

RMS Titanic

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My friends and I are going to America on a ship called the RMS Titanic. I am engaged but end up meeting someone on board who just captures my heart. TO FIND OUT MORE AND READ!

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A New Beginning with a Tragic Ending

I was walking through the front door from having tea with my grandmother, when my mother approached me and told me that we were sailing over seas to America. I was taken back but also a bit excited. She said we would be sailing first class, as always, on the RMS Titanic. I was so thrilled that I planned on going out the next day to buy new dresses for the voyage. She told me that we each had our own suite and also that I had a special surprise waiting for me from my old middle school sweetheart Nickolas, or Nick for short.

The next day I went shopping and found the most beautiful dresses. One was blue silk with a black sash around the waist that tied into a lovely little bow in the back, and it also had a V-neck with black lace around the edges of the neck, sleeves, and at the bottom rim of the dress. Another was a deep green color with more black lace almost like the blue one but instead of a V-neck it was a design that would expose the upper part of my chest, not to low though, and the top of my shoulders with black ruffled lace on the rim. It was gorgeous. The others were very fancy like for parties and special dinners of the sort.

When I got home mother had me model them for her and all she would say is “My, My, My Candice, you have turned out to be the most beautiful young woman I have ever seen in all my years,” but I think she was just trying to be nice. Then she said, “ Oh, by the way, Nickolas came by while you were gone, he said he needed to talk to you. I told him you be home later and he said he would be by around five o'clock.” I looked at the clock. It was almost five. “I think I'll wear the green one just to see what he thinks,” I told my mother and went back into my suite to change back into the green one before Nick showed up.

When five o'clock rolled around, I was sitting in the parlor sipping tea and chatting with my seamstress, Margaret, when I heard the doorbell ring. I told my personal butler, and close friend William, to get to door. He came back about some five minutes later and announced that it was Nickolas. He moved aside to show a very well groomed young man with blonde hair and sparkling blue eyes. He had grown very handsome since the last time I had seen him. “Good evening Candice, or may I call you Candy?” he asked politely. He had also acquired manners since the last time we saw each other.

We sat for a while sipping tea and eating scones when he cleared his throat and said “Candy, I have something that I have been wanting to ask you for a very long time.” At that moment I was tense thinking of all the possible things it was. Was he asking me on a date? Was it about our past? I had no idea of what I was about to hear. He got up and stood in front of me. I could tell he was nervous. I was too. I looked into his crystallized blue eyes and he looked into mine. He got down on one knee and said “Candy, will you marry me?” and with that he pulled out a little blue velvet box, and opened it to reveal a sparkling diamond ring that looked very expensive.

I gasped and I had no idea what to say. I just stared at the ring and then up at him and then back at the ring. “Please say something,” he said finally. I calmed my thoughts of excitement, joy and anxiety and finally spat out a “Yes, yes I will Nick.” He smiled and took my hand and slipped the ring onto my finger. Then he took me in his arms and we held each other for a while and finally let go. I was so excited. I was finally engaged! The only thing was that I was 17 and he was 18. Even though it is customary for girls my age to get married, I still thought mother might not approve.

Nick stayed for dinner and at dinner we both announced our engagement. Mother was more thrilled about it than I, and her reaction was not what I expected. Yes, she did cry but told us that she was happy for us and hoped that we would have a fruitful marriage. Though I'm not sure what that means. Perhaps I didn't pay enough attention during English class in high school.

After dinner Nick left and it was just mother and I left sitting in the parlor sipping tea and eating more scones. I swear I will become over weight and my corsets will not fit if I keep eating like this. After a few minutes of silence mother told me that she would start sending out the invitations at once and that almost over five hundred people will be invited. Five hundred?! I don't think that that is just family because I know for a fact we don't have five hundred family members. Or at least I hope not.

The next morning I was awakened to the smell of roses. When I opened my eyes I couldn't believe what I was seeing. My room had been filled almost to the ceiling with white, purple, and black roses. Every empty space was filled and some even had to be put around the foot of my bed. I sat there in awe at the sight. When Margaret came in to see if I was awake told me that they were sent here by Nickolas. I asked her if there was a card or something of the sort sent along with it. She looked around through the delicate flowers and found one. She handed me the little stiff piece of paper and it read

“To my dearly beloved Candice, I hope you are as happy as I for I have waited for this moment all the time I have known you. Please enjoy the roses as a token of my love for you.

Sincerely,

Nickolas”

I looked at Margaret and she gave me a comforting smile. “ That's a smart match if I do say so myself Miss Candice. I'm sure you'll be happy. I know I'm very happy for you.” And with that she left saying that she was going to make my breakfast so it would be waiting for me when I got up. I got out of bed when she left and walked around the room smelling the beautiful bouquets. It will be such a shame that I'll be leaving them in a few days and that they will die. I picked out my outfit for today and laid it out on my bed. I think I'll dress myself today. Just to see what it feels like.

Well I tried dressing myself but I couldn't tie my corset tight enough so I summoned Margaret so she did it for me and after I asked her to finish breakfast that I could take it from here. She asked me if I was sure and I told her I was very sure. After she left everything went smoothly from there. It's really not THAT hard. Except for the corset part. When I was finished dressing I went out to see if breakfast was done, which it was, and saw mother sitting there with a huge pile of envelopes and cards. “Are you making the invitations now?” I asked her.

“Yes, I'm going to have William send them out they day that we leave since they will get there before we do. Oh and did I tell you that I bought a few extra suites?” she said looking at me.

“No, you failed to mention that. Why would you purchase more suites then needed?” Apparently I wasn't catching onto what she wanted me to. I was baffled and couldn't figure out why she purchased more then needed. What's the catch?

“You are to bring 7 close friends. If you want others to come they will have to find some other way to get to America for the wedding,” she said and smiled. “They are some of the finest suites on the whole ship.”

I already had in mind who I was bringing. Nickolas was obviously coming. I would bring Mrs. Deanna Green. The daughter of the rich mill owner in Laurinburg. Not as rich as mother but still had as much money. She was also the wife of my dear brother Gregory Green, Greg for short, and he would also be coming along. One other would be Miss Briana Yell. Another daughter of a wealthy landowner. She was in no current relationship. The other friend was Miss Kimberly Murphy. She wasn't in any sort of relationship at the moment either. Her father owned a long line of general stores and markets. Another friend that is very dear to my heart is Mr. Jason Simmons. He wasn't in a relationship either but I still wanted

him to come. The other fine young gentleman that would accompany us was Alexander (Alex) Sketers. He was the son of a high priest. He wasn't in a relationship either so I think him and Jason will get along well since they are single. And my last but dearest friend that is coming is Miss Regina Eaton. She is the daughter of my mother's old high school sweetheart. He is very wealthy as well. We could have been sisters!

I telephoned them all telling them about it and they said they already knew. Mother can be so sneaky sometimes. But other than that I was happy. This was going to be the best thing that ever happened to me. I was a bit nervous I can admit, probably because this would be my first marriage and also because of the way Nick is. No, he's not abusive just very demanding and, well, I don't want to bad mouth him so I'll stop where I am. I'm not sure what I feel for him. I don't know if it's love or if it's just because well, I just don't know right now. But I will someday.

The next day Deanna and Briana, I have to say its quite funny how there names rhyme with each other, came over with all their luggage and when they saw the dozens of roses in my room from Nick they stood there in awe just as I did the morning I woke up. "Are they ALL from him?" Briana asked.

"Yes, aren't they lovely? And they are just the right colors, my favorites. I think he knows me to well," I responded smelling a few of the white roses.

"Well then it's a good thing you two are getting married," she said with a smirk and picked out one of the black ones.

"I wish Greg would get me flowers like that and surprise me," Deanna said with a huff and crosses her arms across her chest.

Briana then rolled her eyes and said "Oh Deanna get over it. You know he loves you because if he didn't he would have left you or not have married you at all. He doesn't need to show his affection for you through flowers or jewelry or gifts, you can tell he loves you through the way he looks at you and talks t you and treats you. So stop telling yourself he doesn't." Deanna just looked away at a few of the other bouquets and finally said, "Your right, but it doesn't feel like when we first got married. It was so strong when we were first together. I feel as if he's getting bored of me." Briana just rolled her eyes for a second time as a sign of giving up.

“Margaret! Please have William and Joshua load their luggage into the limo cars fro tomorrow so we can be there on time and not get into the traffic,” I ordered her. I don't want to get caught up in all that riff raff of a crowd. It gives me splitting headaches. Plus it will give us time to unpack our things and get settled in a bit before we go back up on deck to wave goodbye to all the people on the docks. Even though we have no idea who they are.

“Oh I'm so excited!” Deanna exclaimed the next morning before Briana and I awoke.

“Do you mind being quiet? Were trying to get our beauty sleep, unlike some people,” Briana said irritated and rolled over pulling more of her blanket around her.

“Wake up! Today's the day! We have to get ready! The men will be here any moment!” and with that she jumped out of bed right as Margaret was coming in to wake us up. Deanna ran right, smack into Margaret on accident.

“Oh, Miss I'm so sorry. Are you ok?” Margaret asked fretful that she might have bruised Deanna. All Deanna did was brush herself off and say, “Yes, I'm just very excited. Today is our big day!”

“Yes, Miss, I know, I was just coming to wake you all up. I just finished your breakfasts. I made something extra special. If you'll please excuse me Miss Candice, I shall pack my own things.” And with that she was gone.

