



DIARY OF A FAIRY PRINCESS



◆ DEVIANT MAGIC ◆



SCOTT COLBY

DIARY OF A FAIRY PRINCESS



Scott Colby

DEVIANT MAGIC BOOK THREE: DIARY OF A FAIRY PRINCESS

Copyright © 2021 Scott Colby. All rights reserved.

Published by Outland Entertainment LLC

3119 Gillham Road

Kansas City, MO 64109

Founder/Creative Director: Jeremy D. Mohler

Editor-in-Chief: Alana Joli Abbott

ISBN: 978-1-954255-02-9

EBOOK ISBN: 978-1-954255-03-6

Worldwide Rights

Created in the United States of America

Editor: Gwendolyn N. Nix

Cover Illustration: Ann Marie Cochran

Cover Design: Jeremy D. Mohler

Interior Layout: Mikael Brodu

The characters and events portrayed in this book are fictitious or fictitious recreations of actual historical persons. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the authors unless otherwise specified. This book or any portion thereof may not be reproduced or used in any manner whatsoever without the express written permission of the publisher except for the use of brief quotations in a book review.

Printed and bound in the United States of America.

Visit outlandentertainment.com to see more, or follow us on our Facebook Page facebook.com/outlandentertainment/

— CHAPTER ONE —

This is the worst hiding place ever,” Myrindi snapped with the sort of melodramatic huff only a spoiled teenaged girl can manage. “You assholes suck at this rescue shit.”

“Take it easy, Princess,” Lep said soothingly. A big bear of a man, the elf’s head almost scraped the low stone ceiling of the ancient storage room they’d ducked into. “We’ll be safe here.”

Her dark eyes narrowed and her blue cheeks flushed purple. “Why can’t we be safe somewhere with some natural light? My tan’s going to go straight to hell in this hole and vitamin D deficiencies have always been hell on my mood.”

“But you don’t really tan, you navy blue,” Lep replied, his beefy jowls quivering. “And you’re safe.”

“My stylist warned me that prolonged exposure to cold, damp places could lead to discoloration of my highlights.”

“But you’re *safe*. And you’re a water nymph. Cold and damp is your natural habitat.”

“And how can I *possibly* keep up with the Kardashians without a television? Kanye’s new single drops tomorrow.”

“But you’re safe.”

“And I was supposed to be at Tachel’s sweet sixteen half an hour ago—”

“Shut the fuck up!” Pike roared, stepping between the two of them. Although not nearly as enormous as Lep, Pike nonetheless was large enough and in good enough shape that most people wouldn’t want to mess with him. His plate armor shone the color of fresh blood in the soft light thrown by the single flickering halogen in the corner. A huge broadsword was strapped to his back. “And you, Lep, I don’t know what kind of perverse pleasure you get from riling up this little bitch—”

“Little bitch?” Thin as a rail, Myrindi shifted her weight back onto her heels, stuck one bony hip out to the side, and crossed her arms over her chest. The simple white shift she wore hung loosely from her narrow shoulders. The gills in the sides of her slender neck fluttered angrily. “Little bitch? Do you know what happened to the last Rot-licking asshole who spoke to me that way?”

Pike rubbed the top of his shaved head as he considered her question. “Absolutely nothing.”

Myrindi squinted right back at the burly elf. “Fine. Technically, you’re right. But that guy’s on my list and he *will* get his.”

From her seat beside the tiny room’s only door—a hunk of dented metal that had seen better days and much better paint jobs—Chastity cleared her throat loudly. A pretty young woman with bright red hair and pale skin spattered with freckles, she was dressed conservatively in sandals, a pair of ripped blue jeans, and a gray T-shirt sporting the Irish flag. She looked more like a tourist on holiday than a commando on a rescue mission. “Hey, you know what’s kind of hard? Maintaining a magically cloaked door while a bunch of dumbasses argue about stupid shit like a bunch of five-year-olds kicking dirt at each other on the damn playground.”

Pike took a step closer to the tiny princess and stuck his finger in her face. "Exactly. So if you don't shut your trap, I'll shut it for you."

A shadow detached itself from the wall, taking the shape of a gnarled old troll as it inserted itself between Pike and Myrindi. "You shall not threaten the Princess," Froman growled, his deep voice seeming to fill all the empty space in the small room. Knobs and warts and whorls pocked his scaly, yellowish-green skin. Under a loose black robe typically stocked with all manner of tools, weapons, and supplies, he wore a black chainmail shirt over black jeans with a pair of combat boots.

Pike glared down his nose at Myrindi's protector. He had a couple inches on the troll, but Froman outweighed him by a good hundred pounds. "Keep her quiet."

Froman let his angry gaze linger on Pike one moment longer, then he took the princess's elbow and led her to the back corner. "He's an ass, but he's right. The more noise we make, the greater our chances of being discovered," he explained gently as he motioned for Myrindi to take a seat atop a short pile of wooden pallets.

She wrinkled her little nose at the offered seat, but she sat nonetheless. Her sore legs needed a break. She figured she'd done enough running that day to keep her personal trainer off her back for at least a week or two.

"I'm going to go stir crazy in here, Fro," Myrindi whined. "Developing young minds like mine require appropriate stimulation. I can't believe I let you talk me into leaving without my tablet."

"I've got something even better than that infernal device," Froman replied happily. His wide smile transformed him from a rugged, untamed beast to a cartoon ogre ready to burst into song. He reached inside his robe and produced a leather-bound

journal. "I grabbed this before we fled your chambers. Thought you might want it."

With a mighty sigh and an eye roll that would've made most observers immediately dizzy, Myrindi snatched the journal and opened it up to its first page. "Fine."

Dear Dumb Fucking Diary,

I can't believe I've been reduced to writing my life's story in the back corner of a janitor's supply closet. In case you haven't heard, I'm Myrindi XVII, Crown Princess of Talvayne, and I do not often frequent dirty, dingy places like the one in which I now find myself trapped. A janitor's closet is for mops and buckets and poor people who want to fornicate when they're supposed to be at work.

And as for you, Diary, suffice to say that you and I wouldn't be spending this quality time together had I entertainment options beyond reading the labels of various cleaning supplies, counting cockroaches, or giving Pike the Royal Stink Eye when he isn't looking. I've avoided you for thirteen years, after all, so don't you start thinking we're friends all of a sudden. We're just temporary acquaintances, kind of like people matched on dating shows. Fro gave you to me on my third birthday. Apparently it's tradition for Talvayan Crown Princesses to keep a journal no one else ever reads. Fuck that noise. You are kind of cool, though. This whole "think about what you want to write and the words just appear" thing would've been super useful during my penmanship lessons. Learning cursive never helped anybody.

But that's enough about you, Diary. I'm the star of this here memoir; you're just part of the supporting cast. I'd put you on the marquee just below Fro but way, way above Pike. Take a powder. And get some lotion. You're looking a bit chapped.

In medias res openings have always seemed a bit cheeky to me, so the inspirational, heartwarming, perfectly written story of my life will start at the only logical place: the very beginning. As the cells of my little fetus brain flared to life, I couldn't help being struck by how fucking pink my surroundings were. Mother's uterus really needed an interior decorator—and a thermostat. It was like a troll's armpit in there, except it smelled a little better. Sorry, Fro.

I spent the ensuing four months floating, absorbing nutrients, and listening. There was a whole world beyond my dark, poorly decorated prison, and it was full of loud, obnoxious ass-hats. Most of Mother's time was spent listening to the inane requests of bitchy people who needed more room for their goats, less noise out of their neighbors, or the continued support of the crown in bringing their experimental cheese-based geomancy project to fruition. Mother rarely replied to these petitions, leaving Father to do the majority of the work—and make the final decision, which struck me as a bit odd. Why bother putting Mother through all that if she couldn't really contribute? I got the general impression that she was just an accessory, a pretty pair of earrings stuck crookedly into the gangrenous ears of a governmental apparatus that thought it was the coolest cat on the block but in reality didn't have a clue how tragically unhip it really was.

Sorry about that, Diary. Didn't mean to go all nerd-burgers on you. I'll tone it back down.

There were also lots of what I would later learn to be parties. At the time, I had no clue what Mother had wandered into. What the Rot was all that noise and fuss and hullabaloo? The rare people who stopped being ridiculous for a few moments to offer their congratulations or a few words of encouragement confused me even more. Mother was saddled with a great responsibility, apparently, and she was fulfilling it with the

grace and dignity befitting someone of her station. Maybe she'd been named den mother of a troop of pretentious girl scouts. Maybe it was her job to guard the nuclear football. Maybe it was something as simple as cleaning the pool or sweeping the stairs. No one explicitly said, so I had no clue that yours truly was actually the reason for all the chatter. Ah, to be that young and naïve again...would actually suck sweaty elf taint, come to think of it.

Sometimes the outside was quiet. These times were exceedingly rare, but Mother put each and every one of them to good use. When no one else was around, her soft, scratchy voice worked a mile a minute as she described the world and her role in it. She told me about being princess and becoming queen and knowing her death wasn't far off. She told me about Talwayne, our home. She told me about the deadly Rot surrounding the city and the magical network of transpoints that connects us to the rest of the planet. She told me about the billions and billions of humans and the sorcery used to keep them oblivious to the existence of fairy folk like us. I committed every single syllable to memory, reciting them to myself when the outside became too raucous for my tender little ears to deal with.

And then, after months of unbearable warmth in the unfurnished efficiency unit that was Mother's womb, my birthday finally came. Mother's insides quivered like a teenaged pop star loaded up on cough syrup cocktails. I knew it was time for me to be born, but I would've held onto something had I known exactly what that entailed. As I was shoved violently out into the world through the fleshy canopy of Mother's woo-woo, a single cry burst forth from my lips.

"What the fucking fuck?"

It was too bright. It was too cold. My brain was far too addled to focus on anything. Mother was crying. And—worst of all—some stranger had his hand on my ass.

"Put me down, you plebeian neanderthal!" I roared.

"Congratulations, Your Highness," the stranger said as he offered me to Father. "A beautiful new Talvayan Crown Princess!"

"The man's got good taste, but he's copping waaaaaay too much of a feel," I added.

"Yes, yes," Father replied as he deftly avoided the doctor's attempt to hand me off. Lard Ass is not the type of man to hold angry, sticky newborns. "See that she's cleaned up and vaccinated and all that. The nanny will take care of the rest."

"Yes, Your Highness."

The doctor set me down gently on something soft and absorbent. As my eyes adjusted to the harsh fluorescent light of the birthing room, I suddenly found myself face-to-face for the first time—and the only time—with my mother. She was beautiful, both for a wood nymph and for someone covered in sweat and leaking blood from all her orifices. But still. She was a perfect angel, a petite beauty with girl-next-door good looks carved in wooden skin and trimmed in leafy green hair. When our eyes met...well, that's the only time I've ever cried. Seriously. I fucking swear. I was just pretending all the other times. Fuck you, Diary.

"I love you, Myrindi," she muttered as she breathed her last breath.

"Love you too, Mother," I wailed, "but I was really hoping you'd name me River or Bailey or Zoe or something a little more modern and hip, you know. Mother? Mother!"

She'd been telling me for days that she would die delivering me, that it was just the way life goes when you're Queen of Talvayne, but I hadn't believed her. It sounded too horrible to be true. I'd hoped Mother was just nervous and scared and too caught up on the worst-case scenario. I'd been wrong, and it made me wish I'd spent more time with her—you know, even

though I'd technically never *not* been with her. I just always assumed we'd have all the time in the world to be best pals. Nope. My mother was dead.

And Lard Ass hadn't even said good-bye. Thought I'd point that out in case you needed further proof that he's a total tool shed.