

CinderHarry and his Princess Charming

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In the early 16th century, there lived a Cinderella with a twist. His stepmother thrust Young Harry into slavery when his father died. Ten years later, he meets Princess Hermione, and their lives changed forever. Based upon Ever After the movie. H/Hr

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AN: This is my first challenges take up! I am so happy. This is based upon Ever After the movie; those who have seen that movie know that in essence, it's a more realistic version of Cinderella (i.e., no pumpkins, faerie godmothers, magic, etc.) So I'll encourage you all to give it a try! Here are some characters to use in the story:

Guidelines:

Cinderella/Danielle: Harry. Told you it had a twist! He is not a girl, it's just a role reversal

The Prince/Henry: Hermione of course!

King/Queen/Royal Family: I'll let you add any sisters/brothers and names. Hermione should be the oldest, for the ball that will take place is for her to find a husband. ((I have Luna as a younger sister!))

Evil Stepmother: Petunia Dursley (for a bit of fun and those creative few, you can change it to Voldie or a death eater, even Snape)

Step Brothers/Sisters: You can choose from Draco, Dudley and anyone else you might like to see in the role. (O.C.s)

Faerie Godmother/Devinchi (sp?): Dumbledore, Mrs. Figg whichever

Gustov/Cinderella's best friend: Ron

Gypsies/Bandits: Lupin and Sirius

Summary: In the early 16th century, there lived a Cinderella with a twist. His stepmother thrust Young Harry into slavery when his father died. Ten years later, he meets Princess Hermione, and their lives changed forever. Based upon Ever After the movie. H/Hr.

Now on with the story!

CinderHarry and his Princess Charming

The two young authors climbed out of their carriage and walked into a large house and room with an elderly woman on a couch with a picture of a young man with raven hair and emerald eyes.

"You summoned us milady." Said both the authors as they bowed for the Lady and then sat down on the couch across the Lady.

"Hello there. Please sit down. I love your stories. But I must say I'm distort by you're little Cinderella girl story."

The two authors looked at each other. "Well some people say the shoe was made of fur. Others say it was made of glass." Said the red-haired author said.

The black-haired author said, "It doesn't really matter. It's not as though the story was real."

Both the authors laughed as a servant brought in a glass shoe. "Here, you go miss." Said the servant as he handed the shoe over to the woman.

"I want to tell you something. What is it you say? Oh yes. Once upon a time...." started the elderly woman.

Harry was a young 8-year-old boy with raven wild untamable hair with the emerald eyes of his mother. His mother, Lady Lillian, had died when he was little. His father, Lord James, was still alive and was

currently away on business.

Harry was getting ready for his return and the two older female servants, Molly Weasley and Arabella Figg, were buzzing around him.

Harry was excited and was saying, "I can't believe I'm getting a new mother and two brothers!"

When Molly was getting to a brush to try to comb Harry's hair, Harry heard a rock hit the windowsill and rushed to the window. Harry saw his best friend, Ron, standing there with a grin on his face.

"Harry, why aren't you all fancy? You're just trying to avoid losing the fight you said we would have."

Harry quickly replied, "I could still beat you up even dressed like this."

Ron chuckled and said, "Prove it."

Harry quickly got up and ran after Ron with Molly and Arabella chasing after the two boys.

About ten minutes later, the gates opened and a man rode in on a black horse followed by a carriage. The man had raven-colored hair. His dark blue eyes were shining in the sunlight as he climbed off his horse.

Harry came rushing up to his father, Lord James, all covered in mud.

James smiled as He picked up Harry and spun him in the air and hugged him. While he was putting Harry down, he said, "Hello, Harry. I missed you."

Harry smiled and said, "I missed you too, Papa! Guess what?"

James grin spread. "What, Harry? Did you fight Ron again? Did you win? Here I was hoping to present a young man."

After Harry nodded fiercely, James laughed. James noticed Harry was looking at the carriage.

"Harry, I wanted to introduce you now to your new family." Just as James said that the carriage door opened.

Out of the carriage climbed out a tall woman with a long neck and cark hair followed by a tall slender boy with slivery blonde hair and another short stubby boy with dirty blonde hair.

"Harry, this is your new mother, Petunia Dursley. And these are her two sons Draco," the tall boy bowed and then the short boy when James said, "and Dudley."

The woman curtsied while both the both bowed again and said nice to meet you. The women walked up to Harry and looked at him. When she first looked at him, she had a look of digest for a spilt second, but that quickly disappeared.

"You must be Harry. You look so much like James. He talks about you and nothing else." Smiled Petunia as she looked at James. "He seems like such a sweetheart. Now where are we staying?"

Late that night, Harry was in bed when James knocked on the door. "Hello Harry. I have a gift for you." James pulled out a white small tiny book with big bold gold letters on it that spelt Utopia.

Harry smiled at took the book from James. "What does Utopia mean?" said Harry as he flipped through

the pages of the book.

James grinned. "It means paradise. Sir Thomas Mores wrote it. You are so much like your mother! How I miss her so and how I love her. But now I have a new wife and you a new mother." James's grin fell slightly at the last statement. "How do you like them?"

Harry smiled and said, "I like them very much. Did you see them at dinner tonight!?!? They way they ate their soup?!?! It was prefect. I hope they like me."

"Harry, I am positive they will like you. You'll have plenty of time to get to knot them while I'm on my business trip tomorrow for three weeks." Said James.

Harry said, "But you just got back!"

James replied, "Its only for a three weeks."

Harry looked at James and said, "One week."

"Two weeks."

"One week!"

James smiled and said, "We'll play a game and whoever wins that's how long I'll be gone."

Harry nodded in agreement and they started to play a thumb wrestling game. When the game ended, Harry had James's thumb underneath his own. "I win!" screamed Harry and threw his hand up in the air.

James just laughed, smiled, and said, "Alright you win. One week. Now off to bed." James tucked Harry into bed. "I love you. Good night, Harry."

Harry smiled and said, "I love you too, Papa. Good night."

The next morning, everyone was lined up outside of the mansion. They all stood watching as James prepared to leave for a weeklong business trip.

James climbed up on his horse and Petunia stepped forward. She walked over to him and said, "I'll miss you."

She walked back to her spot, but there was something about her eyes Harry noticed. Harry, being so young, didn't think anything of it. James bid goodbye for and started to ride off.

Petunia started to walk, Draco and Dursley following her, into the house when Mr. Weasley stopped her. "Lord James always waves at the gate. It's tradition."

Petunia and the two young boys looked at Arthur with strange face and continued to walk into the house. Harry, meanwhile, ran to the end of the dirt road in front of the house to see James better. Harry saw James look at his gloved hands and then the next thing he new he was on the floor lying lifeless.

Harry scream, "PAPA!" repeatedly and ran to James. Petunia came out of the house and ran to James with Molly, Arabella, and Arthur following close behind her.

Arthur, Molly, and Arabella already knew James was gone when they saw Harry clinging to James trying to get Harry to wake up. Arabella pulled Harry away form James's lifeless form with the help of Molly. Harry screamed for his father.

Petunia dropped next to James's limp body and clung to him, she whaling, "You can't leave me, you can't leave me!" over and over again. Arthur pulled her away with all his might. Petunia turned and cried in his soldier.

That's how Harry remembered the day his father died, the day he lost his only true parent he remembered, and his best friend. Petunia crying, whaling, screaming that phrase over and over again, while he tried to kick and screamed and wrestled his way to his father. That day was the start of his horrible new life.

AN: I'll try to update all my stories ASAP. Please Review. No flames please!!!