

Crown's sparkling jewel

"Look, it's the Kalos siblings!"

"So beautiful... They look like a pair of porcelain dolls!"

"Beauty, money, and status. They really have it all, don't they?"

"It's every young lady's dream to dance with young master Rosario, but he only ever lets one person do that. His sister."

"Ah, but his sister is just as beautiful as him. It makes sense no other lady would compare when his sister is there. It must be the same for young lady Rosalind."

"Right, she's turned down everyone who tried to dance with her and only dances once every ball with her older brother."

Rosalind and Rosario Kalos. The son and daughter of one of the 2 dukedoms in the empire. Their family's power is on par with the royalty. I am Rosalind Kalos. The only princess of the empire and the youngest child and only daughter of duke Kalos.

Rosalind Kalos ↓ (15)



Long wavy soft blond hair

Big blue eyes

Noble lady (a duke's daughter, so will probably be wearing a dress)

Most beautiful girl in the world (looks like a porcelain doll)

Long, soft, fluffy blond curls for hair, long thick eyelashes, big and clear blue eyes, and skin as smooth and fair as porcelain. Truly what you would call a living doll. My brother looks exactly like me, but with shorter hair. People who bear the Kalos name are famed for their beauty. Naturally, my brother is the same. However... He's not coming home. He arrives at parties and will sometimes come to escort me, but he doesn't come home. He also took his assistant, Alastor Lockhart. I wonder where he could be... I kick a stone on the pavement while thinking about my brot

her. Oh... What is that mansion with the lights still on? Almost everyone is asleep. Even I'm not supposed to be out so late. I snuck out after making sure my parents were asleep in hopes I could find my brother if I was all alone. We were always very close you see. I quietly open the door and peek inside. I know breaking and entering isn't very befitting of a lady, but the door was already open, so it's technically not really breaking and entering. I didn't even enter, and there was nothing to really "break". I- Is that... Blood?! Wh- Who are those people and... Are they murderers...?! One of the people, someone with glasses over his green eyes and long blond hair tied back in a braid, suddenly turns to me.

"Looks like a little rat saw us."

A... Rat?! I... I'm still a noble lady, so being called a rat is really rather insulting. Another guy with milk tea colored hair and piercing blue eyes looks straight at me. Why does he seem so familiar... Ah! I remember who he is now.

"You know, this is just a play, so there's no need to be so stunned. All this blood is merely red paint."

... Does he think I'm stupid?! Momentarily forgetting I was at a murder scene, I start to point out the flaws in his logic.

"Paint? Where's the can then? You must've poured the whole thing since it's all over the floor. And... Paint isn't this dark or thick. Not to mention, the scent. Did you buy paint that smelled like blood to really help the audience's immersion? If so, I must applaud you. However... I don't recall any paint that has that scent. I thought a newspaper editor and a lover of mystery books could think up a better excuse."

"I'm sorry, you know who I am?"

"Of course I do. I've lost count of how many times I've seen you in the bookstore. I recall you seem to be a particularly big fan of Arthur Conan Doyle's books. Plus, your name is written on the newspaper as editor. There's no way I wouldn't know. Oh, and Arthur told me his new book would be released to the public in one week, so you should visit the bookstore again soon."

"How do you know him?"

"Arthur? I met him when he was still a struggling author and asked to read his books. I hooked him up with a publisher. His books were an instant hit. We kept in touch and he gives me spoilers and new installments to me around a week before it's

officially sold in bookstores. He just gave me his new book yesterday. That's how I knew it'd be out soon."

"Hmm? Len, what's the matter?"

"... You're that famous actor, right? I'm a huge fan of all your shows! I even donate regularly to your theater and buy a ticket for every show you're in!"

"You know me? Len, how could you be so rude to a fan of mine?"

"My, my. Whatever is all the commotion about?"

That's when I hear a familiar voice. No...

"Just stay out of it, Al..."

And an even more familiar voice...

"Oi, you alright lil' lady? You look like you froze in shock as soon as... Wait. Ros, Al, come here for a second. There's someone I want you to identify. Do you know her?"

"... My lady?"

"Sister...."

"So she is the daughter of duke Kalos and your little sister..."

"Victor? What should we do?"

"I'll kill her too if you want, although she doesn't seem too happy about it."

"Apologies, but we can't have that happening. The one thing I cannot allow is anyone taking my lady's life."

"I don't want my sister to be dead... Although I think she's unconscious. Al, carry her back. I'm going to Crown castle."

"What?! Ros, Crown is a secret!"

"My lady is second only to her majesty and her family as princess Kalos. If we kill her, it's only a matter of time before we get found out. But if we take her... She won't tell on us. Problem solved."

"How do you know?"

"I've served her for 10 years and have watched her grow up. Well, until Ros left and I followed him per her request. I know what she's like. If I tell her to keep this a secret, she will without a doubt, comply."

- At crown castle

"Mmm?"

"Rose!"

"My lady."

"Brother... Mr. Alastor..."

I wake up to find myself in a luxurious room with my big brother and Mr. Alastor on either side of me. My brother had a very worried expression on his face and tears were forming at the corners of his eyes. I giggled and wiped them off.

"Don't cry, brother. I'm fine, see?"

I sit up and smile at him in an effort to alleviate his concern. Brother has always been a little... Sensitive and melancholic, but for some reason, he becomes very concerned when something happens to me. Similarly, his mood lifts immediately when I talk to him or touch him. I don't know why. The physical contact thing is especially strange. My brother grows pale and looks like he's about to throw up whenever someone touches him. He wouldn't let the maids or servants touch him either, privately confiding to me that he felt nauseous when others touch him. I was about 6, and I thought this was his way of telling me not to touch him, as I was always hanging onto his arm or hand and often asked him to pick me up or give me a piggyback ride at that age. I was holding his hand while we were walking down the hall when he told me. A maid appeared and patted brother's head, telling him how pretty he was, which he is, my brother is one of the most beautiful people I've ever laid eyes upon, and I could see how my brother's already light skin grew paler and how his grip on my hand grew tighter. The maid left, and I quickly let go of my brother. I couldn't before because he was holding onto it so tightly it was starting to hurt a bit, which he had never done before. My brother usually treats me like I'll break if he's not careful enough and treats me very gently. Anyway, he was confused, asking if I didn't want to hold his hand anymore. He even looked a bit disappointed. I was even more confused, because he just told me he didn't like people touching him. He noticed my confused expression and realization crosses his face. He quickly picks me up and starts explaining.

"It's true that I don't like people touching me, but you are the only exception. Think about our encounters, Rosie. Have I ever shied away from your touch or refused to pick you up or hug you? I often do it on my own without you asking, don't I?"

Now that I think about it, no. He's never shied away from me or refused any of my requests. He's also shown 0 signs of discomfort. Rather... He seems to enjoy it. He always had a gentle smile on his face and looked at me with affection as I chattered on and on to him while hanging on to his hand or clinging to his neck. I shook my head. He smiles in relief.

"See? You are an exception, my lovely little flower. Your touch calms me down, I would never shy away from it like I do with other people. I like it when you hold my hand or wrap your arms around me whenever I pick you up and give you rides. I would always come to you whenever I felt nauseous from other people because your touch helps me feel better."

I have always been an "exception" for my brother in many ways, not just the touch thing, although a lot of the things he only lets me do are related to it. For example, he only dances with me alone, although all the other ladies flock to him at balls. Even now, he's in tears because of me. And as for Mr. Alastor... I look over at him.

"Is anything the matter, my lady?"

I've heard the other servants say that he's elusive and difficult to figure out. To be honest... I have no idea where he's from or who he really is. I've also heard that he's a bit of a hedonist. He'll play you for a fool and with you like a toy. Pleasure and having fun is all that matters to him. However, I have to disagree with those words. I don't know if that's how he acts in front of others, but Mr. Alastor has never once acted like that in front of me. I've watched him multiple times, from a distance, because I was curious about what the other servants meant, but couldn't find a trace of that so called "hedonist". We first met when I was 8. He was around 11 or 12, a similar age to my brother. I was going to shop for a new dress and noticed him on the street. He was dressed in rags and was begging for money and food. Despite his... Not so great situation, he was still very attractive. Long, jet black hair and dark blue eyes. I walked over and extended my hand to him. I cut my shopping short and took him back to the Kalos manor. He was so cautious of me at first, trembling like a frightened animal whenever I came near. I asked a servant to clean him and replace his rags with clothes once I was back. My parents and older brother were very concerned that he might be dangerous, but I denied it and assured them he was safe, saying I would take full responsibility for him. That... Didn't seem to alleviate their concern, but they let me have my way. I would'

ve thrown a tantrum, screaming, crying, throwing things around the room if they refused, so it's really quite lucky they agreed easily. Well, although I have come to expect that anything I want will come to fruition. Growing up adored and doted on as the youngest child and only daughter by not only your parents but also your older brother in a family who has power and wealth comparable to the royal family will make you grow up spoiled.

"So... Umm... May I know your name?"

"...tor..."

"Sorry, what did you say?"

"Alastor..."

"Alastor?"

He nodded.

"I see... Alastor. That's a very nice name. Can I call you Al for short?"

He nodded again, a bit hesitantly. I inwardly giggle. His shy demeanor is a bit cute and endearing.

"Anyway... The clothes look good on you. Do they fit okay or should I call a tailor?"

"Th- They're okay..."

"Are you sure? Anywhere that's too tight or loose?"

"They are a bit loose, but..."

"Really? Those are my brother's old clothes, so they should fit..."

I gently reach out and feel his arm. It's so thin it's practically skeletal...

"Al...?"

"Y- Yes?"

"When was the last time you ate?"

"A... A few weeks ago..."

"And... What did you eat?"

"A piece of bread...?"

I called a doctor immediately, who diagnosed him with malnutrition. I ended up visiting him daily and feeding him by hand. He was apparently so used to not eating that the concept of eating daily was foreign to him. I think he would've continued to not eat if I hadn't visited him and asked him to alongside me.

- A few days later

"Al?"

"Yes, my lady?"

"I wish you'd stop calling me that... To think I was so excited to have someone who wasn't brother who was around my age, thinking I could be friends with him, only for him to treat me like every other servant in the house! Can't you just call me by my name, Rosalind?"

"H- How could I..."

"Oh, if you don't like Rosalind, you can also call me Rose or Linda, I don't mind which. My brother also calls me Rosie or Rosa when he feels particularly affectionate."

"... Lady Rose..."

"... Close enough."

"My lady, this is for you."

He handed me a beautiful red rose. My eyes lit up as I gently stroked the petals.

"Thank you, it's beautiful!"

He gave me a shy, yet gentle smile.

"Just like you, my lady. Inside and out."

Once, Al got sick, so I offered to take care of him. Feeding him soup, helping him sleep, you get the deal. Once he recovered, he said he would be sure to pay me back by taking care of me when I got sick. I was pretty healthy, so I remember that

I didn't take him seriously. However, he was being for real. I got a cold months later, after I had nearly forgotten about the promise, and he was as good as his word, taking care of me perfectly. He even brought me roses daily after I said I wanted to see the rose garden because they'll have bloomed. If he was a hedonist, he was an altruistic one, sacrificing his happiness for my sake and making sure I was having fun. Even if I was scared or nervous about something, all that melted away when I was with Al. Before I knew it, I would be laughing like a child in a candy store. There was never a dull moment with Al. No matter how negatively I felt about a certain event or situation, Al would always find a way to make me happy and help me have fun, regardless of external circumstances. As for the playing me for a fool and with me like a toy, that never happened. Al would play with me to be sure, but if anyone was the toy, it was him, not me. He would gladly play the fool for me if needed, but never let me be seen as foolish. He never once gave me the impression he saw me as a fool. If what everyone else said is true, I was also an exception for Al, just like brother said I was his only exception. Suddenly, I feel a hand caressing my head.

"I'm sorry, Rose. Were you scared?"

"Well, considering she had a debate with Len on the blood not being paint, I don't think she's that scared. But then again, my lady always reacted strongly when others tried to fool her, so maybe?"

"I... I didn't think I was that scared, but considering the fact I fainted, I must've been pretty shaken. Ah. There was something I wanted to do if I saw brother."

"Really? What might that be?"

I hold out my arms for a hug. Brother's face melts into a gentle smile as he picks me up princess style and hugs me tight.

"I'm so sorry for leaving, my rose. I missed this feeling."

"Why did you leave?"

"... Ah, right. Al, gather everyone in the dining hall so we can explain things to our darling little beautiful princess."

"... My lady, could you repeat that in your own way?"

"... Yes?"

"I was, am, and will be your personal servant. I was only following the young master and serving him at your request. My loyalty lies with you alone, my lady."

"Fine... Al, could you please gather the other residents in this house for me?"

"With pleasure, my lady. How nice it is to be asked to do something instead of being ordered like a certain someone did."

"Quiet, Al. Just go and do as my sister said already. You're her personal servant."

... Honestly, anyone else would be angry if a servant of their household, personal or not, disobeyed them, but brother doesn't seem the slightest bit annoyed. Instead, he seems very happy to see me. And... He still hasn't let me go.

"Umm... Brother?"

"Yes, my little rose?"

"Can you let me go now?"

"Unfortunately... I don't want to."

"... What?"

"It's been so long since the last time we saw each other at a ball. I missed you and want to spend as much time as possible with you. Plus, I missed your hugs."

How did I forget... My brother is a beautiful, melancholic noble who seems cold and collected to everyone else. However, in reality, he's a total sis-con. Ever since I can remember, he's been fiercely protective and was willing to go through anything for my happiness. Even if he got angry at me, which was a rare occasion in and of itself, all it took for him to forgive me was just blinking my blue eyes a couple times and a sorry.

- The next day

"Wait! Where are you going? Can I go with you please?"

"Will... Are you going to the tea party? If so, take my sister with you like she wants."

"... Alright. Come with me."

- At the tea party

"Noah! Oh my goodness, how have you been lately?"

"... Lady Roselia? Thank you so much for your recommendation!"

"No, no. It was all due to your hard work. Oh, Anna! I heard you recently had an exhibition? How was it? Did it go well?"

"M- My lady! Yes, thank you!"

"Haha, I'm so glad to hear it! Ah, there you are, Kai. How is your research going?"

"It's going well, all thanks to your support, my lady!"

"That's great! And it's all due to your hard work, not my support."

William's POV

I was usually greeted by everyone as I arrived, but as soon as the name "Rosalind" was called, everyone gathered around her like moths to a fire. It was like I was suddenly invisible. She stood in the middle, laughing and smiling brightly at everyone, engaging them in conversation. I've heard that the young lady Kalos was the center of all social gatherings, but to think even commoners would know her. There she stood, blending in yet standing out so naturally. I couldn't take my eyes off of her. She shone and sparkled like a star. A star that guided everyone to light and charmed people instantly. That's when I remember something Ros told me about that gave me the idea for this.

"Will... Have you heard of the Rose foundation?"

"I do. It's an organization that helps talented yet struggling people. I might do something similar to it."

"My little sister created it when she was 8. All members receive an invitation with a wax seal that has a rose imprinted on it. They're fairly easy to find and could be ideal participants if you want to do something similar. The ones who receive the grace of the lady of the rose aren't subtle about it. They sing her praises all day, every day."

The lady of the rose... Lady Rosalind Kalos. Ahh... It all makes sense now. She was their benefactor long before I came into the picture. Really... The more I find

put about her, the more she charms me. You really do have an amazing sister, Ros.  
I dare say I'm quite envious of your sister.