell us about that little girl you gave a pearl bracelet to!" One of the press people shouted. I walked down the steps before walking towards the man with the microphone and camera man. It was the TriloxVision news crew.

Everyone watched it. I looked right at the tall journalist before at the camera. "Listen up Trilox, if any one is to touch Ursula, I will hunt you down and kill you in the most horrid way possible. I'll make sure you feel every piece of your body being ripped to shreds," I said sternly with a hint of anger in my voice.

With that, I turned on my heel walking back to the entrance. No one dared to ask anymore questions. They all knew I was serious. I don't know why I was being so protective over this little girl who I don't even know.

I stormed out of the conference room, with the sound of high heels running to catch up. It was probably Raven. I looked over my shoulder, seeing her there. Thankfully it was Raven and not Jovie. He's the last person I want to see right now. "That was very brave," Raven told me and I nodded slowly.

There was still a huge crowd outside of city hall. Faces all had a shocked look as I stepped outside. "They broadcast it out here on the television just above city hall," Raven explained in a small whisper. That means everyone out here heard what I said about killing them.

My eyes scanned over the crowd until I found Ursula standing there with tears streaming down her dirty face. I frowned and walked towards the small girl. "Young ladies like yourself are too beautiful to cry, Ursula," I said as I looked down at the girl who reached my waist.

Ursula wiped the tears from her cheeks and I smiled brightly to her. "Would you like me to take you home?" I asked as I rested my arms on the cold gates that were covered in snow.

There was hesitation from the young girl. "I don't have parents or a home," Ursula explained and my eyes widened. She's a street girl. Ursula has lived in danger for awhile now than! "They were killed," Ursula told me and my jaw hung loose. It was a lot to take in!

"I'm taking you home than," I said without thinking about it. Raven looked at me as if though I were crazy. I must be getting there. I lifted the gate up and moved it aside easily. Ursula watched me shocked. If I were in her position I'd be just as shocked.

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Raven had the same look of confusion as Ursula. With no struggle, my arms slid around Ursula's waist and I stood up, lifting her with me. Ursula didn't struggle to get away. That was okay by me. It made it easier. I almost feel like I'm taking home a lost puppy.

That's what she reminds me of really. Raven just followed us and I said nothing to either of them. Ursula had her parents killed, probably because of this fashion trend. If I have Ursula under my protection, I can make sure she never actually gets hurt. It'll be best that way.

The three of us climbed into the limosine and without waiting for Jovie we went back to the house. I wanted to get her out of the public. As Ursula sat in between Raven and I, she seemed highly uncomfortable. I wouldn't ask her any questions until we arrive at the house and she's actually comfortable. I'm still not sure what I'm exactly thinking by doing this. All I know is that I want to keep her safe.

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