

As the music faded, he twirled her around and dipped her down. The band fell silent and was replaced by the chatter of everyone surrounding them on the dance floor. Ursula had been in the middle of the ballroom with Prince Edward for the whole night and she swore he was getting ruder and uglier with each dance (though she wasn't particularly pretty either, especially with her abnormally long giraffe neck). Piano notes wafted back into the room, gradually growing louder into a waltz. The prince reached for Ursula's wings, but she turned away and pushed through the crowds, stumbling on the lace trimming of her long gown. As she stepped through the doorway a wing linked around hers.

It was Claude VonDubois, a stowaway that she had met on the boat to England. Ursula and Claude skipped though the corridor, passing chefs and servants and ladies in dresses each more extravagant than the last, until they finally flung themselves out the front door. The evening air was crisp and the night sky was twinkling with stars.

"Look at the stars Claude. They're so beautiful. Do you think the stars are happy?"

After a minute of silent pondering, Claude finally spoke softly. "Well, I don't know."

"Hmm. I hope so," Ursula whispered. "It's late, I guess I should go."

"Ah, but the night is still young." Claude said. "There's a garden close to here and they serve the finest cheese and tea around."

"Well, that is very tempting." Ursula agreed.

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The steaming tea warmed Ursula like a cozy hug and she inhaled, breathing in the soft scent of sweet-peas and lavender. They had been talking in the garden for hours and Ursula was on her third tea and had tasted at least 50 types of cheese.

"Ask me a question." Ursula said suddenly.

"What?"

"Ask me a question." She repeated.

"What's your favourite cheese?" Claude asked.

"Not like that!" Ursula laughed. "Like... who are you really Claude?"

Claude sighed. "I am Joe Shmo, I'm just a poor physiologist in France."

Ursula's heart skipped a beat. Joe? Shmo? Joe Shmo. Not Claude VonDubois. And he wasn't rich, he was quite the opposite.

"My turn." Claude - Joe said, bringing her back into focus. "Have you ever been in love?"

A moment before, her mind had been racing but it suddenly went quiet.

*What am I doing with my life?* Ursula thought.

She had gone through 9 husbands, each of whom she had murdered for their money, in hopes of proving to her mother that she was successful. But never in her life had she been in love, until now? Was this love? She was falling in love - but with a poor person.

"I-I need to go." Ursula blurted before fleeing from the garden.

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### 3 DAYS AGO

Ursula set down the shovel and took a step back, admiring her work. She wondered if he had stopped breathing yet. Either way, he would hopefully be great fertilizer for her garden, her last husbands certainly had. Though, they were already decomposing before she hid their bodies for good, but James Windermere had been buried alive. Suddenly, Ursula heard footsteps approaching.

"URSULA!?" It was the voice of her best friend, Petunia Petunia.

"What are you doing here?"

"I-I just had a vision, Ursula."

Ursula rolled her eyes. Petunia was a psychic and she had been coming to Ursula with visions since she'd escaped from the psych ward - the only concerning thing was that so far all of them had come true.

"Ursula, I can feel it in my bones, even in my broken toe. If you marry your next husband for his money again, you will die a very very VERY painful and unhappy death."

Ursula sucked in a breath. That was her biggest fear. But the previous visions were probably just a fluke.

"Stop it Petunia, that's not true. Just wait till the morning, I'll be so rich and perfect and my mother-"

"No, it won't be like that at all Ursula, your mother hasn't changed her mind at all over the years and you're getting impatient and greedy." Petunia cut her off.

"I am NOT! You'll be wrong and I know it." Ursula turned on her heel and stormed out of the garden, looking back over her shoulder. "Come on Petunia, do you want tea or not?"

\* \* \*

Long story short, Petunia was right about the will - Ursula hadn't been left a single penny.

Ursula turned around to find herself face to face with Joe. It had only been a couple days but it felt like forever. Was that what being soulmates was like? She wasn't sure whether it was the cool night breeze getting to her or if there really was love in the air.

"I'm sorry Joe. I love you."

"I love you too. Ursula, I love you and I want to be together for the rest of our lives. Let's get married."

"Right now?" Ursula laughed. "I mean yes, a million times yes."

"Let's fly to Peru and get married tomorrow morning."

"I doubt there's any planes leaving at this time of night."

"That's what our wings are for!" Said Joe.

And off they flew.

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The sun had already set, as Ursula sat on the soft grassy ground, her wedding dress out around her as a silhouette approached.

"Ursula?" Ursula could recognize the striking voice of her mother anywhere.

"Mother?"

"I'm so proud of you, love. I'm sorry for everything I've told you your whole life."

"No, just since I was 4." Said Ursula.

"Yes well, I suppose so." Her mother agreed.

"Mother, why did you tell me I'm dumb?" Ursula asked.

"Oh no dearie, you are dumb, I'm just sorry about it."

Ursula watched her mother until she disappeared into a small dot in the horizon. A moment later, she felt the warm embrace of Joe as he wrapped his wings around her.

"Ask me a question." Joe whispered into her ear.

"Do you think the stars are happy?"

"Yes, I think they are." Joe said as they danced off into the night.