

Forgotten Wife : Let the Traitors Kneel Down Novel

Chapter 301

A new threat loomed on the horizon, and Pel was determined to face it alone. "I don't want to be your successor," she declared defiantly. "Are you lying about the successor?" he pressed, but she shook her head, her resolve firm. "Things have changed." "That won't please the fairy queen," he warned. "You can be sure she won't take it lightly." With that, he turned and left the pixie behind, dismissing her concerns. Meanwhile, as the storm approached, Abril was busy preparing for the worst. Kiara used her magic to heal the cuts on Abril's cheek and the scratches on her arms.

Afterward, Abril lay back on the bed, exhausted. She felt herself drifting off, her head barely touching the pillow before sleep enveloped her. She slept through the day and into the night, even as Mariana wished to continue resting. However, her slumber was interrupted by a voice. "Queen Abril, please awaken." Abril opened her eyes, bleary and confused. "What's going on?" she asked, her voice thick with sleep. "You must get up. You sent someone to retrieve the person who encouraged you to use the sweat cellar," the voice explained. Abril blinked, fully waking now.

"Is he here?" "Yes, so please, he's not a patient who can wait." With a groan, Abril felt her body stiff from sleep. She forced herself out of bed. "How long did I sleep?" "You slept all day yesterday. Now it's morning, and breakfast is ready," the voice replied. "Thanks," she murmured, still trying to shake off the remnants of sleep. As she dressed and grabbed a quick bite to eat, she felt a sense of urgency. "Where is my child?" she asked, her heart racing. "The baby is feeling very happy," came the reassuring response.

"Kiara hasn't woken up yet." "Thank you for telling me." After finishing her meal, Abril hurried to find the person she needed. A guide led her to a large room with windows that let in the morning light. "Please, my friend is ready to arrive," she said, her voice steady. Moments later, an old man appeared. He had brown skin, green eyes, and hair that looked a bit dry, as if it had seen many seasons. He surveyed his surroundings with a keen gaze. "After these daggers, you seem weaker than I expected. I don't understand how they chose you as their new bearer," he remarked.

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"To be honest, I don't know either," Abril admitted, feeling the weight of his scrutiny. "It's easy to use them, or it can be a challenge, depending on your intention. I won't waste my time if you're not serious," he warned. "The fairy queen said these daggers adapt to the power of the bearer. How do I do that?" Abril asked, her determination rising. "Listen, you use fire magic. Draw your daggers and imagine they are engulfed in flames," he instructed. Abril

concentrated, trying to summon the fire within her. She felt the magic stirring, but nothing happened.

"I can't seem to make them ignite," she confessed, frustration creeping in. "Think of them as more than mere objects. They are your companions, and how you use them will depend on your bond with them," he replied, his tone firm. With renewed focus, Abril tried again. This time, the blades of the daggers flared to life, engulfed in flames. "I did it!" she exclaimed, excitement bubbling within her. "Now extinguish them," he commanded. Abril quickly snuffed out the fire and asked, "Is that all there is to it?" "Don't underestimate the value of these daggers.

You may think it's useless to use them, but when the time comes, you'll need them," he warned, his expression serious. Abril had thought the same but chose not to voice her doubts. The elder continued, "These daggers can serve as a means for stronger attacks without exhausting too much magic, even though you have a human body." Abril nodded, understanding the weight of his words. She often felt drained after each battle, her control over magic improving but still unpredictable. "Besides, these daggers can transform into a spear or any shape you desire," he added. "I prefer them as daggers.

They're light and easy to handle. I don't want to change them," she insisted. "That's likely why you're resistant. Normally, these magical weapons can perform spells, but you risk losing what you need if you're not careful," he cautioned. "I'd like to keep them as daggers," Abril replied firmly. "But you can also change their shape to keep them with you at all times. You never know when you might be caught off guard," he explained. Abril considered this, realizing the practicality of having them with her always. She closed her eyes, envisioning the daggers transforming.

When she opened them again, the golden blades had morphed into a more compact form that fit perfectly in her hands. "Now you're back to having two daggers," the old man said, a hint of approval in his voice. "But you must be careful and practice diligently. When the time comes to fight, you don't want to falter." "I'll keep that in mind," Abril promised. "Good. That's all I had to teach you. The rest will depend on your efforts," he concluded. Before he left, Abril asked, "May I know your name?" "Omael. That's my name," he replied. "My name is Abril.

It's a pleasure to meet you," she said, feeling a sense of gratitude for his guidance.

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During the following months, Abril practiced diligently, learning how to wield her daggers correctly. She spent much of her time in the training grounds, honing her skills, but a sense of unease lingered in her heart. She felt a nagging apprehension, as if something was amiss. Abril often recalled the words of the fairy queen, who had once warned her about the darkness lurking in the shadows. "Your majesty, you are not human," the queen had said, her voice heavy with foreboding. "This darkness is not to be trifled with." As the days passed, Abril's worries deepened.

She began to question everything. "What have you said? My kingdom is dying, attacked by monsters?" she exclaimed, her voice laced with disbelief. When Abril learned that Cosset

was under siege, it felt as if the air had been sucked from her lungs. She knew she had to return, but fear gripped her heart. Doubts clouded her mind, and she hesitated. "Is my kingdom truly in danger?" she wondered, her thoughts racing. Pixie, the small creature by her side, looked up at her with wide eyes. "You must go back," it urged. "The kingdom needs you." Abril took a deep breath and steadied herself.

"I have to return to Cosset," she declared, determination igniting within her. "Prepare for my departure." "Thank you for everything," she said to the fairy queen, her voice sincere. "And thank you for looking after my daughter. Please keep her safe." "She will be well cared for," the queen assured her. "You can leave with peace of mind." "Can you open a portal for me?" Abril asked, her urgency palpable. "Prepare yourself. When it's ready, I will send you through," the queen replied. With a grateful nod, Abril rushed to find Lissana.

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She found her daughter in the garden, surrounded by blooming flowers. As Abril approached, Lissana looked up, concern etched on her face. "Aby, what is it?" Lissana asked, her voice soft. "I must return to Cosset, Kiara," Abril said, urgency in her tone. "But I'm not ready to face what lies ahead," Lissana replied, her voice trembling. "The kingdom is being attacked by monsters," Abril explained, her heart heavy. "What?!" Lissana gasped, her eyes wide with shock. Cassian, who had been nearby, turned at the news. "Cosset is under attack?" he echoed, disbelief in his voice.

"You must also be cautious, Lessan," Abril added, her gaze serious. "I won't let anything happen to Maya," Cassian said, determination shining in his eyes. "We will fight together." Abril shook her head. "No, Maya needs to stay calm. We will be fine. Kiara and the other bearers of light will stand against them. I will return." "Let us hope you come back to us," Lissana said, her voice filled with worry. "You promised to help if it was necessary." "I won't let anyone else down," Abril replied, her resolve strengthening. She embraced Lissana tightly, wishing she could linger longer.

"I promise I will return," she whispered, her heart aching at the thought of leaving. As she prepared to depart, Abril felt a pang of guilt for not being there when her family needed her most. "Tell my brother I'm sorry for not being there when it mattered," she instructed Cassian, her voice heavy with regret. "You have fought hard, Abril. Don't blame yourself," Cassian reassured her. "You must focus on what lies ahead." Abril nodded, though the weight of her responsibilities pressed heavily on her shoulders.

She felt a mix of annoyance and determination at having to return so soon, but she kept her thoughts to herself. Meanwhile, Cassian asked, "What's the plan?" "I need to gather more information before I return," Abril replied, her mind racing with strategies. "Why are you worried?" Cassian pressed. "I believe Barto intends to come and save us, to become the successor of the realm," Abril explained. "It's a reckless plan, and it worries me." "That fool," Cassian muttered. "He should know better than to put himself in danger." "Tell him he's an imbecile," Abril said, her voice firm.

"He needs to prioritize his happiness and not make useless sacrifices." As she prepared to leave, Abril felt a surge of determination. "I have many things to decide. I'll write him a letter,"

she said, her mind already racing with thoughts. "While you write, I will prepare for your journey," Cassian replied, nodding in understanding. Abril took a deep breath, ready to face whatever awaited her in Cosset. She felt the weight of her kingdom on her shoulders, but she would not falter. She would return to the man she loved and protect her home, no matter the cost.

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Abril hurried to Maya's room. As she entered, she found Maya had just finished writing a letter. However, Maya remained silent, her thoughts elsewhere. "Could you write a letter to my brother?" Maya finally asked, her voice barely above a whisper. "Why me?" Abril replied, puzzled. "Because I asked you to, before you were handed over to me," Maya insisted, her eyes pleading. Abril understood that delivering this letter to Barto was crucial, ensuring he wouldn't be left in the dark upon his return. "I'll do it," Abril promised, grateful for the task.

"Thank you," Maya said, her expression softening. Abril took a deep breath, gathering her thoughts as she prepared to enter the salon. She was waiting for the moment when the portal would open. As she stood there, she felt a surge of anticipation. "Give this to Lissana for me," she said, handing the letter to Maya. "And call us every day, please." "I will," Maya assured her. "Take care, Aby. Take care of Lessan," Cassian urged, his voice filled with concern. "I will," Abril replied, her heart heavy. "Press the button, and the portal will close," the fairy queen instructed.

Abril turned to give Cassian a grateful nod. "It's ready, my dear." Kiara stepped through the portal first, and Abril followed. Before stepping in, she turned one last time to gaze at her beloved daughter, her heart aching with a mix of love and sorrow. Tears welled in Abril's eyes as she thought of the sacrifices she had to make for the greater good. In an instant, she found herself in Cosset, standing in the palace gardens, where Alessandro awaited her. "Aby," he called, his voice filled with relief. She rushed into his arms, feeling the warmth of his embrace.

But as she melted into him, the weight of her absence from their daughter pressed down on her, and she began to cry uncontrollably. Alessandro held her tightly, offering silent comfort as she wept. He didn't speak, simply stroking her back gently, trying to console her in her moment of despair. When she finally calmed down, Abril pulled back slightly, her eyes searching his. "Have you seen Kiara?" "After the portal, she mentioned she would be leaving. She seemed in a hurry," Alessandro replied, concern etched on his face.

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"Were there many people in the land of the fairies?" Abril asked, her brow furrowing. "Yes, but here?" he said, his tone somber. "It was just the three of us. The palace feels so lonely without you." As night fell, the palace was shrouded in silence. Abril understood what Alessandro meant; it was as if the very walls mourned their separation. A tear slipped down Abril's cheek, and Alessandro brushed it away with his long fingers. "How is Lissana? Did you leave her behind?" he asked gently. Abril shook her head. "She's strong, just like you.

She'll be fine." "I know, but it doesn't lessen the sadness within me," he admitted, his voice heavy. "It pains me not to see her grow, to miss her first words, her first steps. But what would

hurt more is losing this time apart. Someday, we will all be together again." Abril envisioned a future where they would be happy, where the shadows of their current struggles would fade. "We will," she whispered, her heart aching with hope. "Perhaps it's best if we rest now. I'll leave soon," he said, his tone shifting to one of finality. "I'll go with you," Abril insisted, her resolve firm.

"No, you must stay. I can't let you go alone," he replied, his expression softening. "Then I'll go with you," she countered, unwilling to back down. "Very well. Kiara will accompany us," he agreed, a hint of a smile breaking through his worry. "I'd prefer to do it in the palace. It feels safer here," Abril suggested, glancing around as if the walls could hear her. "I suppose you're right," Alessandro conceded, lifting her into his arms. "Let's go to sleep. Tomorrow awaits us with a long journey." Abril nestled against him, feeling the warmth of his body as he carried her to their room.

She closed her eyes, surrendering to the comfort of his presence. As Alessandro laid her gently on the bed, he watched her, his heart aching at the sight of her tears. He longed to make her happy, to protect their family, but felt powerless against the forces that tore them apart. He leaned down, pressing a soft kiss to her forehead. "I love you, Aby. I hope one day I can make you truly happy," he whispered, careful not to wake her. With that, he turned to watch her sleep, his heart heavy with unspoken fears and hopes. Meanwhile, Kiara stood outside Abril's room, waiting.

Barto emerged from the room, surprised to see her there. "Kiara! Is Maya returning too?" he asked, his voice filled with concern. "I understand your worry, but she's not back yet. She's still in the land of the fairies," Kiara replied, her expression serious. "What?" Barto exclaimed, confusion clouding his features. "She's safe there. It's for her own good, so she can recover completely," Kiara explained, her tone firm. "She hasn't fully recovered yet, but it's safer for her to stay there," she added, her heart aching for her friend. "Is it her choice then?" Barto asked, seeking clarity.

"Yes, it was her decision. She chose to stay," Kiara confirmed, her voice steady.

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The end of a relationship was never easy. "Don't do anything foolish. It doesn't need saving," Kiara said, handing him the letter Maya had written. "Maya asked me to give this to you," he replied, his voice steady. "Thanks," she muttered, her eyes downcast. "You're not going to fight monsters, are you? That's dangerous," he warned. "But I'm still quick and agile with my sword," she insisted. "Years of experience won't help against those you fought before. Stay here and don't hold back." "If these monsters keep advancing, they'll reach the neighborhood and attack those I care about.

I've fought for five years in the dust to protect what I love," she replied fiercely. "You love me too much, and it feels like I'm holding you back," he said, concern etched on his face. "I'm not sure, Kiara. I always put everyone before myself. As long as you're with me, you won't do that because I'm imposing on you." Kiara turned to leave the house, and Barto followed her, grabbing her waist one moment, then the other, trying to pull her back. "Kiara, that's not true.

You're very important to me. I love you more than you can imagine," he said, desperation creeping into his voice.

Kiara felt her heart racing, a mix of emotions coursing through her. She opened her lips to speak, but when Barto touched her face, she pushed him away. "No," she said, her voice trembling as she tried to resist the pull of his gaze. "I love you, but we can never be together," she added, her heart heavy. "If you ask me, Kiara, I'm clear about this. I love you, and I want to be with you. I want to marry you and spend the rest of my life by your side." "That will never happen! Humans and elves can't marry," she shot back. "Why not?" he pressed. "Because it disrupts harmony for them.

It's like a mark that unites all life to you; it's literally forbidden! I want to keep loving you because your love is so different, but I'll end up losing everything, and I don't want that." "Sooner or later, we'll have to end this, Kiara. Let's not be foolish. An elf and a half-fairy could never be together." Kiara walked away, and Barto tried to follow her. When she heard his footsteps behind her, she turned and said, "Barto, I want to be with someone who is willing to give everything for me.

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You're not that person, so stop insisting." Barto's heart sank as he watched her walk away, knowing that their relationship was crumbling. The next day, Abril woke up early and went to find Kiara. When she reached her room, she found her sitting on the balcony, lost in thought, a look of sadness on her face. "Kiara, are you there?" Abril called softly. "Yes, is it time to go?" Kiara replied, her voice distant. "Please come and talk. I want you to stay in the palace.

Cira could be using monsters to draw our attention; it might be a trap to try to release the key while we're away." "Are you sure about that?" Kiara asked, concern flickering in her eyes. "No, but I'll be there. You'll be safe in the palace." "Alright, I'm glad," Kiara said, a hint of relief in her tone. "I thank you. I won't travel if I don't return. And right, Barto?" "How did things end?" Abril asked gently. "It all ended between us," Kiara admitted, her voice barely above a whisper. "I thought you would have time to return," Abril said, her brow furrowing.

"Elyyo and I are not destined to be together. It doesn't serve any purpose to delay the inevitable." "But what if destiny is true? Each one will have their own life, and you'll laugh before having fought silently," Abril replied, trying to offer comfort. "You say that because your love is reciprocated," Kiara countered. "And you know how Barto felt when we went to the land of the fairies. He loved you, even if it wasn't the way you wanted. But I'm sure he loves you," Abril said, her voice firm. "You should go. It's getting late," Kiara urged.

"I thought I would leave when we returned, but now..." Abril hesitated. "What happens with my relationship doesn't matter to you, as long as you take care of your affairs. I will take care of my children," Kiara said, feeling overwhelmed. "I didn't mean to intrude. I'm sorry. I'm going now before it gets too late for me," Abril replied, stepping out of the dwelling and heading toward the entrance of the palace. There, she found Alessandro, surrounded by horsemen, some of whom were also present. As she approached, everyone greeted her with a bow. Alessandro looked at her with concern.

"Did you speak with Kiara?" "Yes, she agreed to it," Abril replied, glancing at the horsemen. "I insisted on going. I couldn't refuse," she added. "I suppose that's why Kiara was so upset," Alessandro said, his brow furrowing. "What?" Abril asked, confused. "Nothing, forget it. It's all ready," he said, dismissing her concern. "Yes, we just need to wait," she replied, her heart heavy. Abril spotted Sirius, who approached her. "We're ready. We can go whenever you want," he said. "Then let's go. Prepare the parchments," she instructed. Sirius handed her a scroll of teleportation.

"The first village targeted is Riera, so we will head there." "That sounds good. Let's go," she agreed. As Kiara watched from the window, she searched for Barto with her gaze. When she finally spotted him, her heart raced. He looked striking, his features illuminated by the sunlight. It was his beauty that had drawn her in. "Why are you such an idiot?" she muttered under her breath. Barto seemed to sense her presence, and their eyes met for a fleeting moment. In that instant, it felt as if the world around them faded away, leaving only the two of them.

But then Kiara turned away from the window, her heart heavy with the weight of their unfulfilled love. In a heartbeat, she was reminded of the destruction that had befallen Riera. The village lay in ruins, corpses scattered everywhere, and a thick, dark fog enveloped the area. Though it was daytime, the light seemed to have vanished. "What happened here?" Abril asked, her voice trembling. "They said the villages had been destroyed, but I never imagined seeing anything like this," Kiara replied, her heart sinking as she took in the devastation around her.

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An excellent question, Abril thought, as she surveyed the scene before her. The landscape was eerily still; plants and animals lay lifeless, and a heavy fog blanketed everything. She had witnessed a similar scenario in Laios, but the horror of what she saw now was overwhelming. The monsters had ravaged the area, leaving devastation in their wake, and even the ground beneath her feet felt dead. "This fog is wrong," she murmured, a chill creeping down her spine. Just then, several monsters emerged from the mist, their grotesque forms shifting in the shadows.

Alessandro positioned himself protectively in front of Abril, shielding her with his body. "Don't separate yourself from me," he urged, his voice firm. Abril had not come to hide; she had come to fight. With a swift motion, she transformed her hands into daggers, ready for battle. "I didn't come here just to watch," she declared, determination igniting her spirit. Alessandro watched in awe as she wielded her daggers with grace, silver flames flickering around her. It was a sight he had never seen before, and it took his breath away.

As a monster lunged at him, Alessandro deftly countered with his sword, reducing the creature to a quivering mass. Barto joined the fray, his speed and skill with the sword leaving everyone astonished. After they had dispatched the last of the monsters, Abril summoned her light magic, cleansing the darkness that had seeped into the village. Alessandro turned to Sirius, who had been assessing the barrier. "There's no breach," Sirius reported, his brow furrowed. "No monsters have emerged from the woods." "But how?" Abril interjected, her voice laced with disbelief.

"After the war, we exterminated them all. There shouldn't be any left." "The barrier is intact," Sirius replied. "We need to discover how they got here." Once all the bodies had been buried, the Horsemen began setting up camp, preparing to move to the old town the next day, which had also been attacked. Abril lay among the tombs, guilt gnawing at her for not being able to save them. Just then, Alessandro approached her. "How are you?" he asked gently. "I'm fine," she replied, though her eyes betrayed her turmoil. "You're not fine."

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You're blaming yourself for their deaths, but it's not your fault, Abril," he said, his voice steady. "I know, but it's hard not to blame myself. I keep asking who was here," she confessed, her heart heavy. "You can't change what happened, Abril. We can't save everyone," he reminded her softly. "I understand that, but no matter how many times I tell myself it's not my fault, the memories haunt me," she admitted, tears brimming in her eyes. Alessandro wrapped his arms around her, trying to ease the burden she carried. "Don't dwell on the past. Focus on what lies ahead and what you can do now."

Don't take the blame upon yourself." Abril leaned into his embrace, finding solace in his warmth. She remained silent, allowing herself to feel the comfort of his presence. Alessandro held her until she calmed, and together they entered the tent. Inside, Abril marveled at the beautiful red tapestries that adorned the ground, and in the center lay several white pieces that formed a makeshift bed. She felt a wave of softness wash over her, a stark contrast to the pain she had just experienced. "When did you learn to wield your daggers?" Alessandro asked, breaking the silence.

"I found them in the land of the fairies, by chance," she replied, her eyes lighting up. "They're surprisingly easy to use once you learn to control them." "It's incredible; I've never seen a weapon like that before," he said, admiration evident in his voice. "I believe these daggers are rare, even among the fairies," she explained, her excitement bubbling over. "It surprises me that the queen entrusted you with such a powerful weapon," Alessandro remarked, a hint of pride in his tone.

"You should feel safer knowing you can defend yourself against monsters." Abril nodded, though a lingering worry remained. "I always felt uneasy fighting without a weapon." Alessandro removed his armor, carefully cleaning his face with a cloth. "Today has been exhausting. How are you holding up?" "I'm tired," Abril admitted, her body aching from the battle. "I'm not used to fighting like this." "I'll make sure you rest. You need to regain your strength; we don't know what we'll face tomorrow," he said, concern etched on his face. "True, and there are other villages that have been attacked."

I wonder how badly they suffered," she pondered aloud. "From the reports we received, not all were destroyed. Some were merely attacked," he clarified. "I still don't understand where these monsters came from or what that fog was," she mused. "It's likely the work of someone plotting against us," Alessandro replied, his expression darkening. "Do you think it's her?" Abril asked, a shiver running down her spine. "It must be her, but it's unclear why she's targeting the villages," he said, frustration creeping into his voice. "Let's not dwell on that now," he added, trying to lighten the mood.

As Alessandro stepped out of the tent, he found Sirius waiting for him. "May I have a moment with your majesty?" Sirius asked, his tone serious. "Of course. What's going on?" Alessandro replied, sensing urgency in his voice. "We should discuss this somewhere else, away from the camp," Sirius suggested. Alessandro followed Sirius, curiosity piqued. "What's the matter, Sirius?" he asked once they were alone.

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As they surveyed the village, they discovered the source of the monsters. Abril believed it was there, hidden within the depths. "Where did it come from?" Alessandro asked, his brow furrowing in concern. "It's possible that it originates from the village itself," Abril replied, her voice steady. "We need to seal the well to prevent any more from emerging." "I've already done that," Alessandro said, his tone reassuring. "Thank you. I hope the other villages have better luck," she said, a hint of worry in her voice. "Me too," he replied, his expression softening. "Sandro is also missing.

Good sister, see you soon." "Good night, Your Majesty," she murmured, her eyelids growing heavy. Alessandro had taken so long to get involved that Abril had fallen asleep. He tried to wake her gently, urging her to eat something, but it was impossible. Abril was lost in a deep sweat, and eventually, he chuckled softly, leaning against her side and wrapping his arms around her. His wife was small and thin, yet her spirit was unyielding. Alessandro felt a swell of pride and happiness knowing she was his. In her dreams, Abril found herself in a beautiful field filled with lavender flowers.

There, she saw her mother, Sophia, gathering blossoms. As she approached, her mother greeted her with a warm smile. "Hello, my little one," Sophia said softly. "Hello, Mama," Abril replied, feeling a rush of affection. "You've been through so much lately. The burdens on your shoulders have been heavy," her mother continued, concern etched on her face. "I know, Mama. I'm trying to be strong," Abril said, her voice barely above a whisper. "I came to comfort you in your dreams. Everything will heal, my dear.

Your baby will grow and blossom into a beautiful flower, just like you," Sophia assured her. "Did I do the right thing by leaving it on the ground?" Abril asked, uncertainty creeping into her voice. "Yes, that was your destiny from the beginning," her mother replied. "Lissana will be the one to govern the four clans. She will unify the world. A great future awaits, but for that to happen, you must learn from all the clans. Only then can you unify what you know and love.

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This girl will be stronger than you." With feverish eyes, Alessandro awoke to find Abril nestled against him, just as it should be. Every moment apart felt like torture; without her, the world lost its color. Abril and Lissana were his greatest loves, the sources of joy in his life. Without them, everything faded to gray. "I love you," he whispered, pressing a kiss to her forehead. He spoke those words not just for her to hear, but because his heart demanded it. When he rose, he hated the thought of leaving Abril's side. He decided to speak with Sirius.

"Check the barrier once more," he instructed. "Yes, Your Majesty," Sirius replied, bowing slightly. When Abril opened her eyes, she felt a sense of calm wash over her, bolstered by her mother's words. It was early, and Alessandro was already gone. She got up, washed her face, and opened the door to give orders to the guards. They had dismantled the defenses, and the guards were preparing to head out. Seeing Abril, Alessandro approached her, concern etched across his face. "How are you?" "I'm fine," she replied, though her voice lacked conviction. "We'll leave soon.

You need to eat something; you didn't eat anything yesterday." "I'm sorry. I'm just tired and ended up falling asleep," she admitted. "I still have something for you. There's something I need you to do," he said, his tone shifting to seriousness. "What is it?" she asked, intrigued. "Just support me," he replied, leading her toward the well. "We believe the monsters are gone from here." As they approached the well, Abril peered into the darkness. It was deep and foreboding, and she felt an unsettling chill emanating from within.

"I can sense something," she murmured, a shiver running down her spine. Alessandro hesitated, but then Abril unleashed several fireballs into the pit. Moments later, the ground trembled, and the monsters began to emerge from the depths. They were numerous and menacing, but Abril felt their presence keenly. As the monsters surged forth, Alessandro summoned a gust of wind, creating a barrier to shield Abril from harm. Sirius quickly conjured a barrier to contain the creatures as they approached. "Are you okay?" Alessandro asked, his voice laced with concern.

"Yes," she replied, determination igniting within her. "This is dangerous, and you mustn't do it again," he warned, his protective instincts flaring. Abril ignored his admonition and charged toward the monsters, daggers in hand. "I can handle this!" she shouted, her voice fierce. With precision, she struck the creatures with fire, while Alessandro focused on protecting her back, using the wind to keep the monsters at bay. They fought in tandem, their bond unbreakable even in the heat of battle. "Why won't you listen to me?" Alessandro shouted, frustration boiling over.

"You can't take on these monsters alone!" "I'm sorry! I'm not thinking straight," she admitted, her heart racing. Alessandro pulled her into an embrace, his voice low and urgent. "You must always think of me and Lissana before acting." "I will," she promised, her resolve strengthening. They held each other tightly until Alessandro's troubled heart began to calm. After Abril purified the well, the water returned to its clear state. In the next village, they found a scene similar to the last—black fog enveloped the area, and monsters lurked everywhere.

Once they dispatched the creatures and cleansed the village, they began searching for survivors.

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There were few who managed to cling to life that night as they camped in the pueblo. When dawn broke, Alessandro approached on foot, determined to continue healing the wounds left by the caballeros and the Dijo. "You should rest," he said, concern etched on his face. "It's not necessary," Abril replied, though fatigue weighed heavily on her. "I can still follow."

Alessandro shook his head. "No, resting will prevent you from collapsing." He lifted Abril and gently placed her between the blankets in their makeshift shelter.

"You need to know when to take a break." "But there's also a horseman," she protested weakly. "It's not serious; it's just a sprain. Those who have tears will be fine." "But-" "But nothing, Abril. I'm busy," he insisted, his tone firm yet tender. "Do it now. We don't have water to drink or bathe since the well is dry. Clean yourself with the towel." "You're right; the well hasn't been purified yet..." Abril got up just as Alessandro was about to leave the shelter. She caught his arm and said, "Where do you think you're going?" "To purify the well," he replied with a laugh.

"I already told you no; you'll leave that for Mariana." "But there are more monsters," she argued. "Sirius has created a barrier. Nothing will come through this way." "But yes-" Alessandro took her by the shoulders and gently laid her back down between the blankets. He began to remove her clothes. "What do you think I'm doing?" he asked, a teasing smile on his lips. "I can manage on my own." "I've seen you naked countless times. Does it bother you?" "It doesn't bother me; it's just-" She hesitated as he brushed the damp towel across her skin, warmth spreading through her.

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As he continued, she could feel her heart racing, and she watched him with feverish eyes. In a moment of boldness, he leaned down and pressed his warm lips against hers, igniting a fire within her. "Is it chance, or don't you want this?" he asked softly. Abril wrapped her arms around him, pulling him closer, and kissed him deeply. Their breaths mingled, filled with urgency and longing. "If I want," she whispered. Alessandro had been holding back, but her response shattered his restraint. "I want you," he confessed, his voice thick with emotion. "I love you, Abril.

I love you." She couldn't find the words to respond, but in her heart, she echoed his sentiment, feeling the weight of her love for him. As they lay together, she could hear the steady rhythm of his heart, and in that moment, everything felt warm and right, as if the struggles they had faced were merely a distant memory. "This has been...someone could have heard us," she murmured. Alessandro traced gentle circles on her back, caressing her skin. "No one has heard anything," he reassured her.

"To be here with you, I'm in a fight, but it's worth it." "No, this isn't a dream," she replied, her eyes growing heavy. "Then let's finish this," he said, his voice barely above a whisper. "Me too," she agreed, feeling the exhaustion take over. As she drifted off to sleep, she felt safe in his arms, content in the knowledge that they were together. When Abril finally awoke, she found Alessandro watching her. "Have you been awake long?" she asked, rubbing her eyes. "No, I just woke up," he replied, a hint of a smile on his lips.

"We should get up." Abril rose and picked a clean set of clothes from one of the trunks nearby. Alessandro donned his armor, his expression serious. "Today, don't do anything reckless," she warned. "I won't," he promised. Before they left, Abril purified the few remaining monsters that lingered, eliminating them before they could attack. She approached the survivors, apologizing for not arriving sooner to help them, but they didn't blame her. Instead, they

expressed their gratitude for having been saved from the monsters. They mounted their horses, ready to ride out.

"I know; let's hope they're safe," Abril said, glancing back at the survivors. "Yes, let's hope they fare better," Alessandro replied, his brow furrowed in concern. Suddenly, Abril felt the presence of monsters nearby. "They're coming. There are many, and they're approaching." Alessandro helped her down from her horse, and together they prepared for battle. As Abril had predicted, a swarm of monsters surrounded them. There were so many that they needed to form a barrier to keep them at bay. The monsters must have emerged from somewhere, and Abril knew they had to find the source.

There were holes along the roads they traveled, and she sensed danger lurking just beyond their sight.

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A Good Mother The village lay shrouded in a dark fog. After purifying the land and the well, they continued their advance. The village seemed fine, though it appeared that the monsters had left no trace of their legacy there. In this village in Inguin, a river flowed through the landscape. Abril waded through the water, checking for any signs of danger; she knew the monsters lurked in the shadows. "Something must be done," she murmured to herself. Determined to take action, Abril approached Barto.

"Barto, we need to talk for a moment." "Of course, Your Majesty," Barto replied, rising from his seat to follow her to a quieter corner. "Do you think you can send a message to the kingdom of Laios?" Abril asked, concern etched on her face. "Given the presence of monsters in Laios, no messenger would agree to go. However, if it's urgent, I could undertake the task myself," Barto said, his brow furrowing. "Would it trouble you if I asked you to go alone?" she pressed, her voice steady. "I understand your concern, but I believe you want to prove something about these monsters.

Otherwise, you wouldn't request a message to Laios. I can help with everything here; you needn't worry about me. I'll manage just fine traveling through Laios." "Thank you. I will write a letter and deliver it to you," she replied, her resolve strengthening. "Very well, Your Majesty. I will ensure it reaches my brother when I go. I'll find out how things are here and if the monsters have been dealt with." "Please do," Abril said. "But wait until morning to leave; traveling at night may be dangerous." "Don't worry.

I'll wait until dawn and return as quickly as possible." "Thank you, Barto." "I need no thanks, Your Majesty. Everything I do is for the kingdom and the people who live here." "You remind me of Maya; she cares too much for them," Abril said, a hint of admiration in her voice. When Abril mentioned Maya, Barto's expression shifted. "And how is she? Is she well?" "You have nothing to worry about; Maya is fine," Abril reassured him. "In truth, she is doing better than expected.

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She returned because she didn't want to be separated from Cassian, but when she is in the land of the fairies, she feels at home. She chose to give birth there because she feels safe, so you needn't worry about her." Barto felt a wave of calm wash over him after hearing this. "I'm glad to hear that. It brings me peace to know your sister is happy and comfortable in her new home." "Thank you for saying so," Abril replied warmly. "The land of the fairies is not as bad as you believe. It can be a good place to grow, especially in these times of war." "I hear she is still alive in their country.

It must be difficult for her," Barto said, concern creeping into his voice. "It was, but I know she is safe with Cassian. They are taking good care of her," Abril assured him. "My sister truly wants your daughter; I'm sure they have taken good care of her," Barto added, his voice filled with conviction. "Yes, it is because of her that I am here. She knew what was going to happen, and the only good thing is that she is small, just like her baby. That's why I'm with her." --- A New Prince The queen sat on her throne when her assistant entered, looking troubled.

"Your Majesty, I thought you would have given up on him." Maya had wandered and chosen to love the kingdom. The reign was here: "I'm here, Barto," she said, her voice firm. He seemed to deny himself a successor with more loyalty than Maya, who never refused to stay with him. In the land of the fairies, she had found her home, and he could see it in her eyes. But she could not inherit his kingdom; her life had been intertwined with that of the human prince. "Why don't you make Fay your successor?" he suggested. Before Maya appeared, he had also considered Fay, but he still refused to convert.

"That didn't make it clear that he didn't want to be my successor." "It could be a good idea, even if it doesn't guarantee the bloodline," Barto replied. "Ask him to come, along with his wife," the queen instructed. The assistant left to send a message to Fay, requesting his immediate presence at the palace with his wife. When Fay received the letter at the llamaran palace, he was with his wife, Tarik. Tarik had been unwell, having cried all night with a high fever, but he could not refuse the queen's order. He took her hand and handed her their little boy. "Take care," he said softly.

"I will," she replied. When Fay arrived, he saw Maya and the prince walking together in the garden, embracing each other warmly. Fay had heard that Maya was returning; he hadn't anticipated the opportunity to see her again after her mission in the land of the fairies, especially now that she had returned to her sick child. "Hello, Maya. It's been a while," he greeted, a hint of warmth in his voice. Cassian had never felt comfortable with the friendship between Maya and Fay, which had always been a source of tension. Maya smiled and introduced Cassian.

"This is my son, Cassian." The baby in Fay's arms caught Maya's attention, and she reached out to him. "What a lovely baby!" "This is my daughter, Tarik," Fay said proudly. "She's beautiful, but she doesn't seem well," Maya observed, concern creeping into her voice. "That's why she's not here; she's been very sick," Fay explained. "Is that why you left the palace?" Maya asked, her brow furrowing. "Yes," Fay replied, his voice heavy with worry.

The queen had ordered Alessandro to betray his own daughter, a command that weighed heavily on him. He could disobey, but the thought gnawed at his conscience. Lissana stretched out her hand, trying to tempt Tarik closer. "What's going on, Lissana?" he asked, his curiosity piqued. "This baby deserves a place in the human kingdom. Just listen to her." "Sir, if she passes, it may bring peace," Lissana insisted, her voice softening. "Maybe you're just curious, Tarik," she added, her tone playful. Fay, Lissana's little brother, agreed, eager to play with Tarik.

She held her arm out, casting a gentle light over him. It was the same healing light their mother had used before. "Blah," she said, watching as Tarik's fever dissipated. He opened his eyes, staring intently at the small figure before him. "I believe it pleases you. She has been cured," Lissana said, realizing the magic had worked. "It's surprising that someone your age can wield magic," Tarik remarked, astonished. "It's true," Lissana replied, pride swelling in her chest. Just then, the queen's assistant approached them. "The queen awaits you.

You should present yourselves." "I must go, but I'm glad to see you here," Fay said, his voice filled with warmth. "I enjoyed seeing you too, when Wal came to visit," Lissana replied, her heart heavy as she prepared to leave. After Fay departed, Lissana lingered, stretching her arms as if to hold onto him. Maya comforted her, whispering, "Don't forget, Lissana. You can't stay, but you can come back to see him." When Fay entered the throne room, the queen commanded, "Come closer, my child." Fay stepped forward, as if compelled by the queen's presence.

"Your Majesty, may I ask why you asked me to betray my wife?" he questioned, his voice steady despite the turmoil within. "I need a successor," the queen replied, her gaze unwavering. "You are denied that role, so I am considering making Tarik my heir." Fay's expression darkened. He could not hide his discontent; the thought of his son becoming king was unbearable. "You want my son to be your successor?" he exclaimed, disbelief coloring his tone. "I envision a general, a soldier as strong as you," the queen countered, her voice firm.

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"But I don't want it to be forced upon him." "Whether you want it or not, it will be so. Tarik is perfect for the role. He has your blood and the power to be king," the queen insisted. "I will take your place. Accept this, and relinquish the idea that Tarik should not be king." "You don't want the throne, ever," Fay laughed bitterly. "Your place is in the sky. You wouldn't make a good fairy king, but this is not my way. I will instruct him to control his powers." "I understand that you want to relieve your son of this heavy burden, but he will become king.

It may take decades or even centuries, but he will inherit the throne," the queen stated, her voice resolute. Fay looked at his son, understanding her words even if he wished otherwise. Tarik would be king, and that would change everything. "Fay, take care of him," the queen urged, her tone softening. "You cannot lie to him, nor can you hide the truth. It is clear and transparent." "Then Tarik will become my successor, but I will not force him. If he wishes to renounce it, that is his choice," Fay said, his resolve firm. "Yes, that seems fair.

Thank you, Your Majesty," he replied, a hint of gratitude in his voice. Meanwhile, Abril was in her shop, staring intently at the hope the queen had given her to communicate with Lissana when

Alessandro approached her. "What are you doing?" he asked, concern etched on his face. "I'm trying to call her. I want to see Lissana," she replied, determination in her voice. "That's what you mentioned before," he reminded her gently, sitting beside her. "You seem doubtful. Why haven't you used it?" he inquired. "I'm scared," Abril admitted, her voice barely above a whisper.

"Scared that it won't work?" Alessandro asked, tilting his head. Abril nodded, her brow furrowed. "It's not that. I'm worried that Lissana has grown too much. Even though she's only been gone a few days, time flows differently in the fairy realm." "You have reason to be cautious," Alessandro said, understanding her fears. Abril thought of Lissana and Maya, hoping to connect with them. For a moment, nothing happened, and worry creased her brow. But soon, she saw the reflection of Maya, carrying Lissana in her arms. "Hello, Aby," Maya greeted, her smile bright.

When Lissana spotted her mother, joy lit up her face. She seemed overwhelmed with emotion, reaching out for Abril. Tears welled in Abril's eyes as she struggled to speak, her heart swelling with love. "Hello, Maya. How is Lissana?" she asked, her voice trembling with emotion. "She's doing very well. She's beautiful," Maya replied, her eyes sparkling. "And you? How are you?" Abril inquired, her concern evident. "I'm recovering well, but I must be careful and continue to fight," Maya said, her determination shining through. "Congratulations on your recovery.

I'm sorry I didn't say it sooner," Abril said, wiping away her tears. "He says his wedding day is approaching, and he will return to the fairy realm. Don't worry about that," Maya reassured her. "And Cassian? How is he?" Abril asked, eager for news. Cassian looked up, his expression brightening. "I'm doing very well, thank you." "We are fine, though we've had our challenges," Abril said, her heart heavy with the weight of their struggles. "In truth, it's been peaceful here, but we must remain vigilant against the monsters," Maya added, her voice steady.

"Do you know how to deal with them?" Abril asked, concern creeping into her voice. "We're not entirely sure yet," Maya admitted. "Has Cira been attacked?" Abril pressed. "No, we still don't know anything," Maya replied, her brow furrowing. "I feel guilty for living in peace while you face danger. Sometimes, it weighs heavily on my heart," Abril confessed, her voice filled with sorrow.

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"Don't blame yourself for this, Cassian. You have always helped us, and the kingdom is protected. But in moments like these, you should be here, next to your wife. Besides, thanks to those who are taking care of Lissana, I can feel at ease." Lissana had started reaching for the mirror, as if wanting to speak to him, even in his absence. Abril and Alessandro watched her closely, offering sweet words to their daughter, but the connection was abruptly cut off. Abril stared at the mirror, her heart heavy. She lowered her gaze, feeling the weight of the silence.

Alessandro remained quiet, fully aware of how Abril felt. He shared her pain, standing resolutely behind her, offering his support so she wouldn't feel alone in this moment. The next day, just before his departure, Alessandro noticed Abril's distraction. "Aby, are you alright?" he asked gently. "Yes, don't worry. I'm fine," she replied, though her voice lacked conviction. "I don't believe you. You

look tired. Today, try to rest unless it's absolutely necessary," he urged. "It's easy for you to say. I'm lost in my thoughts," she admitted. "Don't apologize, Aby. I understand how you feel.

Just remember that you're not alone, and you won't be without me for long. Soon, we'll have our little trip back, I promise." Abril wrapped her arms around Alessandro, feeling the warmth of his embrace. "I'm sorry. I've been thinking about everything," she confessed, her voice trembling slightly. "Even when you maintain your composure, you have to learn to stay strong in the face of pain, Aby. I know it's not easy. During the war, I lost so much, but I had to remain steadfast. The entire kingdom depended on me. But you don't have to carry that burden alone.

You don't have to force yourself to be alright, because you have me," he reassured her. Abril had never been involved in the war that had consumed Alessandro, a darkness that had taken more than she could imagine. She squeezed his hand, trying to stay strong. "You don't have to bear this alone, Lessan. I am your wife, your companion. You can lean on me," she insisted. "Thank you, Aby," he replied, his voice filled with gratitude. Meanwhile, Cira struggled to reach Hades' key once more, but her body was too weak to make it to the cave.

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She had attempted to strengthen herself by consuming darkness, but with Hades' realm sealed, she could only use it as a channel. The depth of the cave was too much for her to open a temporary door, and there, in the darkness, monsters lurked. They were there for her, but her body was failing her. When she finally emerged from the cave, Liona rushed to assist her, but could only help her remain upright. "I could reach the key, Your Majesty," Liona said, her voice steady. "No, this body is too weak. I can't get there yet," Cira replied, frustration evident in her tone.

"It will continue consuming monsters," Liona warned. "I have to keep trying until I can reach it or find a stronger body to assist me, one that can withstand her power," Cira insisted. Liona often remained silent about Cira's decisions, speaking of her body as if it didn't belong to her. It intrigued her, but she had learned during her service that sometimes it was better to ask fewer questions. So, she kept her thoughts to herself, wishing only for the day Abril would return. Cira ordered Liona to take her to the pool, as she felt herself fading, needing to recharge her strength.

Liona complied, leading her to the edge of the water, where Cira began to absorb the energy, regaining her power. Meanwhile, Barto took three days to reach the royal capital of Laios. He had never encountered so many monsters along the way, but he pressed on without issue. When he finally arrived at the palace and requested an audience with the king, he explained that he carried an important letter meant to be delivered in person. Eventually, he was granted entry, and the king's assistant led him to Enzo's workshop.

Upon entering, Barto saw a young man with red hair seated behind a desk, engrossed in reviewing documents. "Greetings, Your Majesty," Barto said respectfully. "Don't mention my title. I prefer to speak to my priest without formalities," Enzo replied, his tone dismissive. "I didn't mean to offend," Barto said quickly. Enzo scrutinized Barto, sensing he was a messenger, perhaps even a skilled horseman. "What brings you here? Is this the letter?" he asked, gesturing to the bag. Barto retrieved the letter and placed it on the desk in front of Enzo.

"This letter was sent to your sister, Abril." Though Enzo did not have a good relationship with his sister, he knew that in times of war, it was advantageous to have her on his side. He opened the letter, reading: "Hello, brother. I write this to inquire if the situation has improved or if you are still facing problems. Is Hades still sealed? In Cosset, we are under attack, with monsters emerging everywhere. Please let me know if the same is true in Laios and if you have any information about our sister, Cira. Sincerely, Abril Venobich. P.S.

Times are approaching; prepare." Enzo felt a pang of anxiety. He had no news of Cira, who was waiting for revenge, arms crossed after being betrayed by her husband. But for some reason, there was nothing left, and that frightened him, even though his situation with the monsters had improved. "Are you one of the knights in service to my sister?" Enzo asked. "No, Your Majesty. I am merely a messenger," Barto replied. A silence fell between them, and Enzo regarded Barto with curiosity. "I've never seen a human with red eyes before," he noted.

"It's true, I encountered some monsters, but I managed to evade them. I'm not here to fight," Barto explained, shaking his head. "Then, I'm interested in your skills. If you're not placed in my royal guard, I have no use for you," Enzo said, his tone firm. "Thank you for your offer, Your Majesty, but I am not interested in serving anyone," Barto replied, his resolve unwavering. "Your journey here must have been arduous. Rest tonight; you can leave tomorrow morning. I'll ensure you receive the letter before you depart," Enzo said, dismissing him.

"Thank you, Your Majesty," Barto replied, bowing slightly. "If you ever reconsider my offer, you may come to me," Enzo added, watching as Barto turned to leave.

