

“My Lady!”

“My Lady!”

Who is calling me? Who is it? Should I wake up?

I opened my eyes in a half-awake, half-dreaming state and dimly saw a dozen people surrounding me, repeatedly calling my name. Since it was already past my usual time to be up, I had to sit up even though I didn't feel quite right. I rubbed my eyes to wake myself up, and now I could see three maids surrounding my bed.

“The Master is calling for you to come down for breakfast, My Lady.”

Strange, where am I?

I stood up abruptly and looked into the mirror, only to be shocked by the image reflected back at me.

Why... why do I look like this? My appearance has changed, and I'm a thirteen-year-old child.

Before me was a girl with long, waist-length red hair tied in a single braid on the right side. Her eyes were as large as chestnuts and as blue as two sapphires; as for her height, I estimated I was only about a meter and a half tall.

“Who... am I?”

“You are Lady Thea Mortimer, Miss. Are you still half-asleep?”

Thea Mortimer? Isn't that the name of the female protagonist in the game “Fairy Tales of Claretta Kingdom”? Am I dead?

So that means... I have transmigrated from a child of a poor family into the richest person in the country!

Looking back, my outfit was a costly red brocade dress with numerous lace details; my earrings were crafted from gold, and a genuine pearl necklace rested around my neck. Well, after years of struggling to make a living, I finally have a period where I don't have to worry about life at all. I guess there's a silver lining to every cloud.

“Please hurry, My Lady, or the Master will be worried,” a maid reminded me.

“Yeah, yeah... I'm coming,” I replied.

I hurriedly left the room and headed down the stairs. This was truly the Mortimer mansion; luxury was visible everywhere, with gold-plated details in every corner and top-tier carpets that felt incredibly soft underfoot.

Since the Master of the Mortimer house was an art lover, the mansion was also filled with many precious sculptures and oil paintings whose prices I probably couldn't even imagine.

“Aaaa, Thea, my precious daughter!!”

A middle-aged man with red hair just like mine, but shorter, wearing an elaborate 18th-century style noble outfit, was waiting for me in the hall; he looked absolutely ecstatic to see me. This was my "father" in the game, Baron Bartholomew Mortimer. The moment I stepped into the hall, he immediately swept me up and spun me around several times, making my head spin. Before I could even regain my composure, he picked me up again and chattered away incessantly.

“Thea, look how much you’ve grown. The older you get, the more beautiful you become; you really look like a proper young lady now. Those big eyes of yours remind me of how cute I used to be back in the day.”

I found his flattering comments rather annoying and unnecessary, but it didn't really matter since Bartholomew Mortimer was a father so obsessed with his daughter that he was willing to do anything for his "pride and joy."

And just like that, he carried me into the family dining room.

It was a room just as spacious as my bedroom in this mansion. Like most average Western noble mansions in my previous life, the dining table here was incredibly long and covered with a white cloth, surrounded by twelve chairs—ten divided evenly on the sides and one at each end. The cutlery was all precious silverware, and the plates and cups were all expensive items.

My father sat at the head of the table with his back to a stone fireplace, while I sat on his right with my back to a massive window overlooking the garden. I have to admit, the lighting in this room was excellent; natural light was more than enough without needing any lamps.

Once we settled at the table, the maids began bringing in food on carts, much like in the hotels of my previous life. The dishes laid out on the table all looked both delicious and luxurious; in my wildest dreams, I never thought I’d one day sit at a table overflowing with food, let alone eat such expensive meals, since in my past life, I was just an ordinary wage earner.

“Come on, eat, my daughter. Make yourself at home.”

Since my father had invited me, I didn't hesitate; after all, this was my home now, so I should act naturally. However, now that I was a high-ranking noble, I had to maintain proper etiquette. Fortunately, I had memorized the dining habits and lifestyle of the game's female protagonist by heart.

I gracefully took a bowl of soup and some bread and began my meal. During breakfast, my father and I chatted about trivial things, like my childhood memories, the weather, and past trips.

I wasn't actually the real "Thea Mortimer," but thanks to the game wiki knowledge I had, I used it all to keep the conversation flowing as smoothly as possible—though I occasionally slipped up with some words that weren't exactly "ladylike".

The meal proceeded normally until the window behind me suddenly burst open and an owl flew straight in, a letter clutched in its beak.

It's here!

I recognized it immediately as an owl from the Roscälifer Academy of Magic in the capital city of the same name. The owl landed right in front of me, and I took the letter from its beak; immediately after, the owl flew back out, and the two window panes automatically shut once it had left the house.

"It's a letter from the Roscälifer Academy of Magic," I said, showing the letter with the academy's angel-wing seal to my father. He immediately jumped up like a child, bursting with joy.

"I knew it! I knew my precious daughter would get into Roscälifer; after all, you're a genius!"

Whether I'm a genius or not, I have no idea, but how the hell did I receive an admission letter to Roscälifer—a magic academy—when I don't have a lick of magic? In this world, magic is something granted only to those blessed from the womb by the Light Goddess Roscälifer, making it their exclusive privilege. Naturally, magic users form the top tier of society, while those without magic are merely average. The Mortimer family sits somewhere in the middle, being descendants of a marriage between a wizard and a commoner; they call these non-pureblood children "Halbblüter," which felt like the "N-word" equivalent used to disparage Black people in my previous life.

Roscälifer Academy of Magic, named after the Goddess Roscälifer, is a training ground specifically for that privileged class. Of course, *Halbblüter* like myself can enroll, but we are the minority—mostly noble children whose families have enough money to buy a spot on the admission list. But there's a problem: if I join Roscälifer, I'll have a pervert known as my fiancé sticking to me like glue all day long. I've never really liked boys, so this is going to be a big problem—a very big one.

.....

Meanwhile, Claretta Royal Palace, Moon Tower.

“Well, it seems you have finally appeared, my destiny”.

A silhouette sat in the dark room, eyes gazing toward the distance through the window, muttering.

“It looks like I will have to head to the academy tomorrow. You will be meeting me soon, Thea Mortimer”.

+++

Two days before the start of the school year...

“My Lady, you really don't need to go shopping for school supplies yourself. You could just let us buy them for you and have them sent straight to the school,” said the maid following me.

“But I prefer doing it myself, Grete. After all, when you go shopping yourself, you get exactly what you like. No one understands your preferences better than you, right?”.

“Yes...”.

We were currently on Herefordshire Street, an area specializing in magical tools. It was filled with wizards from all sorts of races—humans, elves, and Thyrien. This racial diversity stems from the Claretta Royal Family’s liberal policies, which welcome all races into the kingdom. Life here is so harmonious that racial conflict is almost non-existent, thanks in part to the Royal Family’s mediation. It really is an ideal society.

Today, I was dressed in a simple outfit in the ouji style, consisting of a white blouse and red shorts, with a red jacket over it. I didn't wear too much jewelry, as thieves can be anywhere.

If I remember correctly, I’m supposed to meet both my fiancé and the person considered my “destiny” here. In the game, buying school supplies before entering the academy was just a series of tedious fetch quests to each store. But having transmigrated into this world, I finally have the chance to experience it all by myself.

We entered a shop specializing in basic magical props. It wasn't too large, but inside, all sorts of magical items—wands, staves, charms, spellbooks, crystal balls, and magic clocks—were neatly displayed in a cozy and spacious environment.

“Wow, experiencing school shopping firsthand is so exciting!”.

I ran around the shop, picking up and scrutinizing each item on display. They were all light and fit perfectly in my hand. For someone whose dream was to be a “magical girl,” this was a truly wonderful experience.

“I wish I could use them...”.

I looked at the magical props and felt a pang of regret that I had no magical ability. Nonetheless, I still had to buy a few basic items for my studies.

While looking for a wand that suited my taste, I suddenly spotted a crystal ball with a mysterious dark-purple hue. It immediately caught my eye because it looked just like the dark magic orbs I'd seen in movies. I reached out to touch it, but suddenly another hand reached for it too, making me instantly pull my hand back.

This girl....

Right beside me was a young woman who looked older than me. She had deep blue hair and eyes of the same color.

...She is so beautiful..

We stared into each other's eyes for a moment in awkward silence until I finally spoke up.

“Do you want to buy this crystal ball too?”.

Before the girl could answer, the shopkeeper approached and began to advertise it.

“Well, you two youngsters truly have a keen eye. This is Abyss, a limited edition crystal ball with only one in existence. It can produce the best results, surpassing every other orbs on the market for any request, from image reconstruction to future prediction. Since it's back-to-school season, we're offering a 20% discount, so the price is down to just six thousand Kroni.”

“S-Six... thousand?! That's a total rip-off.”

The other girl didn't hesitate to voice her offensive opinion. Judging by her clothes, I guessed she came from a poor family and probably didn't have much money for school supplies, let alone something this expensive.

“Ohohoho! What a bunch of filthy vermin.”

A loud laugh rang out near my ear, startling me. A luxuriously dressed young girl with golden hair stepped forward, looking down at the two of us with contempt. Red eyes and golden hair like sunlight... she's one of the princesses of the Claretta Royal Family!

Claretta is the pure-blooded wizard family ruling this entire kingdom.

Their identifying features are ruby-red eyes and golden hair like the sun, though that's specific to the Seraphim branch of the royalty.

“A poor brat and a Halbblüter actually think they can buy the Abyss orb? No matter how rich you are, a *Halbblüter* is just a low-class breed

unworthy of the Light Goddess Roscälifer's blessing, to say nothing of these bottom-feeding pests."

She then beckoned her servant behind her to place a suitcase full of money on the table.

"I'll take this ball!"

She picked up the Abyss orb and handed it to the shopkeeper.

"Allow me to wrap it for you, Princess."

And just like that, the Abyss orb that I found so appealing fell into someone else's hands.

"Hey, aren't you supposed to be rich? Why didn't you use your money to outbid her?" the other girl nudged my shoulder and asked sarcastically.

"Don't you realize she's a Princess of the Claretta Royal Family? A Princess! Commoners like us shouldn't cross them."

It was true; the Claretta Royal Family commanded absolute respect to the point that no one dared oppose them because they were the kingdom's first wizards, and their blood purity was flawless—surpassing even other pure-blooded wizards. Their fortune was the largest in the kingdom; even the Mortimer family's massive wealth couldn't compare to a fraction of theirs, even if it was the largest among families outside the royalty.

"Hmph! I'm not afraid of any princess or royalty. One day, I will overthrow them all and seize the throne!"

The girl beside me clenched her fist, her face showing a terrifying level of resolve. I didn't think she was joking; she looked dead serious.

"Over... overthrow them? What are you saying? Do you really think a poor person like you can do that?"

I was truly shocked by this girl's ambition; it was unimaginably vast compared to the status and capabilities of someone like her.

"Rich people like you could never understand the will of my class. One day you'll understand... my destiny."

With that, the girl grabbed a wand and a few notebooks, paid, and left the shop. I just stood there, rooted to the spot, stunned by everything that had just happened.

"My Lady, aren't you going to buy anything?"

My maid, Grete, snapped me out of it with a question.

"Oh, sorry, give me a moment."

.....

After purchasing all the necessary items, Grete and I left the shop and headed for the carriage to return to the Mortimer mansion, but just as I stepped one foot inside, an irritating voice rang out.

“My beautiful fiancée, are you heading home already?”

Aish, damn it, here we go again.

“Him” was Joshua Cleveland, the second son of the Cleveland merchant family. According to the plot, he had been betrothed to me since we were children, even though there wasn't a shred of affection between us. This marriage was arranged so that the Mortimer family could bring the Clevelands' trade network under their management.

“What do you want, second son?” I said, making my annoyance clear upon seeing Joshua's unpleasant, freckled face.

“Come now, my fiancée, why do you always look so bothered when you see me? We are practically husband and wife. You really ought to be overjoyed to see me”.

“Husband and wife, my ass! You're only thirteen years old and you're already trying to play house?!”.

I shouted at him in frustration before getting into the carriage and heading straight back to the mansion. I felt no remorse for crushing his spirits because, in truth, I didn't care about his feelings in the slightest.

†††

Enrollment Day.

“Sigh, was all this preparation really necessary?”.

I felt annoyed that the old man had prepared a mountain of belongings for me, so much that it took several carriages just to transport it all. It's just going to school; why on earth do I need to bring this much?.

“What are you saying, My Lady? This is only a small portion of the luggage the Master prepared. The rest was sent ahead,” said Grete, the maid walking behind me.

This old man is truly obsessed with his daughter. As a girl who worked all sorts of jobs in my previous life, I had developed a high level of independence. I can live without anyone's help, so I feel extremely uncomfortable with my "father's" excessive pampering in this world.

“Furthermore, the Master even rented a luxury private room just for you because he feared you wouldn't be used to dormitory life,” Grete continued.

Tsk... that's enough, old man. Do you think I'm a useless person who can only rely on my parents? I don't need this kind of excessive luxury.

Suddenly, I saw a student in uniform pass by, while I was still in casual clothes.

“Wait, where is my uniform? I should have one by now”.

In the game, the protagonist wears the uniform immediately upon entering the school for the first time, but currently, I'm only in casual wear and there's no sign of a uniform. I thought they would send it to the house, just like how the owl delivered the admission letter.

"Oh, about that. After the new students are sorted into their Houses during the Orientation Ceremony, they will be issued their uniforms," Grete explained.

"I see, I understand".

By the way, the reason Grete was allowed to accompany me is that the rules of Roscälifer Academy allow students to bring one, and only one, servant. The person I chose was Grete, who had looked after me since I was a tiny child.

Suddenly, I saw a crowd swarming beneath a tree. They were second-year students, judging by the two stars on their epaulettes. I curiously approached, and Grete followed me.

"Look at that, a poor half-breed!".

"Get lost, you penniless trash!".

"Low-life!".

"Filth!".

Those were the words they were hurling at a new student surrounded by the frenzied crowd. They didn't hold back, disparaging her with the harshest language possible. My heroic instincts suddenly kicked in, and I was about to intervene, but then, the air around us grew abnormally cold, and the world suddenly turned dark as if a great storm was approaching. A powerful surge of magical energy appeared, making me shiver.

Moments later, the bullies fled in terror, screaming piteously as they ran.

"The Demon King! The Demon King has appeared!!".

Then, everything returned to normal. When I regained my composure, I saw that it was the poor girl I had met on Herefordshire Street. She seemed completely unbothered by what had happened and nonchalantly walked into the auditorium. She wasn't carrying much—just a small suitcase and a crossbody bag—a complete contrast to the other students, who were accompanied by carts full of luggage.

.....

The Roscälifer auditorium was a vast hall capable of seating a thousand people. Though it was called a school, it felt more like a palace; the entire interior was constructed of stone and adorned with gold motifs, featuring wine-red carpets—the most expensive kind, imported from the East—and

furniture crafted from precious wood from the elven lands. Generally speaking, everywhere you looked, it practically reeked of money.

At that moment, the hall was filled with new students from all corners of the kingdom, representing every imaginable race. They stood in small groups chatting, likely already acquainted with one another, while I stood alone with Grete. I still hadn't run into that annoying guy, so I assumed he wasn't enrolling this year—well, good for me, at least I wouldn't be bothered.

“Attention, students! The Sorting Ceremony is about to begin. Please set your luggage aside, say your goodbyes to your parents, and form single-file lines in front of the dais!”.

Professor Sylvia’s warm voice rang out, and as if it were a mind-control spell, all the students immediately followed her instructions and lined up in ten rows before the dais. Professor Sylvia was the most senior teacher at Roscälifer Academy and one of the first-generation wizards of the Claretta Kingdom. Besides managing the students and academy activities, she also taught Magic History and Divination—two subjects I would have to take in my first year.

“We shall now begin the orientation ceremony”.

Professor Sylvia brought out a crystal ball and placed it on a marble pedestal in the center of the dais.

“As you are aware, you will be sorted into the House of Light and the House of Shadow. But regardless of which House you join, you remain classmates, and everyone will be treated fairly, whether noble or commoner, Light or Shadow”.

Annoyed whispers erupted among the noble students; it seemed they didn't appreciate being treated as equals to the commoners, who numbered barely a dozen.

“Now, I invite you to come up to the platform, state your name clearly, and touch the orb. The light emitted from the orb will reveal which House you belong to and the strength of your magical prowess. If the light is yellow, you will be placed in the House of Light; if it is purple, you will enter the House of Shadow. Do you understand?”.

“Yes, Professor!” the students responded in unison.

Everyone was buzzing with excitement, as this was a golden opportunity to show off their magical power, and naturally, everyone wanted to join the House of Light, where the nobles were typically sorted. Personally, I didn't feel I had anything to brag about, so I wasn't very excited. No matter the

House, I would still follow the same curriculum and live in the same school; therefore, Light or Shadow didn't really matter to me.

The students went up one by one and did as Professor Sylvia instructed; some were proud because the orb lit up brightly, while others looked dejected as the light was just a flicker, like a dying candle. I didn't care about them since they were just NPCs added to fill the headcount.

Everything proceeded normally... until.

“Angelina Cherubiel Velasquez.”

That name... sounds familiar. A Thyrien girl with white wings stepped forward. She had shoulder-length pink hair in a wolf cut and eyes that were a blend of pink and purple. Even from a side profile, I could see she looked like a true angel, despite her slightly sharp, cold gaze.

Angelina... could this be... the supporting character, my love rival? Why is she appearing so early? She was supposed to show up in Chapter 2.

The annoying second son isn't here, but my rival is! Damn it!

Angelina gently touched the orb, and it emitted a purple light; the halo was so intense that even after the light in the orb died down, I could still see its afterimage. This proved Angelina's magical power was extremely formidable, and she belonged to the House of Shadow.

Now, I just have to hope I don't end up in the House of Shadow so I can avoid seeing her too much, because in the future, she's going to kill me for being her rival.

“Thea Mortimer!”

While I was lost in thought, my name was called. I had no choice but to step forward and touch the orb. Since I didn't have a lick of magic, I tried to stall for time, but Professor Sylvia patiently waited for me. It seemed my stalling tactic had no effect whatsoever. If it were revealed that I had no magic, I'd die of embarrassment. Overwhelming fear made sweat pour down my back like a bath, and my legs were trembling uncontrollably.

Suddenly.

“Huh...?”

The crystal ball unexpectedly emitted a fairly strong yellow light, though not to the point of being blinding. Where did the magic come from?

“Mortimer, you've been sorted into the House of Light. Please return to your spot.”

Professor Sylvia patted my shoulder and pointed toward where the students sorted into the House of Light were standing.

“Yes, Professor.”

I stepped down and took my place, not understanding what had just happened.

“Eupheria Iblis Crowngard.”

Eupheria? I thought her surname was Claretta?

Finally, the villainess has made her appearance.

To my surprise, it was the same girl who had been bullied earlier, and the same person I met two days ago. I suspected she was the villainess, but I must be mistaken; the villainess I know carries the royal surname and is even a princess, whereas this girl is poor and has a different name—there's no way she could be the villainess.

As she stepped up, she suddenly looked straight at me and gave a playful wink. I couldn't fathom the meaning behind it, since we didn't exactly know each other—we'd only met briefly at the magic prop shop and hadn't said much. She walked onto the dais and touched the crystal ball. Even before her hands fully made contact, her magical power was already surging into the orb, and the moment both her palms touched it, the purple light grew increasingly intense until the orb began to crack.

Sensing something was wrong, Professor Sylvia immediately pulled Eupheria's hands away and cast a protective spell around all the students. A moment later, the orb shattered into pieces, but fortunately, thanks to Professor Sylvia's quick actions, no one was hurt; however, the incident caused a massive stir among the students. They began whispering about things like a "half-blood princess," an "illegitimate child," or a "daughter of a demon".

“Now, students, settle down.”

Professor Sylvia clapped twice, and order was immediately restored. Once the crowd fell silent, she pulled Eupheria toward her and spoke:

“Everyone, the sorting orb shattered because Eupheria's magical power was far beyond its capacity to endure. The school hadn't anticipated this and prepared an orb that wasn't strong enough; wizards with such immense power are incredibly rare—Eupheria is only the second case I've seen firsthand in my forty years of teaching at this academy. Therefore, do not spread those rumors about her being a half-blood princess or a demon; they are nothing but nonsense fabricated by the tabloids.”

“Yes, Professor!”

All the students responded in unison, but judging by their expressions, many were still bewildered; it seemed this matter wouldn't be dismissed so easily with just a few words.

After the Sorting Ceremony, everyone headed to their respective areas. The House of Light dormitory was a tower facing the sunrise, appearing bright and every bit as luxurious as my own mansion. Walking through the hall, I saw two long rows of banners featuring a double-headed eagle on a red background—the symbol of the House of Light—hanging along both sides of the main corridor. The hall was quite crowded with students by then, but I still hadn't seen that detestable second son anywhere.

Strange—according to the script, he was supposed to be in the House of Light. Or has the script glitched? If so, how is he supposed to meet me later to defeat the Demon King? Actually, that's for the better; without him, I won't be bothered anymore.

I was just celebrating internally when the voice I least wanted to hear rang in my ear:

“Morning, my most beautiful flower!”

It's him again—damn it, this guy is like a lingering ghost! I cursed under my breath but maintained a calm, condescending expression since I'm of a higher social standing than he is.

“What is it, second son? You didn't attend the Sorting Ceremony, so why are you here?”

“That? I didn't need the ceremony to get straight into the House of Light. I have money, after all; I just bought a spot. Why waste time on such nonsense?”

Joshua smoothed his hair and lifted his chin with an utterly arrogant attitude. I detested his arrogance and only hoped that one day he'd step in dog sh*t, given how he always walks with his head in the clouds.

I left him standing there and headed straight to my bedroom with Grete.

My room was located in a private wing reserved for pre-purchased rooms—meaning this area was filled exclusively with wealthy spoiled brats just like me.

“This is your room, My Lady.”

As soon as Grete opened the door, I was overwhelmed the moment I stepped inside. It was no less luxurious than my room at the Mortimer mansion—no, it might even be better. The door frames and pillars were all plated in blinding gold, the walls were white marble, every piece of furniture had gold-leaf trim, the chandeliers were made of gold and Eastern glass, and the wine-colored velvet carpet was the most expensive kind possible. There was even a colossal bed that could easily fit five people.

Good grief, I wonder how much the old man spent on this room. Such a waste.

I truly had no words for this unnecessary opulence.

“Please change into your uniform, My Lady. It was delivered immediately after the sorting results were out.”

Grete brought out a white uniform that looked like a military lolita outfit. The moment I held it, I felt the softness of the satin lining and the brocade exterior; the garment was meticulously hand-sewn down to every embroidered detail. On the epaulettes was a single golden star, signifying a first-year student—one star is added each year until graduation at seven stars.

“Do you require my assistance, My Lady?”

“No need, I can do it myself. I’m not a three-year-old child.”

I stepped into the dressing room with the uniform and returned a moment later.

“The uniform truly suits you, My Lady; you look beautiful in everything.”

Grete flattered me, and I simply took it as a compliment since I was already well aware of my own beauty.

“Today is the first day of school, so there are no classes yet. You may tour the campus and experience the academy's dining hall.”

Grete's words reminded me—this academy has a massive communal dining hall just like the one in the Harry Potter movies.

The meals there are prepared by the most renowned chefs in the Claretta Kingdom, so the quality is guaranteed to be second to none.

Just thinking about it makes my mouth water; I really want to try it and see what food in a magical world is actually like.

.....

The dining hall was located on the second floor of the living area, not too far from the dormitory.

I stepped into a large room filled with long wooden tables and neatly arranged wooden chairs along both sides. All the tables were covered with white cloths, and plates and cutlery were set precisely on top. The place seemed a bit dim because the light from outside was obscured by trees, necessitating torches to help with the lighting.

“My Lady, this is the House of Shadow area; your area is over here,” Grete said, pointing toward the white door at the end of the hallway, opposite this room.

“Oh, right... I see,” I replied.

Just as I was about to leave the House of Shadow's dining hall, I caught sight of Eupheria Crowngard appearing. She didn't seem very popular, judging by the way those who were dining immediately stood up and avoided her like the plague. Eupheria was already despised for being from an underprivileged commoner class, and now she was being ostracized further due to rumors of her being the Demon King's reincarnation and a "half-blood princess".

I couldn't help but feel a pang of sympathy when she just bought two sandwiches and immediately left.

Argh... why am I feeling sorry for that girl? She's not even my destined lover!

Casting aside those silly thoughts, I followed Grete into the House of Light dining hall. The House of Light dining hall was a significantly more spacious and brighter room compared to the House of Shadow area; it even offered a view of the school garden and the Lake of Illusions not far away. Instead of long tables and wooden chairs, the seating here was arranged in an afternoon tea style, complete with a pastry counter and a tea menu right within the dining area. The tableware here was entirely composed of luxurious and expensive items, typical of the average Claretta noble household.

"Ugh... the smell of tea is so strong," I muttered.

As soon as I stepped inside, the pungent aroma of tea hit me right in the nose. I wasn't used to drinking tea, so I felt a bit uncomfortable, but since I was in the House of Light now, I'd have to get used to it.

I really should have been in the House of Darkness instead, since bread and fruit juice are much more my style.

I found it difficult just sitting down and picking up the teacup, yet I tried my best to act as normal as possible.

"Kyaaa, Lord Joshua!"

Just as I found a moment of inner peace, that detestable guy showed up. He seemed to be a chick magnet, as the young ladies in the room immediately swarmed around him—though for the life of me, I didn't see him as handsome at all, his magical abilities were useless, and he probably only possessed the trait of being a philanderer. However, he ignored them all despite their efforts to entice and invite him to dine with them.

He walked straight over to me and took my right hand gently, but it was enough to make my skin crawl.

"Lady Mortimer, might I have the honor of dining with you?"

Tsk... You're like a lingering ghost.

I clicked my tongue and patted the chair to my left.

“You may sit, but don't you dare lay a finger on me”.

And just like that, Joshua sat in the chair to my left. The two of us ate our pastries and drank our tea in an awkward silence, neither of us bothering to look at the other. I tasted the tea first, and as expected, it was incredibly bitter. I had to add two sugar cubes and a generous amount of milk just to mask the bitterness so I could drink it—even though I knew it made the tea more like sugar water, it was the only way I could stomach it.

“Hey, why do you hate me so much, Lady Mortimer?” Joshua was the one to break the silence.

“Quite simply because I don't like you, alright?” I snapped back.

“But we're already betrothed; you really ought to be in love with me”.

Geez, what kind of logic is that? Utter nonsense.

I was starting to get annoyed, but I continued to humor him because, according to the script, there's supposed to be a "bride-stealing" scene or something later on. I'll be freed from him then; I just have to wait.

“Don't be so childish; we're not at the age for love yet”.

“True”.

He seemed to grasp the point, though probably not for long.

“Goodbye, I'm finished”.

I grabbed the plate of scones and mousse from the table and stood up to leave with Grete, leaving everyone there in a state of surprise.

.....

“Dammit, that bastard! Absolute scoundrel!!!!”.

The moment I plopped down on my bed, I screamed out curses to vent all the pent-up anger I had been suppressing until now.

“What kind of nonsense is 'you have to love your partner just because you're betrothed'? Utterly childish!”.

“Die! Die! Dieeeeeeee!!!”.

I grabbed my pillow and punched it repeatedly, imagining it was that damn Joshua's freckled face.

Oh well, what's the point of being angry? The script is already written this way. I just need to wait patiently for the day my true love comes to snatch me away right before his very eyes.

+++

Eupheria's perspective

“What rotten luck, why did I end up in the same room as her?” “What if something happens?”

I am Eupheria Iblis Crowngard, an ordinary student. I am currently sitting in my dormitory room. It is a relatively spacious room with two bunk beds, two desks, and two wardrobes; the minimalist interior is exactly like my small house back in my hometown. But that’s enough for me to live on since I despise extravagant waste.

Currently, I’m dealing with some annoying people. They shun me, openly despising me as if I were a plague, a lowlife at the bottom of society.

“If you want to change rooms, then just go. I don't care,” I responded to them coldly. I could see their visible anger—their expressions looked as if they wanted to eat me alive.

“Hmph, fine then, we're leaving,” the three of them snapped before quickly packing their luggage and leaving the room, leaving me alone.

“Haha, now this room is mine, mine alone! I can do anything without worrying about bothering anyone!”

I was overjoyed to have this entire spacious room to myself. Now I have a private space to focus on my studies without being pestered by those pests. I will definitely always rank first in every exam and every subject!

Suddenly, the door creaked open, and a single wing of a Thyrien peeked in.

“Oh? Where did everyone go?”

Before me stood a young winged girl of the Thyrien race. Thyriens are a beast-folk race; they possess animalistic traits on their bodies, ranging from small features like horns or ears to larger ones like tails and wings, or even furry. While Thyriens are typically despised in other countries, in Claretta, they possess citizenship and are treated as equals to other races.

“Angelina Velasquez, is it? Please, come in”.

“Hello, you're Eupheria, right?”

Angelina reached her hand out toward me—an act completely different from the contempt others showed me—but I still had to be on guard, as she might have ill intentions.

“H-Hello, I'm Eupheria,” I carefully shook her hand. Her hand was so warm that it made me feel a sense of relief; how strange—do Thyriens always have such warm hands?

Angelina... that name sounds familiar. And this face too—it seems like I've met her somewhere before.

“I've heard the ugly rumors about you, but don't worry, I don't believe them. I only know that the person standing before me is a talented wizard

with super, super strong magic—not a demon or anything evil at all!”

Angelina spoke, her voice so gentle and warm.

“Thank you. Finally, someone is willing to see me as a normal person,” I responded softly, my hand still tightly gripping Angelina's.

“Tomorrow, do you want to head to class with me?”

“Of course,” I replied with a smile. “But aren't you afraid of the gossip?”

“Huh? Gossip? Let them be. I’m just going to class with a normal classmate, so why should I care about what people say?”

This person... even though I don't know who she is, she surely isn't a bad person, is she?

.....

And the first day of class finally arrived.

Angelina and I entered the classroom, and I could see eyes filled with fear and contempt focused on the two of us—one from the lowest class and one a Thyrien. Although equality was the official stance, Thyriens were still held in contempt to some degree, even if it wasn't done openly in Claretta. However, somehow Angelina managed to remain calm and nonchalantly walked into the lecture hall with me.

Today was Professor Sylvia's Basic Magic class. Our classroom was built in a theater-style layout, with three tiered rows of seats rising from the podium, each level separated by a wall that served as a desk.

“Hey, there are plenty of seats left; why don't we sit in the front row?”

“Sure.”

Following Angelina's suggestion, I stepped forward and sat next to her at the very first table, directly facing the instructor. This was a spot that most students feared, but not me—I was already used to being at the top and handling pressure.

“Look, the match made in heaven has arrived!!”

Good grief, is all this fanfare really necessary? These rich people and their obsession with lavish etiquette.

I found the formalities of the wealthy troublesome; they were nothing but a waste of time and served no purpose. All I saw was the red-headed idiot I'd met before enrollment and a freckle-faced blonde sticking to her like glue. Surrounding them was a crowd of circus clowns cheering like a bunch of background extras. I silently observed them to see where they would sit, guessing they wouldn't choose to sit anywhere near someone of my kind.

But...

“Hey, move over! Make room for my fiancée to sit here!”

The freckle-faced brat pointed to the spot right next to me and used a piece of chalk to draw a boundary line.

“If you cross this line, watch out!”

And just like that, the red-headed fool sat down beside me, with that blonde moron sitting next to her. I didn't care about them or the blonde guy's threats; I just focused on my own studies.

“Psst, I heard those two are betrothed,” Angelina whispered to me using telepathy so they couldn't hear.

“Hmph, who cares? It makes sense that those silver-spooned pigs would stick together. Birds of a feather,” I replied.

I stole a glance at the blonde guy.

“That guy looks dead-stupid and ugly to boot, yet he's surrounded by girls. I wonder if he's using some kind of charm or potion. He doesn't look like he has a lick of intelligence; his brain is probably as flat as a tabletop.”

Just as I was speaking, the bell signaling the start of class rang. Professor Sylvia stepped out from the wings and opened her book.

“Good day, students. Today we begin our first subject: Basic Magic. Since Professor Sirius is away on business, I will be filling in for today's session”.

So this course was supposed to be taught by Sirius Archibald, not Professor Sylvia; I have a bad impression of that man. My story with Sirius Archibald is quite long, but it left me with a bitter taste. However, since Professor Sylvia is leading the class today instead of him, I'll set that aside for now.

“You will practice casting the most fundamental spell: Levitation. Simply point your wand at the object and chant the spell in your mind”.

As she spoke, Professor Sylvia demonstrated it immediately, and indeed, the feather on the desk floated into the air. “It's easy, isn't it?” Professor Sylvia placed her wand on the table and said, “Now, I invite you all to come up and practice one by one”.

A wand is the most basic magical tool that anyone can use, but it isn't the only tool for casting spells. Theoretically, anything capable of channeling magical energy—also known as mana—and transforming it into magic qualifies as a magical tool.

The students went up to the podium to practice one after another. Some couldn't even lift the feather more than a few millimeters; some accidentally flung the feather into their own faces; others lifted a vase by mistake and shattered it.

Sigh... a bunch of useless pigs.

I shook my head in disappointment at their disastrous performances.

“Thea Mortimer”.

It was the red-headed idiot’s turn. Watching her shake like a leaf with a stumbling gait, it was obvious she didn’t know a thing about magic—how on earth she got into a “magic” academy is beyond me. I suppose I’ll give her a bit of divine assistance.

As Thea Mortimer picked up the wand, I silently chanted a spell, and the feather soared into the sky, did a loop, and landed perfectly in the inkpot. In reality, I don’t even need to chant to cast magic; that performance was just a petty trick to impress children.

Naturally, the whole class applauded the girl while she just stood there like a fool, having no clue what had just happened. I could have exposed her, but I’ll play along for a while since she is my destiny.

Maybe I should tease her a bit.

As Thea Mortimer sat down, I lightly nudged her arm and whispered,

“Hey, you don’t have any magic, do you?”

“Huh? What are you talking about?” she replied in a panic. So she really is magicless; how can someone be so easy to read?

“I know you don’t have any magic. That Sorting Orb glowing the other day when you touched it? That was my doing”.

She genuinely freaked out when I revealed that little detail.

“P-Please don’t reveal my secret, or it’ll be the death of me!” she started crying and begging, but I wanted to keep toying with her.

“Of course, I won’t tell. I don’t care how you rich folks use money to bypass the rules, but...” I smiled suggestively. “If you have any intention of bullying or mistreating me or Angelina, watch out”.

Watching her expression shift from panic to despair was quite entertaining.

It seems I’ve got her right where I want her.

“Eupheria, you’re next”.

“Yes, Professor”.

Finally, it was my turn; all of you are about to witness the most magnificent performance. I stepped onto the podium, pretending to hold my wand and chant; the feather immediately soared into the air and danced to the rhythm of my hands, just like a musician performing to the beat of a conductor. I deliberately prolonged it for five minutes to leave them completely overwhelmed before finishing with a finale of several loops around the classroom and returning to its original position.

“Wow, marvelous! Thank you, Eupheria.”

I walked down from the podium amidst the applause of the entire class. I could see many of those useless House of Light pigs looking at me with envious eyes. They were probably accusing me of being a show-off or overdoing, but I didn't care because I am a genius; that performance was just a trivial matter to me. I nonchalantly sat back down and refocused on the lesson, ignoring those who went up after me, except for one person... "Angelina Velasquez."

It was my Thyrien friend's turn. Naturally, she didn't need much effort to deliver a performance similar to mine, but it seemed those "pigs" didn't like it much, whispering and murmuring instead of applauding. Truly a display of low-class racism.

"Hey, are you afraid of me?" I teased. "Who says I'm afraid of you?" Thea Mortimer snapped back immediately. I knew full well she was faking her toughness while shaking like a leaf on the inside.

"You're even keeping your distance from me."

Indeed, this red-headed girl was sitting a full twenty centimeters away from me—too far to be called "not afraid". But suddenly, she did something that left me stunned: she abruptly shifted closer and grabbed my hand. *What kind of action is this? Doing this to prove you're not scared of me? How childish.*

Of course, that spontaneous act didn't escape Professor Sylvia's notice.

"Mortimer, Crowngard, are you two holding hands? Do you realize we're in the middle of class? Ten points deducted from each House!"

House point penalties are deducted from the House's collective score. At the start of each school year, both the House of Light and House of Shadow begin with fifty points; points are added or subtracted based on the members' behavior. At the end of the year, the House with more points receives a silver commemorative cup and a three-day trip for its members at the start of the following year.

"Ahem, let us continue." Professor Sylvia took out a quill and said, "This is a writing pen. We wizards rarely hold pens ourselves; instead, we use magic to control them and use our thoughts to write down what is in our minds. Now, I will demonstrate for you."

Once again, Professor Sylvia showed us how it was done. The pen rose and wrote lines on the board in elegant, flowing strokes that were mesmerizing to behold.

"Thea Mortimer, you're next."

And so, that idiot was called up first again—that's what she gets for attracting attention. And there she stood, looking like a total fool because

she had no magic. *Sigh, fine then.* I secretly cast a spell to save her once more, and this time she turned back to look at me with grateful eyes, though I didn't need her thanks.

"Thank you for helping me again, Eupheria," she said the moment she sat back down.

"Don't misunderstand," I replied coldly. "I lent you a hand because I didn't want you causing trouble during class. I only want to study and learn as much as possible during my seven years here."

I responded coldly.

The lesson slowly passed in peace. Then, the bell signaling the end of the session rang, and we gathered our things.

"Students, please make sure to remember your seats; you will remain in these same spots until the end of the school year. Professor Sirius Archibald will be your teacher for the next class, so be sure to prepare carefully."

"Yes, Professor!"

+++

On the way back to our room, Angelina was the only one accompanying me. As for the others, despite being members of the same House, they shunned me and whispered behind my back. I have a feeling they hate me even more because I'm better than them, and because I'm close friends with a Thyrien.

"Hey, why did you help that red-headed brat? You usually hate the wealthy nobility," Angelina asked me.

"Oh, that. Actually, I just thought that if it were revealed she has no magic but managed to infiltrate a magic academy, everything would turn into a massive uproar and I wouldn't be able to focus on my studies. So, I helped her. Simple as that".

I repeated the exact same explanation I had given that red-headed girl, and Angelina seemed to accept it.

"So you're the studious type; then you're just like me". Angelina smiled and took both my hands; I simply smiled back awkwardly.

"Hey, shall we go buy something to eat and then eat outside on the school grounds together?"

"Sure, let's go. I'm hungry".

Angelina pulled me straight toward the communal dining hall instead of going back to the room. It was evening, and the dining hall was quite crowded with students having dinner after class. We first-year students usually have classes in the afternoon—with only one or two morning

sessions a week—so at this hour, the dining hall was filled almost entirely with first-years.

As usual, people moved out of my way wherever I went; some were in such a rush that they even tripped and spilled their food on the floor. Even those waiting in line automatically moved aside to make way for me.

Fine, all the better; it saves me the time of waiting.

Thanks to that, Angelina and I were able to buy food easily and leave quickly. I bought two sandwiches as always, but this time Angelina gave me a slice of apple pie and a glass of orange juice, while she herself bought a whole apple pie and a glass of apple juice—it seems she really likes apples.

After buying our food, we left the dining hall and went out to the school garden. The campus is quite quiet at night since most students are in the dormitories studying or eating in the dining hall, so it was just the two of us. Angelina and I sat under a large tree opposite the majestic and beautiful statue of the Goddess Roscälifer.

Goddess Roscälifer was the one who brought magic to the Kingdom of Claretta after stealing it from the Celestial Realm. For the crime of stealing magic and giving it to humans, the Goddess violated the laws of the Celestial Realm and was sentenced to exile on Earth as a human. However, Roscälifer's magic was not stripped away; she married a mortal man and gave birth to the founder of the Claretta royal family, Mirabella Ain Soph Claretta. Roscälifer's magic is passed down only to the female members of the royal family. Therefore, the leader of Claretta is always a Queen, and usually, the Queen does not marry but lives a life of celibacy to honor Goddess Roscälifer for bringing magic to this kingdom.

That is the fairy tale that every child in this kingdom is told when they are young.

“Hey, what are you thinking about?” Angelina asked me, her mouth still full of apple pie.

“Nothing, I was just remembering the fairy tale about Goddess Roscälifer,” I replied after taking a sip of orange juice.

Angelina looked up at the sky and said in a mournful voice, “It's quite a sad story, isn't it? A goddess who helped humans gain the power to fight against demons was punished by the Celestial Realm. Those gods are truly petty”.

“I feel angry for Roscälifer. The Celestial Realm should have done something to help humans against demons instead of letting Roscälifer

steal magic to give to them, only to punish her afterward. They are both petty and useless.” I bit into my apple pie irritably.

“Anyway, let's talk about something else,” Angelina said after drinking some water. “What are your thoughts after the first day of school?”

“I find the school interesting, but those called ‘classmates’ are no different from scum. They dare to offend and humiliate those who are different from them, those who are not of the same status. That is the biggest downside”.

“As for me, I find it quite normal... Thyriens like me have a long history of being looked down upon, even before the Kingdom of Claretta existed. Life in my hometown was much worse than this, so I'm used to being bullied and humiliated”.

Angelina spoke calmly as if it were a matter of course, but I did not see it as something that should be taken for granted—an unchangeable fact. It could be changed; it's just that no one wants to change it.

“I will change that.” I raised my hand to the sky and clenched it into a fist.

“What did you say?” Angelina asked in surprise.

“I will create a world where every race and every class is treated equally, and discrimination no longer exists,” I replied with a determined voice.

“If that's the case, I'll support you with all my heart and soul.” Angelina laughed and took my hand.

Just then, the bedtime bell rang, and we immediately cleaned up and returned to our bedroom.

+++

Third person perspective

Around the same time.

The Headmaster's office.

“Headmaster, it seems the reincarnation of the Demon King has enrolled at our academy. Should I keep her under surveillance?” said Professor Sylvia, who was standing across from the headmaster's desk.

“There is no need for that just yet; nothing significant has happened so far, so we needn't be overly concerned. However, we must remain vigilant against the minions of the Goddess of Darkness, Nefarith. They, too, might have infiltrated the academy”.

The chair behind the headmaster's desk swiveled around, revealing an old man with snow-white hair just like Santa Claus.

“Understood, Headmaster Albretch. I shall be more observant”.

With that, Professor Sylvia bowed and took her leave.