

A Human's Guide to Surviving Magical Mishaps by Kit Bryan Chapter 2

Rule 2- Gossip is like glitter, it spreads fast, sticks forever and explodes in your face when you least expect it.

There are a lot of split opinions about the fae. Half the world hates and fears them. They go on and make arguments about how they aren't human (duh?) and therefore they shouldn't be trusted. Like humans are so trustworthy... The other half argue that they're still people and should be given equal rights and respect. I do suspect a lot of the people who support fae rights are just enamoured with the fae due to the fact that they are all jaw-droppingly GORGEOUS. Pictures of them spread through social media sites faster than some superstar's s*x scandal would. Books and movies about fae have suddenly become the trendy thing to enjoy, even though they're all entirely make believe because the authors don't actually KNOW anything about the fae. Personally, I'm not all that interested in the fae, or at least I'm not interested in all the hype surrounding them. Sure, I enjoy the eye-candy pictures and the occasional bit of gossip, and sure, a good novel is a good novel. But I'm not like those fangirls who obsessively collect photos of the fae, or the haters who want them gone. Truthfully, I haven't spent all that much time considering the topic. Why bother? It doesn't really affect me anyway. At least it hasn't until now. I might have to reconsider my view on the matter. I cringe as I realise how opposed my dad probably is to this meeting. He's basically of the opinion that the fae should just keep to themselves and stick to their own realm. He doesn't HATE them exactly, at least I don't think he does. But he doesn't know them or trust them and he figures that they managed to keep to themselves up until five years ago and everything was just fine so it would be best if things just stayed that way and everyone would be happy.

I decide to keep my own opinions to myself as I respond to my dad. He would probably just be worried by my lack of concern and lecture me about caution and safe behaviour.

"That's interesting. Do you know why you're meeting?" I ask, trying to show the appropriate amount of interest without seeming too nosy or overstepping. Dad shakes his head.

“No, but the message they sent requested that whoever is in charge of law enforcement for the area be present, so it can hardly be good news can it? No one ever wants to meet with me about something good.” He sighs and I frown. That is actually a good point. Maybe he’s right to be worried.

“Where is this meeting happening?” I ask and dad sighs again, even heavier.

“You know the creek just outside of town, the one where the fae first appeared? There. Apparently it’s the place the fae requested.” He responds. Everyone knows the creek where the drunk fae first turned up. At first everyone thought it was a hoax, but there had been some kids birthday party there that day and about a dozen people caught the incident on camera right as the six year old was blowing out their candles. Even so, they might have managed to cover up the first fae’s presence if more didn’t show up to take him home and attempt to badly apologise for the chaos. Either way, the place was now very well known. I’m pretty sure the city had to make it off limits for a while because it was so crowded with fans, conspiracy nuts and protesters and there were tons of fights. Dad was dealing with issues there practically every day! I nod again and spend the remainder of the trip texting my best friend Lucy, updating her on the car trouble. I do mention to her that I am going to a meeting with her dad but don’t give more details than that. I love Lucy dearly, but she IS one of those obsessive fae fan-girls and would definitely make a big deal out of it and tell just about everyone. I am pretty sure that her dad wouldn’t like that, and it seems unlikely that this fae person would be keen on a bunch of paparazzi showing up to the meeting. Or worse a group of crazed fan-girls.

I drop the visor in the car to check my reflection in the little mirror there as dad parks the car. My blue eyes are wide and bright, still shaken from my near accident. I AM a little pale, but I’m usually pale so it doesn’t seem too unusual. My hair is kind of messy but nothing too bad. It is naturally blonde but I have it dyed a mix up of bright blue colours that match my eyes and make them stand out even more than they do naturally. It has loose waves and falls down to a few inches below my shoulder blades. My work clothes consist of black pants and a hideous bright red shirt that clashes awfully with my hair. Thankfully, due to the hot weather, I swapped the dreaded, scratchy shirt out for a simple purple tank top before leaving the department store where I work. Black shoes finish the look, an odd combination of formal and informal clothing. Overall I deem myself relatively presentable, if a little under-dressed for a super important meeting with a fae and the mayor. I do offer to wait in the car but dad won’t hear of it. He clearly doesn’t trust the fae and wants to keep me where he can see me, although he argues that I’m coming because it is too

hot to stay in the car. I don't argue, I'd rather be at the meeting than sit around in the car anyway. We both climb out the car and head over to the creek where the mayor and two men wearing dark suits wait. I hope I didn't make dad late. It's not a good sign that the mayor beat us here. They have set up one of those dimmable lanterns and placed it on the hood of a fancy looking car which I am assuming belongs to the mayor who probably doesn't have to worry about the cost of replacing his car tyres. As we approach, dad immediately goes to speak with the mayor, mostly to explain the presence of his daughter at this all important meeting.

I hear a splashing sound in the creek and I wander down a little ways to investigate. I'm kind of hoping there might be some animal out for a drink or to cool off in the water. Basically anything would be more interesting than listening to middle aged men have a meeting ABOUT a meeting. This was probably a poor decision on my part as the lantern doesn't provide all that much light and I'm only a few steps away from the light when I find myself stumbling and falling head first towards the creek bed. I mentally prepare myself for a thorough soaking and probably a few uncomfortable aches and bruises when suddenly a strong arm slips around her waist and catches me.

"Thanks I-" I freeze when I turn my head to my rescuer and realise that the man who caught me wasn't her dad or one of the bodyguard type men as I had expected, nor was it the mayor which would have been a surprise in itself. Instead I am face to face with a ridiculously gorgeous man who, oddly enough, isn't wearing a shirt.