A treachery that revived five butterflies
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I was wondering how to spend my fifth life.
Yes, my fifth life. This is the fifth time I've lived the same life. I was burned to death, guillotine, hanging and stabbed. And all my tragic endings were tied to a man, my half-sister Rachel.
Today Rachel's mother married my father, Duke Cecil. It was the end of my sad life as a heiress. After four times, I realized I wasn't the favorite heiress I thought I was. I was just a tool. An instrument that connects the two most powerful families on the continent.
My father didn't love me. If Rachel, who was more obedient, more beautiful and healthier, could replace me, I would be. With Rachel as a comparison, I was just disappointed. Someone we know he had a bad temper, a madman who only knew how to spend money. In time, I was the one who was ashamed of my family. They would have abandoned me if their pride had left them.
I was a child ruined by an heiress in my first life. I looked at Rachel downstairs, I thought she was just a village idiot. She'd never be on the same level as me. She'll even make me look like someone taller. I was a child like that. But I was wrong, I was the one playing Rachel's steps.
Rachel had perfect manners and temperament, unlike what I've known in bad tempers. Rachel was pretty, and I was just a person who had pretty features. Rachel had more magic talent than I did. Rachel shone in every aspect as I trembled in her shadow.
That's not what I expected. I shouldn't have stayed in the shadows. My pride didn't survive. I was jealous. Even though my fiancé fell in love with Rachel and told her father that he wanted to marry Rachel, it was the last drop. I've become a bad guy in every romantic story.
Looking back, I knew it was childish and it wasn't worth it. What I did was a pathetic joke to Rachel.
But did I deserve the way I met my death? Burning alive in front of everyone? You know how painful it was to burn? You know what it's like to feel your skin and your tissues turn into dust? Do you know your life was burned to pieces?
I've never hurt anyone. It was only mean words and hysterical crises, like any spoiled heiress who abandoned his temperament. The worst thing I've ever done is try to cheat on her trying to win a magical duel. Actually, I was pretty stupid. That's how I was trapped by one of Rachel's fiancés and ended my tragic life. And he started never ending hell.
When I realized I was born in a second life. I filled myself with hatred and anger, I wanted revenge. As long as my second life ended much faster than my first.
I learned from my previous deaths. I decided to avoid Rachel and her lovers at all costs in my third life. Rachel was the most important man in history. All the gods were on his side, as well as the ranks of the fiancés who did everything Rachel told them or told them to do. I've lived longer than anyone else in this life. Trying to avoid Rachel at all costs, I fled and crossed the sea to a continent that hated the people of our continent.
After seven years, I thought I'd finally stop hiding in fear of a foreign country. I thought I could go home. I intended to settle in a small villa outside. As soon as I bought my little villa, I was caught. I was told that my father, with whom I haven't been in contact for years, had all this time planned betrayal. And I have to help my father in secret.
As for my dear half-sister, who had been my dear father's perfect daughter for all these years, she knew nothing about it. It was clean as snow! She was innocent! I was told that my punishment was even worse when I was trying to defame Rachel's empress. As planned by the bad half-sister who laughed at Rachel. I had no idea how I became an angry half-sister when I fled when Rachel arrived at the crime scene. I was hanged.
I gave up my pride in my fourth life. I couldn't bear to never finish reincarnation. I thought if I died like normal people, torture would stop. I pretended to be a better sister. Whatever Rachel wants, I gave her. I was even his best friend. I threw myself into the process, I was just a puppet who was doing everything Rachel was doing. It's over when an empty lady, whose beloved child dumped her for Rachel, came to our house for a tea with a knife. Rachel was hiding behind me just in time, and I was stabbed. I never thought that would happen, I was busy making Rachel tea. I couldn't even cast a protective spell.
When I remembered all my bad survival attempts, I was barely hoping to have my fifth life.
Then Sarah rushed into the room and shouted, "They're here, Lady Odette!"
I have to stop going to bed. I have to start dating my fifth life.
Let's make this life the last. This time, let's die for real.
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Author's note
Hello! Thanks for reading. I hope you enjoy the beginning of this new story. Why did Odette come back from time to time? Who was Rachel? Tell me what you think!
Updates will be received on Tuesday and Friday.
This story is recorded in the same world as my other stories, but on another continent. So he's a loner!
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"Odette!" Rachel told me she had a little cold on her face. Her voice became softer when her confidence hesitated, as if she were afraid of me, "Can I call you Odette? I hope it's not too much in front of me. But I really want us to be close sisters, Odette." She smiled with her lavender eyes.
Before I said something, my father said: "Of course you can, Rachel. We're all a family." He smiled at her and really looked at me.
I had a cup of tea and smiled: "Of course, Rachel. We're all a family."
Yesterday's wedding took place in peace. Rachel started talking about the capital with her exciting red dress, showing her color in white porcelain and her deer as lavender eyes. I chose a simple dark blue dress, not stupid enough to think I could humiliate her by wearing the same dress I did in my first life.
I've decided to remain an innocent eyewitness for the time being. I wouldn't have run away, which turned out to be ineffective. I would no longer give up on myself and my pride to please Rachel, everything that led me to be used as a shield when the danger was at stake.
I thought about it, my time as an antagonist Rachel in my second life was the happiest of all my four lives. Maybe I should be a bad guy again. Better to live happily than to suffer if I have to repeat it over and over again.
I knew Rachel wasn't guilty, that she was blessed by the gods. And I was wrong, even though I ended up being punished more than I deserve. I admit I wasn't a good girl. I liked to compare myself to people around me, and I became a bitter and bitter monster when people are better than me. I never liked what I had. Because someone told me that in one of my past lives, I had learned my own guilt.
I've decided to follow the flow of life for now.
"What are you doing today? Let's go party together! If... if you don't mind, of course." Rachel smiled shyly. "I don't know anyone here."
"Odette, take Rachel with you. "Come meet your friends," said my father.
"Hannah's having a tea party tomorrow. I'm taking Rachel with me."
I remember Hannah's tea party. No matter what I changed, Hannah's tea party was an event that never changed. Rachel would be humiliated there. No matter how much I was trying to stop the humiliation, it looked like a novel story, it always looked just along the road that was supposed to happen.
If I hadn't participated, the leader of the group that humiliated Rachel would be the heir to another known family. If I had taken Rachel's side and tried to protect her, my well-established defense would have been overturned, so I felt like I was making sarcastic comments to Rachel. The same rumors about how I hated my half-sister will spread the next day. Once, I tried to hide so I wouldn't be involved in this humiliation together. When I came back, Rachel blinked with deer eyes and looked at me with a tacit condemnation. Everyone's starting to think it's me who orders my friends to do it.
We can't escape from this. No matter what I did, two things will come out of a tea party. There were rumors that I hated Rachel, and Rachel would have been saved from the humiliation of one of her fiancés.
From my past experience, I could still be Rachel's friend after this incident, but if she hated me secretly, I had no idea.
What am I gonna do this time? What if I didn't bring Rachel to a tea party? In some lives, I was forced by my father to take him there, and after a while, I confessed because I wanted to humiliate him at a party like an angry half-sister. In other lives, I thought there would be no humiliation without my incitement to farce.
Of course not. I knew it better now. There have been a number of major events that must occur despite everything. They were like the cornerstones of the building. Like a tea party where Rachel has to be humiliated and meet one of her fiancés.
Wait... fiancés? Speaking of which, all these cornerstones were linked to Rachel and her fiancée lines in one way or another.
Can I change that? What if Rachel couldn't meet her fiancé number one at a tea party? The first was Lord Hank, son of the Duke. This duke was a powerful priest who served the god of thunder.
In our country, there were different temples serving different gods. Every noble family had a god it served. Chiefs send their children to study in temples. The chosen descendants will become priests or priests of this temple. Usually, priests and priests fought each other with their magic. The people of our continent, unlike those who live on the continent through the sea, can practice witchcraft or magic, which become more specialized after being trained at the temple.
Most of the authority of our country has been divided and preserved between the priest and the priestess of the various temples. That is why the aristocrats have always sent their children to the temples, in the hope that their children will become priests or priests. Once in power, their families will also become more powerful. My family had hoped in me, but unfortunately, I wasn't particularly good at magic. That's why they ended up talking to the most talented Rachel, even if she wasn't a blood family.
On returning to Lord Hank, he was engaged to Lady Florence from an early age, and they said they were getting along very well. But he's fallen in love since he saw Rachel. Lady Florence was one of the candidates of the priesthood for her god. The day the last choice was made in my previous lives, she received a letter that Hank wrote about the breakdown of their engagement. She was injured during the trial and lost the game. She became a priest, second in the enemy team, but after this match, her face was scratched.
It's really a tragedy. What if Hank didn't meet Rachel at a tea party? Florence wouldn't have been distracted in a few days. Their engagement will end one way or another. Hank's gonna meet Rachel and fall in love. But if I could postpone their appointment until Florence chose her? It's not worth losing his place and face for a cunning guy.
But how could I stop this tea party?
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Author's note
Chapter two! We have more information about Odette's country! And of course, half-sister Odette, Rachel. What's Odette planning?
Odette lived all these lives. These lives are actually his past, but for everyone else, it's like a restart for them. I hope that makes sense!
Thank you for reading this story. Tell me what you think! I hope you're gonna love it!
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"Lady Odette, where are you going?" Sarah, my maid, was screaming in fear when she saw me out the window.
Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh I cast a spell so Sarah wouldn't have fun seeing me get out of the house in the middle of the night.
Sarah wanted to talk again, but she found out she wasn't capable. She yelled at me and said, "Lady Odette! It's almost midnight!"
"Yes, I know. That's why I decided to leave now!" I turned my eyes and threw a sleep spell until Sarah hit me one of them. Sarah fell to the floor. "Good night! See you tomorrow!"
I walked out the window of my room and jumped. As soon as I jumped, I threw a simple spell to control my descent. The God my family served was a god of the wind. I was sent to the wind temple when I was 10. My father expected me to take at least the position of priest, not the highest, but the most modest. But I couldn't even do it. Could I manage simple spells related to the wind, but more complex and advanced? I couldn't learn them as well as my teachers and my father wanted to.
But a simple wind spell was enough to plan my exit. To escape, I needed a potion. The potion to make me look like a fever and a disease. Very sick. Even the healers didn't know I was pretending.
Why did I know the art of the god of darkness? Since my second life, when I became a monster. You think I used it on Rachel? Of course not, because of someone's laziness, I had to do the job of the priestess of darkness. I remember the ingredients of this potion, and that's because I made more than 20 of them.
I put a hood on my head to make sure it covers my face and that it quickly heads towards the woods near my domain. Potion plants were ordinary herbs. I can find them in the woods.
A few hours later, I finally picked up all the necessary ingredients. I scattered my narrow limbs when I noticed that the raven remained on the branch of the tree next to me. He bowed his head when he saw me looking at her, and then he chained her. Then he took his wings and s'apos; is flown away. When she passed me, the raven's black feather fell and landed near my leg.
I picked it up. It looks like the pen was a sign of gold when I threw it in the moonlight.
"No way... no, it's impossible." I laughed dry. Although I didn't think the raven was really a raven, I put the feather in my pocket. "In case. Just in case." I spent my pocket making a good decision.
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"Odette, Sarah said you were sick," my father looked at me with doubts in his eyes.
I tried to pretend to be sick several times when I was a kid. In the good old days, when I was still naive and young. I don't doubt my dad thought I was gonna pretend to be sick, so I didn't have to bring Rachel to a tea party.
What a surprise my father was quite right this time, but unfortunately he couldn't have revealed the truth.
"Father, I don't feel very well. Maybe I'll need a healer." I sneezed. "Please tell Rachel I'm sorry I couldn't take her to a tea party." I sneezed again. "Sarah's invitation gave me an invitation! Please don't let me hold Rachel, maybe Rachel can go alone. Rachel must be very disappointed." I was cleaning the eyes of tears that didn't exist.
At that time, the door opened when Rachel came by. "And how do you feel? You look hot! Oh, my God. How are you feeling, my dear Odette?" Rachel was crying because of the agitation, her lavender eyes began to mist.
As I predicted. Rachel has to come see me. It's true that your enemy was the one who knew you best.
"Rachelle, I'm sorry. Looks like you should go alone. Too bad. I thought I could come with you to your first tea party," I breathed and hit my eye with a handkerchief.
"No, Odette. I'm sad that you're suffering." The tears were about to fall from Rachel's eyes. She shook my hand when she said so.
I pretended to be touched. I've learned something from my past life, and my behavior has improved considerably. I knew how to act as if we were big loving sisters. My father would be very happy. Honestly, I just wanted to throw up. Can you believe you've had such deep feelings for someone you've only known one day?
"Rachelle, don't let me hold you. It's almost time to go to a tea party, go get ready." I put a handkerchief in the direction of the door.
My dad threw Rachel away. "You heard what your sister said. Go get ready."
I was waiting for Rachel to leave. Rachel would never have left her sick sister alone while she was playing.
"No, I'm not going!" Rachel was crying. "How can I leave my sister alone here when I'm having fun? I can't forgive myself! I'll stay here and take care of Odette."
" As expected from Gera's daughter, " he said, "there was some kind of approval on her face. "Edette, learn something from your sister. Get some rest." Then he came out of the room.
As my father was expected. It happened, from now on, we'll always be compared. As Rachel went all the way, in comparison, I'd still be incompetent.
"Odette, do you want a cup of hot tea?" Rachel smiles with love.
"It's gonna be great." I smiled. Now I had to keep Rachel at home until Lady Florence finished her last choice.
Lord Hank, you're gonna have to wait a little longer to see your true love. I smiled when I drank tea.
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Author's note
A little joke from Odette; p Let's hope you enjoy reading this = = = = = = chapter! See you next time!
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The invitation to Lady Florence's party was sent to our estate a week later. My father thought this would be a great opportunity for Rachel to enter society. He asked me to take Rachel when I recovered from my big cold.
I think it's cruel for Lady Florence. Lord Hank is in love with Rachel at her party? But I couldn't pretend to be sick again, could I? The same thing's gonna get old again.
And there was another problem, the feather raven I brought back from the forest really jumped in gold when I hit under the sun. Which means the crow I met that night was really that crow. Why was that raven so far from home? He must be as lazy as his owner.
It shouldn't matter to me, we didn't know each other in this life. That's right, I have to pretend I didn't see the raven. You have to burn the feather.
My look was cut short when Sarah got into my room and said, "Depine, Lady Rachel was stolen from the street!"
"What? Where are the servants?" That is certainly not what has happened in recent years. What if they think it's still my job?
"Lady Rachel saw orphans on the street, so she bought bread and money in her bag and ordered her maid and coach to distribute them. She also gave money when it was stolen!"
"Okay." I lost my temple with my fingers. That's what Rachel would have done, it's a miracle that she wasn't stolen more often. "Is she hurt?"
"Of course not! The most interesting thing is that Lord Hank saved her! Lady Rachel was apparently shocked and scared, so Lord Hank brought her back! He was still downstairs in the living room!"
Chucks escaped my throat when Sarah looked at me with anxiety. And I was so worried these two could ruin Lady Florence's party. The first day I released Rachel from the estate, she ran into Lord Hank. There's really nowhere to run. Maybe in a moment, the words will spread about how I hired the thieves to scare poor Rachel.
I decided not to worry anymore. Let the words spread. But in this life, I finally changed Lady Florence's destiny, she mustn't waste her time with this weird fiancé. I didn't want another idiot to turn into a grudge because her fiancé betrayed her, just like I did in my first life. It's not worth it.
If I could save them because I knew exactly where everything was going, why not?
That night, Rachel came to my room and told me about her great adventure today. When she spoke of Lord Hank, her face snuck when she snuck her hand, worrying about Lord Hank's heroism. She acted like a girl in love with someone for the first time.
It was Rachel. To every fiancé, she acted as if she loved him or loved him. Each time, it is the light and the gaze of admiration, as well as love in her lavender eyes. When I pretended to be her best sister in my past life, I asked her if every fiancé would propose who she would choose. And she said she couldn't choose.
Sometimes I wonder if she really loved one of them or if she's not even able to love.
"Odette, I think I should thank Lord Hank. He's a nice gentleman. He knew I was scared, he even brought me back! You didn't see him being a hero back then! I felt safe in his arms!"
All I could do was make a fake smile on my face.
"Do you know what gift he's going to like?"
"What I'm not sure, I don't know him very well. I'm sorry, Rachel." I smiled apologizing.
"What do you say if I make cookies? Do you think he'll love it?"
Whatever you do, I'm sure he'll love it. I mumbled under my breath.
"Your gratitude is the most important thing," he said with another false smile.
"I'll get the recipe, Lord Hank told me he'd show me the city tomorrow. That's very kind of him, isn't it?"
Absolutely. So Lord Hank kept thinking about his engagement for a second, and he left and set up an appointment?
After Rachel left my room, I wrote Lady Florence a note so she wouldn't be hunted before me. That night, I ran away again. When I arrived at Lady Florence's mansion, I understood the big problem. How could I send that word to Florence without waking anyone up?
Isobelle, my cat I kept in my second life, I miss now. If Isobel was here, we could send a note. In my third and fourth life, I thought of raising Isobelle again, but I decided not to. I couldn't stand being separated from what I really loved, and losing them when I had to start over. I only remember memories of the past, but none of them. They were no longer the ones I met in my past life. Besides, I wouldn't cross Isobel's path with the one I took. I smiled bitterly, I hoped Isobel would meet a good owner in this life.
Now, I had to solve the problem, how could I put that word in Florence's room without telling anyone? The use of magic was risky. There were usually spells around the parcels to discover an unknown magic.
"You can come out," the voice is long in front of me. "I feel you there. I'm not going to hurt you."
It's Florence. She was alone with a cape above her night dress.
"I am the harvest of the goddess of hope. I feel your deep despair and your desire for hope."
That's what betrayed me. I was unwise. But now that she was here, all I had to do was give her a word.
I'm throwing a word like a dart. He landed a few centimetres from his feet. Then I turned to the darkness.
Desperation and desire for hope? Could she have felt my desire to die? I almost laughed at my joke.
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Author's note
Thanks for reading. I hope you like it. See you next time!
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The rumors of Lady Florence, who broke his engagement with Lord Hank, spread soon after.
"How could Lady Florence break up with Lord Hank?" Rachel complained of anger. "Lord Hank is a nice gentleman! He's a strong magician, but he's so nice to the weak. Lord Hank is so pissed off by the news! He was so sad when we met yesterday."
I kept reading the book on my knees. In my note, I talked to Florence about how Lord Hank offered to take Rachel to the city. I asked him to look with my own eyes in the dark. She's the one who decides if she wants to continue her engagement or if it's better to break up before it turns into a scandal.
From what I knew, what hurt Florence in my previous lives was because her opponent had stuck her in her fiancé's new love just before their duel. No wonder her fiancé chose Rachel's beauty for her. Her opponent told her that it was a secret known among the aristocrats, except her, because her family blocked the news so as not to distract her. At that time, as if it were a plan, Lord Hank's servant brought him a letter from Lord Hank about his broken engagement. There was no respect for her or her family.
Florence was a girl known for her sensitivity. Had she had the opportunity to see Lord Hank treat Rachel and compare her to the way he treated her, she would have known how to react. All Rachel's fiancés looked at her in the same way, with a subtle look, a look of honey, a look running away. It's very easy to distinguish you and Rachel. There's no chance between them. The best way is to break everything before the gossip bursts.
"Oh, poor Lord Hank!" Rachel was crying. "I'd like to comfort him."
Lord Hank pretended to be in front of Rachel so she could come and comfort him.