

Adelaide's Magic Sunglasses

By Phoebe Von Satis

Chapter One

Adelaide, Hanna, Belle, and Sybil settled in at an outdoor beachside restaurant, the clinking of silverware and murmurs of other diners providing a backdrop to their conversation. The warm breeze ruffled the napkins on the table.

"So, what's the deal with those sunglasses, Addie?" Hanna leaned forward; her curiosity piqued. "You disappeared right in front of us?!"

Adelaide chuckled, adjusting the sunglasses on top of her head. "I know, it's crazy! Fate's Spectacles really came through with these."

Belle crossed her arms, a hint of jealousy in her voice. "Yeah, it's not fair. Why do you get all the cool stuff?"

Sybil placed a calming hand on Belle's arm. "It's not about fairness, Belle. We're happy for Adelaide and her new shades."

"Exactly," Adelaide chimed in. "And besides, we can have so much fun with these. Imagine the pranks we could pull!"

Hanna's eyes lit up. "Oh, the mischief we could get into! We should totally test these out."

The waiter approached, a notepad in hand. "Ready to order, ladies?"

After placing their orders, the group fell into a comfortable silence, the clinking of glasses and distant laughter mingling with the salty air.

"So, what's the plan, Adelaide?" Hanna asked, leaning in eagerly.

Adelaide tapped her finger on the table, a mischievous glint in her eyes. "I say we start small... Maybe a harmless prank on someone passing by?"

Belle raised an eyebrow. "As long as it's harmless, count me in." Sybil nodded in agreement. "I trust your judgment, Adelaide. Let's see what these sunglasses can really do."

The group erupted into laughter at the prospect of invisible antics, fuelling their excitement.

As the group waited for their food, Adelaide slipped the sunglasses on, feeling a surge of power as she vanished from view.

"Okay, here goes nothing..." Adelaide whispered, her voice barely audible.

With a mischievous grin, she tiptoed behind a couple walking by, their conversation oblivious to the invisible presence trailing them.

Suddenly, the woman let out a startled scream, her companion looking around in confusion. The woman's scarf had been pulled up over her eyes. She wobbled comedically.

Adelaide stifled a giggle, her heart pounding with adrenaline as she revelled in the success of their first prank. Adelaide quickly returned to her table and dropped into her seat.

Adelaide made sure no one was looking when she removed the sunglasses – reappearing - and slid them back onto her head.

"That was amazing!" Hanna exclaimed, clapping her hands. "I can't believe it worked!"

Belle's laughter mingled with the sound of crashing waves. "We're going to have so much fun with these."

The waiter returned with their food, setting down plates of vibrant salads and refreshing drinks.

"Here you go, ladies. Enjoy," he said with a smile before moving on to another table.

The friends dug into their meals, the taste of grilled shrimp and crisp lettuce was a welcome distraction from their newfound power.

"I wonder what else we could do with these sunglasses," Sybil mused, her brow furrowed in thought.

Adelaide shrugged. "The possibilities are endless. We could pull pranks, spy on people, the sky's the limit."

Hanna's eyes twinkled with mischief. "Ooh, maybe we could use them to uncover some secrets. Like invisible detectives?!"

Belle leaned in, her voice low. "Or we could use them to help people in need, without them ever knowing who we are."

Sybil nodded in approval. "I like that idea. It's like being invisible superheroes."

Hanna chimed in. "Yeah, I can't stand these people who do good deeds but need the whole world to know about it... kind of defeats the object doesn't it?"

The sun began its descent towards the horizon, casting a golden glow over the beach and painting the sky in hues of pink and orange.

"We should head back soon," Adelaide said, glancing at the darkening sky. "It's getting late."

The friends finished their meals, the clatter of silverware and laughter blending harmoniously in the evening air.

As they prepared to leave, Adelaide slipped the sunglasses back on, a cheeky smile on her lips.

"Last one to the beach is a rotten egg!" She called out before disappearing.

Hanna and Belle exchanged a glance before bursting into laughter, their footsteps quickening as they raced to catch up with their invisible friend.

Sybil shook her head fondly, following them with a smile, the promise of more adventures hanging in the air.

Chapter Two

Adelaide was peacefully asleep at home when she heard a strange noise coming from downstairs. The night air was thick with tension as Adelaide's heart pounded in her chest. She gripped the sunglasses tightly in her hand, the cool metal was reassuring against her skin.

The sound of someone else's footsteps echoed through the house, each creak of the floorboards sending a shiver down Adelaide's spine...

Adelaide's mind raced as she searched for a plan, her breath coming in short, panicked gasps. She knew that with the sunglasses on, she was invisible to the world outside. But would that be enough to protect her from the intruder in her home? As the intruder drew closer, Adelaide's hands shook with fear. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath, willing herself to be brave. With a swift motion, she slipped the sunglasses on, feeling the world around her shift and warp into a strange, ethereal landscape. Suddenly, the burglar – a man - burst into Adelaide's bedroom; his eyes wild with greed as he brandished a crowbar in his hand. He scanned the room, his gaze passing right over where Adelaide stood, invisible and silent in the corner.

"Where are you, you little brat?" the burglar growled, his voice rough and menacing.

He moved closer to the bed, his shadow falling across the spot where Adelaide had been just moments before. Adelaide held her breath. She could feel the weight of the sunglasses on her face, a reminder of the power she now possessed. She willed herself to remain calm, to trust in Fate's gift. The burglar moved into another room. Adelaide relaxed slightly. Suddenly, a crash rang out from the living room, followed by a string of colorful curse words... Adelaide's eyes widened in surprise as she realized that the burglar had stumbled over a piece of furniture in his search for her.

"What the hell?" the burglar shouted, his voice filled with anger and confusion.

Adelaide seized the opportunity and slipped past him, her invisible form moving like a ghost through the darkness. She crept down the hallway, her every movement careful and deliberate. The world around her seemed to shimmer and swirl, the colors blending into a surreal tapestry that only she could see. In the living room, the burglar fumbled with his flashlight, his movements frantic and clumsy. Adelaide watched from the safety of her invisibility, a sense of power and exhilaration coursing through her veins.

"Come out, come out, wherever you are..." the burglar taunted, his voice a twisted parody of playfulness.

Adelaide bristled at the sound - her jaw clenched in determination. With a silent step, Adelaide moved behind the burglar, her breath hitching in her throat. She reached out a hand and brushed it against his arm, a ghostly touch that sent a shiver down his spine.

The burglar froze, his body tensing as he felt the chill of Adelaide's invisible presence. He spun around, his eyes wide with shock as he searched the empty air for any sign of her.

"What the...who's there?" the burglar stammered, his voice trembling with fear.

Adelaide stood just out of reach, her heart racing with a mixture of fear and adrenaline.

"You can't hide forever, you little witch," the burglar spat, his words laced with venom.

Adelaide's jaw tightened in defiance as she watched him, her invisible form a silent witness to his anger. Suddenly, the front door burst open with a crash, flooding the room with blinding light! Adelaide shielded her eyes, blinking against the brightness as a figure stepped into the room.

"Freeze! Police!" a voice shouted, authoritative and commanding.

Adelaide's heart leapt with relief as she recognized the uniformed officer standing in the doorway, his gun drawn and aimed at the burglar.

The burglar's eyes widened in panic as he realized he was trapped, caught between the invisible Adelaide and the looming threat of the law. He dropped the crowbar with a clatter, raising his hands in surrender.

"You're under arrest for breaking and entering," the officer declared, his voice firm and unwavering.

The burglar hung his head in defeat, knowing that his ill-fated attempt at thievery had come to a swift and ignominious end. Adelaide watched as the officer handcuffed the burglar and read him his rights. She felt a surge of gratitude for the protection Fate's sunglasses had afforded her, a sense of empowerment that she had never known before. As the burglar was led away, Adelaide slipped the sunglasses off, feeling the world around her snap back into focus. She took a deep breath, the weight of the night's events settling on her shoulders. Adelaide tactically entered from another room to avoid any suspicion. The officer turned to Adelaide, his expression one of concern and curiosity.

"Are you alright, miss?" he asked, his voice gentle and reassuring.

Adelaide nodded, her voice steady as she replied, "I'm fine, thank you. It was a close call, but I'm just grateful you arrived when you did."

The officer gave her a nod of understanding, his eyes scanning the room for any signs of danger. "You're lucky he didn't find you," he remarked, his tone solemn.

Adelaide offered him a small smile, her gratitude shining in her eyes. "I know. Fate was on my side tonight," she said, her voice filled with quiet reverence.

The officer raised an eyebrow, his curiosity piqued. "Fate?" he echoed, a hint of scepticism in his tone.

Adelaide hesitated for a moment, unsure of how to explain the mysterious circumstances that had brought her to this moment. She took a breath and decided to trust the officer with the truth.

"I have these sunglasses," she began, her voice low and conspiratorial. "They make me invisible. It's a long story, but they saved me tonight."

The officer regarded her with a mixture of surprise and disbelief. "Invisible sunglasses? That's a new one," he mused, his lips quirking in a half-smile.

Adelaide nodded, her eyes shining with conviction. "I know it sounds crazy, but it's true. Fate's Spectacles, they're called. I bought them from a shop down by the beach."

The officer's expression softened, a glimmer of understanding in his eyes. "Well, it seems like Fate *was* looking out for you tonight," he said, his voice kind.

Adelaide smiled gratefully. She knew that she had been given a second chance, a chance to embrace the power and responsibility that came with her newfound invisibility.

As the officer finished securing the burglar in his patrol car, Adelaide's friends rushed into the house, their faces a mix of relief and concern. Hanna wrapped Adelaide in a tight hug, her eyes wide with worry.

"Are you okay? We heard the commotion and called the police," Hanna exclaimed, her voice filled with urgency. Adelaide returned the hug, feeling the warmth and support of her friends surrounding her.

"I'm fine, thanks to Fate's sunglasses," she explained, her words met with a chorus of incredulous gasps.

Belle's eyes widened with envy as she caught sight of the sunglasses in Adelaide's hand.

"Those are incredible. Imagine the things you could do with them," she mused, a calculating gleam in her eye.

Sybil frowned, her empathic nature sensing the dangerous turn the conversation was taking. "Be careful, Belle. Those sunglasses are powerful, but they come with a price," she cautioned, her voice tinged with concern.

Adelaide nodded, knowing that Sybil spoke the truth. She had felt the weight of Fate's gift, the responsibility of wielding such a potent and mysterious power.

"I won't let them change me," Adelaide vowed, her voice strong and resolute. "I'll use them for good, to protect myself and those I love."

Her friends nodded in agreement, their support unwavering. They knew that Adelaide was strong and determined, a force to be reckoned with even in the face of uncertainty and danger. Together, they sat in the living room, the night stretching out before them like an endless sea of possibilities. Hanna poured glasses of wine, the liquid glinting in the soft lamplight.

"To Fate's Spectacles," Belle toasted, her voice filled with a mix of admiration and jealousy. "May they bring us luck and protection in our time of need."

The clink of glasses filled the air, a sound of unity and camaraderie. Adelaide felt a surge of gratitude for her friends, their unwavering support a beacon of light in the darkness. As they sipped their wine and shared stories of past adventures, Adelaide's mind drifted back to the shop by the beach, to Fate's enigmatic smile and the promise of destiny that hung in the air.

"Do you think Fate knew what she was giving me when she sold me these sunglasses?" Adelaide mused, her voice soft.

Sybil reached out a hand and squeezed Adelaide's shoulder, her eyes filled with understanding.

"I think Fate knew exactly what she was doing. She saw something in you, something special," she replied, her words a balm to Adelaide's soul.

Hanna leaned in, her eyes bright with curiosity. "What is it like when you're wearing them?" she asked, her voice tinged with excitement.

Adelaide smiled and slipped the sunglasses on, feeling the familiar shift and twist of reality as the world around her faded into a hazy blur. Her friends gasped in awe, still not used to the power they held.

"Not only do they make me disappear, but they make me see the world in such a colorful way," Adelaide responded.

"That's amazing," Belle breathed, her eyes wide with envy. "I can only imagine what that feels like... I keep thinking about the things we can do."

Adelaide shook her head, a sense of caution settling in her heart. "It's not about what we could do, it's about what we should do," she explained, her voice firm and resolute.

Sybil nodded in agreement, her empathic nature attuned to the weight of Adelaide's words. "Power like that comes with a price. We must be careful how we use it. What happened to Adelaide tonight was a scary thing." She cautioned, her voice gentle but firm.

The night stretched on, filled with warmth as Adelaide and her friends basked in the glow of their shared bond. They knew that the road ahead would be filled with challenges and temptations, but they also knew that if they stood together, they could face anything. As the first light of dawn crept through the windows, casting a soft glow over the room, Adelaide felt a sense of peace in her heart. And so, as the sun rose on a new day, Adelaide made a silent vow to herself and to her friends. She would embrace the power of Fate's sunglasses, not as a tool for mischief or mayhem, but as a symbol of strength and protection.

Chapter Three

The friends awakened on Adelaide's couch, having fallen asleep. They looked around the room and were confused to see Adelaide missing. Belle frowned and got up from the couch. She walked into the hallway. Sybil and Belle jumped when they heard Hanna's terrified scream! At the bottom of the stairs, Hanna stared down at Adelaide's lifeless body in disbelief.

"What... what just happened?" she whispered, her voice cracking with shock.

Hanna and Sybil were confused when they looked at Belle, who clutched the sunglasses tightly in her hands. Belle knelt beside Adelaide, her expression unreadable.

"I... I don't know. I didn't mean for this to happen," she said, her voice tinged with guilt.

Hanna's mind raced, trying to make sense of the situation. "Wait. What happened to her?! Quick try on the sunglasses."

Belle obliged. She put on the sunglasses. "The sunglasses... they're not working. Why aren't I disappearing?" she muttered, her brows furrowed in confusion.

Hanna's eyes flickered to the sunglasses on Belle's head with a glimmer of realization. "Maybe... maybe the power was tied to Adelaide. And now that she's gone..." Hanna trailed off.

Sybil's heart pounded in her chest as she processed the implications. "So, we're stuck here? With no way to disappear?" she asked, her voice filled with a mix of fear and disbelief.

Belle nodded slowly, her gaze distant. "It seems that way. We... we must figure out what to do next," she said, her tone sombre.

Hanna stepped forward towards Belle, a surge of anger bubbling within her. "This is all your fault! Did you push Adelaide down the stairs?! How else would you have gotten those sunglasses?!" Her eyes flashed with accusation.

Belle recoiled at the accusation, her own guilt gnawing at her conscience. "I didn't mean to... I just wanted to... I don't know what I wanted," she admitted, her voice small and filled with regret.

Silence hung heavy in the air between them, broken only by the distant sound of the waves crashing against the shore. Sybil's mind raced with possibilities, trying to come up with a plan.

"We can't stay here. We need to... we need to do something," Sybil finally spoke, her voice determined despite the uncertainty in her eyes.

Hanna nodded, a flicker of resolve in her gaze. "We have to figure out a way to fix this. For Adelaide," she said, her voice firm with newfound determination.

As they stood over Adelaide's body, a sense of unease settled over them. The weight of their actions bore down on their shoulders, the reality of their situation sinking in.

Belle took a deep breath, steeling herself for what lay ahead. "Let's... let's find Fate. Maybe she can help us," she suggested.

Hanna nodded in agreement. "Yes, Fate. She might know what to do," she said, her voice tinged with urgency.

Chapter Four

Together, Belle and Hanna made their way out of Adelaide's dimly lit house, the afternoon sun casting long shadows across the empty streets of Malibu. The world around them seemed to hold its breath as if waiting for their next move. The journey to Fate's Spectacles was filled with tense silence, broken only by the occasional rustle of leaves in the gentle breeze. Each step they took felt heavier than the last. As they approached the shop, Belle hesitated at the threshold, uncertainty gnawing at her resolve. Hanna placed a reassuring hand on her shoulder, offering silent support. The bell above the door chimed as they entered, the scent of incense filling the air. Fate stood behind the counter, her gaze unreadable as she watched them approach.

"What brings you back so soon, my darlings?" Fate's voice was a melodic hum, her eyes glinting with a knowing glimmer.

Belle took a deep breath, her voice steady despite the turmoil within. "We... we need your help, Fate. Something has happened," she said, her words careful and measured.

Hanna's gaze flickered to the sunglasses in Belle's hand, a silent plea for guidance in her eyes. "We thought we understood their power, but... but now we're not so sure," she added, her voice laced with uncertainty.

Fate's expression remained impassive, her gaze piercing as she studied them both. "Tell me everything," she commanded, her voice a gentle command that brooked no argument.

And so, Belle and Hanna recounted the events that had led them to this moment—the discovery of the sunglasses, the tragic turn of events, and their newfound predicament. Fate listened intently, her features betraying no emotion.

When they finished, a heavy silence settled over the shop, broken only by the soft rustle of Fate's robes as she moved closer to them. "I see," she murmured.

Belle's heart raced with anticipation. "Can you help us, Fate? Can you fix this?" she asked, her voice filled with desperation.

Fate thought of Adelaide's lifeless body, a flicker of sadness crossing her. "I'm afraid there is little I can do now. The power of the sunglasses was tied to her essence, and with her gone..." she trailed off, the unspoken truth hanging heavy in the air.

Hanna's shoulders slumped in defeat, a sense of resignation settling over her. "So, we're stuck with this? Forever?" she asked, her voice filled with dread.

Fate's gaze softened, a hint of compassion shining in her eyes. "Not forever, my dear. There may be a way to set things right, but it will require great sacrifice," she explained, her voice tinged with solemnity.

Belle's brows furrowed in confusion, her mind racing with possibilities. "What kind of sacrifice?" she pressed, her voice determined despite the uncertainty in her heart.

Fate's gaze flickered between Belle and Hanna, a sense of gravity in her expression.

"The power of the sunglasses must be returned to its source. Only then can the balance be restored," she said, her voice filled with ancient wisdom.

Hanna's eyes widened with a surge of understanding.

"You mean... we have to give up the sunglasses? Permanently?" she asked, her voice tinged with reluctance.

Fate nodded, her expression grave.

"Yes. The power they hold is not meant for mortal hands. It belongs to the fabric of fate itself, and only by returning it can you undo the consequences of your actions," she explained, her words carrying the weight of inevitability.

Belle's hands tightened around the sunglasses, a surge of conflicting emotions coursing through her.

"But... but what about Adelaide? What about her sacrifice?" she questioned.

Fate's gaze softened, a hint of sorrow in her eyes.

"Adelaide made her choice, and now you must make yours. The path ahead is fraught with challenges, but it is the only way to set things right. You have a task before you," she said.

Belle and Hanna exchanged a knowing look. They knew what had to be done.

"We'll do it," Belle spoke, her voice firm with resolve.

"The sunglasses can be returned and undo the consequences of our actions. For Adelaide," she affirmed, her gaze unwavering.

Hanna nodded in agreement. "For Adelaide," she echoed, her voice filled with quiet determination.

Fate watched them both, a sense of pride shining in her eyes. "You have chosen wisely my darlings. The path ahead will not be easy, but with courage and sacrifice, you can set things right," she said reassuringly.

With a deep breath, Belle handed the sunglasses to Fate.

"We trust you to do what is right. To restore the balance that has been disrupted," she said, her voice filled with a mix of hope and apprehension.

Fate accepted the sunglasses with a solemn nod, her gaze lingering on Belle and Hanna with a sense of gratitude.

"I will do what must be done. The fabric of fate will be mended, and Adelaide's sacrifice will not be in vain," she promised, her voice a whisper of ancient power.

Chapter Five

And so, as the sun dipped below the horizon, casting long shadows across the empty streets of Malibu, Fate made her way to the edge of the cliff overlooking the ocean. Belle and Hanna followed close behind. Fate raised the sunglasses to the sky, the setting sun casting a golden glow upon the lenses. With a whispered incantation, she released the power they held, sending it spiralling into the ether with a burst of light. As the last traces of power faded into the twilight, a sense of peace settled over the group. The sunglasses lay empty and inert in Fate's hand, their purpose fulfilled. Belle and Hanna exchanged a silent look, a shared understanding passing between them. The chapter of their lives tied to the sunglasses had ended, but the lessons learned would stay with them forever. Fate turned to them, a gentle smile gracing her features.

"The balance has been restored. Adelaide's sacrifice has not been in vain," she said, her voice a soft echo of the winds that carried her words out to sea.

With a final nod of gratitude, Belle and Hanna bid farewell to Fate, the weight of their journey lifting with each step they took away from the cliff's edge.

Chapter Six

As Hanna and Belle walked side by side into the fading light of dusk, a sense of peace settled over them. The events of that fateful day would stay with them always, a reminder of the power of choice and the bonds that held them together. And so, as the stars blinked into existence overhead, Belle and Hanna embraced the unknown future that lay ahead, their destinies intertwined in ways they could have never foreseen. The night air was filled with the sound of crashing waves and the distant call of seagulls, a symphony of nature's song that echoed their steps as they made their way home. And as they disappeared into the shadows of the night, the memory of Adelaide's death lingered on the edge of their consciousness. And so, Belle and Hanna walked into the unknown, their hearts filled with the promise of a new beginning, forged in the crucible of fate's unyielding hand. For in the tapestry of fate, every thread has a purpose, every choice a consequence. And in the end, it is the bonds we forge and the sacrifices we make that define who we are and where our destinies lead us. As the first light of dawn painted the horizon in hues of gold and pink, a new chapter began.

for the friends. The world around them seemed to hold its breath in anticipation as if waiting for the next twist in the tapestry of fate that bound them together.

The echoes of their journey lingered in the air, a reminder of the power of choice and the bonds that held them together in a world where destiny's shades guided their steps.