

Forgotten Wife : Let the Traitors Kneel Down Novel

Chapter 331

The truth about the guardians Liona found herself gazing into the high-tech cavern. Cira was there in Llevado, and that seemed to be different for everyone. The lighting was dim, casting shadows in the immense space that felt lost in darkness. A ball of fire emerged from Cira's hand, illuminating the surroundings. Before them stood a colossal figure made of bones and skulls, its face obscured by a layer of darkness, with a steel ring behind it. Nearby, a stone table rose to chest height, rough and irregular, as if hastily hewn from the earth.

The table was encircled by dirt, and upon it lay the body of a person, their ankles and wrists bound by grimy chains affixed to the stone. A metal bowl, marked with unsettling stains, rested beside a knife embedded in the chest. Liona's heart raced as she beheld the skeletons surrounding them, their feet shackled. The sight of the monstrous altar sent shivers down her spine, and every instinct screamed for her to flee this place. "What is this place, princess?" she whispered, her voice trembling. "This was an altar used to worship in the dark," Cira replied, her tone grave.

"To worship the Dark King." "The Dark King?" Liona echoed, her curiosity mingling with fear. "Yes. That is why we will open the doors, to let him enter and transform this world, to strike down our enemies and grant us freedom." "But to do so, I need the keys to open the gates of Hades. This body cannot withstand its lethal power, so I must find a way to strengthen it and reclaim the power I've been missing." "But the other key belongs to Princess Abril," Liona interjected. "They are right there.

When you can reach it, you will take the key that she possesses." Cira began walking, and Liona hurried to follow, the atmosphere thick with dread. "Your Majesty, don't leave me behind," Liona called out. "Are you scared?" Cira asked, glancing back. "No, I just don't want to get lost. This place seems enormous." Cira ignored the response and continued down the long corridor, leading them into a vast room lined with shelves overflowing with books. "Is this a library?" Liona asked, her eyes wide with wonder. "Yes, in this place there is a book that can respond," Cira explained.

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"But first, we must enter so you can open the books and ask your questions." The room was filled with thousands of tomes, and Liona felt a thrill of anticipation. "We have to search for them all," she urged. "Exactly. Let's stop wasting time and focus on the search. Remember, you can only ask one question. Once you do, the book will disappear." "Does anyone use it?" Liona inquired. "The book remains here, but no one has used it since it was emptied," Cira replied. "Yes, Princess," Liona said, determination in her voice.

Meanwhile, Alessandro took his time entering the guardians' chamber, intent on speaking to the first guardian. He hesitated, unsure of what to say until he decided to call out random names. "Tomas, Saul, Frederik..." he tried. "None of those names seem to fit," the guardian replied, a hint of annoyance in his tone. "Then tell me what you want, and I'll stop bothering you," Alessandro said, crossing his arms. "I don't want anything," the guardian retorted, his voice sharp. "Maybe next time my brother Cassian will win, and I won't have to spend all my time in this room," Alessandro mused.

"What?" the guardian asked, intrigued. Alessandro saw Cassian's name triggered something in the guardian. "Um... Castiel?" he ventured. The first guardian's expression softened, a glimmer of emotion crossing his face as a tear traced down his pale cheek. "There were many who never called me by my name." "That's why you didn't say it to anyone," Alessandro observed. "It's not that. Everyone knew my name; they repeated it over and over. But no one remembered me, as if they denied my existence, only recalling what was there and no one else."

I suppose that was my punishment." Alessandro had no idea what Cassiel was talking about. The reality was far from what he had read, and he was more interested in the story than the guardian's feelings. "I said your name. Now tell me the whole story of the guardians and Hades. Who are you really?" "I won't share my story," Cassiel replied, his gaze drifting as if he were looking beyond the walls. "My story and the king's story are similar; both of us were expelled from the city for disobeying God." "What?" Alessandro asked, taken aback.

"The Dark Secret has had many names throughout time and across worlds. Satan is the prince of them all, but the name I had was Lucifer. I stood alone on the mountain, anointed by God as a guardian among the holy army, close to Him. But my heart was corrupted by my beauty and wisdom. I wanted to be like God, and that desire led to my downfall. Lucifer was cast out of heaven with his followers when he realized he could not seize the throne from God.

However, he turned his gaze toward humanity, his precious creation, seeking to dominate and destroy everything." "Then you are also an angel?" Alessandro asked, astonished. "I was once, but compared to my brother, my punishment wasn't for rebellion. I was punished for my inclination toward humanity, for the pain I could inflict upon my Father. I was cast down from the heavens and forced to live among mortals." "Before I fell, I conquered many worlds," Cassiel continued. "There is more than one world. Each time the Dark King consumes a world, God creates a new one inhabited by humanity.

Some of the inhabitants of these worlds are magicians and elves, though they never truly love humanity. I grew weary of watching how they destroyed what my Father left behind, so I closed the gates of Hades to prevent them from entering this world. But I lost my way and became human, which is why I lost my physical form. I cannot die, nor can my descendants. That is why all guardians inhabit the space between this world and the next; we are tasked with watching over the Dark King.

We are the only ones who can open the gates of Hades without being consumed by darkness." Alessandro had imagined he would hear a story like those he had read, but he never expected a tale like this. "Why don't the other guardians know they are descendants of

an angel?" he asked. "That is why I chose this path, so they wouldn't feel superior to humans or anyone else. There are other reasons, but now that you have learned this, it is time to move on."

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The Dark Book When Alessandro left the guardians' room, he felt deeply affected by the story that had just unfolded. He recalled the ancient lineage he belonged to, a descendant of angels. He wondered if anyone could truly cross the threshold of belief. Scratching his head, he pondered what he should do and whether he had the strength to confront the dark king. This was going to be a significant problem. Cassian was waiting at the entrance when he noticed Alessandro's confusion. "What's wrong, Lessan?" he asked, concern etched on his face.

"I'm just thinking about your brother," Alessandro replied, his voice heavy. It was a difficult moment, deciding whether or not to share the words of the first guardian. Ultimately, he chose silence, not wanting to burden Cassian with his own confusion. "Nothing, just tired," Cassian said, shrugging off the weight on his shoulders. "But I'm handling all your responsibilities. You need to take a break." "I'm speaking with Barto; everything seems calm in the realm. There haven't been any more monster attacks." "Yes, but I fear this peace is deceptive," Alessandro said.

"The silence rarely bodes well." "You're right. It's unsettling," Cassian admitted, his brow furrowing. "But you killed the last threat." "I think the same as you," Alessandro replied, recalling the large rat he had encountered in the guardians' chamber that night. "It's late; I'm heading to Lissana for a good night's rest." "Maybe you should," Cassian suggested. "I want to see you soon. You're the only one who could witness her growth; it shouldn't be easy for you." "No, I'm not saying that at all. Her growth has been so rapid. In just a few months, I thought it would take much longer.

It's overwhelming, especially when I think of the dangers we face just to protect my daughter." "She is my niece, and she has been no trouble for me," Cassian replied with a hint of pride. "Anyway, thank you," Alessandro said, giving his brother a nod before heading to see Lissana. As he entered the room, he found Abril beside Lissana, both of them glowing with a gentle light. He remembered the legacy they carried and the truth he had insisted they understand. He realized how profoundly he had altered their lives and perspectives.

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Alessandro slipped into bed next to Lissana, surrounded by the warmth of his beautiful family. He prayed to God in the heavens, asking for strength to win this battle, fearing that darkness would consume the world he loved. The following day, Alessandro dedicated himself to teaching Lissana how to control her wind, preparing her for a future that remained uncertain for everyone. Meanwhile, Liona grew weary of living in that dim, cramped dwelling, exhausted from searching for a book she believed didn't exist.

She had followed Cira, driven by a desire for power, revenge against Abril, and the thrill of seeing her suffer. But for now, all she could do was trail behind Cira like a shadow, waiting

for her next command. As she contemplated leaving Cira to pursue her own vengeance, Cira suddenly commanded, "Find it." Liona hurried to Cira's side. "Did you find the book?" "Yes, you knew we were here," Cira replied, her tone dismissive. The book Cira held was bound in leather, thick and adorned with a serpent-shaped lock, its eye glinting ominously. Liona felt a chill run down her spine.

"Thank you for being here. I will find you, if I can," she thought, though the memories of the horrors inscribed in those pages haunted her. "It's locked. It seems to require a key," Liona observed. Cira examined the book, her fingers tracing the letters. "Only the spill of blood can open this door." "It's not a key this book needs," Cira said, a wicked smile spreading across her face. "It requires something more... personal." Liona instinctively stepped back, fear gripping her. But Cira, with a swift motion, bit her own skin, allowing her blood to drip onto the lock.

As it touched the surface, the eye in the binding opened, gazing at Cira as if alive, and the book began to read itself. Cira asked, "How can I take the key with a mortal body?" A beam of black light erupted from the pages, shattering the stone around them and sending a thunderous echo through the cave, like a swarm of angry bees. The place was magnificent yet terrifying, but Cira remained unfazed, holding the book steady as the light continued to pour forth. "This place is collapsing, princess! We need to get out of here!" Liona shouted, panic rising in her throat.

Anger flickered in Cira's eyes, but Liona hesitated, torn between fleeing and staying. Shadows began to swirl around them, and she knew that if she lingered too long, she would be consumed. "Could I get what I wanted?" Cira mused, her voice dripping with ambition. "Yes, I see how to obtain the key from Hades, but there is something else I need to find first: blood from an angel." Angels were celestial beings, but Liona had never believed in them. She wondered if she would lose her sanity searching for something so impossible. Yet, as she couldn't decide directly, she resolved to ask.

"What do we do next?" "Yes, so we won't waste any more time," Cira replied, her determination unwavering.

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An Undeserved Love Alessandro was sipping wine from his cup when a tremor began to shake his surroundings. The glasses rattled, and a few paintings fell from the walls, shattering on the floor. "What is happening?" he exclaimed, his voice rising above the chaos. As the initial shock wore off, he turned to check on everyone. "Is everyone alright?" he asked, scanning the room. The children looked frightened, and Cassian had spilled wine on his shirt, but thankfully, no one was seriously hurt. "It seems like everyone is fine," Cassian replied, brushing himself off.

Alessandro rushed past him, his mind racing. Kiara approached Abril, concern etched on her face. "What does this mean?" she asked, her voice trembling. Abril shook her head, trying to gather her thoughts. "I couldn't sense it either. But Alessandro returned and said the barriers are intact. I don't believe there will be an attack from outside." "It must be coming from within

the barriers," Alessandro interjected. "I felt something dark and malevolent to the north." Abril nodded, her expression grave. "It vanished as if something powerful had been released.

"Even if you don't feel it, it's there." Alessandro glanced at Lissana, sensing her unease. He could tell she was deep in thought, but she remained silent. "Debian is sending Lissana back to the land of the fairies," he said, his tone serious. "But that's not something we can do immediately. We need to focus on the city; this tremor could have caused significant damage." "Are there any reports from the city?" Kiara asked. "Let me accompany you. If there are injuries, it would be a great help," Cassian offered, determination in his voice. Alessandro nodded, organizing a group of horsemen.

They set off toward the city, where the tremor had caused chaos. Buildings had crumbled, and frightened animals roamed the streets, adding to the uproar. Many citizens had found themselves in dangerous situations, trapped under fallen debris or caught in the panic of the crowd. As they rode through the wreckage, Alessandro's mind was elsewhere. He and Cassian had discussed Lissana's fate earlier. "What do you think we should do with Lissana? Will you send her back to the land of the fairies?" Cassian had asked. "No," Alessandro replied, his voice firm. "I need to consult with Abril.

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Honestly, I believe it would be best for her to return, but I fear they will attack us while she's here. You're the one who studies the farms?" "I'll be here to help with anything else," Cassian assured him. "Maybe, but I would prefer that Maya and Uzziel return to the land of the fairies," Alessandro said with a sigh. "You don't have to worry. Barto will stay in the palace while Kiara is here. He's a good warrior, and I suppose that's why he's half fairy," Cassian replied. "In other words, I've been replaced," Alessandro said, a hint of humor in his voice.

"Something like that," Cassian chuckled. "I asked you to join our horsemen, but you keep denying it. You prefer to lead your information guild." "Is that true? You don't want to?" Alessandro teased. "Come on, you're family. If you're with Lissana, I'll feel calmer knowing she's safe." "There's no guarantee she will be safe here. I would also like you to speak with the fairy queen about your collaboration when war comes to E." "I don't need to think about it. The war that's approaching won't be just against one kingdom; it will be against the entire world.

If we want to win, we must unite and march together under one banner." "I suppose it's not a war we can win alone," Alessandro admitted. He placed an arm around Cassian's shoulders. "Enjoy a little more of your life in the utopia of the fairies, but don't neglect your training." "I never do, and even if I wanted to, Maya wouldn't allow it," Cassian replied with a smirk. "Even though she seems calm, she's always very competitive," Alessandro said, shaking his head. "I suppose being a mother isn't the same," Cassian mused. "That's just it.

She'll do whatever it takes to protect Uzziel," Alessandro replied. "Certainly, Maya will never use magic, even if she has any power," Cassian said thoughtfully. "That's why she struggles to control it. It reigns over her, even though Maya begs it to stop." "What kind of magic does she use?" "To be honest, it's rare. It's something inherited from the fairies, but she prefers knives and swords." "I think that suits her well," Cassian remarked.

"You know King Venobich despises her for not having magic." "Even though I'm grateful to have married her, it's painful to think that someone could decide her worth based on that," Alessandro replied, his expression darkening. "It's good you didn't miss out on that. Now you're the woman of your life," Cassian said, trying to lighten the mood. "Yes, I'm glad I don't have to bear pain and hate," Alessandro said, his voice softening. As they passed by Cassian's room, they both paused. Cassian turned to Alessandro, his expression serious.

"What about our brothers?" "Where is this question coming from?" Alessandro asked, puzzled. "Just answer me. Even if you think it's your fault?" "There's still time, and there are things I could never forget. I could stop feeling guilty if you hadn't been so immature and childish. Maybe our brothers would still be here." "Just say it, Alessandro. Don't hold back." "Good night, Cassian," Alessandro replied, turning away. "Lessan," Cassian called after him. Alessandro paused, listening to his brother.

"It wasn't your fault that King Venobich killed them." Alessandro remained silent as he left the room. He walked into his own chamber, where Abril and Lissana were sleeping peacefully in each other's arms. He sat on the edge of the bed, careful not to disturb them, and brushed a stray hair behind Abril's ear. He wished that Alessa didn't remember the past, for it betrayed pain. When their brothers had died, Alessandro had lived in hell, and Abril had suffered too, even if she never spoke of it.

Leaning down, he kissed Abril gently and whispered, "Thank you for saving me and giving me the peace I needed, for giving me your love when I needed it most."

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A place near the battle. The next day, when Abril woke up, Alessandro was beside her, his arms wrapped protectively around her. She turned to him, curious about what time he had left and how he had managed to navigate the city. A sense of duty weighed on her; she knew she was responsible for her kingdom, but she felt a deep connection to her family. Lissana was curled up next to her, and Abril gently stroked her daughter's hair, tracing a finger along her delicate face. The child was beautiful, a striking resemblance to her father.

Abril embraced her small family, while Alessandro stirred awake, stretching his arms and pulling Lissana closer between them. Abril wondered if the strength of Alessandro's embrace would awaken him too soon. But he opened his eyes, a soft smile spreading across his face. "Good morning, Aby," he greeted, his voice still thick with sleep. "How is the city today? Any news from the guardians?" Abril breathed a sigh of relief. "Thanks to God, Lissana is feeling a bit better. There were no signs of trouble in our room." "Did you do well?" Alessandro asked, his brow furrowing with concern.

"Were there any monsters?" Lissana piped up, her eyes wide with curiosity. "No, there was no trace of them," Abril reassured her, glancing at her daughter, who seemed anxious about the day ahead. "I think we should send Lissana back," Alessandro suggested, his tone serious. "Do you really think now is the right moment?" Abril replied, uncertainty creeping into her voice. "I don't know, but I'd rather wait than risk her getting hurt," he said, his protective instincts kicking in.

"I thought she could stay for a few more days, just in case the monsters return." "I don't want to leave her alone," Abril countered, her heart aching at the thought of separation. "For me, it's not time yet." Alessandro looked at their daughter, who seemed so small in that vast bed. "But for Lissana, you can't even imagine the dangers she might face. I want her to continue growing strong, even if I don't want our time together to end." "You're right, but I don't want to be separated from Lissana. She's still so young," Abril replied, her voice softening.

"Besides, I want her to learn to control her abilities. There was a time when I feared for my life." Abril gently ran her fingers through Lissana's hair. "I wish she could grow up quickly, but I know it's important for her to take her time and not rush into adulthood." "No matter how much she grows, she will always be our little girl, our baby," Alessandro said, a smile breaking through his serious demeanor.

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"We are grateful for our happy family, but it seems that won't last forever." "Are you afraid that she might inherit the same problems you have?" Abril asked, her voice barely above a whisper. She had never spoken of it with Alessandro, but the thought had lingered in her mind. She had been taking contraceptive tonics to avoid complications, knowing these were dark times and not the best for bringing new life into the world. It was partly why Maya had fallen into the realm of the fairies; she sought safety for her family.

"Honestly, I fear for our children if they grow up away from us," Alessandro admitted, his expression grave. "Now we know our bloodlines will intertwine," he continued, though Abril struggled to accept this fate. Lissana stirred, sitting up in bed, her eyes blinking open. She gazed at her parents, who were watching her intently, and she wondered if she was still suffering or if this was real. It was a question she often asked herself, as she spent so much time reading that each day felt like a sweet dream she never wanted to wake from.

"Good morning, my little sleepyhead," Abril said, caressing her daughter's cheek. "Good morning, Mommy," Lissana replied, throwing her arms around her mother. "Are there good days ahead for you, Father?" she asked, turning to Alessandro. "Good morning, Daddy," Lissana said, hugging him tightly, feeling the warmth of their bodies, a reassurance that all was well. Alessandro's heart swelled with joy as Lissana's laughter filled their home, chasing away the shadows of worry.

He wanted to play with his precious daughter, to hear her joyful giggles that could erase his concerns, but he still had pressing matters to attend to. He pressed a kiss to Lissana's forehead. "I want you to stay small forever." "I want that too, Daddy," Lissana said, her voice bright. "Even more than Mommy does." Lissana hesitated, glancing at Abril for guidance. Abril gestured for her to speak her heart. "Yes, even more than Mommy," she finally said, a proud smile on her face. Alessandro chuckled, pleased with her answer.

"I have work to do; the situation is dire." As he gathered his clothes, Lissana piped up, "Papa, can I help you? I want to keep trying to fly." Abril stroked her daughter's hair affectionately. "You can't help me today, but my mother will be with you. You can show her how you've been practicing." Lissana's face fell slightly. "I wish you could be with me." "I can't today, but I promise to dedicate my day to you soon. We'll keep trying to control the wind together," Abril

promised. "Do you promise?" Lissana asked, her eyes sparkling with hope. "Yes, I promise," Abril affirmed.

Alessandro leaned down to kiss Lissana again. "So, be good for your mother." Lissana nodded eagerly. Alessandro kissed Abril goodbye, and she smiled back at him. "See you later," he said as he moved into the first room he found vacant before heading to his workshop. Once alone, Abril searched for Cassian, who was standing at the counter. Maya approached him from behind, wrapping her arms around him. "Are you all right?" she asked softly. "I feel like Alessandro is hiding something from me."

"Ever since we entered the guardians' room, they've been acting strangely," Cassian replied, concern etched on his face. "Why don't you ask him directly?" Maya suggested. "What if he refuses to tell me?" Cassian countered. "Then he's just like you," Maya said gently. "I don't want to hear that from you," Cassian replied, frustration creeping into his voice. "I was selfish when I tried to carry my burdens alone and made decisions that affected us both without consulting you. But I've changed. Now I share everything with you. Maybe you should do the same with him," she encouraged.

Cassian took Maya's hand, pressing a kiss to her palm. "Thank you for your wisdom. I wouldn't want to miss it."

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Nothing. Abril felt a sense of despair. She couldn't do anything, and her life seemed devoid of meaning. "I love that you cheer me up, but let me speak again, hermano. I'm worried." "I'll talk to you, and then I'd like you to know that we spoke from Greso to the land of the fairies." "Mayaya will come, so she won't be surprised, since she had also thought about returning." "Of course." Cassian was on his way to see Alessandro when he encountered Barto in the hallway. "Hello, can we talk?" Cassian nodded. "Of course." They both made their way to the living room at the end of the corridor.

"What did you want to talk about?" Barto asked. "It's about the delicate situation with Maya. Father sent me a message from this morning. He wants to spend time with Maya and Uzziel before letting them go." Cassian sighed deeply. "I thought we could spend more time together." "We all knew this was a war against forces we can't see. We don't have blood and flesh to fight against the spiritual evils. In reality, there is no safe place, only a place that has been crippled by battle."

Apparently, Cosset will be the epicenter of this conflict, which is why it's better for them to be tired." After finishing his conversation with Barto, Cassian went to his brother's workshop, where he found Taren. "Did I interrupt?" "Not at all, good morning, Prince Cassian," Taren replied. "Then what's left for me to do?" "I'll come back with a more detailed report, Your Majesty." After that, Cassian asked, "Where were you talking to Taren just now?" "He's investigating the incident from yesterday. Do you know what happened?" "No, Taren is still looking into it."

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He needs more time." "I just wanted to ask you, what is it that you do?" "At the moment, I'm just a little tired." "That's not what I'm asking, Lessan. Since you entered the guardians' room last time, you've been acting very strangely, as if you're carrying a heavy load on your shoulders that you can't share with anyone." "I believe you're imagining things." "I know you well. I hadn't asked you what was bothering you before because I didn't want to force you to speak. I wanted to wait for you to tell me, but soon I will leave, and I don't want you to continue carrying this burden alone.

What's wrong, Lessan?" "It seems you know me very well." "By assumption, yes." Alessandro fell silent for a few moments, contemplating whether to confide in his brother. "I believe it's best that I don't tell you." "If you don't want to tell me, then don't worry. Just let me know that this is the only thing that troubles me. I could sense that you're not well." Alessandro sighed. "Believe me when I say I don't know." "Ignorance is not an excuse, Lessan." Alessandro knew that Cassian would continue to insist until he revealed what was troubling him.

In the end, he decided that the best course of action was to tell his brother everything. When one is in the position of a guardian, it is the first duty of a king to speak. But in the end, he answered all of Cassian's questions. Alessandro began recounting the conversation he had with Cassiel, revealing all the sins he had kept hidden. When he finished, Cassian looked confused and somewhat frightened.

"The doors of Hades will never open in Deberian!" "I thought so myself." "It's said to be inevitable that it will happen." "But if the dark king escapes from Hades while those doors are open, it would be catastrophic for our world." "We are the only ones who can touch the doors of Hades, along with our children, so we must try to close those doors at any moment." "But how? We don't even know where those doors are." Alessandro had been trying to find them ever since the existence of the dark king was revealed, aware of the danger he posed to the world. "I don't know where to look.

I have no idea where to start." "Yes, if we ask..." "It will be clear that we are alone in this." Meanwhile, Maya met Abril in the dining room. Though they had gone out to help, they both felt equally exhausted. Abril handed her a cup of tea and said, "If you would like to try this, you'll have to leave." "I already took it, and I spent the night awake." "Is he asleep?" "He's slept, but it's as if he doesn't feel it. I still feel tired." Maya glanced at Lissana, who was munching on a piece of bread with jam, wondering what reaction Lissana would have when they finally met.

She thought she had grown a lot in these matters. "Do you want some, Aunt Maya?" "No, it still looks delicious."

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Maya turned to Abril, her brow furrowed with concern. "What do you think about after the disappointment?" "We will go for a walk through the garden and play with a mouse," Abril replied, a hint of a smile creeping onto her face. "Do you want to join us, Koda?" Maya asked. "Of course," Koda said eagerly. "Afterward, Uzziel and Lissana will be waiting for Koda," Abril continued, her tone shifting to one of seriousness. "I sent Lissana back to the fairy realm." "Yes, this time you will go with her," Maya said, her eyes widening in surprise.

"Seriously?" she added, her voice tinged with disbelief. "Yes, only you will be my presence here at sea," Abril reassured her. "Even though we both decided it's better that Lissana believes otherwise." "Even though Uzziel is also growing fast," Maya chuckled, "it's nice to see him thrive. We are with him, and that makes it easier to accept his rapid growth. But in some cases, it's different." "So I decided to go with her instead," Maya said, glancing at Lissana.

"I will stay by your side for as long as I can, until you are with her in our lives." "You'll be happy to hear that you won't be alone," Abril said softly. "Are you also thinking about coming back?" Maya asked, her voice hopeful. "Yes, even though I didn't speak very well with Cassian, I suppose we will talk later." "I hope we can return together!" Maya exclaimed. "Of course," Abril replied. "Although for Lissana, it will feel like returning home. If you grew up in the palace, I can't say the same for you.

You will leave everything behind-your kingdom, your parents, and the man you love." "It won't be easy," Maya acknowledged, "but you can count on us. We will be there for you." Maya found a mouse with Abril and Lissana, and while she was looking for it, she thought she wanted to say something important to Abril and Lissana. "While you still ask the question," she began, "could you talk to me?" "Yes," Abril replied. "And how were you?" Maya inquired. "Good." "Then why do you seem more discouraged than before?" Maya pressed. "It's nothing.

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Do you want to practice sword fighting while we talk?" Maya could sense Cassian's presence nearby, and she felt a rush of excitement. "It's good; it's been a while since we've done this," she said, leading the way to the training yard. Cassian picked up his usual sword, while Maya chose a broad sword. They began to spar, but her mind was elsewhere, preoccupied with thoughts of their return to the land of the fairies. "Have you decided when we're going?" she asked. "Bartolomeo tells me that your priest will soon say goodbye," Cassian replied.

"And how do you know that my priest will return to the land of the fairies?" Maya asked, curiosity piqued. "Your brother had to imagine that someone was the same as your father when he learned what was happening," Cassian explained. "I'm glad you're coming, that you can see Uzziel before we leave," Maya said, her heart swelling with anticipation. "Don't you want to go back?" Cassian asked. "It doesn't bother me to return. I love the land of our hearts because you are with me, because I am with my family. But I miss my priest. Even though I wasn't here, I was able to follow you a lot.

But that's inevitable," she sighed. "It's for Uzziel." "If you're talking to Aby, she'll also go to the land of the fairies with Lissana," Cassian said. After the conversation Cassian had with her brother, Maya wasn't surprised. "We should all go together as we are accustomed to the land," she said. "But for Abril, it will be difficult at first." "Of course," Cassian agreed, making an extra flourish with his sword.

"But you are too beautiful; it's impossible to distract myself while I have you in front of me." Since he was unarmed, Cassian pulled Maya into a hug, and she protested, "Don't hug me; I'm all sweaty." "It's nothing. Just as we are, we are all the same," he replied, holding her tightly. Maya let her sword drop and returned the embrace. "Are you okay?" she asked,

noticing the weariness in his eyes. "No, I don't think I am. I'm tired of it all. I wish everything would end, and we could be happy." "We all want that, but it's not always easy," Cassian said softly.

"It will be good because we are together." Those words from Cassian made Maya feel as if nothing was lost, that there was nothing to worry about. For a moment, she felt light. "That's why the casino pays attention to me too. I need you to pamper me from time to time," Cassian teased. "You have an account," Maya replied with a smile. "But it's worth it if you don't," he countered playfully. "We should go take a break," Maya suggested. Cassian tightened his grip around her waist.

"Some things will be better." "Don't say that together you're foolish; we won't do what you're thinking," Maya said, rolling her eyes. "Why not? Abril, we have time alone; this is the best time," Cassian insisted. Maya sighed, "If it's not just a mouse, it's best that we let him go at night when there's no one around, when you can take the time to appreciate me as you should." "Stop insisting like that," Cassian said, exasperated. Maya took a breath, glancing at him. Cassian saw her determination and wanted her there as the night approached.

Maya's priest arrived in the afternoon, and the day continued to unfold.

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Abril wrapped her arms around her father, a warm hug that spoke volumes. "It's good to see you, Papa," she said softly. "I wanted to see you one last time before you left," Ryan replied, his voice tinged with emotion. "Even if it's just for a moment." "If it's too difficult, I'll come with you, Daddy," Uzziel chimed in, his small voice filled with determination. "Of course, I'll make sure of it," Ryan assured him, ruffling his hair affectionately. "And take care of your grandmother for me." "Always," Uzziel promised, a proud smile on his face.

Ryan glanced at his son, who stood shyly behind his priest. "Come here, Uzziel," he called gently. Uzziel liked his uncle Barto, but he was still shy around him. He approached his grandfather hesitantly, and Ryan scooped him up into his arms. "It's so good to see you," he said, his heart swelling with pride. Meanwhile, Maya spent her last evening with her family, cherishing the moments before returning to the land of the fairies. Abril and Alessandro also savored their final days together, knowing that the next day, Alessandro would fulfill the promise he made to Lissana.

He encouraged her to control the wind, to harness the magic within her. Lissana struggled, unable to master the magic of the air. "No way, Daddy, this is too difficult," she exclaimed, frustration evident in her voice. "You just need to practice a little more, and you'll see that you can do it," Alessandro replied, his tone encouraging. "The wind is tricky and ever-changing, but once you learn to control it, you'll experience a freedom like no other." "Then I have to try harder," Lissana resolved, determination shining in her eyes. Alessandro extended his hand to help her steady herself.

"Remember, if you work hard, never stop trying, you can achieve anything you set your mind to. Never forget that." Lissana took a deep breath and attempted once more to manipulate the air. By the end of the day, she could only manage a few moments in the breeze, but her father

congratulated her on her progress, just as he always had. As the last rays of sunlight bathed the kingdom in a warm glow, Lissana felt safe in her father's arms, even as they hovered high above the ground. She gazed down at the kingdom of Cosset, her heart heavy with the thought of leaving.

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"Dad, why don't you come too?" she asked, a hint of sadness in her voice. "I can't, my love. I must stay and protect our kingdom and all the people who live in it," Alessandro replied, his expression serious. "But there are so many of them! Can't you take care of yourself?" Lissana protested. Alessandro shook his head. "I can't, because that's my duty as king. I have to stay behind, but your mother will go with you, and you won't be alone. Besides, we'll talk every day through the magic mirror." "When will we be together again?" Lissana pressed, her eyes wide with concern.

"Just imagine it," Abril interjected gently. "We have to go because there are dark forces in the kingdom that want to challenge us." "What will happen to you?" Lissana asked, worry creasing her brow. "I won't be alone. My guards will protect me, and I'll be fine," Alessandro reassured her. "You don't need to worry." Lissana hugged her father tightly, whispering, "I'll take care of you, Papa." "And I, my little one, will never forget how much I love you," he replied, his voice thick with emotion. That night, the family gathered for a final meal together, sharing laughter and stories.

Afterward, they ended up in the garden, where an emotional farewell unfolded. Maya bid goodbye to her family, and she and Uzziel were the first to cross the portal to the land of the fairies. Cassian embraced his brother tightly. "If you need me, just call," he said earnestly. "Take care of my daughter and my son," Ryan urged Cassian, his voice firm. "Look after your loved ones," Cassian replied, nodding. "I trust you'll keep them safe." Alessandro held Lissana close one last time, as if he wanted to imprint the moment in his memory.

She longed to be one of them, but she didn't kiss him goodbye; instead, she simply said, "I'm ready, Daddy." Abril joined the embrace, whispering to Alessandro, "It's time." "I'll do it," he affirmed, shaking Lissana's hand firmly before she stepped through the portal, leaving behind Alessandro and the kingdom of Cosset. As they arrived in the land of the fairies, Lissana's eyes brightened with wonder. The first thing she did was search for Tarik, but he was nowhere to be found. Instead, she encountered the guardians of the realm, who welcomed her warmly.

"Where's Tarik?" she asked, her voice filled with urgency. "Tarik is at the training camp right now, Princess. You can see him later," one of the guardians explained. "I don't want to wait! I need to apologize for not fulfilling my promises," Lissana insisted. "There's no need to worry about that," the guardian replied. "It's all in the past. Tarik doesn't need to remember it." "But I still have to apologize," Lissana insisted, her determination unwavering. She dashed off, calling for Tarik, while Abril watched her go, concern etched on her face.

"Don't worry about her," Maya said, placing a hand on Abril's shoulder. "If she grew up in this palace, she knows it well. She won't get lost." "But I can't help but worry," Abril admitted. "It's good to give her a bit of space. It's been a long time since she's seen him, and she deserves this moment," Maya reassured her.

As Lissana entered the training camp, her eyes searched for Tarik, but he was nowhere to be found. Instead, she noticed two boys around ten years old practicing with swords. Approaching them, she asked if they had seen Tarik, hoping for any news of her friend. "You still come here the same as the day you left," one of the boys remarked, a hint of familiarity in his tone. "Do I know you?" Lissana replied, puzzled. The boy's face bore a shadow of sadness.

"I suppose in the end, you forgot about me." Lissana struggled to remember who he was, the familiarity of his presence tugging at her mind, but her memories were clouded. She felt a pang of regret, unsure if she could place his name. Tarik had changed since she last saw him; four years had passed, and he had grown into someone different yet achingly familiar. She recognized him despite the distance that had grown between them. "Prince, training with the sword starts today," he announced, his voice carrying a weight of authority.

"Yes, I will join," Lissana replied, her heart racing as she realized he was the only prince in the land of the fairies. "Tarik? Is that really you?" she asked, her voice trembling with disbelief. He turned to her, a smile breaking across his face that radiated joy. "Welcome back!" "Are you truly Tarik?" she asked again, searching his eyes for the boy she once knew. Standing beside him was another girl, listening intently. Lissana recognized her as the princess of the human kingdom, a friend Tarik had chosen to be close to.

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The realization stung; she had returned to find Tarik with someone else. "You've grown so much," Lissana said, trying to mask her disappointment. "Yes, and I suppose you don't recognize me because you've grown too," Tarik replied, a teasing lilt in his voice. "I don't know. I feel like I'm still the same," she admitted, her cheeks flushing. "You don't need to apologize for the past," he said, his tone softening. "It's behind us now." "But I feel so alone," she confessed, her voice barely above a whisper.

"Yes, but that helped me understand," he replied, recalling how small Lissana had been when they last met. "It doesn't matter," she said, forcing a laugh to lighten the mood. "Who is that girl with you?" "She helps me train," Tarik explained, and Lissana felt a pang of betrayal. They had promised to learn together, and now he was doing so with someone else. "Now I'm here; you can stop training with her," Lissana said, her tone sharper than she intended. Tarik hesitated, knowing he had spent so much time training, but he didn't want to hurt her feelings.

"We can train together when I have free time, though I have more responsibilities now." "This means we won't play like we used to," Lissana said, her heart sinking. At that moment, Tarik understood the weight of his words. He had thought of their playful days as something left behind. "It's not possible like before, but I will try to play with you when I can." Just then, the girl with pink hair returned, interrupting their conversation. "Prince, if your next class is late..." "Yes, I'm coming," Tarik replied, gently ruffling her hair.

"Stay with me; there's so much I want to tell you," Lissana urged, her eyes sparkling with excitement. As Tarik prepared to leave, he felt a tug at his heart. He didn't want to abandon

his childhood friend. Lissana watched as he walked away, questioning whether he was still the Tarik she once knew. She lingered at the training camp, pondering the changes in him. "Did you see Tarik?" she asked a nearby girl. "Yes, but he looks different now," the girl replied. "Has he really changed that much?" Lissana wondered aloud.

"He's still the same at heart, but growing up changes your perspective," the girl explained. Lissana fell silent for a moment, contemplating the truth in those words. "How long will it take for me to catch up with Tarik?" "Hmm... It's complicated, princess. In five years, you'll be the same age as Tarik, and then it will be easier to understand him," the girl said. "But he said he would play with me whenever he had time," Lissana insisted, feeling a mix of hope and despair. "Now he has another friend who seems to be his age," the girl pointed out gently.

Lissana's eyes began to glisten with unshed tears as she searched the crowd for Tarik, feeling the weight of their changed friendship.

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Lissana had lost his job, but he was not very good at offering consolation and was uncertain about what to decide. Meanwhile, Abril and Maya had gone to the throne room, where important matters awaited discussion, leaving him with no one to turn to. "Princess, Tarik has always been my only friend," he recalled, feeling a sense of distance growing between them. He had not fully understood everything the priest had said about Tarik, yet somehow, he felt comforted. "Really?" he asked, his voice tinged with hope.

"Now Tarik has more responsibilities as a prince, but I'm sure he's managing well," she replied, trying to lift his spirits. "So don't be sad." In the throne room, the queen settled into her seat, adjusting herself comfortably before inquiring, "What did you want to discuss?" "Your Majesty, the war cannot be waged yet. It is as violent as any other war, wars of Hades. You know what horrors await if we unleash it. How many screams will echo from such devastation?" Abril knew better than anyone what happened when the gates of Hades were opened.

She had witnessed the darkness consume everything, leaving only despair in its wake. "It's because you're not stopping them from being opened. What do you expect this country to become? Don't you think you can halt the darkness? You are strong, but you don't know what lies behind those doors-absolute darkness and monsters that dwell in the depths of Hades. The true horrors remain trapped there, and I assure you, you won't want to face them." "How do you know what lies behind the gates of Hades?" he challenged. "Because someone saw it," she replied, her voice steady.

"How can you be sure?" he pressed. "I've lived long enough to know. I wish I didn't have to acknowledge their existence." "Have the gates of Hades opened in the past?" he asked, curiosity piqued. "Yes, but I am good in this world and in others. What lies behind those doors is destruction-killers that consume everything they touch." "Like other worlds?" he asked, intrigued. "It may surprise you to know that destruction is not the only outcome. There are those who fought fiercely against the darkness.

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Even your kind, with the power of light, could not stop the dark king-neither the fairies nor the elves could prevail." "So these guardians are not an exception?" he inquired. "If this is true, how can everyone ignore it?" he wondered aloud. "The magicians broke the barriers between worlds and fled before their realms were completely destroyed," she explained. "And the fairies and the elves?" he pressed. "The elves did not arrive as we expected.

I laughed as we were taken to another place, where eight princesses and four princes surrendered all their power, perishing to grant me the strength needed to save the times we cherish." Maya was so taken aback that she didn't know how to respond, but Cassian seemed unfazed, his intrigue palpable. "And the guardians? How did they arrive here?" he asked. The queen regarded Cassian, her expression neutral, as if waiting for a decision to be made. "The guardians come from a world beyond ours," he stated, surprising her. "Did you know them?" she asked, her curiosity piqued.

"By assumption, he was an idiot who couldn't stop flirting with me," Cassian replied, a smirk playing on his lips. "But I believe that's why you're my friend." Judging by their reactions, it was clear they were eager for answers. "I'm asking if you want to respond," Abril pressed. "Many of the races that inhabit our world have been defeated by darkness, but that was because they fought alone. If all the clans unite, we can win and save our world.

That's why I'm so eager to help us in this battle-to defeat the darkness once and for all." "Will you be our protector?" Abril asked, her voice filled with hope. The queen listened intently to Abril, recalling her own naive belief that she could save her world through sheer will. "This war affects us all. Your kingdom will not be safe if Silas and Hades are open." "You charge me with saving my kingdom, yet you expect me to save yours as well?" he countered. "Your Majesty..." he began, but she interrupted. "If that was your intention, you should understand that nothing good will come of it.

So, remove that thought." Abril had not expected to give up on seeking help from the queen, but she knew that if she continued to insist alone, it would only lead to frustration. "Thank you for your kindness, but I must go," she said, turning to leave the throne room. "Are you thinking of giving up?" Cassian asked. "No, but if I keep insisting, I'll only bore you," she replied. "Yes, the queen has little patience, especially at your age," Cassian joked, eliciting laughter from Abril and Maya. "You have a point," Abril conceded.

"Go and fetch Lissana." "Do you want us to trust you?" Maya asked, skepticism lingering in her voice. Abril was accustomed to training, and she was quick to respond. "There's no need for you to accompany me. I'll be fine. If I arrive, it's better than going with Uzziel. We'll see you later." When Abril arrived, she found Lissana speaking with Fay. As she approached, Lissana rushed into her arms. "I thought you would be with me!" she exclaimed. "I saw him, but... he's busy," Abril replied. Fay was grateful for the company and took her leave. "Thank you for keeping Lissana company," Abril said.

"You're welcome," Fay replied before departing. After Fay left, Abril turned to Lissana. "How did you meet Tarik?" "Tarik has grown a lot; he's much taller than you," Lissana said, her eyes wide with admiration. "What's going on with Tarik?" Abril asked, concern creeping into her voice. "He's the only one Fay mentioned who feels the same way. Wait..." Lissana hesitated. "I've only been here for a couple of months."

Tarik was much taller now; it was normal for things to change. But as they spent time together, everything would become familiar again-Lissana was sure of it. She believed in her mother's words, thinking that Tarik had been away for too long. Their friendship had faded, and in her innocence, she thought that simply being by his side would restore it to how it once was. Early that morning, Lissana went to find Tarik, hoping to ask him to play together. However, he was busy training with someone else. He had decided that she wasn't his friend, yet he seemed to be having a lot of fun with her.

When Lissana approached, Tarik looked surprised and asked, "Why are you up so early, Lissana? You should still be sleeping." "I woke up early to ask if we could play today. I have classes with the queen after breakfast," she replied, her beautiful smile faltering. Seeing her disappointment, Tarik felt a twinge of sadness in his heart. "What if we could do something together?" he suggested. "That sounds good to me!" Lissana's excitement returned. "Is it finished?" he asked. "Yes, let's go," Tarik extended his hand. Lissana hesitated, thinking about her brother, who was much older than her.

She remembered how he had distanced himself from her. Turning back, she saw him standing still, watching them intently. "Won't you invite her?" she asked, glancing back at the girl who had been training with Tarik. "She never speaks to me; she always ignores me," he replied. "That's sad. Food is always better with company," Lissana said. "You're right," Tarik conceded. "Can we invite her to join us?" "No, she's dealing with something difficult.

Don't worry about her; she'll be fine." Lissana turned to look at her again, but the girl had already started to walk away, and she couldn't say anything more. As they walked through the palace, Lissana felt small beside Tarik. Throughout the day, she realized he treated her like a child, cleaning up after her and helping with meals, just as he did with Uzziel. This made her annoyed, and she said, "I'm not a little girl!" "Why do you say that?" he asked, genuinely confused. "You treat me the same way you treat Uzziel," she replied, crossing her arms.

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"They always treated Uzziel like a baby," he defended. "Maybe they do, but I'm not Uzziel." For a moment, Tarik forgot that Lissana was not a child. "But you still need to be cared for like one," he said gently. "Uzziel hasn't grown up; he's still the same," she countered. "Then you should greet him," he suggested. "Tarik, I'm getting better," she insisted. He fell silent for a moment, reflecting on how things had changed. "No, Lissana, things are different now. But I will always be your protector. I want to be by your side and keep you safe. Now that I'm older, I can do that much better.

Don't you believe me?" "You don't have to protect me. I'm strong. My mother taught me to use my magic, just like my light magic, even if I haven't mastered it yet. Did you know you can even fly if you control the wind magic well? Maybe I should be the one protecting you." "Um... I'm the older one, so for now, I'll be your protector," he replied, a smile breaking through his seriousness. Lissana felt emotional at his words, imagining a day when she would be the one protecting him. After their conversation, Tarik returned to his duties, while Lissana sought out her mother in the garden.

Abril noticed her daughter's absence and asked, "Where were you, Lissana? I was worried when you woke up." "I was with Tarik," Lissana replied. "Next time, don't leave without telling me," Abril admonished gently. "Since you're together, we should go train. How does that sound?" "Yes! I want to show you what I can do. Plus, I want to get stronger to protect you," Lissana said eagerly. "Protect him?" Abril raised an eyebrow. "Who will be your protector if you're busy protecting him?" "Even so, I need to become much stronger," Lissana insisted.

"Then you must train hard and come back even stronger," Abril encouraged. Later, Lissana and Abril joined Tarik and Uzziel. As they approached the queen, Tarik took a moment to greet her. "Greetings, Your Majesty, the human queen." The palace felt empty, devoid of the usual bustle. "You must be Prince Tarik," Abril said, recognizing him. "Forgive me for not introducing myself properly," he replied. "Thank you for taking care of my daughter and being there for her when she needed you.

I appreciate you dedicating your time to her, even when it might be difficult." "She is precious to me; it's no bother to spend time with her," Tarik said sincerely. "It makes me happy to hear that you think so, despite the age difference between you," Abril responded. "While our ages may differ, our bond remains unchanged. I will always be her companion in games, not just her accomplice. I may not be able to be by her side as I once was, but I will always be her dear friend and will be there for her when she needs me," he promised. As Tarik spoke, an idea crossed his mind.

"Abril, you will be the queen of the fairies, won't you?" "Only if I can leave my throne and cede it to the kingdom of the fairies," she replied playfully. "Not if you decide to imprison yourself," he joked. "But I must prepare for the throne." "Tarik, if you ever need my help, would you call on me?" Abril asked. "Of course, I wouldn't hesitate," he assured her. "I'm glad to hear that," she said, smiling. "Now, let's reunite with the fairy queen."