

# Forgotten Wife : Let the Traitors Kneel Down Novel

## Chapter 311

Barto bowed low and followed the king's assistant, who led him to his quarters, where several services awaited him, preparing for a bright sun and a grand scene. That night, Barto rested, and the next day, he gathered a large number of people. The king's assistant went to fetch him before the presence of the king. Enzo delivered the letter personally and instructed him, "Make sure you deliver it to my sister and tell her that she will need help, but she will owe me a favor." "I will ensure your message gets through," Barto replied.

"My guardians will accompany you, and you can use a teleportation scroll to reach her more quickly." Barto met with Abril in Shader's village. When he handed her the letter, she asked, "How are things in Laios?" "There are no monsters, so the city remains closed, but it is clean. The merchants in the city have also been cleared out, and the king has opened the palace doors for those who have lost everything." "Although my brother is a foolish king, he cares for his people," Abril remarked. "That seems to be the case," Barto agreed. "Thank you for making this possible, Barto.

Maya will be eternally grateful for your help." "Maya is my friend. I did everything I could to assist her, and she has done much for me as well." "Be sure to stop by the Guild of Information when you arrive. They can tell you which places are being attacked. The only area under threat is the northern part of the kingdom, where monsters have been sighted." "Thank you for letting me know. It's good to hear that not all of the kingdom is under attack." "If anything happens, I will inform you immediately." "Thank you again. I need to go now to post the letter.

My brother asked me to read your help request, although he will owe you a favor." "Typical of Enzo, but it's good to know what I told you." Abril read the letter that Enzo had written, which spoke of sealed caves and the screams of those trapped within. It mentioned problems with monsters and a return to reality that seemed impossible. After what Barto had said, she thought that Cira was not in Laios but likely in Cosset, in the northern part of the kingdom, where all the monsters had appeared and where shadows of darkness lingered.

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She didn't know what Cira was doing, but she was determined to uncover the truth for her sister, even if she wasn't there to deserve it. The next day, Fay went to visit Maya and found her in the garden, taking a walk. When she returned, she was beaming with happiness. "What a sincere joy! I didn't expect to see you so cheerful," Fay exclaimed. "I always think the worst of people," Maya replied with a smile. Lissana was overjoyed to see Tarik. She dreamed of him, screamed, and stretched her arms out in excitement.

Maya said, "I believe Lissana has missed Tarik." "I'm trying to get down to the ground, and he clings to my neck with great care," Lissana laughed. "Tarik is shy," Maya noted. "You are a precious little one. I am happy that you are happy," Fay said warmly. "And because of what you see, you also found yourself in a predicament," Maya teased. "So, we don't love you so much, or we will have a son," Cassian joked. Fay ignored Cassian's comment and turned to Maya. "Are you embarrassed?" "Yes," Maya admitted. "You've always wanted to be a mother. Are you ready?" Fay asked.

"No, I'll give birth to my daughter here," Maya replied firmly. "You know what that would mean, don't you?" Fay pressed. "My circumstances are different, so don't worry. It will be fine," Maya assured her. "I hope that's how it goes, because you want to give birth to your child here. Is that what's happening in the human world?" "Do you know anything about it?" Maya asked. "You had to go to a meeting on behalf of the fairy queen. There's something wrong. Our kingdom will be ravaged by darkness again." "Did you discover something?" Maya inquired.

"The eastern part of the kingdom of Cosset is being attacked by monsters," Fay explained. "You don't know what's wrong with the attacks?" "No, that's all I could gather. They weren't monsters close to our king, as he is still worried about the human kingdom. It seems the human realm is already carrying out this role." "Let's hope that everything ends well," Maya said. "Let us hope so," Fay agreed. As there was no place to sit, Maya settled into the soft soil, leaving Lissana on the ground.

Fay, too, found it normal to rest there, as there were creatures that thrived in such natural surroundings. But Cassian frowned at the idea, especially since Maya seemed embarrassed. "Don't worry, little prince. For them, it's better than sitting on a hard and uncomfortable hill," Maya reassured Cassian. "Fay is right, Cassian. Stop fussing and sit still," he said. "We should have brought a blanket," Maya suggested, taking one from Cassian's hand. "I don't want to complain," Cassian said as he sat down. Lissana started to crawl toward Fay, wanting to be near Tarik, who was hiding.

"Tarik, you should be friends with the princess. Stop hiding," Maya encouraged. Tarik wanted to hide his face but peeked at the little girl who made him dream. His shy smile calmed as he slowly approached her, sitting in front of her and gazing at her. "I believe they will become friends," Maya said, watching them. "It's good that you are friends," Fay added. "It would be great if Tarik had powerful friends." Maya smiled knowingly. "I can see that you've been asking about Tarik since the day before.

It's normal for Fay to want to know about her son's future." Fay took a moment to respond, stroking Tarik's head gently. "The realm wants Tarik to become his successor." "What?" Maya exclaimed. "Tarik is the new prince of the kingdom of the fairies," Fay clarified. "Is that what you want?" Maya asked. "I'm trying to take your place, but I don't want to until I say so," Tarik replied shyly.

Abril wished Alessandro would be elected, whether he wanted to be king or not. "Why don't you think about doing something bad?" he asked, a hint of concern in his voice. "I can't oppose the wishes of the queen, only my mother," he replied. "Just wait until you make your decision

about whether you want to be king." "I suppose there's no other option. Besides, we don't even know if he wants the kingdom," she said, her brow furrowing. Maya laughed softly and said, "It's funny that while many people aspire to become king and scheme to obtain the throne, we reject it."

Being king in the human world is easy, but being king in the land of fairies is different. The entire world depends on its king." "I hate being tied to such expectations, so I don't want to become queen," Abril admitted. "But I thought about you before you arrived." "I love this kingdom, but I don't want to bear such a heavy burden on my shoulders. I didn't want Tarik to become king, but even as his father, he must make his own choices." Cassian was something entirely different. He had been born a prince and had to follow the wishes of others throughout his life.

Only after falling alone did he realize the weight of those expectations. "Let me know what you want, because I expected nothing from him," he said. "I suppose it's good to think that way, that fairies lived with such freedom," Abril mused. From that day on, Maya left the palace, feeling shy. She began to grow closer to Lissana, and as they matured, their friendship seemed to strengthen even more. When Maya's baby was born, it was a beautiful child with chestnut hair and red eyes.

Cassian was so happy that sometimes he felt guilty, knowing that his brother and Abril, with their daughter, couldn't be together as a family, no matter how much they longed for it. Lissana felt hurried, but her power was growing. Even though it was already sharp and formidable, it surpassed any expectations. Maya was feeding the baby when Cassian asked, "What's going on?" "I was just thinking about my brother and Alessandro, about the pain they must feel not being able to be with you," she replied, her voice heavy with emotion.

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This was the only woman who had joined the human world, and her body could not bear such immense power. "If she is here, I am the only one who can help Alessandro and Lessan find a way to save their daughter," she thought, her heart breaking at the thought. Every day, Abril communicated with Maya, eagerly anticipating their conversations. She couldn't help but cry, knowing she was missing her daughter's first steps and first words. The monsters continued to attack the kingdom, and despite her regrets, there was no way to confront the human-shaped monsters again.

She was grateful for that, as facing them had not been easy. "I still don't know anything about Cira," she sighed, feeling the weight of her absence. "When it's all over, and I can't be with my daughter..." Alessandro entered the room, sensing her distress. "Don't despair; it will be over soon." "Soon? I don't know if that's true. Sometimes I just wish Cira would appear so we could end this," she replied, frustration creeping into her voice. Abril leaned against Alessandro and asked, "Now where are we going?" "We will go to the city of Zather," he said.

The city of Zather was the territory of Duchess Mollin, and it was where Abril had left Otis and Joe. "The city of Zather is beautiful," she remarked. "However, it's not without its dangers. But if you've always wanted to go, it will be easier to move, and we can also take a good rest," he reassured her. "I hope the duchess and her children are well. They've suffered so much;

I don't want to return to a similar situation," she said, her voice filled with concern. "Let's ensure nothing bad happens. We can't afford to be careless," he replied.

"No, the horsemen are tired; they need to rest, and you do too," he insisted. "I'm fine," she protested. "Even so, we don't know what we'll face. Fighting monsters during the day is one thing, but at night it would be suicide." "I suppose you're right," she conceded. "It's still early in the morning." Despite Alessandro's insistence that they rest, Abril couldn't shake her worry. She couldn't stop thinking about Mollin and the children, hoping to reunite with them safely. The next morning, Abril woke up early and nudged Alessandro. "We need to leave immediately.

I want to check on the duchess and the children." Alessandro got up immediately, ready to follow her lead. "I think it would be best to go with Duchess Mollin; she will provide us with more information about what's happening." "Thank you, Lessan," she said gratefully. "If you weren't here, I wouldn't know what to do. It's dangerous to distract ourselves during a battle." "Let's not waste any more time. I want to ensure we have the rest of our childhood ahead of us," he replied, determination in his voice. They marched toward the city of Zather.

When they arrived at Duchess Mollin's mansion, Abril felt a wave of relief wash over her when she saw that there were no signs of darkness; the mansion had not yet been attacked. A servant rushed to inform the duchess that the king and queen had arrived. She came to the entrance to greet them, her demeanor respectful and warm. "Hello, Duchess. It's been a while since we last saw each other," Abril said, her gaze softening as she remembered how the duchess had accepted her as queen. "It is a pleasure and an honor to welcome you to my home," the duchess replied.

Just then, Otis and Joe came running out of the mansion, embracing Abril with enthusiasm. "Sister, you've come to visit us!" they exclaimed in unison. The duchess looked pale, and Abril noticed. "Children, I don't think you should greet me like that," she said gently. Otis and Joe stepped back, bowing slightly. "Greetings to Her Majesty, the Queen," they said in unison, their voices filled with respect. The duchess smiled at Abril, her eyes reflecting the bond they shared.

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In the afternoons, Abril found herself reflecting on the past as she watched Otis and Joe. There was no trace of the little things she had once rescued from the streets. She caressed her head, feeling a swell of happiness at seeing them grow. The brilliance in their eyes hinted at a joyful life ahead. "I'm glad to have this receipt," she said, her voice warm. "They always ask me to invite you, but I know you're busy." "They look well," Alessandro replied, his tone proud. "He has done a lot of work taking care of them.

They've returned to this duchy, and everyone in the mansion adores them." "My men are hungry and tired," he continued, his brow furrowing slightly. "I hope you can give them a place to rest." "Forgive me for not suggesting it sooner," Abril replied, her heart heavy with concern. "I would like to be with the children." "Then I'll see you later," Alessandro said, his voice firm yet gentle. Otis and Joe beamed at the news that Abril would not be leaving them. Each of them took one of her hands and said, "Let's go to the garden!

We have a dog named Son." Abril followed them outside, and as they entered the garden, Otis shouted for Son. A huge, furry creature came bounding toward them, shaking its coat and playfully nipping at Otis's face. "This dog was a gift from the duchess when you were away," Joe explained, his eyes sparkling with excitement. Abril knelt to pet the dog, who leaned into her touch, wagging its tail with joy. "I've missed you, Koda," she murmured, recalling the last time they had been together. "Did you feel lonely?" Otis asked, his voice filled with concern.

"I don't believe so," she replied softly. "I wanted to play with you both." "But I promise that someday I'll return and bring my daughter so you can play together," she added, her heart swelling with hope. "Do you have a daughter?" Joe asked, his curiosity piqued. "She would enchant you," Abril said with a smile. "You'll have all your toys waiting for you." "And you'll never miss the next time you win, I promise," she assured them. "Why hasn't she come to see you now?" Joe pressed, his innocent question striking a chord in Abril's heart.

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"She must feel lonely without me," she replied, trying to keep her voice steady despite the ache it caused. "I'm on a mission before I can be with her," she explained, her determination shining through. "It's important for her growth, and I'll return as soon as I can." "Don't delay too long; she should be with you," Otis urged, his concern evident. "I won't," Abril promised. "I'll be back by afternoon." As they spoke, the duchess explained everything that was happening in the duchy. Alessandro listened attentively, his expression serious. When she finished, he said, "We will take action.

We'll clean the villages surrounding us." "Count me in," the duchess replied. "Don't hesitate to tell me what you need." "Let's hope we can put an end to this quickly," Alessandro said, his voice firm. "I don't want any more victims from these attacks. The monsters are getting closer, so stay inside the mansion." "I won't leave it unguarded," Abril assured him, her heart racing at the thought of danger. "I'm afraid there will be an attack while I'm gone." "We'll leave now and return before sundown," Alessandro promised.

"You should eat before you go; you'll need your strength," Abril insisted, calling for a meal to be prepared immediately. After Alessandro left to gather his men, he sought out Abril in the garden, where she was playing with the children. They had made a crown of flowers, and she was adjusting it on Joe's head. "That makes you very happy," he noted, a soft smile on his lips. "Thank you. I just finished talking to the duchess," she replied. "Yes, we'll leave after we eat. You should take the chance to rest as well," he said, glancing at her with concern.

"I want to take a good bath first," she admitted, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "Mariana plays with us," Otis chimed in, his face lighting up. "If I have time, I'll join you," Abril promised. Alessandro took her hand gently. "Come on, I'll take you to your room." "Once everything is over, let's come back here again," she said, her voice filled with hope. "We can go to the beach, to the mountains-whenever you want." "We will do that," he replied, his eyes shining with affection.

As they parted, Alessandro said, "I'll see you at mealtime." "Is there anything else?" Abril asked, her brow furrowing slightly. "I have something to discuss with Sirius," he replied, his

tone serious. "What did the duchess tell you?" "She informed me about the areas affected by the monsters. Luckily, it seems there have been no attacks on the villages, just on paths and small forests," Abril said, letting out a sigh of relief. "Thank God," Alessandro said, pressing a kiss to her forehead.

"I'll see you later." Abril took a quick glance around the room, noting the trunk filled with belongings in the corner of the house. She felt a mix of anticipation and dread as she prepared for what lay ahead.

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Abril took a moment to gather herself before heading to the bathing room. She was ready to wash away the fatigue that clung to her after spending so much time outside the palace. The warm water felt like a luxury, a rare opportunity to indulge in a moment of serenity. As she soaked, her thoughts drifted to Cira, who seemed to be lost and without purpose, still lingering in the palace. "It is said that he wants to gather the keys of Hades," she recalled, her mind racing. "Haven't you come to her, who is within our power?" Suddenly, everything clicked into place: April.

"To get what she wants, she needs another key," she murmured to herself. Determined, she sought out Alessandro. As he approached the prison, she called out to him. "Aby, what's going on with the attacks from the monsters? They are provoking chaos." "But you don't want to," he replied, his brow furrowing. "What do you want to decide?" she pressed. "If I wanted to attack us, I wouldn't have sent the monsters down little-used paths. I would have targeted the royal capital or the largest cities to cause significant damage. When I was in Laios, I sensed the darkness closing in.

I believe you want to strengthen yourself in some way." "What you say has merit, but we don't know where they are," she countered. "No, but if she's going there, she's searching for the second key to Hades. If we find the key, we will find Cira," Sirius interjected. "You have a point. We have only the faintest idea of where it might be without Hades, so we are in the same predicament," Abril acknowledged. "This will not be possible," Alessandro declared. "Why not?" she asked, frustration creeping into her voice. "Both keys cannot be used! That's why they were separated.

When darkness surrounds them, those affected by it suffer. My mother warned me not to seek them out; we would only attract more darkness. Besides, the place where the second key is located is perilous. It's best to stay where we are." "But if Cira doesn't have the other key..." Abril began, her voice trailing off. "I don't know when we will be attacked, but we will be ready when it happens. This situation cannot continue indefinitely," he replied. "I understand, Aby, but Cira still hasn't recovered the key.

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My mother warned me it was a dangerous place; she might not reach the end where the key lies." "But you will find a way," she insisted. "My mother says that the doors of Hades will open. This is inevitable, written in destiny. If that is true, the best course is to let it happen and prepare for the battle that awaits us." Abril hated to admit it, but Alessandro was right. At

that moment, their priority was to cleanse the kingdom of the monster attacks that plagued it. "I will go later," she said, determination in her voice.

As the afternoon sun began to set, Abril, Alessandro, and the horsemen set out to cleanse the duchies. They worked tirelessly, knowing that the kingdom was suffering from the relentless monster attacks. For days, they had repeated this task, returning late and exhausted. The monsters had devastated agricultural fields, turning them into swamps of mud. Abril had tried to purify the land, but it drained her magic and left her weary. In the city of Zathier, Abril sought out Duchess Mollin. "Many weapons have been forged to combat the monsters.

Use these to fight; they are our only hope," she urged, handing over the weapons. The duchess took Abril's hands, gratitude shining in her eyes. "Thank you, my queen. You have always been there for us." "You have nothing to thank me for; it is my duty as your queen," Abril replied, a hint of warmth in her voice. "You have changed so much since the last time I saw you. I am glad to see you have become a good queen," the duchess said. "You were the first to treat me like a queen, even when everyone else despised me for being the enemy's daughter.

I will never forget that." "Now, no one dares to question your majesty. You have become our savior," the duchess added. Alessandro wrapped his arms around Abril's waist, a teasing smile on his lips. "But it's worth it this way, unless you want to lose your head." "We must go. Take care of yourself, Duchess, and keep looking after the children," Abril instructed. "I will, Your Majesty. When this is all over, I promise to win," the duchess replied. The horsemen were ready to leave, and Sirius approached. "We should go." Abril embraced the duchess one last time.

"It is done." "I wish you a safe journey, Your Majesty," the duchess said, her voice filled with concern. As Alessandro and Abril returned to the palace, Kiara awaited them at the entrance. The first thing she did was scan the area, her gaze settling on Barto, who seemed to be alone. She turned her attention back to Abril and Alessandro. "How did it go?" "It was chaotic. There was nothing we could do," Abril admitted, her worry evident. "I was more concerned about the palace than anything else, especially if Cira attacked." "And how did it go for you?" Alessandro asked.

"There were many attacks, but everything is under control," Kiara assured them. "You must be exhausted," Abril noted. Kiara turned on her heel and began to walk away, Barto following closely behind. As they moved out of sight, Abril felt a sense of foreboding settle over her.

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"Show me what I know," Kiara said, her voice trembling. "What do you want? Why are you following me?" Barto demanded, frustration evident in his tone. "I'm not bothering you," she replied, her eyes narrowing. Barto tried to take something from Kiara, but she pushed it aside. "But that's not the case! We can still continue, if..." "It's finished," Kiara interrupted. "Why are you leaving?" "I have nothing else here. There's no reason for you to want me," he said, his voice heavy with resignation. "Do you think you can escape me this way?" "I'm not running away," she insisted.

Barto stepped closer, his gaze piercing. "You're not working with me. Everything separates us, and it feels like I'm swimming against the current. I'm doing this alone, and I'm tired." "I'm sorry," Kiara said, her voice softening. "I was wrong. Don't let me go." "You didn't doubt it until I left first," he replied, a hint of bitterness in his tone. "I regret it. Kiara, don't leave me. I don't want to be without you, ever," he pleaded, desperation creeping into his voice. "But I can't see you again.

That's it." "It's hard for me to make this decision because we're making it even more difficult than it needs to be," she said, her heart aching. "Because I love you, and I don't want to lose you," Barto confessed, his eyes searching hers. "Show me what I love," Kiara whispered, feeling overwhelmed by emotion. Barto leaned in, their faces so close that Kiara sometimes forgot to breathe. His fingers tangled in her red hair, and she felt a rush of warmth. "I might be upset," he said, his voice low and inviting. Kiara knew that if she didn't give him permission, nothing would happen.

That stubbornness had never stopped him before, but at that moment, her mind was torn. Her body, however, screamed for him. She wished she could kiss him without hesitation, to feel his lips against hers again. Barto's eyes glistened with longing, and she could see the pain reflected in them. "Kiara!" he called, his voice a plea. Her heart broke at the sound of his desperation. It was a feeling she never imagined could exist between them, but she wanted to continue feeling this connection, even if it hurt. "I don't care if you're the one who hurts me.

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If breaking my heart makes it bleed, then so be it. Just don't take it away from me." Despair and pain laced her words, and once again, Kiara found herself doubting. She wanted to let him go, but she couldn't. She had surrendered her heart to him for so long that the thought of leaving it behind felt like walking alone, a body without a soul. "Kiara," he murmured, his feelings spilling over like water that could no longer be contained. As their lips met, Kiara felt as if she were falling into a deep abyss. Barto's kiss was firm yet sweet, igniting a fire within her.

She gasped softly as their mouths connected, the heat enveloping them. Barto pulled away just enough to cradle her face in his hands. "My Kiara, you are the mistress of my heart, my love, my everything. These days are filled with thoughts of you. Without you, life feels sad and meaningless." He took a shaky breath, his eyes filled with longing. "I've dreamed of you for so long, and I suffered every night thinking I would never see you again." Kiara gripped the front of Barto's shirt fiercely. "Love me, then. Don't give up on me so easily," she urged, her voice harsh yet vulnerable.

"I will never want to let you go," he vowed, dark fire igniting in his eyes as he pulled her closer. Barto's hands found the back of Kiara's head, and he leaned in to explore her mouth with a hunger that left her breathless. She responded eagerly, their kiss deepening as they lost themselves in each other. They stumbled backward, their mouths never parting until they reached the bed. Clothes were discarded in a flurry, and as they fell onto the sheets, they kissed until they were both breathless. Long, dark kisses enveloped them, drowning out the world around them.

"I love you," Kiara whispered, her heart racing. "I'm with you." Barto's response was clear. "I want all of you." Kiara paused, taking in the sight of him. He was beautiful, with pale skin and dark hair, a striking contrast that made her heart race. "Let me have you," she said softly, her voice filled with longing. Barto nodded, his hands moving with a gentle intensity as he explored her body, treating her like the delicate flower she was. Kiara's breath quickened, and she responded in kind, giving back as much as she received. Their bodies moved together, a dance of passion and desire.

Kiara felt a surge of pride in what she could give to this man who was so serious yet so tender. But that pride was fleeting as Barto's smile ignited a fire within her, consuming everything else. They clung to each other, muscles against muscles, skin against skin. Barto's touch was electric, sending waves of indescribable joy through her. Kiara closed her eyes, surrendering to the moment, feeling alive in a way she had never experienced before. As they lost themselves in each other, Kiara thought she might die from the intensity of it all.

She reached up to capture Barto's face, kissing him deeply, their connection sealing their fate in that moment.

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Never let you go, the resolution of the girl, flattening and undoing all idea of putting it away and forgetting it. "Never again will you say that it leaves you," Barto said, running his fingers through his hair. "Never say you are my friend, just like I am yours-you can't deceive me." The next day, Abril went to look for Kiara, knowing there was something she wanted to ask her, but Kiara wasn't in her room. The maids informed her that Kiara had left early that morning and had walked through the mountains.

Abril wondered if something had happened, recalling how Kiara had seemed a little off the day before. Her doubts were eased when she saw Kiara in the room, a large smile carelessly drawn across her face as she chatted with Barto. "Although they seem to be getting along, I believe there was nothing to worry about," Abril thought. Kiara returned home, a hint of embarrassment coloring her cheeks as she approached Abril. "I asked Barto to help me with something," she said. "I see you've sorted things out with him," Abril replied. "Yes, in the end, I fell for his charm.

That man knows how to get under my skin." "He truly loves you." "I suppose so. I just hope I don't regret my decision later." "There's something I wanted to discuss," Abril began, "I learned to control my light magic through the experiences you had with my mother, but I believe I'm not very good at it." "I don't use it anymore. I always end up getting tired of it quickly, even when everyone says I have great power," Kiara admitted. "That's why you can't control it properly. Light magic is a bit different from regular magic.

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It's the only way you can manage your flames, but it doesn't help you if you're anxious. You need to learn to handle your light magic correctly." Five months had passed for Abril, but for Cassian, Maya, and Lissana, those months felt like years. Lissana was in the palace, celebrating her fifth birthday with a tea party alongside Tarik and Uzziel, free from adult

supervision. Maya and Cassian watched them from a distance, hidden behind some bushes. Despite Lissana and Tarik being older, Uzziel was still just a little boy in Maya's eyes.

Each time Uzziel raised his glass, he stood nervously, worried about spilling on himself. "That's why I chose one that wouldn't burn," Maya said. Cassian placed a hand on her shoulder. "Calm down, they will be fine." "Uzziel still acts like a baby. I worry he might hurt himself." "Three sharp yen, my priest gifted me a sword," Cassian said, recalling the moment. "Don't you dare give something so dangerous to my child if you want to live," Maya retorted. "I'm surprised by how much you've changed.

You were once willing to die for me, and now you threaten me with death." "I wouldn't kill you; it's just a way of saying I would give you a good beating. My life is tied to yours, and if you die, I would too." "I worry that your reasoning is only what you read," Maya said, her concern evident. "I sometimes wonder if you love anyone else." "I still love you, *cariño*. You hold the first place in my heart, but you occupy that space," he replied. Lissana interrupted, "Thank you!" Tarik pulled a small wooden box from his pocket.

"This is a real treat." Lissana quickly took it, opening the box with eager anticipation. "What is it?" she asked. "Open it, and you'll find out," Tarik encouraged. Inside the box was a small red pendant. Lissana looked around, thinking she had lost the other one when she opened it, but nothing happened. "Is there only one?" she asked. "Yes, there is only one. The queen could give you a gift; she gave me these. They are magical and help people feel close when they are apart. If you go away soon..." Tarik touched his ear, revealing the other pendant he wore.

"Even when we're apart, we feel connected. Do you like it?" Lissana touched her ear, where the pendant now hung, a big smile spreading across her face. "I love it, thank you so much!" Cassian watched, a serious expression on his face. "If my brother had seen this, I wouldn't want him to return to Lissana." "Your brother is a little protective," Maya noted. "I don't want to hear this about you. I believe you are as bad as it gets," Cassian replied, a hint of sarcasm in his tone. Maya playfully nudged him. "What was that noise?" she asked, glancing at Lissana.

"What are you hiding in the bushes?" Lissana called out, noticing them crouched nearby. "Nothing, we were just looking for something that fell," Cassian said, trying to deflect. "Do you need help?" Lissana asked, concern in her voice. "No, just enjoy your party," Maya replied. When Uzziel saw his mother, he extended his arms toward her. Maya lifted him up and asked, "Are you having fun?" Uzziel nodded enthusiastically, his face lighting up. "Keep having fun and be good," she said, smiling at her son.

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In Pasto, Abril had made her decision. She turned to Uzziel and said, "We will go. You continue with your fiesta." Maya cradled Cassian in her arms, leaving him alone for a moment. When the warmth of the day made it safe to speak, she asked, "Is it true?" "Of course not. We are going to another place, wherever that may be," Uzziel replied. Lissana, Tarik, and Uzziel returned to sit on the blanket spread beneath the tree, where they had been enjoying

their fiesta. Uzziel handed Lissana a small bouquet of flowers. "This is my gift for you," he said.

"Thank you so much!" Lissana exclaimed, her eyes lighting up as she recognized the flowers-cherry blossoms, her favorite. She hugged her cousin tightly. "I'm enchanted." They continued to laugh and play until Lissana noticed Maya approaching. "What are you doing here, Aunt Maya?" she asked. "This is Uzziel's nap time. I thought I would come to see if he was asleep," Maya explained. Uzziel slept soundly in Maya's arms. "I'll take him with me, so you can continue," she said softly. Once they were alone, Tarik turned to Lissana. "Do you want to go to our secret place?" he asked.

"Okay," she replied eagerly. The little ones lived in a garden, a secret place where they could play freely. The trees changed colors with the seasons-pink for spring, yellow for summer, red for autumn, and blue for winter. Today, the tree was pink, signaling the arrival of spring. Lissana gazed at it and said, "Today is pink; it's spring." They played on the ground, where the seasons were always visible. Some parts were eternally winter, while others basked in summer's warmth. But this tree was the only one that seemed to change with the seasons.

Tarik glanced around, not paying attention to what was behind him. When he saw Lissana, he asked, "Will you remember me when you go to the human kingdom?" Lissana smiled brightly at her little brother. "Of course! You are my best friend, and I will always remember you. Besides, there's also the gift you gave me, which will keep us close even when we're far apart. I won't forget you." "I won't forget you either. You'll always be in my heart," Tarik promised. Meanwhile, Abril was training with Kiara, pondering how to use her light magic effectively.

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She needed to ensure her power wouldn't harm anyone, especially not any humans who might threaten them. That day, she was practicing with daggers, and Kiara noted her improvement. "You've become much more skillful. I'm proud of you." "I've always had a good memory, and that has helped me a lot," Abril replied. "That's good. In a fight, if you memorize your opponent's movements, you can anticipate what they will do next," Kiara advised. "But I still can't prevent you from knocking me to the ground," Abril said with a hint of frustration. "My fighting style is complicated.

It would be unusual for you to succeed if you keep trying," Kiara teased. "Can you get up?" Abril asked, extending her hand. "Yes, but I can put you down," Kiara replied, standing beside her. "It's been several months since you left your daughter in the land of the fairies. How is she?" "She's doing very well. She reigns there and controls her power. Since you've been gone, her magic has started to get out of control." "It must be because she has grown. How old is she now?" "She just turned five. Magic usually stabilizes around six.

Are you thinking of bringing her back?" "I have a little trip planned," Abril said. "At the moment, there are so many monster attacks. It wouldn't be safe for her here, especially with the gate to Hades nearby. When your sister arrives, this will be the worst place for her." Abril hadn't considered that. She had always believed it was safest for her daughter to be with her, but now doubts crept in. "Don't worry about that. I'm thinking we'll take good care of her," Kiara

reassured her. "To be honest, I hadn't thought about that. I just wanted to hold her in my arms again.

But you're right; I need to consider her safety." "I swear I'll make up for everything I've lost until I defeat her," Abril vowed. "I believe it's wrong for Lissana to remain silent in the land of the fairies. I know she's safe there, but..." "You're right," Kiara agreed. "But once her magic stabilizes, you can change your plans. Spend a few days while things calm down, then you can send her back. You don't have to deprive yourself of seeing her." "True. I'll wait a little longer before going back.

Maybe I'll be alone for a few days, just holding her." "Maybe it's not the same, but I felt that way when I was near Barto. Every day felt meaningless without him." "Are things good between you now?" Kiara asked. "Yes, everything is fine at the moment. Sometimes I wonder if I made the right decision and if I can forgive him," Abril admitted. "Are you happy with him?" "Yes, I am," Abril replied softly. "Making the right decision isn't just about being happy. You also endure difficult times together. That's why when you marry, you vow to be there for better or worse, in health and in sickness.

It's not just about laughter; it's about knowing how to forgive and not giving up on each other." "I don't think I've ever had it that way," Abril said, contemplating. "Regardless, you are free to choose what you think," Kiara said gently. Just then, Alessandro approached, interrupting their conversation. "I came to pick you up. Come see me later," he said. "Where was Abril?" he asked. "How was your training?" "Very good," she replied. "Did he interrupt you?" "No, not at all, so I'm not worried." "I saw you from a distance, just knocking down Kiara," Alessandro remarked.

"No, but she says you want someone to achieve it," Kiara replied. "I think the same as you. You excel at everything," Alessandro said with a grin.

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Alessandro took a moment to gather his thoughts, his hand resting on Abril's waist. "So why don't we take a day off and escape?" he suggested, a hint of mischief in his voice. "It's tempting, but no, it's still not the right time to rest," Abril replied, her brow furrowing slightly. "You only hear about things in Iran faster because of your desires, right?" he teased. "I know, but it makes me feel less useless," she admitted, her voice tinged with frustration. "You are not useless. I believe this war has been beneficial for all of us," he reassured her.

"But sometimes I feel like I haven't managed to overcome Cira yet. I fear that I might betray my daughter on the way back," she confessed, her gaze drifting to the horizon. "But soon, Lissana will have six sharp edges of her own, and we'll be ready for the celebration," he said, a smile breaking through his serious demeanor. "I was thinking about you and returning to Lissana," Abril mused, her heart swelling with love for her daughter. "I'll decide when Lissana turns sixteen." "You're right; soon we will be together again," Alessandro agreed, his eyes softening.

"Lissana has grown so much; we might need to decorate her room," Abril noted, a hint of nostalgia in her tone. "Yes, it's true. I'm sure she no longer fits in her crib," he replied with a chuckle. "It's

difficult to navigate these times," she said, her voice heavy with the weight of their responsibilities. "Indeed, but I promise you, I will do everything possible to ensure our family is whole again," he vowed, determination etched on his face. Abril felt a surge of happiness, as if she were finally returning to the joy she had once known. "Yes, let's do that."

Let's see our little one," she said, her heart lightening. "April, take the mirror out of your bag," Alessandro urged, his tone turning serious. "I want to make sure you have it with you." "I always carry it with me," she replied, her fingers brushing over the smooth surface. "I don't want to lose it. I never know when I might be called upon. Time here is unpredictable; it could be day or night." As she communicated with Lissana, Maya quickly responded. Abril could hear the laughter of children in the garden, and she recognized Lissana's voice along with Uzziel's.

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There was another voice, one she couldn't quite place. "Hello, Aby! How are you?" Lissana called out. "You're having fun," Abril observed, her heart swelling with warmth as she pictured the scene. Maya focused on the children running through the garden. Lissana and Uzziel had shared a beautiful childhood together, and Alessandro couldn't help but ask, "Who is that boy running with them?" "Just kids," Maya replied, her eyes sparkling with amusement. Alessandro leaned closer, his protective instincts flaring.

"You should support your daughter's hand," he said, placing a calming hand on Abril's shoulder. "Calm down, Lessan. He's just a friend of Lissana's," Maya reassured him. "That's not the case if he's Tarik, Fay's son. Remember, he traveled with me as an emissary of the fairy queen," she added, recalling their past adventures. "Why do you have to support my daughter's hand?" Alessandro asked, his voice steady but firm. "They've been friends since they were babies," Maya explained.

"You're thinking too much." "Why is it that I'm only now getting involved in this?" he questioned, his brow furrowing. "Because you never asked," Maya replied, a hint of exasperation in her tone. Just then, Lissana approached, dragging Tarik along with her. "Come, Tarik! I want to introduce you to my parents. My mother is very beautiful, and my father is very handsome!" she exclaimed, her excitement palpable. "Papa, Mama, this is Tarik. He's my best friend," Lissana beamed. "Wasn't Uzziel your best friend?" Alessandro asked, raising an eyebrow. "No," Lissana replied, shaking her head.

"Uzziel is family, and he must be my best friend. Tarik is my best friend." "Tarik, extend your hand," Alessandro instructed, his voice firm. "What do you want with my daughter?" he demanded, his protective instincts flaring. Tarik hesitated, searching for the right words. "I don't understand very well," he stammered. "What intentions do you have with my daughter?" "Lissana is my friend, very special. I suppose I want her to be my wife in the future, when the time is right," Tarik said, his voice steady. Alessandro's expression hardened.

"You'd better think carefully about what you're saying, boy. If you don't want to face my wrath, you should keep your distance." Tarik wasn't intimidated by Alessandro's threat. "I won't let Lissana go alone, no matter what you say," he replied defiantly. Before Alessandro could respond, Maya cut off the communication, sensing the tension in the air. Once alone, she turned to Cassian.

"I'm afraid this could become a big problem," she said, concern etched on her face. Cassian sighed. "Yes, I think the same."

There's no warning when it comes to matters of the heart, and it will be difficult to disperse this situation." As Tarik began to walk away, Lissana followed him, her voice pleading. "Tarik, please wait! It's taking too long to reach you." Tarik paused, turning back to her. "You should go back. Your uncles will worry if you wander off without telling anyone." "I won't go unless you come back with me," Lissana insisted, her determination shining through. "Are you disgusted?" Tarik asked, his brow furrowing in confusion. "Why would I be?" Lissana replied, her eyes narrowing.

"You introduced me to you because I was rude, but I'm more bothered by the way you're acting." "I'm not disgusted with you. If anything, I would be disgusted with your father. I was rude to you, and I don't want you to distance yourself from me, Tarik. I think of you as my best friend," she said earnestly. "Then you won't go? You'll fall with me in the land of the fairies?" he asked, a hopeful glint in his eyes. "If my parents want to take me back, I will, but I'll do everything possible to convince them to let me stay here, by your side," she promised.

Alessandro, watching the exchange, felt a surge of protectiveness. "That boy," he muttered to himself, "you'll see what happens when he tries to put his hand on my daughter. How dare he think he can steal my baby?"

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Abril shook her head, a hint of disbelief in her eyes. "You're exaggerating, Alessandro. They're just one nuisance. It's natural for people to talk about marriage as if it were a game, especially when they're around friends." "Do you really believe that?" he replied, his brow furrowing with concern. She sighed, the weight of her thoughts lifting momentarily. "I suppose you have a point." A few weeks later, Abril and Alessandro found themselves atop a mountain, where they had heard tales of great songs and fearsome monsters.

As they stood there, darkness enveloped them, the fog swirling ominously around, more menacing than anything they had encountered before. It felt as if the shadows themselves were alive, creeping closer with every heartbeat. "Alessandro, you need to be careful. I have a feeling this darkness is different," Abril warned, gripping her daggers tightly. Sirius, their companion, nodded in agreement. "There's a barrier surrounding us, but I fear it won't hold for long." Abril summoned her light magic, casting a protective blessing over the horsemen.

She had learned this technique from Kiara, ensuring the monsters would have a harder time reaching them, thus reducing the risk of death. As the monsters surged forward, they collided with the barrier, their numbers increasing steadily. The creatures emerged from the well with alarming speed, their grotesque forms clawing at the air. "There are too many monsters. I don't think this barrier will hold," Sirius said, his voice laced with urgency. "Open a section of the barrier when I tell you," Alessandro commanded. Sirius nodded, determination etched on his face.

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Abril brushed her hand against Alessandro's, her voice steady. "Be very careful." "You too," he replied, a hint of worry creeping into his tone. "Don't let your guard down." Abril had always embraced battle, unleashing her power like a torrent, but that day felt different. Something deep within her hesitated, convincing her that these monsters were merely a distraction. Alessandro stood resolute before her. "Prepare yourself!" he shouted, raising his shield. The knights around them lifted their shields, ready for the impending clash. "Now, Sirius!" Alessandro commanded.

Sirius opened a section of the barrier, and the monsters surged into the fray. Alessandro summoned the wind to hold them back as the knights unleashed a flurry of swords and arrows, striking swiftly amidst the chaos. In the midst of the turmoil, Abril spotted a solitary figure among the monsters, silent and still, as if waiting for something. She felt a chill run down her spine as she locked eyes with the creature, its pitch-black gaze reflecting a twisted smile. It was one of the beings she had fought against in the kingdom of Laios, and she had hoped never to encounter another.

With a firm grip on her daggers, Abril prepared to confront it, knowing she had to reach it before it could strike. "Why do you wait?" she demanded, her voice steady despite the chaos surrounding her. She understood the creature's strength; it was as formidable as its gaze suggested. But she couldn't fathom why it hesitated to attack. In that moment of chaos, it felt as though they were the only two beings in existence. Abril's heart raced as she tried to focus, her mind swirling with thoughts of the battle around her.

She scanned the sea of monsters, searching for Alessandro, but her vision was clouded. Suddenly, she felt a tug at her ankle, a force dragging her away. She summoned her fire magic, desperate to break free, but she found herself cornered by the monsters, her daggers raised defensively as the creature's guttural voice echoed in her ears. "I will kill you, bearer of light, and everyone who loves you," it hissed. Abril's heart sank as she heard Alessandro's desperate cries, calling her name, trying to carve a path through the throng of monsters to reach her.

"I will avenge my fallen friends," the creature taunted, its voice dripping with malice. "But that's not the only reason I want to kill you." "Why?" Abril demanded, her resolve hardening. "You are an annoyance. You prevent us from taking this world. You will never stop us," it sneered. "That won't happen," she replied defiantly. "We have conquered many worlds, and in all of them, no one could stop us. What makes you think this will be different?" "Because we weren't there before," Alessandro interjected, stepping forward, his sword drawn.

Abril felt a surge of determination as she prepared to attack. She held her daggers tightly, ready to strike, but the creature was quick, its movements fluid and deadly. As the battle raged on, Abril and Alessandro fought side by side, their skills honed through countless encounters. The creature was strong, but they were stronger together. Abril unleashed her light magic, illuminating the darkness around them. "Cut off its head!" she shouted, driving her daggers into the creature's back, silver flames enveloping her blades as they struck true.

The purpose of the monsters had been fulfilled. As Abril squatted, Alessandro watched in awe as she severed the head of the creature, which rolled across the ground. Abril continued to burn the body of the monster, even as it transformed into a child, still clutching its head. Meanwhile, Alessandro dealt with the remaining creatures. Once she destroyed the beast, its magic erupted like a torrent, flooding the area with silvery flames that consumed the darkness surrounding them.

Exhausted, Abril felt a wave of nausea wash over her, on the brink of collapsing, but Alessandro caught her just in time. "Are you alright?" he asked, concern etched on his face. "Yes, I'm just a little tired," she replied, trying to steady herself. When the last of the monsters had been vanquished, Sirius approached them, accompanied by the horsemen. "I believe it's best if we leave now," he suggested, his voice low. "But what about the pit?" "I haven't purified it yet," Abril said, understanding the fear that lingered in Sirius's eyes.

She knew that there were still dangerous creatures lurking nearby, and the horsemen were exhausted; the fight had dragged on for far too long. "Go and take the knights with you. The pit is safe now. I'll purify it and follow you. Don't worry," she assured him. "We can't leave without you, Your Majesty. Our duty is to protect you," one of the knights insisted. Alessandro interjected, "We're not going anywhere. You have nothing to worry about." Sirius sighed, "I'll create a barrier around the area, but we must be cautious.

Remember, your magic isn't what it used to be." "Yes," Abril acknowledged, her resolve firm. They all made their way toward the pit, where Abril used her magic to cleanse the area of lingering darkness. It felt as though the pit was deeper than it appeared, a well of knowledge and danger. Alessandro rode alongside Sirius, his brow furrowed. "Don't be afraid of losing the queen you love," he said, his voice low but fierce. "You can't let fear control you." When Abril finally reached the palace, she was cradled in Alessandro's arms.

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Kiara, who was descending the stairs at that moment, looked surprised and rushed to meet them. "What happened?!" she exclaimed. "I'm here," Abril reassured her. "I'm just a little tired." Kiara's relief was palpable as she asked, "Did the battle go well?" "It was tougher than we anticipated, but in the end, we prevailed. We all fought together," Abril explained. "Can you tell me what happened?" Kiara pressed, her concern evident. Abril nodded, feeling the warmth of Kiara's magic as she touched her arm, infusing her with strength.

"We'll recover, but we must pray for the light." "Just rest and recover soon," Kiara said softly. Alessandro carried Abril to her room, guiding her directly to the bathing area since her clothes were caked in dirt. He helped her out of her garments and began to wash her back with a sponge. "I felt so scared today," Abril admitted, her voice trembling. "I was terrified of losing you." "I felt the same way," Alessandro confessed, his hand brushing against her shoulder. "I thought that creature had you.

I feared its claws would pierce your armor." "They didn't," she replied, her heart still racing. "But I felt the weight of my desires. It was as if the battle was drawing me in." "To me, those creatures are all different, yet they share a common thread," Alessandro mused. "They think and plot, reaching into other worlds. What do you think that means?" "I believe we should ask

Kiara, who blessed the elves over Hades. We should also consult my mother, the guardian. She must know what this all signifies," Abril suggested.

"Yes, we should do that," Alessandro agreed, his brow still furrowed with concern. "Are you sure you're alright?" he asked again, his voice softening. "I'm fine, truly. I'm just tired," she reassured him, her eyes fluttering closed. Alessandro brushed the dirt from her hair, his fingers gentle as he worked through the tangles. "You need to rest. I'll be here with you." "I don't want to be away from you. After everything that happened today, I just want to be by your side," Abril said, her voice barely above a whisper. Alessandro nodded, understanding her need for closeness.

He laid her down gently, covering her with a blanket. As she sat on the bed, he used his magic to dry her hair, the red strands shimmering in the dim light. "Now you can sleep peacefully," he said, a smile breaking through his worry. "It makes me happy to be cared for by you," Abril replied, a sense of calm washing over her. "I feel protected, and it seems like all my fears will fade away." "Then you will have justice, so you can always feel this way," Alessandro promised. Abril, feeling the weight of exhaustion, let her head fall back against her pillow.

She closed her eyes, surrendering to sleep as Alessandro continued to stroke her hair until she drifted off. Later, he changed into more comfortable clothes and lay down beside her, wrapping his arms around her waist. The warmth of his body and the sound of his steady breathing calmed her tormented heart. That day, Abril felt as if she had fallen into a deep abyss, one that made her feel both vulnerable and alive. Meanwhile, Maya was combing Lissana's hair, pondering why she hadn't been with Alessandro during the battle. "Why wasn't I there?" she asked herself, a frown creasing her brow.

"Who?" Lissana replied, looking up. "Uzziel," Maya answered. "Uzziel isn't my friend; Uzziel is my family," Lissana insisted. "But he could also be your best friend. Everyone else is just family or acquaintances," Maya argued, frustration bubbling beneath the surface. Damn pixies, she thought, knowing she would confront them soon enough.