



A Royal Christmas Wish

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DOM STRODE OUT OF THE room with Prince Harry at his heels, and I gaped after them for a moment before scrambling out of bed and going straight for the window. Gorgeous mountain vistas stretched in every direction. A cute little town was nestled below next to an ice-covered lake. It looked *exactly* like Dom had described the capital of San Noelle. And it looked *real*.

Impossible.

But this didn't feel like any dream I'd ever had.

I threw open the window and cold mountain air hit my skin. Sounds rose up from the courtyard below and the scent of pine wafted up to me on the breeze.

My knees went weak. No way.

"Your Highness? Did you decide which dress

you'd like to wear for the reception and which for the tree-lighting ceremony tonight?"

I looked over my shoulder, trying to figure out who she was talking to, but the maid was watching me expectantly.

"Princess?" she prodded gently—and the other shoe dropped. I lifted my left hand. A second ring nestled beside the rock on my finger, a slim, diamond-studded wedding band.

Not engaged to the prince. *Married.*

"Oh wow," I whispered, making a beeline for the coffee—which tasted like *real coffee* and even seemed to be waking me up. That shouldn't be possible in a dream, right? But what other explanation was there?

I gripped my coffee cup, my gaze skipping everywhere around the room as I considered the options.

One: amnesia. I'd hit my head or something and somehow completely forgotten that I'd *eloped with a freaking prince* and run away to his winter kingdom. If that was true, then it raised the question of how exactly I was going to explain *that* to my parents—but that kind of selective amnesia didn't seem particularly likely.

It was much more probable that I was dreaming.

Unless...

"The wish," I whispered.

I'd wished for a fairy-tale Christmas. Could I really have woken up *married to a prince*?

No dream had ever felt this real.

But that was impossible. Wasn't it?

So not amnesia, not the impossible wish, too real to be a dream...

A prank, maybe? Though it would have to be an

incredibly elaborate one. Something Dom was in on. Was he really a prince? Or perhaps an actor friend of Margo's? Could this whole experience be a ridiculously over-the-top Christmas present? Or some kind of hidden camera thing?

I scanned the room for hidden cameras. Not that I knew what they looked like, or where they might be hidden. If this was a film set, it was an impressively realistic one. They'd certainly spared no expense—which raised the question of *why*?

What possible reason would anyone have for pulling something like this?

As crazy as it sounded, the idea that all of this was the result of the wish actually made the most sense. Which made *no* sense.

“Your Highness? The dress?” the maid prompted gently, and I realized I'd been standing there muttering to myself over my coffee and probably looked like I'd lost it.

Okay. What would a princess do?