Almost a Cinderella Story

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Summary

This is the queer fairytale I have always wanted and never got. Imagine a Cinderella-esque story but starring Laura and Carmilla.

Notes

This wasn't initially written as a Carmilla fanfic. It was inspired by the ending of the series and my desire for more queer content. This is a draft of a fairytale I'm writing and hoping to one day publish. In this version I have changed the characters names to Laura and Carmilla. As it wasn't written as a direct correlation of the series there are some changed details. Carmilla doesn't have siblings and Laura has a sister. I believe it fits our favourite characters and does justice to them. I hope you enjoy! I would love feedback and if this is something you want to see in more mainstream media let me know! Also the formatting on here confuses me so if anyone has any tips or suggestions I'd love to hear that as well.
Once upon a time

This is not your average fairy tale. There is no once upon a time, and the characters do not always live happily ever after. This story isn’t from a land far, far away. If you can look past the magic, everyone involved is just a normal person with normal feelings. The heroes aren’t exactly whom you would expect. The heroes are regular people, just like you and I. Our story starts on a small farm, in a small house, with a small girl who had a BIG dream.

A beautiful young girl named Laura lived in a small house with her dad, Sherman, and little sister, Abigail. Her family didn’t have much money, so she had to do her part to help. Laura took care of her little sister while her father worked. She loved her family very much, and she wanted them to live in a castle like all of the Kings and Queens. When she was ten years old, Laura made a promise to herself that she would one-day figure out a way to take her family from the small house they lived into a big castle where they could all have their own room and worry about nothing. She was now nineteen years old and her dream of a castle had never seemed further away.

“Laura, I’m hungry! Can you make me the root soup that momma taught you to make?” whimpered Abigail, Laura’s eleven-year-old sister. Laura’s heart sank, for she knew Abigail was hungry but they had run out of food early yesterday. She would have loved nothing more than to make root soup for Abigail and herself. Laura’s mom had taught her how to make the soup as soon as she was old enough to hold a spoon on her own. Their dad had been gone for two weeks now trying to find work in every town he passed, and their mother had passed away when Laura was eight and Abigail was just a baby. They lived in a clearing in the forest and the nearest town was over ten miles away.

The forest that surrounded them was treacherous, and Laura knew that it wasn’t wise to walk through alone. She also knew that the only way she would be able to feed her family today would be by going into the forest and scavenging for food, and there was no way she’d put Abigail into that kind of danger. She started to get scared; she had never been into the forest alone before. She and Abigail had ventured in together many times just to explore, but they never went more than a couple meters in. Abigail enjoyed picking flowers from the forest floor and chasing bunnies.

“Abigail, you cannot bring that bunny home with you,” Laura had to tell her one day after she had somehow managed to catch one. Abigail had protested initially, but even at only eleven years old, Abigail understood as Laura explained that they couldn’t even feed themselves every day let alone a rabbit. It broke her heart to see Abigail wipe tears from her eyes as the bunny hopped away and she waved sadly after him.

“One day we will live in a castle, and you can have all the bunnies you want. I promise kitten,” she told her sad little sister. As they turned to leave the forest, Laura began to sing quietly. This was her go-to way of making Abigail feel better. Her voice wasn’t anything special, but Abigail loved to listen to her sing. In addition, even she had to admit there was something magical about the way the notes echoed through the trees, floated on the wind. It was comforting. She always sang when they went into the forest.

“You’re the best singer in the kingdom,” Abigail had told Laura, the smile returning to her face. “Your forest song is my favourite.” A loud growling from somewhere behind them had made the girls jump, and Laura had scooped Abigail into her arms and sprinted home.

Laura shuddered at the memory of the growling and almost changed her mind about going in alone when she heard Abigail start to whimper. The sound of her little sister whimpering wiped away her feelings of fear. She knew she had to go and she knew it wasn’t safe for Abigail to go with her.
An hour later Laura was saying goodbye to Abigail, “I love you, stay inside and I’ll be back before you know it.”

“I’m afraid, what if you don’t come back?” Abigail said through tears.

“Be brave, strong girl. Not even the biggest ogre or the smartest witch could hurt you or keep us apart.” Laura said remembering when she used to say that to Abigail when she was younger and had nightmares. Abigail was no longer afraid and before Laura knew it, she was stepping into the forest. The fear she felt earlier coming back vigorously. The forest was a completely new world for Laura. She had been in it before but being alone it seemed as if the forest was alive. It was dark and cold and all around her, she could hear the wind blowing through the trees. It sounded as if the forest was singing to her.

“Okay, I just need to find some food and then I can go back home,” Laura said aloud to herself. The sound of her own voice gave her little comfort, but she began to find comfort in the forest’s melancholy song. Laura hummed along with the forest’s song. As she continued to walk forward, she started to get the feeling that someone was watching her. Laura heard a branch to her left break; she stopped dead in her tracks.

She held her breath and all she could hear now was her own heart beating. Another crack- it sounded as if something or someone was walking away from Laura. Before she knew it, she was following the crackling of branches. Her heart beating, she wasn’t sure why she felt so drawn to the sound. A few more steps and she found herself in a clearing. She had never seen anything so beautiful in her life. In the middle of the clearing was a pond, so clear she could see all the way to the bottom and she could see all of the beautiful fish that called it their home. Surrounding the pond, flowers she had never seen before in every colour you could possibly imagine.

She couldn’t believe her luck. Sitting in the middle of the clearing was a picnic basket full of both her and Abigail’s favourite foods. For a moment, she was scared as she thought about how strange it was. Who led her here and where were they now? She didn’t know if she should take the basket until she remembered her hungry sister at home. What choice did she really have? She grabbed the basket and ran towards home as fast as she could. The entire time she thought about the noises she followed into the clearing. How did that basket of food get there and why were her favourite foods in it? Laura and Abigail feasted that night.
This ritual continued for the next three days, until Laura came to the clearing and wasn’t the only one there. Sitting beside the pond close to the picnic basket was a woman who couldn’t have been more than a few years older than Laura was. Laura froze as this woman watched her with a small grin on her face and the darkest brown eyes she had ever seen. She panicked and turned to run away when the woman finally spoke up, “Leaving so fast? Don’t you want your food first?” Laura turned around and looked at the woman, whose grin was now massive, and she couldn’t help but notice the twinkle in her eyes. Is she who I’ve been following, Laura couldn’t help but wonder to herself. “What’s the matter darling, cat got your tongue? Normally you sing along with the wind,” the mysterious woman said with a chuckle.

“I’m sorry; I just didn’t expect to see anyone here.” Laura replied nervously, “I’m sorry if this was your food I’ve been taking.”

“Don’t worry about it, that’s why I’ve been leading you here. I’m a fairy godmother, well kind of. I’m in training. I heard you the first time you came into the forest saying you just needed food. That’s when I planted the first basket. I figured the best way to get my wings would be to help a fair young maiden such as yourself,” she said coolly.

A fairy godmother! Laura couldn’t believe her ears and was mortified when she realized her jaw had dropped. She had always loved hearing stories of fairy godmothers, but never dreamt she would be lucky enough to meet one in person. Laura felt her cheeks grow hot and was sure they could both hear her heart racing in her chest.

“My name is Carmilla. What’s your name?” The woman asked, seemingly unfazed by the obvious shock and embarrassment on Laura’s face.

Laura had really outdone herself this time as she continued to gape at Carmilla for another minute before realizing she had asked for her name. “Laura,” She croaked. Carmilla smiled at Laura again and Laura was taken aback. She had just seen Carmilla smile but this smile seemed softer and more genuine. She cleared her throat and continued with a new confidence, “I’m Laura. Pardon my manners. I’ve never met a fairy godmother before. I was taken by surprise as I’m sure you could tell.” Laura quietly giggled, still slightly embarrassed but able to see the humor in the situation.

They spent the afternoon getting to know each other. Conversation was effortless and they spent much of their time together laughing. Laura was an open book. She had never really felt the need to hide who she was and it was no different with Carmilla. The afternoon had come and gone before they knew it and Laura took her time walking home. She felt like she was in a haze as she listened to the forest. Laura had talked so much during the afternoon. A small part of her had feared that she was coming off as annoying, or was boring Carmilla, but Carmilla kept prompting her to continue. Laura felt reassured, and she felt comfortable spending most of the time talking about herself and her family. It wasn’t as if she hadn’t tried to get Carmilla to talk about herself. Thinking back, almost every time she had asked Carmilla a question, it was somehow redirected back to her. It seemed odd that Carmilla had revealed so little about herself, Laura was sure that’s why she was so drawn to the mysterious woman. She sighed, unsure of what she was feeling. Nevertheless, for the first time she looked forward to returning to the forest the next day.

Carmilla watched as Laura walked away from the clearing that afternoon. Carmilla sat in the clearing long after Laura had left, thinking about everything that she and Laura had talked about that day. It amazed Carmilla how open Laura was with her. She was sure it had to be because Laura felt as comfortable around Carmilla as Carmilla felt around Laura. Carmilla had to admit she was envious of
Laura’s ability to open up to people. It wasn’t that Carmilla didn’t want to be open with people, she did. She couldn’t though, not while being a fairy godmother. She had to admit it was way more complicated being a fairy godmother than she thought it would be. When she was being honest with herself, which wasn’t often, she saw just how big of a burden being a fairy godmother was.

Carmilla remembered with fondness the way Laura lit up when she talked about her family. It was almost embarrassing to admit but when Carmilla had asked Laura about her family, it wasn’t because she was interested in knowing about her family as much as it was that she didn’t want Laura to leave yet. Carmilla was glad she had asked though.

“My family, I think you would absolutely love them!” Laura had squealed before turning scarlet. Carmilla smiled at the memory, Laura sure blushed a lot around Carmilla. She couldn’t help but wonder if Laura always blushed that much or if it was just around her. She tried to get rid of that thought as soon as it crossed her mind, quickly thinking back to her conversation with Laura. “I don’t know why I said that. I barely know you, I don’t know if you would like my family.” She awkwardly giggled. “I may be slightly biased but they are pretty awesome. I have an eleven-year-old sister named Abigail. She’s a really special person; I’ve never met anyone like her before. She’s thoughtful and so smart. Sometimes I think I might forget she was only eleven if it wasn’t for her obsession with rabbits. She absolutely loves them and gets so ecstatic at the mere mention of a rabbit.” Laura’s eyes shone as she talked about Abigail. Carmilla could tell how much Laura loved her.

“Abigail sounds like a lovely person. I’d be honoured to meet her one day.” Carmilla couldn’t help but smile at Laura. It wasn’t like her to smile this genuinely this often but she was finding that she couldn’t help herself around Laura.

“I’m glad you think so.” Laura’s smile now so big it looked like it was threatening to overtake her. “What about your family?”

My family, Carmilla thought, no longer feeling carefree. She didn’t really want to talk about her family. The thing is most people don’t understand obligation, it’s unavoidable, impossible to escape. “There’s not much to say, just me, mom, and grandmother. What about your parents?” Carmilla said calmly, hoping Laura wouldn’t notice her trying to avoid the question. If Laura did notice Carmilla’s aversion, she was polite enough not to say anything, which Carmilla was thankful for.

Laura’s smile faded from her face for just a second. A second was long enough for Carmilla to notice the momentary change in Laura. “My mother died when I was eight. There were complications when Abigail was born. My father, Sherman, has raised us on his own since then. He’s a wonderful man. He’s so kind and loving and he has the best sense of humour. It’s kind of a dry sense of humour and he is very sarcastic. I know some people don’t find that kind of humour funny but I love it. He works very hard to support Abigail and me. He’s a tradesman but lately there hasn’t been any work to be found. He’s gone a lot trying to find any sort of work he can. It’s been tough lately but I love my family and I know we can get through anything.”

Carmilla was surprised by Laura’s determination. “I’m sorry about your mother,” Carmilla spoke softly.

“There’s nothing to be sorry about,” Laura smiled kindly at Carmilla. “Every day I miss my mom but I know she would want me to think back on my time with her and rejoice rather than look back with sadness.”

“Wow,” Carmilla was so captivated by the girl she had just met. “You’re amazing.” It was her turn to blush; she couldn’t believe she actually said that aloud.
“Thank you Carmilla.” Laura said happily, willing to accept Carmilla’s compliment. “This has been such a wonderful afternoon. I wish I could stay longer but Abigail is at home alone. I’m sure she’s fine but I don’t want her to be afraid.”

“Will you come back tomorrow?” Carmilla couldn’t help the panic that escaped her as she asked the question. She could tell that Laura had heard it as well. Laura seemed to think about something deeply before answering. Even now, thinking back on the conversation Carmilla couldn’t figure out was Laura had been thinking about.

“I’ll come back tomorrow.” Laura shyly smiled as she turned to go towards her home. Without thinking, Carmilla grabbed her hand and turned Laura to face her. Still holding Laura’s hand she kissed it softly.

“Until tomorrow then,” Carmilla let go of Laura’s hand. She had no idea what had possessed her to do that. Carmilla admittedly was pretty embarrassed but ultimately she couldn’t change what she did so she tried not to be caught up in it. The sun had begun to set so Carmilla decided to make her way home, excited to come back to the clearing in the morning.
A New Friend

It probably only took Laura five minutes to walk home but in her haze it had felt like much longer. As she walked into her house, reality hit her like a ton of bricks. Abigail was sitting at their kitchen table, red faced, staring at Laura as she walked into the room. “Where have you been? I was so scared.” Laura could tell Abigail was trying her best to remain calm.

“I’m so sorry Abigail. You didn’t need to be scared. I promise nothing bad could have happened to you. You’re safe here in the house.” Laura spoke softly to Abigail afraid that if she was too loud Abigail might run away like a scared deer. Laura couldn’t help but treat Abigail as if she was fragile and needed protecting from the world. What Laura didn’t know was that she didn’t need to protect Abigail. She was strong and brave, and all she needed was for people to give her the opportunity to show it.

“I’m fine. You don’t have to look at me like that. I wasn’t scared for myself. I was worried about you that’s all. I’m not some lost little animal afraid of the big bad world.” Abigail looked and sounded hurt. Laura knew she had to stop treating Abigail as if she was just a child. She had matured quickly, but she was still just eleven and Laura felt like it was her job to take care of her.

“So?” Abigail demanded impatiently. “What do you have to say for yourself?”

Laura had to fight the urge to laugh. Abigail sounded like a mother rather than a little sister. As she paused to compose herself, she realized that she didn’t really want to tell Abigail about Carmilla. Was she ashamed of her? No that wasn’t it. For some reason Laura wanted to keep Carmilla her little secret. She didn’t want to share her with the world, but she knew Abigail deserved an explanation. Laura felt silly at her hesitance and tried to shake it off.

“I met someone today. Her name is Carmilla. We were talking and I lost track of time. I’m sorry; it wasn’t fair of me not to let you know I was okay.” Laura blushed in spite of herself. She didn’t understand why she felt so embarrassed talking about Carmilla. Unlike Carmilla earlier, Abigail had noticed Laura’s embarrassment. A look of understanding passed across her face that Laura couldn’t decipher. How was it possible that Abigail could even have a look like that? She was so perceptive and always seemed to know everybody’s secrets, sometimes even before they knew them. Laura didn’t bother asking Abigail about it anymore. She was usually so cryptic that Laura ended up more confused than when she began.

Abigail smiled, “That’s okay. You deserve a friend; a heads-up next time might be nice though.”

Had Laura not known Abigail better the chill tone of her voice might have made her think that she was still upset. Laura knew that she was joking now though, and that she had been forgiven. Abigail took after her father in that aspect; they both shared a dry sense of humour. The girls spent the rest of the evening talking and joking with each other. Laura loved spending time with her little sister, but for once found herself distracted. There was a nagging thought growing in the back of her mind that the sooner she went to bed, the sooner she would see Carmilla again.

Abigail smiled, “That’s okay. You deserve a friend; a heads-up next time might be nice though.”

Try as hard as she could Laura couldn’t fall asleep. She was thinking about her day with Carmilla, specifically when Laura went to leave. When Laura went to leave, Carmilla had given her a strange look. Laura couldn’t explain the look and had tried to figure it out but when she had seen the look,
Laura woke in the morning with butterflies in her stomach. She couldn’t wait to go back to the clearing. It didn’t matter that Laura barely knew Carmilla and had just met her the day before she wanted nothing more than to be in the clearing with her again. Laura tried but failed miserably to hide her excitement from Abigail. She didn’t know why she even bothered trying; Abigail knew right away that Laura was excited to see Carmilla again.

Over the next few weeks, Laura and Carmilla became fast friends. They met every day in the clearing, which quickly became the highlight of Laura’s day. She was drawn to Carmilla, the way she spoke, the way she thought. Laura still didn’t know much about Carmilla and her family but she got the impression that things were strained. Despite the clear aversion, Carmilla had to talking about her family she had so many stories to tell. She was the most captivating storyteller Laura had ever met. Shockingly, she felt as if Carmilla was equally as captivated by her, although she had no idea how that was possible.

“It was insane! I wasn’t paying attention to where I was walking. Before I knew it, I had tripped over a rope. I fell right on my face and the rope went flying. The rope spooked a horse, which caused panic to spread through the crowd. It all happened so quickly. The panic caught the attention of a group of passing ogres who thought it would be fun to start a riot,” Laura balked at how crazy Carmilla’s story was. “And that’s how I unintentionally caused an ogre riot at the fairy tale creature conference. They didn’t invite me back the next year. It took me awhile to smooth things over with everybody.” Carmilla laughed as she remembered that conference. If she was being honest with herself that was the only fairy tale conference, she actually enjoyed.

“You’re crazy; I’ve never met anyone like you. Not that this can really compare to your story but Abigail and I once let lose all the chickens on our farm.” She stopped, Laura felt silly that that was the most interesting story she could think of. She looked up and saw that Carmilla was genuinely interested in hearing her story so she continued.

“We were playing cops and robbers. We decided it would be a great idea to use the chicken pen as our jail cell. It was my turn to be the cop and I quickly arrested Abigail. I put her in the ‘cell’ and being eight at the time; she quickly got bored. She decided to try to start a riot with the chickens. She threw the door to the pen open screamed to attack and watched in amazement as the chickens ran in all different directions. I can still remember Abigail yelling at the chickens to follow the plan, as she grew frustrated with them not listening to her. It took us all day but we were able to catch all of the chickens but two. Abigail told me that the two chickens who escaped were meant to escape, they had a different destiny, and it was meant to be. She always has had such an interesting view on everything.”

A beautiful laugh escaped Carmilla as she said, “You two sound like a blast. My only regret is that I wasn’t there to see it myself.” Laura smiled to herself, this girl she found interesting and funny found her just as interesting and funny. She was so happy they found each other. Laura made a mental note to tell Abigail about Carmilla causing the ogre riot once she got home. She knew she would love that story.

Lost in thought Laura spat out what she said next without even thinking, “Tell me about your mom.” The mood changed dramatically. Carmilla’s smile faltered momentarily and Laura could see her eyes
glaze over. Why can’t I ever just be quiet and enjoy a nice moment, Laura wondered to herself. “I’m sorry Carmilla. I didn’t mean to get so personal. You don’t have to tell me anything.”

“No, it’s okay. I want to tell you, I want you to know. It’s just hard this isn’t me. It’s hard for me to open myself up like this.” The colour drained from Carmilla’s face and her voice wavered. “My mom is a fairy godmother and so is my grandmother. As far back as anyone can remember the women in my family have been fairy godmothers. It’s not something I’m really interested in doing and that’s really affected my relationship with mom.”

The silence seemed to linger as Laura lost herself in Carmilla’s eyes. Carmilla looked so sad and Laura was sure she would have done anything to make Carmilla happy again. Laura wasn’t sure what to say to make Carmilla feel better so she settled on hugging her. She was surprised by how incredible the hug felt. Neither girl wanted the hug to end but Laura reluctantly pulled away knowing she should head home.
A Surprise Reunion

Laura hurried home and was surprised to walk into the house to the smell of supper being cooked and also burnt. She knew that combination meant only one thing, her dad was home. Sherman was proficient in many things but cooking was not one of them. Despite his best efforts Sherman normally burnt anything he touched, including water. Laura walked to the kitchen and surely enough there was her father standing at the stove. His back was turned to Laura and she could just make out that Sherman was mumbling to himself, likely grumbling about yet again burning the food.

“Dad, you’re home!” She was so excited to see him, she had missed him so much and always worried about him when he was gone. Laura ran over to Sherman and enveloped her father in a hug. Taking in how warm his hug made her feel and how they way he smelled made her feel like their home was complete again.

“How was work, did you get everything figured out?” Laura asked eagerly, trusting her father had. Laura pulled away quickly enough to see Sherman’s face scrunched up and his brows furrowed before he quickly composed himself.

“Work was fine,” Sherman softly smiled. “I’ll finish cooking, set the table for me pumpkin.” Laura’s smile faltered before she turned to set the table. Sherman much like her was an open book. It wasn’t like Sherman to keep stuff from Laura and she knew that he was hiding something. Sherman had a terrible poker face and Laura had always been able to read his. Laura finished setting the table before fetching Abigail for supper.

“How long will you be home?” Laura asked her father like the doting daughter she had always been. Sherman frowned slightly.

“Only tonight and tomorrow and then I need to return to work.” Sherman was definitely hiding something, but Laura didn’t know what.

“Are you sure you’re okay dad?” Laura asked concern etched across her face.

“I’m okay, everything is fine.” Sherman said half-heartedly. “I was hoping we could all spend tomorrow together, before I leave.”

Laura wanted to push him further to hear the truth but she wouldn’t. It must be serious if he wasn’t willing to confide in Laura. She would give him some time and hope he would let her in when he was ready. For a long time they were all each other had. Now Laura had Carmilla, her stomach dropped as she realized she wouldn’t get to see Carmilla tomorrow. She felt silly and blushed; it was only one day after all.

“Of course we can daddy.” Abigail said smiling, no worry in the world. She was just excited that her family was back together again, no matter the amount of time. After supper they settled into the living room for the evening. Abigail and Sherman talking about his trip and Laura reading her old book of fairy tales. She had always loved that book.

Laura had fond memories of her mother reading her that book every night before bedtime. Helen, Laura’s mother, always called Laura her ‘little queen’. One day Laura asked her ‘Why do you call me a queen, shouldn’t I be a princess?’ to which her mother replied ‘To me you will always be a queen and if you chose to you can become a leader. You never need to follow what other people do, you always have a choice and can pick your own path.’ Laura smiled at the memory. She had forgotten what her mother had told her that day but she was glad she remembered again.
The next day Laura woke up, to breakfast already made. Abigail suggested they have breakfast outside as it was such a beautiful day out. Laura was enjoying the sun, full and content. She wasn’t listening to what was being said between Abigail and Sherman but she enjoyed hearing their voices. It was like music to her ears.

“Laura hon, Abigail was telling me about your new friend. Why don’t you tell me more?” Sherman said a smile spreading across his face. She could barely stop herself from shooting a dirty look at her little sister. Laura felt betrayed by Abigail for sharing her secret. She knew it was uncalled for but she hadn’t even wanted to share Carmilla with Abigail.

“There’s really not much to say dad. I met her in the forest and now we hang out.” Laura shrugged, unwilling to go into detail. Sherman looked at her with a sad look. They had always been so close. It must be hard for him knowing Laura didn’t want to open up. She sighed as she decided to share the ogre story with Abigail and Sherman. The smile returned to Sherman’s face and Laura was happy to hear Abigail’s laugh. She knew Abigail would love the story and she was surprised to see how much Sherman enjoyed the story. Laura, Abigail, and Sherman enjoyed the rest of their day together. A smile always on their faces and more often than not at least one of them laughing.

The entire day Carmilla was constantly in the back of her mind, and Laura really hoped she wasn’t worrying about her. As the day ended Laura’s heart was full. It would have been the perfect day had she not had to say bye to her dad.

“I’m sorry my girls, but I must go now. I love you more than anything, keep taking care of each other and I will be home before you know it.” Sherman said his voice sad and his eyes telling Laura that whatever he was hiding was bothering him. Laura and Abigail said their goodbyes to Sherman and after he left Abigail went to the room they shared to cry. Laura wanted to comfort Abigail but she knew she just needed some time to be sad so she gave it to her. Her last thought before falling asleep, after thinking about how much she already missed her dad, was Carmilla and how excited she was to see her again.
Laura arrived to the clearing earlier than usual, wanting to beat Carmilla there. Her heart started racing as she saw Carmilla already pacing in the clearing.

“You’re okay! I’m so glad you’re okay, I was so worried when you didn’t show up yesterday.” Carmilla had choked the words out quick as she crushed Laura in a hug. Laura’s breath caught in her throat, she was surprised at how wonderful a hug could feel. Nothing should feel this good she thought to herself.

“I’m okay, my dad came home. That’s why I didn’t come yesterday.” Laura said, wishing she hadn’t spoken just yet as it caused Carmilla to pull away from the hug.

“You should go spend some more time with him.” Carmilla finished a grin painted across her face.

“He’s actually gone already,” Laura frowned. “There’s something wrong.” Laura stopped speaking as Carmilla gasped and paled with worry.

“Is he okay? Is Abigail okay?” Carmilla spat out. Laura couldn’t stop the butterflies in her stomach, Carmilla could be so sweet, and she didn’t know how one person could have so many incredible qualities. Laura had never felt this way about anyone before and it both excited and scared her.

“Dad and Abigail are both okay,” Laura smiled shyly. “I’m not sure what’s going on but I can tell dad is hiding something from me. It’s not like him to keep secrets from me. It must be pretty bad and it’s worrying me.” Carmilla held Laura’s hand and all of the anxiety and fear Laura had been feeling since talking to her dad vanished. She was so amazed at how easy it was to talk to Carmilla. It surprised both Carmilla and Laura how much they had missed each other.

“I told my dad and Abigail about the fairy tale conference where you cause an ogre riot.” Laura giggled, “I’m sure I didn’t tell it as well as you did but they loved it.”

“I wouldn’t be so sure of that, you are quite the little storyteller.” Carmilla said looking at Laura as if she was the best storyteller in all of the kingdom. Laura couldn’t help her smile because the way Carmilla was looking at her made her believe for a fleeting moment that maybe she could be the best storyteller.

They enjoyed their afternoon together and both found themselves humming the forest song unbeknownst to each other as they walked their separate ways home. Laura hung out with her sister that night; they played cops and robbers again. They hadn’t played it since the day they let the chickens out of the coop. She felt bad, she felt like she hadn’t been spending enough time with Abigail lately. Abigail didn’t mind though, she somehow understood. They laughed late into the
night and slept late into the next day. Laura awoke with Carmilla on her mind. Had she been dreaming about her? She set off into the forest to see her.

“I’ve been wondering, what exactly are your wings?” Laura asked Carmilla. Carmilla’s smile vanished. She sighed, and her eyes went distant. “I’m sorry Carmilla, I shouldn’t have asked.”

“No cupcake, it’s okay,” she replied, running her hand through her hair and coming back to reality. Cupcake that’s a funny nickname Laura thought as she blushed. A blush followed shortly after from Carmilla as she realized what she had called Laura. “I just haven’t talked about this in a long time. Not since my tribunal.”

“You don’t have to tell me. We can talk about something else.” Laura said awkwardly, trying to change the subject.

Carmilla smiled a sad smile, and began telling Laura about her last failed wish attempt.

“I was granting the wish of a beggar; he wished that he would never need to ask for help again in his lifetime. I wanted so badly to help him but wishes can be such fickle things. If you are too emotionally invested and don’t think clearly, the wishes, even with the best of intentions can have devastating effects. I was so invested in the poor beggar that I made a mistake on his wish and,” she stopped for a moment, cleared her throat and continued, carefully watching for Laura’s reaction. “He lost the ability to speak, effectively ending his ability to ask for help. The thing is, a wish made is a wish made, and everybody only gets one. I was unable to take back the wish or grant another to undo the first wish. I ruined his life Laura.” It had been a rude awakening and it was something Carmilla thought about every single day. “Some fairy godmother hey? If you want to leave now, I’ll understand,” she finished, her voice shaking.

“Carmilla, I’m so sorry. It wasn’t your fault, you tried your best,” Laura replied quickly, taking Carmilla’s hand in her own.

“You don’t think I’m a monster?” she asked quietly, unable to meet Laura’s eyes.

“Of course not, you’re trying to help, doing what people ask of you, it’s not your fault when things go wrong. Of course, I don’t want to leave. These last few weeks have been the happiest I’ve had in a while. You’re,” she stopped, suddenly embarrassed by what she was about to say, and Carmilla finally looked at her. “You’re my best friend Carmilla. I’m not sure what I would do without you.” A small smile swept briefly over Carmilla’s face as Laura turned red as a tomato, and Carmilla went on.

“Getting my wings is meant literally. When it finally happens, I will receive a pair of wings that will match who I really am on the inside. In principle, receiving my wings is easy. I must grant a wish to someone truly deserving of it and the wish must be exactly what the person wants. It’s just tough because it can be hard to discern who truly deserves a wish. When I am accurate with who truly deserves a wish it’s hard to give the person exactly what they want. A lot of the time they don’t truly know what they want or the wish has unforeseen circumstances that twist it into something the person doesn’t want. It’s exhausting and incredibly disheartening at times.” Carmilla replied with a sadness Laura had never seen in her before. She was finally beginning to understand how hard this fairy godmother stuff was on Carmilla.

Laura went home that day still thinking about Carmilla and how sad she seemed. Carmilla had tried to play it off as if it was nothing but her eyes gave her away. An already dark brown, to Laura’s surprise Carmilla’s eye somehow darkened even further. Beneath her cool façade, Laura could see Carmilla trying to fight away the tears. It looked as if Carmilla might drown in her own sorrow and all Laura had wanted to do was to rescue her from her sorrow and make it so she was okay. She knew she couldn’t save Carmilla but she could be her friend and be there for her when she needed
someone.

Laura was sure she could have continued thinking about Carmilla all afternoon and all night had she not been betrayed by her own thoughts, “Am I deserving of a wish? I could have my prince and castle and Carmilla could finally get her wings.” She tried to get rid of those thoughts as quickly as they popped into her head, feeling selfish. For the rest of the evening and late into the night she found her mind wandering back to those thoughts whenever she wasn’t focused on distracting herself.
A Deserving Heart

Chapter Notes

Alright, so I've figured out how to technology a little bit so from this point on the story with look better and be easier to read rather than one constant block of writing. I also went back and fixed all of the other chapters as well.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The next day Laura ventured into the forest as she had done every day. Today was different though, she could only think about Carmilla granting her a wish. She felt bad, Carmilla opened up to her and showed her parts of her she made sure to hide from everybody and all Laura could think about was how she could benefit from it. Laura did really care about Carmilla she was her best friend, her only friend really. How could she not be caught up in the fact that she might be able to save her family though? Not only save her family but also get a prince and a castle like the one she had wished for all those years ago.

“What’s going on in that head of yours? You’ve just been standing there for five minutes not saying anything.” Carmilla’s voice broke Laura out of her trance.

“I’m sorry, have I really just been standing here?” Laura asked surveying her surroundings. At some point, she made it to the clearing and she was just standing next to the pond.

“Yes you really have just been standing in that spot looking lost to the world. You didn’t even notice me walk up to you.” Carmilla said looking at Laura curiously. How strange thought Laura, normally she was more careful in the forest. She couldn’t afford to get hurt with all of her responsibilities. “Seriously though, what’s going on? Are you okay?” Carmilla asked again breaking Laura’s inner monologue. She no longer seemed curious but worried. Laura wondered if she should tell Carmilla what had actually been preoccupying her mind or come up with some excuse.

“Am I deserving of a wish?” Laura blurted out before she could stop herself. Both girls as equally shocked as the other was, no one said anything at first. “I’m sorry; I didn’t mean to say that. It just kind of came out.” Laura said quietly, feeling her cheeks growing red. Hoping to break the silence that felt like it had gone on for an eternity when in reality it had probably only been a minute, two at most. Laura hoped Carmilla wasn’t angry with her. Carmilla remained silent, she just watched Laura. It felt like Carmilla was starting into Laura’s soul, seeing every dark little secret and thought she had promised to never share with anyone. Laura felt very vulnerable in that moment but she didn’t mind if Carmilla saw all of her darkest secrets. Laura held her breath, waiting for Carmilla to respond. After what felt like another eternity, Carmilla sighed.

“I believe you are deserving of a wish, I’m not sure if I’ve ever encountered someone more deserving of a wish than you.” Carmilla stated quietly, hesitantly. Laura had never seen Carmilla so unsure of herself, she was usually so confident. “It seems your heart is pure and unselfish. That can be dangerous though, there is a chance you would wish for something that will make all those around you happy but leave you feeling empty.” Carmilla continued in barely more than a whisper, “What is it you would wish for?”

“I would wish for a prince to come rescue me and my family. We would live happily ever after in a castle, we would never need to worry again.” Laura said, almost embarrassed of her wish. Her heart
caught in her throat at the sight of Carmilla’s face after hearing her wish. She couldn’t place what emotion played across Carmilla’s face, it was nothing she had ever seen before. It only lasted a second before Carmilla composed herself again.

“That’s really what you want? You want to be rescued by some random person?” Carmilla asked her, not believing that was really, what Laura wanted with her life, “You want to be whisked away and fit into somebody’s life like some puzzle piece. What if you aren’t meant to fit into that puzzle and have to lose parts of yourself to fit in. You could start a life with someone make your own puzzle together, rather than some be random person’s wife, little more than a trophy.” She sounded almost angry.

Laura was stunned, she had never thought of it that way. Did she really want to marry some person and just be his wife, step into a life already decided? She had a dream she had always kept a secret. She had dreamed about writing her own stories. She spent so much time reading stories at home. Every time her father had to leave for work, he always brought back a book for Laura. They were never new books but that’s one of the many things Laura loved about them. She loved the character of old books. The tears and dog-eared corners showed the parts that were loved by previous owners.

A few times Laura was lucky enough to receive books that had notes in the margins. Laura cherished those books the most. She could read the books, come up with her own ideas and conclusions about them, and then read what the previous owner had thought about the same book. Her absolute favourite book was ‘To Kill a Mockingbird’ by Harper Lee. It was about a year ago that her father brought her that book back. She fell in love with it immediately. Whoever owned it previously had not only matched Laura’s view on the book perfectly but they were able to articulate it so beautifully. She was so confused, she was about to tell Carmilla that she didn’t really want that when Abigail creeped into her mind. “Yes, that is what I want. My family’s happiness is the most important thing to me.” Laura blurted out surprising even herself.

“I’m sorry Laura; I can’t grant you that wish. I do not believe that is truly, what you want. Even if I did, I am too invested in you to risk granting you a wish.” Carmilla said firmly but gently, looking as if she had aged ten years. She studied Laura carefully, Carmilla worried Laura would no longer want to be her friend, she had been through this before. She was used to people pretending to care for her to try to get a wish and then leaving her when they got what they thought they wanted.

Laura briefly felt relieved before the disappointment crashed in threatening to drown her. “It’s okay, I understand.” Laura said trying to hide her disappointment, “I’m just glad you’re a part of my life and you aren’t angry at me for asking.” That was true; Laura was happy for Carmilla’s presence in her life and didn’t want to ruin that. Laura was surprised to see Carmilla so shocked. “What’s wrong, was it something I said?” Laura questioned, confused at the look on Carmilla’s face.

“It’s just,” Carmilla began before her voice cracked, betraying her. “I thought you wouldn’t want to be my friend anymore. I am so used to people befriending me just to get a wish. When you asked me if you were deserving of a wish, I was so sure you wouldn’t want to be a part of my life if I couldn’t grant you your wish.” Carmilla felt heavy, she had been so lonely before Laura entered her life. She was the first person to truly understand her and she felt like she was letting her down by not granting her wish.

Laura was offended, she knew she shouldn’t take it personally but she couldn’t help it. She cared deeply for Carmilla and she thought Carmilla had understood that. “Of course I’m not leaving you. Why don’t you understand I care for you? I care for you Carmilla, because of who you are as a person. I don’t care for you because you’re a fairy godmother. That doesn’t matter to me.” Laura felt overwhelmed and she wasn’t sure, when she had started crying. She didn’t understand why she was so emotional. It wasn’t often she felt like crying and rarely did she cry in front of other people.
Normally she would feel embarrassed, but this time she couldn’t feel anything but sadness. Sadness that Carmilla could even for a moment think that Laura might be using her for a wish.

“I’m sorry Laura, that’s not what I meant. I know you care about me and I care about you too.” Carmilla felt heavy, she didn’t mean to hurt Laura’s feelings. She couldn’t stand seeing her like this. Carmilla knew in that moment looking at Laura her feelings for her far surpassed friendship. Carmilla loved Laura. This naïve, innocent girl came out of nowhere and changed Carmilla’s life. She showed her true friendship and love and Carmilla vowed she would do whatever she could to make Laura happy. “I’ve been hurt before and I let my insecurities get the best of me.”

Laura shyly grinned, “I’m glad you know I care about you. If you need I can start telling you every day how funny, kind and amazing you are.” Don’t forget cute Laura thought as she smiled at the blush spreading across Carmilla’s face. Carmilla rested her head on Laura’s shoulder and they spent the rest of their time sitting together lost in their own thoughts.

Laura walked back to her house in silence, thinking about her friendship with Carmilla. She didn’t see Carmilla coming but she’s glad she did. She had changed her life for the better. It didn’t matter if they stayed friends forever or if the friendship burned out as quick as it happened, Laura would always cherish what they had. She arrived home to see Abigail waiting for her. A smile spread across her face, thinking about Carmilla would have to wait.

Chapter End Notes

WHAT?!?! Straight Laura?!?! I know, just hang in there.
The Arrival of Karnstein

Chapter Summary

Carmilla and Abigail finally meet!

The next morning Abigail whined, “Can I go into the forest with you today? Please, I want to meet your new friend.” Abigail had been bothering Laura to go into the forest for a while now. Laura was hesitant on letting Abigail go with her. She couldn’t imagine what she would do if anything bad happened to Abigail. “Please Laura, I know the forest can be dangerous but nothing bad has happened to you. I’ll be safe as long as I’m with you.” Abigail had a good point, nothing bad had happened to Laura. Safety didn’t really feel like an issue anymore, yet Laura still didn’t want Abigail to come. She had spoken to Abigail briefly about Carmilla but she still felt like Carmilla was her secret. She wanted to keep it that way. Laura realized how silly that was and quickly agreed to let Abigail come with her. It might be nice to have a picnic in the clearing.

Laura and Abigail ventured into the forest. Laura felt right at home in the forest. Abigail on the other hand was scared. She tried to be brave but Laura could see through her façade. “Are you okay? You don’t need to be afraid.” Laura would do anything to make Abigail feel better.

“I’m trying to be brave, I promise. Could you sing to me?” Abigail pleaded with Laura, “Sing your forest song, it’s so beautiful.” Laura loved her forest song, so she had yes with no hesitation. She had sung her forest song to Abigail ever since she was a kid.

“In the forest, where the sun can hide.” Laura sang quietly, “The wind in the trees, play a melody.” Laura started singing louder, the wind picking up the tune of her song. “In the forest, you find your true side.” She was getting lost in her song; nothing else mattered in that moment. “The wind in the trees, you can do no wrong.” Laura finished her song just as the wind died down. At time like this, it easy to see why some thought the forest was alive.

“That was beautiful Laura,” A now familiar voice said. Abigail and Laura turned to see Carmilla watching them with a huge smile on her face. “And who is this lovely young creature?” Carmilla asked motioning towards Abigail as she took her hand and planted a kiss on it, the entire time Abigail giggling. Laura could tell Abigail was already won over by Carmilla.

“I am Abigail, I am eleven years old, and when I grow up I want to be an animal doctor. I love all animals but bunny rabbits are my absolute favourite.” Abigail said with a smile feeling comfortable in the presence of the girl she had just met

“Hello Abigail, my name is Carmilla. I am twenty-three years old and when I was your age, I wanted to be a teacher. I also really like bunny rabbits.”

“If you wanted to be a teacher, why aren’t you a teacher? You don’t want to teach anymore?” Abigail asked Carmilla. She had always been such a curious kid. Laura worried that she might unintentionally upset Carmilla. Before she could say anything Carmilla was already replying.

“That’s a tough question to answer. I would love to teach but I have other responsibilities. The women in my family for as far back as anyone can remember have been fairy godmothers. It is expected that I follow in that tradition, so I do. Does that make sense?” Thoughtfully Carmilla asked,
unsure of if she was making sense to Abigail. Abigail didn’t say anything for a moment, deep in thought.

“That makes sense, I suppose. I understand responsibilities and expectations but I think happiness should come first. I’m not sure though, I don’t really have any responsibilities.” Laura and Carmilla were both shocked. Laura always knew Abigail was smarter than most kids were her age but it always surprised her just how wise she was. She was so young that she couldn’t possibly understand the stress that comes with living up to expectations but maybe she could understand the true meaning of life. Laura thought she could remember times as a child when she would tell herself that happiness was all the mattered. Maybe all children believed that in the beginning but life had ripped that thought from her as she was sure it had to countless others.

“Maybe your right kid,” Carmilla said thoughtfully. “You’re pretty smart. I may not be a teacher but I am a fairy godmother, well just about. Do you want to see something cool?”

“Sure, I love magic!” Replied Abigail quickly. In this moment it was easy to see that Abigail was only eleven. Her eyes lit up and the childlike excitement took over. Before their eyes a wicker picnic basket appeared. It looked as if Abigail’s eyes were going to pop out of her head.

“Can I open it?” Abigail asked, already rushing over to the basket.

“Of course you can. I believe you truly deserve this.” Laura was confused and excited as Abigail opened the basket after Carmilla told her she could. Abigail squealed in delight as a rabbit’s head popped out of the basket. They had never seen a cuter rabbit in their life. Abigail’s excitement quickly turned to sadness however.

“Thank you, I love her. I can’t keep her though. Sometimes we can’t even feed ourselves so we might not be able to feed her.” Laura had to choke down tears while Abigail spoke. She couldn’t help but think that this wasn’t fair, Abigail deserved so much more. Laura’s sadness turned to confusion as Carmilla began to smile even wider.

“I know my dear, pour out the rabbit’s food.” Carmilla said so sweetly it sounded like she could have been singing. Confused Abigail did as she told and watched in amazement as the basket filled with food after it was emptied. “The basket is bewitched; you’ll never have to worry about feeding the rabbit.” Abigail hugged the rabbit as she began to cry. Laura couldn’t believe her eyes. Joy and an unknown emotion filled Laura’s heart threatening to bubble over.

“Thank you so much! I’m going to name her Karnstein, after you.” Abigail put down the rabbit briefly to hug Carmilla before turning her attention back to Karnstein. The entire time Laura never took her eyes off Carmilla. Amazed by the woman she had recently met who turned her world upside down.

“Carmilla, there is nothing I can say to show you my gratitude. You said you believed Abigail truly deserved this; does that mean you’ll get your wings?” Laura asked hesitantly. Nervous that if Carmilla said yes, that meant she would be leaving.

“No, I won’t receive my wings. Abigail didn’t make a wish, so I technically haven’t granted a wish, it was more of a parlor trick than anything else. I knew how much this would mean to you and to Abigail. It was really more of a token of appreciation than a wish. I’m really glad to have met you Laura.” Carmilla said the smile never leaving her face. Laura couldn’t believe it. She couldn’t believe her luck. Carmilla was the best thing to happen to her and she couldn’t believe they had found each other. Unbeknownst to Laura, Carmilla felt the exact same way about her. They had both been so lonely and in need of a friend when they found each other.

They spent the afternoon laughing and watching Abigail play with Karnstein. It surprised both of
them how quick Abigail and Karnstein became best friends. It felt so natural to be together in the clearing. Carmilla, Laura, and Abigail, it felt like a family. Before they knew it, the afternoon was coming to an end and it was time for Laura and Abigail to head home with their newest addition Karnstein. Laura didn’t want their day to end. It had truly been a perfect day.

Laura walked home silently, while Abigail told Karnstein all about her new home. Lost in her own thoughts Laura was happy with the day but she also felt sadness in seeing the day end. She felt so many things when she thought of Carmilla and she felt conflicted. At the thought of Carmilla Laura felt happy, excited, scared, sad, and another emotion Laura couldn’t quite figure out. Laura didn’t really have any experience with this particular emotion but she had to assume this is what it felt like to long for someone, to want someone more than was maybe good for her. How strange, she had never felt this way in regards to anyone before.
Laura didn’t have much time to dwell over it, as she reached home and saw a familiar face. A grin spread across her face as she saw her dad was home. “My girls, my beautiful wonderful girls, I’ve missed you two so much! Abigail my little bunny looks like you’ve got a new friend.” Her dad said smiling at his youngest daughter as he hugged her. His smile didn’t seem genuine, Laura noticed but she chalked it up to Sherman being tired after his journey. Sherman turned to his oldest daughter, “I know it’s exiting I’m home Laura, but you’re absolutely glowing. I’m flattered.” Her father said with a cheeky grin. Laura was sure she was glowing but it wasn’t just because of her dad. There were so many reasons, her dad, Abigail and Karnstein, and of course Carmilla. She could feel her heart swelling; she had never known happiness like this before.

“Dad, I’m so happy you’re home! I’ve really missed you.” Already hugging her dad, she loudly and obnoxiously squealed into his ear. In an instant though, everything came crashing down around her. Laura’s world stopped and she was having a tough time catching her breath. Her stomach dropped and her ears began to ring. She was sure she had heard her dad wrong. She had to have heard him wrong. There was no way this could be real.

“Honey, did you hear me? I didn’t want to tell you right after getting home. I would have loved to visit with you and Abigail a bit first. We do not have that leisure, unfortunately. I should have warned you so much sooner and I’m sorry. We’ve lost the house. We have to leave tonight and I’m not sure where we’re going to go.” Sherman was barely able to finish as his voice cracked and his eyes swelled with tears. Laura couldn’t believe she had heard her dad right. Wow, that changes everything, Laura thought to herself. Laura didn’t feel carefree and ecstatic anymore she felt sick to the stomach as she knew what she had to do now.

Laura was running out the door as her father called for her to come back. Abigail focused on comforting Karnstein during the chaos, displaying a silent bravery not Laura nor Sherman has seen before. “Please be there, please be there.” Laura was murmuring to herself as she ran into the forest. To her dismay, she arrived to an empty clearing. “Carmilla please, I need you.”

Carmilla’s heart raced, it didn’t matter she was lounging in the hammock in her backyard, she knew Laura was in the clearing and that she needed her. A fairy godmother thing she figured. She was nervous as she remembered the promise she made herself. She would do anything for Laura’s happiness and it frightened her how true that sentiment was. In a flash Carmilla materialized in front of Laura. “What is it, what’s wrong?” Carmilla’s usual cool self-gone replaced by insecurity and hesitance.

“I need a wish. You need to grant me my wish. I need to do this and you need to get your wings,” Laura said sounding cool and confident while her eyes gave her away. Her eyes were jittery, on-edge, almost animalistic. That look was so unnerving and it sent shivers down Carmilla’s spine. “My dad came home and we’ve lost the house. We have nowhere to go I need my wish.”

“What’s your wish?” Knowing what was coming before Laura could answer. She only asked in the hopes that the answer would be anything other then what she expected.

Tired, Laura said it almost robotic. “I need a prince to come and rescue me and my family. I want him to love me more than anything, to be willing to do whatever to make my family and me happy. This is what I need.” So sure her childhood dream was about to come true. Trying to silence the
screaming in her head that was telling her this isn’t what she wanted anymore. Shut up, shut up, shut up, she started screaming to herself trying to drown out the voice telling her she was wrong. As if her newly adopted mantra of shut up could fix everything from crashing around her, threatening to bury her. She needed to do this, for Sherman and Abigail she could do this.

“Laura please, ask for something else, anything else. You don’t have to do this; I know you can think of something else. This isn’t where your story has to go.” Carmilla pleaded as she held Laura’s hands. Laura felt her resolve slipping and before she could stop herself she had yanked her hands away from Carmilla steeling herself to do what she had to.

Laura’s voice boomed scaring both her and Carmilla, “There is no other choice. Trust me, I would know.” Laura’s voice increased with every word, her body shaking. “I’ve read all of the books.” Her voice cracked, beginning to lose its steam. Laura was exhausted. “The prince rescues the damsel in distress and her family. The damsel becomes the princes’ doting wife and they all live happily ever after.” Laura spoke barely above a whisper. Carmilla strained to hear her as Laura’s words crashed over her, threatening to wash her away. “This is always how the story ends. This is all I’ve ever read about or seen this is all I know. So please Carmilla, do this for me.” She stared at Carmilla pleading with her eyes. Carmilla was stunned. She had seen Laura upset before but it was nothing compared to this. Laura radiated intensity and Carmilla’s voice and breath were caught in her throat. It was only for a brief moment but to Carmilla it felt like an eternity.

“Okay Laura, you will have your wish.” Carmilla waved her hand in a flourish, not that it was necessary but feeling the need for the pageantry of it all. She sobbed and then disappeared as quickly as she had appeared. Laura was left alone in the clearing. She was left alone with the feeling of regret; she tried to convince herself that it wasn’t regret but her nerves. She was afraid. She hadn’t been afraid of the forest in a long time but without Carmilla here she felt alone and was sure she was surrounded by the shadows of creatures that wanted to devour her when the time was right. That prospect scared Laura but also excited her, it helped her feel alive even when everything felt numb. She sat there so long, lost in her thoughts. Dread overcoming her.

Chapter End Notes

Such angst! I'm so sorry.
A Wish Gone Wrong

Chapter Summary

Sorry this took so long. Life got hard but I’m back.

She didn’t notice the handsome man ride up to her, get off his horse, and kneel before her. “Hello, fair maiden. What has you made you so gloomy? Follow me and you’ll know no pain or fear. I am Prince Andrew. I was on a journey to find a wife so I can become king and I have stumbled upon you.” Prince Andrew said confidently. Unlike Carmilla’s cool and humble confidence, Andrew was arrogant and overconfident. Laura composed herself and stood up to accept Andrew’s proposal.

“I will follow you but first we must go grab my family and my sister’s rabbit.” Laura said quietly not making eye contact with Andrew. The smile left Andrews face, replaced by a cold expressionless look.

“A family and a smelly rabbit, already more work than I wanted. You are very beautiful though and I’m sure together we could make a handsome family. Fine, we’ll go pick up your family and rabbit.” Rolling his eyes, Andrew was clearly unimpressed. Laura had wished for her prince to love her more than anything else. If she was being honest this isn’t how she expected love to feel. Laura reminded herself that this is how the story always ends. She should be happy, this is all she had wanted when she was a child. She couldn’t help it though; she felt grief, as she was sure she had lost her dear friend Carmilla.

Laura and Andrew arrived at her childhood home. A place she had truly fallen in love with over her years spent there. She went to introduce Andrew and explain what has happening when Andrew interrupted her. He went into a rehearsed speech he had obviously practiced in front of the mirror before. Andrew was telling Sherman something about his great-grandfathers great-grandfather. Laura couldn’t hear what Andrew was saying as she saw the nut-brown eyes she was so accustomed to that she was sure they were burned into her memory forever. She snuck away from the group unnoticed. Not that it was difficult considering Andrew was still talking up a storm.

“Hi, I didn’t think I would see you again. Thank you for the wish.” Laura said sheepishly.

“I guess this means you’ll be receiving your wings now.”

“I’m not sure if I’ll receive my wings. I’ll find out later tonight. I just wanted to say goodbye to you.” Carmilla coughed, trying to cover up the fact she was beginning to cry.

“You’ve been a wonderful friend and I’ll miss you so much.” Carmilla’s cheeks got redder and she was speaking so quietly Laura wasn’t sure if she had heard her right, “I love you, and I wish I was the one making you happy.” She loves me, Laura hadn’t expected to hear that come out of Carmilla’s mouth.

“You do make me happy. No one has ever made me this happy before.” Laura said to Carmilla as she disappeared. “I love you too.” Laura said a second to late, the words falling on deaf ears. She wished Carmilla were there to hear it. Carmilla had loved Laura and she had had no idea until it was far too late. How could she have been so blind? Now she was gone and she would never see her again. Laura got her wish though, so her family would be okay. She would be okay, she hoped half-
heartedly. Unsure of if it would be possible for her to ever feel as happy as Carmilla made her. She went back into her house while regret and sadness began to bloom inside of her. Laura didn’t feel very good and could feel panic settle in.

“Why can’t I ever be happy?” Carmilla asked herself, as she stood in the clearing all alone. “Always the one to grant wishes, never the one to get a wish. I wish Laura loved me as much as I loved her.” Carmilla gasped as a her heart began to flutter and she was overwhelmed by her exhaustion. She was fairly sure she knew this feeling and she immediately knew she messed up. She accidentally granted her own wish, her heart always fluttered and she was zapped of her energy anytime she performed magic. Carmilla wondered how this was even possible. Fairy godmothers aren’t supposed to be able to grant their own wishes. It was extremely rare, almost completely unheard of that a fairy godmother was able to grant her own wish. What had she done.
Carmilla vowed to figure out a way to undo this wish. She was heading to the fairy godmothers castle in order to consult the Grand Fairy. If there was, anyone who would know how to undo the wish it would be her. Before leaving Carmilla decided to go check on Laura to make sure everything was okay. She was worried her wish had had terrible consequences and Laura was in trouble. Carmilla arrived at Laura’s house. She knocked on the door and watched as it slowly opened. Her heart started to race and her voice shook as she asked, “Is Laura home, I need to speak to her. It’s urgent.”

A man Carmilla swore she had met before replied, “I’m sorry, she’s not here. She was upset and started muttering something and then ran off. I couldn’t stop her. I’m Sherman, Laura’s father. Have we met before?” Sherman spoke calmly but it was obvious he was worried about Laura. Carmilla then remembered she had met Sherman previously, probably about a year ago. She sold him her cover of ‘To Kill a Mockingbird’. It was her all-time favourite book. She didn’t want to part with it but every time she looked at it, she felt sad that she wasn’t able to teach the book. The book made it a lot harder for Carmilla to cope with giving up her dreams of becoming a teacher so she had decided to get rid of it.

“I sold you a book one time. Do you happen to know where Laura was going?” Carmilla asked shocked that Laura might have her beloved book. Maybe after all this time she could hold it, and read it again.

“She came inside after she finished talking to you.” Abigail said to Carmilla with a smile on her face, knowing something she refused to divulge. “She started saying she had to go, she had to talk to you.” Carmilla grimaced; she messed up Laura’s wish by making her own. Carmilla could have what she wanted but she would know it was a sham, something she made happen with a wish. Carmilla had messed up and now Laura was paying the price. She had made a promise to herself that she would do whatever to make Laura happy and she had failed again. She swallowed her pride and turned to face the prince, jealousy racing through her veins.

“I would love to accompany you highness to find Laura.” Carmilla said, doing her best to smile. She was sure it wasn’t convincing, she was just hoping it did enough to mask the pain she was trying her best to hold down.

“Accompany me to find her? That’s hilarious. I am not finding her. I’m a prince, maidens find me. She has proven to be more work than I want. I must find a wife but I can find a woman with less baggage than Laura. She is beautiful but she is far too complicated a woman for me.” The prince was emotionless and disaffected by the shocked looks he received. He left without saying anything else to the group of people he had just met. Carmilla was so confused. Laura’s wish had been for the prince to love her more than anything and be willing to do anything for her and her family. Carmilla really messed up Laura’s wish and she was sure it was when she made her own wish. She couldn’t believe this happened and knew she had to fix it.

Before Carmilla had a chance to do anything Sherman had grabbed his coat and headed for the door. He paused turning to his youngest daughter, “Stay here Abigail, I need to find Laura.” Sherman didn’t wait for a response as he rushed into the crisp evening air no idea where to start.

“I’m going to find Laura; I promise you I’ll find her.” Carmilla said to Abigail who had somehow managed to remain calm with everything that had happened. Frantically Carmilla tried to gather herself before she went off on her journey.
“I want to come with you, I can help.” Abigail said determined and brave. This kid was constantly surprising Carmilla. She seemed beyond her age. It was as if she knew the secrets of the world. Carmilla almost said yes to Abigail, maybe she could help.

“No, you can’t come with me. You need to stay here and wait for either Laura or Sherman to return. This is where you’ll be safe. It’s too dangerous out there for you.” Abigail’s face dropped as Carmilla finished speaking. The look on her face made Carmilla wish she hadn’t said it. There was no taking it back though and it was the truth.

“Everybody always wants to keep me safe. I’m not as small and scared as everybody thinks. I thought you knew I was brave and strong,” Abigail said, eyes cast downward. Carmilla questioned herself. She should let Abigail come, there was a part of her that wanted her to. What would Laura want though? Carmilla knew with all of her heart that Laura wouldn’t want Abigail putting herself at risk. In that moment, she decided the least she could do was be as honest with Abigail as possible.

“Abigail, I believe you are brave and you are strong. You are one of the smartest people I’ve ever met, so I have a feeling you already know what I’m about to tell you. I’m not sure how you know but you do. I love Laura; more than just a friend loves. I know Laura wouldn’t want you to come with me and intentionally put yourself at risk. I have to do what she would want. Try to understand this and try to forgive me.” Carmilla felt her cheeks warm and knew the blush spreading across her face. Love wasn’t something to take lightly. She couldn’t possibly be in love she willed herself not to be. Saying the words opened a floodgate of emotions and she knew there was no taking back what she said and how she felt.

The look in Abigail’s eyes told Carmilla she did understand and she would eventually forgive her. It didn’t change the fact that Abigail was hurt in the moment. She made it obvious by avoiding eye contact with Carmilla as best as she could. Carmilla had to admit she was good at it. Abigail’s silence was what broke Carmilla’s heart the most. Although Abigail was young, she was well spoken. She was able to articulate her thoughts and feelings better than most adults were. It seemed that in this moment Abigail was unable to form the words to convey how she felt so she decided to remain silent. A silence so loud it drummed in Carmilla’s ears and threatened to shatter her already cracking heart. After another quick apology and plea for forgiveness, Carmilla was on her way into the woods.
She knew exactly where to start and was off towards the clearing. With all her heart, she hoped just this once in her life lady luck would be on her side. Of course, Laura wasn’t there. She was such a fool for hoping it would be this easy. Where should she go now? Carmilla had to think. There had to be something. Some sort of sign as to where Laura went. Carmilla was reluctant to admit it about herself but she was smart and she knew it. She had always been extremely observant and it had come in handy in the past.

Carmilla scanned her surroundings. Looking for anything, regardless of how insignificant it seemed. Everything seemed in place the first time she looked around. The second time she somehow saw the tiniest piece of white string tied next to a footpath. She couldn’t be sure it was Laura who left it but she wouldn’t put it past Laura to do so. It wasn’t unusual for the forest to play tricks on those who travelled through it though. Many before Carmilla had been lured the wrong way in the forest. Carmilla knew Laura loved to read. Maybe this was her version of Hansel and Gretel’s bread crumb trail. Clever Carmilla thought No chance of Laura’s trail being eaten by some pesky birds.

Without much of a second thought, Carmilla started towards the string to follow the barely visible footpath. She really hoped she was heading the right way. For now, her best plan was to follow the pieces of string. Dread filled her as she thought about what could have happened to Laura. Her wish could have had terrible consequences on her, her mother had always told her to be careful, that her lover’s heart would one day get her in trouble. Even if her wish hadn’t had terrible consequences, Carmilla knew better than anybody else what dangers awaited in the forest. She grew up in the forest; she spent all of her time there.

Carmilla couldn’t stop the voices in her head screaming that she was a failure. She was used to it by now but it always managed to surprise her how similar the voice sounded like her beloved mother. She loved her mom and she knew her mother loved her too even if she didn’t always show it. Carmilla knew there was a part deep down in her mother that was disappointed that Carmilla wasn’t as good of a fairy godmother as the rest of her family, she could see it in her eyes.

Carmilla knew she wasn’t a very good fairy godmother. It used to embarrass and hurt her to admit that and would try to deny it. She was so tired of lying, it had started to weigh more than she could carry with her. She didn’t care anymore, she couldn’t care anymore. This burden had almost broken her completely at this point. She had resigned to living this lie until she met Laura. Laura had changed her life, given her a confidence she didn’t know she possessed. Carmilla had to find her.

The evening quickly turned to night but it was no matter. Her confidence that she was on the right track grew as she went forward. Every five feet or so there was a white string. She couldn’t help shaking her head at the brilliance of the situation. Even if she was being tricked by the forest she could still appreciate the craftiness involved. Carmilla was in high spirits as she continued the path until she heard a branch behind her crack. She couldn’t believe she hadn’t been paying attention to her surroundings as she walked. She knew better than that, she grew up in these forests.

Adrenaline surged through Carmilla’s body. Normally she would face her foe, assured by her ability to do magic. This time she was caught unawares and was scared. Without looking back to see what or who was following her she began to run through the forest. Carmilla expertly ran through the trees, dodging the branches as she went along. She had begun to calm down when an owl hidden in the safety of a tree near by chose that point to hoot loudly in Carmilla’s direction.

Carmilla took her eyes off of her chosen path for just a moment as she tried to locate the source of the sound. Carmilla hit the ground and was sprawled out within the blink of an eye. She had managed to
simultaneously run face first into a low hanging branch and trip over a root barely peeking out from
the ground. Ouch, she thought lamely attempting to process what just happened. She felt her eye
already swelling up and thought she could feel a bit of blood dripping down her cheek.

“Carmilla, oh my, Carmilla, are you okay?” A familiar voice called out getting. Laura, is that you?
Carmilla was dazed and found herself struggling to focus her eyes on Laura. Carmilla was sure it
was her though, it sounded so much like Laura but Carmilla couldn’t shake the feeling something
was wrong. Her heart raced until she realized it was Abigail calling out to her. Disappointment
flushed through Carmilla and her heartbeat slowed for a moment. Abigail followed me, of course she
did. Carmilla still felt rather confused. She looked into Abigail’s blue eyes. They were the same
colour as Laura’s, how nice she thought. “Carmilla, you’re bleeding. I’m sorry I didn’t mean to scare
you. Are you okay?” Abigail’s voice was laced with concern.

“I’m okay,” Carmilla, murmured slowly snapping out of her daze. “What are you doing here? I told
you not to come with me.” Carmilla’s confusion was replaced by anger and fear at the thought of
what might have happened to Abigail. “I didn’t even know you were here, you can’t even fathom
what could have happened to you.”

“I may not know exactly what could have happened. I do know that I could have gotten hurt,
possibly even killed. I know my older sister is out here alone and possibly scared.” Abigail’s voice
broke for a second before she composed herself. “I know she wouldn’t want me out here but I can’t
stay at home. I’ll prove to you and to Laura that I can do this.” Abigail was flustered but confident.
Abigail didn’t wait for Carmilla to say anything. She continued down the path leaving Carmilla
standing on the path flabbergasted. They walked silently together until they came to a clearing. The
string ended here. Carmilla had no idea where to go now.

“I don’t know where we should go.” Carmilla said quietly. Usually so cool, she was beginning to
crack under the pressure. She was confused when she looked up to see Abigail smiling. “Why are
you smiling, what’s going on?”

“Two roads diverged in a yellow wood.” Abigail began. Carmilla was confused, she liked Robert
Frost just as much as anyone else did but she didn’t think this was the appropriate time for poetry.
“Two roads diverged in a wood, and I-I took the one less travelled by. And that has made all the
difference.” Abigail smiled, “The Road Not Taken is Laura’s favourite poem. She would have taken
the path on the right. I know she would follow her poet’s heart.” Carmilla didn’t question Abigail.
She knew she was right. “I told you I could help,” Abigail smiled smugly as Carmilla rolled her eyes
trying to cover up the small grin forming on her face.
“Lead the way Abigail. You know, I never once said I didn’t think you could help.” Carmilla smiled warmly, admiring how smart Abigail was. Abigail smiled back at Carmilla, happy she was letting her lead the way. Maybe Carmilla did believe in Abigail after all. They ventured forward in silence, content with each other’s company. Both pretending to be brave, neither wanting to be the first to say they were worried about Laura. It was easier to pretend she was okay than to try to cope with the idea that something bad may have happened to her.

“Tell me something about yourself.” Abigail said surprising Carmilla. She looked over and could see that Abigail was afraid. Carmilla had forgot that Abigail would have never been this far into the forest before and frankly didn’t have much experience in the forest at all. What would Laura do to calm Abigail down? Carmilla knew that was a silly thing to ask herself. She already knew the answer. Laura would sing to Abigail. She had seen it before, when Abigail came into the forest with Laura.

Carmilla didn’t need to know Abigail to know she was scared that day but Laura calmed her down so quick by singing to her. It was somewhat embarrassing, possibly creepy, but Carmilla liked to watch Laura come into the forest. When she was alone, she would sing and Carmilla sure did love Laura’s singing. Carmilla couldn’t do that though, she loved people. Her love of people was a big reason why she wanted to become a teacher. She could form relationships with her students and make a difference in their lives.

“What do you want to know?” Carmilla asked, hoping Abigail had an answer. She was blanking on stories, of course. She could run into battle with no fear but once emotions we’re involved she froze. She didn’t know how to deal with others emotions while attempting to stay unattached. She always wanted to jump in headfirst. That how she had always been and that was a big part of why she wasn’t a very good fairy godmother. It is vital that fairy godmothers stay unattached. Carmilla couldn’t do that though, she loved people. Her love of people was a big reason why she wanted to become a teacher. She could form relationships with her students and make a difference in their lives.

“Anything,” Abigail choked out. Carmilla had never seen someone so afraid before. Stop panicking Carmilla started telling herself. She realized she didn’t have to try to stay unattached to Abigail. She was done pretending to be a fairy godmother she couldn’t do this to herself anymore. Carmilla decided in that moment she would tell the Grand Fairy that she surrendered her powers. This wasn’t the life she wanted and she was tired of trying to fit into a box not designed to fit her.

“I’m going to become a teacher,” Carmilla blurted out. Curse her big mouth.

Abigail stopped and looked at Carmilla, “I thought you had responsibilities so you couldn’t be a teacher?” Her breathing returning to normal, focused solely now on Carmilla.

“I do, or did. I think you’re right, happiness comes first. The mistakes I’ve made and the choices I’ve made have had an enormous impact on who I am. Some of it was good, but a lot of it was bad. I think I’m a shell of my former self, a ghost of what I could be. I thought I could step into the life my family wanted for me but I can’t. It’s not right for me and it’s done nothing but brought me pain.” Carmilla was shocked she had said so much. It felt pointless hiding things from Abigail.

Abigail’s smile was so gentle and pure that Carmilla was sure it could have melted even the coldest of hearts. Which for a while Carmilla thought she possessed but Laura made her realize her heart was warm and soft, yearning to love and be loved “That’s wonderful Carmilla,” In an instant the smile was wiped off Abigail’s face a look of terror replacing it.
Before Carmilla could say anything Abigail was running to an unknown destination. It seemed as if she had been taken over by some mysterious force. Carmilla looked in front of Abigail to see a rabbit. A tiny Lionhead rabbit, who was the size of a loaf of bread, small but plump, the rabbit was mostly black with the exception of one white sleeve, and she had one brown eye and one-half blue half-brown eye. The rabbit looked exactly like Karnstein.

Before Carmilla could even fully understand what was going on, she was screaming.

“Abigail stop, it’s a trick. Don’t go any farther. The forest is tricking you.” It was too late. Abigail was where the rabbit had been before it had vanished and the ground fell out underneath her. “Let her be okay. Please let her be okay.” Carmilla wailed out seemingly possessed.

Screaming was something Carmilla had always done when she was afraid. She would scream her lungs out as if that would have any effect on the circumstance she was in. Carmilla ran to where Abigail had been, fearing the worst. She looked down to see Abigail crying holding on to a root sticking out of the dirt wall, no bottom in sight. If Abigail fell, she would surely die. Carmilla mustered all of her strength pulled Abigail back onto solid ground.

“How could you have been so naïve and irresponsible? You could have gotten yourself killed. Laura would have never forgiven me. I would have never forgiven myself.” Carmilla screamed, she didn’t sound like herself at all. Abigail’s crying growing louder. The look of terror on Abigail’s face wiped away the anger Carmilla was feeling and she moved to embrace her, letting her Abigail’s tears drench her shirt. “I’m sorry kiddo; I didn’t mean to yell at you. I was so scared and so worried that you were gone. It’s not an excuse, just an explanation to my behaviour. I shouldn’t have yelled at you like that. You’re okay sweetheart.” Carmilla murmured gently as Abigail calmed down, taking deep breaths.

“I’m sorry too. I thought it was Karnstein and before I even knew it I was running towards her.” Abigail started before her voice stopped unable to finish her thoughts. Carmilla and Abigail sat together for another minute as they both tried their best to compose themselves. Getting up they continued their journey, reality hitting them again. Laura had left both of their minds briefly during the chaos but she was all they could think about as they walked on. They had to keep going, they needed to find her. Both Carmilla and Abigail were exhausted and were content to walk in silence.
The Story of Maeve

The silence didn’t last as they started to hear an exquisite song. It was so alluring and they were both almost completely enraptured in it before Carmilla realized what was happening.

This was no ordinary song. This was the song of the sirens. They had to leave and quick. Carmilla grabbed Abigail’s arm and pulled her back to where they couldn’t hear the song anymore. With everything they were currently dealing with, Carmilla knew this wasn’t good.

“What’s going on Carmilla?” Abigail whispered. Carmilla wasn’t sure if Abigail’s little body could handle much more stress. There was no point in lying to Abigail. Lying wouldn’t keep Abigail safe. Ignorance may be bliss but it doesn’t promise safety, it just hides the danger for a bit longer.

“Long before my time on this earth, there was a group called the sirens. They were a family of fairy godmothers, easily distinguished by their beauty and angelic voices. Maeve, the leader at the time, was in love with a mortal name Edmund. She loved Edmund more than anything else in the universe. Their love was inconceivable. Some believed it to be a myth. The love they shared was something long written about and discussed but rarely actually seen. The power Maeve possessed was a blessing but also a curse. There were far too many upsides to her power to be named but she also found herself with many enemies and her enemies lived to see her fail.” Carmilla paused briefly; the next part of the story always broke her heart. She found it very hard to tell.

“All attempts to harm Maeve directly had proven to be futile; it didn’t take long for her enemies to turn their attention towards Edmund. Edmund’s mortal heart proved to be much easier to attack than Maeve ever was. With the use of song, Edmund was lured into his own demise. When Edmund died all of the best parts of Maeve died alongside him. Maeve went mad. Once a fair and just leader she was taken over with a desire to avenge her late love. She began luring people, especially young lovers, into a sure demise through song. The sirens always felt the pain Maeve felt at the loss of Edmund. Even long after Maeve herself was gone her people continued what she had started, never able to forget the pain.”

Carmilla and Abigail both frowned; it was a sad story indeed.

“You’re a very good storyteller,” Abigail said thoughtfully before adding, “Almost as good as Laura.” Carmilla smiled, it made her heart happy to know Abigail also thought Laura was a good storyteller. Carmilla often found herself thinking about the time Laura told her about the chickens on her farm. The story always made her smile but also made her sad because of the way Laura looked so unsure of herself telling it.

“We need to come up with some sort of plan and quick. If this is the way Laura came, she is in serious trouble right now.” Carmilla gulped as she thought they might be too late to do anything. Looking around Carmilla finally spotted what she wanted, a cotton plant. She took some cotton for herself and handed the rest to Abigail. “Put this in your ears to block out the sirens song.”

“How do you know this will work?” Abigail asked speculatively, her eyebrows raising.

“I don’t but it’s the best plan we have.” She shoved the cotton in her ears as she said it, not wanting to overthink it. Carmilla motioned for Abigail to stay a few steps behind her. If the cotton doesn’t work, at least Abigail will see that and be able to run away. Carmilla’s heart rejoiced as she passed the place that they had first heard the song, this time hearing nothing. She could see a break through the trees and knew she was coming up to a clearing. Carmilla and Abigail knew, as they grew closer to the clearing that this was do or die time.
Carmilla’s heart sank as she took the first step though the clearing. In front of her, she saw Laura. She was in a trance, staring at the sirens, walking slowly towards them. Carmilla was sure Laura had no idea she was currently walking towards a cliffs edge. There wouldn’t be time for Carmilla to run to her, and there would be no coming back from that fall. It wouldn’t be like when she saved Abigail, Carmilla wouldn’t be able to save Laura.

“Laura stop walking. Don’t go, I can’t lose you,” Carmilla was screaming, again. It made no difference Laura had no idea Carmilla and Abigail were there. It didn’t matter though, Carmilla continued to scream. She wanted so bad to be Laura’s hero and there was nothing she could do, she couldn’t save her. Her heart was beating so hard, her mind screaming and everything inside of her burning in pain. She was going to lose Laura; she was going to watch her walk off that cliff.

Carmilla finally understood how it was possible for Maeve to lose her mind when she lost Edmund. She was sure she didn’t love Laura as much as Maeve loved Edmund, but she could swear she already felt the madness setting in.

Carmilla couldn’t believe her eyes when Laura stopped. The sirens were no longer staring at her but at Abigail. She looked at Abigail who was standing behind Carmilla eyes firmly shut saying something to the sirens. What is happening Carmilla wondered? She knew there was only one-way to find out and she took the cotton out from her ears. Her ears were immediately filled with the beautiful sound of Abigail’s voice. Carmilla loved Laura’s singing but she had to admit Abigail had the voice of an angel. Abigail was singing Laura’s forest song to the sirens and they were listening to her probably just as stunned as Carmilla, if not more so.

“Who are you child? How is it possible that a mortal girl could distract us?” One of the sirens said, with a voice so beautiful it sent chills down Carmilla’s spine. Abigail’s eyes were clenched shut and her cotton was still in her ears so she didn’t respond to the sirens. Carmilla quickly responded in her place.

“This is Abigail, the sister of the girl you were luring. She seems like an ordinary girl but she’s not. She’s so wise and perceptive for her age. She is beyond brave and has a heart of gold. Please take pity on us and let us go.” Carmilla said gently, avoiding eye contact not wanting to offend the sirens.

“You may go. Not because of you or this other girl but because of the one you call Abigail. She is a treasure. You see her potential but you don’t truly understand it as we do. Leave now, and don’t ever come back here. Abigail is the only one who may come back here without being harmed, be sure to tell her that. We have much wisdom we could impart on her.” The same siren who spoke last time said. Carmilla didn’t pause as she ran towards Laura grabbing her and then grabbing Abigail. She ran much farther then she had to before she could will herself to stop. Carmilla likely would have run further had her lungs not been burning and her legs threatening to give out on her at any minute.
To The Grand Fairy

“That was incredible Abigail!” Laura squealed, beyond excited. Abigail smiled shyly, as if she was embarrassed to receive praise.

“Seriously, that was amazing. How are you so brave? You followed me into the forest, risked your life to save what you thought was Ell, and saved Laura when all I could do was panic.” Carmilla was amazed that Abigail was only eleven years old. This girl she could have sworn needed protection only a few hours prior was the one able to save Laura.

“It wasn’t me,” Abigail said quietly, pausing briefly to look at the confused looks crossing Laura and Carmilla’s faces. “It was Laura. She taught me that when you’re afraid and need a little bit of bravery, sing. It’s always worked before so I figured I might as well give it a try. I couldn’t have done it without Laura.” The smile that spread across Laura’s face sparked something inside of Carmilla, she knew she if she could she would spend the rest of her life trying to make Laura smile like that. Turning Laura finally laid her eyes on Carmilla, a smile spreading across her face again.

“I’m sorry I ruined your wish Laura.” Carmilla said feeling empty.

“You didn’t ruin anything.” Laura said the smile never leaving her face, “You’re my wish.” Carmilla couldn’t breathe. She couldn’t believe her bad luck. Why was her first correctly granted wish have to be her own selfish wish? This is what she wanted but not like this. She had forced it on Laura; she had no choice in this. It would be cruel of Carmilla to let this charade continue on.

“Don’t say that. You don’t know what you’re talking about. I was upset after saying goodbye to you. I wasn’t ready to lose you, I thought I couldn’t go on if I lost you. I accidentally made a wish that you would love me as much as I love you. It’s very rare for fairy godmothers to grant their own wish somehow I did it though.” Again, with the word love it was beginning to feel comfortable rolling off of Carmilla’s tongue and she could imagine saying those three words to Laura until the end of time. Something inside of Carmilla ignited and all she wanted was to hear Laura say she loved her back. Laura’s face finally fell, her smile leaving as she pondered what she had just been told. Carmilla could almost see the wheels turning inside of Laura’s head.

“You’re wrong Carmilla,” Laura said thoughtfully. “The reason I ran from home was because I realized I didn’t want my wish. I didn’t want to be rescued by a stranger. I remembered what Abigail said about happiness coming first and I think she was right. You make me happy, happier than anyone else has.” Laura walked towards Carmilla, placing one hand on her shoulder and the other in Carmilla’s hand. “I love you,” She whispered as she placed a light kiss on Carmilla’s lips.

Carmilla’s heart was beating rapidly, the air caught in her throat. So this is what nirvana feels like, Carmilla thought. Laura was so soft and it felt like time had ceased to exist. Eternity had looked down on the two pausing time just to give them an extra moment in each other’s arms, Carmilla never wanted this moment to pass.

“Stop Laura, I wish this was real but it’s not. This isn’t actually, how you feel. If you trust me, you’ll come with me to the fairy godmother castle. The Grand Fairy is the only one who will be able to fix this.” Carmilla spoke with no confidence, the entire time unable to meet Laura’s eye. Carmilla cursed her words already missing the warmth Laura provided her. She happened to look over in time to see Abigail smiling. There was something behind Abigail’s smile, what did she know?

“I think you’re wrong,” Laura sighed. “I trust you though and I would follow you anywhere. Shall we go then?” She smiled softly at Carmilla, trying not to be offended by her rejection. She
understood Carmilla’s reluctance and confusion. Laura had to admit, she was pretty confused herself. Nevertheless, it couldn’t be a spell, could it? Nothing she had ever experienced before had ever felt so real, so good.

There was nothing Carmilla could say she was lost for words. She tried her best to smile as they began backtracking. The clearing where Abigail almost met her untimely end lead straight to the fairy godmothers castle. It wasn’t a long walk but it felt like an eternity, as Carmilla couldn’t stop thinking about Laura and the kiss they shared. They reached the clearing and Laura and Abigail watched Carmilla with trust. Carmilla walked past the biggest oak tree in the clearing quickly surrounded by a particularly dense patch of forest. Laura and Abigail were surprised as they walked past the oak tree to see a beautiful path begin before their eyes.

“This is amazing,” Laura was in awe of the sight ahead of her. She looked around, smiling as her eyes landed on Carmilla. There was a little bit of Laura that worried she wasn’t really in love with Carmilla but that it was a result of Carmilla’s wish. The little part didn’t compare to the overwhelming feeling Laura had when she thought about Carmilla. She was sure she had felt this way about Carmilla before she supposedly made the wish. No one would know for sure until they reached the castle and talked to the Grand Fairy.

Laura and Abigail looked at the castle in awe, Carmilla unfazed by it. The castle reached stories above the ground made of solid gold. It ended in several sharp points all pointing in different directions. It had an odd shape but was beyond breathtaking. Laura was sure a lot of magic was necessary in constructing the castle. The castle was surrounded by a golden gate and the courtyard had a garden with a variety of different flowers. Laura even thought for a moment she had seen a patch of golden roses near the back of the garden.

Laura and Abigail were astounded as they entered through the golden gates to see that all of the fairy godmothers looked eerily similar to Carmilla although they all had wings of different varieties. They all shared the same dark brown hair but the difference between Carmilla and the rest of the fairy godmothers was Carmilla’s brown eyes. The other fairy godmothers all had baby blue eyes whereas Carmilla had her brown eyes. It was almost unnerving how similar they all looked apart from that one tiny difference. Why was Carmilla the only one with brown eyes Laura wondered? She didn’t have much time to think about it as they reached the door to the castle.
To the Council

They entered the castle to see a common room made of a white material that mixed with the bright lights above and caused a brightness that Laura was sure could blind her if she looked to close. There were five coal black chairs centred in the back of the room creating a nice contrast to the whiteness of the room. The woman sitting in the middle chair looked as if she knew everything that ever was and could ever be. She had the same brown hair as every other woman in the room but Carmilla’s brown eyes. How peculiar thought Laura. Laura felt so exposed in her presence and she was surprised to see that Carmilla look right at home amongst the women sitting in the chairs.

“Grand Fairy Alice, I’ve come to you to ask for your help.” Carmilla said looking somber, never breaking eye contact with the woman, she called Alice.

“What is it my dear child?” Alice said calmly meeting Carmilla’s gaze. Laura had she been in the same position as Carmilla would have surely broken eye contact by now. Carmilla still maintained eye contact.

“I’ve made a grave mistake,” Carmilla paused preparing for the worst. “I promised to grant Laura a wish, she wished for a prince to come rescue her and her family. I had fallen in love with Laura and when I thought I was losing her I was overcome with grief. I made a wish that Laura would love me as much as I loved her. As sure as I stand here, Laura loves me. I granted my own wish Grand Fairy Alice, and I need your help to reverse it.”

It shocked Carmilla, Laura, and Abigail when Alice let out a laugh so loud it felt like it shook the entirety of the castle. Alice’s laugh was finally enough to make Carmilla break her eye contact as she looked over at Laura. Laura could see the panic in Carmilla’s eyes and she wished more than anything she could go to Carmilla and ease her mind of any worries she had.

“I don’t mean to offend Grand Fairy Alice but this seems hardly the time to laugh.” Carmilla said sheepishly, worried she was overstepping.

“Honey please, there is no way you granted your own wish. There have been five fairy godmothers in all of history that have had the ability to grant their own wish. I can’t even hold a flame to the weakest of the bunch. There is no magic here. You couldn’t even successfully grant her wish, there is absolutely no way you granted your own wish.” Alice was still laughing as she said it. Carmilla was shocked. Did this mean Laura really loved her? There’s no way, Alice had to be wrong. Carmilla was sure she had felt the wish be granted.

“I don’t wish to argue with you but I’m sure I felt the wish be granted.” Carmilla could no longer muster the strength to meet Alice’s eyes.

“Did you ever stop to think that maybe what you were feeling was a combination of love and loss? I can assure you there is no magic on this girl. When a fairy godmother grants her own wish it is so powerful that even the weakest of fairy godmothers could sense that magic.” Alice said looking pointedly at Carmilla as if to signal to her that she was the weak fairy godmother in this scenario. Carmilla felt a huge burden lift off her shoulders, relieved she hadn’t ruined Laura’s life. It all came crashing down as she realized she had ruined yet another wish. She couldn’t do this anymore it was killing her. It hurt so much trying to make a difference but never being a good enough fairy godmother to actually accomplish anything meaningful.

“Please don’t make me do this anymore,” Carmilla couldn’t hold her emotions in anymore as she began to cry. “Grandma I can’t do this anymore. This isn’t who I am. I don’t want to be a fairy
godmother.” Laura was in shock, she couldn’t believe her ears. Did Carmilla just call Alice her grandma? A woman sitting beside Alice spoke up now.

“How could you do this Carmilla? You promised me you would try and now you’re just throwing this all away. This is unacceptable; you will be a fairy godmother. No daughter of mine will throw away a tradition our family has held for well over five hundred years.” The woman’s voice was cold and her black wings flapped in agitation, Laura shivered as she spoke.

“Lilita, be quiet. Carmilla must follow her dreams. If we’re being honest, Carmilla was a horrible fairy godmother. Sorry dear,” Alice was looking at Carmilla now. Carmilla shrugged, she knew there was no point in denying it. She wasn’t a good fairy godmother. “I mean the girl thought she granted her own wish. She couldn’t even grant Laura’s wish but she thought she had been able to grant her own. This isn’t what she is meant to do.” Alice was looking at her granddaughter now with nothing but love and admiration in her eyes. “My sweet girl, I always knew this isn’t what you were meant to do. I saw in your eyes that you had other dreams. I had another dream once. I don’t regret my decision to become a fairy godmother but I often think what if I had decided different. I don’t want you to live with the regret of choosing this life when there was something, someone out there who could make you happier.” As Alice finished speaking, she made it a point to look at Laura.

Lilita went to say something further before Alice flapped her giant wings open and closed silencing Lilita and causing Laura to shudder and shrink into herself. Lilita closed her eyes as she took a deep breath. It was clear she was thinking over the events that had just transpired. She opened her eyes and smiled at her daughter, the smile seemed forced. Carmilla and Lilita locked eyes and watched each other. Lilita seemed to soften as she watched her daughter and her smile seemed more genuine.

"Follow your dreams my little fairy. I’ve always known you were different and that you may not become a fairy godmother. It was hard to accept and it might still take some time but I love you no matter what.” Lilita was now smiling at Carmilla wholeheartedly. Carmilla was smiling back at her mom, her eyes beginning to fill with tears.

“Thank you mother,” Carmilla said lovingly before turning to her grandmother. “Why didn’t you tell me I wasn’t meant for this life? I gave so much of myself trying to be a fairy godmother.” Laura’s heart ached at the sound of pain and betrayal in Carmilla’s voice.

“I couldn’t tell you Carmilla. You had to come to this conclusion on your own. It is never wise to play around with fate.” Abigail smiled at Alice’s words as if she alone understood a deeper meaning behind her words. Carmilla looked to Lilita for approval. Lilita met her gaze and smiled as she nodded at her. Alice always was able to make Lilita understand even when she didn’t want to. When it came down to it, all Alice and Lilita ever wanted was for Carmilla to be happy. Even if it wasn’t how they had originally pictured it.

Carmilla left the castle as the sun began to rise. She could finally follow her dreams. It felt like her heart had stopped as she remembered Laura, the failed wish and the possibility that Laura might love her back. She hurried her pace attempting to avoid Laura. She was unwilling to open herself up to the disappointment and pain that would come with rejection.
“Go talk to her,” Abigail whispered so only Laura could hear her.

“I don’t think I should.” Laura’s voice was filled with uncertainty. Abigail knew she was afraid but she also knew Laura couldn’t let her fear control her.

“Go talk to her Laura. Be brave.” Abigail said sternly. Laura couldn’t believe that Abigail could still surprise her after all these years. She sighed as she picked up her pace to catch up to Carmilla.

“So, are you going to become a teacher now?” Laura turned a shade redder; feeling embarrassed that that was the best thing she could come up with to say. Carmilla nodded still refusing to meet Laura’s eye. “I hate to say it but I told you so.” Shyly Laura smiled now the one unable to meet Carmilla’s eye.

“Told me what?” Carmilla said as she stopped finally looking at Laura who had conveniently found something interesting on the ground to stare at.

“I told you,” Laura stopped to clear her throat. “I told you it wasn’t a wish. I did love you. I do love you.” Her heart was racing as she finished speaking. She closed her eyes unable to look at Carmilla, Laura was afraid to hear Carmilla tell her that this was all a mistake, something Carmilla would regret for a few months before she forgot all about it. It felt like the silence lasted forever. Laura felt Carmilla’s lips on her. They were soft and warm. Her heart was racing but for a different reason now. Laura couldn’t believe this was happening.

“I love you too Laura.” Carmilla said softly. Her luck had always been so bad in the past and she felt like this had to be a dream. How could someone as incredible as Laura fall for someone as broken as Carmilla?

“Let’s get out of this forest.” Laura smiled at Carmilla her eyes twinkling. Carmilla could see in Laura’s eyes that she did love her this wasn’t a dream. The trio made their way out of the forest and back to Sherman. Sherman was so excited to see his daughters that he nearly tackled them to the ground trying to hug them both at the same time. They had left the uncertain forest to face an uncertain future. Sherman, Laura, and Abigail had to face the reality that they didn’t have a home to go to. Laura and Carmilla locked eyes and without saying a word, they came to an agreement. Laura and her family would be staying with Carmilla.

It took a long time for Carmilla and Abigail to recount their harrowing tale in the forest. The entire time Sherman beamed at his youngest daughter. “You are just like your mother Abigail. I’ve known since you were a baby that you were special just like her. It always seemed as if Helen was always one-step ahead of everybody, as if she could read their minds. The gift of insight is powerful and you’ve proven yourself more than worthy of it already.”

Abigail didn’t remember her mother but Laura did. Laura hadn’t realized it before this moment but
Abigail did remind her of her mother, so much. Abigail’s heart swelled to hear this from her father but Laura felt the real weight of his words. Laura missed her mother every day and she was sure one of the reason she adored Abigail as much as she did was because of how much she reminded her of Helen. She was amazed that Abigail shared her favourite qualities of both Sherman and Helen. Abigail had Sherman’s sense of humour and Helen’s insight that allowed her to connect with people easier than most.

Everybody was extremely exhausted at this point. It had been a long and stressful night for everyone but nobody wanted to be the first to leave. It had been a scary and hard day for everybody and all they wanted now was to be with each other. Abigail was the first to break; she yawned and was instantly overcome by how tired she was.

Sherman slept in Carmilla’s spare room, it was a small room but had a cozy feeling to it, Sherman was beyond grateful. He had no idea how he could ever thank Carmilla for everything she had done for his family. Carmilla offered her bed to Laura and Abigail. They were reluctant to accept but Carmilla was certain she wanted to sleep in her hammock.

In fact, most nights Carmilla was unable to sleep without looking at the stars. She had cast a protection spell around her house allowing her to feel safe sleeping in her hammock. It was one of the few places that could always make her feel better. The stars always had a way of grounding Carmilla. It helped remind her there was something out there bigger than herself. She had always had a really bad habit of putting so much pressure on herself that she felt like she might explode. For as long as Carmilla could remember the sky and the stars had always been her way of coping but now she thought maybe... just maybe, Laura could help her. Carmilla fell asleep thinking about Laura and awoke to her voice. She couldn’t help it but as she heard Laura’s voice, she grinned.

“Wake up Carmilla. I made you breakfast. It’s not much but I wanted to say thank you for the kindness you’ve shown me and my family.” Carmilla’s eyes opened to see Laura smiling at her with a plate of bacon, eggs, hash browns, and toast.

“Thank you Laura, I can’t remember the last time someone has made me breakfast.” Carmilla suddenly felt unsure of herself as Laura was still watching her. Carmilla was worried she had said something embarrassing in her sleep. She had a bad habit of sleep talking at the worst possible times. “Why are you staring at me?”

“I think you’re really cute,” Laura’s eyes twinkled and Carmilla was sure that wasn’t all. “You also told me you loved me in your sleep.” Carmilla’s face turned scarlet, why can’t she ever be casual? She had tried so hard to give off an ‘I don’t care’ vibe but the truth was she did care. She had always cared too much about everything but with Laura, it was different, it had cracked her open completely. It was a care so intense that she was sure it could drive her to madness just like Maeve when she lost Edmund. “What are you thinking Carmilla?”


“Rabbits are pretty cool. They are rather adorable.” Laura smiled never taking her eyes off Carmilla. It was unnerving but it felt right. Carmilla wanted Laura as much as Laura wanted Carmilla.

“We should talk.” Carmilla anxiously said changing the atmosphere. She felt tense. “I am truly sorry I messed up your wish. I knew I wouldn’t be able to grant it but I still had to try. I wanted your happiness but I could have seriously hurt you.”

Laura looked at Carmilla begging her for forgiveness with her eyes. “You don’t need to apologize to me, I owe you an apology. I pressured you into granting that wish and I was wrong when I made it. I
never wanted someone to be my hero, I wanted to be my own hero. You showed me I could be my own hero by taking control of my own story.” Laura smiled at Carmilla, knowing she would forever be grateful for her presence in Laura’s life. “I don’t need to follow some pre-planned route someone has made up for me. I love you, not because of magic but because of who you are as a person.”

Laura had never looked surer of herself as she kissed Carmilla. This wasn’t like the last time Laura had kissed Carmilla. Nobody was in danger this time. There was no worry of one or both of them being harmed at any given moment, there was the promise of a future together if they wanted it.

“I love you too Laura. I can’t give you the life you dreamed about as a child though. With me there will be no castle, and the story won’t wrap up nicely. I may not be able to give you a happily ever after.” It hurt Carmilla to say, but she knew it was the truth.

“I used to be afraid. I was afraid that I would end up in a life that I wasn’t happy with. I was scared to put myself out there, it seemed as if that was the story all of my books were trying to tell me. I know now that life isn’t as simple as my books made it seem. It’s complicated and it’s hard but it’s mine and I want to be happy. You make me happy please don’t overthink it. Please give us a chance.” Laura choked as she finished what she was saying.

“Of course Laura, happily ever after isn’t a guarantee but together I think we can find our happiness.” Their hearts were full. This isn’t how they saw their lives going but fate was funny sometimes. They were both sure they had been destined to meet each other and they weren’t going to waste this opportunity.

Chapter End Notes

I may or may not have an epilogue, if people are interested.

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