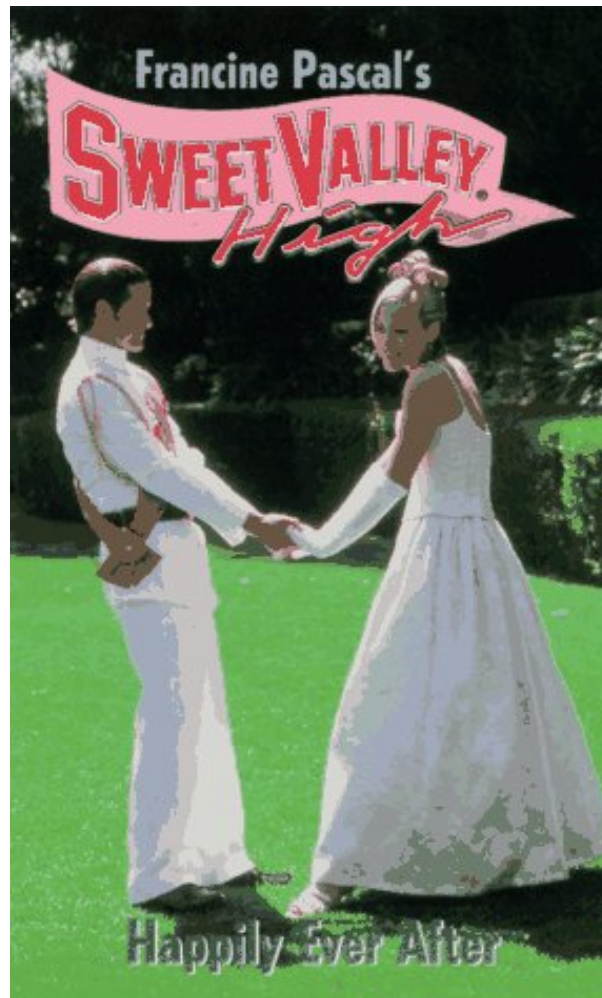
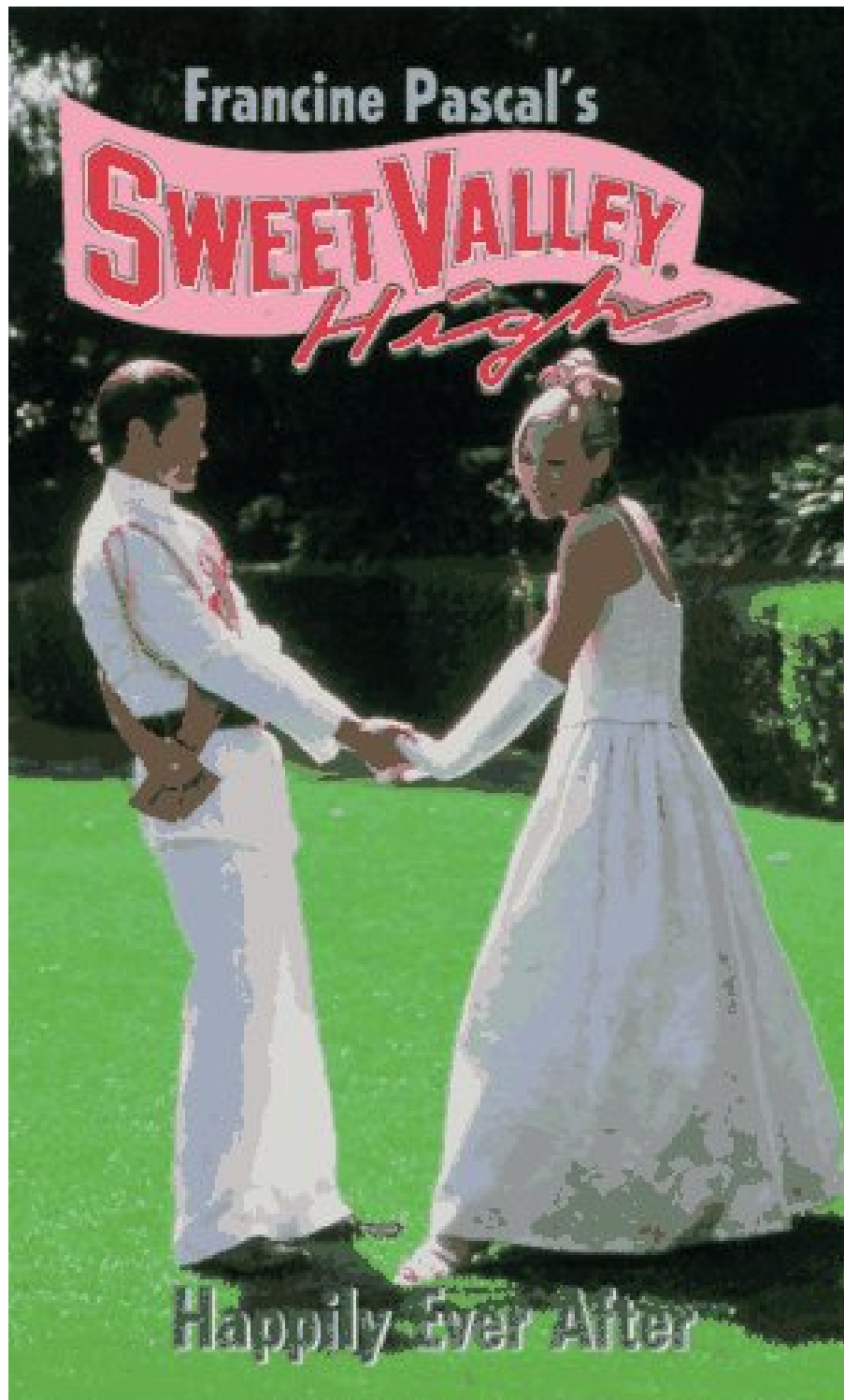


HAPPILY EVER AFTER (SWEET VALLEY HIGH) (BOOK 134) BY FRANCINE PASCAL



**DOWNLOAD EBOOK : HAPPILY EVER AFTER (SWEET VALLEY HIGH)
(BOOK 134) BY FRANCINE PASCAL PDF**

 **Free Download**



Click link bellow and free register to download ebook:

HAPPILY EVER AFTER (SWEET VALLEY HIGH) (BOOK 134) BY FRANCINE PASCAL

[DOWNLOAD FROM OUR ONLINE LIBRARY](#)

HAPPILY EVER AFTER (SWEET VALLEY HIGH) (BOOK 134) BY FRANCINE PASCAL PDF

Happily Ever After (Sweet Valley High) (Book 134) By Francine Pascal As a matter of fact, publication is actually a home window to the globe. Even many people might not appreciate reviewing books; guides will consistently give the precise details regarding truth, fiction, encounter, journey, politic, religion, and also much more. We are right here an internet site that gives collections of books greater than the book store. Why? We offer you great deals of numbers of link to obtain the book Happily Ever After (Sweet Valley High) (Book 134) By Francine Pascal On is as you need this Happily Ever After (Sweet Valley High) (Book 134) By Francine Pascal You can discover this book quickly right here.

From the Publisher

Book Three of a three-part miniseries!

From the Inside Flap

The exciting conclusion to this Sweet Valley High trilogy--will it be a royal disaster?

Elizabeth Wakefield is avoiding Prince Laurent de Sainte-Marie. He may be devastatingly cute, but he's engaged to Antonia Di Rimini, the daughter of a haughty countess. Then Elizabeth learns that Prince Laurent has refused to marry Antonia--because he loves Elizabeth! Elizabeth doesn't want to cause an international incident...but is running away from Chateau d'Amour Inconnu the answer?

Jessica Wakefield's sexy new boyfriend, Jacques Landeau, made an awful mistake. To save himself, he got her mixed up in a major jewel theft. He's apologized a million times, but she's not ready to forgive him. Will Jessica reconsider when he reveals a heart-wrenching secret?

Excerpt. © Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved.

"Jessica, we're safe now. I have to catch my breath." Elizabeth bent over and placed her hands on her knees for support. They had just entered the woods, and she felt more secure under the blanket of darkness the trees provided.

"OK, but not for more than a minute," her twin warned.

"Any sign of the guards?," Elizabeth asked, taking in great gulps of the cool night air and resting a hand over her wildly beating heart.

"Not that I can see," Jessica answered, glancing around and squinting into the woods.

They had stopped in a small clearing, surrounded by tall, thick trees. The moon had risen, casting a cool white light over the weeds and shrubs of the small field. The clearing was carpeted in soft grass, which felt spongy beneath Elizabeth's satin shoes. Crickets sang, and somewhere a frog croaked. At any other time

Elizabeth would have been soothed by the beauty of the night. But since they'd begun their escape, a concern had been weighing on her mind, and she could no longer deny its urgency.

"Jessica," Elizabeth began, "I know we decided that finding Jacques is the right thing to do, and I agree that he owes you an explanation, but . . . I really need to see Laurent. I can't stand the thought of him thinking I'm . . . we're thieves . . . and maybe he could help--"

Jessica cut her off with a swipe of her hand through the air. "Elizabeth, the closer we are to the chateau, the more chance there is that we'll be recaptured. I just don't think it's worth the risk," she finished.

"How would you feel if a guy you really cared about thought you were a criminal?" Elizabeth was close to tears, and in trying to be quiet, her voice came out harsh and raspy.

Jessica nervously raked her hand through her hair. When she spoke, Elizabeth could feel the desperation in her words. "And how are you going to convince Laurent you're not a thief if we end up back in the dungeon?"

Jessica was angry, but Elizabeth wasn't in the mood to go along with her twin. "Jessica Wakefield, you are the one who badgered me into coming to Europe against my better judgment, right?"

"I know, but--"

"And how many times have I gone along with your schemes in the past?" Elizabeth interrupted.

"A few," Jessica mumbled.

"A few? Let's see, there was the time you stayed out all night and I had to cover for you the entire day because you couldn't drag yourself out of bed," Elizabeth began, ticking off her fingers one by one. "And then there was the time at camp when I had to compete in all your color war events . . . need I go on?"

Jessica held up both hands in a classic defensive posture. "OK, OK, I get the point. Enough with the guilt trip!"

But Elizabeth was warming to her subject and refused to let her twin off easy. "You do this to me all the time! You beg and plead until I do what you want, then when we end up in trouble, you're no help at all! Now I want just one little thing, and you have to go all logical on me! How can you let me down like this?"

"Good grief, Liz," Jessica said, grabbing Elizabeth by the shoulders. "Enough already. So we'll go back and try to see Prince Charming. But if we get caught, so help me, Liz . . ."

Elizabeth was exhausted by her tirade, and she gave Jessica a tired smile. "Thanks, Jess."

Jessica let her go and shrugged. "I had to do something to get you to shut up. I bet every guard on the island heard you," she said grumpily. She grabbed Elizabeth by the wrist, and they started back to the chateau.

As they trudged across the grass Jessica grumbled under her breath, "We came all this way . . . now we have to go all the way back . . . and for some drippy prince. . . ."

Despite their awful situation, Elizabeth was having trouble keeping her laughter in check. "Oh, Jessica," she finally said. "Nag, nag, nag, all the time."

They broke from the woods and approached the ch[^]ateau silently. The ballroom was easy to find. Music filtered across the lawn from the partially opened, tall windows that were blazing with light.

With Jessica close behind, Elizabeth crept to one of the windows and peered inside. All the women wore ball gowns, in every color of the rainbow. Precious jewels glittered on each throat and around every wrist. Some of the ladies carried fans, which they flicked back and forth as they floated around the room. The couples who weren't dancing lined the walls, laughing and talking in a carefree manner. Almost everyone was holding a glass of bubbly champagne.

There were so many people whirling around the dance floor, Elizabeth could barely make out their faces. Then a tall, dark-haired guy twirled past, and Elizabeth gasped. It was Laurent. And he was dancing with Antonia . . . and smiling! How could he? Did he care so little for Elizabeth that he could carry on as if she didn't exist?

What I wouldn't give to trade places with that disgusting Antonia! Elizabeth thought desperately. That should be me in that gorgeous, fairy-tale dress, dancing in Laurent's arms! And Antonia in the dungeon! She smiled wryly at the thought of Antonia shivering in the cold darkness of that musty cell.

Antonia was wearing a smug look of triumph on her face that made Elizabeth want to scratch her eyes out. She felt a sob catch in her throat at the frustration of it all. A tear rolled down her cheek.

Jessica abruptly pulled Elizabeth away from the window.

Elizabeth whirled around to face her sister.

"Oh, Jess, did you see--"

"Forget about the couple of the century for a minute," Jessica interrupted quietly, squeezing Elizabeth's arm reassuringly. "We have company."

Elizabeth's heart froze as she expected to see a troop of guards coming their way.

Instead she saw the three younger children standing behind Jessica.

"What are you three doing out here?" Elizabeth demanded, glad to have something to focus on besides Laurent and Antonia.

Pierre was scowling. "Mademoiselle Elizabeth, why are you still here?"

Jessica rolled her eyes and jerked her thumb at Elizabeth, her mouth twisted into a smirk.

"Lovesick here had to have one last word with your brother," she said sarcastically in a stage whisper.

Pierre leaned over to the giggling Claudine and whispered a flurry of French into her ear. As his younger sister sped off into the chateau Pierre bowed to Elizabeth with a flourish of his little hand. "I am not as handsome as my brother, but surely, mademoiselle, you have time for one dance with me," he said gallantly,

deepening his voice.

"Oh, no," Jessica moaned. "Are you crazy? Now I know we're going to get caught."

"No, pretty Jessica," Pierre said with a smile that was hauntingly like Laurent's. "You are safe. No one even knows you are out of the cell." He held out his arms to Elizabeth, and she couldn't resist the sweet gesture.

Pierre actually danced well, which Elizabeth should have expected. As the son of European royalty, dancing was part of his education. He whirled her around rather expertly.

Jessica threw up her hands. "The whole world is insane," she said, "but who cares? I guess if you can't beat 'em, join 'em." And with that she picked up little Manon and began to dance too.

The music swelled and subsided, swelled and subsided as they glided through the steps of the dance. Manon was seized with fits of giggles, and Elizabeth saw her little hands gripping Jessica in a stranglehold around her neck. Pierre beamed up at her, seeming much older than six. "You dance so well," he said to Elizabeth.

"Thank you, sir," Elizabeth replied primly. "So do you."

"What about us?" Jessica insisted, dipping Manon so close to the ground, she squealed in delight.

"You two look great together," Elizabeth said, laughing. "You know, Jessica, you should dance with more three-year-olds. It suits you!"

"Thanks a lot," Jessica said in her most sarcastic tone.

Elizabeth suspected that Claudine had been sent to get Laurent, and she hoped the little girl would hurry. Just one last word with her prince was all she wanted, then she didn't care what else happened!

HAPPILY EVER AFTER (SWEET VALLEY HIGH) (BOOK 134) BY FRANCINE PASCAL PDF

[Download: HAPPILY EVER AFTER \(SWEET VALLEY HIGH\) \(BOOK 134\) BY FRANCINE PASCAL PDF](#)

Exactly how if there is a site that allows you to look for referred publication **Happily Ever After (Sweet Valley High) (Book 134) By Francine Pascal** from throughout the world publisher? Automatically, the site will certainly be astonishing finished. Many book collections can be discovered. All will be so very easy without challenging point to relocate from site to site to obtain the book Happily Ever After (Sweet Valley High) (Book 134) By Francine Pascal wanted. This is the site that will provide you those expectations. By following this site you could obtain great deals varieties of publication Happily Ever After (Sweet Valley High) (Book 134) By Francine Pascal collections from variants types of writer and also publisher popular in this world. Guide such as Happily Ever After (Sweet Valley High) (Book 134) By Francine Pascal as well as others can be gained by clicking great on link download.

Why should be publication *Happily Ever After (Sweet Valley High) (Book 134) By Francine Pascal* Book is among the simple sources to look for. By obtaining the writer and theme to obtain, you can discover numerous titles that offer their data to obtain. As this Happily Ever After (Sweet Valley High) (Book 134) By Francine Pascal, the impressive publication Happily Ever After (Sweet Valley High) (Book 134) By Francine Pascal will certainly provide you just what you have to cover the work target date. As well as why should remain in this website? We will ask initially, have you a lot more times to go for shopping guides as well as look for the referred publication Happily Ever After (Sweet Valley High) (Book 134) By Francine Pascal in book shop? Many individuals could not have adequate time to find it.

Thus, this web site provides for you to cover your issue. We reveal you some referred publications Happily Ever After (Sweet Valley High) (Book 134) By Francine Pascal in all types and also themes. From typical author to the famous one, they are all covered to offer in this site. This Happily Ever After (Sweet Valley High) (Book 134) By Francine Pascal is you're searched for publication; you just have to go to the link page to display in this site and then choose downloading and install. It will certainly not take sometimes to obtain one publication Happily Ever After (Sweet Valley High) (Book 134) By Francine Pascal It will depend upon your web link. Just acquisition as well as download and install the soft file of this publication Happily Ever After (Sweet Valley High) (Book 134) By Francine Pascal

HAPPILY EVER AFTER (SWEET VALLEY HIGH) (BOOK 134)

BY FRANCINE PASCAL PDF

The exciting conclusion to this Sweet Valley High trilogy--will it be a royal disaster?

Elizabeth Wakefield is avoiding Prince Laurent de Sainte-Marie. He may be devastatingly cute, but he's engaged to Antonia Di Rimini, the daughter of a haughty countess. Then Elizabeth learns that Prince Laurent has refused to marry Antonia--because he loves Elizabeth! Elizabeth doesn't want to cause an international incident...but is running away from Chateau d'Amour Inconnu the answer?

Jessica Wakefield's sexy new boyfriend, Jacques Landeau, made an awful mistake. To save himself, he got her mixed up in a major jewel theft. He's apologized a million times, but she's not ready to forgive him. Will Jessica reconsider when he reveals a heart-wrenching secret?

- Sales Rank: #2468362 in Books
- Published on: 1997-08-11
- Released on: 1997-08-11
- Original language: English
- Number of items: 2
- Dimensions: 7.25" h x 4.25" w x .75" l,
- Binding: Paperback
- 208 pages

From the Publisher

Book Three of a three-part miniseries!

From the Inside Flap

The exciting conclusion to this Sweet Valley High trilogy--will it be a royal disaster?

Elizabeth Wakefield is avoiding Prince Laurent de Sainte-Marie. He may be devastatingly cute, but he's engaged to Antonia Di Rimini, the daughter of a haughty countess. Then Elizabeth learns that Prince Laurent has refused to marry Antonia--because he loves Elizabeth! Elizabeth doesn't want to cause an international incident...but is running away from Chateau d'Amour Inconnu the answer?

Jessica Wakefield's sexy new boyfriend, Jacques Landeau, made an awful mistake. To save himself, he got her mixed up in a major jewel theft. He's apologized a million times, but she's not ready to forgive him. Will Jessica reconsider when he reveals a heart-wrenching secret?

Excerpt. © Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved.

"Jessica, we're safe now. I have to catch my breath." Elizabeth bent over and placed her hands on her knees for support. They had just entered the woods, and she felt more secure under the blanket of darkness the trees provided.

"OK, but not for more than a minute," her twin warned.

"Any sign of the guards?," Elizabeth asked, taking in great gulps of the cool night air and resting a hand over her wildly beating heart.

"Not that I can see," Jessica answered, glancing around and squinting into the woods.

They had stopped in a small clearing, surrounded by tall, thick trees. The moon had risen, casting a cool white light over the weeds and shrubs of the small field. The clearing was carpeted in soft grass, which felt spongy beneath Elizabeth's satin shoes. Crickets sang, and somewhere a frog croaked. At any other time Elizabeth would have been soothed by the beauty of the night. But since they'd begun their escape, a concern had been weighing on her mind, and she could no longer deny its urgency.

"Jessica," Elizabeth began, "I know we decided that finding Jacques is the right thing to do, and I agree that he owes you an explanation, but . . . I really need to see Laurent. I can't stand the thought of him thinking I'm . . . we're thieves . . . and maybe he could help--"

Jessica cut her off with a swipe of her hand through the air. "Elizabeth, the closer we are to the chateau, the more chance there is that we'll be recaptured. I just don't think it's worth the risk," she finished.

"How would you feel if a guy you really cared about thought you were a criminal?" Elizabeth was close to tears, and in trying to be quiet, her voice came out harsh and raspy.

Jessica nervously raked her hand through her hair. When she spoke, Elizabeth could feel the desperation in her words. "And how are you going to convince Laurent you're not a thief if we end up back in the dungeon?"

Jessica was angry, but Elizabeth wasn't in the mood to go along with her twin. "Jessica Wakefield, you are the one who badgered me into coming to Europe against my better judgment, right?"

"I know, but--"

"And how many times have I gone along with your schemes in the past?" Elizabeth interrupted.

"A few," Jessica mumbled.

"A few? Let's see, there was the time you stayed out all night and I had to cover for you the entire day because you couldn't drag yourself out of bed," Elizabeth began, ticking off her fingers one by one. "And then there was the time at camp when I had to compete in all your color war events . . . need I go on?"

Jessica held up both hands in a classic defensive posture. "OK, OK, I get the point. Enough with the guilt trip!"

But Elizabeth was warming to her subject and refused to let her twin off easy. "You do this to me all the time! You beg and plead until I do what you want, then when we end up in trouble, you're no help at all! Now I want just one little thing, and you have to go all logical on me! How can you let me down like this?"

"Good grief, Liz," Jessica said, grabbing Elizabeth by the shoulders. "Enough already. So we'll go back and try to see Prince Charming. But if we get caught, so help me, Liz . . ."

Elizabeth was exhausted by her tirade, and she gave Jessica a tired smile. "Thanks, Jess."

Jessica let her go and shrugged. "I had to do something to get you to shut up. I bet every guard on the island heard you," she said grumpily. She grabbed Elizabeth by the wrist, and they started back to the chateau.

As they trudged across the grass Jessica grumbled under her breath, "We came all this way . . . now we have to go all the way back . . . and for some drippy prince. . . ."

Despite their awful situation, Elizabeth was having trouble keeping her laughter in check. "Oh, Jessica," she finally said. "Nag, nag, nag, all the time."

They broke from the woods and approached the ch[^]ateau silently. The ballroom was easy to find. Music filtered across the lawn from the partially opened, tall windows that were blazing with light.

With Jessica close behind, Elizabeth crept to one of the windows and peered inside. All the women wore ball gowns, in every color of the rainbow. Precious jewels glittered on each throat and around every wrist. Some of the ladies carried fans, which they flicked back and forth as they floated around the room. The couples who weren't dancing lined the walls, laughing and talking in a carefree manner. Almost everyone was holding a glass of bubbly champagne.

There were so many people whirling around the dance floor, Elizabeth could barely make out their faces. Then a tall, dark-haired guy twirled past, and Elizabeth gasped. It was Laurent. And he was dancing with Antonia . . . and smiling! How could he? Did he care so little for Elizabeth that he could carry on as if she didn't exist?

What I wouldn't give to trade places with that disgusting Antonia! Elizabeth thought desperately. That should be me in that gorgeous, fairy-tale dress, dancing in Laurent's arms! And Antonia in the dungeon! She smiled wryly at the thought of Antonia shivering in the cold darkness of that musty cell.

Antonia was wearing a smug look of triumph on her face that made Elizabeth want to scratch her eyes out. She felt a sob catch in her throat at the frustration of it all. A tear rolled down her cheek.

Jessica abruptly pulled Elizabeth away from the window.

Elizabeth whirled around to face her sister.

"Oh, Jess, did you see--"

"Forget about the couple of the century for a minute," Jessica interrupted quietly, squeezing Elizabeth's arm reassuringly. "We have company."

Elizabeth's heart froze as she expected to see a troop of guards coming their way.

Instead she saw the three younger children standing behind Jessica.

"What are you three doing out here?" Elizabeth demanded, glad to have something to focus on besides Laurent and Antonia.

Pierre was scowling. "Mademoiselle Elizabeth, why are you still here?"

Jessica rolled her eyes and jerked her thumb at Elizabeth, her mouth twisted into a smirk.

"Lovesick here had to have one last word with your brother," she said sarcastically in a stage whisper.

Pierre leaned over to the giggling Claudine and whispered a flurry of French into her ear. As his younger sister sped off into the chateau Pierre bowed to Elizabeth with a flourish of his little hand. "I am not as handsome as my brother, but surely, mademoiselle, you have time for one dance with me," he said gallantly, deepening his voice.

"Oh, no," Jessica moaned. "Are you crazy? Now I know we're going to get caught."

"No, pretty Jessica," Pierre said with a smile that was hauntingly like Laurent's. "You are safe. No one even knows you are out of the cell." He held out his arms to Elizabeth, and she couldn't resist the sweet gesture.

Pierre actually danced well, which Elizabeth should have expected. As the son of European royalty, dancing was part of his education. He whirled her around rather expertly.

Jessica threw up her hands. "The whole world is insane," she said, "but who cares? I guess if you can't beat 'em, join 'em." And with that she picked up little Manon and began to dance too.

The music swelled and subsided, swelled and subsided as they glided through the steps of the dance. Manon was seized with fits of giggles, and Elizabeth saw her little hands gripping Jessica in a stranglehold around her neck. Pierre beamed up at her, seeming much older than six. "You dance so well," he said to Elizabeth.

"Thank you, sir," Elizabeth replied primly. "So do you."

"What about us?" Jessica insisted, dipping Manon so close to the ground, she squealed in delight.

"You two look great together," Elizabeth said, laughing. "You know, Jessica, you should dance with more three-year-olds. It suits you!"

"Thanks a lot," Jessica said in her most sarcastic tone.

Elizabeth suspected that Claudine had been sent to get Laurent, and she hoped the little girl would hurry. Just one last word with her prince was all she wanted, then she didn't care what else happened!

Most helpful customer reviews

6 of 7 people found the following review helpful.

A GREAT BOOK! Sweet Valley Is Great yet Again!

By A Customer

After reading this book, I felt like i was actually in Paris! This was a way romantic story, with a great plot. Thats so mean of Jacques, how he sets Jessica up with the jewel and everything.. but its so sweet how he apoligizes at the end! If i ever went to france, i would want my vacation to be exactly the was this book was! Anyway, this book was totally romantic, full of action, and great for any fairy tale lover! I totally recomend it!

2 of 4 people found the following review helpful.

Sweet Valley Rocks!

By A Customer

Once again, here is another great Sweet Valley High book! This is a romantic and exciting one, with the twins in Europe! If you like SVH, you're gonna like this one, but be sure to read the other 2 as well! By the way, I TOTALLY reccomend, Sweet Valley High, Senior Year, starting with "can't stay away". But i am curious, does Elizabeth ever see Laurent again or remember him? LoL kay ash! its a book!

0 of 1 people found the following review helpful.

What will Happen?????

By A Customer

This was a good book. I REALLY LIKE IT. I have to find out what happens with Elizabeth and the prince, do they meet again?

Is there any more books in this series?

I mean, any more after book 139????

Is there any way to find out what happens with Elizabeth and the prince?

See all 7 customer reviews...

HAPPILY EVER AFTER (SWEET VALLEY HIGH) (BOOK 134) BY FRANCINE PASCAL PDF

It is so simple, right? Why do not you try it? In this site, you could additionally locate various other titles of the **Happily Ever After (Sweet Valley High) (Book 134) By Francine Pascal** book collections that may be able to help you discovering the most effective option of your task. Reading this book **Happily Ever After (Sweet Valley High) (Book 134) By Francine Pascal** in soft documents will likewise reduce you to obtain the resource easily. You might not bring for those books to someplace you go. Only with the device that always be with your all over, you could read this publication **Happily Ever After (Sweet Valley High) (Book 134) By Francine Pascal** So, it will certainly be so rapidly to finish reading this **Happily Ever After (Sweet Valley High) (Book 134) By Francine Pascal**

From the Publisher
Book Three of a three-part miniseries!

From the Inside Flap
The exciting conclusion to this Sweet Valley High trilogy--will it be a royal disaster?

Elizabeth Wakefield is avoiding Prince Laurent de Sainte-Marie. He may be devastatingly cute, but he's engaged to Antonia Di Rimini, the daughter of a haughty countess. Then Elizabeth learns that Prince Laurent has refused to marry Antonia--because he loves Elizabeth! Elizabeth doesn't want to cause an international incident...but is running away from Chateau d'Amour Inconnu the answer?

Jessica Wakefield's sexy new boyfriend, Jacques Landeau, made an awful mistake. To save himself, he got her mixed up in a major jewel theft. He's apologized a million times, but she's not ready to forgive him. Will Jessica reconsider when he reveals a heart-wrenching secret?

Excerpt. © Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved.

"Jessica, we're safe now. I have to catch my breath." Elizabeth bent over and placed her hands on her knees for support. They had just entered the woods, and she felt more secure under the blanket of darkness the trees provided.

"OK, but not for more than a minute," her twin warned.

"Any sign of the guards?," Elizabeth asked, taking in great gulps of the cool night air and resting a hand over her wildly beating heart.

"Not that I can see," Jessica answered, glancing around and squinting into the woods.

They had stopped in a small clearing, surrounded by tall, thick trees. The moon had risen, casting a cool white light over the weeds and shrubs of the small field. The clearing was carpeted in soft grass, which felt spongy beneath Elizabeth's satin shoes. Crickets sang, and somewhere a frog croaked. At any other time Elizabeth would have been soothed by the beauty of the night. But since they'd begun their escape, a concern had been weighing on her mind, and she could no longer deny its urgency.

"Jessica," Elizabeth began, "I know we decided that finding Jacques is the right thing to do, and I agree that

he owes you an explanation, but . . . I really need to see Laurent. I can't stand the thought of him thinking I'm . . . we're thieves . . . and maybe he could help--"

Jessica cut her off with a swipe of her hand through the air. "Elizabeth, the closer we are to the chateau, the more chance there is that we'll be recaptured. I just don't think it's worth the risk," she finished.

"How would you feel if a guy you really cared about thought you were a criminal?" Elizabeth was close to tears, and in trying to be quiet, her voice came out harsh and raspy.

Jessica nervously raked her hand through her hair. When she spoke, Elizabeth could feel the desperation in her words. "And how are you going to convince Laurent you're not a thief if we end up back in the dungeon?"

Jessica was angry, but Elizabeth wasn't in the mood to go along with her twin. "Jessica Wakefield, you are the one who badgered me into coming to Europe against my better judgment, right?"

"I know, but--"

"And how many times have I gone along with your schemes in the past?" Elizabeth interrupted.

"A few," Jessica mumbled.

"A few? Let's see, there was the time you stayed out all night and I had to cover for you the entire day because you couldn't drag yourself out of bed," Elizabeth began, ticking off her fingers one by one. "And then there was the time at camp when I had to compete in all your color war events . . . need I go on?"

Jessica held up both hands in a classic defensive posture. "OK, OK, I get the point. Enough with the guilt trip!"

But Elizabeth was warming to her subject and refused to let her twin off easy. "You do this to me all the time! You beg and plead until I do what you want, then when we end up in trouble, you're no help at all! Now I want just one little thing, and you have to go all logical on me! How can you let me down like this?"

"Good grief, Liz," Jessica said, grabbing Elizabeth by the shoulders. "Enough already. So we'll go back and try to see Prince Charming. But if we get caught, so help me, Liz . . ."

Elizabeth was exhausted by her tirade, and she gave Jessica a tired smile. "Thanks, Jess."

Jessica let her go and shrugged. "I had to do something to get you to shut up. I bet every guard on the island heard you," she said grumpily. She grabbed Elizabeth by the wrist, and they started back to the chateau.

As they trudged across the grass Jessica grumbled under her breath, "We came all this way . . . now we have to go all the way back . . . and for some drippy prince. . . ."

Despite their awful situation, Elizabeth was having trouble keeping her laughter in check. "Oh, Jessica," she finally said. "Nag, nag, nag, all the time."

They broke from the woods and approached the chateau silently. The ballroom was easy to find. Music

filtered across the lawn from the partially opened, tall windows that were blazing with light.

With Jessica close behind, Elizabeth crept to one of the windows and peered inside. All the women wore ball gowns, in every color of the rainbow. Precious jewels glittered on each throat and around every wrist. Some of the ladies carried fans, which they flicked back and forth as they floated around the room. The couples who weren't dancing lined the walls, laughing and talking in a carefree manner. Almost everyone was holding a glass of bubbly champagne.

There were so many people whirling around the dance floor, Elizabeth could barely make out their faces. Then a tall, dark-haired guy twirled past, and Elizabeth gasped. It was Laurent. And he was dancing with Antonia . . . and smiling! How could he? Did he care so little for Elizabeth that he could carry on as if she didn't exist?

What I wouldn't give to trade places with that disgusting Antonia! Elizabeth thought desperately. That should be me in that gorgeous, fairy-tale dress, dancing in Laurent's arms! And Antonia in the dungeon! She smiled wryly at the thought of Antonia shivering in the cold darkness of that musty cell.

Antonia was wearing a smug look of triumph on her face that made Elizabeth want to scratch her eyes out. She felt a sob catch in her throat at the frustration of it all. A tear rolled down her cheek.

Jessica abruptly pulled Elizabeth away from the window.

Elizabeth whirled around to face her sister.

"Oh, Jess, did you see--

"Forget about the couple of the century for a minute," Jessica interrupted quietly, squeezing Elizabeth's arm reassuringly. "We have company."

Elizabeth's heart froze as she expected to see a troop of guards coming their way.

Instead she saw the three younger children standing behind Jessica.

"What are you three doing out here?" Elizabeth demanded, glad to have something to focus on besides Laurent and Antonia.

Pierre was scowling. "Mademoiselle Elizabeth, why are you still here?"

Jessica rolled her eyes and jerked her thumb at Elizabeth, her mouth twisted into a smirk.

"Lovesick here had to have one last word with your brother," she said sarcastically in a stage whisper.

Pierre leaned over to the giggling Claudine and whispered a flurry of French into her ear. As his younger sister sped off into the chateau Pierre bowed to Elizabeth with a flourish of his little hand. "I am not as handsome as my brother, but surely, mademoiselle, you have time for one dance with me," he said gallantly, deepening his voice.

"Oh, no," Jessica moaned. "Are you crazy? Now I know we're going to get caught."

"No, pretty Jessica," Pierre said with a smile that was hauntingly like Laurent's. "You are safe. No one even knows you are out of the cell." He held out his arms to Elizabeth, and she couldn't resist the sweet gesture.

Pierre actually danced well, which Elizabeth should have expected. As the son of European royalty, dancing was part of his education. He whirled her around rather expertly.

Jessica threw up her hands. "The whole world is insane," she said, "but who cares? I guess if you can't beat 'em, join 'em." And with that she picked up little Manon and began to dance too.

The music swelled and subsided, swelled and subsided as they glided through the steps of the dance. Manon was seized with fits of giggles, and Elizabeth saw her little hands gripping Jessica in a stranglehold around her neck. Pierre beamed up at her, seeming much older than six. "You dance so well," he said to Elizabeth.

"Thank you, sir," Elizabeth replied primly. "So do you."

"What about us?" Jessica insisted, dipping Manon so close to the ground, she squealed in delight.

"You two look great together," Elizabeth said, laughing. "You know, Jessica, you should dance with more three-year-olds. It suits you!"

"Thanks a lot," Jessica said in her most sarcastic tone.

Elizabeth suspected that Claudine had been sent to get Laurent, and she hoped the little girl would hurry. Just one last word with her prince was all she wanted, then she didn't care what else happened!

Happily Ever After (Sweet Valley High) (Book 134) By Francine Pascal As a matter of fact, publication is actually a home window to the globe. Even many people might not appreciate reviewing books; guides will consistently give the precise details regarding truth, fiction, encounter, journey, politic, religion, and also much more. We are right here an internet site that gives collections of books greater than the book store. Why? We offer you great deals of numbers of link to obtain the book Happily Ever After (Sweet Valley High) (Book 134) By Francine Pascal On is as you need this Happily Ever After (Sweet Valley High) (Book 134) By Francine Pascal You can discover this book quickly right here.