
When the Slipper Fits

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When The Slipper Fits (Fairy Tale Series (Book 3))

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Chapter One

Rain pelted the roof of the hired poste chaise as it hurtled along the main road from Guildford. Miss Luella Sanderson, Ella to her friends, When The Slipper Fits (Fairy Tale Series (Book 3)) could think of nothing but her arrival at Aunt Newton's house in Surrey and hope they made it in one piece as the hired vehicle lurched from side to side. Water leaked round the ill-fitting When The Slipper Fits (Fairy Tale Series (Book 3)) doors which only made matters worse. The straw When The Slipper Fits (Fairy Tale Series (Book 3)) on the floor was soaked and her

black slippers quite damp. When The Slipper Fits (Fairy Tale Series (Book 3)) She peered out the front window, but even the post boy's back appeared as a dark blurry shadow in the torrent. She felt sorry When The Slipper Fits (Fairy Tale Series (Book 3)) for the lad despite the quantity of spirits he'd imbibed at the last coaching inn while the horses were exchanged. He was surely quite miserable.

Beside her slept one of When The Slipper Fits (Fairy Tale Series (Book 3)) her aunt's maids, Cilla Potter, a friendly girl who'd told Ella much about Newton Park before she fell into exhausted When The Slipper Fits (Fairy Tale Series (Book 3)) slumber. Ella wished she, too, could rest, but butterflies inhabited her stomach at the thought of her new When The Slipper Fits (Fairy Tale Series (Book 3)) situation. When The Slipper Fits (Fairy Tale Series (Book 3)) She pulled the watch that had belonged to her late father from her purse and clicked it open, noting the time. Had it only been half a day since she'd parted from her dearest friends?

Sarah Whiting and Lady Rosamund Dennison had been Ella's bosom companions When The Slipper Fits (Fairy Tale Series (Book 3)) at school, as well as the closest thing to family the orphaned young woman had known for the past four years. But that life ended with the closing of Miss Parson's Academy for Young Ladies of Quality. They were set upon their own courses—only hers was filled with uncertainty. Before departing, the three friends had made one final gesture of friendship: a pact. If one were to marry advantageously, she would invite the others to share her good fortune by bringing When The Slipper Fits (Fairy Tale Series (Book 3)) her friends to live with her.

Ella sighed as she clicked the watch shut and returned it to her tatted reticule. She experienced a mild pang of envy for Sarah and Lady Rose, since they were returning to their immediate families where they would live normal When The Slipper Fits (Fairy Tale Series (Book 3)) lives, be part of their local Society and perhaps When The Slipper Fits (Fairy Tale Series (Book 3)) meet someone to love. Ella's destiny was that of poor relation in her aunt's household. She owned no illusion about what her life would be like, but she refused to dwell on When The Slipper Fits (Fairy Tale Series (Book 3)) such dark thoughts.

Careful not to wake the young maid, Ella wiped the moisture from the front window with her gloved hand. It did little to help visibility. The wall of rain obscured the landscape and she did not know how close she was to the end of her journey. It had been years since she and her father had visited Newton Park. She'd scarcely been ten when Viscount Sanders had swallowed his pride to come hat in hand to beg funds from his wealthy brother-in-law. Even now, over nine years after the event, Ella remembered how Harwell When The Slipper Fits (Fairy Tale Series (Book 3)) Newton had enjoyed refusing her father, no matter that he was

Uncle Harwell's only brother-in-law.

Father and daughter had managed to survive without Mr. Newton's help, but not well. Lord Sanders fell ill that Christmas of 1806 and within five years passed to the hereafter leaving behind a noble title but little else to a distant cousin, a grief stricken daughter and a will that left guardianship of the young girl to Mr. and Mrs. Newton. The viscount hoped that her life would be *When The Slipper Fits (Fairy Tale Series (Book 3))* better than what he had provided.

Unfortunately, Ella had quickly learned that her Aunt Leona was much like her husband in temperament. She'd arrived at the small rooms where Ella had remained for a week after her father's funeral and announced to the young girl that she would be sent to school at Miss Parson's. There Ella had been ever since. Each year she'd received a single letter from her aunt *When The Slipper Fits (Fairy Tale Series (Book 3))* on her birthday with admonishments that she behave, study hard and be devout.

By the end of her first year at Miss Parson's, Ella had come to suspect that she would endure a lifetime at school. Determined to make the best of the situation, she had taken an interest in expanding her knowledge of cookery and how the kitchens at Parson's worked. Eventually she hoped to find a post as housekeeper, for a penniless girl, even a viscount's daughter, would be expected to earn her keep and teaching held no lure for her. Over the years she learned much, even Cook declared her a wonder. But Miss Parson's retirement that May changed everything. The academy would be shut down for good. So, Aunt *When The Slipper Fits (Fairy Tale Series (Book 3))* Newton had summoned *When The Slipper Fits (Fairy Tale Series (Book 3))* Ella to Surrey.

A bolt of lightning flashed at the same moment thunder boomed and the chaise veered suddenly to the right, tumbling to its side. Ella and the maid flew out of their seats, their legs and arms entangled. At last the carriage settled on its side and water began to rush in. The young servant shrieked at the top of her lungs. After scrambling to right herself, Ella ascertained that neither one of them were seriously injured and worked to calm the frightened girl.

Cilla's *When The Slipper Fits (Fairy Tale Series (Book 3))* wails soon dwindled to mere snuffles. After what seemed a half-hour but was only a matter of minutes, the carriage door was wrenched open by the post boy who stood atop the toppled chaise. "Are ye hurt, ladies?"

“No thanks to you . . . coachman of Satan!” Cilla tried to glare at him, but the raindrop ruined the scowl.

Ella shielded her eyes from the rain as she looked up at him. His hat lay wilted about his head as rivulets of water poured from his chin. “We’re uninjured, but we must climb out of here for muddy water is coming in dreadfully.” The carriage rested in a water-filled ditch and the murky runoff from the storm continued to edge upward in the interior.

“It ain’t no drier out here, miss.”

As the water round them rose, so did Cilla’s panic. “Stop jawin’ you drunken fool! Get us out of here!” She struggled to her feet, the weight of her saturated gown encumbering her movements as she stood in the open doorway. The post boy lifted her out and set her on the roadway. Ella heard an angry shriek before Mrs. Newton’s maid began to lambast their rescuer about his rough handling.

He ignored the girl’s histrionics and reached back to lift Ella out of the wrecked chaise. He was a tall, wiry lad but he pulled her straight through the door and deposited her on the ground beside the vehicle. Unfortunately after several hours of rain When *The Slipper Fits* (Fairy Tale Series (Book 3)) the road was a quagmire of black mud. To her dismay, she sank up to her ankles. The hem of her sodden traveling dress sagged into the mud leaving her nearly unable to move.

The post boy jumped down to join them. At his landing, a splash of mud and water shot over both women. He received a new peppering of hot fury from Cilla.

He paid little attention to the irate servant. Instead he addressed himself to the young lady. “There be a barn near a mile back, or Newton Park two miles ahead, whichever ye want to try to reach afore dark. Ye’ll have to walk for I can’t leave the horses, miss.”

The rain whipped round Ella and she knew she didn’t want to spend the night wet and cold in a barn. She eyed Cilla, at last grown silent and looking equally uncomfortable with her

wilted bonnet and clinging wool dress. "Shall we make for the Park?"

The little maid didn't look happy, but she bobbed a curtsey. "Whatever you think, miss."

Ella struggled to pull her limbs from the mud. It was as if the earth knew what awaited her at Newton Park and refused to release her on her way. With one final tug, she stumbled forward, but only her feet came free. Her slippers remained lodged under the mud. The rain fell so hard that within seconds the holes where her shoes remained completely disappeared. She stood in her stocking feet on the roadway and looked up at the post boy with pleading eyes.

"Oh, very well." Begrudgingly, he stooped and began to dig around in the mud but to no avail. The shoes had vanished somewhere beneath the mire. "No luck, miss. Shall I bring your bag out for you to don another pair?"

Ella shook her head. "I don't have another pair."

Somehow the wreck of the chaise and the loss of her slippers seemed a portent for things to come. With a resigned sigh, she realized she had no other options since the rain showed no signs of abating. "Shall we go, Cilla?"

The little maid set off with shoulders hunched against the rain and Ella trudged behind her down the road to Newton Park. Perhaps it was just as well that the rain was falling in torrents for the resultant mud buffered her tender feet from the sharp rocks.

When The Slipper Fits Fairy Tale Series Book 3

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