

# Forgotten Wife : Let the Traitors Kneel Down Novel

## Chapter 291

But it's his blood that predominates in her. She felt as if she were trying to separate it from herself to protect it. "I intend to kill her without severing ties with her," he had said. She had watched him weaken day by day. "It's a bond that a fairy has created, and if it can break, it can change, since it is tied to my heart and her life." "What do you want to decide?" "With Maya gone, there is nothing left for me. I tried to protect her; I didn't want her to share the same fate as my mother. My daughter's life is entwined with a damned human, but the final choice is destiny.

You must choose for yourself." "Go tell me," he had demanded. "When Maya wakes up, she will take you there," he continued, his voice heavy with resignation. "Cassi is miserable. I wanted a body that would insistently return to me until I accepted to marry him, but what he considered a promise of love had become a curse." He found himself lying on the ground, trying to digest what he had just said. After a moment, he got up, driven by hunger, but he forced himself to gather his thoughts. When Maya awoke, she found herself lying on a bed of flowers.

She looked around and realized she was in the land of the fairies, a place that felt both foreign and familiar. Maya tried to rise, but her body felt heavy. Even as she attempted to get up, she struggled to find her strength. "Make sure you are well," she thought, determined to stand. As she reached for the door, it swung open, revealing the fairy queen. "You are not well; you should be resting. Go back to bed," the queen insisted. "Where is Cassian?" Maya asked, her voice barely above a whisper. "He is resting in bed," the queen replied, her tone firm. "You are weak and exhausted.

You need to return to bed." Maya felt so weak that her legs threatened to buckle beneath her. The queen stepped forward, supporting her before she could fall. "Lie down," the queen commanded gently. Maya didn't feel comfortable lying in the flower bed, though it looked inviting. "I don't feel well. I thought I would recover if I returned here," she murmured. "That was before you married. Now your recovery will be slower." "Why?" Maya questioned, confusion etching her features. "It doesn't matter. You must rest," the queen said, her voice leaving no room for argument.

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"You cannot leave here." "Do you want to see Cassian?" the queen asked, her tone softening slightly. "I want to see him," Maya replied, her heart aching. "You will see him soon," the queen assured her as she moved toward the door. Maya had thought of reprimanding her for many things, but instead, she simply said, "Thank you." The queen paused for a moment before continuing on her way, leaving Maya alone, waiting for someone to come in and take

her to her beloved. Suddenly, the door opened, and several fairies entered, carrying clean clothes and jugs of water.

"Where is Maya?" one of the fairies asked. "We've been asked to prepare her," another fairy replied. "For what?" Maya wondered, her curiosity piqued. The queen entered just then and answered, "So you can see Maya." "Take me to her," the queen commanded. "First, change your clothes," one of the fairies instructed, her voice brisk. The queen did not want Maya to appear disheveled when she reunited with Cassian; she wanted her to be presentable. Once Maya was clean and dressed in fresh clothes, she said, "Take me to Maya." "Follow me," the fairy said, leading the way.

"How is Maya?" Cassian asked, his voice filled with concern. "She is weak, and the marriage mark has made her more debilitated. Her recovery will be slow, even though I have completely severed the bond she had with me. I couldn't do much," the fairy explained. "And the baby?" Cassian's voice trembled with fear. That was a question he had dreaded asking. Pregnant women faced many risks, and anything could happen. "The baby is fine; he is tightly attached to his mother," the fairy reassured him. Cassian felt relief wash over him.

"Thank God." The queen continued walking without uttering another word until they reached the chamber where Maya lay. Upon seeing her, Cassian rushed forward. "Maya!" he exclaimed, taking her face between his hands, searching her eyes for any sign of distress. "Are you well? Is there anything wrong?" he asked, his gaze scanning her body anxiously. "I'm fine; nothing hurts, just a bit tired," Maya replied, trying to ease his worries. Cassian hugged her tightly. "Thank God. You don't know how worried I was."

I feared something terrible had happened to you." "We're fine, even though I thought I might die," she whispered, her voice trembling. Cassian opened his mouth to explain what had happened when the queen interrupted them. "Maya, you should rest. You need to recover." Cassian held onto Maya fiercely. "I don't think I can be separated from her." "You can't stay in this room. If you are here for a good reason, then let it be. People are sick; you can wait outside," the queen insisted.

Cassian refused to let go of Maya, but he asked, "How long will she have to stay in this place?" "A few days or a few weeks. It depends on the person," the queen replied. Cassian looked at Maya, his expression filled with concern. "It will be a while, if it's something you don't know," he said softly. "Stay a little longer, just a little more," he pleaded. Cassian glanced at the queen, silently asking for permission, but she simply turned to leave. "Whatever you want, just try not to spend too much time together," she warned before exiting the room.

Once they were alone, Maya asked, "What happened while I was gone?" "Nothing, just waiting for you to wake up," Cassian replied, his voice low. "Why do you treat the queen differently? I thought you hated her," Maya inquired, her brow furrowed. "I don't hate her; I just hate that she tried to take you away from me," he confessed, his eyes darkening with emotion.

The same bark echoed in the air, a reminder of the bond that could not be severed. "Yes, nothing can be done to separate us," Cassian said, shaking his head. "It's not easy to unite them, and it's not meant to be." "You managed to free me, to break our heart's bond," Maya replied, her voice soft yet resolute. Cassian looked pained. "We went there unwillingly, yet here we are. I say that the bond could not be broken alone; it must change." "Is that what it means?" Maya asked, her brow furrowing in confusion.

"Now you have it with me," he said, his hand brushing against the mark of marriage that peeked out from the neckline of her dress. "The brand of marriage has linked your life to mine." Maya's heart raced as she felt the weight of his words. "I understand why I have it in my chest and not in my hand. Although marriage marks are valid, it is different for the fairies. You are bound to my mother." Cassian took Maya's hand, placing it over his heart. "Now our hearts beat in unison. When one stops, the other will follow."

It's hard, knowing that I'm here to pass by..." Maya leaned in and kissed him gently. "I chose this with you. I chose this, so change that face, my friend. It looks romantic." "Yes," Cassian replied, a hint of a smile breaking through his earlier distress. "In the end, it feels like we're doing the same thing that confines us, limiting your freedom." "This is not a prison," Maya insisted. "At least not for me." Meanwhile, Barto sought out his priest, who stood in the garden where Maya had vanished. The portal to the fairies was open, and Ryan appeared withdrawn, lost in thought.

A tense silence enveloped them, and Barto could only recall how his priest had been when his mother was alive. "Daddy, are you alright?" Barto asked, concern etching his features. "I can't stop thinking about your sister," Ryan admitted, his voice heavy with worry. "Will she be alright?" "I didn't seem willing to help her," Barto replied, guilt gnawing at him. "I believe she will be fine," Ryan said, though doubt lingered in his tone. "This is my fault," Barto murmured, anguish flooding his heart.

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"I knew she was united with the fairies, but I still couldn't stop you..." "What do you mean, Daddy?" Barto pressed, confusion clouding his mind. "Maya was fine until we severed the bond," Ryan lamented. "Her pain is my fault." "I have meaningless questions," Barto said, determination igniting within him. "I will seek more answers. I will go to the fairy realm and bring Maya back." "No, you mustn't do anything reckless," Ryan cautioned. "Don't you think I can do anything to save Maya?" Barto retorted, frustration boiling over.

"No, you're misunderstanding me," Ryan replied, placing a calming hand on his son's shoulder. "I care about her, but whatever you do, there will be no happiness for Maya if you act rashly." Ryan continued, "If you're wise, Cassian will find a way to bring her back. But if you go, you may not return, and I cannot lose you too." Barto clenched his fists, feeling overwhelmed by helplessness. "I promised I would take care of Maya." "I know," Ryan said softly. "But sometimes, it's time to wait." "Papa, can I ask you a question?" Barto ventured, his voice tentative. "Of course," Ryan replied.

"Did you love Mama?" Barto asked, his curiosity piqued. "Why didn't you ever marry her?" "Out of fear," Ryan admitted, his gaze distant. "I feared losing her." "Just like you lost her?"

Barto pressed. "Do you regret not marrying her?" "Maybe a little," Ryan confessed. "But we cannot go back in time. I must look forward to living, because I'm sure that's what she would have wanted." After saying goodbye, Abril sought out Kiara, her expression a mix of annoyance and worry. "Is something wrong?" she asked. "No," Kiara replied, though her tone betrayed her unease.

"I've already spoken to Alessandro; we can leave whenever you want." "Then let's go. There's nothing left for us here," Abril said, her resolve firm. Kiara returned to her room, gathering her belongings into a bag. "Let's go," she said, her voice steady. "Have you spoken to Barto?" Abril inquired. "Why should I say goodbye?" Kiara shot back, her frustration evident. "Have you two fought?" Abril pressed gently. "No, it's just clear to me that he doesn't want me to choose him," Kiara said, her eyes narrowing.

"We should leave." Kiara looked like a basilisk, her anger simmering beneath the surface. Despite her words, it was clear she had had a strong argument with Barto. She didn't want to be angry with the man who loved her. "Before you go, you should stay here with him," Abril urged. "If you disappear without warning, you'll only suffer." "Why would suffering matter?" Kiara retorted. "It matters," Abril insisted. "You know what I have endured." "Yes, I'm safe, so let's go," Kiara replied, her voice resolute. Abril and Kiara met with Alessandro in the garden where Maya and Cassian had vanished.

To Kiara's surprise, Barto and his priest were also there. "Is everything alright?" Kiara asked, her concern resurfacing. It was Abril who responded, her voice steady.

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"Let's go to the land of the fairies," Barto urged, his voice filled with determination. "Did you think you could leave without deciding anything?" he pressed, but Kiara remained silent, resisting the urge to respond. "Kiara, please! Talk to me!" Barto implored, frustration creeping into his tone. "You made it very clear that my decisions don't matter to you." "Barto, I..." she began, but he interrupted her. "Before you say anything, you should know that I'm not following you for that reason. Yesterday, Abril asked me to accompany her to the gathering.

You told me this morning." "Barto isn't going to the land of the fairies," Ryan interjected, standing protectively beside his wife. Kiara brushed past Barto, her resolve hardening. "I thought I'd tell you to go back home," he said, desperation lacing his words. "But it doesn't matter; it doesn't change what you think of me." "Kiara..." he started, but she cut him off. "I don't care if you have to decide right away. I won't be the one to make you think that I belong to you." Barto stepped closer, trying to take her hand, but she pulled away. "Don't touch me," she said firmly.

"I love you, Kiara," he confessed, his voice softening. "I was willing to leave everything behind for you. I was ready to fight anyone who stood in our way. But for you... your family is everything." Kiara turned away, her heart heavy as she began to walk forward. Barto rushed after her, grabbing her arm. "Please stop!" he pleaded. "I don't want to continue talking to you. Can't you see how they are dueling?" Kiara snapped, her frustration boiling over. "Sleep," Barto murmured, his voice faltering as he struggled to keep his eyes open.

Pain washed over him, and despite his efforts, he succumbed to exhaustion and fell to the ground. "Everyone has fallen," Kiara said, her voice tinged with sorrow. "It's fine; I'm just sleeping," she added, glancing at the tree. After uttering a few words in an unknown language, the portal they had opened began to shimmer back into existence. "Come on, let's go through the portal," Kiara urged Abril. Alessandro gave her a nod, his expression serious. "Be careful, Aby, and take good care of our little one," he said, concern etched on his face. Abril kissed him gently on the lips.

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"Until we meet again, my love," she replied, her voice filled with warmth. Abril stepped beside Kiara as they prepared to cross the portal. Ryan turned to Kiara, his expression grave. "You must decide." "Why? That wouldn't change anything," she replied, frustration evident in her tone. After crossing the portal, Kiara, Lissana, and Abril found themselves surrounded by guards. The portal had opened directly into the fairy queen's garden. "I am Kiara B., princess of the Fairy Kingdom, requesting an audience with your queen," she announced, her voice steady.

The guards led them to the grand hall where the queen sat upon her throne, radiating beauty and tranquility. "Do we want to know how Maya is?" the queen asked, her gaze piercing. "You cannot enter without permission," one guard warned. "Yes, we must see her!" Kiara insisted. "Maya is currently recovering in a special dwelling, away from prying eyes," the queen informed them. "Your majesty is concerned about her well-being." "My daughter must grow up quickly; her magic is too powerful for such a small body. Here, time works differently," the queen explained, her tone serious.

"I suppose that's the favor you wish to ask," the queen continued. "Forget it; she stays here. But I still don't know what you will gain from this." "I believe your majesty has already received a reward from me. I fought to protect your kingdom," Kiara replied earnestly. "Of course, as long as your request is not denied," the queen said, her expression softening. "Take as much time as you need." "I can't afford to take too much time," Kiara insisted. "Do you wish to accelerate your daughter's growth?" the queen inquired, her brow furrowing.

"Is that possible?" Kiara asked, hope flickering in her heart. "In some realms, it is possible, but I must warn you. I can hasten her body's growth, but her mind would remain that of an infant. She would have only the faintest memories of our lives; it would be an empty shell," the queen cautioned. "I understand. So I ask you to take care of my daughter," Kiara said, determination in her voice. "What do you think?" the queen asked, her gaze steady. "I would like to give her a chance. I wish to never have to arm her again."

I have a duty to fulfill," Kiara replied, her heart heavy with the weight of her responsibilities. "Do you know anything about your sister?" the queen asked, her voice low. "Yes, she has regained her strength and power. She has not attacked yet, but she is contemplating the right moment," Kiara explained. "I understand. Take good care of your daughter," the queen said, her expression softening. The queen gestured to her attendants. "Prepare a home for our guests," she commanded. As the queen rose from her throne, she turned to Kiara. "What you need can be arranged," she said.

"Thank you for your kindness and hospitality, your majesty," Kiara replied, gratitude filling her heart. After the queen departed, Abril cried out, rushing to Cassian, who was slumped against a large white door adorned with colorful flowers. "What are you doing here? Lissana, why have you betrayed us?" he asked, confusion etched on his face. "It's a long story. Why are you on the ground? Are you alright?" Lissana asked, concern flooding her voice. "I'm fine. Maya is in this room. I can be inside but not firm; that's why I decided to stay close to the door," Cassian explained.

"The queen told us we wouldn't see her, yet Maya remains weak. It seems she will be confined to that room for some time," Lissana said, her voice heavy with worry. "Did you finish the ceremony?" Cassian asked, his brow furrowing. "It's because you don't have the marriage mark." "Yes, I do," Lissana replied, determination in her voice. Cassian opened his shirt to reveal the marriage mark on his chest. "It's because you have it in your daughter," he said, his eyes narrowing as he studied her.

The mark of marriage bound their lives together, intertwining their fates in ways they had yet to fully understand.

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Et j 4 No AM "I had never heard anything like that," Kiara mused. "This must be because it reigns; it has to do with the marriage between humans and fairies." Meanwhile, she wondered if this brand was related to the fairies and elves, since she had never entered into a marriage between them. "Are you sure of its meaning?" Kiara asked, her curiosity piqued. "That's what the fairy queen told me," Abril replied. "Do you believe it?" "They cannot lie, so I believe it was true.

Read it." Lissana began to caress her little brother, and Abril continued, "Tell me, why did you betray Lissana to this place?" "Lissana has great power, too great for her small body. If she isn't ready to unleash all her power, it could be dangerous," Cassian explained, gently stroking Lissana's head. "This shouldn't be anything for you," he added. "It isn't," Abril said, her voice heavy with emotion. "Since I brought her to this place, I felt like my heart was breaking. But I still have to support her. Why would it hurt me more to lose her?

There is nothing I wouldn't do to protect her, even until my last breath to keep her healthy!" Cassian understood perfectly how Abril felt, for he felt the same way about Maya. He would rather let her go than lose her completely, preferring to ensure she was well, even if it meant being apart from her. Afterward, they spent the entire day in the land of the fairies. Abril and Kiara went to the dwelling where they lived, unable to see Maya. Although Cassian wanted to keep her company, he insisted it wasn't necessary.

Abril played with Lissana while Kiara remained absorbed, gazing into the distance as if searching for something. "Is there something wrong?" Abril asked. "No, nothing. It's just... I'm sorry. I'm worried. I'm here to listen, so if you want to talk, I'm all ears." "I have nothing to decide," Kiara replied, her voice distant. "I believe the interior must be one moment; it's hard to renounce." "I resigned first," Abril said softly. "I don't believe it's because I don't love you, but it's complicated. Your sister is in danger, and I thought I was the only one who could help her." "That's foolish.

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There were other ways, but you didn't want to listen to me." "Good luck, then. In the end, the fairies will decide." Abril could see the pain, anger, and disappointment reflected on Kiara's face. She had left him without letting him speak, not out of anger, but out of pain. She had to do it to protect her heart, for anything else would break it. "When I don't come out, you finish loading me with an unbearable weight that doesn't let me breathe," Kiara said, her voice trembling. "Break up, face it, don't run away." "It's easier to decide than to do it," Kiara replied.

"You're right, but I believe it's for the best. If not, you will live your whole life wondering how things could have been without the opportunity to talk." Kiara returned to her distance, meditating on what Abril had said. "I suppose you're right." The next day, the queen went to visit Maya. She looked frail, as if she were fading away. "Cassian tells me it's because he wanted to protect you," Abril said gently. "Protect me? I just didn't want to be trapped," Maya replied.

"I just wanted you to have a better life than..." Maya knew very well what Cassian meant and understood the reason the fairy queen was obsessed with her. The moment they had intertwined, she had taken on his pain, which had answered many questions and left a lasting mark on her heart. "Is that your daughter?" Maya asked, her voice barely above a whisper. Abril didn't respond, but it wasn't necessary. Maya continued, "Since you met me, you haven't stopped comparing me to her, seeing your daughter reflected in me.

But I'm not your daughter." "You're making the same mistakes she made," Abril said, her voice firm. "Am I going to live with your partner, then?" Maya asked, her tone challenging. "Letting go of the one you love and living a long, lonely life regretting it every day is a mistake. I don't know if it was the same for your wife, but even knowing all that he would have to suffer, I would still return to spill my blood on this parchment of marriage. I would return to my heart with Cassian." "You don't know what you're saying," Abril replied, her eyes narrowing.

"I really hope you don't regret what you've done," Maya said defiantly. "Hello, go away. I regret nothing. Tell me with honesty, not with bitterness." "You're a fool," Abril said, shaking her head. "Yes, I may be a fool, but I'll be happy." The fairy queen turned halfway before opening the door and asked, "Maya, do you hate me?" "I hated that I didn't want to go. I hated being tied to the land of the fairies, but I don't hate you. Not now," Maya replied, her voice softening. She was the only one who spoke to the queen before leaving the dwelling.

As she stepped outside, Cassian asked, "How long will you be happy locked up in that room?" "To start, it's closed. It's there for her recovery. She can leave when she feels ready. I would say that's enough; she shouldn't stay for too long, just until she feels well. Don't worry about anyone else's problems." He continued on his way, but before leaving, he turned back and said, "Go and rest properly. I believe that seeing you so unwell gives Maya peace of mind." After deciding that the queen had disappeared down the wide hallway, he entered the outer room where his advice was sought.

"How is she?" he asked. The queen sat on her throne, Misha serving her a glass of fruit wine. "Your Majesty has been through a lot during these times," Misha said. The fairy queen took a sip of the sweet wine he had served. "I know." "Your Majesty, the girl cannot be your

successor. You should look for a new successor." "I know." "Do you have someone in mind?" "Um... maybe." "Would you tell me who it is?" "It's part of my lineage." "When do you think about it? There are many things you must teach your successor. I remember the power that comes from their lineage is sealed in each one."

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The cave of dreams was a place of secrets and whispers. Cassian began to see Maya after Hada had left. When she spotted him, she tried to escape, but Cassian was quick to stop her. "I won't take you," he insisted, his voice firm. Maya sighed, "I'm just sitting here, surrounded by flowers." "But why is the bed full of flowers? It doesn't seem comfortable," he replied, puzzled. Maya caressed the delicate petals and smiled. "The flowers are soft and comforting. They don't break easily, and they help you feel more connected to nature.

Even if you don't use them, some people find that they bring revitalization." "Then you can hold on a little longer," the queen said, her tone encouraging. "You've improved a lot." "Yes, tell me that again," Maya said, a hint of hope in her voice. "I hope to be ready soon." Abril, the queen, felt a surge of emotion at Maya's words. "What?! I wasn't surprised to hear that Abril had betrayed Lissana." "Are you not surprised that Lissana is here?" Maya asked, her brow furrowing. "To be honest, no. You had told me about Lissana's situation and how she needed care.

I knew she would still be here." "It doesn't matter now," Maya said softly. "Maybe it's too late to leave this room. After I left, the first thing I did was go to find you." After an emotional reunion, they began to talk. "How long do you think you'll be here?" Abril asked. "Actually, I was going to leave Lissana behind." "I understand you perfectly," Abril replied, her heart heavy. Maya touched her belly gently. "I haven't been born yet, but if I were to leave him behind, it would feel like tearing out my own heart." That was exactly how Abril felt; there was no way to close that wound.

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She began to caress the hair of her unborn child, whispering sweet words. "Maya, tell me—has the rope that ties you to your reign been completely severed? Are you truly free now? When will you leave?" "Even though I'm here now, I can't say for certain. I'll stay until the time is right," Maya replied, her voice trembling with uncertainty. "I fear what may come. I'm afraid that darkness will overtake us before my baby is born.

Time flows differently here; what would be mere months in the human world could stretch into years here." "We decided that it would be best for our child to be born here," Abril said, her voice steady. "Are you not afraid that the queen of the fairies will come for you?" Maya asked, concern etched on her face. "My son, just like Lissana, will have a guardian. She cannot keep him from us," Abril reassured her. "You're right," Maya said, her resolve strengthening. "We will take care of Lissana while we are here." "Thank you," Abril replied, her heart swelling with gratitude.

"My family will be kind to her. Please tell Lessan when you return." "Are you leaving too?" Maya asked, her eyes wide. "I can't bear the thought of going to her without seeing my little

one grow. I'll be calmer knowing you're there to care for her," Abril confessed. Maya recalled the year she had mentioned mirrors-rare objects that could connect them across realms. If they could find one, Abril could see how her daughter was growing. But she hesitated, wondering how to approach the queen about it.

The next day, Maya rose early and went to find the fairy queen, who was in the garden practicing archery. It was a solitary activity that helped clear the mind, or so the queen had once said. "Your Majesty, may I have a moment of your valuable time?" Maya asked, her voice steady. The queen paused, lowering her bow, and turned her attention to Maya. "I haven't had breakfast yet. Shall we eat together?" the queen suggested, a hint of warmth in her tone. Maya watched as the queen changed into her training clothes with a graceful movement, something Maya had always admired.

Afterward, they sat at a table adorned with fruit. "What do you want?" the queen inquired, her expression curious. Maya took a deep breath. "I would like to ask for permission to spend more time in the land of the fairies." "Has that been decided?" the queen asked, raising an eyebrow. "Yes, at least until my baby is born," Maya replied, her heart racing. "Very well. I suppose the human prince will also remain," the queen said, her tone contemplative. "I would like to ask you some questions that would help us communicate.

My brother mentioned that staying here could be beneficial," Maya continued, her voice steady. "Yes, they are rich in resources, more so than our kingdom. Abril needs to share her burdens with everyone," the queen acknowledged. "Could you lend me those mirrors? Just for the time we are here, and I promise we will return them," Maya pleaded. The queen thought for a moment before responding. "It's fine, but if you want them, you'll have to come with me."

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The Cave of Dreams "Do you believe you suspected them?" An object so valuable must be saved. "Where are you?" "Stay there and suffer." Maya had spoken of the Cave of Dreams, a name that sounded beautiful, but the place itself would not be easy to navigate. After speaking with Maya, Alessandro went to find Abril. They were alive, he had heard them say in the distance, Cassian had asked him. "Why didn't you give me time to accompany you?" Maya had given him a kiss and said, "I feel tired, as far as it goes." "Why do you need to talk to the queen?" "I went through yesterday's conversation.

Remember that I have magic mirrors?" "Speak to them and laugh. We can use the mirrors to stay in contact when you return to Cosset, so you can see how Lissana grows, even though you're not with her." "Did the queen agree to give them to us?" "We agreed to offer them, but we will have to be careful." "Why?" Abril asked, intrigued by what was said. Kiara had come sometimes at the end of the day, and the stories she shared seemed interesting to Abril. The queen, however, had warned that this place was not what its name suggested; it should be filled with dreams, not nightmares.

The horrors she had seen in that cave tormented her. "I'm literally gone forever; I'm sure I'll be fine," Abril said. "You left him in danger." "I suppose you're right. I would like to accompany you, but I don't think I can ever return to that place." "Oh, I feel it. I don't care. I'm thinking of

a way to see a young child, even though I'm not close to her, and I don't think I'll let her pass." "I wish I could accompany you, but..." "The site is dangerous; something will affect Maya. You must take care of her." Abril was more than determined to find the mirrors that Maya had mentioned.

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She hated leaving her daughter behind; she hated not being able to see her grow. The mirrors represented a way to lessen the pain of their separation. Abril wanted to know more about the Cave of Dreams, especially since Kiara had mentioned the horrors she had witnessed there. "What was it you saw in that cave?" "My worst nightmares." "What?" "In this place, you see your greatest fears. If you fear a terrifying monster, it will materialize. If you conquer it, you won't see it again for a few days. That's what I was trying to do in the cave. Don't go in; forget those mirrors.

Believe me, it's not worth it." "No way. My daughter is my greatest treasure. I won't pass up the opportunity to watch her grow just because you're scared." "You're very determined," Kiara remarked. "I've made my decision. There's nothing that can change my mind." "So I can accompany you to the Cave of Dreams, but I don't think I'll enter." "I appreciate that so much. When shall we go?" "Today." "Aby, don't run so much. You'll be here for a few days. The mirrors won't go anywhere. Enjoy your daughter." "I suppose you're right; there is still time," Kiara said. "We can go in a few days.

That way, you'll have time to think about it." Maya was there for her, and Abril waited to rest a little while she hadn't yet found everything good. Throughout the day, Abril wandered the palace. The next day, she took a walk, reflecting on how she had saved them from darkness. They tilted their heads and gave thanks. "They must be very grateful," she said. "Well, the queen doesn't seem very grateful," Cassian replied. "Otherwise, it's believed that Abril wouldn't have stayed here, much less willingly accepted Lissana.

I only allowed it because, even though her pride wouldn't let her say it, she is very grateful for having helped save her kingdom." As they walked through the colorful streets filled with fairies who laughed and rejoiced in their newfound power to save and fight for those who couldn't, the day changed, just as Abril had promised. Kiara led Abril to the entrance of the Cave of Dreams, where two guardians stood watch. "What is this place?" "I want to enter the cave," they said.

"Nobody can enter this cave without the queen's permission." "Then you are welcome to have her permission." Abril produced a small golden seal and held it up. She burned it, watching carefully as the guardians stepped aside. "Be very careful and remember that nothing you see there is real," Kiara warned. "Yes, I will remember." After entering, Abril felt a strange sensation, as if the cave was both absorbing and pushing her away at the same time. As she ventured deeper, the darkness grew thicker and the cold more biting.

Abril conjured a ball of fire in her hand to light the way, but the light seemed to be swallowed by the shadows. Determined, she took another path in the dark, using her light magic to create little sparkles that illuminated the cave. When she finally reached a clearer area, she thought she saw a human figure addressing her.

Abril shouted, trying to get a response, but the figure approaching her remained silent. A moan echoed in her heart, a sensation like lightning striking, ignited by the secret actions hidden in her unconscious. "Wait," she thought, recalling Kiara's words-the very thing she feared most. A terrifying wave of dread washed over her, a woman's moan resonating in the corner of her heart. She felt her brothers at her side, ready to confront whatever fear awaited them. The creature before her was slender, completely naked, and in human form.

Its sharp claws tore through the cave walls, leaving deep gashes in the stone. Abril had faced many monsters, even those larger and more terrifying than this one, but she had never felt fear like this. She knew how to defeat them with ease, yet this creature was different. "They're not real," she repeated, trying to convince herself. But as the claws of the creature flew toward her, she instinctively dodged, feeling something hot and wet slide down her cheek. It was blood. "This is not an illusion! This is real!"

"This creature is real!" Abril's heart raced as she attempted to attack the creature with her fire, but nothing happened. The creature lunged at her, and she barely tilted her head in time to avoid its claws. They grazed her skull, and a warm trickle of blood ran down her neck. The creature turned to strike again, its claws arcing dangerously close to her head. Abril stumbled backward, her heart pounding in her chest. A harsh voice emerged from the creature's mouth, chilling her to the bone. "Today you will die in the light."

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"I will make you pay for all the blood that has been spilled." A twisted smile spread across the creature's face, and it seemed to revel in her fear. "I am real because you believe it, and I will prove it to you." Abril searched for something to fight with, desperate to survive even as uncertainty clouded her mind. She had to win this fight. Just a little further, she thought, her eyes darting around the cave for the golden daggers she knew were nearby. With each step she took, the creature followed, its eyes completely black and filled with malice.

Abril sprinted toward the daggers, her heart racing as she reached them just as the creature's claws scraped the ground behind her. She snatched them up, rising like lightning. When the creature attacked again, she was ready, deflecting its strike with the daggers. "Why can't you defeat me?" it taunted, its voice dripping with disdain. Abril gritted her teeth, feeling the weight of its strength. She had no idea how to overcome it. The creature was fast, strong, and its skin was tough.

Then the creature's words echoed in her mind: "I'm real because you believe it." This monster was a manifestation of her own fears. If she could change her thoughts, perhaps she could dispel it. She remembered her childhood, the small birds she had once feared, and the way they had flitted around the palace, a constant reminder of her insecurities. With all her strength, she focused on that fear, willing it to disappear. In an instant, the creature vanished, leaving only a faint echo of its presence.

Still clutching the daggers, Abril pressed deeper into the cave, which opened up into a vast expanse filled with scattered treasures and jewelry. But she didn't look back. "Hello, sister,"

a voice called from the shadows, and Abril turned to see Cira emerging, wrapped in dark garments, Lissana cradled in her arms. "I didn't expect to see you so soon, my capable niece," Cira said, her voice dripping with mockery. Lissana's cheeks were wet with tears, but she had stopped crying. A surge of anger overwhelmed Abril, a poison coursing through her veins, igniting a fierce desire for revenge.

She hated her sister more than ever at that moment, realizing how much she had come to despise Cira. Cira had always known how to manipulate her, how to twist the knife deeper. "I told you I would make you suffer, that I would take everything you love. I know you want to keep it all, but I will take it from you." Cira squeezed Lissana tightly, and the child squirmed, beginning to cry once more.

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Abril lunged at Cira, driving both golden daggers into her chest, yet Cira continued to strangle Lissana as if nothing had happened. Abril pressed on, attacking Cira until it was over. She had tried to make her brother release his child, but her efforts were in vain. Cira didn't let go until Lissana lay lifeless on the ground, the light in her eyes extinguished completely. Abril rushed to her daughter's body, feeling as though something had shattered inside her. She pressed the small, lifeless form against her chest, a scream tearing from her throat. "No more! This isn't real!"

This can't be real!" Abril struggled to think of anything else, but it was futile. Anger and pain consumed her, a fierce hatred that threatened to overwhelm her. She released Lissana's body and turned towards Cira, her heart pounding with rage. "You will pay for what you've done to my daughter!" she screamed, her voice filled with fury as she aimed to strike Cira with the golden flames that danced around her. Cira, her clothes torn and stained with blood, seemed unfazed by Abril's wrath.

It wasn't until that moment that Abril realized how many years had been stained with blood, just like the golden daggers that lay discarded in her room. Cira's face was marred by the pain she had inflicted. Cira stopped advancing, and Abril retreated, not out of fear of Cira, but of herself and the darkness that threatened to consume her. "Don't come any closer! Stay away from me!" Abril shouted, her voice trembling. Cira ignored the warning and continued to approach. Abril pressed her back against the wall, feeling cornered.

She was acutely aware that if she didn't stop, she would be consumed by hatred and would never escape its grasp. But she didn't know how to overcome her sister; she felt powerless against Cira. Abril was filled with rage, and as Cira prepared to strike, she knew she had to fight back. "Please, just let it end! Don't make me do this!" she pleaded, her voice cracking. Cira's relentless advance filled Abril with dread. She didn't want to inflict further harm, but she felt trapped, unable to stop. "Stay away! Let me be!"

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Don't force me to regret this!" Abril's heart ached as she glanced back at Lissana's small body, lying just a few steps away. Cira was right; Abril wanted to keep inflicting pain, and a voice in her head urged her to continue. But deep down, that wasn't what she truly wanted.

Taking a deep breath, Abril tried to calm herself, to quell the hatred that surged within her. The crimson flames that surrounded her began to shift to a silvery hue, a light that could purify rather than destroy. She had to use this power to free her sister from the darkness that consumed her.

"Don't tell me you're tired. Let's go!" Abril approached Cira again, but this time she didn't intend to attack. There was only one thing that could combat hate: love. Since Cira had appeared, and even from their first confrontation, Abril had known that love was the answer. She wished with all her heart that her sister could be freed from the danger that had taken hold of her. Cira was gone, leaving no trace behind, just like Lissana's lifeless body. Abril found herself sitting on the ground, leaning against the wall, lost in thought.

Memories echoed in her mind from the past, when Cira had been cruel to her. She had hated her sister, but deep down, she had also loved her. That hatred had only revived more hatred. "I won't continue with this," Abril declared, rising to her feet. She refused to play this game of hate that would turn her into a monster. She had always believed herself to be good, but the truth was that she had chosen to ignore what lay within her. In that moment, she resolved to stop hating Cira and instead save her from the darkness.

As she looked at Lissana, she no longer saw a baby but a six- or seven-year-old girl running joyfully before her. Abril chased after the vision, finding herself in the palace garden. There stood Lissana and Alessandro beneath the shade of a large tree, preparing a picnic together. Abril felt a wave of nostalgia wash over her. She remembered those moments spent under the tree's shelter, where all her pain seemed to fade away. She wasn't sure if it was real or just a fleeting illusion, but she desperately wished it to be true.

"Is this real?" she asked, resting her head on Alessandro's shoulder, intertwining her fingers with his. "Of course it is. Can't you see?" he replied softly. "Please, let me see you," she urged. Alessandro remained silent, and that was what Abril secretly wished for. Lissana ran toward them, arms outstretched. "Mami, I asked for a new song! Can I sing it?" "Of course, sweetheart," Abril replied, her heart swelling with love. Lissana began to sing, her voice beautiful and melodious. "When the sun rises, your light will shine on all, and the darkness will fade away.

The afternoon breeze will carry away fear and sadness, and the moon will bring rest." Abril listened, feeling a bittersweet nostalgia for the song she couldn't quite remember. Lissana's sweet voice filled her heart with warmth, and in that moment, everything felt right.

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As night fell, Kiara began to worry about Abril, who had yet to leave the cave. "She's fine," Kiara reassured herself, though anxiety gnawed at her. She made several trips to and from the cave, her heart heavy with concern. "Why don't you go for her?" one of the guardians suggested. "We can't just go in after her," another replied. "If she chooses to enter that place, she must also decide to leave on her own." Kiara felt torn, wondering if she should venture inside to look for Abril. The truth was, she was afraid of what the cave might reveal.

So she steeled herself with patience, determined to wait. The next day, she returned to the cave. "Is she still in there?" she called out. "Yes, we must wait for her," came the reply. "Her desire to live in the real world is stronger than whatever she sees in there." "Too much time has passed," Kiara murmured, glancing at the entrance. Meanwhile, Abril was living a blissful winter, surrounded by her family and enjoying peaceful days. On this particular day, Lissana sang for her, a melody that felt both familiar and distant.

Though she couldn't quite remember where she had heard it before, it stirred something deep within her. "If you ask me," Alessandro had said, "don't forget anything." "I can't shake the feeling that I'm forgetting something important," Abril admitted, frustration creeping into her voice. "It's nothing," he reassured her. "Just enjoy this moment. Everything is good here." Abril left the school of thoughts behind, feeling as if everything was perfect, like a dream. "Is this really not real?" she wondered, fighting against the sensation that something was amiss.

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She began to panic, searching frantically for signs of her family. Alessandro took her hand, but his touch felt cold and distant. "What's wrong, Aby?" he asked, concern etched on his face. "Let me go! You're not really here!" she cried, pulling away. "Why do you want to leave? Here, you are happy. You have everything you've ever wanted-a family." "That's exactly why I must be strong," Abril insisted. "My real family is waiting for me." Lissana approached, hugging her leg. "Mami, don't go!

Sing for me!" As the darkness enveloped them, Lissana's voice rang out, lifting the weight of fear and sadness. "When night falls, the moon and stars will shine, revealing the truth." Abril recognized the song; it was one she had sung long ago, when the palace had been in ruins. Lissana's voice echoed her own, and the familiarity tugged at her heart. "I can't do this," Abril said, pulling away from her daughter. "There are still people waiting for me." Lissana clung to her, pleading with wide eyes.

Abril's heart ached at the sight of her daughter, who resembled the child Lissana could have been. Yet, she knew she had to shatter this illusion. Flames began to engulf the vision, consuming the dreamlike world around her. Abril pressed on, determined to escape the cave, until at last, she saw a glimmer of light. For a moment, she thought she had made a mistake in her path, but the light was real. She found herself in a grand chamber illuminated by torches, filled with gold and precious stones. Among the treasures lay the golden daggers she had once wielded against the creature.

She wondered if they were the same ones she had left behind. There was no time to ponder, so she began searching for the mirrors she had come for. The daggers seemed to call to her, but she pushed the thought aside, focusing on her quest. Finally, she discovered the mirrors, lined up on a pedestal. They were small and round, not at all what she had imagined. Doubt crept in-were these truly the mirrors she sought? She searched the room for others, but these were the only ones among the treasures.

After a moment of hesitation, Abril took the mirrors, feeling as if they were trying to draw her back. "I don't believe the queen would be pleased if I took them," she muttered, her resolve wavering. As she turned to leave the cave, the golden daggers followed her, as if refusing to

let her go without them. "I can do this on my own," she insisted, determined to escape. Just as she neared the exit, she felt the weight of the daggers at her waist. "If you don't think you'll ever stop following me!" she shouted in desperation. No answer came, and deep down, Abril knew she wouldn't receive one.

She pressed on, just steps away from freedom. "ABY! ARE YOU OKAY?" Cassian and Kiara called out in unison as she emerged into the light. Relief washed over Abril as she stepped out of the cave. "Yes, I'm perfectly fine," she replied, her heart finally at ease.

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It would be better if they returned to the palace; Abril must be very tired. "How long have you been in the cellar?" Alessandro asked, concern etched on his face. "I thought you wouldn't come back," Abril replied, her voice tinged with frustration. "I never wanted to return to this place, especially not when I see you." The cave was a hellish place, and without a doubt, someone would want to venture back into it. "You shouldn't even think about going back," Alessandro warned.

"This place is terrifying." Cassian felt a surge of anger at finding Abril there, so he asked, "What were you doing in that cave?" "It's selfishness," she replied, shaking her head. "It's a horrible place, and you should never enter it." Abril felt exhausted and hungry. All she wanted was to see Lissana, just one day ago. She had hoped to find her in that cave, but it was empty, just as it had been for a long time. As she walked back to the palace, the guards intercepted her. "The queen requests your presence," one of them announced.

Abril and the others followed him to the throne room, where the queen awaited them. "Greetings, Your Majesty," Abril said, observing the two daggers at the queen's waist. "How did you acquire those daggers?" the queen inquired, her eyes narrowing. "I found them in the cave," Abril admitted, regret lacing her words. "I'm sorry for taking them. I thought I could leave them behind, but they wouldn't let me go." "No, you can't leave them behind," the queen replied sternly. "Those daggers are bound to you."

No matter how much you try to abandon them, they will always follow you." "Is that even possible?" Abril asked, bewildered. "These daggers are eternal, created long ago. They have a consciousness; they choose their bearer and will remain with you until you die. They will only seek a new bearer once you are gone. They are now yours." "In truth, I can let them go," Abril said, her voice firm. "If you can, then do so. But I believe they will remain with you," the queen replied, her tone softening. "I see you also acquired the mirrors," the queen continued.

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"I don't think you should keep them; you'll have to return them when you come back for your daughter." "Take good care of them, and if you return, I will expect them back." "But it's worth it anyway," Abril said, her mind racing. "I just wanted to see how you would have escaped the cave. I thought you might have lost your mind, but I see that's not the case." "There is something I would like to ask," Abril said, her voice dropping. "Everything I saw there felt like an illusion, but it seemed so real." Abril touched her side, where she still felt the sting of the creature's claws.

She felt sore, as if she had truly battled that beast. "Honestly, I wasn't really there," the queen explained. "I am here in my domain, the only place where my magic works. That cave exists in multiple realms." "Thank you for answering my question," Abril said, tilting her head. "The daggers adapt to their bearer; they can transform into whatever you need," the queen added. Abril's eyes widened. "This is very important to me." "Yes, but they don't help me at all," the queen replied. "They disappear every time I try to touch them."

If you want, I can ask them to fill you with their power." "I would be grateful for that," Abril said, resigned. She left the throne room and headed directly to the chamber where her daughter lay. Upon entering, she felt a wave of relief wash over her. She rushed to embrace Maya, holding her tightly, kissing her again and again. "I take good care of her," Maya said, smiling. "Thank you," Abril replied, her heart swelling. "Did you find the mirrors?" Maya asked eagerly. "It was difficult," Abril admitted, recalling the darkened cave.

"It was, but you should never enter that cave again," she added. "I admit that the cave always piqued my curiosity, but I won't go back. Just seeing the expression on your face tells me that place is worse than anything." "You look terrible," Maya said, concern in her voice. "You should rest and eat something. I'll stay with Lissana while you do." Abril hesitated to separate from her daughter for even a moment. What she had seen in that cave had deeply affected her, but she knew she needed to take care of herself.

After leaving Lissana in good hands, she made her way to Alessandro's workshop when Barto burst in suddenly. "Your Majesty, I must speak with you!" Barto exclaimed, urgency in his tone. "What's going on?" Alessandro asked, his brow furrowing. "Apparently, monsters have been sighted in the kingdom." "What? Where?" Alessandro demanded, alarmed. "Near the border. Some towns were attacked, and others were completely destroyed." "Are they crossing the barrier?" Alessandro asked, his mind racing. "Your Majesty, a miasma has appeared suddenly.

Everything it touches dies, barely alive," Barto replied, his voice shaking. "A new threat," Alessandro muttered, trying to process the information. He had thought the barrier would protect them, but now it seemed he had underestimated the danger. "Gabriel, hold back the horsemen. Tell them to prepare. We will use the blessed weapons and armor to fight these monsters," he commanded. "It is necessary," Barto agreed. "We cannot rely solely on Abril's power. We will do what we can. We will also summon Sirius to bring the mages," Alessandro added, determination in his voice.

"As Your Majesty orders," Barto replied, bowing slightly before leaving. Just then, a little pixie appeared suddenly, blocking Abril's path. "You can't go!" she insisted. "What are you doing here? How is my sister?" Abril asked, concern flooding her. "Maya is fine, but that's not what matters right now. You cannot go and fight these monsters. You must come with me to the land of the fairies; the fairy queen wants to see you." "Stop! You said you would agree to be her successor. You promised her," the pixie urged. "She accepted my proposal," Abril replied, her heart racing.