

Wounds from the past.

Alessandro felt bad seeing Abril cry so inconsolably. He didn't know what to say to make her calm down. He sighed heavily and said to her.

"Stop crying."

"If what you want is to stay in this place, you can."

Abril's tears stopped, and she asked, "Can I really stay here?"

"Yes."

"No one will bother you anymore."

"I will send the butler occasionally to make sure you are not lacking anything."

"If you don't want the maids to come, they won't," he said.

Abril lowered her head and said to him, "Thank you very much."

Alessandro turned around, headed to the door and, before leaving, he looked at the princess one last time and said to her.

"Thank you for saving me in the forest a few days ago."

"You're welcome." Abril replied delightfully.

Alessandro left and gave his new orders to the butler. After that visit, the maids stopped bothering Abril, returning her to her peaceful days once more.

The butler was the only one who would come occasionally. He brought her clothes and comfortable shoes. He also brought food and some spices for cooking.

That winter, Abril had a great time, since she had warm clothes and shoes, she could leave her house and play in the snow. When she did, she felt as happy as a little girl. She had no previous memory of having enjoyed the winter in that way, if she ever had.

Abril was making a snowman when a man approached her and asked.

"Who are you?"

Abril stared at that man. He had a certain resemblance to her husband. Although he looked younger. She continued making her snowman and returned the question.

"Shouldn't I be the one asking who you are?"

"I am Cassian, and who are you?"

"My name is Abril."

Cassian had gone out for a walk, lost in his thoughts. He hadn't paid much attention to where he was going and ended up in that remote part of the palace. When he saw that red hair standing out in the gray landscape, he approached with curiosity, wondering who that person might be. When he saw the face of that woman, he was totally captivated. She was a very beautiful young lady.

"And what are you doing here?"

Abril pointed to the small house where she lived and responded.

"I live here."

"Alone?" He asked.

"Yes." Abril answered.

Cassian approached a little closer to get a better look at Abril. He touched and pulled her hair to see if it was real.

"What are you doing?" She asked.

"Your hair is real," Cassian said.

"Of course it is," Abril confirmed.

"Then you must be the daughter of King Venobich."

As Cassian pulled Abril's hair, he remembered that, because of that man, he had been on the brink of death.

"Ouch!" "That hurts." Abril complained as she felt her hair being pulled.

"Do you know the level of pain and damage your father caused this kingdom?"

"Perhaps you should pay for his sins."

Cassian said as he pulled Abril's hair even harder.

"And why do I have to pay for something I haven't done?"

"People who behave badly are supposed to receive punishment."

"Why give the punishment of a bad person to a good one?"

"I am my father's daughter, but that doesn't mean I'm the one who has done all these things." She said.

Cassian let go of Abril's hair, strands of red hair remained in his hand. Abril rubbed her sore head and said to him,

"Why do you want to blame me for something I haven't done?"

"I don't understand."

"Would you like to receive punishment for someone else's actions just because they are family?"

Abril stood up from where she was huddled, leaving her snowman unfinished, and said,

"Don't blame me for my father's sins."

Abril walked towards the small house, leaving Cassian behind.

"Don't turn your back on me, come back here immediately." He shouted at her.

Abril didn't want that man to pull her hair again, or worse still, to hit her, so she ran inside the house, closed the door, and blocked it with a thick piece of wood. She wanted to keep away from that evil man.

He angrily pounded on the door and yelled in annoyance.

"Open the damn door, you bitch."

Abril was scared of what that man would do. She squatted in a corner of the house, covering her ears with her hands, wishing for him to leave her alone.

In the end, Cassian got tired of pounding on the door. He returned to the palace and sought out his brother. He was in his office working when Cassian suddenly burst in and said to him.

"Alessandro, why is that bitch still alive?"

"I don't know who you're talking about, Cassian, and that's not how you enter my office." The king replied.

"I'm talking about the daughter of King Venobich."

"Why haven't you killed her yet?" His brother said angrily.

"May I remind you that we signed a peace treaty through a marriage, killing her would mean starting the war again."

"Our kingdom suffered a lot of damage and human losses."

"We couldn't win the war." the king replied.

"But..."

Cassian was cut short before he could complete his statement.

"I understand how you feel, but there's nothing I can do."

"Even though I also want to kill her, I'm not willing to pay the price that it entails." The king said.

"Alessandro..." The king cut him short the second time.

"Don't go near that girl, Cassian, don't you dare harm her, and this is not a request, it's an order." He said.

Cassian gripped his leg, it hurt terribly from running all the way there, his leg couldn't hold him anymore, and he fell to the ground on his knees. Alessandro stopped what he was doing and helped his brother to stand up and said to him,

"Cassian, you came running here."

"You know you shouldn't do that."

"I know, I'm a wreck that can hardly walk." Cassian replied.

"Don't say that, brother." The king said sympathetically.

Alessandro helped him reach the sofa and said to him.

"One day, I will find a way to heal your injury, and you will be able to walk without any problem."

"You know that's impossible, Lessan?" Cassian said.

"I will make it possible."

"Just give me a little more time, trust me." The king replied.

During the war, Cassian had encountered King Venobich on the battlefield. He almost ripped his leg off. If it wasn't for Alessandro who had confronted King Venobich, he would have died at the hands of that demon.

The severity of his injury was such that even though he had used healing magic, the damage remained. Since that day, the pain accompanied him day and night, and he also had great difficulty walking.

Seeing his brother so downtrodden, Cassian said to him.

"It's okay, Lessan, I trust you."