

Forgotten Wife : Let the Traitors Kneel Down Novel

Chapter 211 - Chapter 211 (English Translation)

Chapter 211._

A life without meaning Dantriél had not promised to keep it a secret. Abril's existence weighed heavily on him; his word could not be missed, especially when it was the crown that demanded his loyalty. "My story is the same as Ethan's, Your Majesty," he said. "You lie," she retorted, turning away from him. "It would be better if I locked you up alongside your friend, my best general." Dantriél bowed deeply, the weight of her words sinking in. He left before Abril could regret her decision. He made his way to the dungeons, where Ethan was confined.

The man sat against the wall of his cell, his back supported by the cold stone. The guard announced Dantriél's arrival, and Ethan's expression shifted. "What are you doing here?" Ethan asked, his voice laced with concern. Dantriél addressed the guard. "Leave us alone." "I can't. It's the queen's orders." "Please, let us speak in private," Dantriél urged. The guard hesitated but ultimately relented, stepping away from the cell. Dantriél entered, closing the door behind him. "I'm worried about you, Ethan.

You're my friend, and I don't want to see you die." "The queen won't kill me," Ethan replied defiantly. "She's growing impatient. If you don't give her what she wants, she will torture you until you break." "I sent you to-" "No, I tried to intercede for you," Dantriél interrupted. "But if I'm honest, I believe I prefer your life over my own." Ethan looked away, despair etched on his face. "I'm here with nothing to live for. Without Sofia, this world makes no sense to me." Dantriél felt a tumult of emotions within him.

On one hand, he wanted to fulfill the promise he had made, but on the other, he wanted to save his friend. "Ethan, if you don't speak, I will have to act as you wish," Dantriél said, his voice firm. "I hope you choose wisely." Meanwhile, Maya was waiting for Cassian to wake up. The little girl had appeared suddenly, her presence a reminder of the urgency of their situation. "Although there's been some improvement, it won't last forever," she warned. "It's only temporary." "Let go of the little pixie," Cassian murmured, his voice thick with sleep.

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"She could wake up at any moment." "I've been thinking," Maya said, her tone serious. "If I can't convince you, I wonder if your human lover could." Maya tightened her grip on the pixie, her eyes narrowing. "Do you want to die? Because if that's the case, I could end you right now." The pixie remained silent, refusing to respond. "But it's worth it," Maya continued, her voice steady. "I can endure your annoyances, but if you can't do it with Cassian-" "You're harassing me. You could let me go," the pixie protested. Maya hesitated, her resolve wavering as tears filled her eyes.

"Please don't kill me. Don't tell your human lover. I'm too young to go." Maya released her grip slightly. "Go, I don't want to see you again." The pixie didn't hesitate. She flew up and settled beside Cassian, wanting to feel his warmth and calm her anxious heart. As he stirred, he wrapped his arms around her. "Good morning! How did I find you here?" he asked, his voice soft. Maya buried her face against him, tears spilling down her cheeks.

"I'm just happy to be in your arms." Cassian wasn't sure if Maya was real or a figment of his imagination, but he wanted to believe she was there, that she was safe, and that his worries had been unfounded. "I'm glad to see you're recovering. You'll be fine," he said, trying to reassure her. Cassian noticed the sun was high in the sky. "It's late. Why didn't you wake me sooner?" "You don't have to take care of me all the time," Maya replied, a hint of playfulness in her voice. "I'm fine as long as you don't worry about me.

Now that my stomach has settled, I need a good meal." "Yes, let's get you something to eat," Cassian said, rising to his feet. As they prepared to leave, Maya suggested, "Maybe I should support Abril?" "There's no point in regretting what you can't change," Cassian replied. "We should take care of her while she's here," Maya insisted. "Speaking of Lissana, she betrayed us," Cassian noted. "Then let's eat first, and afterward, we can go see Lissana." "That sounds like an excellent idea," Maya agreed. After they finished their meal, Cassian asked one of the servants about Lissana.

"Princess Lissana is with Her Majesty," the servant replied. Cassian stood, reaching for Maya's hand. "Shall we go?" "Of course," she replied. Upon arriving, Maya was surprised to see the pride in Abril's eyes as she played with Lissana. "Hello, Lessan," Cassian greeted. "Thank the gods you're here! With Abril's games and Lissana crying every time I try to do something, I've had no opportunity to rest." Maya held Lissana in her arms, gently rocking her. "Taking care of a baby in this kingdom can feel lonely.

I can help with Lissana." "I promised Abril I would stay close to her," Cassian said, glancing at the room across the hall. He intended to keep the promise he had made to Abril. "I'm glad you're here," Maya said softly, cradling Lissana. "I believe she needs a change of clothes," Cassian remarked. "Let me know if you need anything." When Maya left the room with Lissana, Cassian turned to her. "How can I help you?" "I have a lot of work to catch up on," he replied, gesturing toward his office. "Help me with this." "What have you been doing to accumulate so much work?"

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An enormous power surged within Abril as she contemplated the state of her kingdom. "It's best if I just tell you. Please, help me," Cassian said, taking the documents in hand. "Do you believe that Irius has arrived in the kingdom of Laios?" he continued. "I suppose he promised to send me a report daily, and I hope it will arrive by the end of the day. I trust everyone is well." Abril had dedicated the entire day to caring for the sick. The villagers were in a horrible state; without her, they would have suffered far longer than two days.

After dealing with Sirius, she approached him and said, "We need to talk." "Now?" he asked, raising an eyebrow. "Yes. It's not wise to leave us alone for so long. This place is dangerous." "Indeed, you're right. We should prepare to leave," he replied, glancing around. "Let's find a suitable location," she suggested. "I want to purify the land; otherwise, I won't be able to remember anything." "Right now, you need to look for Taren," Sirius said. "There are more rice fields than we can manage." Abril donned her cape and headed toward the rice fields.

The ground lay dry and cracked, completely ruined. She wasn't sure if she could purify it, but she refused to leave without trying. Kneeling, she placed her hand in the dirt and infused it with her magic. The earth trembled, and the desolation began to fade. The once-dead fields stirred, striving to come back to life, and soon the rice plants flourished, vibrant and green. Abril felt a surge of triumph; she had helped restore the villagers' sustenance. Sirius marveled at the transformation. "How have you revived this?" he asked, astonished.

"Tell me, my power is stronger than before, and my control over it has improved. You would be surprised at what I can do now." "I am surprised," he admitted. "Reviving a barren land with all its crops is remarkable." "I've completed everything I needed to do," she said, glancing around. "Now, where is Taren? I believe I need to find him." "He won't be long," Sirius assured her. Taren soon appeared, leading three horses that looked weary but alive. "I've got our

transport," he announced. Abril approached the horses, touching each one and infusing them with her magic.

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They sprang back to life, their spirits renewed. "Let's go," she urged. "There's nothing left for us here. We must continue our journey." They set off once more, making their way to the royal capital of Laios. As they rode through the woods surrounding the village, they found a suitable spot to camp. Despite the forest's gloom, they started a fire, and Taren ventured deeper into the woods to hunt, having given all their provisions to the villagers. Once Taren was gone, Sirius began writing a letter. When he finished, he used his magic to transform it into a bird that soared into the sky.

Abril approached, curious about what he was doing. "What are you up to?" she asked. "I'm sending a report to your husband. I promised to keep him updated on our journey each day; otherwise, he wouldn't find peace." "Are you sure it's safe? Someone else could read your letter," she cautioned. "It's a magical letter; only you and the king can read it, Your Majesty," he replied confidently. "Then you want me to write something?" "Of course, if you wish." "Have you missed them?" she inquired.

"Yes, only a day has passed, but when you're separated from your loved ones, time feels both fleeting and agonizingly slow." "Let's hope we can find some joy in this village," she said. "We should be in the royal capital of Laios by now." "Indeed, many will perish today, and within a few days, no one will be left." "You can't help everyone on this journey, Abril," Sirius warned. "Sometimes I've been ill and prayed for help. When you know that no assistance will come, what do you do?" "I don't know," he admitted. "Well, I do. These people are in the same situation I once faced.

With this power, I can save many, and I want to help those who have been abandoned and are suffering." "I'm sorry, but I can't understand your reasons," Sirius said, shaking his head. "If you say this will be a short trip-three days at most-I wouldn't want to rush it. According to the old man we met, there are many nearby villages suffering just like this one. I want to visit each of them and help them." "Yes, it took us days to reach the royal capital of Laios," he replied.

"That's why I ask you to continue supporting me on this journey, which is only beginning and may not have a clear end." Sirius scratched his head, let out a heavy sigh, and finally said, "Alessandro won't like this." "I care for him, but I can't ignore these people out of selfishness." "Fine, I'll continue to accompany you. I'll stay with you until you decide to return, and I believe Taren will follow wherever we go." "I'm happy to hear that," Abril said, relief washing over her. "This trip will no longer be a secret." "I want to help you with this," he replied. "Good.

When the time comes, you'll see what I can do." Taren returned, lifting his hands high. "I've been distracted, but here we are," he said, handing over the supplies to Sirius. "I'm caught up now; you can cook," Sirius said, using his magic to clean the ingredients and prepare the meal. Taren watched in awe. "I still don't understand how you can do so much with your magic." "I use spells instead of relying solely on my mana, which is why I can accomplish

more than a simple magic user," Sirius explained. "Does that mean I can learn your spells?" Taren asked eagerly.

"No, you can't just pick them up. It takes practice," Sirius replied. "But I want to learn how to do what you did earlier." "I'm telling you, it's not that simple." "Why not?" Taren pressed. "Just think about what makes you happy," Sirius said, settling down by the fire as the aroma of food filled the air. Abril turned to Taren. "Let's find other villages nearby and help if necessary." "I will follow you wherever you wish, Your Majesty," Taren replied, determination shining in his eyes.

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The decision was correct, Taren thought as he settled in for the night. Many thanks, Taren, he heard a voice say. After the sun had set, Abril fell asleep, seeking warmth despite the summer chill that had crept in. Taren and Sirius took turns sleeping, ensuring that the fire remained safe from any lurking beasts while they rested. The next day, they would continue their journey, stopping in the nearest village, which they found in a state no better than the last. The villagers were sick and contaminated, their condition a grim reflection of despair. Abril's heart sank as she saw them.

Compared to the previous village, this one was much worse, with many already dead. In that moment, doubt crept into her mind. If her decision had truly been the right one, how could they have ended up in such a dire situation? Death and guilt weighed heavily on her. Abril was horrified to see the villagers sprawled lifeless in the streets. She approached a woman, but it was too late; the woman was already dead. "Abril," Sirius said gently, "there's nothing you can do." "We can't leave her here. We have to bury her," Abril insisted, her voice trembling.

Taren moved to inspect the other villagers lying on the street. They were all dead. He turned back to Abril. "Is there anyone alive?" she asked, hope flickering in her chest. "Not among those on the street. They're all dead. We'll need to search the houses for survivors." "Let's do that first," she replied, her heart heavy. "Understood." They searched every house, but all were empty. "Only the church remains," Taren said, a grim determination in his voice. Abril entered the church, a foul stench hitting her nose. Inside, more villagers lay on the ground, covered with tattered blankets.

She approached the one closest to her, who still breathed but was teetering on the edge of death. Sirius and Taren examined those they could, some already lifeless while others were gravely ill. "It's very bad," Taren said, his voice low. Abril stood in the center of the dwelling, realizing she had the power to heal them all, but time was running out. She raised her hands high, desperation coursing through her. A warm light enveloped the room, flooding it with hope. The villagers began to regain color in their faces as their lives hung in the balance.

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"April," Sirius warned, "you need to be careful. Even with your great power, overexerting yourself could be dangerous." Abril felt a wave of exhaustion wash over her, but she pressed on. Taren moved to her side, steadying her as she swayed. "Your Majesty! Are you alright?"

he asked, concern etched on his face. "Yes, I just feel a bit lightheaded. How are the villagers?" she replied, her voice strained. "They're stable, but they need rest. We should move them to a clean place, or they might fall ill again." "Yes, we must do that, but what about the dead?" Abril asked, her heart aching.

Taren nodded solemnly. "We'll take care of it." Abril tried to gather her strength, but dizziness overwhelmed her. "You need to rest," Sirius urged. "You used a lot of magic yesterday and haven't had a proper break. We'll handle everything." "No, I can't just sit back. I have to help," she insisted. "Just for a while," he replied firmly. "Fine," she relented. Sirius turned to Taren. "Take Abril to a safe place and then come back to help me." "I will do it immediately," Taren promised. He led Abril to one of the nearby houses, helping her recline on a small bed. "Your Majesty, please rest.

I'll take care of things," Taren said gently. As he left the house, he returned to the church, where Sirius was using his magic to heal the sick who remained. "You're responsible for transporting the sick to me," Sirius instructed. "I'll take care of the dead." "You want to move all the sick and look after them until they wake up?" Taren asked, surprised. "Yes. Don't waste time. Get to it." Taren found a shovel and began digging in the most devastated part of the village, burying the dead one by one.

He started with those in the church, the ones in the worst condition, and then moved on to the others. He raised his gaze to the sky, which was dark and heavy with clouds. Small droplets fell on his face; it felt as if the heavens were mourning the loss of those who had perished without a single tear shed for them. Taren whispered a small prayer for the departed before returning to the church. Some of the sick had begun to recover, while others remained unconscious. Abril appeared behind Taren, her voice soft as she asked, "Have you buried them all?" "Yes, Your Majesty," he replied.

"Taren, please don't call me that here. No one can know who I am." "Of course, Abril," he said, understanding. As she looked out the door, rain began to fall. She extended her hand, feeling the droplets as they touched her skin. "It sounds like tears," she murmured. "That's what I thought too. It's as if the sky is crying for the dead," Taren replied. "Just because I didn't cry today doesn't mean there's no reason to. When everyone wakes up and sees their loved ones are gone, they will weep," Abril said, her voice heavy with sorrow.

"We must wait until they awaken to bury their dead," Taren suggested. "No, I believe it would be worse for them if they saw the state of those who passed," Abril said, her heart aching at the thought. Taren nodded, sensing her pain. "It would be a greater burden for them." Abril looked down, sadness enveloping her. Taren asked gently, "Are you alright?" "Yes, I'm fine," she replied, though her voice betrayed her. As Abril moved back inside, she saw Taren's weary expression. "Are you not well?" she asked, concern creeping into her tone. "I'm just tired," he admitted.

"You must be blaming yourself for the villagers' deaths." "Why would I?" she asked, confusion evident in her eyes. "Because you feel responsible for their suffering. You believe your decisions led to this." "This was not your fault," Sirius interjected, lighting a fire nearby. Abril took a deep breath, trying to shake off the weight of guilt that clung to her.

Sarum Death and guilt weighed heavily on Abril's mind. She thought about how it wasn't her fault that others believed she owed them something. That was why she wanted to help all those people; she felt a deep sense of responsibility towards them. Sirius stood up and addressed her. "I need it in the letter. Don't let the fire go out." Abril watched as Sirius began to write a report for His Majesty, the king. The room was crowded, and he had to write while seated, beads of sweat forming on his brow.

As she approached, Abril asked, "Are you finished with that?" "Yes, yes," he replied, focused on his task. "I wanted to write it myself," she said, her voice tinged with urgency. "Of course," he said, handing her a piece of paper, a quill, and an ink cartridge. "Thank you." Abril had so many things she wanted to express. She thought of Alessandro and where to begin. After a moment of contemplation, she began to write: "For my beloved Alessandro, I have so many things I wish to say. Please forgive me for not fulfilling my promise to return.

I know that in Laios, people are suffering because of me. Darkness has descended upon their lives, and I want to save them. It may take me longer than expected, but please don't worry about me. I am fine. Before I finish my mission in Laios, I promise to return to your side. Until then, take care of our daughter and fill her with love." Once she finished writing, she handed the letter to Sirius. With a flick of his wrist, he used his magic to transform it into a small bird, which fluttered away into the sky.

--- Alessandro was in his workshop when he felt a sudden sense of unease, as if something had crashed against the wind. At first, he thought he should have gone out into the rain, but instead, he listened intently, rising to open the window. A paper bird landed on the sill, carrying a message from Abril. After reading it, he sighed deeply. "I wish I could be by your side, Abril. I long to console your troubled heart." Cassian knocked on the door. "Lessan, may I come in?" "Of course," Alessandro replied, turning his attention to his brother. "Is it time for the scene, then?" Cassian asked.

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"Yes, it is." Cassian hesitated. "Has something happened?" "Aby won't be back soon." "Is there trouble?" "Yes, my view of Laios is being clouded by age, the earth, and the water. Darkness is starting to seep in, and others have begun to die." "Maya is doing well. Would you like to join Abril?" Cassian offered. "No, it's best you stay here. I believe I will need you." "Even though things seem dire in Laios?" "Yes, I believe that with Aby, it's the cry of Hades.

It's enough, but in Tah's opinion, even if he seems to be winning against the king, everything feels like it's just the beginning of something much larger." "I often wonder when we can find peace. When will this all be over?" Cassian mused. "Sometimes I have the same question," Alessandro admitted. "Is Lissana with Maya?" "Yes, they are very close." Cassian chuckled. "I remember you haven't married yet. Are you planning to?" "Maya doesn't want to marry me." "Why not?" "Well, when we first met her, she said she would never marry.

She believed it was because of a prophecy mentioned, but that prophecy has been fulfilled now that we are together. Still, she denies the idea of marriage." "Don't worry. I don't think

you should give up. I'm sure you can change her mind." "I hope so. I truly wish for her to be happy, just like Papa and Mama were." "If you can make it happen, I want you to know I'd be honored to be the godfather at your wedding." --- Maya was in the dining room, gently rocking little Lissana in her arms. Alessandro felt a surge of happiness seeing Maya with their daughter.

He took Lissana into his arms, feeling a warmth spread through him as he looked at her cherubic face. She was a bright spot in his life, helping him cope with the absence of Abril. "I thought you'd want to see her, so I thought it would be a good idea to bring her here," Maya said, smiling. "Thank you," Alessandro replied, cradling Lissana as she drifted off to sleep. "It seems she's fallen asleep," Maya observed, glancing at the small corner next to the seat. Alessandro gently placed Lissana down and took his seat, while Maya and Cassian did the same.

They shared a meal, and once they finished, Maya asked, "Do you know anything about Abril?" "Yes, she is fine, but it seems her journey will take longer than expected." "Was there a problem?" "Let's say yes." "I wish I could help in some way." "Actually, I believe you can." "How?" "Your family is in charge of the information network in Farell, right?" "Yes." "Could you ask your brother to send word? He could look for me." "Barto doesn't like to leave Farell much, but if he does, I'm sure he'll help." "Thank you." Cassian took Maya's hand.

"Are you thinking about going to Farell?" "Don't worry. I have a way to communicate with him. It won't be necessary for you to travel in person." "I haven't seen your brother in a long time. I hope he doesn't hold a grudge."

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Maya didn't respond to Cassian's comment. She simply stared ahead, lost in her thoughts. "Are you still uncomfortable with me, brother?" he asked, his voice tinged with concern. "Maybe a little," Cassian admitted, "but don't worry. It's not like anyone is violent or anything." He thought about how he had to make an effort to earn his brother's acceptance. Meanwhile, Cira was in her cellar, surrounded by several monsters that had escaped from Hades.

They had transformed in her eyes and ears as they emerged from the mountain, but since she had not yet regained all her power, some of the monsters had slipped from her control. She only hoped they wouldn't become a problem in the near future, not until she regained her strength. The voice of the demon within her returned, echoing in her mind. "Why don't you let me take control? If you do, you'll regain all your power and more." "I already told you no," Cira replied firmly. "Then go back to Laios.

If you do, you can absorb the energy overflowing from the screams that lead to Hades." "Wouldn't that be the same as giving in to your control?" she countered. "Not exactly. Before, there were monsters and more princes and princesses of Hades seeking a physical body, but it seems you're not there yet. If you don't take this opportunity, you'll have nothing left to consume." "Why aren't you there?" she demanded. "No, it's just that it has gone. I can feel it, deep in the depths of Hades.

So why not take advantage of this opportunity?" "How can I trust you?" "Unless I'm lying, I wouldn't have said anything to deceive you." "I'm too weak. I can't reach Laios," she admitted, her voice trembling. "You just need to absorb the monsters that are here. A part of your power will be restored. But I warn you, it won't be pleasant." Cira was locked away in darkness, but even if it was unpleasant, she would endure it. What would it be like to escape that damned hole? "What must I do?" she asked. "Just put your hand on them."

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I'll do the rest." Hesitantly, she reached out to the creature closest to her. As her hand made contact, she felt a cold darkness seep into her, a great pain surging through her. She let out a heartbreaking scream, as if her entire being was being torn apart. When the pain began to subside, the voice in her head spoke again. "See how pleasant this is? You'll need it, especially if you want to reach Laios." Cira could not feel anger; she was merely present, aware of the voice echoing in her mind. "Will you give up?" it pressed. Cira wanted to surrender, but she wouldn't abandon her quest.

She wiped away the tears of pain that still flowed down her cheeks and declared, "I will do whatever it takes to escape this place." --- After the scene, Alessandro took Lissana in his arms and said goodbye to Cassian and Maya. Maya didn't want to return to her room, especially since she felt good at that moment. "No, I want to stay here," she insisted. "Why not?" Cassian asked. "Let's dance," she suggested. "Are you sure? Maybe you should rest for a while." Cassian knew that if he didn't accept her proposal, she would continue suggesting more activities.

With a sigh, he relented, "Fine." "Not the sword clash?" she teased. "No, the dance," he replied with a smile. Cassian led her to a salon that could be used for dance practice, where a sweet melody began to play. As he approached Maya, he bowed slightly and asked, "Will you grant me this dance?" "Of course, but wait a moment," she said, removing her shoes. "Now, yes," she added, taking his hand. He placed his hand on her waist, and they began to sway to the music. "It makes me happy to see you well," he said softly.

"Now that I am, we should take the opportunity to love each other," Maya replied, her eyes sparkling. Cassian leaned closer, his curiosity piqued. "What do you mean?" Maya leaned in and kissed him, their lips meeting in a soft embrace. As they danced, she separated from him and began to move in a different way. Her movements were sensual, captivating Cassian, who found it impossible to tear his gaze away from her. The way Maya danced was reminiscent of the fairies, delicate yet powerful and seductive.

It was as if her body merged with the music, inviting Cassian into a world of passion, desire, and longing. As the music played on, Maya continued to dance, her movements fluid and enchanting. Cassian drew closer, his eyes locked onto hers, which sparkled like crystal in the sunlight. He was entranced, caught in her gaze. Cassian wrapped his arms around her waist, pulling her closer as he kissed her with a desperate hunger. Maya responded with equal fervor, savoring the taste of his lips. In that moment, the world around them faded away, their problems and pain dissolving into nothingness.

All that remained was the heat of Cassian's skin and the need to be even closer to him. Every movement of his body against hers ignited a fire within her. "Maya, my love, you can't imagine how much I love you," Cassian whispered, burying his face in her neck, kissing her cheek and collarbone. He lifted her into his arms and carried her to the sofa tucked away in a corner of the room, gently depositing her there as their kisses deepened. They shed their clothes, lost in each other's embrace. "I love you so much, Cassian," Maya breathed, her heart racing.

Maya had been ill for so long that it felt as if thousands of years had passed since she had last experienced love, since they had last shared such intimacy. Her hands explored Cassian's body, tracing the hard surfaces of his muscles and the dark scars that told stories of battles fought long ago. She loved everything about him; she had loved him from the moment they met. Even then, she had felt a connection that spanned from the depths of the mountains to the surface of their world.

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Alessandro sat on his bed, watching his little girl sleep. She had spent hours trying to find rest, but eventually, exhaustion had overtaken her. Her body felt heavy, and despite her fatigue, her mind refused to allow her to relax. He worried about Abril, longing to see her and ensure she was well, but he had no way of reaching her-not until he found her. He recalled hearing tales of two mirrors that could reflect the image of another person, regardless of the distance between them.

At first, he had dismissed it as mere fantasy, but after everything he had witnessed-stories of elves and fairies-it had all begun to feel real. As lightning illuminated the room, Alessandro glanced out the window, but there was nothing there, just the sound of rain falling softly. He closed his eyes, whispering to himself, "I need to rest. I can't let this consume me." He rose once more to check on his daughter, leaning over her crib before returning to bed and turning off the dim lamp that lit the room.

He tossed and turned, but fatigue eventually claimed him, and he fell into a restless sleep. That night, his dreams were plagued by nightmares-haunting memories of the war he wished to forget. The next morning, he awoke feeling even more exhausted. He sat on the edge of the bed, rubbing his heavy eyes, which felt as if they were filled with sand. Lissana had stopped crying, and he got up, cradling her in his arms as he began to soothe her. "Good morning, my little princess. What's wrong? Are you hungry?" he murmured, trying to coax her into calmness. A soft knock interrupted him.

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"Your Majesty, may I enter?" "Come in," he replied, his voice weary. The servant entered, and Alessandro felt a pang of sympathy for his daughter. "She must be hungry; it's time for her feeding. Allow me," he said, handing Lissana to the servant. "Of course," the servant responded, taking the baby gently. As she did, Alessandro noticed her red wine-colored dress and the way it clung to her form. His well-defined muscles and strong physique were a sight to behold, and he could feel the servant's gaze lingering on him.

He was the most desirable man in the kingdom, and many servants had taken up their positions in the palace hoping to catch his eye, dreaming of being his concubine. But his heart belonged solely to Abril. At that moment, the kingdom's troubles felt distant, known only to a few. The servant, perhaps emboldened by Abril's absence, seemed to think she could take advantage of the situation to seduce him. As he opened his wardrobe to select his clothes, she stepped closer. "Your Majesty, may I assist you in dressing?" she offered sweetly. Alessandro bristled at the suggestion.

He hated the thought of needing help, feeling it rendered him useless. His priority was always to protect his daughter, and he knew he could never let his guard down, especially not with a servant who might forget her place. "Do you think I need your assistance?" he replied sharply, his tone icy. The servant hesitated, but then, with a hint of boldness, she said, "I've been in love with you since the first time I saw you, Your Majesty. I know you have a queen, but..." Alessandro's expression hardened. "You would be wise to remember your station.

You will pay dearly for your insolence." "What?" she stammered, taken aback. "Leave before I have you thrown out," he warned, his voice low and dangerous. Zarai, the servant, seemed to realize her mistake, her bravado crumbling. "Forgive me, Your Majesty. I thought you were interested in me. I only wanted to help." With a mocking laugh, he replied, "You think I asked for your name to show interest? You've misjudged me." "I only wanted to assist you, Your Majesty," she pleaded, desperation creeping into her voice. "Offering yourself like a common harlot? You've mistaken your place.

I am here to care for my daughter, the rightful princess. At no point did I hire you as a concubine." Zarai fell silent, realizing the gravity of her error. "Please, Your Majesty, have mercy on me. I promise it won't happen again." "I suppose it won't happen again, because you will be dismissed," he stated coldly. "If the queen were here, she would forgive me," she pressed, her voice trembling. His anger flared. "You have a mistaken idea of my wife. She may be kind, but she is no fool.

Do you think she would tolerate your disrespect?" Lissana began to whimper in his arms, and he turned to comfort her, whispering soft reassurances. "You will not be the only one dismissed. You will also be imprisoned for your insolence. You will pay dearly for disrespecting my family."

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When Cassian woke up, he heard Maya talking to someone. He searched for the person she was speaking with, but found himself alone in the dwelling. He got up and picked his clothes off the floor. After a moment, he returned. "What are you talking about?" he asked. Maya looked up, a smile on her face. "With my brother." Cassian turned to glance around their home, ensuring everything was in order before he asked again, "What did you hear?" "What?" Maya laughed, her eyes sparkling. "With my brother. This collar allows me to communicate with him when we're at home.

He tells me the queen of the fairies takes some time to be able to stay in touch with my family." Maya wrapped her arms around Cassian, and he felt a warmth spread through him. "That's great," he replied, feeling a sense of relief. "I'm hungry. Shall we get something to eat?" she

suggested. "Of course." Maya released him and started to run ahead when Cassian caught up with her. "Are you alright?" he asked, concern etched on his face. With a big smile, she nodded.

Cassian finished dressing and headed toward the dining area, but as he did, two guards dragged one of the servants down the hallway, her cries for mercy echoing in the air. "Your Majesty, please forgive me! Have mercy!" she pleaded. Maya and Cassian exchanged worried glances. "What was that?" Maya asked, her voice low. Cassian rushed to his brother Alessandro, who had just entered without knocking. Alessandro was trying to calm Lissana, who was crying uncontrollably. "Lessan, what happened? Is Lissana alright?" Cassian asked, his heart racing.

"Yes, she's just a little scared from the commotion," Alessandro replied, his voice soothing. Maya stepped forward. "May I?" "Of course," Alessandro said, stepping aside. Maya took the baby in her arms, and Lissana quickly calmed down. "How do you manage to soothe her so easily?" Alessandro asked, curiosity in his eyes. "I just hold her close. I think she likes being with me," Maya said, smiling. "But what happened with that servant?" "She tried to feed Lissana while attempting to seduce me. I left her in the crib completely alone because she was being manipulative.

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It was too violent in front of Lissana," Alessandro explained, his tone serious. Maya sensed the tension and decided to change the subject. "I communicated with my brother earlier. He's coming today." Alessandro had had a rough night, and Maya knew Mariana was in a worse situation. But what Maya shared seemed to lighten the mood. "Can I ask what your brother wants from me?" Alessandro inquired. "I need you to find something for me, even if it may not be real," Maya replied. "What is it?" Alessandro asked, intrigued.

"Magic mirrors that allow you to see each other and talk, despite the distance that separates you," she explained. Maya had never heard of such things before, but she remembered that there were people who reigned in the fairy realm who might possess them. She held up her collar. "It's not a mirror, but this collar does something similar. My brother has the other one. I can talk to him no matter how far apart we are. I've used it many times, even in the land of the fairies.

Though, according to what I was told, it's only meant for fairies." She recalled how the fairy queen had warned her not to share this with Cassian, wanting to keep them apart. "Can I borrow it for a moment?" Alessandro asked, his eyes bright with interest. "Of course," Maya replied, handing him the necklace. After examining it closely, Alessandro remarked, "The design of this collar, aside from the mirrors I read about in a book, is quite remarkable." "That means I owe something to the fairies," Maya said, her brow furrowing.

"If you can see this ivory design, even the stone looks like a ruby. My brother told me it wasn't." "It's true," Alessandro confirmed, a smile spreading across his face. "Then it's more likely that they are real." "In which book did you read about these mirrors?" Cassian asked, his curiosity piqued. "I remember something about mirrors from the book of Mother's tales," Alessandro replied. "I recently started reading those stories to Lissana. I discovered that many of them

weren't just fantasy; they spoke of elves and monsters hiding in the darkness," he added, his tone thoughtful.

Cassian recalled those stories and realized his brother was right. There was something unsettling yet familiar about them, and he knew the book his brother referred to had been written by their mother. "Lessan, does that mean Mother knew that fairies, elves, and monsters born from darkness were real?" Cassian asked, astonished. "What are you talking about? Mother only read that book; she couldn't possibly know that all those stories were real," Alessandro replied, disbelief in his voice. "Lessan, this book was written by our mother," he insisted. "That can't be!" Cassian exclaimed.

"I was obsessed with that book; I wanted to know the author. I investigated until one day, Mother approached me and told me to stop searching. The author was right in front of me—she was the one who wrote it for us," Alessandro explained. Maya was equally surprised, her eyes wide. "What do you mean, your mother?" "Not just that," Alessandro continued, recalling something his mother had told him long ago. "My little Lessan, remember that all stories have some truth, no matter how fantastic or crazy they may seem.

Although it appears she hid many secrets, she wasn't who we thought she was." Abril stirred awake, hearing whispers around her. When she opened her eyes, she saw that all the villagers were awake, trying to speak in hushed tones to avoid waking anyone still asleep. Sirius approached her and said, "Everyone seems to be awake, but there's something you should see." Abril got up and noticed they had moved away from the village. "Where are you taking me?" she asked. Sirius parted some dry bushes, revealing a cave. "I believe there's something significant here. It's why I woke you early.

A dark shadow slipped in and hid in this place. There may be more than one." Abril conjured a ball of fire in her hand. "Then we should clear this place out before we go in." She stepped into the cave, with Sirius following closely behind. Her magic illuminated the entire space, revealing the horrifying remnants of what lay within. Despite the fear that threatened to overwhelm her, Abril remained calm. When the first monster lunged at her, she hurled the ball of fire, igniting it in a burst of flames, and covered the cave with her silvery flames.

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Stories that hide the truth linger in the air, and though Sirius felt as if he had not truly left, within moments he found himself blamed for all the monsters that had emerged. "None remain," Abril declared, her flames extinguishing as she spoke. "There's nothing more we can do here. As soon as we leave, we must prepare for tomorrow," she added, her voice steady despite the chaos around them. When Sirius and Abril returned to the village, Taren rushed to meet them, his face a mask of concern. "Where have you been?

I've searched everywhere for you!" Abril replied, "We were at the edge of the village. How is everyone?" "Yahan has awakened everyone. They've started asking questions about each other. I believe it's better if we leave soon," Taren said, urgency lacing his words. "Yes, we thought the same thing. We did everything we could before we go," Abril responded, her mind racing with thoughts of the villagers. Abril fell silent, reflecting on the weight of their actions.

In that uncomfortable silence, she prayed for the villagers, hoping their lives would someday return to normal.

She wished for them to overcome their pain or learn to cope with it, and she prayed they would never have to endure such suffering again. Sirius broke the silence. "Go check on the horses." "Why do you have to do everything yourself? Do you want me to force you to do it?" Abril asked, frustration creeping into her tone. "Forget it. Just come back," he replied, dismissing her concerns. After Taren left to fetch the horses, Sirius turned to Abril. "None of this is your fault." "Then why do I feel so guilty?" Abril asked, her voice barely above a whisper.

"Because you care too much for those who suffer," Sirius said gently. "You carry a weight on your shoulders that doesn't belong to you." "I wish I could believe that, but I could have closed the Hades Rift sooner. I didn't," Abril confessed, her hands trembling as she clenched them tightly. "When you do it," Sirius said softly, "you must remember that you chose not to use your power for yourself. You were afraid that using so much magic would harm your baby, that you might lose it. Your hesitation is not cowardice; it's love." "No," Abril insisted, shaking her head.

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"I put my family first, but I should have acted sooner." "Sirius, you can't shoulder everything. Even with great power, you're not obligated to use it for others. Yet here you are, wanting to help thousands. You weren't the one who opened the rift or summoned those monsters. You must let go of that responsibility," he urged. Taren returned with the horses, visibly agitated. "We should leave immediately.

The villagers saw me take the horses and tried to stop me, saying they have questions and that we need to do something about the dead." Sirius mounted his horse, shaking his head at the villagers' desperation. They were left with questions and doubts, unanswered as they rode away. --- In the middle of the day, a servant approached Maya, announcing that she had visitors. She was finishing her meal when she realized she couldn't go to greet them, feeling regretful that she had called for Cassian, who had brought news of Barto's legacy.

Maya welcomed her brother with a bright smile, even though a long time had passed since they last saw each other. Barto entered, cradling a baby in his arms, and Maya felt a rush of joy. "Do you have a wife?" she asked, her eyes wide with surprise. "Of course! This baby is Princess Lissana, the daughter of the king," Barto replied proudly. He approached her, kissing her cheek. "Hello, sister. It's so good to see you! How have you been? How is life with your fiancé?" "You know how I am. Why ask?" Maya replied, a hint of playfulness in her tone.

"Because I want to hear it directly from you," he insisted. "I'm happy, Barto," she said, though she sensed his skepticism. "But Maya says you're well," Barto pressed, sensing her hesitation. Maya felt as if she were lying, wanting to avoid the topic. "You don't have to come back to visit us. Our priest is very worried about you." "I'm sorry. I'll tell the priest I'll visit soon," Barto said, his expression softening. "I'd be happy to see you!" Maya exclaimed. Barto sat next to her, his eyes searching hers. "Who do I come to?

Even if seeing you makes me happy, I know it's not just for that reason." "Is that why you always know everything?" Maya teased. "It's not everything, but I'm here for you. I've been avoiding you, which is why you didn't want to call me. You need something, don't you?" he asked, a knowing look in his eyes. "Don't be mistaken. I'm not the one who needs something. You are the king now," she replied, trying to deflect. "Has the king commanded me to love?" he joked. "Yes, I want you to find me a mirror that reflects a person who can speak as if they were the wind," she said, her tone serious.

Barto paused, contemplating her request. "Haven't you been home to something like that?" "Don't forget to talk about it. It seems you know more than you let on," she urged. "Why?" he asked, genuinely curious. "Because you are not something a human can easily understand," she replied, her voice firm. Just then, the door swung open, and Alessandro and Cassian entered, intrigued by what they had just overheard. Alessandro fixed his gaze on Barto. "What do you want to discuss?" Barto stood, offering a respectful bow. "Long live your majesty, King Alessandro." "Don't ignore my question.

What were you about to answer just now?" Alessandro pressed, his tone demanding.

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Cassian placed a reassuring hand on his brother's shoulder. "Lessan, calm down," he urged. "I won't until you tell me what your decision is." "What your majesty desires is not something that has been created by them, and thus it is not something that can be debated by humans," Cassian replied, his tone steady. "Are they real?" Lessan pressed. "If it's my son, then yes, those mirrors were created by them," Cassian said. A broad smile spread across Alessandro's face. "Do you know where they are?" "Um... maybe," Cassian hesitated. "I need to wait for what you ask for," Alessandro insisted.

"Perhaps you would be better off where you are, in what you have, brother. If it were so easy to obtain, it would have been given to my sister." "Where do you believe?" Alessandro asked. "In their land? Are you safe?" "No," Cassian replied. "You could go to the land of the fairies and face betrayal," Alessandro warned. Maya spoke up, taking her brother's place. "Barto will not go to the land of the fairies, nor will he allow it." Alessandro tried to change Maya's mind, but this time it was Barto who interjected.

"Your majesty, just like I am half..." he began, but hesitated, "I feel it, but I don't think I can accept your request." Alessandro felt a mix of excitement and discouragement. What he wanted was a place he couldn't go, and in the end, they were left with more questions than answers—a greater mystery troubling his mind. Was she really his mother? This was something he had pondered when Cassian had mentioned that she was the author of the book that spoke of fairies and elves. But what Maya's brother had said only deepened his restlessness.

Maya's face reflected anxiety and fear; she worried for her brother's safety, knowing that the queen of the fairies would find a way to bind him to their realm, just as he was bound there. Barto noticed her distress and looked at her. "Maya will go to the last stage, so it changes," he said. "That guy, I like money, but I am not more free. So that face changes." Maya felt a

bit calmer listening to her brother's words, though she felt a pang of regret for Alessandro. Seeing his disappointed face weighed heavily on her.

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"Alessandro, I'm sure you would give anything to achieve these mirrors, but just as Abril is important to you, my brother is important to me, and I won't allow you to do something as risky as going to the land of the fairies. I hope you understand." "I understand, and I apologize for suggesting something that could pose a danger to your brother. That wasn't my intention; I just wanted to see Abril and hear her voice, even for a moment. Your absence has blinded my understanding. Please forgive me." Maya held him close, her heart aching for both of them.

Barto immediately understood what his sister wanted to do. He took off the clothes he wore to play with her and, with a grateful look, extended his necklaces to her. "I would like them. They are not the same as the mirrors I want; they are something similar, but these necklaces can connect me with Abril and let me hear her voice as if she were here. You only have to get there." "Use one of the necklaces and wear the other," Barto suggested.

Alessandro hesitated for a moment, unsure if he should take the necklaces that Maya was offering, especially since they seemed important to her and her brother. "Are they safe?" he asked. "If you can take them, I'll just give them to you. When Abril returns, they will return, and if you can use them, the queen told me that only the fairies could wear them, but I'm not sure that's true. She is very good at hiding the truth." "Thank you. Test them before sending them; if not, they will be released immediately." Alessandro looked at Barto, recalling what Maya had said about the mirrors.

"I said it before, Your Majesty, those mirrors were created by humans, and thus they are something that a human should know. I am curious about how to enter your majesty's existence regarding those mirrors." "My mother wrote a book of stories for me and my brothers when we were young. In one of those stories, she mentioned these mirrors, but I am sure they were real." "By all means, I will find it," Alessandro said, leaving the room in search of the book of stories he had heard from his mother. "Hello, Barto. Long time no see. How have you been?" he greeted.

Barto completely ignored Cassian and turned to speak with Maya. "Maya owes me a visit with Farell. Papa is wishing to see you." "Maya can't travel; she hasn't been feeling well," Cassian interjected, casting a cold glance at Barto before softening his gaze at Maya. "What's wrong, Maya? Do you want me to call Oriol?" he asked gently. Maya knew that a healer like Oriol could do nothing for her; the only one who could help her was Abril. "It's not necessary; I'm fine. What's happening is..." "Are you safe?" Cassian pressed. "Yes, I'm safe." Cassian felt uneasy seeing Barto there.

"Barto, why are you ignoring them?" he asked. "It's simple. It's my sister's fault that everything has to happen, and she suffers a lot. She is my family, and for you, it's my fault I'm missing her, and I can only see her. You need to understand why I treat you the way I do." "No, I don't believe that," Cassian replied, confused. Maya realized that her brother must have been trapped in his own thoughts when he overheard Cassian speaking. She didn't feel well, which

cleared her doubts. Her brother knew she had been there, and she hesitated to ask Cassian what else he knew.

They shared an uncomfortable silence for a moment, both lost in thought. Barto looked intently at Cassian, his golden eyes reflecting a depth of emotion. "Have you inherited elven blood? I wonder if you have powers like your mother," he mused. Alessandro entered at that moment and interjected, "She's too young to know." "I know; I was just wondering if it was the same for me," Barto replied. Alessandro handed over the book and watched as Barto began to read the stories contained within. Each tale seemed to resonate deeply with him, and he turned to Alessandro, curiosity shining in his eyes.

"Who was your mother?" Barto asked.

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A complicated relationship Was Quién really his mother? This was a question that Alessandro and Cassian could not stop asking themselves since they had met the kind queen, the rose mother, and the sweet wife. But in reality, she was no longer superior to their mother, and there was no one left among their maternal relatives. Alessandro asked, "Have I discovered something in this book?" Barto hesitated for a moment, unsure whether to share what he knew. Maya looked at him expectantly. "What's wrong, Barto? Why aren't you saying anything?" she urged.

"I'm not really sure if I should tell you," he replied, conflicted. "I'm the same as you; as soon as I speak, I hold nothing back," Maya insisted. Barto sighed heavily; he could never deny his sister's requests. "This is good. Many of the stories that exist in this book are only certain if I'm with you. Just know that you don't belong to those tales. For years, humans have kept their history well-guarded, while elves and dwarves think they have weaknesses." "Are you sure of what you're saying?" Maya asked, her brow furrowing. "Not much, really.

I'm telling you what the priest said when he was a child. He had to be very discreet with the information we possess. Even though Maya and I are together, your children never hate us, but in action, it is necessary. That's why, until recently, we didn't even know that our veins ran with Maya's blood." Maya nodded, agreeing with her brother. "When you complain about not being told the truth about our lineage, I say it would serve us to know it," she said, turning away, ignoring the thousands of questions swirling in her mind.

Barto continued, "Whatever it is, that's where Mother knows all these stories. They are just human tales. I say this without offending the noble reign; she did a great job as a queen, but to other species, they are insignificant. So, mestizos like Maya, you, and I, we are beings who should not exist." Barto looked at the little girl and added, "That's why I advise you to take good care of yourself. You are young, and she reigns over them and knows her lineage.

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You should try to find a way to hide those beautiful golden eyes; they are the only thing that can reveal your heritage." Alessandro was aware of this, which was why he insisted on her health. He had seen her eyes grow dim. "No, you asked my priest, but he will never tell me

until the information guild is created. It's very communicative, let's say." "Accordingly, many thanks for what you have shared with us," Alessandro said. "I'm sorry I couldn't help you more," Barto replied. "No, it has been a long time coming," Alessandro said as he approached Maya and Lissana, longing to be with Maya.

"In the next century, I just want to be with you," he said softly. "Yes, it must be that. It will leave a mark, but you will be careful. Let them go and try to find them," Barto advised. "Understood," Alessandro replied. When Alessandro was next to Cassian, he said, "I need you to accompany me." "But... I can't just go," Cassian protested, trailing behind his brother. Meanwhile, Alessandro walked through the countryside, pondering. "Why did I come here?" he wondered aloud. "I want you to help me, besides the leftovers," he added.

"That's not true!" Cassian shot back, ignoring his brother's plea. Maya's brother had always ignored him when he didn't seem to be paying attention. "But I don't think he'll grant me a favor when I leave this dwelling," Alessandro said. After Sian and Alessandro had gone, Maya turned to Barto, who was playing nearby. "Don't blame me for my decision; it's not your fault," she said. "No way! If you hadn't gone there, you would never have entered the land of the fairies and would have stayed far away from us.

I can't help but blame you for taking us away from you." "That was my decision, which was opposed by you, I'm sure." "Why don't you go home for at least a while?" Maya suggested. "Go and see our father, but it won't be now." Maya remained silent for a moment before asking, "Barto, what you said about the stories in this book, is it true?" "Yes," he replied. "Barto, what does Papa know about the fairies?" she pressed. "I don't know what he knows about them.

As I said, I only know what he says when he's babbling, but Daddy hides a lot of secrets." Just as Maya thought, the pixie that followed her everywhere appeared, ready to confront Barto. He was taken aback. "Is that a fairy?" he asked, watching as the pixie flew around him, tugging at his hair and hovering close to his face to see his eyes. "As this is the year, everyone in the country will want to meet you," the pixie chimed. "What do you think you're doing?!" Barto exclaimed. "I told you clearly that you would crush me if you let someone come near you." "But it's also a fairy!

Why do I have to-" "I want to," Maya interjected. "Disappear," she commanded. The pixie hesitated, still looking at Barto when she asked, "What was there?" "You've been chasing me since I got back from the land of the fairies." "Why?" Maya didn't want to tell her brother that the fairy had come to try and take her back to the land of the fairies; it would weaken her resolve. "It's true," she thought, recalling how the pixie had vanished, and she didn't want to mention it, nor could she lie to her brother without him realizing what she was doing.

"I decided to tell the truth halfway," she finally admitted. "You're here to try to convince me to return to the land of the fairies." "Did the fairy queen send you?" "Yes," the pixie replied. "So I gave up on you," Maya said, feeling a pang of sadness. "Let's stop talking about me. What about the elf girl you mentioned the last time we saw each other?" "I don't know," Barto admitted. "What don't you know?" "Our relationship is complicated." "Why?" "Because I'm half human and half elf.

I suppose you have plenty of reasons." "I don't know if she feels the same for me, but the last time we saw each other, I said it was better than before. But I think she's afraid of what the elves would say if they found out she was hanging out with someone like me." Maya could sense her brother's sadness. "Stella loves you; I'm sure she'll come back for you." "How can you be so sure?" "Because if you truly love someone, you can't just forget them. You loved her, and that's why you couldn't stay too far away from me, my beloved. So don't lose hope; she will come back to find you."