

The Fine Print

by Lady Apythia

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Author's Note: This was originally to be the introduction to a novel, but my writers group convinced me to send it out as is. It was first published in 2004. Rating is for adult language.

It's Great to Live in Harrison Day.

Like hell it is.

Tell me what the fuck is so great about a town that decides to make it impossible to get to your apartment by closing off every street within a three-block radius just so residents can listen to bad music while munching on over-priced food on a day when you have a 101 degree fever and a seriously poor attitude.

No, it's not fucking great to live in Harrison.

Left with no other option, I am forced to park my car in a metered spot, which pisses me off even more considering that I already paid \$380 for a parking permit in a lot next to my building.

Feeding four hours worth of quarters into the meter, I drag my ass and my bag of over-the-counter drugs in the general direction of home. I elbow my way through the crowd, which is happily enjoying their hot dogs and face painting, completely oblivious to my desire to kill them if they don't get the fuck out of my way now.

Finally I reach the door to the lobby and the quiet haven inside. I punch the elevator button and wait. Four minutes... five minutes....

Give me a fucking break!

Either the elevator is broken – again – or some dipshit on the third floor didn't close the door – again.

Ah, yes, it is bloody fucking brilliant to live in Harrison.

By the time I make it to the third-floor landing, both my coughing and my temper have become uncontrollable. And there is the elevator door, wide open.

"May the fucking idiot who didn't close this door –"

"Abella!" a deep voice booms.

The boss. Busted. Fuck.

"Yes, Kelan?" I ask, entering the elevator.

"You know full well that you are no longer allowed to curse them. What will it take for you to learn that simple little rule?"

"Actually, I was kinda hoping that if I fucked up enough, you'd fire me and put me out of my misery," I reply tartly. With a pounding head and an achy chest, I am in no mood for a reprimand.

"May I remind you that you were the one who signed up for this job?"

"Yeah, well, there was definitely some false advertising going on in that job description."

"Just five more months," Kelan sighed. "Can you please keep it together just five more months, and then we can be rid of each other?"

"Believe me," I say, pushing open the elevator door and exiting, "no one wants that more than me."

I unlock the apartment and head straight for the bedroom where my day job clothing comes off and the sweats go on. I grab a blanket and pillow and head for the oasis known as The Couch.

This is definitely one of those days where you look around at your life and ask yourself just how the fuck did I end up here?

I'll tell you how. I wanted to wear the fucking dress and be all pretty and sparkly and make small children smile.

The folks in HR must have laughed themselves senseless after my interview. The bastards.

See, I am a Fairy Godmother.

No, really. I am.

I was born a full-blood Sidhe Fairy. Bored with life in the fairy realm, I dreamt of greater things. I applied for the job thinking I would get to wear the beautiful gowns and go around waving my magick wand, make wishes come true and get paid for doing it.

Truth is, you supply the gowns and the wand, and while you do get paid, it's not enough to cover the cost of living in the mortal world, which the tiny little print on the contract said I would be forced to do so I can be more efficient at my job.

Which left me with no dresses, a cheap-ass wand and the need to work a day job just so I can have a roof over my head, because, you know, it's great to live in Harrison.

And the other drawback: I can no longer curse people. Apparently, doing so tarnishes the image of the Fairy Godmothers. So, again in the fine print, there was a clause that said my contract would be extended one year for each time I curse someone. That is how my four-year gig is now nearing the end of year nine.

Fucking fine print.

I didn't use to swear this much. I do it now because I know it annoys Kelan, yet there is nothing he can do about it. No fine print clause on four-letter words.

Don't get me wrong. I do love being a Fairy Godmother. There is nothing like the feeling you get when making a child's dream come true. Especially if it is a child who truly deserves it. When I am doing my job, I am so sweet, I'll give you a cavity.

When I am not doing the FG thing, it's a different story. See, what they didn't tell me about living in the mortal world is that things I took for granted were now issues.

Take getting sick. There is no sickness in the fairy realm. But in the mortal world, I am like the mother ship for viruses. I keep my pharmacist on speed dial and do shots of NyQuil like mortals drink water.

And then there is the need to work glamour magick every time I step out the door. Apparently once humans pass puberty, they aren't used to seeing women with glowing skin, tri-colored eyes and wings fluttering about. I am under orders to make myself look human, complete with matte skin and boring eyes and "under no circumstances should anyone over the age of 10 see your wings."

But the thing that really gets to you the most is the sex. A mortal man just doesn't do it for me the way a Fey does; there's no spark, literally. Sex without magick really isn't worth the effort to get undressed. Keep a girl from getting laid properly for nine years and see just how bitchy she gets.

But only five more months, then I can put this all behind me and return to my real home and the fine Fey men with their glistening muscular bodies and long, luxurious hair and hypnotizing eyes ... a coughing fit interrupts my fantasy. I fish out a bottle of NyQuil and chug, waiting for the coma-like sleep to overtake me.