

I don't want to lose my peaceful life.

Abril started her new life. There in that small house she felt happy. She found a small garden near the house and dedicated herself to taking care of it. It became her source of food as the maids had not returned since the day they had left her in that place.

During spring, Abril took care of the garden, just as she did in the summer. In the autumn, she harvested its fruits and prepared herself for winter.

When the cold became bothersome, Abril stopped leaving her house. That was the first winter in which Abril didn't hate winter. That year, she had enough food and a replace to keep herself warm. She wished all her winters could be like that.

Another year passed since Abril had married the prince. When spring arrived, Abril turned seventeen. She was no longer that skinny little girl she had always been, and nally looked like a seventeen-year-old young woman. Her growth had been slower because she had never had proper nutrition, but for the past two years, she had been eating well, and her body had developed marvelously.

towers of the castle. She was glad they had sent her to that small house instead of one of those towers that reached towards the sky. She was deeply grateful because, even though they had forgotten about her, she didn't feel it that way. On the contrary, she felt that, for the first time in her life, she was living and not just surviving as she had been doing her whole life.

She lifted her gaze to the sky. It was clear and bright. The sun shone so beautifully that Abril wished she could see that beautiful view every day.

The seasons passed. In the blink of an eye, two years went by. Abril continued to live comfortably in that small house, enjoying her day-to-day life. It was a beautiful spring season and Abril decided to go to the forest near her house to collect mushrooms. As she walked through the forest, she saw a man on the ground. Immediately, she hid behind a tree and stared at the body lying on the ground. If her eyes weren't deceiving her, the man had blood on his clothes.

Abril looked around, wondering if there were more people who could help that man, but there was no one besides her. Abril approached very carefully. That man was her husband, Alessandro. She wondered why he was injured and what he was doing in such a remote part of the palace.

"Did they kill him?"

Abril asked herself curiously, putting her head on her husband's chest to make sure his heart was still beating. Upon conrming that he was still alive, she tried to wake him up. She shook him, tapped him lightly on the chest, and when he didn't respond, she gave him a strong blow to the face, but he didn't jerk up. He was completely unconscious.

"Well, now what do I do?"

Abril wondered as she looked at him. He was still bleeding, and if she left him in that place, it was very likely that he would die and her peaceful life would be over. With no other options, Abril dragged him by his feet to take him to her house, as it was the closest and she doubted she could drag him any further.

When they arrived at the house, Abril took off his clothes as they were covered in mud and dirt, and she didn't want him to dirty her bed. Then, she did her best to treat the wound on his stomach, which didn't seem as deep as it had initially appeared.

Upon closer inspection, she realized that he had a bump on his head, perhaps that's what had knocked him out.

Abril covered him with a sheet after she was done checking for any more injuries. She stared at her husband for a moment. He had a good body and a beautiful face, but he wasn't a good man, or at least not with her.

She prepared tea and waited for him to wake up.

Alessandro woke up with a bad headache. He had gone for a walk in the forest when someone had surprised him. He had been deeply cut in the stomach and had been hit hard on the head without being given a chance to defend himself.

He looked around, wondering where he was. His gaze stopped at a beautiful young woman sleeping on her bed. Alessandro recognized her by her hair. She was his wife whom he had forgotten.

He wondered what she was doing there. He was about to wake her up when she opened her eyes, stretched her arms, and asked him.

"Are you okay?"

The king was shocked and he said to Abril,

"Where are we?"

"What are we doing here?"

"I found His Majesty lying helplessly on the ground when I was taking a walk in the woods and brought him home with me."

"I don't believe you."

"Were you the one who attacked me?" Alessandro inquired.

"Why would I do that?" Abril replied.

"You are just like your disgusting father," Alessandro said.

"Here we go again." Abril said and tried standing up, but her legs were still asleep.

Alessandra had a fever during the night. She had to lower it with a wet cloth, but in the end, she fell asleep while doing so.

"If His Majesty is feeling well, he can leave." She said.

"Where are we?" He asked,

"In the palace, where else could we be?" Abril replied ironically.

"This house looks simple," Alessandro said, believing her words.

"Which exact part?" He inquired further just to be certain.

"In the place that His Majesty gave me to live."

"It was three years ago."

"I suppose His Majesty has forgotten," She responded.

"What are you talking about?" He asked.

"It doesn't matter."

"If you feel better, you can leave." She replied.

When Abril started to walk away, Alessandro stood up and realized at that moment that he was completely naked.

"What have you done with my clothes?" He asked.

"That's right, I washed them since they were dirty."

"I will bring them now." She replied.

"What?" He asked.

Alessandro didn't know if it was because of the blow he had received on his head or if the princess was crazy because, to him, the idea of a princess doing laundry was unthinkable.

Abril came back shortly after with Alessandro's clothes. The bloodstains still remained.

"Call the servants to bring me clean clothes."

"I'm not going to wear that," he said.

"But they are clean, it was only the blood stains that didn't go away," Abril replied.

"Stop saying nonsense and call the servants." He responded, believing that there should be servants there.

"I can't." She said.

"Why not?" He queried.

"There are no servants here," She answered.

"What?" He questioned.

Upon seeing her husband's expression of surprise, Abril knew that he didn't know that the maids hadn't returned to serve her and wondered if there would be any punishment for them.