

It all started with a mailbox.

A friend once told me about receiving spooky stories in the mail—tales that unfolded piece by piece amongst the bills and flyers inside their mailbox. My romance-loving, fantasy-fueled brain immediately took a sharp left turn and asked:

What if that mailbox wasn't just a mailbox?

What if it was a portal?

What if, on the other side, a fae prince was desperately trying to reach his fated mate—a woman born not in his realm, but on a small blue planet lightyears away?

That spark became *A Parcel of Stardust*.

In this story, Prince Orion has only weeks to convince his mate to join him across the stars. His court is losing faith. His claim to the throne is slipping. And the only way to reach her is through a sliver of magic—her mailbox.

But fate has a wicked sense of humor.

Because the woman on the other end of those letters? She's sworn off love. Ghosted. Betrayed. Left behind one too many times. And now she has to decide if this impossibly charming voice on paper is real... or just another fantasy that will leave her heart in pieces.

Over twelve weeks, you'll receive twelve parcels filled with love letters, illustrations, and exclusive storytelling keepsakes. Some letters will be sweet, some steamy, some a little bossy (he is a fae prince, after all)—but all of them are pieces of an epic, swoon-worthy romance that will unfold in your hands, week after week.

This isn't just a story.

It's an experience.

A tangible, heart-thumping, star-kissed journey through longing, destiny, and what it means to choose love across worlds.

I hope you'll join me for *A Parcel of Stardust*—your next obsession in romantasy. Enclosed please find two of the letters our heroine received in the first parcel!

With stardust and ink,

Ines Johnson

Creator of *a Parcel of Stardust*

*a*  
*Parcel of*  
*Stardust*

a Romantasy Epistolary



Bethani Lancaster  
1037 La Rue du Soleil  
Beverly Hills, CA 90210

Dear Dani,

Isn't it wild how the universe works? You've been so vocal lately about not needing a man while I've been quietly manifesting a husband. And now? You're alone in a cabin in the middle of nowhere, and I'm about to walk down the aisle with the man of my dreams! Funny how fate listens.

I have to admit, I was a little surprised when the wedding invitation I sent you came back return to sender. I didn't realize you lost your apartment after Matt left you. Please let me know if there's anything we can do for you. Staying at your dad's old, rundown cabin in the mountains doesn't sound like you at all. But then again, I suppose everyone needs to take time to find themselves after a big heartbreak. I just hate that we lost touch because of it.

Anyway! I'm writing because I want to make sure you get another invitation to our wedding. We've set the date for June 17th. I know that's your birthday weekend, but won't that be a great way to celebrate! You need to RSVP as soon as possible so I can make sure to get you a good seat at the reception. Obviously, I can't sit you at the family table. That would be a bit awkward, and Matt and I want to be very sensitive to your needs on our big day.

Did Auntie Lori tell you about my color scheme? It's deep forest green and gold. I remember you saying it's the perfect mix between elegance and nature. And the dress? Well, do you remember when we used to flip through bridal magazines as kids, picking out our dream gowns? You always said that the lace-bodice, A-line chiffon dress with the tiny embroidered vines was the one. The one made by that French designer? The moment I saw it, I just had to have it! I think it might be the same one. Isn't that crazy? What are the odds?

You're going to freak out when I tell you the band. I managed to book 'The Wild Pines' for the reception. I know, right? Your absolute favorite band in the world! Can you believe it? When I told Matt, he said it was kind of a weird choice for a wedding, but I told him, No, no, trust me, it'll be perfect. They really are the best, aren't they?

I just know this is going to be the wedding of the year. The society papers are covering it. I don't want my first cousin and first friend to miss it. After all, we've been through so much together. I wouldn't feel right if you weren't there to see it all come full circle.

Write back soon! I need your RSVP ASAP. Can't wait to celebrate my big day with you, Dani!

Xoxo,

Bebe

P.S. I know you might feel a little awkward about everything, but seriously, no hard feelings, right? I mean, Matt and I just happened, you know? Love is funny like that. I'm sure you understand.

PPS. If you need a plus-one, let me know! There's this guy in my office that just got dumped and he's looking to get back out there. You guys would be perfect for each other.

His Royal Highness, Crown Prince Orion of Frosthelm  
The Crystal Keep, Celestial Terrace 1  
Capital Province, Frosthelm Prime  
Frosthelm Galaxy – Quadrant 7, Sector V

Danika Starbourne,

This letter will no doubt come as a shock to you, but understand that I do not write frivolously. We are bound. Fate has decreed it. As I have no intention of ignoring what has been set in motion, I am reaching out to you.

The moment you were born, I awakened to the connection between us. It was an inevitability, a certainty woven into the fabric of my existence. I searched for you, first upon my own world, where I expected you to be. But you were not here. Your signature was absent from the courts, from the noble houses, from the bloodlines of power where you should have been.

I searched nearby realms for many solars with no luck. Instead, I found you on Earth of all places. A planet so distant and insignificant that no proper portal has ever been forged between our realms. A world of fleeting lives, crude technologies, and no understanding of the power that governs the cosmos. It is unthinkable that my fated mate should be born so far beneath my station. But fate does not ask for my opinion—it simply is.

Though the thread between us exists, it is weak. The only opening I have found to reach you is through this primitive box. It is a disgracefully small conduit, but it is all we have at present and it allows me to send this correspondence so that I might make you aware of our bond.

The alternative to this form of communication is for me to travel to Earth by ship. A journey that would take a quarter revolution of your planet around your star. An absurd delay, an inconvenience I do not have the patience for. You can prevent this.

All that is required for you to come to me is for you to accept the bond between us. Accept that we are fated mates simply by saying I, Danika Starbourne, accept you, Orion Thalos, as my fated mate. Once you say the words, the magic created by our bond will allow me to amplify our connection and open a proper portal. I will bring you here, where you will take your place at my side as my queen, as fate has dictated.

I do not expect this will be an easy adjustment for you, but be assured, I will make the transition as seamless as possible. But I must warn you that this small conduit between your world and mine will not remain stable on such a weak bond between us. The magic I used to reach you strains against the limits of your primitive world. Do not delay in your response or the thread may fray beyond repair, and the portal's creation will become impossible.

I await your response and your imminent arrival.

Orion Thalos  
Crown Prince of Frosthelm  
Your Fated Mate



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