Name: Angeles Belen Yach Ramirez.

Recommendation: Read with Alexander Rybak's Fairytale in the background.

***Zenda.***

The Andala Castle is beautiful both inside and outside, it is a castle that at first glance causes fascination. Thousands of people entering the great castle with me, many came with their respective partners, with smiling smiles.

But those smiles weren't true, we all pretended to be, but we really wanted this hell to end. We couldn't like someone who took what was ours from us.

The women came with dresses that reached their feet, different colors and with a gala mask covering the upper part of their face. And the men all with their own gala dresses also with that gala mask.

I was in a long green dress with my reddish locks falling down the arch from my shoulders. And my mask to match the color of my dress.

I enter the great castle where I can see miles of paintings in the hallway that leads to the great hall. All the paintings portray the Weist family. The family that is now the most powerful.

I get to the room and the crowd of people talk and try to start a conversation trying not to be prisoners of fear. It takes only a few minutes when the grand doors of the ballroom open. Here comes Black Weist with a long bone white dress like the color of her hair, her black eyes stand out thanks to her outfit.

We all bow at her entrance and do not raise our heads until she is seated on the King's throne. The king of Andala who died with his queen and his son the prince.

We all smile and applaud his arrival. She hushes us with a sign. She smiles to herself and says;

"Dance for your queen," he mentions smugly.

We all position ourselves in the corresponding positions. Nobody has the right to choose a partner, it is totally prohibited in the dances, outside of them you have to communicate your love situation to the Queen and if she grants permission. Until now no one has dared to do it and the vast majority of their dance partners are brothers, friends or even complete strangers.

The violin begins the perfect dance; we all begin to dance while we observe how the queen delights with our movements with our partners. We clapped and we all began to feel a little bit of happiness with the celebration of our steps, laughter and applause.

The aura of pain is released for a short time where we forget that we are prisoners of Queen Black. I am dancing with a young man with blue eyes, his downcast gaze I notice the sadness on his face but he does not speak. We begin to move to become someone else's partner while we continue dancing, a young man holds me by the palm of my hand. His touch achieves an electrifying touch on me when I feel how cold he is.

I look up and the young man has an elegant suit like everyone else, his elegant mask covering him, but when I meet his gaze my heart stops for a moment ...

At the moment that our eyes connect, my heart beats fast, I feel the cold of the night running down my back being inside the room, my eyes widen astonished at what my eyes witness. Raven hair, gray eyes, penetrating and intimidating gaze.

This can't be possible, it's ... -Enzo-

A small flash illuminates his eyes forcing me to cover them on the spot. I stop dancing and several people collide with me causing me to fall to the ground leaving the dancing line of people.

I stand up and walk to a corridor that leads to an exit. When the cold wind hits my face I look up.

Moon…. The moon is not there.

