

Forgotten Wife : Let the Traitors Kneel Down Novel

Chapter 321

While pressing the skin, Lissana asked, "Is that why you chose Tarik as your best friend?" "Yes," Maya replied, a thoughtful expression crossing her face. "I even thought about marrying him when we grow up." Lissana was sure there was something special about that. "What is marriage?" she inquired. "It's promising to be there for your best friend, to support each other at all times, to play and have fun forever," Maya explained. "Is that what it is?" Lissana asked, her curiosity piqued. Maya remembered how Tarik had once told her the same thing. "I want Tarik to always be my friend.

"That's why we promised to get married." Maya felt a wave of tenderness towards Lissana, even though she also wanted to give Fay a piece of her mind for teasing her about her feelings for Tarik. Yet, she recalled that Fay had once shared a deeper meaning about soul balance, and in the end, it seemed that the truth was simply incomplete. "Why does Papa dislike Tarik so much?" Lissana asked, her voice tinged with concern. "We love each other. Can't we just be friends?" "That's why your daddy is worried," Maya said gently.

"He fears that Tarik will take away all your attention and care." "So I can't be with Tarik?" Lissana's eyes closed as she pondered the implications. Maya caressed her head and reassured her. "No, just ignore what your father says. If someone tells you otherwise, ask them who they think they are. You'll be happy." "I love Dad, but I love you too," Lissana said, her voice softening. Maya pressed a kiss to Lissana's forehead. "We love you very much." "But I also want Tarik," Lissana insisted, her determination shining through.

--- When Cira emerged from the cave deep within the mountain, Liona bowed before her and said, "Your Majesty, we have a problem." "What is it?" Cira replied, her patience wearing thin. Alessandro and Princess Abril stood nearby, their expressions grave. Cira felt a severe headache throbbing at her temples; she had little desire to continue listening to Liona's report. "Speak quickly," she urged. "They killed everyone in the surrounding area," Liona said, her voice trembling. "They purified the well." Cira's frustration flared. "I spent a lot of energy opening that well.

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Those monsters, shaped like horses but completely unnatural, climbed onto the hill and headed straight for the well. Now it's been purified, and I can no longer return to Adam. That wretched woman has ruined my plans." Cira mounted her horse, her mind racing. "Can we use the well again to connect to others in Hades?" she asked Liona. "No," Liona replied. "It's completely empty, and its surroundings are purified. I can't reach the key now, and without the monsters, it will be difficult to retrieve it. We need to find another way to get to the key. For now, we can do nothing here.

We need a new plan." --- Alessandro was worried as he watched Abril, who had been resting for days. He had seen her sleeping for weeks, and the sight of her stillness filled him with dread. Late at night, when she finally stirred, he felt a rush of relief as she began to breathe again. He hugged her tightly. "Thank God you're awake," he whispered, his voice thick with emotion. "I was so worried." "I'm fine," Abril replied, her voice soft. "How long have I been sleeping?" "One day," Alessandro said, his brow furrowing. "I thought you wouldn't wake up." "You need to rest," he urged.

"You must restore your magic. Without it, you cannot fight." "You're right," she conceded. "But I haven't eaten anything all day. I must be hungry." "I'll ask someone to bring you something light to eat," he promised. Just then, Kiara peeked through the door, her head tilted with concern. "Can I come in?" "Of course," Abril said, gesturing for her to enter. Kiara stepped inside, her eyes scanning the room. "The servants are awake and came to check on you." "I'm fine," Abril assured her, though she still felt tired and hungry.

"I just need to recover." "You're tired because your magic hasn't fully returned," Kiara explained. "You used a lot of it. Try to control your magic so it can heal. You don't need to release so much energy." "I know," Abril replied. "But this time, my enemy was stronger." "What do you mean?" Kiara asked, her curiosity piqued. "We encountered a creature that seemed unaffected by my light magic. These creatures are not easy to kill, and I need to control my magic better to fight them." "I see," Kiara said thoughtfully.

"That creature is from a world that has never been conquered by inferior beings like us." "What do you know about demons?" Abril pressed. "My mother doesn't talk much about Hades, so I don't know much," Kiara admitted. "I had to ask her when she was with the elves." "I didn't know that the monsters could speak," Abril said, intrigued. "Not all of them," Kiara replied. "I only encountered monsters who could. They had human forms, but their intentions were clear." "I'm sorry I don't know more," Kiara added.

"It was something unique to my own history, so I never showed interest in learning about Hades."

322

Alessandro spoke, "Visit the guardians' housing when Alby leaves to recover. I'm sure they know more about what Hades is." "I'm sure you know more about Hades, after all, they are in charge of closing the doors when they open," he continued. "Thank you, Kiara." When Kiara left, they entered shortly afterward with a bowl of soup. After the scene, Abril got out of bed and stepped onto the balcony. That day, the moon and stars shone brightly in the sky. "Today is beautiful; I think I'll take a walk around the garden," she said, stretching her arms. "Are you safe?" "I'm fine.

Right now, I just want to stretch my legs." "Then let's go." As they walked, Abril imagined growing up in that garden, running through the country's paths, filling them with laughter and joy. When they left the garden, Alessandro took Abril's hand. His pace was slow and silent, and he was the first to break the quiet. "What's going on, Abril?" "Nothing." "If something is wrong, you're here by my side supporting me, but your mind is elsewhere. We promised not to hide anything from each other. Tell me what's happening; that's what worries me.

I've said it to you many times." Abril sighed, feeling the weight of his concern. "I was thinking it might not be a good idea to bring Lissana here." "Why not? Lissana is ready to fulfill the six years; her magic won't put you in danger." "I decide what's best. Cira swears to get revenge on me. I swear I'll give up everything I love; I don't want her to try to do it to Lissana." "Here in the palace, she is safe." "This place will soon become a battlefield.

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Cira will see power, and I'm afraid I'll leave this one behind when that happens." "Do you want to stay in the land of the fairies until this is over?" "I think that's for the best. What do you think?" "I would lose daily if that's what you want. I accept it." Abril hugged Alessandro tightly. "Thank you for accepting my decision." "If you only want what's best for our daughter, how could I oppose that? But you're right; this place is no longer safe." The next day, Alessandro hoped Abril would wake up; he was worried she wouldn't. When she finally opened her eyes, he kissed her gently.

"Good morning, Abril." "Good morning," she replied, still groggy. "Are you awake?" "No, I just woke up." "Do you want to have breakfast together?" "Yes." Abril got up, and after changing her clothes, they sat down to eat. Once they finished, Alessandro spoke. "It works differently, but I'll try to give it to you as soon as possible." "If this is necessary, then you have time. I'll be here waiting," Abril said, smiling. Alessandro kissed her before leaving. He approached the door that led to the guardians' quarters, hesitating for a moment before opening it.

As he stepped through, his eyes were momentarily blinded, but when they cleared, he saw his mother standing before him, a warm smile on her face. "Hello, Lessan." "Mother." "What did you come for?" "There's something I need to know about Hades." "What do you want to know about Hades?" "A few days ago, we faced someone who spoke of Hades as if he had conquered many worlds. I want to know what I'm up against." "I believe it's best to discuss this with the first guardian. He will answer all your questions. Follow me." Alessandro followed her down a long corridor, his mind racing with questions.

"Why can't you answer my questions? I thought you knew everything about Hades." "When I was born, there were no guardians. The first guardian knows what you need to know about Hades since he was there when the doors to Hades were opened for the first time." When they reached the end of the corridor, Alessandro saw a young man with brown hair and green eyes. He bore a striking resemblance to Cassian, though this young man had long hair while Cassian always kept his short. "This is the first guardian." "Yes, I must be firm so that I can tell you everything.

Are you ready, Alessandro?" "As ready as I can be," he replied. As his mother disappeared, Alessandro wished to speak to the guardian. The young man stood before him, and everything seemed to happen in a blur. He looked intently at Alessandro, and the resemblance to Cassian was uncanny, like seeing his brother with long hair. "Don't you think about deciding anything?" the guardian asked. "Are you the first one?" "Yes, but I have no name. No one remembers it. Just know that I was the first guardian.

If you want to talk to me, you must learn my name." "How could I know your name if I've never seen or heard it?" "That is not an excuse. If you don't respond to my questions, I won't answer

yours." Alessandro felt irritation rising within him. "I don't have time for your games." "Foolishness! How rude you are! I have never faced a guardian so disrespectful." Alessandro took a deep breath to calm himself and began to ask his questions. "I need to know, what exactly is Hades? Why do some monsters say that Hades has conquered other worlds?"

323

El Hades was the name given to each world conquered by these monsters, each realm destroyed and corrupted by darkness. The spirit remained fixed on its own board, and Alessandro could feel the weight of its gaze. "My mother says you used the first guardian," he said, his voice steady despite the uncertainty swirling within him. "What's wrong? Why won't you tell me?" the spirit replied, its tone sharp. "It's something you don't need to know. Just understand that you can't let them go, even if the dark king crosses those doors.

If you do, it will mean the end of this world." "The dark king?!" Alessandro exclaimed, frustration bubbling beneath the surface. "I have nothing more to say. I will go, but come back to me and call me by my name." With that, the spirit vanished. Alessandro tried to summon it again, but it did not appear. He called out for his mother, needing her guidance. "You must keep the primer on," he urged, feeling the weight of his quest pressing down on him. "It's necessary to call again and again," she replied, her voice calm.

"If it returns, perhaps you will find the answers you seek." "No, I'm just left with more questions than answers. Mommy, do you know the name of the first guardian?" "No, I've never heard it from the other guardians. I've only read about what they said regarding the first guardian." "Is it true that it would only appear if you decided on your name? Could you find out what its name is?" "Hum... that's difficult. You would need to ask someone from the other guardians directly. The spiritual world is immense; it will be very hard to know where to find them.

But if you want to try..." "There's no need," he interrupted. "They ask me the same thing: Which are the older guardians?" "Are you asking about their age or their ancientness?" she asked, her brow furrowing. "Those who lived as long as the first guardian," he clarified. "Those portraits are so close to the first guardian," she said thoughtfully. "Thanks, Mama." "I hope you discover your name soon. Until next time, my son." "Until then, Mama." After his mother left, Alessandro began to ponder the rituals of the other guardians, but he couldn't remember their names.

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He had only heard of the first guardian. He didn't know much about Hades or the dark king, and even his mother, who was not well-versed in these matters, had never spoken of the dark king. Alessandro decided to take a break from his thoughts. He wondered how much time had passed since he had been there. When he finally emerged, he realized a whole day had gone by. He headed directly to his room, where Abril stirred as he opened the door. "What time is it?" she asked, rubbing her eyes.

"It's still early." "Are you just coming from the guardians' home?" Alessandro approached her, sitting down beside her. "Did your mother know anything?" "No, but she mentioned finding someone who could help you. That's the most important thing." Returning home, Alessandro

recounted everything the first guardian had told him about the dark king, a figure that seemed to be known only to the guardian. "I don't understand why you didn't get clearer answers," Abril said, concern etched on her face. "Maybe it hurts to remember," he replied quietly. Abril nodded.

"I've had times when it was painful to talk about the past. Perhaps it's the same for them. That's why I think it's necessary to share what we know." "At least now we understand that Hades is not just a place of teaching. We also know we can't prevent the doors from opening, but we can try to stop whatever lies within." "The dark king? I never knew all the monsters had a king," Abril said, rising to her feet. "What we know is enough for now. We should focus on ending the monsters that attack us.

That's what truly matters." In the following weeks, Alessandro and Abril concentrated on cleansing the kingdom, sealing the holes where monsters had appeared. They purified the areas, and Abril wondered if her sealing of the well at the foot of the mountain was connected, as it had been infused with much more magic than the others. A month later, they had not found any traces of the monsters. Everything seemed to return to normal in the kingdom, but Abril couldn't fully enjoy the peace until they had defeated Cira and ensured that nothing threatened her family.

Lissana turned six, and during one of their conversations, Abril mentioned that she would soon see her priest, who had left her feeling calm in the kingdom of Cosset. "I've thought about bringing Lissana back for a few days," she admitted. "Are you sure? I thought you didn't want to bring her back," Alessandro replied, surprised. "I just want to see my daughter and hold her in my arms once more. But right now, everyone seems to be resting.

If there's another destructive attack, we can send her back immediately, right?" "By chance, I would also return to see my little friend, hug her, and tell her how much I missed her." "Good luck, then. I'll communicate with Maya later and let you know." Abril set about changing the decorations in Lissana's room, hoping to surprise her upon her return. "I just want her to feel at home," she murmured, her heart full of love. "I'm sure she'll love it," Alessandro replied with a smile. "Ask them to prepare sweets and pastries for Lissana.

I want her to have fond memories of this place, to think of it as her home, where she feels comfortable and happy." Abril stood up, her determination renewed. "There are many things I want for you." With that, she dashed off to give orders to the servants, eager to fill the palace with fresh flowers for Lissana's arrival.

324

Abril used the mirror to communicate with Maya. It was night in the land of Hadas when Maya saw her reflection, still half-asleep. "Hello, Aby," she murmured. "Nothing happens. I just wanted to see how you are. I've decided to bring Lissana back, even if it's only for a few days." Maya's heart raced at the thought of Lissana returning. "Are you safe? Won't it be dangerous?" "Right now, the kingdom is very quiet. That's why I think it's a good time to go back, even if just for a while. If things go awry, I can send you back to the ground." "You also need to tell Barto," Maya added.

"I could ask your priest to come to the palace so we could all be together," Abril suggested. "I would appreciate that. Have you thought about when you want Lissana to come?" "Soon, if possible. Mafiana will inform Lissana and organize everything." "Thank you, Maya." "You're welcome, Aby." As the communication broke off, Cassian, half-asleep, murmured, "Why did I thank you, Abril?" "Because you care," she replied softly. Abril longed to see Lissana, to spend some time traveling together, at least while there was peace. "Do you want to come back?" she asked Cassian.

"I want to see my priest and my brother. I can talk to them using the magic necklace, but it's not the same. I miss my family, and who knows about Uzziel?" "I'll come with you," he promised. "Then we're going to Ana," Abril said. "Being here is fine, but we can't stay away from home forever," Cassian remarked, gazing out the window at the night sky. Abril felt a pang of longing. "Even though living here has been a hardship, it's time to return." Cassian wrapped his arms around Maya, who nestled against him. "It's nighttime.

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If this isn't a little bit of a dream, I don't know what is," he said, brushing his fingers through her hair until she fell asleep. The next day, Abril visited Lissana's room. "Good morning, Aunt Maya!" Lissana greeted her with a bright smile. "Did you sleep well?" "Yes," Lissana replied, getting out of bed and noticing the container of water on the table. Maya spread a towel beside it. "Yesterday, I spoke with your mother. Guess what she told me?" Abril said, her voice teasing. "What?" Lissana asked, her eyes wide with anticipation.

"She said you can see your priests soon." Lissana jumped with excitement. She had always felt connected to her priests through the mirror, even if she didn't remember them clearly. Sometimes, she felt as if they were real, which was why she asked her mother about them. "Yes, yes, yes! Finally, I can see them!" she exclaimed. But then, her excitement faded. "Aunt Maya, will my priests really come?" "That's impossible. They are the kings of Cosset. They can't just disappear for a while. They have many obligations," Maya explained gently. "But do you want to go to the kingdom?" "Yes!"

I can't wait to see them!" Lissana replied eagerly. "How long will we be there?" Lissana asked, her expression turning serious. "I don't know," Maya admitted. "You might see Tar again." "Will I really?" Lissana's eyes sparkled with hope. "Yes, but when will we go?" she pressed. "We will go later. You should say goodbye to Tarik. We don't know how long we'll be gone," Maya said. As Maya helped Lissana change and combed her hair, she noticed a hint of sadness in the girl's expression. "What's wrong, Lissana?

You don't seem very happy." "Why can't my priests see me?" Lissana asked, her voice small. "They can't come because they have many responsibilities as kings. But they care about you," Maya reassured her. "Do you want to go to the kingdom?" "Yes!" Lissana replied, her excitement returning. After Maya finished combing her hair, Lissana rushed to find Tarik, who was in the garden. At that moment, Fay was teaching him how to use a sword, something that had enchanted Tarik. When Lissana arrived, Tarik's enthusiasm soared as he tried to impress her, behaving like a peacock showing off its feathers.

"It would be better if we finished training," Maya suggested. Tarik was delighted to practice with the sword, but Lissana was waiting, and he didn't want to keep her. When he finished, he handed the wooden sword to his priest and ran to greet Lissana. "Have you seen it? My priest! I'm learning to be an excellent swordsman!" he exclaimed. "Yes, you looked brilliant swinging your sword! I almost wanted to learn how to handle one too," Lissana said, her eyes shining with excitement. "It would be great! I can teach you," Tarik offered eagerly.

"Just wait for me here." Lissana took Tarik's hand, preventing him from leaving. "If you ask me later, stay with me. Please?" "Okay, what do you want to play?" he asked. "Not right now. I just want to sit here," Lissana replied, dragging him under a pink tree. They settled down together, enjoying the moment.

325

Tarik watched as Lissana stood quietly, her expression clouded with sadness. "Lissana, what's wrong?" he asked gently. "Are you hungry?" Lissana shook her head, her energy suddenly returning. "No, it's not that. I want to see my parents in person." Tarik smiled, understanding the depth of her longing. "I'm happy for you, but you don't seem very happy. Don't you want to see them?" "That's not it," she replied, her voice softening. "I'm happy because I can finally hug them." "Then why do you look so troubled? Your priests will let you be with them, something you've always desired.

You're returning to the human kingdom." A shadow of sadness crossed Tarik's face. "So, you want to decide whether you'll see her again? I thought Maya would be going for a while." "How long will it be?" Lissana asked, her brow furrowing. "There's a month left until the festival. Will you be back? We promised to celebrate together." "I don't know, but I'll try," he said, determination in his voice. "When do you leave?" she pressed. "We're going tomorrow," he replied. "Your uncles and Uzziel are going too?" "Yes," he confirmed. "When you leave, you don't have to play with anyone else.

I want to spend every afternoon with you before you go. Don't forget me." Lissana took his hand, squeezing it tightly. "I could never forget you, my best friend." That day, Lissana and Tarik were inseparable. They spent every moment together, sharing laughter and secrets. When night fell, they fell asleep side by side, comforted by each other's presence. The next morning, as the time to leave approached, Tarik turned to her. "Hug your friend for me, and when you're with your family, come back ready. I'll be waiting." A bright smile lit up Lissana's face.

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"It's a promise, Tarik." As the portal opened, she took Maya's hand and stepped forward. Before crossing, she turned back to Tarik, waving goodbye with a hopeful smile. As Lissana stepped through the portal, a warm light enveloped her. When she opened her eyes, she found herself in a breathtaking landscape, the sky painted in vibrant hues. But her attention was drawn not to the beauty around her, but to the couple standing before her-a striking woman with flowing hair, tears glistening in her eyes, and a tall, handsome man gazing at her with unwavering love. It was her parents.

Though Lissana had seen them countless times through the magic mirror, the reality of their presence felt entirely different, like stepping into the pages of her favorite book. Abril was the first to approach, her eyes filled with emotion as she looked at her daughter. Lissana had grown so much; she was no longer the baby Abril had cradled in her arms. "My little one, finally I can hold you again," Abril said, her voice trembling. "You can't imagine how much I've missed you." Abril pulled back slightly, cupping Lissana's face in her hands.

"You're even more beautiful than I remembered." Lissana smiled shyly, her heart swelling with joy. "You too, Mother." Alessandro knelt beside them, lowering himself to Lissana's level. "Hello, Lissana. I'm your father. Do you remember me?" Lissana hesitated, memories of her parents hazy from her infancy. "I don't remember you, but I know you're my father," she replied, her voice soft. He wrapped her in a warm embrace, his heart swelling with love. "I've missed you so much, little one." Tears streamed down Abril's cheeks as she held her daughter tightly, as if afraid to let go.

"I can't believe this is real," she whispered, overwhelmed with emotion. Once Abril managed to calm her tears, she turned to Maya and Cassian. "Thank you for taking care of her all this time, and for bringing her back to us." Alessandro stepped aside for a moment, embracing his brother and Uzziel, who had been waiting anxiously. "Welcome back," he said, his voice filled with warmth. "Thank you," Lissana echoed, her heart full. For Alessandro, it felt like only a few months had passed, but for Cassian, the time had stretched painfully. He hugged his brother tightly.

"Can you imagine how much we missed you, Lessan?" "I know," Alessandro replied, a smile breaking through. "I'll make sure to work hard to make up for lost time." Uzziel clung to his leg, peeking out shyly. "This is you, Uncle Alessandro," he said, his voice barely above a whisper. "Hello, little one," Alessandro replied, bending down to meet Uzziel's gaze. "You're a bit shy, aren't you?" Uzziel nodded, hiding his face behind his small hands. "You've grown so much since I last saw you," Alessandro said, ruffling Uzziel's hair affectionately.

Cassian held his wife close, looking at Maya with gratitude. "I'm so glad everything turned out well." "Yes, it's a success," Maya agreed, her eyes shining with happiness. Abril cradled Lissana in her arms once more, whispering, "Even if you're all grown up, you'll always be my baby, my precious one."

326

Lissana caressed her mother's hair, marveling at its brightness and smoothness, far more radiant than what she had seen in the mirror. "We should go inside," Abril said. "Thanks, Aby. I want to show Lissana her new home. See you there." Maya understood that Abril wanted to be alone with Lissana, eager to make up for lost time. She also wanted to see her priest. "Where is Barto? I thought he would be here." "Barto went to fetch your priest. He shouldn't be long." "I understand. You had things to sort out," Maya replied, trying to ease the tension.

"Don't worry about that." Maya entwined her arm with Cassian's, pulling him along. "Enjoy your time. We'll see you at home. See you later!" After Maya and Cassian left, Alessandro took Lissana in his arms. "Welcome home." Lissana stood, gazing at the imposing palace before her. "Is this my house?" "Yes, this is your home," Abril replied, smiling. Abril and

Alessandro guided Lissana to her room, which was decorated with stuffed animals and dolls. Lissana's eyes sparkled at the sight of the toys. "Is this my room?" Abril nodded. "This was the room you used when you were a baby.

Now that you've grown up, we've changed the decor a little. Do you like it?" "Yes, I love it!" Lissana exclaimed, hugging her mother tightly. "Mommy, this day feels special, like it's the first time I've ever been here." Abril felt a swell of emotion. "You have no idea how hard it was to be away from you. Your uncles were very good to me, and I wish you could have been with us." Alessandro joined the hug, his voice thick with regret. "I'm sorry for not being there for you." "If you weren't by my side, my aunt Maya was," Lissana explained.

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"She told me I needed to stay hidden until I could control my magic." "Maybe we'll have to separate again, but it depends on how much your priests love you," Abril said gently. "Thank you for welcoming me," Lissana replied, her voice soft. "We won't let you go again," Alessandro promised. They fell into another hug, and afterward, Abril and Alessandro asked Lissana countless questions about her likes and dislikes. Lissana answered with clarity and precision, though Alessandro felt a nagging concern he had yet to voice. "Lissana, do you still have a friend who is a fairy?" he asked cautiously.

"Are you talking about Tarik?" "Yes, are you still friends?" Lissana chose her words carefully, as she always did. "Yes, Tarik is still with me. He's a good papa, so please don't be upset with him." "I'm not upset, just curious about your friend," Alessandro said, trying to keep his tone light. "Tarik has always been good to you, hasn't he?" "Of course!" Lissana replied, her enthusiasm evident. Just then, Maya entered the room she had prepared for Uzziel, and Kiara peeked in through the door. "Can I come in?" "Sure," Maya said. "I didn't see Barto here.

I assume he hasn't arrived yet." "My father has always been elusive. I'm sure Barto is having a hard time finding him," Kiara remarked. Maya smiled, brushing her daughter's hair back. "It makes me happy to see you here, and I'm glad you're happy." "Yes, everything is good for us now. My brother says you two will be together again. He loves you sincerely, and I'm glad you've given him another chance." "Another chance?" Maya echoed. "Even if you argue, I want to stay by your side." "I know it bothered you a lot when he tried to save me without thinking," Kiara said.

"He can be impulsive, but never doubt how much he loves you." "I won't. I've decided to believe in him," Maya replied firmly. When it was time for dinner, everyone gathered at the table. It had been a long time since Alessandro had had his whole family together. He lifted his cup and declared, "I propose a toast!" "To family!" everyone echoed, raising their cups, including Lissana and Uzziel, who clinked their cups filled with fruit juice against the others. The atmosphere was joyful and lively, and for the first time, Lissana felt a sense of completeness wash over her.

After the meal, everyone took a stroll through the garden. Lissana and Uzziel admired the surroundings, and Uzziel excitedly wanted to show her his pet, Koda. "Mom!" he called out to Abril. "Look!" Abril turned to see her son approaching, cradling a fox in his arms. "Is it real?" Lissana asked, eyes wide with wonder. Koda remained still, leading Lissana to believe he

was a stuffed animal. Abril chuckled and gently nudged Koda, who blinked and moved slightly. "Yes, he's real. This is my friend," Uzziel said proudly. "He's beautiful! Can I touch him?" Lissana asked eagerly.

"Of course," Uzziel replied, grinning.

327

Abril bent down so that Lissana could play too. She encouraged Uzziel to touch her, and both children caressed the soft, spongy red coat of the zorro. A big smile spread across their faces as they asked someone if they could play. "Of course," Abril replied, her heart swelling with joy. "Take good care of him; he is a very precious friend to me," she added, glancing at Alessandro, who stood nearby. "Nodeberian will sit on the floor and ask you to bring a blanket," he instructed, his tone firm yet gentle.

On the ground of the hadas, climbing the Hierba or walking barefoot upon it was a common sight, as for the fairies, that was the way of life. But in the human kingdom, such behavior was frowned upon, especially for someone as noble as Lissana and Uzziel. Maya had spent so long in the land of the hadas that she had forgotten the absurd rules that governed her former life. "They are used to sitting in the air!" Maya exclaimed, her voice light with laughter.

"Barefoot, they will be fine, as soon as they leave you." Despite being of noble birth, Lissana and Uzziel had grown up differently, and Abril understood how difficult it could be for them to follow rules they had never known, rules she still considered pointless. She placed a hand on Alessandro's arm and said, "Let them play, Lessan. Let them enjoy their time with Koda while we talk." "They don't know the norms of this world," Alessandro replied, watching the children with a protective gaze.

Maya smiled, recalling how they had grown up with a sense of freedom, as long as one had a little patience with them. "We understand; they had to live differently. For them, what others deem inappropriate is simply how they exist." "I had forgotten how different life was there, especially for the nobles. For commoners, these norms don't matter," she continued, her eyes drifting to the sky. Cassian, standing beside her, placed an arm around her shoulders. "But Uzziel can do anything; I don't care," he said, a hint of pride in his voice. "You see, you have changed.

You used to be scandalized by everything," Maya teased, her smile brightening. "I suppose change is inevitable," he replied, a thoughtful expression crossing his face. Maya's heart lifted at his words, even if they seemed trivial. Cassian's response brought a warmth to her spirit, reminding her of the freedom they all cherished. "Hello, my little one! You don't know how happy I am to see you again," Ryan said, his voice filled with affection as he approached Maya and Uzziel. He gently cupped his daughter's face, studying her carefully. "You look much better than the last time I saw you.

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I've been wondering how you've been." "I can't be a successor because I'm marrying Cassian. The queen has now passed that role to me, and sometimes it doesn't even feel lovely," Maya

confessed, a hint of sadness in her eyes. "I'm happy to see that everything is turning out well. Where is my grandson?" Ryan asked, scanning the area. Uzziel, shyly hiding behind his priest, caught Maya's eye. She encouraged him to approach. He stepped forward hesitantly, and Maya scooped him into her arms. "Uzziel, this is my friend," she introduced, smiling down at him.

Uzziel looked up at Ryan, who opened his arms wide. "Come and give your Abuelo a hug." Maya thought it would be impossible for Uzziel to embrace him, as he was usually shy around strangers. But to her surprise, he stepped forward and wrapped his arms around Ryan, who beamed with joy. "Uzziel is usually shy with strangers. I'm surprised he did that," Maya said, her heart swelling with pride. "That's why blood doesn't define us; we are family," Ryan replied, his voice warm. "I suppose you're right," Maya agreed. Cassian, having taken a few steps back, watched the scene unfold.

"What are you doing? Why don't you come closer?" he called out. "I didn't want to interrupt," Cassian replied, a hint of hesitation in his voice. "Now you're part of this family; don't worry about interrupting," Ryan reassured him, a smile spreading across his face. Cassian felt a wave of relief wash over him, grateful for his father's acceptance. "Thank you for always being by my side and for your love," he said, his voice sincere. As days passed peacefully, Abril and Alessandro felt a bittersweet sadness, knowing they could finally be reunited with their daughter.

One sunny afternoon, they gathered for a picnic in the garden beneath the trees, watching as Lissana chased after a moth, her laughter ringing through the air. "This is a very happy moment," Alessandro said, his heart full. "I feel like the happiest man in the world. I hope this lasts forever." Abril felt tears welling in her eyes as she absorbed the joy of the moment. "What's wrong, Aby?" Alessandro asked, concern etched on his face. "Remember the dream that Lissana spoke of?" she replied, her voice trembling with emotion.

"The three of us were there, and we were happy." "Yes," he nodded, recalling the dream vividly. "It was a dream of a future, but from here on, it's uncertain. The future is always uncertain, but I don't want to dwell on that. We will work to ensure our faith remains strong, so we can be happy," she said, wiping her tears. "Don't worry about what's to come. Let's enjoy this moment, for that is what we have," Alessandro said, gently brushing away her tears. Abril had always been preoccupied with the future, often neglecting the beauty of the present.

She looked at Lissana, her precious daughter, and reflected on the past when she had nothing to love and no one to love her. In that moment, she realized she had a family—something she never thought she could have. "I have to stop being so selfish," she thought, glancing from Lissana to Alessandro. "You're right; I lost my focus, forgetting what truly matters. Thank you for reminding me, Lessan." Alessandro leaned in and kissed her softly. "If everything is difficult, it can be hard to see the light."

But remember, there is no harm that lasts forever." Lissana approached them, noticing the tears in her mother's eyes. "Mamá, why are you crying? Are you sad? Do you miss something?" she asked, her voice filled with concern. Abril opened her arms wide, embracing her daughter. "Of course not! My tears are of happiness. I can finally keep you by my side and hug you whenever I want. This makes me infinitely happy, so much so that I couldn't hold

back the tears." "I'm also happy to be with my parents," Lissana said, her eyes shining. "I always felt like I was missing something.

Tarik and Uzziel always seemed so happy with their families. I wanted that too-I wanted to be with my family." Abril kissed her forehead and replied, "I feel small for not being with you, for missing your first words, for not being there when you learned to walk, and for not reading you a bedtime story because I wasn't there to give you all the love you needed." Alessandro joined in the embrace, whispering, "We forgive you for not seeing us grow and for missing those moments. We are together now, and that is what matters."

328

Lissana said nothing, only clinging to her parents, hoping they wouldn't have to separate again. Tarik always knew where the portal had been opened, and he felt the weight of worry settle over him. Days passed, and still, he hadn't heard anything about his friend. During one of his meetings, Tarik turned to Father Lori. "Will Lissana be alright?" he asked, concern etched on his face. The priest's answer was heavy with worry. "I still feel uneasy.

It's a dangerous place, and I fear Lissana might forget us if she decides not to return to the land of the fairies." The day of the culmination of all their hopes arrived, and Tarik waited for Lissana. He had promised he would return for her birthday, but as the day drew to a close, she still hadn't come back. "Where is she?" he murmured, anxiety creeping into his voice. "She promised she would be here for my birthday." Fay placed a reassuring hand on Tarik's shoulder. "She won't forget," he said gently. "If she promised, she will keep her word." Tarik's frustration bubbled over. "No!

Lissana and I will not be separated. We promised we would be together!" Fay leaned against the ground, his expression grave. "Tarik, fairies cannot lie, and you know this. I'm not saying this to hurt you; I want you to understand. Humans can be deceitful, and their promises often lack substance." Tarik began to cry, his voice breaking. "Lissana promised she would see me. She wouldn't hurt me like this!" Fay embraced his wife, trying to comfort her. "Fairies cannot lie; our words are always true. But humans...

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they often deceive." Tarik remained in the garden until night fell, the lights twinkling above him. He knew Lissana would arrive, but the uncertainty gnawed at him. Meanwhile, Abril was counting the budget for Lissana's care when a question broke her concentration. "Mamá, when will we return to the land of the fairies?" "What's wrong, my dear? Don't you want to be with us?" Abril asked, concern etched on her face. "It's when Tarik's birthday is. I promised I would be with him," Lissana replied, her eyes wide with determination. "And when is that?" Abril prompted.

Lissana began counting on her fingers, her brow furrowing in concentration. "Four days from now." Time flowed differently in the land of the fairies. Ten days in the human realm felt like a month in their world. "You may not be able to keep your promise to Tarik," Abril warned gently. "Then I will have broken my promise," Lissana said, her eyes glistening with unshed

tears. She was unsure if she could fulfill her vow. "Don't break your promise, darling," Abril said, wrapping her arms around her daughter.

"If you explain it to Tarik, he will understand." "But I don't want to hurt him," Lissana replied, her voice trembling. "My girl is very intelligent and knows the pain it can cause when promises are unfulfilled. You can't erase that pain, but you can heal it by asking for forgiveness. When you see Tarik again, apologize to him." Lissana still felt heavy-hearted, but she remained silent, absorbing her mother's words. Abril held her daughter close until she drifted off to sleep, whispering a soft goodnight. Later, Alessandro approached his wife, concern etched on his face.

"Is she asleep?" he asked. "Yes, just for a few nights," Abril replied, her voice weary. "I had some issues and couldn't go see her without giving her a proper explanation." "What kind of issues?" Alessandro inquired. "I heard that some towns were being attacked by monsters," she said, anxiety creeping into her tone. "What!?" he exclaimed, alarmed. "Calm down. No one is in danger right now. I'm overseeing everything," she reassured him, feeling a sense of relief wash over her. "Thank the stars. I thought it was an attack from Cira," he said, his voice steady.

"Everything is calm at the moment, so try not to worry," Abril said, though her heart remained uneasy. "It's difficult. Just a few days ago, we were so happy. I fear that something might awaken old fears in Lissana," he admitted. "It's true we don't know when our peaceful days will end, but we must cherish each moment we have together," Abril replied, her voice firm. Alessandro leaned in, their lips meeting in a tender kiss. He pulled her closer, savoring the warmth of her body against his. Their kisses deepened, a sweet exploration that ignited a spark between them.

As they lost themselves in each other, Alessandro whispered, "My beautiful wife, you don't know how much I love you."

329

Abril traced her fingers along the nape of her neck, caressing her hair as she felt the warmth of Alessandro's lips return to her. "I love you just the same," she whispered, her heart racing. As their mouths moved closer, she sensed the weight of his gaze on her back. The brush of his fingers ignited a burning passion within her. Since Lissana had arrived, there had been little time for self-love; all of Abril's attention and affection had been directed toward her. But today, she felt a deep longing for connection, a need to express how much she cherished him.

Alessandro leaned in, his sweet words brushing against her ear as he explored every inch of her skin with his hands. He repeated how beautiful and wonderful she was, how deeply he loved her. Meanwhile, the heavy burden of governance weighed on Lissana. That night, she had spent time with Tarik, and Abril could see the sadness etched on her face. Lissana approached him, her voice trembling. "Tarik, forgive me for not keeping my promise." "I waited for you," he replied, his disappointment palpable. Lissana embraced him, trying to console him.

"I truly feel sorry; I never wanted to break my promise." "I suppose you're happy with your family now, but you don't have to return," he said, his tone softening. "If you want to be with your family, then be with them. Smile and be happy, Lissana. Don't worry about your promise." The morning light filtered through the window as Abril heard her daughter's soft cries. She opened the door and found Lissana, wrapping her arms around her. "What's wrong?" she asked gently. "I'll be back to see you," Lissana replied, her voice shaky. "Just a dream, my dear.

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Don't cry," Tarik said, his eyes filled with sorrow for not fulfilling his promise. "Today is a beautiful day. Let's say goodbye properly." Abril wiped Lissana's face with a damp cloth and helped her get dressed. Once ready, she instructed the servants to prepare a feast in the garden. Meanwhile, Abril and Lissana invited Maya and Uzziel. "Today, let's enjoy the garden together," Abril suggested. "Of course," Lissana replied, her spirits lifting. "Is that Cassian?" Uzziel asked, his eyes brightening. "Yes, I think he wants to see his mother," Abril said.

"We should also ask Kiara if she can help us." "Yesterday, I saw her being very affectionate with her brother," Uzziel noted. "They've shared a home since they were little." "Let's wake them up, then," Abril said, smiling. Uzziel eagerly walked alongside Lissana, their hands clasped as they made their way to the garden, where a table laden with food awaited them. They chatted about the day ahead, but Lissana's thoughts seemed distant. "Where are you going, Lissana?" Uzziel asked, noticing her distracted demeanor. "I'm just a bit sad because I couldn't keep my promise," she admitted.

"Tarik doesn't hate you," Uzziel reassured her. "He follows you everywhere, like a little chick." "Do you think they'll be okay?" Lissana asked, her voice tinged with worry. "They've grown up together; it's normal for them to be close," Uzziel replied. "I hope they continue to be friends when you return to the land of the fairies." "I will always care for him, but I'm not sure our friendship will last," Lissana said softly. "Time flows differently in the land of the fairies," Uzziel reminded her. "When we return, Tarik might already be an adult." "It's hard to see Lissana sad," Uzziel mused.

"What if she comes back and finds everything changed?" "I don't know how to deal with that," Lissana confessed. "Neither do I," Uzziel said, hoping for the best. Days passed since Tarik's celebration, and he seemed to carry a heavy heart. The queen continued her lessons on succession, but it was evident she was not merely preparing someone for the role; she was preparing her son. "What's wrong, Tarik?" Abril asked, noticing his somber expression. "I'm worried it's too late for me to return," he admitted. "Lissana is happy in the human kingdom," Abril reassured him.

"You must focus on your own path." "But what if I can't keep up?" Tarik questioned, uncertainty clouding his eyes. "Time flows differently here," Abril explained. "A month in the human realm could be mere days for us. When Lissana returns, she may not be the same girl you remember." "But I want to be with her," Tarik insisted. "Lissana is a princess in her own right," Abril said gently. "She will bear the burden of ruling one day. You are a prince, and you too will carry the weight of governance if you choose to accept it." Tarik looked down, doubt lingering in his heart.

"I just want to be with Lissana." "Then you must grow into your role," Abril encouraged, stroking his hair. "You must learn to be a king."

330

The heavy burden of governing weighed on Abril as she stood in the garden with Maya, the morning sun casting a warm glow around them. Kiara appeared just as they were finishing breakfast, her presence a welcome distraction. She reached for a magdalena and spoke with a hint of urgency. "I've been everywhere," Kiara said, her eyes scanning the garden. "Do you need something?" Abril's heart sank at the thought of her daughter. "It's about Lissana. You should remove the limiters on her magic and teach her how to manage it." Abril glanced over at Uzziel, who was playing nearby.

"Is it already time?" she asked, concern etched on her face. "Yes, now is the moment," Kiara replied. "We are at war, and Lissana needs to be able to defend herself. We know how little time we have." Abril nodded, acknowledging the truth in Kiara's words. "Do you want to do it now?" "Just let me handle it," Kiara said, moving closer to Lissana. "I'll call Uzziel; we can talk calmly." "Lissana, today I'm starting to teach you how to use your magic," Kiara said with a smile.

"You have a lot of potential, but you need to learn how to control it." Abril watched as Lissana's eyes lit up with excitement. "I've always felt I had magic, but I never knew how to use it properly." "We'll teach you to harness your abilities," Kiara assured her. "You can learn to control different types of magic." Abril felt a surge of hope as she observed Lissana's eagerness. It was crucial for her daughter to understand her powers, especially with Tarik's return looming on the horizon. "When will we start?" Lissana asked, her voice brimming with anticipation.

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"We have time now," Kiara replied. "I'll help us get started." Abril gestured for Kiara to come closer. "When you remove the limitations on her magic, it will flow like a torrent. But we must be careful; it's essential to nullify the barriers first." Lissana felt a flutter of nerves, and Abril gently caressed her head. "Don't worry, my dear. Everything will be fine." With focused determination, Abril touched Lissana's ears and removed the pendants that had limited her magic. In that moment, Lissana felt a rush of energy coursing through her, as if the wind itself had embraced her.

"Don't worry if you feel tired," Kiara said as she used her power to nullify the remaining barriers. "Just let it settle." Abril scooped Lissana into her arms and carried her to her room. The girl slept soundly throughout the day, but the next morning, she awoke refreshed and ready to learn. Abril began teaching her how to control her magic, focusing on the elements of light, fire, and air. Lissana was a bright and intelligent girl, with a memory that rivaled her mother's. She was determined to master her abilities, hoping to impress Tarik upon his return.

Days passed in peaceful harmony as Lissana learned to control her magic. Air became her favorite element, especially after her father demonstrated his own mastery over it. She dreamed of flying, just like him. When Tarik arrived, he was greeted by the sight of Lissana and Abril in the garden. "Hello, Your Majesty," Tarik said, his gaze shifting between the two. "Did you call for me?" "Yes,"

Abril replied, a hint of pride in her voice. "I want you to meet Lissana. She will be your companion and friend." The fairy-descendant girl curtsied, her eyes sparkling.

"Greetings, Prince Tarik." Abril continued, "Lissana will be your friend, and as you grow, she will be there to support you." "But I only want Lissana as my friend," Tarik protested, a frown crossing his face. "You can have more than one friend," Abril explained gently. "Companions are those who share experiences and support each other." Tarik looked uncomfortable, his brows knitting together. "But she's my friend and companion. That's how it's always been." Abril sensed the tension in the air. "There's nothing wrong with having multiple friends, Tarik.

Lissana can be both." "She could be someone who supports you as you grow," Kiara added, stepping in to ease the situation. "You will both benefit from each other's friendship." Tarik crossed his arms, clearly annoyed. "I don't want anyone else. Lissana is my only friend." Abril sighed, recognizing the stubbornness in Tarik. "Let's talk about this calmly. You can be friends with Lissana and still have other companions." Tarik's expression hardened. "I will never be friends with anyone else.

Lissana is my only friend, and it will always be that way." Abril watched as Tarik left the garden, frustration bubbling beneath the surface. She knew they would need to navigate this delicate situation carefully, for the bonds of friendship were not easily forged or broken.

