

83: *Daddy's Little Princess*

"What do you mean 'not again'!?" the teenager shouted, turning to her father. "You're the one who keeps bringing me these rejects, daddy! I try and I try, we rehearse and re-read and repeat, and yet this is the result!? Someone can't even repeat a SINGLE LINE PROPERLY!?"

In fury, the girl launched another wave of electricity at the smoldering corpse, but it did not even move. All the nerves were fried. The body was utterly destroyed.

"Lady Ophelia!" one of the maids—a catgirl with whiskers, pronounced orange fur, and fluffy ears—took a step forward. "You must not talk to our lord like—KYAAAAAAAA~"

The pink-haired girl zapped the catgirl with her electric powers, sending the furry flying several rows of seats backward.

"Who the fuck hired this furry slut that dares interrupt me!?" Ophelia shouted and looked around, searching for the culprit.

The other maid only looked at the catgirl that now laid amidst broken chairs. The experienced maid knew better than to make a sound or sudden movements.

"Uuugh..." the electrified catgirl maid moaned weakly and rolled on her back, holding her side that got smashed into the hard wood of the chairs. She was alive at least, and apparently without a broken back. *Far luckier than some other newbies*, the experienced maid thought to herself.

"Haah... Haah..." Ophelia breathed hard, calming down after another outburst. The two girls behind her (each no older than twelve or thirteen, like the princess) stood still like statues, not daring to move a muscle. They knew their job—to hold the banners perfectly vertical, perfectly aligned with each other. And by doing their job to perfection, they were able to stay by Ophelia's side without getting barbecued. But even their experience could not prevent them from completely hiding their terror of their leader, though they tried to mask it as best they could.

"M-my princess..." The sweaty father stuttered and pulled a hanker-chief out of his back pocket to wipe the sweat off his forehead. "You can't—"

"I CAN'T!?!?" the teen bellowed, interrupting her own father.

"I-I mean... You really shouldn't do such things," he hurried to correct himself and wiped away more sweat from his forehead. "It's not easy to get these children here. There are already such disgusting rumors spreading about me, and each time you—"

"You just don't love me enough, daddy!" the girl interrupted again, crossed her arms, and theatrically turned her head away. "If you really loved me you wouldn't worry about what peasants say and instead would find me better play-partners!"

"O-of course I love you!" lord Belmont's assurance sounded more like a plea.

"You keep saying that, but you never keep your promises!" the girl puffed her cheeks.

"I-I..." Belmont stuttered, trying to remember which specific promise Ophelia referred to, as the girl's list of demands brought about by her whims was extensive.

"You said that I would be the princess of this kingdom!" Ophelia reminded. "You lied!"

"You'll always be my little princess—" lord Belmont tried to weasel his way out.

"A *REAL* princess!"

"B-but... T-things changed! I can't just go in and tell the king to—"

"I want to be a princess!" the girl shouted and stomped her armored foot down on the wooden stage. "I want to! I want to, I want to-I-want-to!"

As Ophelia threw her tantrum, repeating the same thing while stomping her foot down, again and again, electricity sparked around her. The shot-tempered girl wittingly—or even worse, unwittingly—was charging another attack.

"A-alright, my sugar!" lord Belmont caved in. He shouted so that Ophelia could hear him over her own tantrum. "You'll be a princess! I promise! I'll figure something out!"

"Oh? Really!?" Ophelia instantly changed her demeanor and looked at her father lovingly and excitedly, like a kid before Christmas that was promised a puppy. "Promise, daddy?"

"I promise," lord Belmont promised with a smile lovingly, though the corner of his mouth twitched, hinting at the many worries deep within his heart.

"Good!" Ophelia clapped her hands and switched her thoughts to present issues. She turned around to her terrified playmates and announced to them as if nothing had happened, "Alright, we'll take it from the top! Kevin, you'll take the role of... of...?"

"Tom," the girl behind Ophelia whispered.

"Yeah, Tom," Ophelia nodded. "Take five minutes to get into positions and repeat your lines. And somebody—get this stinking gutter trash off my stage!!"

Two of the guards looked at each other, sighed, pulled up their purple collars to use them as masks against the stench, and—reluctantly—went on stage to take the charcoal corpse away.