

I'll Make You A Deal

"I'll make you a deal." The man said. His eyes twinkled with mischief and his face glowed with confidence. If ever a man was said to be beautiful, it was him.

"What kind of deal?" The girl asked. She was homely looking and as she stared across the table, the man could sense the pain deep inside of her. He knew that she longed for perfection and the man planned on giving it to her.

"I'll make you beautiful." He claimed. He smiled cleverly and winked at her.

"What's the catch?" She asked cautiously. Olivia was smart and knew that the man would have a price.

"No catch. I would just ask you to lend me a favor, some day in the future." He grinned, already knowing Olivia would take the bait.

"Alright. But how are you going to make ME beautiful?" She wondered.

"Sign this document and then I'll tell you." He demanded, impatiently waiting for her to stop talking.

She pulled out a red pen and signed her name on the contract, too anxious to actually read it. The man smiled, his eyes glistening.

"So, where do I go for the surgery?" Olivia asked, nervously jumping up and down in her seat. She wasn't sure if she was excited or scared.

"Surgery? No. Just close your eyes and imagine the most beautiful girl in the world." He said, calmly placing his hand on her.

When Olivia opened her eyes, the man was gone, but in his place sat a mirror. She picked it up and then dropped it in shock. Instead of her ratty mouse brown hair, pale gray eyes, and ugly ghost white skin, she had dark glossy brown hair, deep blue eyes, and golden tan

skin. Her lips were full and red and her teeth were straight and white. In her opinion, she was perfect.

"Unbelievable!" She gasped. She stood up from the table, noticing that she was no longer the shape of a stick but now the shape of an hourglass. Olivia smiled and her confidence rapidly increased, higher and higher.

Five Years Later

"We had a deal." The man said, his voice as cold as ice.

"Yes but I never thought you would ask me to do this!" Olivia cried. Her eyes started to tear up and her lips were beginning to quiver.

"I told you I would eventually need a favor from you. I gave you a contract to sign but you didn't bother to read it. That was your own fault." He glared.

"Please. I'm begging you, don't make me do this! There must be something we can do!" She begged.

The man paused for a moment, thinking. The seriousness in his face left and his lips curled into a smile of amusement.

"I'll make you a deal." His voice was filled with excitement.

"What is it?" Olivia began to calm down and panic eventually left her voice.

"You've played I Spy before, right? If you can find the only black rose in a garden of red and white ones, you will no longer be in debt to me," He smiled, "I warn you, nobody has ever found that pretty little rose."

"Nobody, not one single person?" Olivia asked. Her heart started to race again and her head became dizzy. She felt as though she had to throw up.

"Nobody." He smiled, taunting her.

"And if I don't find it?" She gulped.

"You'll go to Hell." The Devil grinned.

Olivia woke up, alone and in the dark. She sat up, but became really dizzy. It felt as if she had fallen and hit her head. Within moments a red light flashed, followed by a thousand lamps lighting up. She looked up and stared right into the face of the Devil. Redness seemed to glow around his floating body and though he was the most gorgeous man Olivia had ever met, she did not trust him. He appeared quite relaxed.

"You have until sunrise." He said and then disappeared.

She noticed that she was in a garden covered in roses. There was no light except far in the distance. She walked until she reached the light source, and discovered a thousand lit lamps. She tried to grab a lamp but they were scorching hot. She tried again but failed again. Eventually she gave up.

Olivia walked back to the rose bushes and felt around until she reached the first rose. She brought it back only to find it was white. She plucked rose after rose and carried them away to the lamps, but still only found red and white roses. Finally, she noticed that the red roses were prickly while the white roses were soft. Hopefully, she would find a rose that felt neither prickly nor soft and it would turn out to be the only black rose.

For hours she went about touching the petals, only feeling red and whites, no blacks. Soon she ran out of flowers and still had no black rose to show for it. Doubt started to spread, and panic flowed through her veins. Her breath was heavy with hopelessness.

"How can this be?" she wondered, "I checked every flower in this garden! Not one hedge held a black rose."

Then out of the corner of her eye, near the lamps, she saw the figure of an object. An object, that looked a lot like a rose. Quickly, she ran over to the lamps, relief washing through her. Unfortunately, it turned out the rose was in the middle of all the burning lamps. She looked above her, watching the sky start to lighten. The sun would soon rise.

Olivia's heart sank. All hope was lost. It felt as though the wind had blown out her spirit. And that's when she started to think. And the more she started to think, the clearer it became. She would have to blow out the candles!

She worked quickly, without hesitation. There was no time to waste, for the sky was getting lighter by the second. Every lamp blown out increased Olivia's heart rate until at last, she blew out the last lamp. She lunged forward and held the cold glass rose in her hand.

"Glass? A rose made of glass." She murmured. She turned around and froze in fear as she stared into the face of the Devil. He did not look happy.

"Impossible!" He spat, "You couldn't have figured that out. Nobody has ever found the black rose!" His face was pure red and steam was pouring out of his ears. His eyes became red like fire and he grew taller and taller, matching his temper.

"W-w-we had a d-deal." Olivia stuttered.

"Yes bu—" He began.

"No buts. We had a deal." Her voice steadied and her confidence grew.

"Fine, but you will regret this." He boomed.

Five seconds later, Olivia was back home. Sleeping in her bed was her husband and son. She whispered goodnight and crawled into bed, never again troubled by the tricky Devil.

The End

