

Forgotten Wife : Let the Traitors Kneel Down Novel

Chapter 251

April felt a surge of anxiety as they approached the palace. The tension in the air was palpable, and she could sense that Al was equally on edge. Memories of past encounters flooded her mind, particularly the times when she had to touch her belly to calm herself, a gesture that often signaled her anger. "How can we get into the palace?" Al asked, his voice low and cautious. "It's through the main door. We'll need to request an audience with the queen; that's the only way," April replied, her heart racing. "That's a risky move.

What if they deny us entry and we end up in the dungeons instead?" Al's worry was evident. Ethan, who had been listening quietly, interjected. "That won't happen. She wants to see April." "How can you be so sure?" Al challenged, skepticism lacing his tone. "The queen has been searching for April. It's her purpose to see her daughter with her own eyes," Ethan explained, his conviction unwavering. As they reached the palace doors, Ethan stepped forward to address the guards. "We request an audience with the queen." One of the guards crossed his arms, his expression stern.

"Entry to the palace is prohibited." Ethan pressed on. "We must speak with her. It's urgent." "Wait, you're not asking me for an audience, are you?" the guard scoffed. April stepped forward, her voice steady. "I'm the daughter of Princess Sophia Babette." The guards exchanged incredulous glances, their eyes wide with disbelief. "How can we know you're not an impostor?" one of them asked. "There are ways to verify my identity," April replied, her confidence growing despite the tension. After a brief, hushed discussion, the guards reluctantly agreed to let them pass, but not without a warning.

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"If you're lying, you'll pay the price for deceiving the royal family." "I'm not an impostor," April assured them, her heart pounding. The guard led them inside, where they approached the throne room. As they entered, Enora, the queen, was seated, her presence commanding. Ethan announced their arrival. "Your Majesty, I apologize for the interruption, but we have someone who requests an audience." Enora looked up, her eyes narrowing in curiosity. "Who requests this audience?" "April Venobich, daughter of Princess Sophia Babette," Ethan replied.

Enora stood abruptly, her expression shifting from curiosity to shock. "Repeat what you said!" "April Venobich, daughter of Princess Sophia Babette, requests an audience with Your Majesty," Ethan reiterated. "Let her pass," Enora commanded, her voice firm. "Your Majesty, Ethan is with her, and there's also a man accompanying them," one of the guards added. "Let Ethan go; he only needs to bring the girl and her companion," Enora instructed, her tone softening slightly. As Ethan stepped back, he felt a mix of relief and concern.

He knew he could not enter the palace again unless the queen permitted it, so he retreated without complaint. The guard turned to April and Alessandro. "You may proceed. The queen is waiting." April took a deep breath, glancing back at Ethan one last time. "I won't let you down," she whispered, before stepping forward. Alessandro extended his hand to her. "Let's go." She took his hand, exhaling slowly to calm her nerves. "Come on, she's already waiting for us." As they walked through the grand hall, the eyes of the courtiers were upon them, their whispers filling the air.

When they reached the throne room, Enora sat regally, observing them with a mix of anticipation and disbelief. "Remove your hoods," she commanded. April was the first to comply, pulling back her hood to reveal her face. The moment Enora saw her, she rose from her throne, her expression transforming into one of pure joy and disbelief. "Sophia!" Enora exclaimed, tears welling in her eyes. April felt a rush of love and warmth as she met the queen's gaze. Enora's beauty was striking, and in that moment, April saw the resemblance between them.

Enora approached, her hands trembling as she cupped April's face. "You're alive! You're truly alive!" she cried, embracing her tightly, as if afraid to let go. "I'm here! I'm alive!" April echoed, overwhelmed by the reunion. Enora held her daughter's face between her hands, studying her features with a mixture of relief and disbelief. "They told me you were lost to us. I thought I would never see you again." "Your Majesty," Dantriel interjected, his voice cautious, "we need to discuss the circumstances of her return." Enora's gaze turned sharp as she looked at him.

"You knew something, didn't you? You will pay dearly for keeping this from me."

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Abril separated from her and said, "And that's how it is. My mother, Sophia, is dead. I'm Abril Venobich, his daughter." Enora continued to watch his face as his brothers touched his cheeks and brushed his hair. Her hair was the living image of her sister, the one who had searched so desperately. Dantriel had told Abril, and she had taken a step forward to say it. "Mireina, her daughter, is Princess Sophia. She is your niece." He moved away from Abril, trying to regain his composure, even as he felt as if he had just lost his mother again.

If he continued to focus on that girl, he would break. So he turned his attention to others, to the man who was still covered by the cloak that enveloped him. "It's because I haven't seen your face. What order did you give?" Alessandro removed the hood from his head, revealing his face. When Enora saw that he was a year older, she gasped and instinctively tied her hair back. "How are you at home?" she demanded. "I just crossed it," he replied. "Humans cannot enter my kingdom. There is a barrier that surrounds us, keeping them out." Alessandro noticed her surprise.

If Dio told him that Ethan hadn't lied and that he had asked him, it was because he wasn't special. He had simply taken a step forward, and now- "No, I-" Abril stood between Enora and Alessandro, asserting, "He isn't lying! He crossed the barrier, so don't give me that." "Silence! I am the queen, and I have asked you." Abril fixed her gaze on the side of the elven kingdom, her eyes shining with courage. For a moment, she thought that Enora had confused

her mind again, for she believed that girl was not just her niece but the beloved sister she had lost.

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Abril continued, "This one isn't coming, but if you dare to touch a hair on my husband's head, I swear I will bring this place down." Though Enora was taken aback by the fierceness of her words, she held her ground, her eyes steady. "Even if you are a queen in the human world, you are not in this place. Here, you are just a half-breed, and your existence is an affront to my reign. I am in charge here." "Don't include me in your nonsense. Because of your body, elven blood flows, but human blood flows in mine as well."

Your authority does not extend over me." When Abril mentioned her human lineage, Enora's fury ignited. "That's enough! Your bloodline is stained by your very existence. You are one in this world, and you should be ashamed." Abril felt a faint wind swirling around them, unable to advance. Alessandro had invoked it. Knowing Alessandro's power, Enora summoned her nullification magic, and the guardians seized him, immobilizing him. But it was not enough; several guardians were necessary to hold him down.

Abril had to follow Ethan's plan, but the anger and rage she had kept contained erupted like a volcano. Flames engulfed the entire room, sparing only Alessandro. Everyone screamed in fear, including the queen, who was exhilarated to see the fire. "Release him!" she commanded, her voice steady despite the chaos. The flames were intense, and Enora thought to taunt him. "What could you do with some flames?" "My flames will consume Arden," Abril declared, her voice unwavering. "But I don't need my flames to turn to ash in an instant." Enora's expression hardened.

The challenge from that girl was infuriating her like never before. Dantriel observed the duel, their gazes fierce like predators. He approached Enora and said, "Your Majesty, calm them down. Let them know that this girl is the only daughter in her line. She is willing to give her life to ensure her safety; she is your last volunteer." The guardians held Enora's wrath in check as she addressed the girl who dared to challenge her authority. "I can act when I feel like it. Let me go." "I just saw your magic disappear," Abril countered.

"First, order them to release him," Enora commanded the guardians, who complied. Once freed, Abril approached Alessandro, checking for injuries. Aside from a few scrapes, he seemed fine. She took his hand. "I'm good, Abril." Everyone present left, leaving Abril feeling like an ignorant monster. She helped Alessandro to his feet, determined to keep her head high. If she showed weakness, they would descend upon her like a pack of hungry wolves. Enora returned to her throne, positioning herself between Abril and Alessandro. "I came to get my daughter back. Where is she?" "She's safe."

My daughter is very careful with her," Enora replied. "But after deciding to come for her, you're making a mistake. She won't leave this place, and neither will you." Enora turned to Alessandro. "And you will not leave either, until you tell me how you crossed my barrier."

Unexpected Help Kiara had just finished feeding her baby when one of her servants hurried into the bustling room. "Your Majesty, there's been a great revolution in the palace," the servant announced, breathless. "What has happened?" Kiara asked, her heart racing. "Princess Sophia's daughter is here." "Where is she?" "If you're in the throne room, you have an audience with the queen at this moment." Kiara knew that her greatest fear was to be perceived as someone difficult to deal with, so she quickly composed herself.

"Take care of her while she's still here," she instructed, rushing toward the throne room. "Mother, can we talk for a moment?" Kiara interjected, her voice cutting through the noise. The room was filled with people, and Kiara felt the weight of their gazes. She hoped to convince her mother to change her mind about the situation. "I owe it to everyone here to at least try." "I'm busy, Kiara," Enora replied tersely. "Please, Mother, it's important." Enora rarely denied her daughter anything, so she relented. "Fine, come closer." Kiara approached her mother, lowering her voice.

"There are many eyes watching. It could be dangerous if they overhear us." Enora moved closer, her expression softening slightly. "Leave us; I will call you at another time," Enora commanded, dismissing everyone except for Abril, Alessandro, and the guardians. "Now you can speak freely, but let's keep it private," Enora said, her tone more relaxed. Kiara took a deep breath. "She looks just like Aunt Sophia. I thought I could use that to convince you." "Mother, she is identical to Aunt Sophia," Kiara pressed. She leaned closer to Abril and whispered, "The guards didn't hear what I heard.

You must decide." "Stay silent and focus on recovering, my daughter," Abril replied gently. After Kiara spoke, she stepped closer to the throne. "Mother, I would like to take my cousin with me." "Is this what you wanted to say? Come back to your quarters, Kiara." "Please, let her come with me," Kiara pleaded, her voice barely above a whisper. "Calm down, but no," Enora replied, her brow furrowing. Abril noticed the sudden calmness in Alessandro's demeanor, but she chose to trust him, listening intently to the conversation between the queen and her daughter. "Mother, think about it.

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The only girl Aunt Sophia locked away in the tower-if she were alive, you would break her into pieces," Kiara said, her words sharp and cutting. Enora's heart sank at her daughter's words, which struck her like daggers. She turned her gaze toward the girl who resembled her sister so closely and realized she could not imprison her without feeling as if she were locking away Sophia herself. "Kiara hates me, and her words are having an effect," Enora thought, her resolve wavering.

With a deep sigh, Enora accepted her daughter's request, knowing she could not deny the girl who looked so much like her sister. "Very well, you may take her, but only for a short time." Enora's gaze sharpened. "This man will not go any further than I allow. Tell me how he crossed the barrier." "I think I simply crossed it because that's how it is. Alessandro has nothing to hide about the barrier," Kiara replied, frustration creeping into her voice. "Mother, perhaps they say that because it's a problem with the barrier," Kiara suggested.

"Perhaps he has elven blood running through his veins," Enora replied skeptically. "If I had elven blood in my veins, my appearance would have changed when I crossed the barrier, but it hasn't. I look like a simple human," Alessandro interjected. "Then there might be a problem with the barrier. Before making any decisions, we should review it to ensure it's not the issue," Kiara insisted. "Why do you trust this human so much, Kiara?" Enora asked, her tone sharp. "Because he is one of our allies, Mother. Have you forgotten?" "Very well, I will allow it.

Until I verify that what you say is true, you will remain here. If you entered by mere chance, I will let you go; guards, escort him to one of the guest chambers." Alessandro broke the tense silence, desperate to see his daughter. "I want to see my daughter and ensure she is well." "It's Kiara who is looking after your daughter. She can tell you herself," Enora replied. "How can I trust someone else's word when they've kidnapped my daughter? I need to see her myself," Alessandro insisted. "Very well, Kiara, bring the baby," Enora relented.

"Yes, Mother," Kiara replied, hurrying out of the throne room to find Lissana. Once outside, Kiara encountered Dantriel, who approached her with concern. "What has happened?" "I had to convince my mother to let me take Lissana. She insists that she crossed the barrier, but my mother still doesn't believe it," Kiara explained. "And what do you think, Princess?" Dantriel asked. Kiara shrugged, her expression thoughtful. "To be honest, I don't believe it either. This is the first time a human has crossed the barrier since what happened with Aunt Sophia. We'll find out soon enough.

I need to locate the baby." "The queen seems unusually lenient with them; that's rare," Dantriel noted. "My mother isn't as cruel as she may seem. It's just that girl-she reminds her of Sophia, and that's the only reason she's showing any compassion," Kiara replied, a hint of sadness in her voice. "I suppose that makes sense," Dantriel said. "I must wait. The more time I spend with them, the less likely my mother is to remain steadfast," Kiara concluded. She hurried through the palace, searching for Lissana.

When she entered the nursery, she found the maid tending to her cousin, who was restless and fussing. Kiara scooped her up into her arms, whispering soothingly as she cradled her.

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Family Reunion Apparently, they knew that their priests were here. "Have they come for the girl?" "Yes, but I don't believe my mother will allow her to leave so easily." Kiara was heading toward the door, eager to reach the wing that had been created for the baby. "You can come to me; take me to the baby." As she moved, Lissana seemed to want to let go of her completely for a moment. "How ungrateful you are!

I've been taking care of you every day, and now you don't want to be alone with me just because your priests have arrived." When Kiara stepped away from the throne room, she saw Dantriel standing by the door. He paced back and forth, and she understood why he had left the room and looked so anxious. "Why don't you enter the throne room? You seem very worried." "I don't believe that a worm like him should reign in this moment." "Hmm... otherwise, you might want to read the situation as it is." His gaze was entirely contrary to hers. It was true, but it felt like he was too close to her.

"Princess...!" "If there's something between you, then you don't need to hide it." Lissana began to question herself again, tears welling in her eyes. "It would be better to leave now." Before entering, Kiara turned to him. "You should re-enter when this meeting is over; she will need you." When Kiara entered, she wanted to run to her, to recover her daughter, to take her in her arms and ensure she was well. She longed to kiss her and tell her how much she loved her. Alessandro felt the same way. But neither of them could move; they were held back by the guardians.

As they stood there, Lissana hurled insults at her mother. Kiara was about to deliver the baby when Enora spoke. "Kiara, bring the girl to me." "But mother..." "I allowed her to come so that she could see her friends, but it seems I found her in no one's mind, and I said I would deliver her to the baby wing." Kiara could not bear to be apart from her daughter for even a minute longer. She summoned her strength and pushed past the guard holding her back, carrying her daughter away. Lissana seemed to recognize who she was.

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She began to laugh at her mother, who had been buried and taken away, as if she were missing a part of her color. At that moment, when she held her daughter in her arms, Kiara understood the pain she had endured: her sorrow had disappeared completely. Abril started kissing her little girl. "My baby, you are finally in my arms." Alessandro spoke up. "Let me go. I need to be with my wife." Kiara saw how desperate he was. "For them, it was easy to be separated from their daughter.

Let them be together." Enora wanted to deny this, but she didn't want to prolong the meeting, so she told the guardians. "Guardians, let him go. Let him go." When the guardians stepped aside, Alessandro rushed to care for his family. He embraced Abril, and Lissana fell into their arms. "Finally, we are back together. We are whole again." Abril responded with tears in her eyes, tears of relief at having her daughter in her arms once more. "Yes, finally we are united." Kiara moved closer to them while Abril and Alessandro held each other tightly.

"Mother, do you want me to leave them together?" "Yes, because if you were in their place, if you were separated from your mother, you would feel like you were dying. There is nothing worse than being away from your loved ones." Kiara didn't know if her mother would agree to let them all be together, mostly because she seemed to be more affected than before. Enora sighed and spoke to her daughter. "Kiara, you won't achieve what you want with sweet words. It doesn't matter if you care so much for someone you don't even know." "Mother, I am not trying to manipulate you.

What are you insinuating? I just feel sorry for her; she must be suffering a lot from her circumstances." Enora directed her gaze toward Abril, who held Lissana tightly, as if fearing they might be snatched away. Their eyes met, and Abril's expression hardened, her resolve strengthening. The only beauty in that moment was in her golden eyes, which sparkled with a calm yet lethal determination. Enora approached her and said, "You can't be together, the three of you.

It won't last, so give me the girl." "I love that I see her and can prove that she is mine, but I will never let you take her from me." Abril had been suffocating for days, holding her daughter

in her arms, managing to push aside all thoughts of losing her again. An overwhelming anger surged within Abril, and she could barely contain herself from charging into the elven kingdom to confront Enora. "If you want to take her, you'll have to kill me first." "If that girl isn't just a pawn, she has hurt her sister so much, Sophia.

If she were alive, Enora wouldn't hesitate to do what she had in mind. No doubt in the world would stop her." "I won't kill you or your daughter. I couldn't bring myself to do that. However, if it comes to it, I will kill him." Enora pointed at Alessandro. "He doesn't mean anything to me. You are the one I want." Abril nodded, her mouth pressed into a thin line. "Your objections mean nothing." Enora stretched her arms and declared, "Deliver the girl to me." Abril hesitated, and for a moment, it seemed she might relent. "I won't give her to you.

I will not let you take her away." A quick tear fell from her eye, a testament to her resolve. "What have I done to deserve this? What is the reason you want to destroy my family?"

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The mixed and the tea Sisters "Tell me! Why can't I understand it?" Abril exclaimed, her frustration evident. "Not yet, but I'll give you the price for having it," came the reply, laced with laughter. "Explain it to me! Why should I lose everything? How much do I love because I was born?" Abril felt lost, unsure of what to decide next. She desperately wanted to return to her daughter and ensure her family was at peace. All she wished for was to have her mother by her side to help her navigate this difficult situation.

She was ready to hear the voice of her dreams in her head, urging her to make a choice. "My girl, don't cry, my dear. I will take care of this problem," she whispered, trying to soothe her daughter. Abril closed her eyes, then opened them again. She wiped away the tears from her cheeks and turned to Enora with a gentle smile and kind eyes. "That's enough, Enora. Don't punish my daughter for anything-neither for me nor for my past." The way she spoke made Enora look at her with confusion, as if she were trying to decipher a riddle. "But I don't understand," Enora said, her voice softening.

"It's like studying a language I can't grasp." "Children are angels who arrive like light into the lives of their parents. They are blessings from God, free from the sins of their fathers. Don't take out your anger on her, Enora." Enora was caught in a whirlwind of emotions. She heard the words but struggled to comprehend their meaning. Alessandro, sensing the tension, guessed that it was Abril's mother, Sophia, who had returned. "Why are you here? I thought you were gone completely." "I am Sophia, your sister," she replied, her voice steady despite the chaos around them.

"Why are you playing these games? Nothing will change my mind," Enora shot back, her frustration bubbling to the surface. "It surprises me that you remain the same obstinate sister," Sophia countered. "My sister doesn't want to use this trick to get what she needs," Enora said, her tone defensive. "You remain suspicious," Sophia replied, her voice calm. "I am Sophia, your sister. Even though this body is small, I placed my soul within her at birth to create a seal. After my death, I wanted to continue my protection." "You're lying," Enora accused. "In the mind, the soul acts as a seal.

It was so small that there was no way for it to be recognized. When the seal broke, my soul was freed, but the connection between us remains. I was able to take control of her body for a moment." "Sophia!" Enora gasped, disbelief etched on her face. "Yes, I'm your sister," Sophia confirmed, her voice filled with warmth. "Don't forget me," she pleaded, her heart aching with longing. Enora couldn't believe she was hearing the voice of her dear sister again, the one she had missed so profoundly. Slowly, she approached, doubt creeping in as she wondered if this was just another trick.

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"How can I trust that this is real?" she asked, her voice trembling. With a gentle smile, Sophia replied, "Whatever you wish, I will respond. I remember vividly all the time we spent together, dear sister. Love is something only a sister could understand, and I wish I could share that with your daughter." "What does the day Arkala tell you?" Enora asked, her curiosity piqued. "That it would not return until it was closed," Sophia answered, her expression serious. Enora closed the distance between them and wrapped her arms around her sister.

She had always wanted to apologize for denying her the time to return, a regret that gnawed at her heart. "I'm sorry, Sophia. I feel it... I can't say anything else," she whispered, tears streaming down her face. "That was the day you left; you probably weren't dead anymore." "My death is not your fault, Enora. Don't blame yourself for it," Sophia reassured her. Lissana stood between them, caught in the overwhelming embrace. She felt suffocated, tears threatening to spill as Alessandro burst into laughter, releasing his daughter from the hug.

"Don't forget me," Sophia said, handing her baby to Alessandro. "Take care of her." Sophia turned to Enora. "I would like to speak with you, if you allow it." Enora hesitated, unsure if she could ask her sister for anything, given the weight of their past. "By the way, I also want to talk to you," Sophia continued. "I wish I could visit the garden; I've always wanted to see you again." "Then let's go," Enora said, leading the way.

As they approached the garden, she instructed her guardians, "I don't want anything to disrupt this moment." Sophia was willing to follow her sister when a large figure blocked their path. "Where do you think you're going with my wife's body?" Alessandro demanded. "Convince them to let you go," Sophia urged. Alessandro sat on the arm of a nearby chair, his anxiety palpable. He wanted to know everything about the situation, to see what was rare about his wife's body, which had not returned.

"I have lived a life; I don't intend to take over her body to live a second life, so I'm not worried," he replied, trying to maintain his composure. Alessandro still seemed anxious, just as Sophia had predicted. "I'm the only one who can help them now," she said. "Who am I really? What do you want to decide with that?" he asked, frustration creeping into his voice. "In the spiritual world, I knew your mother," Sophia explained. "I asked you to explain a few things to you." Alessandro realized that, in truth, he knew who his mother was.

Sophia's mention of it opened a floodgate of questions he had long wanted to ask. "Which ones?" he pressed. "I'll tell you if you promise to support me," she replied, her tone serious. "Before Enora

rips your arm off, you should do it," he warned, glancing at Enora, who was glaring at him. "I want to know what my mother said to you. I want to know if this is where you will go to the elfin kingdom," he insisted. "You'll know. I'll leave you later, but for now, it's better to go with Ana. It seems there's something important," Sophia said, her gaze softening.

Sophia saw that Alessandro seemed a little more at ease, and she prepared to speak first. "As you take care of your daughter, I want to take care of her too. I plan to continue doing so, so that changes nothing." "Please, let me see my wife soon," Alessandro pleaded. "After there is ample time for what needs to be done, I'll return her to you," Sophia promised. As Sophia walked with Enora, Alessandro could do nothing but watch as they disappeared behind the door.

Kiara approached Alessandro and asked, "Was that truly the spirit of Aunt Sophia in the girl's body?" "Yes, it was," he confirmed, his heart heavy. "My mother will help me settle things with Aunt Sophia. Maybe she will achieve what I couldn't—make my mother forget those archaic words we still cling to."

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Alessandro had not paid much attention to the young woman, but when he heard her speak, he felt compelled to engage her. It seemed possible that she could help. "Ethan told us you wanted to assist us. Is that true?" he asked, his tone skeptical. "Yes," she replied, her voice steady. "But if you make my mother change, then I stand to gain something too. I'm not here out of kindness; I want to benefit as well." Barto had gone to visit his home after Abril and Alessandro left the royal palace, but he found no one there.

He had been following the trail of festivities, lingering like a mouse among the celebrations. He sighed heavily, admitting to himself that he didn't know where Maya had gone. She was too stubborn to let anyone follow her. Later, Barto picked up Cassian, thinking he might be able to help. In the end, they searched for the palace together. The first to find Maya was Cassian. She was sitting on the ground, surrounded by a soft blanket, with flowers blooming all around her. If he hadn't stumbled upon her, he might not have noticed her at all. "What are you doing here?" he asked, surprised.

Maya looked up, her thoughts having consumed her so completely that she hadn't heard him approach. "I was just thinking." "You shouldn't be here. It's not safe," Cassian warned, extending his hand toward her. Maya hesitated, feeling that she had the right to be there after everything that had happened. "I don't want to leave. I need to be here." Abril had used this place before leaving, but it hadn't provided her with a cure; it merely made her feel better for a moment. "But you really shouldn't be here."

It will be dark soon, and the nights are getting colder." "That's true," Maya admitted, still unwilling to move. Cassian sat beside her, concern etched on his face. "What's going on, Maya?" "When Abril feels better, I thought about running to you. But if you wanted to come, I wouldn't stop you." "I have every right to be by your side," he insisted. "I won't deny that I'm still a bit annoying, but that's why I want to fight for you. You didn't trust me." "I don't want anyone knowing that you have time for me," Cassian replied, frustration creeping into his voice.

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"Maya, I love you, and I want to be with you. I want you to consider me when making decisions. I want to share the good moments with you, but you can't keep hiding behind others. Even if this pest wants to be by your side, maybe you don't want to be with me?" "Of course I do! That's what I want most," she said, her eyes shining with determination. "Then you'll have to stand by my side," he urged. --- Sophia followed her sister in silence as they crossed the countryside toward the palace. Memories flooded her mind, and she longed to return home, but fear had kept her away.

When they arrived, Sophia looked around with deep emotion. The garden was vibrant, filled with colorful flowers, and a small gazebo stood in the center, surrounded by delicate blue blossoms. The sun began to set, casting a warm, soft light that made the garden even more beautiful. "This place hasn't changed since the day I left Arkala," she remarked, nostalgia thick in her voice. "This was your garden. Or at least, that's what I asked you to take care of. I wish I could have enjoyed it with you," Enora said, her heart swelling with gratitude. "Thank you.

I'm so happy to see it again," Sophia replied, her eyes glistening. "You don't have to be alone anymore, Sophia," Enora insisted. "No! I've come back, but this place belongs to you now." "But... I'm here for you, sister. I don't want to say goodbye when I leave. I don't mean forever, but it will be a while." Sophia shook her head, gazing into the distance where the sun dipped behind the mountains. "Enora, I'm not staying. I'm just here to convince you to let go of this place. Don't hold onto it." "You know it's forbidden to have mixed blood.

They are dangerous and must be locked away in the Malva Tower. These are our laws," Enora said, her voice laced with urgency. "And those stupid laws never stopped me from returning. I hid my daughter by selling my magic. Her power will give me life," Sophia replied defiantly. Enora looked at her sister, her expression softening. "Don't torture the little girl. Don't make her suffer. When you do, it's like you're hurting me. A part of my soul is still linked to Abril. I can feel her pain, her despair, and her sadness." "You're lying," Enora said, shaking her head.

"No, even though I crossed into the spiritual world, I couldn't complete it. This loop would break when she breaks the only thing blocking her power, but it didn't happen that way." "Even though she is just a baby, she possesses overwhelming power. She cannot live among humans. Among them, she is the only one who cannot be touched, since blood flows from her veins." "What? That's impossible! The guardians saved my time," Enora protested. "Your daughter is untouchable.

No clan can harm her." "That's why I could cross the barrier without any problems." "Yes, even though no one else can, she is part of a clan even older than the elves or the fairies." "Are you sure this man shares blood with the guardians?" "Yes, that's why the girl is special." "No, apparently my mother never told me what she really was. Otherwise, you wouldn't be able to take me to her, since possessing blood from a guardian makes someone untouchable." Enora appeared confused, struggling to believe what she was hearing.

"If you think about it, you could take her to the door of the guardian so I can prove that what I say is true. It's not that you don't believe Sophia, but you would have something to gain for your daughter." "Don't worry, you don't offend me. It's the truth, so you understand what I say about

my daughter. This is a decision you must make. Will you set her free, or will you lock her away in the Malva Tower? I hope you don't choose the latter." "I'll think about it." "I understand that the decision isn't easy, but don't lock her away in the Malva Tower.

I wouldn't want her to hate the place she loves so much." "Then let's walk through the kingdom together, even though I must be vigilant." "I understood this when I left him," Enora said softly. "Yes, I will show your daughter your favorite places." Sophia released her sister's hand and walked toward the small gazebo. Before she reached it, she turned halfway back and said, "Thank you, sister. Thank you for fulfilling my last wish." Enora felt as if her sister might disappear at any moment. She rushed forward, wrapping her arms around her. "Don't go, Sophia! Just a little longer."

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A new enemy had emerged. Enora and Sophia sat on a nearby bench, where Enora summarized everything that had transpired. She spoke sharply, sharing what she knew, even if she hesitated to reveal certain details. "Tell me about it," she urged, glancing at Dantriel. "I hear everything." Sophia listened carefully, weighing her words. After Enora finished speaking, Sophia looked out at the garden. "What do you think, Sophia?" "What has changed?" "I don't believe it," Enora replied.

"And by the way, you seem warmer than before." "Did it seem so cold to you?" "Maybe just a little." "Sophia, what a step. Did you leave Arkala? Dantriel said you were too weak to give birth, and I lost my life." "Yes, it's true." "That damn human..." "It's silent now. Let's go together to the spirit barrier. Our human world is..." "We can be spiritual forever." "Why do you want to be active despite everything?

I touch you." "Because I know you didn't do it willingly; your mind was manipulated by darkness." "And that is testing how weak I was, how useless I am." "I was also weak; I couldn't save him." "There's something that has always intrigued me. Why weren't you able to eliminate the darkness within you, even though you are in a weak state? You have magic." "That's why it possesses me.

It's normal; the darkness that existed in me was buried deep in Hades, and now something new and brave has emerged, threatening to destroy our world." Everything Sophia decided was no longer intriguing, and Enora was left with questions. She remained silent for a few moments, trying to assimilate what Sophia had just revealed. "I thought I was done with the darkness!" "Sometimes we think this is the end, but I left Hades and camped in our world, where creatures are difficult to kill, even for a bearer of light." "This cannot be possible!" "Enora, a great war is about to break out.

Once again, it will be necessary for all clans to unite. Otherwise, this time it will be the end for all of us-elves, fairies, wizards. We must come together to face what is to come; we owe it to a single clan led by the guardian." Enora directed her gaze toward the sky and asked, "Are the doors of Hades still open?" "Yes, this time it's possible. That's why I asked you about my daughter.

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As soon as they sell, there is time for friendships." "If I had been the one to bring that girl to your daughter, I would have thought it was all part of a plan to achieve an alliance between us." "Destiny is not something we can control, Enora. Your hearts are strong and firm; no matter how hard we try to break them, destiny will lift us from where we want to be." "You know I never believe..." "I know, but if this isn't destiny..." "I should go back before that boy commits some madness. He's not someone very patient, as we say.

So I'll return to the throne room first." "Then you should prepare yourself." As she walked along the paths, Sophia began to decide. "I'm happy to see you once more, Enora. I always regret not saying goodbye properly." "I felt the same. Sometimes I wish I could come back and talk to you." "I hope not.

I can only come when there are problems, so look for trouble, Enora." "Why would I cause problems just to see you?" "Only if it makes me put the boy in danger and gives you a good scare, so don't even think about it." As they arrived in the throne hall, Alessandro quickly approached Sophia's side. "Is it Aby?" "I feel it, but I'm still sensing Sophia. I can't let her have a long chat." Alessandro did not observe Enora; he would pay attention while Enora felt what she needed to say to her sister. "I would like to speak alone with Alessandro. Perhaps you could leave us?" "Of course, Kiara.

Let's go." When Enora left, they instructed the guardians to leave as well. Once outside the throne room, Kiara asked her mother, "What is this change about?" "That man... he's not someone we should touch. I like him, but we shouldn't show hospitality there. The same goes for your father." Kiara had never heard her mother express such a sentiment. "Who is this man really, mother?" "You will know soon enough." Once they were alone, Alessandro asked, "Would you tell me what you wanted to decide beforehand? Why did you mention my mother?" "Yes, that's why I haven't left yet.

There's something very important about your lineage that you should know." "About my lineage?!" "That's right. Your mother belongs to the guardians." "What is this about guardians?" "The guardians come from a very old line. In ancient times, they were considered untouchable. No clan could harm them-elves, fairies, and wizards all owe obedience to the guardians. That's why my sister will give you nothing now that you know who you are.

In fact, it's just like I can't touch your daughter, who is also part of the lineage of the guardians." "Is that why I didn't know anything about this?" "It seems so. Mother didn't want to tell you unless you needed to know the reason." "What are we supposed to guard?" "The doors of Hades." "What?" "Only the guardians know where the doors are, and only a guardian can close them if they are ever opened. That's why, when Vritra was being dominated by darkness, I attacked your family. That's why I wanted to exterminate your lineage." "I never understood why King Venobich stopped a war.

We never read the reasons, but it seems there was one. In reality, it is not known where the gate of Hades is. Everyone knows it exists, but only you can reach it when the door opens." "That doesn't make sense." "It does, if you want to protect a dangerous place." "Did my mother say anything else?" "That you never forget that you love them and that you want to know more about it. Read the book I gave you." "Is that all?" "Yes." Sophia thought of her little Lissana and said, "That was all I had to say to you. I must go, sister.

Abril is very worried; explain everything that is happening." "What will happen to Aby?" "I convinced my sister that I wanted to go, so enjoy your days together as if they were a vacation." "Can we really go?" "Yes, and you can keep him just like Lissana. You said before about Abril; let's say something convincing." "So we can go?!" "Yes, but I warned you to take a walk around. It's a beautiful place. It would hurt me..." "That's your decision. It's just what I decided, and I suppose that's it.

Tell Abril that I love her and that I will always watch over her." "I will say it." Sophia pressed a kiss to her heart for Lissana and said, "Goodbye, little one. You know." "Take care of Abril." "I always will." Sophia took one last look at Lissana and closed her eyes.

Forgotten Wife : Let the Traitors Kneel Down Novel **Chapter 258 - Chapter 258 (English Translation)**

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The Danger of Great Power Dantriel went to visit Enora in her quarters. She had just given up her fuss, her hair still damp. Dantriel wrapped her arms around her and spoke softly. "You should dry your hair before going to sleep; otherwise, you might catch a chill." "Why didn't you tell me this girl was the same as Sofia?" Enora replied, her brow furrowing. "I don't think it's necessary," Dantriel said dismissively. "Did you know that Sophia's soul could enter this body?" Enora pressed.

"Yes, it was Princess Sophia asking me to keep it a secret, so please don't mention it." "For a moment, I thought it was Sophia herself," Enora admitted, her voice trembling. "In reality, her red hair is inherited," Dantriel explained. "I ran away from her priest, but..." "Why?" Enora asked, her curiosity piqued. "You hate your priest. Ever since he treated you poorly, you've despised him." "I suppose you have a point," Enora conceded.

"And what now?" "I want to fulfill Sophia's great wish, but it has nothing to do with her escaping." "Have you wanted to decide without knowing what to retain?" "Your husband and daughter are part of their lineage's guardians." "I thought there were no more left!" Enora exclaimed. "Apparently, that isn't the case. They became untouchable. Though I dislike it, the guardians are equal to all clans; that's how it is." "I never understood that. Why do all the clans have to obey their guardians?" "Because they are the only ones who can close the doors of Hades if they are open.

They are the only ones who could save us." "It has been sharp since the last time they opened," Dantriel said, her voice heavy with concern. "I would like it to stay that way, but I don't believe our peace will last much longer. The doors of Hades will be opened again." "I believed he could defeat King Venobich; everyone thought it was over." "It seems someone is trying to open those doors again. And I mean Sophia. This time, it's inevitable-war approaches. The clans must unite and fight against it." "They didn't participate in the last war.

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Do you really think they want to help?" "That's why she didn't know he was a guardian. If he works, he is obligated." "It's complete nonsense. Are you sure this clan will help?" Enora asked, her skepticism evident. "Sophia assures you, but I also think she might be lying." "Do you believe she lied?" "I don't believe it. The power your daughter possesses is greater than that of a normal mestizo, and it must be because she is a guardian." "She's still very young; how can she handle it?" "If she wanted to, she could.

But with so much power, she might end up..." "Then she might die." "I don't think she will live beyond this year. The only reason she is still alive is because we have been using magic to control her power." "Will you tell Abril?" Enora asked, worry etched on her face. "I believe she suspects something, just like you. She can see everything inside her." "Is there no help for anyone?" "Yes, but here, nothing would grow quickly, and her body might not be able to contain all that power." "Is that not possible?" "In reality, it is.

If they go to the land of the fairies, where the magic flows differently, her body could grow rapidly in a short time. But this girl is very attached to her daughter; I don't think she would accept it." "It's more probable that she would have to leave her daughter in the kingdom. If she starts a war, she would disappear from the kingdom." "But if you want to save her, you will have to accept it." Enora hugged Dantriel tightly. "But let's talk about it; help me." "Perhaps it's best if Ethan should be here.

He would be very happy for Abril." Dantriel took a breath and said, "Well, you think you're in the right place for what you came for." "I wanted to check that you were fine; that's why I came." "As you can see, I'm perfectly fine, so you can go." "It bothers you that you don't want me here," Dantriel replied, stepping closer. "I wanted to have a pleasant time, but if I couldn't, perhaps I should call someone else to warm my bed." Dantriel closed the distance between them, wrapping his arms around Enora's waist. "You don't have to call anyone; I'm here." "I thought you were in prison for it.

Weren't you going to see your friend?" "Ethan could be in the morning, but apparently, I won't be leaving, so I'll stay with you." Ethan stood by the door, waiting for Dantriel to tell him what was happening inside. The guards informed him, "It's already afternoon; you should go." "I won't leave here until I know what's happening inside," Ethan insisted. "Do whatever you want, but you know it's useless," one guard replied. Ethan sank to the ground against the palace wall. Despite being told it was best to leave, he couldn't bring himself to do so; he felt partly responsible for the situation.

"Good night, Your Majesty," he murmured as he got up upon hearing footsteps. He turned to see Princess Kiara approaching. "What happened?" "Follow me, and you'll find out," she said, leading him down a few streets. They turned a corner, and Kiara paused near the guards. She extended her hand and spoke. "Go back to what I told you." "First, tell me what's been locked up in the Malva Tower." "Your cousin and his family are being treated as guests, so you don't have to worry about them." "Did the queen agree to let them go?" "Yes, I told you what you wanted to know.

Now deliver my compass." Ethan retrieved the small compass from his bag and handed it to her. "Here it is. Thanks for trusting me." Kiara examined the compass carefully, ensuring it was original

and not a copy. Satisfied, she tucked it away. "You're welcome," she said, continuing down the street. "You can go; there's no need for me to accompany you," she added. "I don't have a guard. It's best if I take care of myself, and I want to be alone," Ethan replied. Kiara nodded and walked away, but Ethan called after her, "Be careful, Princess." "I always am," she replied with a smile.

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The Gate of the Guardians When Abril woke up, the first thing she did was touch the small body of her daughter, needing to check if she was alright. Alessandro stirred beside her, his hand resting on their child. "It's fine," he murmured, his voice thick with sleep. "Follow me, looking like you're a ghost," Abril teased, trying to lighten the mood.

"When the valve is turned off, it's on its own." Alessandro enjoyed the playful banter, brushing his fingers through her hair as he replied, "This isn't a ghost story; this is our reality, Abril." "You're right," she conceded, her expression softening. "But you still need to rest. You haven't slept well. I'll keep watch." "I'm fine," he insisted, though the weariness in his eyes betrayed him. "You need to rest too. These last few weeks have been exhausting for both of us." Abril felt the weight of her body, heavy with fatigue, but she pushed through. "Close your eyes and sleep.

I'll rest later." With a reluctant sigh, she agreed. "Alright, I'll sleep for a couple more hours, but if you're tired, don't hesitate to wake me." "I will," he promised, and she closed her eyes, drifting off almost instantly. Alessandro thought she would sleep for a couple of hours, but Abril found herself restless. She couldn't shake the feeling that something was amiss. The sound of Lissana's whimpering pulled her from her slumber. She sat up, her heart racing with concern. "Alessandro," she whispered, glancing at him.

"I think she's hungry." He nodded, rising to prepare something for their daughter. As he moved toward the table, Abril followed, her mind racing with thoughts of their responsibilities. Suddenly, a knock echoed through the room. "Princess Abril, Your Majesty the Queen requests your presence." Alessandro and Abril exchanged glances, uncertainty flickering between them. They both knew the queen had her reasons for summoning them, and they needed to understand what was at stake. "Lead us to her," Alessandro commanded.

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"Please follow me," the servant replied, guiding them through the corridors of the elven kingdom. As they walked, the guards stationed at the door fell back, allowing them to proceed. The servant led them down a long hall that opened into a grand chamber adorned with golden arches. There, they found the queen, Dantrie, and her daughter, Kiara, waiting for them. "You may withdraw," the queen instructed her attendants, and once they were alone, Abril spoke up. "If everything is arranged, why can't we leave?" she asked, her brow furrowing in confusion.

"First, I sent for your mother to show you Arkala. She wishes to see the place where you were born. Second, we need to confirm your lineage," the queen explained. "I didn't realize I had to prove anything," Abril replied, her voice tinged with frustration. "It's to ensure that you truly possess guardian blood," Dantrie clarified. "And what if I don't?" Abril shot back, her eyes

flashing with indignation. "Then your desire to go was a lie," the queen said calmly, though her tone held a hint of challenge. Abril's anger flared.

"You think I would lie about my lineage?" "It's not a lie I'm questioning; I simply want to verify the truth," Dantriel replied, her gaze steady. "What do you expect me to do?" Abril asked, her voice strained. Before Alessandro could step forward, he instinctively positioned himself protectively in front of Abril. "What lies behind that door?" he demanded, his tone firm. "I don't know," the queen admitted. "You must open it, and only you can enter. What lies inside is a mystery." "And if there's a monster?" Alessandro pressed. "I doubt there's a monster," Dantriel reassured them.

"From what I've heard, it's something that only the guardians can consult when needed. But I think you'll find it harmless." Abril felt a sense of calm wash over her. She didn't sense any negative energy emanating from the door, which seemed to pulse with a strange, inviting aura. Alessandro looked at her, silently asking if she felt the same. "No danger?" he inquired. She nodded, a small smile breaking through her earlier tension. Dantriel's expression softened. "I'm pleased to see you've made the right decision." She glanced at the baby in Abril's arms. "It's dangerous, but don't worry.

"I'll take care of her." Abril hesitated, reluctant to leave Lissana behind. "But if it's dangerous—" "Uncontrolled power can be perilous," Dantriel interjected. "This door contains immense magic that has been sealed for decades. When it opens, its power will surge. It won't harm anyone, but a child—" Abril's heart raced. She knew Lissana's condition was fragile, her powers slipping further from her control. "You can entrust her to Kiara," Dantriel suggested.

"She has been caring for your daughter and can keep her safe until you return." "I don't think I should leave her with someone I don't know," Abril replied, her voice trembling. Alessandro placed a reassuring hand on her shoulder. "If you want, you can ask Kiara to stay close. I trust her with our daughter." Seeing the confidence in Alessandro's eyes, Abril made her decision. She handed Lissana over to Kiara, her heart heavy yet hopeful. "Take good care of her," Abril instructed, her voice firm. "Don't worry, I will," Kiara assured her, cradling the baby gently.

Once Kiara had taken Lissana from the room, Alessandro turned to the queen. "Can I open this door?" "You just need to touch it and command it to open. It's quite simple," Dantriel explained. "And if I make a mistake?" he asked, concern etched on his face. "Then you will have to face the guardians," she replied, her expression serious. "But they will not deceive you."