

Pestaña 1

In a kingdom where greed was the law, there lived a king whose power was sustained by chains and fear. His eyes fell upon the daughter of a neighboring lord: a princess of such beauty that she seemed more like a dream than a land. The king proposed to her; she firmly refused. She did not want to be the queen of a tyrant or the wife of a man she did not love.

The king, wounded in his pride, sentenced her:
—If it's not mine, it won't be anyone's.

To carry out her will, she summoned the strangest being in her court: a captive fairy, chained not with iron, but with a cursed collar. That collar, forged in ancient wars, prevented her from returning to her tiny size and bound her to obedience. Her hands trembled as she listened to the command. She could not disobey, she could not lie, and yet her dull eyes seemed to beg for forgiveness.

With a gesture of her outstretched hands, the fairy drew an invisible circle and split the air like broken glass. An abandoned tower appeared on the other side, hidden in distant, forgotten forests. The princess was thrown into it.

The spell closed: every door she tried to open would take her back to the same room where she had woken up. A prison without bars, made of deception and silence.

Days passed. The first, the princess banged on the walls and searched for escape routes; the second, she screamed until her voice broke; but on the third, the hunger and thirst became unbearable. Her legs could barely support her, and her gaze clouded with exhaustion. She realized that the king hadn't just wanted to lock her up: he wanted her to die slowly, invisible to the world.

Pestaña 2

