

Forgotten Wife : Let the Traitors Kneel Down Novel

Chapter 231

It won't be so easy to win. "Why?" In one of Alessandro's diaries, Abril had decided that if she entered Hades, she would return to the land of the living. She had never imagined that a human being could be one of the princes of Hades. "I don't believe it. I'll find it after I return from the realm of the fairies. If Cira had been wiser, she would never have entered this place." "In this diary, I won't find a way to close the crack to Hades." "No, I thought you knew it," Abril replied, placing her hand on the ground. Sirius spoke urgently.

"Be careful." "It's time to let your magic flow like a torrent," he urged. A bright light began to push back the darkness of that place. Sweat dripped from their brows as a scream echoed through the air. Monsters began to emerge from the shadows. "Get out of the way!" Taren shouted as he pulled out his weapon. They fought against the creatures that threatened to prevent Abril from closing the rift. "It's not working! This damn monster isn't budging," Enzo exclaimed, stepping back. "You need to do something, Sirius." Enzo conjured a ball of fire and hurled it at one of the creatures.

It staggered but quickly retaliated, attacking with its sword and claws. Taren joined him, both of them landing cuts, but the creature regenerated almost instantly. Sirius used his magic to hold it back, but it was incredibly strong. Even with all three of them giving their all, they could only keep it at bay while Abril continued to work on closing the crack. Sirius remembered he had to take decisive action. "Aim for its head and incinerate it!" he shouted. "If we had faced it in the woods, we would have had a better chance." "Attack its head! You must decapitate it!" Taren urged.

Taren heard Sirius but was momentarily distracted. The creature lunged, and in a swift motion, it severed Taren's sword arm. Despite the pain, he pressed on, determined to help Abril close the rift. The ground trembled as the crack began to seal, but it was draining Abril's energy. She was releasing so much magic that she could barely remain conscious. Yet, she couldn't stop; there was still too much left to close the rift to Hades. Digging deep within herself, she summoned every last bit of magic she had. When the final cry echoed through the air, something broke. "Cira..." Their gazes met.

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Cira looked different, a mocking smile on her lips. "We'll meet again, sister," she taunted. The crack was completely closed, but too much had happened. Cira had managed to escape, and Abril felt her magic waning. She doubted she could defend herself against her sister in her current state. Cira advanced, darkness swirling around her as she prepared to attack. Enzo stepped in front of Abril, blocking her path. He was surprised by his own instinct to protect

her; he had never imagined he would defend her like this. "Cira!" Enzo exclaimed, his voice steady despite the chaos.

"What are you doing?" "What an illusion you are," Cira sneered, advancing with a threatening gaze. Something dark slithered from her shadow, aiming directly at Enzo. But the flames of his magic flared, blocking her attack. "That's enough, Cira!" Enzo shouted, his voice rising above the din. "Stop! You're not like this!" Abril cried out, desperation lacing her words. Cira laughed, a chilling sound that echoed through the darkness. "You don't know anything about me." "I suppose not," Enzo replied, his calm demeanor contrasting sharply with the tension in the air. "We grew up together.

You're capable of many things, including cruelty." Cira's eyes narrowed. "The only thing I've ever sought is recognition from our father, but he's never given it to me." She attacked Enzo again, shadows swirling around her as she struck with disdain. "What an illusion! I've never cared for your approval. What I want is everything-open the doors of Hades and create a new world. My world, where I will be the supreme sovereign. There will be no one above me." Abril struggled to her feet, her strength waning. "I won't let you do this!" she shouted, determination igniting within her.

Cira approached, her grip tightening around Abril's throat. "You look pathetic. If I wanted to, I could kill you with a mere flick of my wrist. But don't worry; I want to see you suffer first. You'll have to endure hell before I end you. I wonder what face you'll make when you lose everything-your love, your husband." Abril summoned the last of her power, a final burst of magic that sent her crashing to the ground. Cira had suffered a burn, but she used the darkness to heal herself, her eyes glinting with malice. "I see you still have some power left," Cira taunted.

"Don't you dare touch my family!" Abril growled, her gaze fierce. Cira smirked. "So you can still fight back. I have no doubt that someone will enjoy my revenge." She turned to Enzo, her expression darkening. "And I will have my revenge on you as well." Enzo's face paled. He knew that Cira would not forgive him for what he had done. They braced themselves for her attack, but instead, Cira laughed, reveling in their fear. "Don't let yourselves suffer in mockery," she taunted.

"I don't need to lift a finger to get my revenge." Abril lunged at Cira, but it was futile; she had already vanished into the shadows. "No!" Abril cried, falling to the ground as fear gripped her heart. Her family was alone in Cosset, and her sister seemed more determined than ever to fight them. She should have warned Alessandro; she should have decided to hide or flee with her family. Abril grasped the necklace around her neck, calling out, "Alessandro!" But it was too late-she had failed to warn him of the danger that lay ahead.

As darkness enveloped her, Cira felt the malice and hatred swirling within her heart. This evil resided in the dungeons, and she sought the place where a woman of average age had once lived. "Who hates so fervently?" she wondered. Liona trembled at the sound of a scolding voice in the darkness. She crawled against the wall, fear coursing through her veins. "Who are you?" she asked, her voice barely a whisper. "Princess Cira," the voice replied, drawing closer. "Please save me. Save me from this darkness."

An enemy in common. "What would you do to escape this place?" "Please, just get me out of here if I ask you." Cira smiled, pleased to hear the reply from that stubborn girl. "First, answer my question: Who do you hate so fervently?" "It's Princess Abril's fault that I'm trapped in this place." Cira watched as the girl's demeanor shifted, her anger dissipating. "I also hate her just like you do, so I'll give you the power you need to win." Liona crawled to Cira's feet, gratitude shining in her eyes. "Thank you, my sun." Cira bit her lip, a drop of blood falling onto Liona, who screamed.

She felt herself teetering on the edge of consciousness, as if something inside her was breaking. But she was strong, and even as her appearance transformed-wrinkles vanishing from her face-Liona kissed her feet and spoke. "Your Majesty, this humble servant bows before you. I will do all you ask and rid us of our common enemy, Abril." "I hope so," Cira replied, her voice steady. Abril woke with a severe headache. When she tried to sit up, Sirius stopped her. "Don't get up; you'll only make things worse." "Leave me alone," Abril muttered, sinking back into the bed.

She felt weak, having exhausted her magic. Fear gripped her as she wondered how many days she had been sleeping. She needed to know what had happened during her unconsciousness. "How long have I been sleeping?" "Just a few days," Sirius replied, his tone serious. "I'm sure there will be a reply from Alessandro and Lissana," she said, her voice laced with urgency. "Have you spoken with them?" Abril sat up suddenly, the movement causing her head to spin. Sirius approached her, holding a bowl.

"I think I'm going to be sick." "Let me help you!" "Alessandro, we must-" "Calm down; you need to rest." "We have to return to Cosset immediately." "In your state, we cannot teleport. You must recover." "No, Alessandro and Lissana are in danger. We must-" "Do you want to die? If we use the parchments or the teleportation artifact in your condition, you will die." Abril understood his concern, but she felt the weight of her family's peril pressing down on her. Even though she hated the idea of remaining in Laios while they were in danger, she knew she had to comply.

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A loud uproar erupted nearby, and Abril asked, "What's going on?" "They are monsters; they are attacking the city," Sirius replied, rising from his chair. Abril moved closer to the window, where she could see columns of smoke and fire rising into the sky. "Is that what you're doing here? Why don't you go help them?" "My duty is to protect you, not them." "But-" "No matter how much you insist, I won't leave your side." Abril clenched her fists in frustration, feeling powerless to help those people. She shot Sirius an accusing glance, blaming him for their inaction.

Sirius shifted uncomfortably under her intense gaze, letting out a long sigh. "We are in enemy territory. You are weak and without strength. If someone were to attack you, you wouldn't be able to defend yourself. Right now, there's not much difference between you and them. Stop trying to make me feel guilty for not saving everyone." Taren arrived at the royal palace late

at night, having no time for formalities. He rushed through the palace, seeking Alessandro directly. He reached the door of the station and knocked repeatedly until it opened.

Alessandro stood before him, his expression grave. "Where is Abril? Is something wrong?" Taren asked, his voice trembling. "Calm yourself, Your Majesty. She is well; she is in the kingdom of Laios." Hearing this, Alessandro felt a wave of relief wash over him. "Why are you here protecting my wife?" "Sirius sent me. There's something urgent I need to report." Alessandro motioned for Taren to follow him. "What is it?" "I encountered new monsters in the kingdom of Laios," Taren said, omitting the part about Abril draining all her magic.

He didn't want to burden Alessandro with more than he already had. "Are you sure my wife is fine?" "Yes, Your Majesty." "Then why hasn't she come with you?" "She was recovering from the scream of Hades. She needs to rest before using the parchment; it wouldn't be good for her." Alessandro sensed that Taren was withholding the truth. "Are you sure my wife is fine? If you're lying to me, you'll regret it for the rest of your life." Taren felt a chill at the king's words, sensing the threat behind them.

"I never lied to Your Majesty." "Then it better be true." Taren quickly changed the subject, sensing that Alessandro's intensity would lead him to reveal everything he knew. "What do you think of my daughter, Lissana?" "Protect her; never let her regret being my daughter." "Where is she? It's not safe for her to be alone." "She's with Maya and Cassian; they are safe. Will you return to Laios?" Taren had used the artifact Sirius had given him to teleport, but he felt the weight of exhaustion. "If I return, it would be madness. I was attacked by a monster.

Even with the queen using her magic to heal me, I'm not completely well. I don't think I can teleport for some time, and I doubt she will remain in Laios for long." Although Alessandro appeared upset by this answer, he simply said, "Very well, you may leave." Taren bowed. "Good night, Your Majesty." After saying goodbye, Taren left the room quickly, eager to escape the king's piercing gaze.

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In the kingdom of elves, a great commotion stirred within the royal palace. Dust swirled in the air as Kiara entered the living room, where her mother had just concluded a meeting with several generals. The atmosphere was thick with tension, and Kiara felt a sense of urgency to uncover the cause of the disturbance. "Greetings, Princess Kiara," each general offered as she passed by, their expressions grave. Kiara approached her mother, concern etched on her face. "Mother, what's happening? Why all this fuss in the palace?" The elf queen rose from her throne, her demeanor regal yet troubled.

"I am buried under the notion of being a mestiza," she replied, her voice heavy with disdain. "They are preparing to bring one here." Mestizos were beings that, in the eyes of the elves, should not exist. Kiara's heart sank at the thought. She had always found it hard to believe that any elf would dare to have a child with a human. "A mix of Sophia's daughter with one of them?" Kiara reflected, her mind racing. "She's dead," the queen said, her voice barely above a whisper.

Kiara knew how much her mother longed for her sister, how deeply she wished to see her return home, even if she had never voiced it. "What do you plan to do about this?" Kiara pressed, feeling a surge of defiance. "You can't just close your eyes to it." "I don't want to continue discussing this topic, Kiara," the queen snapped. "If Aunt Sophia were alive, it would break her heart to hear your thoughts on this matter." "You know our rules, Kiara."

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It doesn't matter what status you hold; procreation with a human is forbidden." "If I had a mestiza, would you close your heart to me as well?" Kiara challenged, her voice rising. "Would you leave me by my side?" Without hesitation, the queen replied, "Yes, I would." Kiara felt a wave of disappointment wash over her. "Why did Aunt Sophia leave this kingdom without making a decision? She knew there was no one to trust." "Kiara!" her mother's voice rang out, sharp and commanding. "You don't understand anything." "That's true."

I don't understand why it's forbidden to love someone of a different race," Kiara retorted, frustration bubbling within her. "It is prohibited, and that is all you need to know." Kiara hated the darkness that clouded her sister's memory, the unanswered questions that lingered in her heart. She knew her mother's response would be the same: it was a matter of tradition. Shortly after, the queen's assistant entered, bowing respectfully. "Your Majesty, everything is ready." "Then let's go," the queen commanded.

"Your Majesty, I don't believe it's wise for you to seek out the mestiza personally," the assistant cautioned. "I must go," the queen insisted, her resolve unyielding. Meanwhile, in another part of the palace, Maya was cradling Lissana, who was crying softly. The little girl's cheeks were flushed, and Maya felt a strange urgency in her heart. "This girl has something rare," Maya murmured, her brow furrowed in concern. "What do you mean by 'something rare'?" Cassian asked, his voice laced with worry.

"I can't quite decipher it," Maya admitted, brushing her fingers gently over Lissana's forehead. "But I feel something unusual." Cassian's anxiety grew as he watched Maya with Lissana, who was now sobbing. "Lissana is sick! Call a doctor!" he shouted, rushing out of the room. Maya remained by Lissana's side, trying to soothe her, but the little girl's cries only intensified. Cassian met his brother Alessandro in the hallway, his face pale and frantic. "What's going on, Cassian?" Alessandro demanded, his heart racing. "It's Lissana..." Cassian gasped, struggling to catch his breath.

Alessandro felt a wave of dread wash over him. "Where is my daughter?" "She's in my room. Maya is with her," Cassian replied, urgency in his voice. Without waiting for further explanation, Alessandro dashed toward the room, fear gnawing at him. He arrived to find Maya holding Lissana, who was still crying. "How is Lissana? What happened?" Alessandro asked, panic rising in his chest. "No one attacked us," Cassian said quickly. "Lissana just has a slight fever." "What?" Alessandro's heart sank. "Don't worry," Cassian reassured him.

"It's nothing serious." Alessandro felt a rush of relief, but the fear lingered. He had rushed to see Lissana, terrified that something worse had befallen her. "Thank the stars," he murmured, placing a hand on Lissana's forehead. "It's just a fever." "Why did you say that? Did I do something wrong?" Maya asked, her voice trembling. Alessandro looked at her, his

expression softening. "No, Maya. You did nothing wrong. It's just a tale of the dangers that lurk in the shadows." Maya gently squeezed Lissana's small body, her heart aching for the little girl.

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While she was here, Alessandro wouldn't let her regret it. He had to take care of Lissana, after all. "My daughter needs me," he murmured, his heart heavy with worry. Several doctors had examined Lissana, but none could determine the cause of her illness. Her fever had escalated, and despair was starting to take hold of him. Maya followed Lissana's side, her own strength waning as she supported the girl. Cassian approached them, concern etched on his face. "I think we should call Abril. No one has been able to figure out what's wrong.

She's not very small, but this could be serious." "I didn't want to worry you, but I believe we have no other options. We need to go back," Cassian insisted. Alessandro stepped out of the town, reluctant to wake Lissana, who had finally fallen asleep. He turned his gaze toward the sky, then called for Abril. "Aby!" Abril responded immediately to his call. "Lessan? How is Lissana?" she asked, anxiety lacing her voice. Alessandro's heart ached as he replied, "She's not well. Are you okay?" "Yes, I'm fine." "Aby, you need to come back." "Yes, I won't take long," she assured him.

"No, you need to come back right now." "What's going on, Lessan?" "It's Lissana." "What's wrong with my baby?" "Calm down, Aby. Lissana has a fever. Several doctors have seen her, but they still don't know what's wrong." Abril sprang to her feet, feeling weak as she did so. The sudden movement made her dizzy, and she stumbled, hitting the ground hard. "Aby! What are you doing? Are you okay?" Alessandro rushed to her side, worry etched on his face. Every time she moved too quickly, her stomach churned.

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If she hadn't been talking to Alessandro, she feared she would have been sick all over again. "I'm fine, I just stumbled," she managed to say. "Thank God, I thought something had happened." "Don't worry, I'll be with you soon. Just take care of our daughter in the meantime." Abril felt a wave of nausea wash over her. She dropped the collar she had been fiddling with and, once their conversation ended, grabbed a nearby jar and began to vomit until her stomach was empty. As she cleaned her mouth, she hoped she wouldn't die from the stress.

Just then, her eyes focused on the figure entering the room, and relief flooded through her when she recognized Sirius. "What are you doing on the floor?" he asked, approaching her with concern. "I'm not feeling well," she admitted, her voice weak. "You need to get up," he urged. "We have to return to Cosset." "I'm telling you, in your state, that's not possible." "My daughter needs me," she insisted, her voice firm despite her weakness. "Lissana isn't well, and the doctors can't figure it out, but I believe I know the reason." "What do you mean?" Sirius asked, his brow furrowing.

"Before I spoke about Lissana's powers, I think that's what caused this. We need to go back; I can help her." "Lissana's powers are unpredictable. Sometimes they create strong gusts of

wind, and other times they nullify magic. I never imagined she could become ill from it." "You can't suppress her abilities right after she wakes up; it will overwhelm her body and cause her to collapse." "I didn't know that." "And it's dangerous. It doesn't stop working; I just suppressed the effects of her magic for too long." "I have to get to Cosset. Lissana needs me," Abril insisted.

"You have to stay with her," Sirius replied, his tone firm. He called for the servants and requested several herbs, hot water, and a remedy for her condition. Once he gathered everything, he began to grind the leaves into a viscous green paste. Sirius thought for a moment, then mixed it with hot water, creating a concoction to serve to Abril. It had a strong odor that made her stomach turn. She wished it didn't smell so awful, but she knew she had to drink it. "Sirius, this is-" "You need to drink it all, or it won't work," he interrupted.

Abril forced herself to swallow the disgusting mixture. "How long will it take for this to work?" she asked, her voice strained. "It will take a little while," he replied. "I don't have that time!" she exclaimed, frustration rising. "You'll have to wait. Even if it's hard, you need to finish it all." He poured her another cup, showing her everything he had prepared. "Otherwise, there's no point," he added. Abril continued to drink the vile concoction, knowing it was necessary. Despite its horrible taste, she couldn't deny that it was effective.

After finishing her second cup, she began to feel much better. "This remedy is horrid!" she exclaimed. "Yes, but it will only help temporarily. Once it wears off, you'll feel bad again. But at least we can get to Cosset without you collapsing on the way, or so I hope." Sirius's words didn't inspire much confidence in Abril, but desperation drove her to take the risk. She rose from the bed, feeling the weakness in her body lift slightly. She slipped on her boots, which were next to the bed, and said, "Come on, we must get there immediately."

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Abril stood resolute, her heart heavy with the weight of her responsibilities. "My daughter needs me," she murmured, her voice firm. "I fulfilled my word, but my priority is my child. Let's go; she is waiting for me." As she prepared to march, a gentle knock echoed through her chamber. Sirius, her loyal companion, glanced at her, curiosity etched on his face. "April, may I come in?" Enzo's voice called from the other side of the door. With a deep breath, Abril opened the door, revealing Enzo's concerned expression. "Are you going somewhere?" he asked, his brow furrowing.

"We must return to Laios. There are many monsters in the city," she replied, her tone urgent. "I can't leave her if she is sick; she needs me." Enzo's eyes softened, recalling the times when Abril's daughter had been frail. "You always put her first," he said, a hint of admiration in his voice. Abril felt a pang of guilt at his words. She remembered the childhood struggles her daughter faced, her magic suppressed just as Abril had once been. "I'm a fool to think they wouldn't betray me," she thought, frustration bubbling within her.

"The weapons you blessed have finally freed us to face these monsters, but I cannot stay. My daughter is my priority," she insisted, her resolve unwavering. "Here is a kingdom that needs you," Enzo countered gently. "If you wish to help, you can." "I wish I could, but I can't abandon my family," Abril replied, shaking her head. "I have to go back to Laios." "Good luck

then, but be careful with Cira," Enzo warned, his tone serious. "Take care of yourself, too. You seek revenge, don't you?" she asked, a knowing look in her eyes. "Yes," he admitted, his gaze steady.

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"Then we shall meet again, Enzo," she said, turning towards the gate. Just before crossing it, Enzo called out to her. "Abril, if you can..." "You've changed," she interrupted, recalling how he had once expressed his loneliness over not having family. "Cira was hostile to me, wanting to kill anyone who stood in her way. But that was never my intention.

We both grew up fighting for the throne, proving our worth, yet we ended up forgotten in a corner of the palace." "No one is a loving priest," he replied softly, "we were all neglected by our priest." "I don't believe that's the case," Abril said, her voice firm. "Our priest is being controlled by darkness. I may not show it, but I care for us." "Thank you for saying that," Enzo replied, his expression softening. "You have much to consider.

You're taking the shortcut; you'll need it to reach Cosset, even if it means opening the path again." "I will help you whenever you need," she promised, determination in her voice. "Just decide which path to take," he urged. Though Enzo seemed to believe someone evil lurked in the shadows, Abril knew he was clever. "What is the way?" she asked, recalling the route to Cosset. Abril had an excellent memory, and she remembered the details vividly. As she stepped out with Sirius by her side, they encountered Hans, who approached and bowed deeply before her.

"Princess Abril," he greeted, his tone respectful. "I am no longer a princess; I am the queen of Cosset," she replied, her voice steady. "I know, and I did not call you princess to remind you," Hans said earnestly. "I want to recognize you as the queen of this kingdom." "What do you want?" Abril asked, her patience wearing thin. "I have a request, but I cannot comply," he said, hesitating. "Speak," she urged. "Please don't kill Cira. You'll have to see her again, from before," he pleaded, desperation in his voice. "Why do you care so much for Cira?" Abril asked, narrowing her eyes.

"Because I..." he hesitated. "I loved her, but my love was never reciprocated. That doesn't change how I feel." Hans bowed deeply, his head lowered in supplication. "Please, don't kill her." "I can promise nothing," Abril replied, her heart heavy. "But I will consider your request." "Thank you for accepting my petition, Your Majesty," he said, relief flooding his features. As Abril contemplated his words, Sirius spoke up. "You and your brother are hypocrites. I understand you want her saved." "If she is in my grasp, I will do what I can," Hans insisted.

"You shouldn't show so much kindness; it will only lead to problems," Sirius warned. "It's not kindness," Abril replied, her voice steady. "I share a bond with Cira, even if I see no good in her. If I can help, I will." "I hope you don't regret this decision," Sirius cautioned. "I hope I don't either," Abril said, her heart heavy with uncertainty as she prepared to face the challenges ahead.

Alessandro was deeply worried about Lissana. Her fever showed no signs of abating, and it seemed to worsen with each passing moment. Maya had been caring for her all day, and although she felt exhausted, it was nothing compared to what Abril had endured before. Abril had infused Lissana with her magic, though she hadn't thought much of it at the time. It surprised her that Lissana still clung to life, as if it were merely an illusion, knowing their health could deteriorate at any moment.

Maya was so lost in her thoughts that she didn't notice when Cassian entered the room until she heard him exclaim, "Alessandro! We have a problem!" "What's going on?" Alessandro asked, his heart racing. "There's an army surrounding the palace!" Cassian replied, urgency lacing his voice. "But how? Why hasn't the alarm been sounded?" Alessandro demanded. "I believe they're using stealth," Maya interjected, her voice steady despite the chaos. "Take care of Lissana, Cassian. Stay with her and protect her. I'll handle this," Alessandro instructed, his tone firm. "Are you crazy?

It's an army!" Cassian protested. Alessandro placed a reassuring hand on his brother's shoulder. "That's exactly why I must go. If there's anyone who can deal with them, it's me. Promise me that if the palace falls, you'll flee without looking back." "I promise," Cassian replied, though uncertainty flickered in his eyes. Alessandro approached Lissana, pressing a gentle kiss to her forehead. "Papa is back," he whispered, hoping to soothe her. Maya joined him, her expression serious.

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"We need to find a safe place for her." They both nodded in agreement, and Alessandro moved toward the entrance, where the elven army awaited. On his way, he encountered Taren, who looked equally troubled. "I heard we're being attacked. Who dares to assault us?" "They haven't attacked yet; they're just surrounding the palace," Taren replied, his brow furrowed in concern. "But who would do such a thing?" Alessandro asked, his voice low. "It's the elven army," Taren confirmed. "Why are they here? What do they want?" Alessandro pressed, his mind racing.

"I believe they wish to demonstrate their readiness for war, hoping to negotiate our surrender. But those are just assumptions. We'll find out soon enough," Taren replied. Alessandro summoned the wind to create a barrier around himself, stepping forward to confront the elven forces. "I am Alessandro Veriatte, King of Cosset. Are you surrounding my palace? Should I take this as a declaration of war?" A red-haired woman stepped forward from the ranks of soldiers, her weapon poised and ready. "I am Enora Babette, Queen of Arkala, the elven kingdom.

And I am here for the mestiza." "Why should I believe this is anything but an attack?" Alessandro challenged, his voice steady. "Because you know I'm here for the mestiza," Enora replied, her tone icy. "There's no mestiza here," Alessandro shot back defiantly. "It's useless to deny it. Dantriel has already revealed her presence. Don't try to deceive me," Enora warned, her golden eyes glinting with determination. Alessandro felt a surge of anger. "You can return to where you came from. She isn't here." Enora's expression hardened. "I can sense her magic.

It's strong, and it's here in the palace." Alessandro hesitated, feeling the weight of her words. "You're mistaken. Lissana's power hasn't awakened yet." "Then you're in trouble," Enora replied, a smirk playing on her lips. "If you refuse to hand her over, it will end badly for you." Alessandro's

heart raced as he realized the gravity of the situation. "I won't hand her over to you or anyone else." With a swift motion, Enora summoned a gust of wind, lifting Alessandro slightly off the ground. "I don't want to spill unnecessary blood, King Pumbpo.

Just give me the mestiza, and we can avoid further conflict." "Where is she?" Enora demanded, her voice sharp. Alessandro felt sweat bead on his forehead, realizing the truth in her words. "You're lying." Enora shrugged, her confidence unwavering. "I came to find the mestiza because I cannot allow someone with the power of light to dwell among humans. If she dies, it will be on your conscience. The choice is yours: save her or let her perish." Alessandro clenched his fists, uncertainty gnawing at him. He didn't know if Enora spoke the truth or if it was merely a ploy.

But the fear of losing Lissana was overwhelming.

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An overwhelming power surged within Alessandro, a desperate need to secure what he wanted. All he knew was that Lissana was seriously ill. If the words of the elven queen were true, he feared for her life. "You don't have time," Enora insisted, her voice urgent. "Your condition continues to worsen. What will you take?" "What do you want from her?" Alessandro shot back, his protective instincts flaring. "I wouldn't think it would kill you if that's what you're asking," Enora replied coolly. "But as I said, she cannot dwell among humans.

If you give her to me, I will save her, and she will have a long life." Alessandro's heart raced at the thought of Lissana's fate. He struggled to believe the queen's words, wishing there were another way to save her. "I swear by the memory of my sister Sophia that I mean no harm. Satisfied?" Enora pressed, her gaze unwavering. "I'm glad to hear that," Alessandro replied, his tone laced with skepticism. "But I still don't trust you." Enora's expression hardened. "I don't expect you to trust me. Just as I didn't trust you before.

So, who will take me to a group of soldiers?" Alessandro chuckled, knowing he had the upper hand. "You can cancel my magic, but you are incredibly strong despite your appearance. Only a few soldiers will accompany you; the rest will remain here." Enora recognized the challenge in his words and accepted his terms, though they felt unfair. "Very well. I'm sure you're planning something." "Of course," Alessandro replied, a smirk playing on his lips. Enora turned and addressed two of her soldiers, tall and strong women with an air of lethal grace. "Bleir, Gala, accompany me.

The others wait here." "At your command," they responded in unison. "Follow me," Enora instructed. As Alessandro passed by Taren, he spoke in a low voice. "Tell me you're not leading us into danger." Taren nodded, his expression serious. As they traversed the mountains, Enora glanced at Alessandro. "You're either very valuable or very foolish." "Why do you say that?" he asked, curiosity piqued. "Because you walk around with your back to me. Aren't you afraid I might kill you?" "Not at the moment," Alessandro replied, his tone light.

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"But that could change depending on what you do." "Is that a threat?" Enora challenged. "It's a warning," he countered. "I doubt you'd deliver me to the mestiza so easily. You must be plotting something." "If you think I'm plotting, why have you followed me?" she retorted. "Because I'm interested in seeing what you will do and why," he replied, his gaze steady. When they reached the room where Lissana lay, Enora pressed Alessandro to open the door. The energy radiating from the mestiza was palpable.

As the door swung open, Enora momentarily felt overwhelmed by the young girl's energy, reminiscent of a baby she had once held. "What does this mean? This mestiza has a child?" "She is my daughter," Alessandro replied, a fierce protectiveness in his voice. "She has given birth?!" Enora exclaimed, her eyes widening in disbelief. The situation was dire, and she could sense the urgency. Maya clutched the baby to her chest, fear etched across her face. "If you don't let me treat this child, she will die. My body can't contain this energy much longer." Maya looked at Alessandro, her eyes pleading.

"Let her take care of it." Enora studied the girl, recognizing the fairy blood coursing through her veins and the instability of her condition. "Hand her over." Maya hesitated but then surrendered the baby to Enora, who cradled her gently in the makeshift cradle nearby. "You shouldn't strain yourself in your condition," Enora advised. Maya stepped back, watching as Enora placed her hand over the fragile infant. A warm light emanated from her palm, and the color returned to the baby's face.

Her breathing steadied, and Enora felt the surge of power flowing through the child—a force so strong, it was astonishing. "I'm amazed," Enora murmured, realizing the potential that lay within the child. "Creatures like her shouldn't exist, let alone procreate." Suddenly, Alessandro drew his sword, aiming it at Enora. In that instant, Bleir's sword was at Alessandro's throat, a swift and unexpected move that left him momentarily stunned. "How did you get here so quickly?" he wondered, taken aback. Bleir's blade was sharp, and it pressed against Alessandro's skin, a warning.

"I advise you to lower your sword and refrain from any foolishness if you wish to keep your head." A heartbreaking scream echoed through the air. Cassian had created a barrier around a corner of the house, hiding alongside Taren as they observed the unfolding chaos. They huddled together, waiting for the right moment to act. Cassian needed to draw attention to himself, hoping to create a distraction. He gestured to Taren, and they both stepped out simultaneously, capturing the focus of everyone present. Bleir moved away from Alessandro, creating an opening.

Maya seized the opportunity to escape from the cell of the second girl, her voice steady. "Draw your sword if you don't want to die." Bleir had lost her daughter during the Gala, but she stood her ground, refusing to relinquish her weapon. "When Cassian realized Alessandro's life was in danger, he used his magic to entangle the legs of the girls, immobilizing them. But the entanglements that lay at the feet of the elven kingdom remained unyielding. Alessandro pointed his sword at Enora, his voice firm.

"Give her back to me." "Don't expect me to comply easily," Enora replied, her confidence unwavering. "I'm willing to admit you have some skill, but it won't work on me."

An ear-piercing scream echoed through the air as Bleir and Gala fell to the ground. They both retrieved their swords and, with a leap, arrived at the edge of the elven kingdom. Alessandro tried to approach Enora, but a barrier blocked his path. Alessa began to strike the barrier desperately, while Cassian unleashed his magic against it, but neither effort yielded any results. Taren attacked the barrier with hope, yet it remained unbroken. Maya launched kicks and pushed against the barrier, but it held firm.

Enora, watching intently, knew that if they could open a portal, they would glimpse the splendid towers and waterfalls that surrounded the kingdom. As she crossed through the portal, she turned and said, "If the half-breed wishes to see this girl again, tell her to avenge Arkala." "No!" Alessandro shouted, his voice filled with impotent rage as he realized the portal was closing and the barrier had vanished. He fell to the ground, calling out his daughter's name as if it were being torn from his very soul. "Lissana!" Alessandro remembered that Enora's army was nearby.

He opened the balcony doors and jumped, using his magic to fly as quickly as he could toward the entrance. To his surprise, he found only emptiness; they had vanished as if they had never existed. "Where is the army that surrounds us?" he demanded of the guards stationed at the doors. A blinding light enveloped them for a moment, and when their vision cleared, the army had disappeared without a trace. Alessandro, in a fit of rage, lost control over his wind magic, summoning a fierce gale.

Cassian moved closer, trying to calm him, but the swirling winds threatened to tear apart everything in their path. The guards recognized the power of Alessandro's magic and feared for the palace's safety if he could not regain his composure. "Taren!" Cassian shouted, shielding his eyes from the debris swirling around them. "We must stop this! He'll destroy the palace!" "If we get any closer, we'll be shattered!" Taren warned. "Can't you use the spells like you did before?" Cassian urged. "No, I'm out of practice!" Taren replied, panic creeping into his voice.

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"We need to get everyone to safety," Cassian insisted. "The windows will break, and the glass will fly everywhere. We must pray that Alessandro calms down soon." Abril arrived at the point where she could teleport, using only parchment paper, as anything else would require traveling a long distance. She read the barrier that surrounded the royal capital of Laius and expected to find only a few monsters. Instead, she was met with a scene infested with creatures, as if they were guarding the path to prevent anyone from passing. Sirius pulled bags from his satchel and handed them to Abril.

"You're not fully recovered, so avoid overexerting yourself. If a monster approaches, use these daggers." "Understood," she replied. "Using a teleportation scroll will be complicated, so we'll use the bracelets. You know how to activate them." Abril glanced back, realizing there were too many monsters; it would be impossible for Sirius to defeat them all, especially given their size. "There are too many monsters!" she exclaimed. "Create a distraction. When they chase you, run with all your strength toward the air where I can transport you. Wait for me.

Don't worry; I don't think I'm going to die. I still have things to do." Sirius leaped from the trees, attacking the monsters while running wildly and screaming to draw their attention. As the creatures began to leave the path, Abril seized the opportunity. She sprinted with all her might, some smaller monsters darting after her. She fought them off with the daggers until she reached the designated spot and activated the bracelet, closing her eyes for a brief moment. When she opened her eyes, the sight before her was perplexing.

She stood at the palace doors, feeling a cold sweat break out as she realized that the immense windstorm could have been conjured by Lissana, her powers spiraling out of control. Abril ran with all her strength toward the palace doors, the wind howling around her, threatening to lift her off the ground. Cassian watched anxiously, waiting for Alessandro to regain control when Abril arrived at the gates. She needed to explain what was happening, so she leaned against the iron beams of the palace. "Cassian!" she called out, breathless. "What's going on?" "Alessandro has lost control.

You must cancel his magic before it's too late," he urged. Abril looked at the raging winds, realizing how far Alessandro had fallen into chaos. "Why has he lost control?" she asked, her heart racing. Cassian hesitated, knowing that the news of Lissana's threat had reached Alessandro, and he feared for Abril's safety. "There's no time to explain. Just cancel Alessandro's magic!" he insisted. Sirius had told him that he hadn't used his powers at all. It was merely an illusion, but they needed to reach Alessandro.

Gathering all her strength, Abril began to walk toward him, the swirling winds intensifying. Cassian could see the determination in her eyes. "You can't go in there! The wind will destroy you!" he shouted. Ignoring his warning, Abril pressed on, each step drawing her closer to the tempest that was her beloved.

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Losing control was a struggle. Abril fought to keep her feet grounded as branches and stones swirled around her. The chaos had raised a whirlpool, and she felt the sharp cuts on her arms as she tore at her clothes, trying to shield her face from the debris that threatened to blind her. Reaching Alessandro was no easy task. She screamed with all her strength, but her words seemed to vanish into the air. Alessandro stood amidst the tempest, his head bowed against the force of the wind. Abril felt herself being pulled away, the last remnants of the wind's fury sweeping her off her feet.

"Alessandro!" She called out repeatedly, but he did not respond. Abril knew she had to break through the wall of wind he had conjured. With little magic left, she managed to weaken the storm just enough to slip through the final barrier. She reached him, wrapping her arms around him tightly. "Alessandro, you must stop!" At that moment, as she held him close, Alessandro regained his senses. The tornado he had summoned dissipated, along with the chaos that had consumed him. "Aby, what are you doing here?" he asked, his voice laced with concern. Finally, she felt the weight of her exhaustion.

As she collapsed into his arms, her pale face sent a wave of fear through Alessandro. The thought of losing Abril, just as he had lost Lissana, was unbearable. "Aby! Wake up!" he shouted, panic rising in his chest. Meanwhile, Sirius had fought valiantly against the monsters,

finally managing to rid the area of their presence. Just as he thought he might find a moment of peace after his arduous journey, he was met with a far more distressing sight: Alessandro cradling Abril, pleading for her to respond. Sirius approached them, noting Abril's pale complexion. He feared the worst.

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"She used her magic, didn't she?" "Curse it! She shouldn't have used magic," Sirius muttered, frustration evident in his tone. "She had no choice," Alessandro replied, his voice strained. "She was trying to save me." Sirius shook his head. "We can't do anything for her now. We just have to wait and see if she can recover." "Will she die?" Alessandro's voice trembled with desperation. "She's strong, with a great deal of magic. I'm sure she'll pull through," Sirius reassured him, though doubt lingered in his heart. From a distance, Princess Cira watched, her thoughts heavy with concern.

"Is anything happening?" she asked, glancing at her sister. "I'm worried about Abril, but I believe she's strong enough to survive this," Cira replied, though uncertainty gnawed at her. "Isn't there a thought to kill her? After all, she deserves to suffer for what she's done," a voice interjected, bitterness lacing the words. "I don't want her dead; I want her to suffer," Cira retorted, her patience wearing thin. "I've had enough of everything I love being taken from me." As the tension mounted, Kiara rushed into the room, her heart racing at the thought of her mother.

She felt a mix of curiosity and concern for her sister, Sophia. "Could it be Aunt Sophia?" she wondered aloud as she entered, only to find her mother cradling a baby with black hair and golden eyes. "Is that my cousin?" Kiara exclaimed, eyes wide with surprise. "Kiara, how many times have I told you to knock before entering?" her mother scolded gently. Ignoring the reprimand, Kiara approached, staring at the baby until tears filled her eyes. "I thought Aunt Sophia was gone! Is this my first cousin?" "No, Kiara. This child isn't Sophia's daughter; she's mixed-race," her mother explained.

"Wow, she's beautiful! Where's my cousin?" Kiara asked, searching the room. "I haven't found her yet, but I'm sure she's somewhere nearby," her mother replied, her tone softening. "Did you take her?" Kiara accused, casting a wary glance at her mother. "You're too soft, Kiara. You need to learn that only the strongest survive in this world," her mother admonished. "This is dizzying," Kiara muttered, feeling overwhelmed. As Lissana began to cry, her mother handed the baby to Bleir. "Take her away; her cries are unbearable," she said, exasperated.

Kiara watched as Bleir took the baby, treating her with care. "I'll take care of her. In Bleir's hands, she wouldn't last a day." "This girl needs to be isolated," her mother insisted. "She's a baby!" Kiara protested, feeling a surge of protectiveness. "Kiara, leave her be," her mother urged. "No, I won't!" Kiara shot back, her frustration boiling over. "You're treating her like she's nothing. She's part of our family, and we share our resources with her." Enora sighed deeply, feeling the weight of the situation.

"If you allow me to decide, I believe the best course is to let Princess Kiara care for the baby. I promised to look after her." "I suppose you're right. For now, I'll let Kiara take charge," her mother conceded reluctantly. Gala approached, her expression serious. "Your Majesty, what

about Dantriel?" "I wanted to ensure he doesn't get close to Kiara or the baby," her mother instructed firmly. "As you wish, Your Majesty," Gala replied, bowing her head in compliance.

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Kiara took the baby to her room, gently rocking her until she calmed down. Afterward, they called for someone to prepare some milk. Once fed, the baby fell asleep, and Kiara tenderly caressed her head, whispering, "Take care; your mother will come looking for you. I won't allow anything to happen to you." Seven days had passed since Abril collapsed. Alessandro felt utterly helpless; there was nothing he could do for her, and above all, he felt guilty for not being able to prevent the elven kingdom from taking his daughter. As he caressed Abril's brother, he wondered what she would say.

He buried the thought that he could not fulfill the promise he had made to protect Lissana. Cassian approached him, placing a hand on his shoulder. "You should rest, Lessan. You haven't slept all night." "I really wish I could," Alessandro replied, his voice heavy with fatigue. "You must try, or you'll end up worse than you are now. When Abril wakes up, you will need all your strength." "Will they bring our daughter back?" Alessandro asked, his voice laced with desperation. "Lessan, you did everything you could to protect her," Cassian reassured him.

"But it wasn't enough; otherwise, she would be here with us." Alessandro lightly shook Abril's hand and murmured, "I should have protected her better. We wouldn't be in this situation." "Don't be so hard on yourself, Lessan." "But I lost control." "They took your daughter. If I were in your place, I would have acted the same way. If I lost Maya, I would lose control too." Though Alessandro couldn't shake the guilt, Cassian's words provided some comfort. "Sleep, Lessan. I'll stay with her," Cassian offered. "Thank you." Reluctantly, Alessandro stepped away from Abril.

He didn't want to leave her side, so he settled onto the nearby sofa and closed his eyes, hoping to catch a little sleep. Exhaustion soon overtook him, and he drifted off. Hours later, he woke up startled, with Cassian watching him. "What's wrong, Lessan?" Cassian asked, concern etched on his face. "I had a nightmare," Alessandro replied, running a hand through his unkempt hair. "More than a nightmare, it felt like a terrible reality." He glanced at Abril, who remained still, but he believed she looked a little better, her face regaining some color.

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He knelt beside her, studying her closely, and realized Cassian had been right; she seemed to have recovered some of her strength, and her breathing appeared more normal. Cassian, still worried about Maya, mentioned, "I should check on her. She's been struggling lately." "How is she?" Alessandro inquired. "Better, but the doctor says she needs to rest for a few days." "I hope she gets through this," Alessandro said, his heart heavy. "I'll go see her. Take care of Abril," Cassian replied, standing up. "Thanks, Cassian."

"Thank you for always being there when I need you." "You're my brother, my family. I'll always be here." Meanwhile, Maya felt weak and tired, unable to get out of bed. Each day was a struggle, and despite her attempts, she remained bedridden. The pixie, trim and bright, hovered nearby. "I told you this was only temporary. You need to return to the fairies," the

pixie insisted. "You're being stubborn. Do you want to die?" Maya retorted, ignoring the pixie's warning. Just then, the door opened, and Pee entered, concern written all over her face.

"How are you feeling?" she asked, sitting at the edge of the bed. "I'm much better. Is Abril okay?" Maya replied, her voice barely above a whisper. "She's still not out of the woods, but I believe she's improving," Pee reassured her. "I hope so," Maya said, her heart aching for her friend. Cassian took Maya's hand, noting how cold it was despite the warm day. "Are you sure you're alright?" "Yes, I'm here for you. If Sirius asks, tell him it's just fatigue," Maya replied, trying to sound more confident than she felt. Cassian leaned in and pressed a gentle kiss to her lips.

"Recover quickly." "I will. Soon, I'll be as good as new," Maya promised, attempting to calm the fear and sadness that threatened to overwhelm her. "I'm sure you'll get through this," Cassian said, his voice filled with encouragement. Maya sighed deeply, feeling drowsy despite having slept all night. "I'll try." "I'm going to rest. I'll be back soon," he said, giving her one last reassuring look before leaving the room. Once he was gone, the pixie reappeared. "You know you won't recover if you don't return to the land of the fairies.

Why do you keep lying to yourself?" "Because I can't bear to see him suffer," Maya replied, her voice trembling. "Even if you insist you're fine, you know you can't hide from the truth. It will consume you slowly if you don't face it," the pixie urged. "Leave me alone! You're only saying this because you know it's true. No matter how many lies you tell, the truth will always shine through," Maya snapped, tears streaming down her face. The pixie vanished, leaving Maya alone with her turmoil. She felt trapped between her pain and the fear that was slowly eating away at her soul.

Ethan had tried to leave Arkala several times, but the guardians of the realm kept a watchful eye on the roads. After his twelfth attempt, he sought out Dantriell, desperate for a way to reach the horsemen. When he finally arrived at Dantriell's workshop, the first question out of Dantriell's mouth was why everyone seemed to be coming this way.