



*One magic
Christmas*

A . C . MEYER

A. C. Meyer

One Magic Christmas

«Tektime S.r.l.s.»

Meyer A.

One Magic Christmas / A. Meyer — «Tektime S.r.l.s.»,

A sweet and full of magic story about Christmas and second chances. Samuel, better known as Samuca, is a writer of fantastic novels. All of a sudden, his life turned upside down. In the midst of all the problems he has to deal with, he has to hand over the manuscript of his book by Christmas, but he has one of those creative blocks. To help him in this task, his editor has arranged for him a very crazy assistant, and the two will have to live together until the deadline. For fifteen days, accompanied by Gabriela, Samuca will face a journey in which he will have to face his greatest fears and will itself have the power to change his life. He just couldn't imagine how much...

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Tranlation:
Fernanda Viana

Synopsis

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Christmas gift suggestions:

For your enemy, forgiveness.

For an opponent, tolerance.

To a friend, your heart.

For a customer, service.

For everything, charity.

For every child, a good exemple.

For you, respect.

Oren Arnold

For Lu, the sister life gave me. May your life be magical every day.

Playlist

All I want for Christmas is you - Mariah Carey

Jingle Bell Rock - Glee Cast

Santa Claus is coming to town - Michael Bubl 

Rockin 'around Christmas tree - Miley Cyrus

You make it feel like Christmas - Gwen Stefani

Oh holy night - Christina Aguilera

The first Noel - Glee Cast

Listen to the playlist by clicking [here](#).

One

IN A DIMENSION THAT WAS FAR beyond human comprehension, there were beings of light that preserved the order of the universe. They had indestructible powers, mirrored the source of all virtues and passed on all their wisdom to the lower beings, guiding people on their missions. They were in charge of removing the obstacles that opposed the fulfillment of God's orders, driving away the evil spirits that besieged humans to divert them from their end and, thus, keeping the creatures and order of Divine Providence safe. They were very important beings, because they had the ability to pass on knowledge and divine energy. Immersed in the strength of God, these enlightened beings often poured out blessings from above in the form of miracles.

Obviously, Gabriela was not one of those beings. As she listened to Angela, one of the guardians and her advisor, call her name, she wondered: what have I done wrong this time?

“Hello?” - She replied, kind of asking, unsure about what the guardian wanted from her. Since she arrived there, Gabriela has passed through several guardians, but she had not managed to acquire sufficient skill to move to a higher level yet. Every time she had a chance to put all her learning to the test, something happened and things went wrong. It's what happened the last time. She got into a big mess when, due to a minor issue with fluency in the language, she ended up causing an accident that made a street to be covered by a ton of chocolate, leaked from a factory in Germany. On Earth, the newspapers reported that it was the fault of a small technical defect, but she, Angela and all the other angels and guardians knew who the real culprit was. Even today, even though a few weeks have passed, Gabriela was still flushed with embarrassment when she met the Great Guardian.

"Come on, my dear" - Angela's soft voice invited, and she went to her table.

Gabriela approached in awe, as she did every time she entered the room of one of the guardians, but the old woman opened that smile which had the power to calm all angels, from the youngest to the oldest like her. Her vivid blue eyes watched her fondly and she motioned for the girl to come closer.

She smiled, and Angela nodded as she pulled a lock of her short hair, chin length and so white it looked like a cloud, behind the ear. Gabriela thought it was incredible how she looked so youthful, despite the hair that shone like a halo.

"I got a mission for you, young lady" - she said, and her expression was serious for the first time.

“Ah... really?” - Gabriela asked while curling a lock of blond hair on her fingertip, already feeling nervous with the weight of responsibility.

"Naturally," she muttered as she rolled her eyes, as if questioning were completely dispensable. Which made sense, since as an apprentice she shouldn't doubt when a guardian said she had a task for her.

I just hope it doesn't involve sweets of any kind, she thought.

"Okay" - she muttered, looking down as she shifted her feet.

“I'm afraid to say, my dear, that this is an incredibly special mission. After the last events, the Great Guardian was determined to demote you to an auxiliary position, but I managed to convince him to give you one more chance. The last” - she pointed out.

The young woman shuddered at the words and felt her eyes fill with tears. To have been promoted to apprentice was a great achievement and to return to the auxiliary position would be the greatest dishonor that an angel could receive in the kingdom of heaven. It was like signing a certificate of incapacity and everyone, without exception, would know that she failed her mentors and guardians.

"But... but..." - she started, but the guardian raised her index finger, causing her to shut up immediately.

“You have a sweet and pure heart, Gabriela, and I trust your potential. Besides, one girl must help another, right?” - She blinked and smiled. – “I know you have... certain difficulties, darling, but I need your total dedication to this mission.”

Putting her hand on her chest, Gabriela felt her heart sink. At the same time that it was a great honor to have the guardian's trust, it was a matter of regret to know that this was her last chance to prove that she was worthy of moving forward.

Angela stood up, linked her arm with hers, and led her to the big screen on the other side of the room. Pressing a few buttons, the screen lit up and a beautiful place appeared. Marcela, Gabriela's best friend there - and who had recently been promoted due to a mission successfully executed -, had already told her about this equipment. It was connected to the Earth and transmitted everything that happened there in real time. And it was incredible! That was the first time Gabriela had contact with the equipment and she was delighted.

“What a beautiful place...” - she muttered while watching the illuminated city. Suddenly, she noticed the colonial-style cottages and a shiver of dread reached the base of her column. – “Will I have to deal with the Germans again?” - She asked, alarmed. – “But due to the language...”

Angela raised her hand, interrupting Gabriela.

"This place is called Gramado. It is in the South of Brazil."

"Ohhh" - she muttered, looking back at the screen. – "And what do I need to do this time?"

The guardian looked in her direction, watching her closely.

"Unlike other times, you'll need to go there."

She opened her mouth in a big O. Gabriela never left the kingdom of heaven for a mission. Never ever. All of her missions were executed at a distance and, thinking about it, she suspected that perhaps for this reason they had not worked out very well.

"That's why this is a great mission, darling" - Angela said and focused all her attention on her. – "Your mission is to repair a broken heart."

"A love story?" - The young woman asked. She loved cases involving romance. It was so beautiful to see couples happily ever after!

"Actually, not. It's a... um ... general case."

"Okay..." - she muttered, encouraging herself to continue, even though she had no idea of what a... general... case would be about.

"You will be transported there and will need to interact with humans" - she said, and the young woman's eyes widened. – "You will spend time with Samuel and help him to fix his heart."

"But how... how... am I going to do this?"

"You'll know when you get there" - she said, keeping the mystery. But before Gabriela had a chance to protest, Angela continued – "however, my dear, it is very important that you do not forget three things: nobody can know you are from here nor anything related to us; you need to complete your mission by Christmas Eve. When the bell rings midnight, your time on Earth is over."

She nodded, feeling stunned.

"And the third and most important: being in human form, like them, your free will are going to guide your destiny. Stay focused on the mission and be careful with the choices you make."

"Will I have someone's help? And how do I know who this Samuel is? I'm very confused, Angela. And..."

Once again, the guardian interrupted her.

"Everything will be clarified when you are there. And whenever you need me, you will find the answers to your questions in the purity of a child. Now go, my dear. See you at Christmas."

And with the snap of her counselor's fingers, the world she knew disappeared.

Two

First day

FACING THE COMPUTER, with the text editor open, Samuel closed his eyes as he repeatedly touched the tip of his nose with his index finger, as if inspiration would magically appear. With a heavy sigh, he pushed the swivel chair back and decided to go to the kitchen for some coffee. He had read on some website that the drink helped with concentration and stimulated creativity, but after the fourth - or was it the seventh? - mug of the day, he was feeling more electric than anything else.

He was about to hit the button that would make the coffee maker, his best friend, work when he heard a loud knock in the room.

"Damn it" - he huffed, running a hand over his face, the beard still to be done, and over his hair, which by then was messier than when he got out of bed. He saw no reason to comb or worry about shaving, when he would spend the day alone at home. It is, if he was not disturbed by unexpected and inconvenient visitors.

The knock sounded louder and, distilling a series of curses, he went to the living room and turned the key, knowing who he was going to find on the other side of the thick wood.

"Didn't I tell you to leave me alone, JP?" - He muttered as he saw his editor cross the wooden threshold and enter the cottage as if he owned the place.

Since things started to go wrong, just over six months ago, his life completely turned upside down: his engagement was broken, he got away from his brother - whom he was very close to before

all of that happened -, couldn't meet the deadline of his manuscript and lost his best friend (who was also his agent) - which justified the presence of his editor there. Since the bombshell had blown off, JP had taken on the responsibility of trying to keep him focused on finishing the manuscript and making worth the big advance he had received.

"As I told you," - JP said, walking into the room and passing him without giving a damn about his hostile words. He was already used to it. Deep down, JP knew that a barking dog doesn't bite. Especially the one over there. – “the cottage, although far from downtown, is very comfortable ...”

Samuca frowned at him, wondering why his editor was acting like a real estate agent, but before he had time to question what was going on, he heard a murmur beside him. He looked away from JP and came across the... cutest girl he had ever seen. The blond hair was full and fell in waves over the shoulders. She blinked her eyes, a shade of blue so bright it looked artificially coloured, as she scanned the inside of the cottage. Her features were very delicate, perfectly matching her small stature - at least a foot less than him - which aroused a protective feeling. The same he saw reflected in JP's eyes and which he vowed to himself never to feel since he was made a fool of. Without a doubt, she was beautiful. But more than that, she had a youthful and lively glow that would be able to infect the most serious of mortals.

Except him, of course.

The girl passed him, but ignored his presence, completely focused on the place. She was so dazzled by whatever she was looking at that she seemed to be in front of the eighth wonder of the world and not in a cottage on the ends of Gramado, far from everything and everyone - thank God.

When she stopped a few steps in front of him, he observed her curvy body dressed completely in white, with tight twill pants, T-shirt, jacket and even a Converse-style sneaker, all white. She was almost... shining... if that was possible.

Ah, damn, I'm delusional, Samuca thought to himself. It must be the fault of that last mug of black coffee I drank, he said as he slammed the door behind him. Shaking his head, he decided to regain control over his own life. Or at least, his home.

“May I know what the fuck this is?” - He asked with a grunt, and JP stopped talking, looking away from the girl to Samuca. Samuca looked at him angrily, hoping his tone would be ferocious enough to expel them from there. When he looked at the girl, he was surprised to see that she had her hand over her mouth and her eyes wide, as if shocked by his behavior.

JP shook his head in disgust and looked back at the girl.

“Gabriela, this is Samuca.” - He waved his indicator in his direction. - "Forgive his manners." - JP said with a gentle smile. – “He has been away from civilization for a long time and must have forgotten how to receive a visitor.”

“Visitors are only welcome when invited. That way, I can refuse the presence and avoid this ... uneasiness” - Samuca grunted, looking at the girl whose name he knew now.

“I sent you an email two weeks ago, letting you know that I would bring your new assistant. Obviously, you didn't open it, as you do with most of my emails.”

"Of course not. I don't have time to waste with small talk, after all, I have a manuscript to deliver” - he replied and looked again at Gabriela, finding difficult to look away.

“Which is not ready...” - JP said, and Samuca shrugged.

"Yet. Besides, I don't need a new assistant.”

Managing to stop looking at her, the man passed them both cursing under his breath and was surprised by the crystalline voice that seemed to involve his whole body.

"Of course, you need an assistant," - she said quietly. - "The house is a mess. Your job is late. And you need manners. And a haircut as well.”

Her words paralyzed him, surprising him with the boldness of the girl, who barely seemed to have left school, even though the tone of her words contained nothing but kindness.

“What the fuck are you ...” - he started but lost her attention when the girl looked around the room looking apprehensive. Clearly, she was looking for something. When she seemed to find it, she crossed the room, went to the corner table and picked up a glass ornament.

“That should do it...” - she muttered to herself and took the pot to him. – “Where are those little things?” She asked with a small smile.

“What little things?” - Samuca asked with a frown, and she turned to JP.

“Those little things you used to buy coffee” - she explained to the editor, who was watching her as if she had gone crazy.

After a few moments when the two men faced each other trying to understand what she wanted, JP asked:

“Coins?” - He took out some of his pockets.

“Yes!” - She exclaimed and her whole face lit up with joy. Samuca couldn't help thinking that she was very strange. – “Which is the most valuable?” - She asked JP, who handed her a one Real coin. – “Do you have one of these?” - the girl asked Samuca. He leaned over the coffee table, took two fifty-cent coins and held it out to her, who smiled a satisfied smile. Picking up the coins, she tossed them into the glass jar. – “Very well. It's paid.”

Samuca blinked a few times and tilted his head, trying to make sense of what this crazy woman was saying.

“What?”

“For each curse, a... coin” - she said and looked at JP, as if to make sure.

JP gave a loud laugh.

“This is going to be really interesting...” - he muttered, still laughing.

Impatient and uneasy with their presence, Samuca let out a long breath and said:

“When you're done with the game, close the door. I have more to do.”

As he turned to head towards the kitchen, he was interrupted by the girl's sweet voice.

“JP, thanks for the ride. I promise not to disappoint” - she said with such seriousness that it sounded like she was promising him to establish world peace.

Then it sank in, and he finally realized that she said she was going to stay. There. In his house. In his refuge. Where he didn't want anyone to be present.

Ah, not that.

“I don't know what you're up to, but you're not staying here” - he said, knowing he was sounding rude, but he didn't care. All he wanted was solitude back. – “I don't want you in my house.”

JP gasped at his rude words, but the girl didn't seem to hear.

“Samuca!” - the editor protested as she started walking around the room, watching everything around her as she muttered something to herself, making considerations about what would be her new home. – “Gabriela will stay with you until Christmas. It is your deadline for handing over your manuscript.”

The writer mumbled an I know, but did not take his eyes off the girl who was walking towards the corridor.

“I don't need her here” - he protested.

“She will stay to make your life easier. She'll keep the house in order, type whatever you need, make sure you eat and hand over the freaking manuscript.”

Gabriela turned to the two in indignation, crossed the room again and took the glass jar, holding it out in front of JP. He took a two-Reais bill out of his pocket and threw it in the pot.

She smiled, satisfied, put the pot on the table again and wandered again. Samuca rolled his eyes and protested.

“I don't want any crazy woman here, JP. I need peace, not a pot freak censoring my words.”

"I'm not a pot freak" - she muttered quietly, without seeming offended by everything the guy said about her. – "Where's the Christmas tree? She asked, changing the subject so suddenly that it made him confused."

"What?"

"The Christmas tree. Fifteen days to go before the big night. Where's yours?" - She asked, looking really curious and even concerned.

"I'll let you discuss these ... um ... details" - JP said, taking the boy by surprise with his escape attempt. But before he had a chance to stop him, the editor continued to speak. - "Gabriela, if you need anything, you can call me. Good luck." - He turned and left.

"JP, you forgot your package here." - He went to the door and shouted at the man, who was quickly getting into the car and starting it. Son of a bitch.

"I don't see any packages." - Samuca heard Gabriela's voice and turned to find her looking around for something. - "I'm sure he didn't bring any packages..." - She frowned, looking confused. He couldn't help thinking that she looked very cute with that expression.

"You're the package" - he grunted, annoyed to see beauty on that intruder, and slammed the door. As he turned, she was looking in his direction, looking amused.

"I'm not a package, your silly. I'm a woman. Your... um... assistant" - she said, looking proud as she said the words. - "Where's your family?" - She asked.

"In their house" - The answer was just a grunt. She tilted her head gently to the right and watched him, opening her mouth in amazement.

"You don't live with your family?" - He shook his head. - "How do you do to be with your... wife?"

Samuca couldn't help frowning at that word.

"Do I look like the kind of guy who has a wife?" - He asked sarcastically, and she replied, but her words were without irony.

"Not really... you're too moody."

She turned as he huffed and started walking into the house.

"Hey! Where're you going?"

"Getting to work!" - She said excitedly and went down the hall as if she was about to find a treasure. – "I have a lot to do."

With no alternative, he followed her to prevent that crazy woman from doing any damage to his home.

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