

The princess and the fairy

"Princess! Princess, do wake up!"

"Mmm?"

"Princess, you're finally awake!"

Princess? Since when? Is this some sort of bizarre dream? Can you even dream of waking up from your sleep in a dream? This isn't real. No way it's real. I pinch myself just to make sure. Ouch! It's real?! But... How? Why am I a princess? Just then, I catch sight of myself in a mirror.

Princess Astraea ↓



Long wavy light brown hair

Golden eyes that shine like stars

15 years old

A princess who wears gowns

Long wavy hair and golden eyes that shine like stars... This is exactly what princess Astraea was like. The youngest of the imperial family, princess Astraea was a princess shunned by all, due to her refusal to choose a fairy guard. All imperial family members have a guardian fairy they choose when they are of age. Although called guards, they were essentially slaves. They had to do anything their master asked them to do, due to their master possessing their wing, their life. In this world, a fairy's wings were their life. While having a wing ripped off is fine, if even one of their wings are damaged, it causes them to die. The imperial family used this specific quality to control them. They would rip off all the fairy's wings, and threaten to rip it up, damage it, if they didn't do their bidding. As even sque

ezing a fairy's wing caused extreme pain, the fairies had no choice but to obey. They were treated as objects, not people. Well, they're a different race, but you get the point. Princess Astraea had a problem with this, rightfully, and refused to choose a fairy when she came of age. This caused the formerly beloved and treasured princess to be hated by her family. Though hard to believe, princess Astraea was originally very loved by all. Her beautiful appearance and equally lovely personality made her a great favorite amongst her family. Plus, she was the youngest, so her older brothers and sisters were always willing to look out for her. Also innately talented in light magic, she was known as a saintess to the public, which only increased her ever growing popularity. This all came crashing down the day she refused to choose a guard. Her family claimed she made them look weak, and the public, who shunned fairies because the fact that fairies could wield magic scared them, thought their saintess betrayed them and exposed them to more danger. In actuality, she just thought the practice of treating fairies as slaves morally wrong, and wanted no part of it. It was this quality that saved her life. But only her life, and nothing else. She lost everything. Her family, her reputation, she had nothing except her life. She was known as the fallen princess, and lived out the rest of her days in poverty. No one remembered how beautiful the girl used to be or how loved she used to be. They only remembered her as the 'fallen princess'. At least... that's how the book went. A few years after Astraea's refusal, the fairies rebelled against the royals and took control. All the fairies had the honor of killing their 'masters'. And Astraea, who had no guard? She was spared by the leader of the rebellion and the next king, Vanir Cyfrin Galdur. The only fairy who didn't die by damaging his wings. He freed all the other fairies, and they ruled from then on. They were fair and just rulers. The people, who feared them at first, quickly grew to support and love the new ruler. The strange thing is... Vanir's wish was to be chosen by someone. Anyone. While any other fairy hated the imperial family, he wanted to be chosen by one of them.

"Are there any big events coming up?"

"Of course! The 4th princess's selection will be next month!"

"Sister Amanda?"

"Yes, her highness princess Amanda. Rumors say she's already decided on one."

"Really? Which one?"

I know, of course. It's sir Dante Blaine. His abilities are among the best, but of course sister Amanda only chose him due to his good looks. I am the 5th princess, so out of princesses, Amanda is the one closest to me in age. She will be 18 next month, so she must be 17. And I am 15. Good. We still have some time, so I might a

s well use it to my advantage. There will be a black market of fairies established when I am 16. Father found out and shut it down. This time, I must find it and shut it down. Or, at the very least, shut it down. I don't need to find it. But to do that, I need to increase my skill in magic. Ah. Now that I think of it, Dante was very talented in magic, wasn't he? He was also in a very high position in the future, his power being second to Vanir and only Vanir. He was Vanir's right hand man. It'd be a good idea to build up some form of friendship with him. Plus, my sister threw him away like absolute garbage once she found someone who, in her words, was more handsome than him, so... I feel bad for him, and want to do at least something nice for him as some compensation, I suppose. Astraea in the book didn't even talk to other fairies, which I will change.

"When do I go see father?"

My maid giggled a little.

"Oh, princess. You see him 3 times each day, and you know that. It's no big secret that you're his favorite. He orders you to be brought to him whenever there's an excuse for his children to go visit him. You will be accompanied by the 4th princess and the 6th prince in the morning it seems. That should do it. Go on now, princess. I doubt you'll get reprimanded even if you're late, but it's still better to be on time, princess. Please get going now."

Oh, I didn't even notice she was dressing me up. She did a good job. I look quite pretty. If I'm correct, sister will ask sir Dante to be her escort, which is the only time I'll get to talk to him unless I call him, which I don't really want to do. It'd feel like I'm using him, when he's not even mine. I quickly get up from my vanity and run off. I'll have to be quick if I want to catch them in time, and to have a talk with Dante.

"Sister Amanda! Wait up! Can I please go with you, big sister?"

She turned around and greeted me with a bright smile and a gentle hug.

"Good morning, my adorable little baby sister~ I'm so happy you called me!"

"Hehe, of course, sister. I love you. Oh? Sister, I was unaware you picked a guard already. I thought your selection was to take place next month. Am I wrong?"

She giggled, tossing her long brown hair over her shoulder.

"No, no. You're correct! My selection is next month. I just asked him to accompany me for today's greeting."

"Ah, I see."

I smile politely at him and lightly curtsy.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Sir Dante Blaine. I've heard many great things about you, such as you have excellent swordsmanship skills, and is equally adept at using magic as well. I don't think I've ever heard of anyone being exemplary at both. Anyone who chooses you will be a very lucky person to have you, I'm sure."

He looks stunned and doesn't say a word. That's strange... Dante was usually very polite and greeted any member of the imperial family with great respect, regardless of who they were or how they treated him. Did I say anything wrong?

"Excuse me, sir Dante? I'm sorry if my words offended you in any way, I didn't mean to say anything that would make you feel like that, so could you please--"

"No, it's fine. Princess has no need to apologize for anything. I guess I was so moved by your words that I forgot how to respond. Thank you for your kind words, princess Astraea. I truly appreciate your high praise and encouragement."

"It's really not much. And... you can call me Astra if you'd like. Actually, I really admire you, sir...Blaine? I'm not sure what to call you. Now that I think about it, Dante may sound a bit too close."

"No, Dante is perfectly fine. And... It would be an honor to be able to call you by your nickname, princess."

"Oh, I was worried you might've found it a bit strange. I'm relieved. Ah! If it isn't too much of a bother, could I ask you for a favor, sir Dante?"

"Of course, princess. What is it?"

"Well... Although my tutors have told me I have innate talent in my light magic, I still don't think I can control it very well. I have asked for a tutor, but since light magic is such a rare attribute, it seems to be a challenge to find one. I've heard you have the same attribute as I do, so... if it doesn't interfere with your plans too much, could you please teach me how to use magic?"

He looks absolutely stunned this time. My sister hits him in the head harshly.

"Dante, answer! My sister is asking you a question! You should be thankful she's even taking the time to talk to you, brat!"

"M- My apologies, your highness."

"Si- Sister Amanda! There's no need to be so harsh on him or rush him. I know my request is quite brazen, so it's fine if he takes a long time to answer it."

Dante looks up at me and smiles while rubbing his head.

"It would be my pleasure to teach you, princess. Although I don't have a lot of confidence in my teaching capability, I shall try my best to help you improve."

I can't believe he actually said yes...

"Really?! Thank you so much! You can come teach me anytime you like!"

"Thank you, princess. You are very considerate, even to someone like myself."

Someone like... himself?

"What do you mean by someone like yourself? You are a very talented and amazing person! Please don't insult yourself like that! It makes me feel sad!"

He just smiles at me and thanks me.

"We should be going now, or we'll be late!"

"Ah, you're right, sister! Thank you for reminding me! Let's go quickly. Father will be waiting for our arrival after all."

I grasp sister Amanda's hand in mine, and run off toward where father is.

"Ah, there you are, Amanda. How have you been, Astraea, my dear daughter?"

"Hehe, I've been well father, thank you for your concern."

"Of course. You are my daughter after all. Mandy. Your coming of age ball and selection is coming up soon. Do you have anyone in mind?"

"As a matter of fact, I do father!"

"I see. I wish you all the best. That reminds me. Do you have anyone in mind, Astraea?"

I nearly choke.

"M- Me?! U- Umm... My selection is still 3 years away, father. Wouldn't it be wise to focus on sister Mandy's selection? It's her coming of age as well as her selection."

"Haha, you're very kind, Astra."

I honestly feel so bad for Dante, so I knew I would pick him if given the chance to pick among the fairies we currently have. But... Ah, dang it! Why do Dante and Vanir both have such tragic backstories?! It's impossible to pick one without feeling bad for the other! Dante gets chosen by my sister, Amanda, and she straight up abuses him. She even tries to brutally abuse him at one point. She also squeezes his wing for no reason. According to what's written in the book, Amanda was the type of person who reveled being in control of someone or being able to order someone around. She craved power, and would assert her dominance every chance she got. Clearly, having a personal guard fit the bill of being in control. And she chose Vanir as a way to prove she was better? Great job, Amanda. What an amazing plan. He's your guard! He's meant to protect you! How will he do that if he's hurt?! And as if squeezing his wing daily wasn't enough, she'd beat him up while he's on the floor due to the pain. Dante was always covered in cuts and bruises due to this, but he still remained loyal, and never told anyone. In fact, he would smile and say something like 'There's a lot of work to be done as her highness's guard, as her highness is so lovely many try to harm her, but it's okay as I can give my life to protect her'. He's one of the kindest and most loyal guards you can find. He even made sister's death as painless and peaceful as possible. She died in her sleep Dante's only weakness is that... He's way too kind, polite, and loyal! But Vanir's story also has its fair share of tragedy. He's a hybrid. Half dragonkin, half fairy. Dragonkins are, as the name suggests, descendants of dragons. They are mostly humanoid, but have horns and can wield ancient magic, which no one else knows. Since Vanir was a hybrid, he too has horns. For a dragonkin, their horns are their life. So, for Vanir to die, both his wings and horns need to be destroyed. And he has abilities from both sides, making him an extremely powerful guard. However, as shown with Amanda, looks are very important when picking a guard for most people. With Vanir having horns, he was already considered 'unattractive'. One of his wings also had a tear in them, leading many people to think he's useless and no one chose him. Later in the book, his torn wing gets mended by magic, and the type of magic used is light magic. The one who mends his torn wing is none other than Dante, mainly because Vanir reminded him of himself. This later plays a big part with Dante rising the ranks to Vanir's right hand man. Anyway, even though his wing was torn, they still felt the need to tear his good wing off, so he only has his damaged wing. He was neglected, insulted, shunned, and scorned by the imperial family for centuries, but still hoped to be chosen. The imperial family, however, declared he was unfit to be a guard and threw him out, leading him to be chained up and sold at a

airy black market. Inside or outside, the reactions were the same, and he lives a miserable life until my dad finds out and shuts it down. He then takes Vanir and all the other fairies to the palace once more. Everyone except Vanir are candidates for new guards, while he is deemed useless and locked up. During this time, Vanir's heart grew bitter and decides to cause a revolution, and let fairies take control over humanity. His last act of mercy was letting me, princess Astraea, live. So, yeah. Those are Dante and Vanir's backstories. I want to choose Vanir, but I feel so bad for Dante too... What should I do...?

- Later that day

knock knock

"The door's open, please let yourself in."

"It is quite dangerous to leave it open, princess, especially with no guard. You know better than anyone how loved you are. It would surely cause an uproar if you were to be kidnapped by someone."

"Sir Dante!"

I run over to the door and open it

"Come in, come in! I've been waiting for you! Thank you so much for coming!"

"Of course, princess. It is an honor."

"Umm, if I may make a request..."

"Of course, princess. I will do anything you desire."

"Would you please stop calling me princess and just call me Astraea or Astra, sir Dante?"

"Y- Yes?!"

"Well, you see... You're going to be my magic tutor. It'll feel far too awkward if you were to treat me like I am above you if we're in a student-teacher relationship."

"A- Ah... I see... I shall try my best..."

"Thank you, Mr. Blaine! So, what would you like me to do first?"

" P- Please tell me the extent of your abilities, p- A- Astraea..."

Oh my, he's bright red. It's quite rare to see him so flustered as he's usually so calm and in control. His overall looks also exude a cool and calm atmosphere, with pale blue eyes and long silver hair.

"Umm... I can currently make plants grow and heal small cuts, like paper cuts."

"How talented. Most can't even heal. You must be quite talented in light magic to be able to do that much without proper teaching. Of course, it's a bit ironic as light magic is mainly used for protection and healing. In fact, I've heard light magic can even mend a fairy's wing. Of course, that's in cases where the wielder has very strong light magic. One weakness of light magic is that you can't heal yourself, however. It can be used for both offense and defense, although, as I said, it's main use is defense. Only other light magic users can heal another with the element of light, but that too has drawbacks, as only a light user with a higher mana level can heal the other. If not, they can't be healed."

"Umm, Mr. Blaine? How do you know how much mana you have?"

"Desperation."

"Desperation?"

"There's no way to know, and the true extent of one's abilities can only be known once they are in a state of great mental distress, in which the user will use their abilities to their full capability."

"I see! Is there a level to desperation?"

"Yes, there is. The strongest is life or death, which is when... you're in a life or death situation. There are other triggers like empathy for others, but life or death is considered the strongest among all."

This is actually really interesting. There wasn't much about this in the book, so it's fun to learn about the magic system in detail. Dante's really good at explaining.

"Are you listening? My apologies, it must have been boring hearing me talk."

"Hmm? No, not at all! Thank you so much! It was really interesting hearing all about magic. Especially my element, as all my tutors never knew much about it. As expected, someone who actually has the light attribute is so much more knowledgeable than people who don't."

"It was a pleasure... May I please just call you princess?"

"You really find it difficult...? Well, I suppose you can call me princess Astraea or princess Astra. I don't like just princess, you see. It's like you don't know my name."

"It was a pleasure, princess Astraea. Thank you for your generosity. I will try my best to lead you well from now on."

"Ah! That reminds me, who do you want to be selected by? Not that there's much of a choice, considering only I, sister Amanda, and brother Austin are left, but if you had the right to choose, who would you like best as a master?"

"I... Well... I have never thought of it..."

"Then... Do so now! There's only 3 people."

"If I were to choose... It would be you, princess Astraea."

"M- Me?!"

"Yes. If I could choose, that is. But alas, I cannot. I must follow the orders of whoever chooses me. But either way, princess Astraea, I hope you have the fortune of finding a wonderful guard who will protect you from harm well."

"Haha, surely you jest, sir Blaine. I am not the slightest bit easy to guard."

"If it's not easy, I must be doing something which is better than nothing. Besides, I have a feeling you'd treat your guard very well, although it is above my status to receive your kindness, princess. You seem to be one of the few who views our kind as actual living creatures, with feelings, rather than objects you can possess."

"Well, of course. By the way, I believe my sister has taken an interest in you."

"Her highness the 4th princess?"

"Yes, sister Amanda. But... Why do you call me princess, and her your highness?"

"She asked me to, of course."

"Oh... I wonder why..."

"Do... you dislike being called that?"

"I don't really dislike it, but it's too long for my taste. I much prefer princess Astraea rather than 'her highness the 5th princess'. But either is fine, so just use whatever you feel most comfortable with. I don't care."

"Is that so...? Then, I shall continue calling you princess Astraea."

"Alright! By the way, are you always so nice and polite to the imperial family?"

"Do I have a choice?"

"Well... Some fairies only obey, and they make it clear they hate my family."

"Oh... Well, the imperial family is of royal blood. I understand they're used to being in power, so I don't think they're bad people. Besides, just because you hate someone, doesn't mean you can be downright hostile to them. That's immoral. So, I try my best to be nice and polite."

"... Wow... You're seriously the nicest person I've ever seen. No wonder your attribute is light."

"Haha, you flatter me, princess. It's you, rather than I. You are the one who's called the saintess of the empire."

"That's just a title, the people barely know me. They just see what they want to see."

"Really? But I for one, think you're very deserving of that title. You go out every week to converse with the citizens to see if there's any changes that they'd like and bring them directly to his majesty."

I do...? Oh, wait. Astraea did do that..

"Haha, that's the bare minimum required. A country is nothing without its citizens."

Just then, I catch sight of his wing, filtering sunlight. It's so pretty...

"Princess Astraea?"

"A- Ah, sorry!"

"It's alright. Were you interested in my wing, princess Astraea?"

I stare, shocked. How did he know?

"If you're gentle, I can let you touch it, princess Astraea."

"Th- Then... Excuse me..."

I gently stroke his wing. It feels so delicate and smooth...

"That's enough, princess."

I quickly let go.

"I- I'm sorry, did I hurt you?"

"No, it didn't hurt at all. However, a fairy's wings are very sensitive, even if you handle it with the utmost care, which I'm sure you did. Touching it for overly long periods of time can cause it to tear. If not, it could also bind the fairy to that person, as it essentially means that the fairy is allowing their life to be in the hands of that person. If that were to happen, your sister would be very upset indeed."

"It could tear?!"

"Only if you touch it for very long, princess Astraea. Like how a rock erodes after centuries of water and wind. Only, instead of centuries, it's days. Rest assured. The reason I stopped you was because I might become bound to you by accident."

"Just simply touching your wing could bind me to you?"

"Actually, princess, it's more that I'll be bound to you, rather than you'll be bound to me. And... There's one other factor..."

"Yes, which is?"

"Umm... So... You see... "

"Sir Blaine, is anything wrong?"

"Not particularly... It's just... The other reason is quite embarrassing. The other factor is if the fairy is willing to be bound to this person. The more willing a fairy is, the quicker they will be bound."

"... So... You like me?"

"Y- Yes?"

"You said you stopped me for fear you might accidentally be bound to me, right? So that means you must like me!"

"Well... You're not entirely wrong, princess... Yes. I very much like you, and I wouldn't mind being bound to you at all."

"Really? I'm happy but feel sorry for sister Mandy at the same time. She really does seem quite taken with you. Ah! That reminds me! What do you think of my dress for sister Mandy's coming of age?"

The dress ↓



Gold

Sparkly but still simplistic

"Father wanted me to make it fancier, but I declined as this is sister's ball, so she should stand out the most, not me. No one should steal the spotlight at her ball."

"It's beautiful, princess Astraea. I think you'd steal the show at any ball, no matter what dress you might be wearing at it."

"Haha, you flatter me, sir Blaine. By the way, would you be taken out of selection if you were to become bound to someone?"

"No, not at all."

"But... I heard..."

"If you heard anything like magic happens at a coming of age ball, and the chosen is to forever serve their master due to an unbreakable bond, it's not true. There's no magic, princess. It's more survival instinct. Our masters have our wings, and threaten to tear it to shreds if we don't do their bidding. We don't want to die,

so we do what we're ordered to do. There's no magical spell. We just want to live. That's all there is to it. Such is the life of a fairy."

"..."

"Ah, my apologies. I shouldn't have told you so... straightforwardly. I just thought you should know the truth. But if any fairy were to resent you for choosing them, they are the fool. They should feel blessed. So, please don't worry, princess. No fairy ever feels that you'll rip up their wing. As a matter of fact, they adore you."

"Again, you flatter me far too much."

"No, it's true."

- A month later(selection day)

It's been a month since I got reincarnated into this world. I've been working on my magic really hard, so now I can channel my magic through different things like jewelry as a magic charm, and I can heal nearly any wound. Of course, that only extends to people. I'm still not skilled enough to mend a fairy's wing. Still, Dante says even this is tremendous development, so maybe I'll be able to do it if I keep practicing. Anyway, today is Amanda's selection day as well as her coming of age ball. And... the day Dante's misfortune begins. I know I said I want to pick Vanir, but... I feel so bad for Dante...

"I pick Dante Blaine as my personal guard. From today on, you shall be my sword and shield. Do you swear to serve and protect me, even if it costs your very own life?"

"Of course, princess. I will guard and protect you to the best of my ability."

... That's it? I imagined something much more dramatic and impactful... They just said some words... That's all it takes? It's kind of disappointing and anticlimactic... Ah. Everyone's offering their congratulations. I should go do that too.

"Sister, my congratulations on this joyous occasion. My sincerest thanks for letting me share this happiness with you. May you receive much delight and glorious blessings in your 18th year of life."

I curtsy to her and turn to Dante.

"Sir Blaine, my dearest congratulations on being chosen. I know you will be a loyal and capable guard who will indeed protect her highness even at the cost of your life, just as you said in your oath, sir Blaine."

I curtsy to him as well and start walking away, when I feel someone grab me and spin me around abruptly.

"Ah!"

"Haha, you always act so formally in public, sister. You don't have to say all the standard greetings like the others, you're my one and only lovely little sister~"

"Haha... Thank you, sister, but it's customary for even imperial family members to give proper felicitations. Oh, that reminds me! I have a small gift!"

I hold out a small gift box as I talk.

"You know your name means love, right sister? I picked this thinking it matched well. The color also goes well with your beautiful dress, which is lucky, haha."

The gift ↓



Pink heart shaped pendant

"Wow! It's beautiful! Thank you, Astra!"

"Of course, sister. I'm sorry I don't have a gift for you, sir Blaine. I was worried it might seem inappropriate if you accepted a gift from me when you have a master."

"It's alright, princess. Just the fact that you thought of me is more than enough."
"

- A couple months later

"Now, princess Astraea. If you could try making this plant grow flowers."

"Oh, okay!"

"Well done. Now, for our next exerci- Ah!"

"Mr. Blaine?! Are you okay?!"

"Yes, I'm fine. Don't worry about it."

... Liar. I didn't say anything for months since he never showed any sign of pain and I knew he would deny it if I ever asked if sister Amanda ever did anything to him, but this just confirms that Amanda is exactly like the book describes her. I was hoping she changed or the book was wrong, since she's always lovely to me, but I guess that was just wishful thinking.

"You're not okay! Let me heal you!"

"Yes? Princess, it's really okay..."

"Please!"

"Well... If you really want to that much, alright. Although I don't quite know why you want to help me to that extent."

"Yay! Thank you! But uhh... I need to see the injury to gauge the amount of light magic I need to use."

"Is that so? In that case, just do my back for now."

"Eh?"

He then takes off his uniform, his back facing me. Umm... Dante was always so proper, so I never thought he'd do this... Ah his ears are so red... Is he embarrassed? I should do it as quickly as possible then. ! Th- There are so many wounds and scars.. Amanda was more brutal than imagined... I quickly use light magic to heal him, using more since there are a lot of scars. However, his whole body is suddenly enveloped in light... When the light disappears, all the injuries disappear too. Dante puts his clothes back on and turns.

"Princess... How much mana did you use?"

"I... I don't know?"

"Do you feel tired?"

"No, not really."

"You have an extraordinary amount of magic... I don't have a small amount, so the fact that you were able to heal all my injuries without feeling the slightest bit tired is astounding... You could probably heal a fairy with this much magic."

"I can?!"

"Indeed. As expected of the saintess."

"But Mr. Blaine, how did you get so hurt?"

"Protecting her highness."

"Lies. My room is right next to hers and I'm a light sleeper. I would've heard if anything happened outside her room."

"... It seems I can't fool you, princess."

"Tell me! Please...?"

"Well... Umm..."

"... Do I have to command you?"

"I was ordered to never tell..."

"By?"

"My master."

"You do realize I hold the most power out of all of father's children, right?"

"Yes?"

"Father gave me the highest authority. If I order you, it overrides any order my siblings give you, even if one of them happens to be your so called master. So, I suggest you tell me before I use an order."

This is true. My siblings used to ask me to do this and that all the time, so I was tired. Father noticed and asked why. When I told him what was happening, he gave

me power over all my siblings. Whatever they said had no effect if I said the opposite. But I don't want to say something like I order or command you for 2 reasons. A, he's my magic teacher, and it just feels so weird to order your tutor. B, I really don't want to abuse my power as a princess.

"Your sister..."

"My sister...? Go on."

"Often... treats me like a toy..."

Like a toy... I mean... that kind of makes sense? But in a rag doll sort of way. Not a super rare toy you treasure and try to keep in pristine condition kind of way.

"So... in other words, she abuses you?"

"I don't want to put it like that, but yes. The only part she takes great care not to touch is my face and hair because, in her words, my face and hair are too pretty to ruin. That and she doesn't want anyone to know, and my face is always on display."

"I knew my sister was shallow and was never the brightest bulb in the chandelier, but I never thought she'd hurt her own guard who's supposed to protect her. I don't mean to doubt your ability or anything, but it's likely going to be more difficult to protect her if you're hurt."

"Oh, no. I never once assumed you were doubting my ability. You praised me ever since we first met, don't you remember?"

"You... still remember that?"

"Of course I do, princess. It was the first time I was praised, especially by a royal."

"Really? I thought you heard many compliments already, given your skill."

"No, princess. And her highness clearly doesn't have the time to praise me at all."
"

"When I turn 18 and get a guard of my own, I'll do the opposite of whatever sister Amanda is doing to you currently."

"I'm fairly sure you could get a guard right this minute if you so wanted to, princess."

"True~ But there's no one I want in the potential guard line up currently. I'll just wait it out until someone catches my eye."

"I see."

"If I'm being 100% honest, it's kind of hard for anyone to catch my eye, but I'm sure 3 years will be enough time. I mean, you were the only one I considered, but that went out the window, so... yeah. I don't resent sister though. I just want her to treat you right as she basically chose one who I actually liked for once. We normally have different tastes, making this the first instance we ever liked the same person."

"But aren't your motives different?"

"How so?"

"Your sister values my looks. You value capability and skill. Am I wrong?"

"I... personally think that's common sense. A guard's job is to well... guard. Not stand still and look nice beside their master."

"I see. But it seems everyone but you lacks that common sense. Every single one of your siblings have chosen a physically attractive guard, no?"

"Well... Yeah, but just because they did that doesn't mean I have to do the same."

"Yes, that is true. Well, I believe today has been a more than fruitful class as we were able to observe your mana capacity. You have a very large amount, so you should be able to heal almost anyone you want."

After giving me an assessment of my power, Dante gently stroked my head and left. I really hope sister stops hurting him.. After that day, I basically start bursting into sister Amanda's room with no warning. Obviously, she doesn't want to be seen as a mean person in front of her dear little sister, so she stops. After all, you never know when I'll come walking in. Before I know it, a year has passed since I'm in this world. And this is the day father finds out about the black fairy mark et. As soon as he starts talking about it, I speak up. This is extremely crucial to me.

"Father! I implore you! Please let me take care of it!"

"Asta? There's no need for tha—"

"I beg you! Please!"

"Alright, alright. I allow it. Now get up, Asta. You are an imperial princess, and a princess is someone who should never kneel for anyone, no matter who it is."

Yes! I got permission to shut it down! I get a carriage and arrive at the black market. Hmm... There are so many fairies. It'll take way too much time to release them all by hand, not to mention there are the stall owners. I have no choice. Let's just use magic to release all of them at once. First, I sense where all the fairies are. They're all being kept in cages...

"Bind!"

Chains of light reach out and bind all the people in the black market.

"Release!"

The cages and chains all open and all the fairies fly out... Wow... It's so pretty... They look like a huge flock of butterflies...

"Who are you, girl?!"

"Yeah, who do you think you are to ruin our business?!"

Ruin? That business of theirs is illegal! No matter how you look at it, I'm in the right! Whatever. They want to know who I am, fine. I'll gladly introduce myself to them.

"I came here on the orders of his imperial majesty to shut this black market down! I am her highness Astraea Von Eastwood, the 5th princess of this kingdom!"

"The princess?!"

"Haha... Little girl, you can't fool us."

"Besides, so what if you're a princess? You're last in line for the throne."

"Shh! Who cares if she's last in line! Haven't you heard? The last princess is the most beloved in all the land! She has everyone, including her parents, older siblings, and people at her beck and call!"

"How dare you lock all these fairies up?! Surely you know this is against the law."
"

They roll their eyes. Whatever. Let's go find Vanir. I walk around, releasing any other fairies until I find Vanir.

"Excuse me? I'd like to buy him."

"Him?"

"Yes."

"Do you even have money?"

"Ah, right. Money... Just a moment."

I reach up and take out a diamond hairclip of mine as well as an emerald brooch.

"Here, will these do? It's not money, but it should be more than enough to cover the cost if you were to sell them."

His eyes light up at the jewels and agrees. I walk over to Vanir and gently shake him to wake him up. His eyes are gorgeous... They're a light icy blue, but look like different colors depending on the lighting. He has long silky black hair and porcelain skin... His beauty is so otherworldly... He looks up at me, stunned.

"Hello. I'm Astraea, your new owner. May I know your name please?"

"V- Vanir. Vanir Cyfrin Galdur."

"I see. Can I call you Vanir?"

He nodded.

"Well, can you please come with me? The carriage is waiting. Ah, that's right. I nearly forgot. Cage of light. By the way, you can't break that cage open unless you happen to be a user of dark magic who has more magic than I do. So, you'll only be released when the guards bring you to my house."

After I'm done capturing his seller, I reach out my hand to Vanir.