

# Cinderella

Once upon a time, there was a kingdom. A beautiful and peaceful kingdom, ruled by a fair and good king. This king had a son, destined to rule after him. This son was also fair and good and sexy... Yeah, the charming prince, as in fairy tale! But we don't care about him, not now. No, let me tell you another story... It's not a fairy tale but rather a bloody tale, with murders and secret agents. Maybe a little bit of love... It began in the ashes...

Ella's father became a widower when his house went up in flames. His dear daughter came out changed: in her mind and in her flesh. Stronger, like a phoenix rising from the ashes... But she wasn't out of the woods. Several years later, a terrible stepmother appears in her life. And, cherry on the top, she had two daughters, meaner and more horrible than their mother. Ella thus became the servant of her new "family" – her dad was always travelling -, answering all their calls, obeying all their orders. She spent the day working hard – from morning till night-, dressed in rags. And as she slept at night by the fireside in the cinders and the ashes, her stepsisters called her "Cinderella". But they were as mean as they were ignorant, and they didn't know the whole story... Like the double life that their "so stupid and ugly" sister led!

One day, it happened that the (fair and good) King organized a festival, for his (fair and good and sexy) son. With the intention that this Charming Prince find the right person, all the girls in the country were invited. Except one. Cinderella's stepfamily forbade her to join them. It really didn't matter to her (she didn't need anybody's permission!), but the young girl decided to sham. So, she sobbed and begged her stepmother to go to the ball. Vicious, her stepmother accepted, on one condition: Cinderella had to finish all her chores before the night, including picking up all the lentils that had fallen into the ashes. Patiently, the maiden did all the work. As she expected, she was still grounded. Dolled up, powdered, styled, dressed, from head to toe, the three Machiavellian girls left, leaving the house silent and peaceful.

Looking happy, the beautiful Cinderella went to the garden, beneath a hazel-tree:

"Shiver and quiver, my little tree; The mission you entrust to me!"

Then, a silver mist enveloped the frail silhouette. When it evaporated, she was dressed in a tight deep cerulean blue dress. A rocky voice sounded:

"Your mission, should you choose to accept it, is to kill the Charming Prince by midnight."

The young spy nodded drily. The voice continued:

“Here is your weapon. Make good use of it.”

Glass stilettos magically appeared, at the foot of the tree. Cinderella grabbed them, slipped them on to her little bare feet.

“May the odds be ever in your favor,” concluded the voice.

Thus adorned, the spy went to the ball in a magnificent golden horse-drawn carriage (a six-horse carriage, please!).

When the palace doors opened to let her in, an admiring silence came over the room. The stepfamily didn't recognize her, so jealous were the stepsisters. Dazzled, the Prince danced with her all evening, waltzing to infinity. He was very gentle, and Cinderella felt strangely good in his arms...

But when the clock struck eleven o'clock in the evening, the young girl regained her senses. Her mission. It was the most important. So, she whispered in the Prince's ear, bewitching, seeking to lure him away from the crowd. Together, they went up to the Prince's room. Barely did the door close behind them that Cinderella pushed the Prince to the ground. She drew her stilettos.

“Don't move!” she threatened him.

“What? What is going on, my dear?” wondered the Prince.

She leaned over him, with the predatory grace of a serpent.

“Darling, get ready for the ultimate journey...”

She didn't have time to say more: the Charming Prince grabbed her by the neck, his feet hit the spy's shins, unbalancing her, and he tipped her over him. She collapsed at his side. They got up simultaneously. Cinderella tore her dress for more freedom of movement. At the same time, the Prince grasped a dagger from his boot. The two fighters looked at each other like two pumas. A deadly dance ensued, each seeking to reach the other with his weapon. Arms and legs flailed as the fighters fought, but few it their target. The fight was so intense that Cinderella didn't hear the clock strike.

One knock! Two knocks! Three knocks, four knocks, five knocks... Twelve knocks !

A thick supernatural cloud wrapped around Cinderella. Her dress and her haircut disappeared, leaving only a disheveled girl in rags. And disarmed. Destabilized, she had dropped the little glass shoes. Nothing hid the burns running along her left arm and shoulder.

She remained petrified, under the Prince's surprised gaze, her head held high. Awaiting judgement.

Finally, the Prince whispered, with wonder: "You are so beautiful... So strong and proud..."

Suddenly, the door opened with a crash, breaking the spell. The guard standing in the frame screamed: "An assassin! There is an assassin in the castle!"

Without thinking, Cinderella jumped out of the window. She rolled smoothly on the terrace below. She fled jumping from roof to roof, more agile than a feline. In the bedroom, the Charming Prince picked up the weapon; the bloody heel.

Three days later, a wanted poster was posted on all the walls of the kingdom. The "stiletto-killer" was wanted across the country. Cinderella had no choice but to hide. Nevertheless, a second ball was organized. The perfect opportunity to enter the palace! The young spy went to the hazel tree.

"Shiver and quiver, my little tree; The mission you entrust to me !" she recited.

Without a noise, the mist covered her with a soft leather outfit. Determined, Cinderella went to the castle, shadow among the shadows... Arriving at the palace, she killed each guard, silently cutting their throats, to pass out immediately like a ghost. In less than five minutes, she arrived at the Prince's room.

He stood there, motionless. When he spoke, the hubbub of the ball failed to cover his voice: "I knew you would come back. You know, I didn't believe in love at first sight. Before you. You feel the same as me, don't you?"

Cinderella ignored him. She wielded her dagger. The moonlight clung to the blade. Her hand was shaking.

"I... I can't."

The weapon fell while clinking on the ground. He was right. She wasn't here to murder him; she just didn't want to admit it. She staggered towards him.

"Did you lie?" she asked. She continued in a trembling voice, in front of his misunderstanding: "When you said that I was beautiful?"

"No. No, I thought it from the bottom of my heart," he replied.

He gently stroked her cheek. But like they first met, the door suddenly opened. The stepmother and her children rushed into the room.

“Ella!” cried one of the sisters. With vivacity, she threw her a long knife. “Kill him!”

Quick as a flash, the young spy caught it.

“What? No!” she said, indignant.

“It’s your mission!” ordered the stepmother.

Only then, Cinderella understood. “You too... You are also secret agents.”

Her stepmother nodded.

“All these years...” sighed Cinderella, stunned.

“We had to protect our cover,” defended the woman, reading the accusation in the eyes of her interlocutor.

“Now, kill him!” repeated the stepsister.

She advanced, threatening.

“No!” exclaimed the young lover. She stood before the Charming Prince. “The mission is cancelled!” she asserted.

“Certainly not.”

The stepfamily leaped on the couple, all together. The two lovers defended themselves with passion! Until there were only two people left standing.

The Prince and Ella looked at each other, in the middle of a pool of blood.

“I love you.”

“I love you too.”

They embraced fervently. There was no longer any obstacle to their passion.

Morality ? Don’t trust the narrator. I told you there would be no love... but look at them. They are dripping with sopiness!

Which brings me to another moral: do not be fooled by appearances. Nor by spies, by the way. And don’t forget! Love comes when you least expect it. And it always wins...

THE END

(Happy ever after!)

Sandy LAURENT, TL2