

The Prince and the Slipper

The year is 2032, avocado has gone out of fashion and wearing orange in public is now a punishable offense. The Queen is close to death and there is no suitable replacement until her only son, Carlos, marries. The country is in utter turmoil.

But, this prince was no ordinary prince. Carlos was a cross-dresser: sworn to secrecy to protect his family's honour. He hated it. What was life without the fresh feeling of pantyhose sliding over his toes and stretching up his legs? He could experiment in the privacy of his own sleeping quarters but, Lord, he wanted to venture into the big, wide world in leggings and a crop top. It was completely and unbearably painful. All these riches, all these servants, all these possessions but he had no freedom. He would never be able to live the rest of his life in this way.

A ball had been arranged for the end of the month for Prince Charles to meet his future wife and take the throne. And, the desperate Cinderella had received an invitation. The invitation. The one that could change her whole life and save her from the routine torture she had to endure.

Our Cinderella, the step-daughter of a Duchess, was living the hardest life imaginable. She would wash the dishes and sweep the floor and press the clothes, on the maid's day off. Sometimes, she was even expected to dress herself. It was impossibly difficult and she did everything to ensure that everybody knew about her struggles.

So, when Cinderella read the invitation, she squealed in complete disbelief. Dress, shoes, hair: everything had to be just perfect. This would be the most important night of her life.

The day came quickly, with Charles fretting over the fit of his suit and Cinderella panicking that her poor, poor background may have a negative influence on the Prince's impression of her.

Cinderella strutted into the room, legs slipping through the daring slits of her gown. She was stunning, she told herself affirmatively. No man could ever reject her. And, as she had predicted, from the very moment she entered, Prince Charles could not take his eyes off of her and, obviously, that splendid dress. He admired the cut and the fabric and the style and the sequins. He admired the accentuated femininity of her body within it. He wondered if there was any way in which his body could fit in such a beautiful gown. How could he find a wife when all he could look at was their outfits?

Cinderella stepped forward onto the dance floor and he took her hand. They danced. They laughed. They talked. It was perfect, clichéd even. Her eyes were locked onto the prize and she could feel the wealth oozing off of him. Thick, juicy wealth. And, she certainly would not let go.

Yet, the clock struck midnight. Curfew! She bunched her dress up in her hands and sprinted to the car, before it left.

Prince Charles was left, shocked, and began to chase after her, frightened of losing the opportunity. But, the car had left and all that remained was a velvet stiletto. Pretty, he thought to himself, picking it up and clasping it in his fingers. Soft and smooth. He slid off his shoe and placed it on his foot. It was a forcefully perfect fit. He stood, gazing at the wonder beneath him. And, with the flick of a wand and a puff of smoke, Carlos was never seen again.

His final words lingered in the air... "Well, if the slipper fits..."

Louisa (17)