

# **An Arrangement**

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*This is on my fanfiction.net account. Christine is turning fifteen and her parents have found her a husband. My writing teacher says that the way I phrased it made it sound like they were buying her a car! But it's not meant to be humor.....*

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**Chapter 1 - How It All Began**

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# 1 - How It All Began

Author's Note: Sadly, I do not own the Phantom or any of its related characters, other stuff, blah, blah, blah. You know the drill. Also, This is my first FanFiction, so please go easy on me! Also, don't forget to comment! The more comments, or the nicer the comments, the sooner the next chapter will come!

"Christine, darling, come out, now! Your father has something important to tell you!"

Christine Daae, a fourteen-year-old girl, was in her room, trying, and failing, to learn how to embroider.

"Always, always, always," she muttered, "They always call me when I'm trying to learn something." She stabbed her needle into the fabric, yet she ended up stabbing her finger. "Oww.... That's the sixth time today!" She took a small bit of cloth and tied it around her finger, loosely. She stood and put her embroidery into her chest of drawers.

"Sweetheart, Christine, hurry! It's urgent. Please come out."

"Yes, Mother. I'm coming," the young woman said, halfheartedly. She hurried downstairs to where her mother and father were sitting in the lounge. Her father stood up and guided her to the loveseat.

"Go on and sit down, darling." He went back to his spot by his beloved wife, who was grinning like a Cheshire cat. Christine wondered what was going on. It wasn't yet her birthday, goodness knows! But, it was approaching....

"No!" Christine gasped. Her parents looked at her as if she had just committed a terrible sin.

"Christine! Please respect your father and I! This is a very important decision we've made for your future."

She nodded and apologized, but in her heart she did not mean it. She knew what was coming.

There was a silence before her father cleared his throat and spoke. "Christine, my daughter, I'm sure that you're very excited about your fifteenth birthday. We've been searching for a while, and we have found something wonderful for you!"

"Do you remember," her mother cut in, "how you always used to talk about your perfect man? The man you wanted to marry? Well, darling, I do believe that we've found him!"

Christine was shocked. “But, Mother....” She felt tears forming at the corners of her icy blue eyes. Never had she wanted this. Her mother didn't know what she wanted now. She wanted to find her husband on her own. Usually that didn't happen. All marriages were arranged, nowadays. But still, her mother didn't know how her opinion had changed! As a child, she thought that the perfect man ought to be rich and safe. Now, she just wanted a kind man who could love her and who she could love back.

“Darling? Are you alright?” her mother inquired softly, startling her from her thoughts. “Are you alright with this?”

With this, Christine's tears began to fall from her angelic, unblemished face. She felt as though she'd just had the air knocked out of her. She lifted her head.

“Mother, what kind of question is that? No! No, I'm not alright with this and you ought to know it already! How could you do this to me? I never—“

“Christine!” Her father bellowed. “I want you to stop this foolish behavior this very instant. We'd hoped that you'd agree of your own accord, because, as you well know, you have really no choice in the matter. He's a good man and he has the money you always wanted. He can provide for you your heart's every whim. And I would do well, if I were you, to stop acting like a child and be the young woman that you are. You will also speak graciously to him. Do you understand me?”

Christine turned her head from her father, defiance unlike any other glimmered in her eyes. She inhaled deeply, closed her eyes, and sat still. After a moment, she turned back to him.

“Father, you know I love you, and I love Mother, too. But if you force me to see this man, or much less, marry him, you will have lost the trust of your, ahem, only daughter.” Her voice wavered and old tears were feely flowing as the new ones stung at her eyes.

“You will stop this atrocious behavior right now! Do you honestly wish to place such a horrible impression upon our guest?”

END CHAPTER 1

Author's Note: So, that's what I've got. I read this to a writer's club and they liked it. I bet you all can guess where I'm going with this one!