

Forgotten Wife : Let the Traitors Kneel Down Novel

Chapter 341

"Yes, my next class is with her," Abril said. "Then I won't be late, but I hope to see you again," Tarik replied, ready to leave. Meanwhile, Abril felt a pang of guilt at the thought of using Tarik, but if she could convince him to reign, it would be their last option. She needed to create an alliance with them. When Tarik was present, he commanded attention, and she knew he could be a powerful ally. "It's late," he remarked. "It was entertaining talking to the human kingdom," she admitted. "You wouldn't want to get too close to that woman, Tarik." "Why not?"

She's the queen, and I don't believe her to be a bad person." "But I don't want you to think well of her." "Is that what you're referring to?" "You don't need to know; just try to keep your distance from her." Abril began to speak again, but Tarik interrupted her. "Class will be something different," he said, glancing behind a shelf. They descended a spiral staircase into darkness, but as the torches flickered to life, the walls illuminated, only to fade as they moved away.

The place seemed brilliant to Tarik, and he wished to show it to Lissana, even though he doubted the queen would allow it. When they reached the end of the corridor, they paused before entering a vast room with a dome that appeared to be filled with stars, with a long moon hanging in the center. "Why are we here?" Tarik asked, curiosity piqued. "There's something I want to show you, something you can't see," she replied. Tarik's interest grew. "What is it?" The queen raised her fingers, and the lights that resembled stars on the dome descended, floating around her and illuminating the space.

Tarik wondered what it was that she wanted to show him that he couldn't see. The lights gathered close to the queen as she extended her hand to Tarik, inviting him to come closer. They surrounded him, and he felt a warm sensation. "It's beautiful. What is it?" he asked, captivated. "They are spirits," she answered. Tarik stepped back, startled. "Don't be scared; they won't hurt you. These spirits lend you their power, in your weakness and in your strength." She extended her palm, and a small, shining light hovered above it.

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With her other hand, she gestured as if to crush it, and the light illuminated her body, shining intensely for a moment. Tarik had to close his eyes as the brilliance overwhelmed him. When he opened his eyes again, her body glowed softly. "Now try it, Tarik." Tarik reached out, and one of the spirits settled on his hand, then another on top of it, covering it gently. "You need to do it with a little more strength," she encouraged. The power of the spirits surged through him, and a bright light enveloped his entire body. Tarik felt a rush of energy, as if he had been electrified.

"That was incredible," he exclaimed. "These spirits lend you their power, filling you with strength. Remember, they sacrificed themselves so you could grow stronger. That's why you can only call upon them when necessary, when you find yourself without strength and need to protect your kingdom." "Understood," he replied, still buzzing with energy. "I'm hungry." "We can use these spirits to save our kingdom. That's why I wanted to show you. If you ever find yourself in a dire situation, come here and ask for their guidance.

They will show you what you need to do." She raised her hand to the top of her crown. "Remember, this is our secret. You cannot tell anyone about this place, not even your priest." Tarik nodded vigorously. "I won't say a word." "There's nothing more to do here. We should return; we'll be late for class." Only one day had passed since Abril and Lissana had gone to the land of the fairies, but Alessandro felt the weight of solitude pressing down on him. When Abril left with Lissana, he had always felt their shared suffering made things easier, but this time it was different.

"Just touch it," Gabriel said as he entered Alessandro's office. "It's late; you should go and rest," he added. "I prefer to stay here and work," Alessandro replied stubbornly. "I understand you need to focus on your health, but you should rest. You'll end up collapsing." "You're always worried about my energy, and now you complain because I'm working?" Alessandro shot back. "That's why you collapse. I'll have to take charge of all the work while Prince Cassian is gone," Gabriel said, frustration creeping into his voice. Alessandro sighed. Perhaps he had to accept that he was falling apart.

"Don't worry; you'll find your way. You'll never stop returning, will you?" Gabriel asked. "No," Alessandro replied, his voice heavy with resignation. "I hope you find something this time. No sightings of the monster?" "No." "Has anyone seen it?" Gabriel pressed. "No. There's so much calm that it's more frightening than the monster itself," Alessandro admitted. "You should stop thinking about that; worrying does no good." Alessandro turned to his daughter, letting out a long sigh. "I suppose you don't..." "After reviewing the documents about it," Gabriel said, interrupting.

"I'll retreat to rest. His Majesty should do the same," he added before leaving. Once Gabriel crossed the threshold and the door closed behind him, Alessandro felt the oppressive silence of the room. He lived in solitude, and the emptiness of the bed beside him only deepened his loneliness. He lay back on the bed, running his hand over the spot where Abril used to sleep. "You've just gone away. Whenever you leave, you leave me alone. Your absence echoes in my life and in my heart.

I hope to see you again, my beloved." He opened his mind to communicate with Abril and Lissana, reflecting on their faces in the mirror. "Aby," he called softly. "Hello, Lessan. How are things there?" Abril replied. "Everything remains the same. There's nothing new. And you?" "I'm fine," she said. Lissana chimed in, "I'm good too, Dad. Today I practiced with Mom, and I can stay a little longer."

Daddy?" "Ready, my little one." Abril knew everything for them; if only they were in a place where time flowed differently. They continued talking, even though it was Lissana who captured all of her attention. When communication between Alessandro and Lissana broke down, he found himself staring into a large mirror that reflected the moonlight.

That night, the sun would sleep for a few hours, and nightmares would fill his dreams, reminding him of the past. Alessandro woke up in a cold sweat, rising from the bed. He washed his face, feeling suffocated in that room, and stepped out into the garden. He arrived at the tree, hoping to find the portal open. He approached the trunk, willing it to reveal a way to the fairies and his family. But nothing happened; the portal remained closed. In the end, he decided to retreat to his workshop and continue working.

The next day, Gabriel arrived very early to see the king, who was still laboring over his tasks. "Haven't you gone to sleep?" Gabriel asked. "I tried, but I couldn't. Finally, I decided it was best to return," Alessandro replied, his voice heavy with fatigue. "When I don't have Aby around, when I don't have Lissana, the nightmares return." "This is the second night that you haven't slept. You should ask the doctor to prepare a sleeping potion." "I don't want to; those medicines upset me," Alessandro protested. "Princess Kiara is in the palace.

You should ask her for help." "Fine, I'll do that," he conceded reluctantly. Gabriel pressed on. "What will you do if you ask for it tonight and can't sleep?" "It's fine. If that's the case and His Majesty doesn't want to follow through..." Alessandro continued working throughout the day, evading his solitude with the tasks at hand. He lost track of time, and when he finally looked up, it seemed the night would never end. Gabriel decided to seek out Kiara. He knocked on her door and asked to enter. "By all means, come in," she replied. After a quick glance at him, Kiara frowned.

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"You look terrible." "Gabriel says he's fine," she added, glancing at the young man beside her. "You're not fine. You asked me for help before you collapse. You must rest." "When I don't sleep, I always feel tired. I'd rather not go several days without rest. I'll be fine." "When you don't rest properly, your mind becomes cloudy. You can't think straight or act well. As a king, you can't afford to have a foggy mind. Everything in the kingdom depends on you and the decisions you make." "I know that already," Alessandro said, his tone weary. "I'll help you sleep.

You won't have nightmares tonight, so you can return to your home." "That room suffocates me," he admitted, sinking back onto the sofa. "Then sleep here," Kiara suggested gently. "If that is what you want..." Kiara approached him, placing a finger to her lips. "They're good. Just relax, and maybe they'll leave you in peace." "I hope so," he murmured. "Now, sleep," she urged. Immediately, Alessandro closed his eyes and fell into a deep slumber. When Kiara stepped out of the room, Gabriel asked her, "Is His Majesty sleeping?" "Yes, just go to your room as soon as possible," she replied.

"I don't know how you feel, but a king shouldn't be influenced by his emotions. He carries the weight of the entire kingdom on his shoulders. His wife and daughter are well; there's no reason for him to fall apart." "It's difficult for His Majesty to let go of his daughter, but he must

remember that the reign is supported by him. Now it's time to stand strong. He can't be alone with his nightmares; he needs to rest." "Why does he have nightmares?" Gabriel inquired. "They began when his brothers killed each other and King Venobich during the war. He always blames himself for it.

He only began to sleep well when he was beside the queen. When the kingdom was free of problems, he could rest, but now that he's alone, the nightmares have returned." "I can help him sleep with my magic. Tonight, in the tent, he will sleep well, so don't worry about him resting." When Gabriel arrived at the workshop and saw the relaxed expression on the king's face, he asked, "Are you feeling better?" "Yes, thanks to your help with the nightmares," Alessandro replied. "I will ask Kiara for advice. She said something important: a king can't have a cloudy mind.

She's absolutely right." "She told me the same. I can't let my family down; I must remain firm and alert for any attack." "I believe you'll sleep well if you center yourself," Gabriel encouraged. Alessandro handed Gabriel a few letters. "I want you to send these." Gabriel read the letters and saw that they were all requests for assistance from other kingdoms. "What are these letters for?" he asked. "I hope to gather support from other kingdoms.

I want to celebrate a meeting to see who is willing to fight in this war and provide their support." The months passed quickly in the land of last years. Lissana grew day by day, but Tarik came, little by little, barely aware of the dangers that surrounded them.

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Lissana had just turned seven when Tarik began to spend more time away from her. At first, she complained, asking him to stay, but his response was always the same. "Lissana, I'm busy with my studies." As time passed, Lissana started to realize that the age difference was creating a rift between them. They often found themselves without common topics to discuss. She would speak, and he would listen, but he rarely shared anything in return. By the time Lissana reached nine, she felt a deep ache in her heart.

It hurt to see Tarik drifting away, spending time with other fairies-beautiful, flirtatious fairies-while she felt left behind. One day, Tarik took Lissana to see the ancient tree in the glade, its blue leaves a sign of winter. "Tarik, is that what friends are for?" she asked, her voice tinged with hope. "I suppose so, Lissana. You are my precious friend," he replied, a hint of uncertainty in his tone. "Is it really like that?" she pressed. "Of course." "You're a liar," she shot back, crossing her arms. "We're not lying, Lissana." "Then why don't you treat me like your precious friend?

Since you returned from the king, you haven't been the same." "When people grow, they also change, Lissana." She looked up at him, noticing how much taller he had become. His shoulders were broader, and even his voice had shifted. "You've changed so much that when I see you, I hardly recognize you anymore. I haven't seen my friend in ages." "Does that mean you no longer want me as your friend?" he asked, a hint of concern in his voice. "Yes, but I want you to be the same Tarik I know.

The Tarik who always has time for me." "You're upset because I don't have enough time to spend with you?" "I'm upset because you say I'm your precious friend, yet you treat me like I don't matter anymore." Tarik ran a hand through his hair, a gesture that revealed his frustration. "Don't be upset. I'll try to spend more time with you." "Is that a promise?" she asked, her eyes wide with hope. His promises held weight, but he also had a lot on his shoulders. Just then, a voice interrupted them. "Prince, the queen has requested to see you." "Lissana, I'll see you later.

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I have to go now," he said, turning away. "You must always be strong," Lissana whispered as he walked away. She turned back to the ancient tree, wishing that one day her relationship with Tarik would return to what it once was. Later, Lissana found her mother, who had just finished preparing lunch. As she took her seat at the table, she asked, "Why are you upset?" "I'm not upset," Abril replied, arching an eyebrow. "Don't tell me you are." "Well, I am upset with Tarik." "Why are you angry with him? Did he do something to you?" "No, it's just... Tarik isn't the same anymore.

He's always busy with other fairies, and I feel like I've lost him." Tarik was entering adolescence, and it was natural for him to be interested in other girls who adored him. But for Lissana, that was a difficult reality to accept. "He didn't abandon you when he was your age," Abril reminded her gently. "But we promised we would always be together." "That's a difficult promise to keep, Lissana. We're all dreaming. Someday, we might return to being human." "But... don't you want to go back home? Don't you want to see Papa again?" "Of course I do.

I miss him so much." "And he misses us just as much. No matter how beautiful this place is, it's not our home. We must return. Your father is waiting for us, and you can't rely on friends to fill the void when you're apart." Lissana finished her meal, her thoughts lingering on Tarik even as she contemplated returning to her kingdom. From that day forward, she stopped insisting that he dedicate more time to his magic, knowing he had improved over the years. New allies were on the horizon. Invitations to other kingdoms had been sent out, and responses began to arrive.

Everyone agreed to meet in the kingdom of Cosset, where the atmosphere was charged with anticipation. A week before the gathering, the kingdom of Battet arrived. Prince Calum and his sister Sefora, accompanied by several servants laden with gifts, made a grand entrance. "Prince Calum Donvert of the kingdom of Battet salutes His Majesty King Alessandro Veriatte of Cosset," the young man announced, his elegant demeanor captivating. "Sefora Donvert, princess of Battet, salutes His Majesty King Alessandro of Cosset," she added, her voice melodic. "Welcome to my kingdom.

Thank you for answering my call," Alessandro replied, his tone warm and inviting. "We always wish to be closer to the kingdom of Cosset. I couldn't pass up this opportunity," Calum said, glancing around. "Where is the queen? I haven't seen her," he inquired, looking for Abril. "My wife is not in the kingdom at the moment, so you won't be able to see her," Alessandro explained. "What a shame," Calum said, disappointment evident in his voice. Alessandro decided to inform Gabriel so he could make an appearance, hoping to lift the spirits of their guests.

The day was long, and they would need rest before the festivities began.

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New Allies "Thank you for your kindness, Your Majesty," Sefora said, leaning closer to Alessandro, casting flirtatious glances his way. "I appreciate your kindness as well, Gabriel," he replied, his tone formal. "Follow me, and I will take you to your rooms," Gabriel instructed, leading the way. Sefora glanced back repeatedly, trying to capture Alessandro's attention, but he remained focused on Mirarla. As they walked through the corridors, Sefora asked, "Does the king have concubines?" "No, Princess. In this kingdom, we are quite conservative about such matters.

He has only one wife, and I doubt he will take another," Gabriel explained. Sefora smiled, but it did little to quell her hopes. "A king should not have just one wife. Monogamy is for commoners and nobles, not for royalty. The kingdom of Ba should have many wives and many children," she asserted, her tone bold. Gabriel understood her perspective but chose not to engage in a debate. After escorting them to their quarters, he went to find the king, who was busy working in his workshop. "Your Majesty, I've welcomed the guests to their rooms," Gabriel announced.

"Thank you," Alessandro replied, still focused on his tasks. "It seems to me that the kingdom of Batt is sending one of its princesses to be your concubine," Gabriel suggested cautiously. "I cannot make such a decision while the queen is away. Now, Princess Sefora will see this as an opportunity to get closer to you," Alessandro said, his voice tinged with annoyance. "If you had said that Abril was indisposed, they would think she is weak and in need of replacement. I would rather express how much I love my wife and that I will never take another," he declared firmly.

Gabriel nodded, "It wouldn't surprise me if the kingdom of Batt tried to negotiate a commitment." Alessandro pondered this. They were not the only kingdom facing threats; if war broke out, no realm would be safe. "Let's hope they come without asking for unnecessary things," he said. The next day, Sefora began seeking out Alessandro, attempting to make their encounters seem coincidental. Each time, he politely declined, citing his busy schedule. Days later, emissaries from the kingdom of Xurt arrived, bringing several chests filled with jewelry.

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A beautiful young woman with dark skin, tall stature, brown hair, and gray eyes performed an elegant bow before Alessandro. "I am Elisha Lombart, hereditary princess of the kingdom of Xurt, here to present myself to King Alessandro Veriatte," she announced. "It is a pleasure to have the princess of Xurt in my palace. Thank you for the assistance you provided," Alessandro replied graciously. "I have heard many things about the kingdom of Cosset and came to verify their truth," Elisha stated. "What have you heard about my kingdom?" he asked, curiosity piqued.

"I heard that there are monsters attacking Cosset. Is that true?" she inquired. "It is true that I summoned you here. At the meeting, we will discuss all of this," he assured her. "Your

Majesty, please allow my interests to be known. I await your insights eagerly," she said, her eyes bright with anticipation. "I hope to satisfy your curiosity about my kingdom as soon as possible," he promised. "I too am eager, as I have traveled a long way to arrive here," Elisha replied.

Alessandro turned to Gabriel, "If it is a long journey to get here, we should ensure they are comfortable." "Thank you, Your Majesty," Gabriel said, surprised to see that the emissaries from Xurt included Elisha. He felt a sense of relief that she would be present at the meeting with the kingdom's best warriors. Once they were heading to their rooms, Elisha asked, "Where is the queen? I've heard she possesses great power." "She is not in the palace at the moment. I don't think she will be available for you to meet," Alessandro replied. "That's a shame.

I wanted to meet her," Elisha said, disappointment evident in her voice. Gabriel remained silent as they walked, and Elisha quickened her pace, heading south. "Is Prince Cassian still single?" she asked. "No, that was the case a few months ago," he answered. "What a shame. I would have returned with a husband. You are quite handsome," she remarked playfully. "No, Princess, I'm married. I have two children, and my wife would be embarrassed," Gabriel replied, his tone serious. "You didn't have to decide that so definitively, knowing it wasn't enough," Elisha sighed.

"If they sell other kingdoms before ours, who has arrived?" Gabriel asked, shifting the topic. "Emissaries from Batt's kingdom," she replied. "Although there seems to be nothing wrong, it's not worth the risk. I'll have to wait a little longer," Elisha said, retreating to her room. Gabriel approached the king. "How was your encounter with Princess Elisha?" "She is not interested in us, if that's what you're implying. She showed interest in Prince Cassian. When I told her he was married, she expressed disappointment," he explained. "Keep our guests monitored.

Even if they have come, I can't decide that they are allies yet," Alessandro instructed. "As you wish, Your Majesty," Gabriel replied. Alessandro was heading to his room when he encountered Princess Sefora in the corridors. He had intended to avoid her, but she spoke up, breaking the silence. "Your Majesty, I see you," she said, her voice soft. "Good evening, Sefora. It's late; I should be heading to my chambers," he replied curtly. "I couldn't sleep, so I decided to take a walk. Can't you sleep, Your Majesty?" she asked, stepping closer. "I'm busy and very tired. I will retire to rest.

Good night, Princess," he said, trying to dismiss her. "If you're tired, I can give you a massage, Your Majesty. Would you invite me to your chambers?" Sefora suggested, her tone sultry. Alessandro felt a surge of irritation. "The only woman I share my bed with is the queen. If you'll excuse me, I must withdraw." "Then I invite you to my rooms and my bed. I have no intention of cheating on my wife, and I have no interest in you," he stated firmly. "Circumstances change, and I'm sure you will soon reconsider," she replied, a hint of challenge in her voice. "I don't think so.

Good night, Princess Sefora. I wish you a pleasant evening," he said, turning away. Kiara had witnessed the scene from a distance, her heart racing as Alessandro stepped aside. "What are you doing here?" she asked, her voice barely above a whisper.

"Oe," Kiara called softly, "it's time to sleep." "Today I don't need it. You can stay alone," Alessandro replied, his tone dismissive. "Soon there will be a meeting with the princes of other kingdoms. You need to prepare." "The princesses can be a bit foolish, especially when they think they can catch their husbands with tales of fishing," Kiara remarked, a hint of amusement in her voice. "They don't know yet. That's why I've summoned them-to understand the situation and to remind everyone that we must stand united." "Even so, I believe they'll cooperate.

Their kingdoms haven't been attacked; I'm sure you can assure them that this war isn't imminent." "That's true, but I can convince them." "Don't expect too much from them," she cautioned, her brow furrowing as she watched him sink into the sofa. "Is it alright if I sleep in your bed?" "Oh, I'll sleep here," he replied with a smirk. "Unless you want to put a finger on my forehead before I sleep." "How can I help you in this war?" she asked, her voice steady. "Of course, why do you think I'm here?" he said, his arrogance surfacing.

"I think the only reason you're still here is because of Barto," she teased. "It's one of the reasons, but my mother is another. I'm so eager to return, but it's dangerous for us. You know there's no good place to fight if we want to survive." "Thank you for that," she said softly. Right now, Barto was waiting for Kiara. After putting Alessandro to sleep, she made her way to her quarters, where he stood expectantly. "Did you make it?" Barto asked, concern etched on his face. "No, how are you?" she replied, her tone lightening.

"It still looks abandoned, but at least you're taking care of yourself," he said, pulling her into a warm embrace. "You're not interested in this abandoned dog," she joked, placing a hand on his chest. "My interest is all yours," he said, his eyes sparkling. "Are you safe?" "Yes, you're the only one who captures my attention, as long as you're responsible for him," she replied, her voice teasing. Barto leaned in, capturing her lips in a deep kiss, while his brothers watched from a distance, amused. Alessandro woke early the next morning, training with his sword before heading to his workshop.

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Gabri was already waiting for him. "The representatives from the kingdom of Vania will arrive today, along with those from Sator and Elfrin," Gabri informed him. "If they arrive today, the kingdom of Laios will only fail. Do you know when they'll be here?" Alessandro asked. "Not yet, Your Majesty," Gabri replied. "Keylo is pending your arrival. Has Taren reported anything yet?" "I sent a report today, but we still haven't found anything," Gabri said, concern creeping into his voice.

"Representatives from other kingdoms will be here soon; they should get ready," Alessandro said, his tone brisk. "I'll do it now," he added, unbothered as he donned his clothes adorned with gold embroidery, fixing his hair for the meeting with Gabriel. "Can we go? The representatives from the kingdom of Vania have arrived," he said, striding into the throne room. Alessandro took his place on the throne as the representatives entered. Prince Lion bowed deeply, presenting himself formally. "Prince Lion Green, heir to the kingdom of Vania, appears before Your Majesty," he announced.

"Welcome to Cosset. I hope your stay is pleasant," Alessandro replied, his voice warm. "Thank you for your invitation. I appreciate the long journey you've undertaken," Lion said, his demeanor respectful. Alessandro gestured for him to take a seat. "Prince Jaren Farret of the kingdom of Sator wishes to present his respects before the king," came the next announcement. The last to enter was Prince Damian Galdier, a young man with sharp features, dark red hair, and keen brown eyes. Though he was the youngest among the princes, Alessandro noted a cunning intelligence lurking behind his gaze.

The kingdom of Laios was yet to arrive, and Cira stood at a distance, observing the palace. "Why don't you just enter and take what you need?" a voice asked, breaking the silence. "There are several barriers protecting the palace. I can't just walk in," Cira replied, her tone frustrated. "We'll wait for a gap in the barrier so I can retrieve what I need to strengthen myself and pursue my goal-the key to Hades. If you're patient, it'll be within reach." "Sleep on it, and ask yourself if you're ready to fulfill your ambitions," the voice suggested.

"Love doesn't give itself," Cira muttered, her thoughts heavy. Enzo was giving orders to the horsemen while he prepared to leave the palace when Hans approached him. "Everything is ready, Your Majesty," Hans reported. "Now I go," Enzo replied, his expression serious. "Keep the kingdom safe while I'm away. Protect us from any monsters that might appear. If my sister comes, don't confront her. Darkness is all she brings, and you wouldn't stand a chance against her," he warned. "Yes, Your Majesty," Hans replied, nodding. Enzo turned to leave, but Hans stopped him.

"Do you really believe Princess Cira will come?" "Not if, but I prefer to give more orders just in case," Enzo said, recalling his past with Cira. "Just out of curiosity," Hans added. "If she comes, don't try to approach her or reason with her. She's like a puppet, and we've been fighting against her kind for too long." "Understood," Hans replied, his voice firm. Enzo took a deep breath, steeling himself for what lay ahead.

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The love was not forgotten, and Hans remained silent for a few minutes. When one truly loves, even if the beloved is gone, the love felt for that person cannot be erased. Enzo had never lived there, so he couldn't understand Hans, but he was efficient, and Hans didn't want to lose him. "Even if you follow her there and don't forget her, I think she's still there," Hans said with a bitter laugh. "Because you go back to being the person you love." "Is there really no way to save her?" "From the moment she entered Hades, she died, and darkness took hold of her." Enzo began to walk away.

"Stop thinking about this, or you will drive yourself mad." As much as they said that Cira was dead, that he wasn't there, traces of her lingered in Hans's heart. He refused to accept it, clinging to the hope that she would return to her former self, that she would once again be the capricious princess of his life, the one he had fallen in love with. They didn't know that she wasn't studying; he wanted to see her happy. He left the kingdom of Cosset early in January, wanting to be away from Laios, where he could find some peace. He used several pieces of parchment to shorten his journey.

He arrived in the middle of the royal palace of Cosset, where he was received quickly, unlike other dignitaries. Enzo was a king, so he didn't bow in Alessandro's presence. "Welcome to Cosset, King Venobich," Alessandro greeted him. Enzo hated being called by his surname, feeling it referred to his title rather than him as a person.

"I prefer to be called by my name." "Very well, Enzo." "I haven't seen my busy one because I haven't been able to come to greet her." "She's not involved at the moment." "Where is she?" "She's in their land." "Odilelesiliugar can't believe she's back." "Due to different circumstances, you will have to return, but she'll be back soon." "I hope I can see her before then.

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When will the meeting be?" "In fact, we will start the meeting there, and I would like you to tell me how dangerous the monsters are and the peril that will threaten all kingdoms if we don't collaborate." "I will do what I can to convince them, for they have not been attacked yet." "I know, that's why I ask for your help." Alessandro was confused by Enzo's demeanor, sensing that he was not well. "You look unwell. I'll ask you to rest." "I used several scrolls to get here; I'm just tired." "Then I'll ask you to take care of yourself, won't you?"

You're no good to the weak and sick." "In this case, you have a point." "You should rest. I'll see you tomorrow." Gabriel led Enzo to his room. Soon after, a young man with red hair and golden eyes arrived. "Listen, you don't look well," the young man remarked. Enzo stopped staring and replied, "You look like me." "We are family; I am equal to you.

Abril's mother was my aunt, so Abril and I are cousins." "I didn't know you had more family." "Yes, I discovered it not long ago." Kiara took Enzo's hand, a shining light emanating from it, and all the anxiety and discomfort he felt faded away in an instant. "Do you also use magic?" "Yes." "How should I call you?" "Kiara." "I am the king of Laios. If you marry me, I will become part of my reign." "I'm not interested in becoming part of the human kingdom. I am the hereditary princess of my kingdom, and besides, I have a true man by my side.

I'm not interested in children." "I'm not a child." "Besides, you only want my power, just like your father, who sought the power of light." "I'm not like my father, so I'm not going back to that." "Love doesn't forget!" "Decide it. I have fulfilled what you asked of me, so you go. I hope to never hear such nonsense again." Enzo stopped looking at the door where Kiara had just exited. There could never be more than what was already there, and without a doubt, someone had been given great power to come in dark times.

After thinking for a moment, he realized that asking for marriage from a stranger had been dizzying, but he hadn't thought much about it when he said it. Enzo didn't feel tired, so he decided to take a walk to clear his mind of the preoccupations he felt about being alone. While walking, he encountered a beautiful young woman with fair skin, tall stature, and gray eyes. "I can see what you say," she remarked. "By the unusual color of your hair, as red as crimson, you must be Prince Enzo." "Now I'm king." "Indeed, the king died, and you are now the ruler.

It is discourteous not to introduce yourself, especially when there is a speech that is inferior in rank." "Elisha Lombart, hereditary princess of the kingdom of Xurt. I suppose we have

forgotten each other." When he heard her name, Enzo remembered that this young woman had been promised to him, but the commitment had been broken at some point since the entire kingdom of Xurt mourned the death of their king. "Now I remember who you are." "Bell is busy. Would you join me for a moment?"

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An enemy in common, Enzo and Elisha strolled through the moonlit garden. The beauty of the night reminded him of the first time he had seen it, even though they were both aware of the dangers lurking in the shadows. "What are you doing here?" Enzo asked, curiosity piqued. "I came to see you," Elisha replied, her voice steady. "Are you married?" "No, I'm searching for a betrothed. I thought I had someone in mind, but they arrived late." "Are you married?" she pressed. "He's not married to me," Elisha said with a hint of defiance. "Listen, your kingdom is filled with monsters," Enzo warned.

"Yes, but we've eradicated most of them," she replied, her tone serious. "Were the monsters real?" "Very real. That's why I'm here. The king is trying to avoid the inevitable-if a barrier is not erected soon, the kingdom of Laios and Cosset will be under attack by monsters, ready to unleash a war that will engulf all kingdoms. If you don't want to see your kingdom destroyed, I advise you to unite forces with Cosset." "My kingdom has great warriors; it won't be easy to bring us down," Enzo retorted. "It will be if you don't have the right weapons," she countered.

"What do you mean?" he asked, puzzled. "These monsters cannot be killed with ordinary weapons; only those blessed with light magic can defeat them." "Light magic? That doesn't exist." "It does, and only those in Cosset can wield it," she insisted. "It's hard for me to believe. Tell me more," he urged. "If you can accept the fantasy, then what I say is true. The war we face is against an enemy that is neither human nor like any army we've encountered before." "Think about this tonight and do what's best for your kingdom," Elisha said, her voice softening.

"Thank you for your honesty," Enzo replied, his mind racing. As she walked away, she called over her shoulder, "Good night, King Enzo! I enjoyed our conversation!" "I enjoyed it too. You've become even more beautiful," he said, a smile tugging at his lips. It was a shame that there was a distance between them, one that seemed insurmountable. "Yes, without a doubt, you have lost a great woman," he murmured to himself. "I did," he admitted, feeling the weight of his commitment to her.

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The next day, as he sat down for breakfast, Enzo joined the other representatives from various kingdoms, including Kiara. They gathered around a large round table, where everyone sat without distinction. Alessandro began the meeting. "I would like to thank everyone for coming. There is a very important matter we must discuss. Many of you have heard that Laios and Cosset are facing monsters." Prince Lion interjected, "Is that what you have in other kingdoms?" "Yes, Cosset is just a small part of what we will face.

Many kingdoms will fall unless we fight together against a common enemy." Prince Calui asked, "What is this enemy?" "Beloved Hades," Alessandro replied gravely. "The monsters

that attacked us emerged from a place that will unleash Hades once again. If they are allowed to roam free, it will be even worse. This darkness will consume our world if we don't unite." "This sounds like a fictional tale, Your Majesty. Why should we believe in your words and trust our armies to Cosset?" Prince Lion challenged. "The danger we face is real," Enzo interjected. "Everything King Alessandro says is clear.

The monsters born from darkness are demons from the depths of hell. I believe him when he says that conventional weapons will not defeat them. Only weapons blessed with light can kill them, and that blessing is something my sister Abril, the queen of Cosset, possesses." Enzo turned to Kiara. "This war will be total. No matter how much you wish to remain on the sidelines, you cannot. If Cosset falls, the entire world will fall with it." Though it was hard to believe, he urged them to consider his words.

"It's not just King Enzo's words; it's also Princess Kiara's." Prince Damian spoke up, "And the princess?" "I am Kiara Babette, cousin of Abril Venobich, queen of Cosset, daughter of the elf queen of the kingdom of Arkala," she declared. The princes began to laugh, dismissing her claim. "Elisha, who had a conversation with Enzo, believes every word," Enzo said, defending her. "The elves only exist in stories told to children before bed, just like fairies," Prince Lion scoffed. "Every story hides a grain of truth.

The elves have kept themselves hidden, but I don't want to decide that we don't exist," Kiara replied, her voice firm. "If you continue to think this is all a fabrication, that the danger looming over us is not real..." A heavy silence fell over the room as the princes pondered the gravity of her words. Elisha broke the stillness. "The kingdom of Xurt will unite with the kingdom of Cosset," she announced. She looked at Enzo, continuing, "And the kingdom of Laios will fight on our side against the darkness.

If someone doesn't believe it, let them listen." Elisha's words were harsh, but they resonated with the gathered princes. Prince Damian spoke next. "The kingdom of Elfrin will unite and help in this fight against the darkness." The other princes reacted, their disbelief slowly giving way to the reality of their situation. They had time to think, but they were unable to convince all the kingdoms to collaborate in this first meeting. Still, Alessandro felt a surge of hope as he saw two of his kingdoms making the decision to stand together.

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When the meeting ended, Elisha approached the king. "Your Majesty, he will believe in you and put his valuable service at your disposal." "Never forget: the first time I believe," Alessandro replied. "I hope we can come together again to discuss what is truly happening. I need to know who I will be facing." "Of course, Princess." Elisha undressed and left the room, with Enzo following closely behind. "Princess Elisha, may I have a moment?" he asked. Elisha was surrounded by guards, all women. She felt like a horseman among them.

"What did Your Majesty want to discuss?" she inquired, glancing at Enzo. "I'm glad I found you; I only need to improve myself." "Do you have time?" he asked, his tone direct. "I don't like wasting time, so why don't you tell me what you need instead of waiting for boring conversations?" "If you're someone who is direct, then I appreciate that," she replied. "In other

kingdoms, they might be shy and reserved, but in my kingdom, it's different." "I don't want to say goodbye," Elisha said softly.

"I wanted to spend a little more time with you before my sister arrives, but I suppose it bothers her, so I will withdraw." "There are only so many times I can bear to give him so many things to do. Have you thought about taking a long walk?" Enzo suggested. "Before deciding, I wanted to spend time with you." "Don't be mistaken," Elisha said, stepping closer to him. "Do you like me?" "I am a very attractive and beautiful woman," she stated confidently. "That's what you've fallen for.

I'm not naïve, despite our broken commitment." "I always liked having you around, and now that I see you again, I remember why. You are attractive, and I like it," he admitted. Elisha smiled. "And how do I look to you?" "As if something wonderful is about to happen," he replied, his gaze lingering on her. "You are a precious woman, like a rare gem." "I'm so excited that I wasn't a king, but I wasn't a prince either. I'm not on the throne, but that's how it was meant to be. However, we are not destined to walk the same path." "Is this a rejection?" Enzo asked, his expression shifting.

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"Yes, because I am looking for a husband, someone who will stand by my side. I'm not the only one who wants to take me to the grave. As long as he spends time with me, it's useless." Elisha's expression softened as she continued, "But even if it's useless, I think I want to spend some time with you. Do you still want that?" Enzo knew this was futile, but he felt drawn to her. "It's still useless," he replied, though his heart was conflicted. They walked through the garden, and after some time, they parted ways, promising to dine together soon.

After saying goodbye to Elisha, Enzo met with Alessandro. "Do you know anything about your sister Cira?" Alessandro asked. "No. After getting into the crisis, there is no turning back," Enzo replied. "The cry continues to sell," Alessandro noted. "Your priest knew a lot about it. Did he ever mention where I could find her?" Enzo asked. "No, he never mentioned it, although he didn't talk much. I never saw him; he always kept to the shadows. I could betray him or just tell you what I know about Cira." "If you remember something, don't hesitate to share," Alessandro urged.

"If I remember something, I'll tell you," Enzo promised. "Are you leaving today?" Alessandro inquired. "No, I'll be here for another day. I'll be with Mariana," Enzo replied. "Thank you for your help in the homecoming. If things in your kingdom are not well..." "Monsters still appear from time to time, but now we have weapons to fight," Enzo assured him. "I hope that when the war ends, we will find peace," Alessandro said. "This will depend on where they are located. The gates of Hades will become the battlefield," Enzo replied. "That's true," Alessandro agreed, handing Enzo a small sphere.

"This sphere is for communication. Keep it close. You will need it to direct your army." Enzo examined the sphere and asked, "Will you give one of these artifacts to Princess Elisha?" "Yes, I will meet with her after explaining everything in detail," Alessandro confirmed. "She needs good weapons to fight the monsters." "I don't have enough weapons to give her, but I'll ask Kiara to bless her arsenal, even if it means betraying her weapons to Cosset, since

she cannot leave the kingdom at this moment." "Why do you have so much interest in her?" Alessandro questioned.

"When she did, I just did it on our side, intent on mentioning again to Kiara that I want to marry her. My lover said he would kill me if I did it again." "She's already left, and of course, she won't come back. Even if there were an opportunity, I will return to Mariana in Laios." Enzo said goodbye to Alessandro and met with Elisha. They exchanged trivialities, but when the conversation ended, Enzo felt regret at the thought of saying goodbye. "It's late; we should go," he suggested. "I don't want to say goodbye," Elisha said, moving her cup.

"I wish I didn't have to say goodbye either," he replied. "Then let's go to my room. I have some delicious wine; let's share a bottle," she proposed. Enzo knew it wasn't wise to go to the quarters of a single woman, but he accepted. "It seems the guards won't say anything." "Every few days, they go to rest," Elisha said with a smile. "Isn't that dangerous?" Enzo asked, concern creeping into his voice. "What do you mean by this place?" Elisha laughed lightly. "No, it should be me who fears you.

With my beautiful appearance hidden, I am a fierce warrior capable of defeating my enemies." Elisha's expression turned serious. "So, are you sure you want to follow me?" "I believe you are a risk I am willing to take," Enzo replied, determination in his eyes. They entered Elisha's room, and after closing the door, they kissed. Enzo was surprised; he hadn't even realized she had opened the wine. As they moved together, Elisha began to untie her corset, but Enzo gently stopped her. "Are you sure?" She caressed his hands, exploring every curve.

"Never before had I been so sure of what I wanted," she affirmed. Enzo gazed into her eyes, feeling the intensity of the moment. They kissed passionately, both half-naked, when Elisha gasped, caught in the whirlwind of their desire.

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The beautiful blue eyes, which had once seemed lifeless, now sparkled with a familiar light. Cira had fallen in love with Hans, and in a moment of playful frustration, she struck his chest with gentle blows that wouldn't hurt anyone. "Idiot, you're a fool! I don't want you to die, especially not for me," she exclaimed. "I can't stop it from running like this," he replied, his cheeks flushed. "I thought I would never see you again," she whispered, her lips tightening as she moved closer.

His soft, delicious lips had been missed for far too long; it felt as if a thousand threads of desire were weaving between them. "Cira," he breathed, exhaling her name in a sigh. He took her shoulders and kissed her softly, careful not to apply too much pressure, fearing she might vanish again. He filled the air with her sweet scent, and as she closed her eyes, she leaned against him, returning every part of the kiss with fervor. "I love you, Hans. Even if I never say it, I truly love you.

You are the only one I've ever been allowed to love," she confessed, her fingers brushing through his gentle golden hair. A tear rolled down Hans's cheek, and Cira wiped it away. "You're such a crybaby, a soft-hearted fool," she teased, pressing a soft kiss to his lips. "But perhaps this is exactly what I fell in love with." She wrapped her arms around him, pulling him close as if they were

dancing. "Maybe this is the last time we see each other. Today, I want to be yours," she said, her voice trembling. Hans shook his head.

"We promised to wait." "My time is running out," she replied, her voice heavy with urgency. "These moments are precious, and I want to spend them with you. I want to live with you." "Don't hold me back, Hans. These are my last moments," she murmured, her body arching against his as she drew closer. For the first time, she spoke the truth of her heart without any reservations. "I love you so much that I want to give you all of myself," she whispered, her breath quickening as she pulled him toward the sofa, causing them both to tumble onto it.

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Cira had never surrendered herself to him out of fear-fear of losing her worth, fear of what it meant to be vulnerable. But in that moment, she let go of her inhibitions. As they fulfilled their last wish, they gave themselves completely to one another. Cira awoke in Hans's arms, feeling the rhythm of his breath and the steady beat of his heart. In that moment, she realized that she had given up everything for something far more precious than the throne or revenge. "Forgive me, Hans, for allowing myself to be by your side," she whispered, knowing the darkness would soon consume her.

It was only a matter of time before she faded away. She rose, gathering her clothes from the floor, and took the diary from her father. Leaning down, she pressed a soft kiss to Hans's lips, whispering, "Goodbye, Hans. I hope we don't meet again, for I will no longer be myself." The next day, Enzo returned to Laios. When Elisha awoke, a servant brought him a sword and a note. "Even though I couldn't say it, I give you my sword and my dagger.

These weapons are imbued with light magic; be careful with them and return them when we see each other again." - Enzo Venobich Elisha examined the sword and dagger Enzo had left him. They were magnificent weapons, and a smile spread across his face. "Take care of yourself, for I promise to return," he vowed. That day, Elisha met with Andro to discuss the terms of their collaboration over the gates of Hades. "Send the weapons so they can be blessed together," he instructed. "I will arm them and send them immediately," Andro replied. "Thank you.

Be prepared for whatever comes next," Elisha said, his tone serious. "If you're not convinced of what you're saying, why accept this alliance?" Andro questioned. "King Venobich told me you were the best, and I believe him," Elisha replied. "I've heard you were sometimes compromised. I appreciate your concern," Andro said. "Ever since you stopped me, I haven't been able to think straight," Elisha admitted. "Once again, thank you for this," he added. "Do you plan to resume your commitment?" Andro asked. "I am the hereditary princess of my kingdom. I don't think I'll leave that behind for a man.

But the memories of these days will remain in my heart," Elisha replied, her voice steady. For royalty, there was no freedom to love, no freedom to be with the one they desired. If she had married out of hatred, it would have been a different story. But Elisha loved Hans, and that made all the difference. "However, Laios does not have this freedom. We are not destined to be together," she concluded. "I don't know what else to do here. I will return to my kingdom today," she said. "I

wish you a safe journey," Andro replied. When Hans awoke, he called for Cira, but she was nowhere to be found.

He felt as if he could only breathe, having lost his beloved for the second time. If Hans couldn't work one day, he would spend the entire day worrying about Cira, wondering if she had truly vanished. He was so absorbed in his thoughts that he barely noticed when someone entered his office. "Hans!" "Your Majesty, when did you return?" "I just arrived. Are you alright?" Hans sighed deeply, contemplating the vision of Cira he had seen. He considered himself mad for believing he had truly seen her, but perhaps it was for the best. "Princess Cira is here," someone announced. "WHAT?!"

She attacked the kingdom?!"

