

A Lovesick Little Fairy Maid

By Elisabeth Scarlet

A lone little fairy maid stood at the center of the garden, mindlessly gazing at the stone path paved all over the area. She placed her hand on her chest as she took a deep breath, slowly clenching into a fist. *“If only I had tried harder,”* she thought to herself. The wind blew around her, scattering the colorful array of leaves away from the mansion grounds.

“I need to sit down,” she then muttered to herself, lowering her arm.

The fairy scanned the area for benches and found one beneath a great, big tree located right near the mansion’s walls. Lowering herself to sit down, she felt a pang of pain on her chest as she recalled what had happened. In spite of this, the atmosphere of the garden helped calm her mind. The footsteps of her coworkers passing by while they chatted, the rustling of trees and shrubbery from the passing breeze, and the chirping of the birds... It helped her forget about the heartbreak she had experienced. Her thoughts began to wander towards the chief maid – Miss Sakuya Izayoi – who had been kind enough to give her a day off. She must’ve sensed the poor maid was going through something. Yet... she felt envious of Miss Sakuya, but not of her skills nor her status, but of whom she had been together with.

Hong Meiling, the mansion's gatekeeper and occasional gardener, if she even bothers to show up for her shift. It was her, the lonely little fairy maid had fallen in love with, and for several months, she spent a great amount of time in an attempt to win the gatekeeper over. Unfortunately, her heart belonged more to Miss Sakuya, which broke the little fairy's spirit into tiny little pieces. She shut her eyes close and bit her lip, trying not to burst in tears right then and there.

"I'm just a stupid fairy, not a time-manipulating human maid..." she spoke softly, tears beginning to roll down her face despite her trying not to, "What was I thinking?"

She clenched her hands into fists tight to the point they were shaking, slowly raising one in preparation to hit herself when...

"Well, well," an elegant voice spoke from around the corner, *"A little fairy maid, all alone in the garden? Aren't you supposed to be working?"*

The fairy maid raised her head, turning towards the voice as she opened her eyes. Who she saw weren't Miss Sakuya, Meiling, nor any of her colleagues, but the mistress of the mansion herself – Remilia Scarlet, gracefully holding her parasol to protect herself from the scalding shine of the sun. Her eyes widened as she hurriedly rose from the bench and wiped her tears away, not wanting to anger the Scarlet Devil...

"Mistress!" she stuttered out, sniffing, "I-I... miss Sakuya allowed me a day off."

“Strange,” Remilia raised an eyebrow, stepping into the great, big tree’s shade, *“Sakuya never informed me of this.”*

“I... it’s just...”

Remilia raised her finger, ordering the miniscule fairy maid to keep quiet, to which she obediently followed and slowly lowered herself onto the bench once more.

“Shush, I won’t take any action, but for the time being, do tell me about what’s got you all so... distressed.”

The fairy maid gazed at the mistress, then quickly averted her eyes, slightly turning away. She didn’t want to share her troubles, but she knew bottling them up would only make things worse. It’s a hard decision, and she doesn’t have much time to make up her mind.

“So?”

She slowly gazed back at the mistress and nodded, accepting the mistress’ request. She propped back down onto the bench as Remilia quietly joined her, the tapping of her shoes towards the bench airing out an aura of intimidation to the fairy maid, who had by now fallen completely silent.

“A wise choice,” Remilia’s lips curled into a smirk as she sat down next to the terrified fairy maid, *“Now speak, go. Tell me your story and why you’re feeling so down.”*

“Very well, mistress,” she muttered out, sighing, “I’m—“

“In love with Meiling, yes,” the vampire interjected, raising an eyebrow as she looked towards the little fairy maid, *“That I already know, spare me the dull parts...”*

“I—” the fairy froze, taken aback by the mistress’ sudden revelation.
“How did you...?”

Remilia’s eyes sparkled, the smirk turning into a devious smile, *“Oh don’t you worry about that, dear. Focus on your story.”*

“Of course, my mistress,” she nodded, desperately thinking of how to shorten her story, “My apologies.”

The little fairy maid did all she could to recount and narrate the heartbreak she had experienced. From her attempts to win Meiling’s heart, to all the breakdowns she’s had in her room after every day’s work. Even the Scarlet Devil herself was taken aback by how much the little fairy’s mental state had deteriorated. Her brows furrowed as the fairy’s story went on, and soon she knew she was dealing with something worse than she had imagined. *“This’ll be tiring, what a bother... and I only came here to relax,”* Remilia thought to herself, yet she concluded that if the maid were to be able to work again, she would have to lift her spirits, even if only for a day.

“Dear, oh dear,” Remilia turned away, sighing to herself, *“What am I to do about this mess...”*

The little fairy maid watched the vampire closely; she hadn't planned on meeting the mistress at such a time, and she certainly didn't want to bother her employer with her troubles...

“So... you've been trying for months now,” She began, turning back to the fairy with an innocent smile, *“Perhaps you mistook her kindness for affection? I know your type... love comes so easily to the heart, yet crumbles just as fast.”*

The fairy stared with wide eyes, aghast at the Scarlet Devil's words, who returned the gaze with a wicked smile, knowing she was right.

“But that's beside the point,” Remilia waved her hand dismissively, *“Sometimes, that's just how the cards fall, ma chere fille. Oftentimes, people like you can have everything going so, so well but still fail at the end of it all. It's not your fault... well, I hope it isn't... but still, I'm sure no one's at fault in this entire ordeal. It's most likely you two just were not meant to be together.”*

With a sigh, the fairy maid looked down at the ground in thought, slowly processing the things the mistress had told her. She fidgeted with her fingers with an uneasy feeling. Perhaps the vampire were right, that Meiling may just not be her one true love as she had led herself to believe, yet she recollected the memories she had spent with Meiling, from the time she showed the little fairy how to garden with efficiency, to the time the two had spent their day offs going on picnics at the nearby hills, and found that she was still too attached to make a decision.

“And you can’t change their mind either; believe me, I’ve tried with a certain shrine maiden... Anyway, just know that you will and are able to move on from this, and that you’ll eventually find a true person to spend your life with, if there is a certain person for you, that is.”

Remilia looked towards the maid with a raised eyebrow after speaking, hoping to have changed her mind with her very honeyed words, whom she herself barely believed in. But despite it all, she still desired to have the maid return to her work, and not idling about. *“But it wouldn’t be entertaining to be giving advice all day,”* she thought, flicking her parasol to spin.

“So,” Remilia straightened her posture, *“Anything to say? Have I... changed your mind, perhaps?”*

“...A bit, my mistress,” the fairy maid spoke softly, *“But I don’t think I can move on so soon. I still feel attached to her.”*

“That’s alright,” the vampire replied, turning her head to look somewhere else, *“Take your time, just make sure you’re still capable of work.”*

“Okay,” the fairy nodded hesitantly, giving a sheepish smile, *“I’ll get back to work by tomorrow, mistress. Thank you... for your advice.”*

The Scarlet Devil returned the nod, then waved to dismiss the little fairy maid. *“Finally, I can have this little spot all to myself,”* she mused with a satisfied nod while the fairy hurriedly rose up and walked away,

leaving the vampire to the peaceful yet lively atmosphere of the garden.

As the fairy maid walked away, she recollected the conversation the mistress had with her. While the vampire's words did indeed calm the maid, she still felt unease lingering in her heart. The attachment to Meiling was still there, stubborn and aching, but the mistress had given her something to hold onto – hope... hope that in time, she will heal from her wounds and move on from those past affections. Soon she found her thoughts drifting back to the gatekeeper, to the days they spent together, to the shared moments that now felt like they belonged to someone else.

With a deep breath, she cleared her mind and paused to look back at the great tree where she had spoken with the mistress. The vampire was still there, lounging, lazily twirling her parasol in her hand whilst gazing at the little fairy maid. The sight made her feel worried to be watched so closely, up until the mistress winked at her with a grin. The fairy maid's eyes widened in embarrassment and she immediately turned back around, rushing to enter the mansion.

“My, what a dramatic little thing,” Remilia muttered to herself, giggling afterwards, *“How... feeble.”*

With that, Remilia shut her eyes, content in the result of her efforts and that now, all was well as it should be.