

# Forgotten Wife : Let the Traitors Kneel Down Novel

## Chapter 351-360

"Keep watching," Abril urged, her voice steady despite the uncertainty that gnawed at her. "No, nothing happens. She couldn't come alone for a visit." "I don't know where I'm coming from, but when we meet her again, if she has regained consciousness, she is still alive. She has not been consumed by security; it's not too late for her." "Are you completely sure of that? Maybe she pretended that someone was there, that it was her. You know how cunning humans can be.

Better to assume she is in Hades; may she remain alive is impossible." "If you don't believe me and think that everything is just a figment of my desire for her to be alive, that's fine. But I'm not lying; it was her." "Even if she is, we know we will help and protect her. I believe that what is in her is worth saving." "To start with, you will never be better off. Cira has always hated Abril for being the firstborn; she despises her miserable life. Not if Abril wants to help her." "Please, the woman I love is in danger. I beseech you, save her." He let out a long sigh, feeling pity for Hans.

He had given his heart to someone he shouldn't have; from the beginning, their relationship was destined for failure. "Get up, there's something you can do, Hans, but I can't promise you anything. Don't let this war consume you; our priority is to protect our world from darkness." "Yes, sir." Abril was encouraging Lissana to use her daggers when she noticed that Tarik had stopped to watch them. "Tarik has stopped watching. Do you want to take a moment to greet him?" "It's not necessary; he must be very busy." "At this moment, it seems he wants to talk to you." "Have you fought with Tarik?

It seems to me that you're not very close with him." "It's Tarik. He doesn't want to spend time with me; he prefers to be with his friends." "Do I say that?" "No, but that's how it feels. Each time I'm about to be with him, I think he just says it to avoid hurting my feelings." "I think you should talk to him. If you don't, you'll end up regretting it." "If you're right, I'll talk to him." "Good luck, my friend. Don't forget to follow what's in your heart.

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If you keep everything bottled up, you'll only carry the heavy weight that has settled on your heart." Lissana approached Tarik; she hadn't spoken to him in months. Tarik, having only greeted her from a distance, hadn't realized she was there. "Hello, Lissana. If you're not busy, come and help me take a walk." "Of course." As they walked through the garden, Tarik asked, "How have you been?" "Good." "Are you annoyed?" "No." "Then why are you being so cold with me? Why have you been avoiding me?" "Note that I've been avoiding you." "Your answers are short.

If you want to finish this conversation, you should speak up. Lately, you've only greeted me, and you're going to say something anyway." "Lissana, spending time with you has never felt like a waste. You are my precious friend." "Dear friend," Tarik added, his affection evident, but at that moment, sadness clouded Lissana's face.

"In time, I felt that you were my precious friend, but now it's not like that." "You don't consider me your friend, but you are my best friend." "How can I consider my best friend someone who is never here for me?" "Lissana, I—" "Why are you not more than a child while I am still being treated like one? If that's the case, you cannot continue being my best friend." A tear rolled down Lissana's cheek. Tarik gently wiped it away with his fingers, his heart aching at the sight.

"No, it breaks my heart to see your tears." "I must go; my mother is calling me." As Lissana laughed, Tarik stopped, looking as if he wanted to hold her back. He wondered if things would have been different if she hadn't left. She had appeared when he needed her most. "Why do I keep insisting on calling you dear friend? Now we only seem to know each other from afar; there's a great chasm between us that is difficult to overcome." "It's something that affects us both." "I only see what I see." Tarik cast a fierce look, the kind that could intimidate anyone.

But Lissana didn't back down; she closed the distance between them, unwavering. "Why have I hated myself since I met you? You see me with disdain. Is it because I have taken your place? From the beginning, I wanted you to hate me, so don't project your hatred onto me." She stepped back, preparing to leave, but turned to say, "You are not a child, so stop acting like one." Tarik was unsettled by her words. Perhaps they were true, and that was what annoyed him most: Lissana treated him like a child, while he felt overwhelmed, like a boy lost in a world of adults.

Tarik was ready to meet the challenges ahead, prepared to refuse the throne that the queen had offered him. He had been warned countless times about the weight he would carry if he accepted the role of king, yet he remained the successor of the Fairy Queen, determined to forge his own path. He took a long walk to the lake deep within the forest and sat at its edge. "Ready for the next fifteen years, Tarik? Is there something you want to tell me?" "Hmm... I don't think you want to hear it." Tarik felt defeated.

"What's going on, Tarik?" "I hate that I've grown up so quickly." "Is it because of Lissana?" "I believe so. I feel as though I'm becoming more distant from others every time I try to connect." "And the distance will only grow once you are officially appointed as the successor of the queen." "Lose." "You're just in time to redefine yourself, Tarik. You still have the chance to choose another path." "Even if I choose a different path, nothing will change." "To be king of the fairies is a way out; it distinguishes you from humans, who are bound to their land."

The road to Cas stretched before them, winding through the landscape. Abril could hear her father's voice echoing in her mind, reminding her of the weight of her responsibilities. "Only a few months remain until you fulfill your duty to Tarik," he had said. The thought of Tarik, distant yet beautiful in his own way, filled her with a sense of longing. She wanted to protect that land, to shield its people from harm. If he thought he hadn't influenced her decision, he

was mistaken. This kingdom and its inhabitants were precious to her, and she would do anything to safeguard them.

"I understand you," she had replied, her voice steady. "I love our home, and that's why I chose to become a soldier. I wanted to protect it." "You will not change your mind," her father insisted. "You will be king and defend our kingdom." Abril brushed a loose strand of hair from her forehead, feeling the weight of his expectations. "Papa!" "If this is your decision, I will respect it and support you always," he said, his tone softening. "But remember, it will be the sword that protects you. Don't ignore that."

Think carefully about what it means to be king." "I will do it, and I appreciate your support," she replied, her heart heavy with the burden of her choices. "What are you doing in the human kingdom?" a voice interrupted her thoughts. "Every time I travel there, I learn more about how things are. If you're going back, you'll want to bridge the distance between Lissana and yourself before you marry. Even if it takes time, we can become friends again.

It could be my birthday gift to you, if you want it, of course." They both remembered the days when they were the best of friends, their father giving them the chance to mend the rift that had grown between them. "Do you mean it seriously?" he asked, hope flickering in his eyes. "Yes." "But the queen... I doubt she will allow me to go to the human realm." "I fell in love with her, so it would be a wonderful gift for you," he said, his expression earnest. Tarik didn't seem to believe it.

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Meanwhile, Lissana was trying to catch the shimmering pieces of color that danced in the water tank at the palace, while Uzziel spoke to her from a nearby stall. Abril watched Lissana thoughtfully, and Maya turned to her. "What's going on, Abril?" Maya asked, concern etched on her face. "Sometimes I wonder if I will ever return here," Abril admitted, her voice laced with uncertainty. "You must be careful, Alessandro," Maya warned. "Yes, but I'm not alone. I've had a strange feeling lately, as if something bad is about to happen." "Do you want to go back?" Maya asked gently.

"Yes, but I don't want to leave Lissana behind." "Your heart is divided, but you're so worried about Alessandro. Could you go for a few days to check that everything is well and then return? I'll take care of Lissana while you're gone." "Thank you, Maya. I really appreciate it. I'll tell Lissana tonight. Now, I need to speak with the queen." "She continues to refuse," Maya said, shaking her head. "Yes, that woman is stubborn.

I've tried to convince her, but she always cuts the topic short." "I just hope that when your help is needed, she won't hesitate to assist." "I hope she comes to reason," Abril replied, determination in her voice. "This will be my last attempt. I'll see you later." Abril made her way to the workshop where she found the queen, surrounded by books and wooden furniture. The air was thick with the scent of parchment and ink. "Your Majesty, I would like to speak with you for a moment," Abril said, trying to keep her tone respectful. "Always with your requests, Abril.

Right now, I am busy and don't have time to waste on nonsense." "Please reconsider your stance. This is something that could affect our kingdom. We have faced darkness before, and we can do so again." The queen's eyes, lacking a specific color, locked onto Abril's. "I will not change my mind," she said coolly. Abril felt her patience wearing thin. "I will see the kingdom in a few days." "That's right.

Like this: please reconsider what I said." "If that's all you had to say, then you may leave." Abril was frustrated; she couldn't understand why the queen refused to help in the war against darkness. But she knew from experience that when the queen was in a mood like today's, it was best not to push further. As she walked through the kingdom, she encountered Fay, who stopped to greet her. "Hello, King," Fay said, her tone light. "Hello, Fay." "Are you ready to speak with the queen?" "Yes, I'm preparing to leave the kingdom of the fairies for a while.

Please take care of my daughter." "Actually, I was planning to be away for some time as well. Is there something you would like?" "What?" Abril asked, intrigued. "I could take Tarik and show him the human world, the world of Lissana." "I have no problem taking him with me, but I thought you were leaving him behind." "Now, I can ask why you want your girl to go to the human kingdom," Fay pressed. "Because I want you to make the right decision.

Don't make the mistake of choosing the wrong path." When Fay entered the king's workshop, Abril noticed her mood was less than cheerful, especially when she mentioned taking Tarik to the human realm. Still, Fay was determined to fulfill her promise. "What do you want, Fay?" Abril asked, her patience thinning. "I'm ready to enter the human kingdom, and this time I don't want to go alone. I want a companion." "Have you thought about someone?" Abril inquired. "Take me to Tarik," Fay insisted. The queen shot a sharp glance at Fay. "No." "Tarik is still there, and he must remain.

I would take him to the human world as a birthday gift, so you would allow me to officially name him as my successor." "Fay!" the queen exclaimed, her voice rising. "Besides, I believe he should see what the human world is like. I think this will help him make a better decision, don't you?" The queen hesitated, torn between her protective instincts and the knowledge that Tarik was strong enough to be a good king. "There will be more time. Tarik will have the ceremony as my successor," she finally said, her tone resolute.

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Fay stepped out of the king's workshop, her heart racing with anticipation. She needed to find Tarik. "Prepare everything, Tarik. We're leaving tomorrow," she instructed. "Has Lateina agreed?" he asked, his brow furrowed with concern. "Yes, I've spoken to her. I will decide who will accompany me to the human kingdom and who will stay behind for a while." "That sounds good, but it's late now. We should say our goodbyes," Tarik replied. "Indeed." Tarik went to find Lissana, who was nearby. She looked surprised to see him approach, her eyes widening as she nearly stumbled into the water.

But Tarik was quick to steady her. "Did I scare you?" he asked, a hint of remorse in his voice. "I'm sorry, that wasn't my intention," he added, his expression softening. "What are you doing here?" Lissana inquired, curiosity piqued. "I wanted to see you before I leave. I'm heading to the human kingdom," he said, his tone earnest. "What?" she exclaimed, her voice rising in disbelief. "When

you return, our age difference won't be a problem," Tarik assured her, flashing a beautiful smile. Lissana had endured so much during her time away; she had changed completely. He took her hand gently.

"I thought you would be certain we'd remain the same age," she murmured, a hint of sadness in her voice. "That would please me, but I don't want you to feel alone because of me," Tarik said, caressing her head tenderly. "I want to go to the human kingdom so we can return to being friends without any complications. But I know you want more than that." "It will only be for a short time. I will miss you," she replied, her voice trembling slightly. "But it's just a separation; I'll see you again." "I hope you won't forget me when you come back," he said, intertwining his fingers with hers.

"I promise I won't ignore you again," Lissana said, pulling him into a warm embrace, laughter bubbling between them. After a moment, Tarik released her and headed to say goodbye to his mother. When he entered, she enveloped him in a fierce hug. "Where have you been? My baby and my husband were gone; you could have come back sooner!" she exclaimed, worry etched on her face. "I'm not a baby, Mama," he protested. "You will always be my baby," she insisted, holding him tightly. "We will return," he assured her. "You're going to the human kingdom.

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It could be years before you come back; that's why you should have come home immediately," she said, her voice laced with concern. "Lissana asked me to come," he replied. "Are you still with her?" Naiana asked, her tone softening. "Of course, she's always my friend," he said, trying to reassure her. Naiana sighed, her heart heavy. "You know I'll always be here for you, right?" "Yes, but why do you say that now?" he questioned, sensing the weight of her words. "Because I want you to know you are precious to me.

You are my next king, and I have a reputation to uphold," she said, her voice firm yet tender. "Before being king, you were my son, my precious baby. I won't forget that," she added, her eyes glistening with emotion. Fay shot Tarik a warning glance, urging him to remain respectful. If he continued to challenge his mother, it wouldn't end well for him. "I'm sorry, Mama. I don't want to..." he began, but she interrupted. "If you have to make a decision, don't change it," she said firmly. "I'll forgive you, Mama," he replied, trying to lighten the mood.

"Fine, I'll forgive you, but I won't say it again," she said, squeezing him tightly. Naiana finally released him, and they both laughed. "I'll take care of you," she promised. "I don't understand why you want to take Tarik with you," Naiana said, her brow furrowing in concern. "Because it's necessary," Fay replied, knowing that Naiana wouldn't understand the full plan. Naiana sensed that Fay was keeping something from her but chose not to press further. "Just be careful," she warned. "Don't worry; I will," Fay assured her.

As Fay prepared to leave for the human kingdom, a wave of sadness washed over her. They had spent so much time together, and now it felt as if they were being torn apart. But she promised herself she would return. "Tarik will go to the human kingdom too. I will feel alone without you," she admitted. "I'll be back as soon as I can," he promised. "Say hello to Papa and tell him I miss

him," she added, her heart aching. "I will, and when I return, I'll be even stronger," he vowed. "You will be more powerful than me, my dear," she replied with a smile.

Meanwhile, Cira followed Liona into a dimly lit closet, wondering why Cira was so drawn to the caves. She had decided to stay there only if it meant avoiding the outside world. "Why are we here, Princess? I thought we would find something interesting," Liona asked, her curiosity piqued. "Yes, that's exactly what we will do," Cira replied, a hint of mischief in her voice. "Is anyone else here?" Liona inquired. "No, it's just us. I need some distraction, and we'll find it here," Cira said, her eyes gleaming. When they reached the end of the cave, Cira caressed three large stones with reverence.

"Here's our distraction," she announced. "Those stones will be our distraction?" Liona asked, puzzled. "No, they're not just stones; they're dragon eggs," Cira explained, excitement bubbling in her voice. "I thought they were extinct," Liona said, disbelief etched on her face. "They're not. They're hatching. This is life, and it will be a distraction for me," Cira declared. "Bring the others; I need space," she added, her tone commanding. Liona picked up one of the eggs, surprised by its weight. She wondered if they were truly eggs or just heavy stones.

She carefully retrieved them from the cellar, and as the three eggs were gathered, Cira placed them in a circle and used her fire magic. The ground began to tremble, and it wasn't long before the eggs started to crack.

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"Come in," Cira commanded, her voice sharp as she destroyed their fire and infused black magic into the dragons. They were growing quickly, becoming formidable creatures. Liona watched in surprise; these dragons had been raised under a mother's care. As they reached their destination, Cira caressed the side of one dragon, a malevolent smile spreading across her face. "Now, let's go to Cosset," she ordered, climbing atop one of the dragons and gesturing for Liona to follow. "What are you waiting for? Today, I will get what I want. We can't waste time," Cira insisted, her tone impatient.

Liona ascended onto one of the dragons, and they soared toward the royal capital of Cosset. When they arrived, their entrance was nothing short of scandalous. The city erupted into chaos, screams filling the air as the dragons attempted to break through the barrier. Alessandro had been with the dignitaries, discussing matters of state, when the commotion drew his attention. He rushed to the balcony, a smile creeping onto his face as he witnessed the dragons wreaking havoc. Alessandro leaped from the balcony, moving faster than anyone could react.

He ordered the guards to gather their cavalry and prepare to defend the city. Using his wind magic, he flew around the barrier to assess the situation. Cira was there, commanding one of the dragons, while the other was a creature he did not recognize. Ignoring the unfamiliar woman, Alessandro focused on Cira. She felt powerless, unable to attack due to the barrier that separated them. They could only watch as the dragons relentlessly assaulted the barrier, waiting for the moment it would give way.

The dragons were tenacious, striking the same spot repeatedly until they achieved their goal of breaking through. The first dragon breached the barrier, and Alessandro quickly conjured a gust of wind to prevent it from entering. Cira took advantage of the chaos, crossing the barrier to attack him while trying to contain another dragon, causing it to lose focus and stumble. Alessandro reacted just in time, dodging her blow with a swift movement. He rose, scanning the city as the dragons continued their assault, threatening to destroy everything.

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Suddenly, a dark force collided with him—it was Cira. "Where do you think you're going? I am your opponent," she taunted. "What do you want? Why are you attacking my kingdom?" Alessandro demanded, gripping his sword tightly. Cira smirked, conjuring swords from her black magic. "I expect nothing less from you, guardian." Alessandro was taken aback; how did she know he was a guardian? But such thoughts quickly vanished as he focused on the fight. Cira's strikes were swift and precise, and he struggled to counter her attacks. "I'm surprised you could withstand a direct hit.

I wonder how many blows it will take to bring you down? Perhaps your arms will break first," she taunted, her confidence evident. Alessandro refused to yield. He had faced powerful foes before and had never surrendered. He had a kingdom to protect, and he would not back down now. "You should stop asking foolish questions, for you will see none of them," he retorted, swinging his sword to create a powerful gust of wind. Cira struggled to see through the storm he conjured, and he seized the moment to thrust his sword forward.

Cira blocked his attack, and as the wind dissipated, she remarked, "You are good, but you are not as skilled as my father." "I don't need to defeat you; I just need you to leave," Alessandro replied, pressing the attack. Cira parried his blows, her movements fluid and graceful, but he felt the tension in the air. Just then, Kiara appeared, her presence a beacon amidst the chaos. "Are you waiting for that dog to show up? If she's as good as you say, I won't believe you can ignore the disaster unfolding," Cira sneered, her focus shifting momentarily.

Dragons continued to assault the city, and the knights fought valiantly, but three dragons soared overhead, complicating their defense. The tower of the magicians was not close enough to assist, and Alessandro realized the barrier would take time to hold. He attacked again, reminding Cira, "You shouldn't be distracted during a fight." Every attack she made, Cira dodged with ease, but the longer the battle stretched, the more difficult it became for Alessandro to keep pace.

She was relentless, attacking with swords rather than magic, and he sensed her intent to immobilize him rather than kill him. Cira pressed on, her strikes fierce until Alessandro was thrown back, crashing against a wall. "Just give in," she taunted, lifting her sword. "Even though you are skilled, you stand no chance against me. You're not good enough to defeat me." "I'm not weak," he shot back defiantly. Meanwhile, Kiara was in the library when she sensed a dark presence approaching the city. She rushed to the entrance, where she found Barto, his gaze fixed on the sky. "Dragons!

They were supposed to be extinct," he exclaimed, panic rising in his voice. "In ancient times, it took an army to defeat a single dragon, and now there are three attacking the city." Everyone felt

overwhelmed as the dragons wreaked havoc, especially since the king had just been overthrown by one of them. "This is not the time for despair," Barto urged. "Aim for the abdomen; it's the softest part of the dragons, the only place without scales." "I'll head there," Kiara said, determination in her voice. "You should stay back," Barto advised.

"We need to coordinate our knights and figure out how to attack the dragons."

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"I'm not someone with debt," Barto insisted, his voice firm. "I won't leave you alone." "I'm not weak, Barto. I'm a warrior. I'll be fine," Kiara replied, determination shining in her eyes. "But they are human. We won't be there if we don't help them overcome this. Come with me; I will assist the king." "Take care, Kiara," Barto said, his concern evident as she leaned in to kiss him goodbye. "Be careful, Barto. Don't let madness take hold of you." As Kiara departed, Barto felt a pang of regret.

He pulled a parchment from his pocket, its edges torn, and in an instant, he was transported to the city. To use the parchments, one needed a special ability, and he was the only one capable of wielding such magic, as everyone else in Debian had exhausted their powers fighting the monsters. He was the first to arrive, organizing the horsemen and directing them where to attack. Among the chaos, he spotted a woman who seemed to control one of the dragons. Barto was quick and strong, thanks to his heritage, and he climbed to confront her, hoping to throw her off the beast.

Liona wasn't as powerful as Cira, but she was certainly stronger than an ordinary human. She regained her footing quickly and faced him defiantly. "You are quite bold," she remarked, straightening her hair. "What do you call yourself?" "I call myself Barto. And you?" "It doesn't matter what you call me; you'll soon learn why we are attacking the capital." "I don't have anyone to order me around," he replied, his tone challenging. Liona attempted to ensnare Barto, but he evaded her kick. Furious, she declared, "That's not how you treat a lady."

I suppose I must teach you some manners." With a wave of her hand, Liona conjured a spell of darkness, launching herself into battle against Barto. Though she had never been a warrior, her attacks were fierce, and she struck with surprising speed. Barto managed to evade most of her blows, but she landed more than one hit. Liona knocked him to the ground, pinning him there. She caressed his face, a smirk playing on her lips. "You will become my slave, my beautiful servant." In a swift motion, Barto plunged a dagger into her abdomen, but she merely stared at him in shock.

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"That's not how this ends," she said, her voice steady despite the pain. She stepped back, clenching her fist, but it seemed the dagger had not harmed her as she expected. "How dare you! Do you think you can leave a scar on my body?" Liona's surprise turned to anger, and she prepared to attack again. Barto braced himself, ready to counter her next move. Liona's attacks grew stronger, as if she were finally unleashing her true power. If she had been a normal human, he would have broken her bones by now.

"I've never played a game like this before," she laughed, her eyes gleaming with excitement. "It's more fun than I imagined. Now I can finally unleash my full strength!" "You've made me feel alive again," she continued, her voice dripping with amusement. "So, I'll offer you a choice: fight me, or I'll have to kill you. I want to admire that beautiful face of yours for as long as I can." Barto prepared himself, waiting for Liona's next strike. He blocked her attack, but the force of her blow sent him crashing against a wall.

Liona scanned the area for the wizard who had created the barrier surrounding them. When she spotted him, she attempted to break free, but the barrier held firm. "Remember, you were the one punished by King Enzo," she taunted. "I thought you were finished." "You're with this person, and you're ruining my life," Liona spat, her frustration mounting. "Whoever came to me will die first," Sirius interjected, using his magic to conjure a fireball. The moment Liona broke the barrier, he unleashed his attack. "Stop!"

You're burning my clothes!" she shouted, her anger flaring as she retaliated against Sirius, creating a barrier to shield herself. But with each passing moment, her fury seemed to amplify her strength. Barto seized the opportunity to strike, landing a cut on her back. She winced as blood flowed from the wound, a stark contrast to the magic she wielded. "Normal weapons don't hurt you, but those blessed with light magic will," he warned.

"In the end, you are just a monster controlled by darkness." "You're not a man; you're treating your future nanny poorly," Kiara chimed in, appearing beside them. "Your future lover!" Liona shot back, incredulous. "Do you think I care what you say, you crazy woman?" Kiara summoned a bow and arrow of light, aiming at Liona and releasing the shot. It struck Liona, who staggered, her body chilled by the pain. "Stay away from him; he's mine!" Kiara declared fiercely. Liona, realizing the stakes, called upon one of the dragons to launch an ice attack, forcing Sirius to retreat behind his barrier.

Seizing the moment, Liona climbed onto the dragon, ready to flee. Kiara tried to reach her with more arrows, but the dragon was swift, and she was too slow. Barto felt a mix of relief and worry; while he was glad Kiara had arrived, he feared for the king's safety. "What do you need help with?" he asked Sirius, concern etched on his face. "No human could assist him." "This woman must be allied with Cira; she has to be here," Sirius replied, his expression grim. "It's not a human helping him; it's Abril. She's returning," Barto said, feeling the weight of their situation.

Wounded and weary, Barto felt Kiara's hand on his shoulder, her magic coursing through him. "We must defeat the dragons before they destroy the city completely." --- When they finally reunited, Abril, Tarik, and Fay gathered in the garden where the door to the human kingdom stood. Lissana felt an overwhelming sadness at Tarik's absence. Abril embraced her daughter tightly. "Forgive me for leaving to see your father. I promise I'll return soon." "You don't have to hold back for me," Lissana replied, her voice softening. "You've been alone for too long."

It's time for you to spend some time with him." "My dear daughter, thank you for understanding. Take care while I'm gone." "I will," Lissana promised, though her heart ached. "Don't worry about Tarik; he'll be fine," Abril reassured her, holding her close. "Take care of my little one," she said, turning to Uzziel. "I always do," Uzziel replied, wrapping her arms around Abril. "Come back

soon, Aunt Abril," Lissana urged. "I will, but don't grow too much while I'm away." "When you return, tell me how my brother is," Lissana added, her eyes bright with hope.

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Abril headed toward the portal, pausing briefly before crossing it. She hugged Lissana tightly and spoke softly. "Lissana, I want to promise you something." "What is it?" Lissana asked, her eyes wide with curiosity. "When you return, you will be well received," Abril assured her. "I will," Lissana replied, her voice steady. Fay leaned in to kiss his wife goodbye, whispering, "Take care of our baby." "I will," she promised, her voice filled with determination. Tarik listened to his mother's words, approaching her with a mix of anticipation and anxiety.

He expected her to embrace him, but to his surprise, she handed him something. It was his magic sword, a precious gift that he had thought lost. "Take this," she said, her expression serious. "It's worth more than you know. A warrior never parts from his weapon, especially not during such a crucial time." Tarik was taken aback by the significance of her gesture. He had always been taught that a warrior's weapon was an extension of themselves, and receiving it now felt like a blessing. Naiana hugged him tightly, her voice thick with emotion.

"Take care of my baby." "You too, don't overexert yourself, and don't torture your mothers," he replied, trying to lighten the mood. "I don't torture them; I just train them," Tarik said, a hint of pride in his voice. "I keep myself busy." He felt a pang of sympathy for the horsemen who had to look after their mothers while they were away. "Mama, please watch over Lissana while I'm gone." Naiana looked at him, her eyes filled with concern for her daughter. No one had much faith in Lissana, but she wanted her daughter to remain calm, no matter what happened. "I will," she promised.

After exchanging several kisses, Naiana released Tarik, and he hoped to cross paths with Abril and Fay again soon. When Abril arrived at the Osset palace, she stepped into the garden, and her heart sank. A dark power loomed over the place, and she felt a desperate urgency to understand what was happening. It was as if the very air crackled with tension, a loud noise echoing as if something was trying to break free. Her eyes, accustomed to the light, caught sight of three flying creatures in the distance.

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"What have we inherited at such a terrible time?" she thought, dread pooling in her stomach. Abril had been feeling unwell, but she never imagined the kingdom would be under attack. She spotted a figure soaring through the sky toward the monsters and realized it was Alessandro, determined to confront the threat. As he approached, a barrier seemed to rise against him, and she watched in horror as another dragon struck him down. "No!" Abril shouted, her body frozen in fear. She longed to rush out and find him, but her limbs felt heavy, as if weighed down by an unseen force.

"I need to go there!" she cried out, desperation clawing at her heart. She gripped her shoulders, willing herself to act. "Calm down and breathe," she reminded herself, trying to regain control. Tarik, sensing her distress, wanted to help. He urged her to mount a horse, and as the portal opened,

he called out to her. A white-coated steed emerged, and after Abril steadied herself, Tarik climbed onto his own mount and extended a hand to her. "Come on, I'll take you," he said, determination etched on his face. "It's too dangerous, Tarik," Fay warned, concern lacing her voice.

"I've trained to fight. I'm a warrior just like my father. You don't need to worry; we will defeat these monsters in no time," Tarik insisted. "They're not just monsters; they're dragons, fierce and deadly," Fay replied, her voice trembling. "This is Lissana's home, and I won't let it be destroyed," Abril declared, taking Tarik's hand and ignoring Fay's protests. Together, they soared into the sky. "Be careful," she felt a powerful pull from the place where Alessandro had fallen. As they descended, Abril's heart raced. She saw Cira, the enemy, poised to strike down Alessandro.

Without hesitation, she hurled one of her daggers, slicing through the air and cutting Cira's arm. Cira turned, fury igniting in her eyes as she recognized Abril. "Let go of my husband!" Abril shouted, landing gracefully beside Tarik. "It's time for you to die," Cira hissed. "Cira, don't succumb to the darkness within you. It's not too late to save yourself," Abril pleaded, her voice firm yet compassionate. "You're wrong. This body is mine now," Cira retorted, her expression twisted with rage.

"If I kill you, I'll find a way to make you suffer." Abril felt the weight of Cira's words, but she stood her ground. "Let him go!" she demanded, her heart racing as she prepared for the fight. Cira's focus shifted entirely to Abril, giving Tarik the opening he needed. With a swift kick, he sent Cira sprawling, freeing Alessandro from her grasp. Abril rushed to him, channeling her light magic to heal her hero. "You will pay for what you've done," Cira spat, her voice filled with venom. "You will be the one to pay for your insolence," Abril countered, her resolve unwavering.

As they turned, they saw the people of the city surrounded by flames, three monstrous creatures looming over them. The battle was far from over.

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Alessandro had fallen unconscious, leaving Abril to grapple with the weight of their situation. Tarik was alone, and Abril wanted to help, but she felt powerless. "Tarik, take care," she urged. "Don't worry, Sefiora Abril. I can handle this," Tarik replied, determination etched on his face. "She is not someone easy to defeat, Tarik. Retreat," Abril warned. "I'm not retreating," Tarik insisted, his voice firm. "You're a fool, naive to think you can win against me. I have defeated the king; you are nothing but a fly," Cira taunted, her eyes glinting with malice.

With that, Cira launched an attack of dark slugs, but Tarik blocked them with his sword. Despite his efforts, he could feel the strain in his arms as he fought against her relentless assault. "I have to admit, you're more annoying than I expected," Cira sneered. "Yes, we've only just begun. You can't imagine how annoying I can become," Tarik shot back, readying himself for another strike. Cira attempted to attack again, but this time, Abril felt a surge of hope as she saw Tarik hold his ground.

A triumphant smile spread across Tarik's face as a blue light shone brightly around him, and he dodged Cira's attack with surprising agility. "What did you do, brat?!" Cira shouted, frustration evident in her voice. "She's caught in a loop," Tarik explained, his confidence

growing. "She'll keep repeating the same attack until she runs out of energy." Abril felt a wave of relief wash over her as she saw Tarik was fine. She couldn't bear the thought of losing him, especially after she had promised to protect him. Alessandro lay unconscious nearby, and Abril knew she had to act.

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She approached him, her heart heavy with worry. "You must stop Cira. Let me help you," she urged. Cira let out a horrible laugh. "I don't need help," she declared, her voice dripping with disdain. Abril tightened her grip on her daggers. "Your opponent is me. That's all there is to it." "I could kill you right now, but I want you to witness the gift I'm about to give you," Cira threatened, her eyes narrowing. "What are you talking about, Cira?" Abril demanded, her resolve unshaken. "You'll find out soon enough," Cira replied, summoning one of her dragons, which grabbed Tarik by the shoulders.

"What a coward, running away!" Tarik shouted, struggling against the dragon's grip. "You've been reckless, Tarik. You scared me," Abril said, her voice laced with concern. "Don't do it again." "I'm fine. I believe I can take her on. I've never used my true power before," Tarik insisted. "In truth, you could die because you underestimated yourself. Cira broke your loop; she could have killed you," Abril warned. "I have my reasons. I can feel it," Tarik replied, determination shining in his eyes. "When a dragon falls, I need to go and help."

Can you hold your ground?" Abril asked, her voice steady. "Of course, I can fight. I'm strong," Tarik asserted. "I've seen it, and that's why I ask you to stay here. I'll be safe with you," Abril said, her heart racing. "Fine," Tarik conceded. Abril leaned down to kiss Alessandro gently, whispering, "I'll be back soon." With that, she headed toward the center of the city, where the battle raged on. As she arrived, she saw Kiara casting a barrier, slowing down Cira's attacks. Kiara was using light magic to fend off the dragon, but they were struggling against its might.

Abril searched for a high vantage point to launch her own attack. As the dragon twisted in the air, Barto seized the moment, leaping forward to stab his sword into its abdomen, bringing it crashing down. With the dragon no longer a threat, Abril joined Kiara to assist the heroes. "How is the king?" Kiara asked, concern etched on her face. "He's unconscious. I've healed his wounds, but he hasn't awakened yet," Abril replied, her voice steady despite the worry gnawing at her. "Go to him! I'll help the others," Kiara insisted.

Abril hesitated, torn between her duties as a wife and mother and her responsibilities as a queen. "No, it's my duty to help my people." "We can heal them all at once by uniting our powers. It might be risky, but it could save many lives," Kiara suggested. Abril nodded, realizing the urgency of the situation. "Let's do it. We can't let more people die." As they prepared to combine their magic, Abril felt a surge of hope. "If we succeed, the kingdom will be safe." "Are you sure you're up for this?" Kiara asked, her brow furrowed with concern.

"It's risky, but I'll manage," Abril replied, determination in her voice. "Then let's do it. Together, we can make a difference," Kiara affirmed. With a shared resolve, they began to channel their magic, a warm light enveloping the city, healing the wounded and restoring hope to their people.

"Don't scare me," Kiara pleaded, her voice trembling. Abril heard her words, and together they summoned a great light that enveloped the capital, healing everything that had been inherited in an instant. "Yes, you can," Kiara insisted, her determination shining through. "Your magic will reach everyone. Are you safe?" "Yes," Abril replied, feeling the weight of exhaustion settle over her. "But releasing that much magic... it's difficult, and it's necessary to heal those who are deeply wounded or teetering on the edge of death." Kiara nodded, her expression grave.

"I released so much magic; it wasn't easy for you. I could feel it, like a tidal wave crashing over me." "I don't think so," Abril said softly. "We've released it now. We should feel safe." "Before a mouse," Kiara added with a faint smile. "Yes, fatal." Both women sank to the ground, unable to stand any longer. "I actually believe that was enough," Kiara said, her voice barely above a whisper. "Yes, our magic reaches them all," Abril agreed, her heart heavy with worry. "I hope Alessandro is safe. It troubles me." "What do I tell you?" Kiara asked, her brow furrowing.

"I tell myself that I could perish right now, but I won't. I want to live. I want the rooster to crow again, to remind me of what I've lost." "I don't think there's time to dwell on that," Abril replied, trying to keep her spirits up. "Maybe I say that to keep boredom at bay." "I hope so," Kiara murmured. "You can get up," Abril encouraged. "No, I don't think my legs can support me," Kiara admitted. "I feel the same. Let's rest a little longer," Abril suggested. They waited to regain their strength when Barto arrived, his presence commanding attention.

"What are you doing?" he asked, concern etched on his face. "Resting," Abril replied, her voice weary. "Healing an entire city is not easy; we are exhausted." "I thought you'd want to know what happened when you woke up," Barto said, his tone softening. Abril tried to rise but found her exhaustion too great. Barto stepped forward to help her up. "Let her be, Princess," he said gently. Kiara remained on the ground, feeling abandoned. "Are you really going to leave me here?" she protested. "I'll come back for you later," Barto promised.

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"I'm your partner, and you're abandoning me?" Kiara exclaimed, her voice rising in indignation. "Fila is the queen, and she should be with her husband. He is unconscious; you can continue resting. He will return ready," Barto reassured her. Barto approached Abril with a ball of energy, still alive with magic. "Is it alright that I'm here?" he asked. "Yes, she will be busy," Abril replied, her focus shifting. As they crossed the city, Abril saw many bodies lying in the dirt, covered with blankets. They were dead. "Were there many casualties?" she asked, her heart sinking.

"Yes, but it could have been worse," Barto replied. "Thank you for everything, Barto," Abril said, gratitude filling her voice. "There is nothing that pleases a city more," he replied humbly. "You are not a horseman; you have not fought fiercely for that," Abril countered. "This kingdom is my home. I am strong, and I am half-fairy. If I didn't use my strength to help those in need, I would be useless, and I don't want that," Barto declared, his conviction evident. Abril felt a warmth in her heart at his words. "Thank you," she said sincerely.

When they arrived at the palace, Tarik approached her. "If I tell myself that I will wait for him, I think it's best to bring him to the palace instead of leaving him in the cold dirt," he said. "Don't worry about that; you did well. And your father?" Abril asked. "He was helping in the city, but there were people trapped beneath the rubble," Tarik explained. Abril thanked him when she saw him. "Welcome, Your Majesty," he added, bowing slightly. "Where is Alessandro?" Abril inquired, her heart racing. "The king is in his chambers, Your Majesty," Tarik informed her.

Abril nodded and said, "I'll see you later," before heading straight to her husband's side. She was invited to join him in the main palace, where only the royal family and their closest relatives were allowed. Gabriel wondered who was being retained but dared not ask. He simply accepted the queen's orders. "How do I serve Your Majesty now?" he asked. Abril went directly to Alessandro, who lay unconscious on the bed. He looked peaceful, but the sight filled her with dread. She sat on the edge of the bed and whispered, "Wake up soon, Lessan.

"I'm here." Exhausted, she lay back on her side, waiting for him to awaken. Moments later, Mariana stirred first, her voice filled with urgency. "Lessan, wake up!" she urged, shaking him gently. She repeated those words again and again, but he remained unresponsive. Abril, desperate, decided to use her magic, even though she hadn't fully recovered. Suddenly, Alessandro opened his eyes. "Thank God you're awake," Abril breathed, relief flooding through her. "I was so afraid you wouldn't wake up again." She leaned closer, taking his face in her hands, searching his gaze.

"Lessan, does anything hurt?" He looked confused and swatted her hands away. "What's wrong with you?" he demanded, his tone sharp. "Why do you act so informally with me?" he continued, his eyes narrowing. "Alessandro, you're scaring me. What's wrong with you?" Abril asked, her voice trembling. Alessandro touched his head, as if trying to piece together what was missing. "As if you've forgotten something important," he said, his brow furrowing. "I'm very important." "Get out of my room!" he shouted. "Don't leave me!" Abril cried, desperation creeping into her voice.

"Then you have to call the guards so they can help," he insisted, his frustration mounting. "I don't understand how you got in here!" Abril was taken aback by his outburst. She had been with him the entire time. She tried to reach for him, but he pushed her away. The guards, hearing the king's cries, rushed in. "Is there something your Majesty needs?" one of them asked. "How did I allow this woman to enter my chambers?" Alessandro demanded, glaring at Abril. The guards looked around, confused.

"What woman do you refer to, Your Majesty?" Abril felt a chill run down her spine as she met Alessandro's gaze, her heart heavy with uncertainty. "Can't you see her?" she whispered, fear creeping into her voice.

Alessandro stood there, confusion etched on his face as Abril approached him. "I'm Abril, Alessandro. Don't you recognize me?" she asked, her voice steady despite the turmoil in her heart. He shook his head, his expression a mix of disbelief and irritation. "If you didn't, you'd go to prison." "Don't insist anymore," she urged, her patience wearing thin. The guards had

fallen silent, their presence looming over the threshing floor, yet they were unable to grasp the gravity of the situation. "April, I say," she pressed, desperation creeping into her tone.

"Leave," he commanded, and the guards exited the room, leaving the two of them alone. Alessandro turned to Abril, frustration bubbling beneath the surface. "I'm asking you, Abril-do you really think I don't know who you are?" "No, I've never seen you before. What the hell is going on?" he replied, bewildered. "You don't recognize me? I'm your wife, Lessan," she insisted, her voice rising with urgency. "Wife? You've gone mad!" he exclaimed, disbelief coloring his words. Abril reached for the mark of their union, the symbol of their marriage, a tangible proof of their bond.

"This is the proof, Alessandro. The mark of matrimony that unites us." He stared at her, eyes wide. "How could I have married you? I can't remember anything!" A sharp pain pierced through his head, and he clutched it, trying to make sense of the chaos. "Why can't I remember anything?" Abril took his hands in hers, her touch gentle yet firm. "Maybe it's because you've lost your memory." "You say I've lost my memory, but I remember everyone except you," he replied, frustration lacing his words. "What?" she asked, her brow furrowing in concern.

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"I know who they are-my brother, and I remember Hades and your mother, Maya. I remember them all, except you." "Do you also remember Lissana?" Abril pressed, her heart racing. "Who is Lissana?" he asked, confusion deepening. "Lissana is our daughter," she replied, her voice breaking slightly. "Now a wife? Now a wife!" he shouted, disbelief still gripping him. "I don't recognize any of this!" Abril felt a surge of determination. She would not give up on him. "Let me use my light magic on you, Alessandro.

It doesn't matter if you've forgotten me; I need to heal you so you can recover your memories." He stepped back, shaking his head. "Even if you say that, I don't trust you. Tell Kiara she can use her magic on me. If something is wrong, she'll know how to heal it." "Do you remember Kiara?" Abril asked, her hope flickering. "Yes," he replied, his tone softening slightly. "Do you remember how you knew her?" she pressed. "The records were incomplete," he muttered, lost in thought. "I knew I had been helping her fight the monsters.

I remember that very well." "You have to fight me head-on," he said, his voice firm. Abril felt the weight of his words. She understood he was struggling, not just with his memories but with the reality of their situation. "Alessandro, this isn't about fighting. You need to understand what's happening." She touched the door to Kiara's room, her heart racing as she knocked. "Kiara, please, I need your help!" Kiara opened the door, her expression shifting from surprise to concern. "What's going on?" "Alessandro doesn't remember me," Abril said, her voice trembling.

"They spent hours in the land of the fairies, but I don't believe much has changed. The aging of elves is much slower," Kiara replied, her brow furrowing in thought. "No, that's not what I remember. It's as if we never loved each other, and we don't even remember our daughter," Abril said, her heart aching. "Why?" Kiara asked, her eyes wide with concern. "I'll go. I'll just use a little of my magic," Kiara decided, determination shining in her eyes. "It's not you I'm

worried about; it's the person behind you," Abril said, urgency in her voice. "At least let me help," Kiara insisted.

"Use my magic on your majesty." Alessandro didn't protest, but the uncertainty lingered in the air. Abril focused her energy, infusing light into him, hoping to awaken the memories that lay dormant within. "Why do you keep insisting on this? I don't remember you," he said, confusion still clouding his mind. Kiara looked at Abril, her expression a mix of concern and confusion. "Do you remember, Kiara?" "Yes, I told you that I do," Kiara replied, her voice steady. "Your sister said something had been stolen.

I believe it was the memories I had of you because you were the only one I don't remember," Alessandro said, frustration evident in his tone. As the weight of his words settled, Abril felt a flicker of hope. Perhaps, with time and magic, they could reclaim what had been lost.

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"How do we recover your memories?" Abril asked, her voice tinged with urgency. "No ifs, ands, or buts. You might be in the guardians' room, trying to find a way to recover your data," Alessandro replied, shifting uncomfortably in bed, feeling the weight of her disregard. "Maybe I won't tell you that you're not in my memories," she shot back, her tone defiant. "It must be a lie, you know. It's the mark of marriage on our left hands." "Just like you tricked me into marrying you when I was a child," he retorted, a hint of bitterness creeping into his voice.

"Have you been hot or sharp?" she asked, her brow furrowing. "Eight sharp days?" he mused. "I've been aware that I've been in the land of the fairies for four sharp days." Abril smacked Alessandro lightly on the chest. "We married when we were fifteen. You ignored me when I greeted you at the palace, and since then, we have always been together. We've faced difficult times, but we've overcome them. You love me just as much as I love you." A tear rolled down Abril's cheek. "So don't tell me you're a babe. What am I?" she demanded.

"If you lie, dare to say it." Alessandro watched her cry, his heart aching with the desire to console her. But he had to be honest. "Even if you insist that I don't say it, I don't remember you. That's the truth. I don't have a single memory of you." "Your Majesty," Cassian interjected, "in your fight with Cira, she erased your memories. I remember the blur of it all. We should have gone to the guardians' housing to ask how to recover them." "That's a good idea," Alessandro agreed. "But stop crying. What about the guardians now?" "I can't. I have more important matters to resolve.

My kingdom has been attacked, and I know that representatives from other kingdoms are involved. I can't disappear at this moment." "I will take care of the other kingdoms," Cassian said, stepping forward. "Even if you say you're my wife, I can't let you face something so important alone." "Then tell Cassian to come back. He can help," Abril urged. Abril moved to the evening table where Cassian was waiting. "What are you doing?" she asked, her voice softening. "You don't seem to have any trouble remembering me, but I do. That's why Cassian is returning," she explained.

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Cassian, having overheard Abril's words, approached. "What's going on, Abril?" "I need you to come back, Cassian. When you arrive..." she hesitated, cutting off communication abruptly. "You must recover all your memories, regardless of the fact that..." she trailed off, frustration evident in her tone. Cassian hurried back to the kingdom of Cosset, his heart racing. He had never received a request for his return when something serious was happening in the kingdom. As he crossed the threshold, he sprinted to the main palace, where he encountered Gabri.

"Where is my brother?" he asked, breathless. "He's in his workshop at the moment," Gabri replied. Cassian rushed to Alessandro's workshop. When his brother saw him enter, he embraced him tightly. "I'm glad to see you," Cassian said, relief flooding through him. Alessandro looked at his brother, searching for some semblance of normalcy. "Are you okay?" he asked, concern etched on his face. "Yes, I'm fine," Cassian replied, though he felt the weight of the situation pressing down on him. "But that woman is a headache." "What did you say?!" Alessandro exclaimed, incredulous.

"That woman is a headache. Ever since she arrived, she's been bothering me and making me dizzy. She even dared to decide that we have a wife," he said, frustration spilling over. "What's wrong with you, Lessan?" Alessandro asked, his tone sharp. "Don't give me that. I'll tell you what I see. You're married to this woman, but I'm not married to anyone," Cassian insisted. Alessandro's expression darkened. "Have you lost your mind?" "Of course not! I remember everything and everyone, except for her. I can't help but feel that she's not who she claims to be," he replied, his voice rising.

"It would be better if you talked to Abril and explained what's happening," Cassian suggested, trying to keep the peace. Before Alessandro could respond, Cassian stormed out, determined to find Abril. "Cassian, you're here!" Abril exclaimed as she descended the stairs. "What's going on? You're acting strange," he said, concern lacing his words. "Let's talk somewhere else," she urged, leading him into an empty room. "It's better if you sit," she added, her voice softening. Cassian took a seat, ready to hear what Abril had to say.

She began recounting everything that had happened, how Alessandro had been left in the dark, completely forgotten, just like Lissana. "I cannot believe that you've been forgotten and that you've been erased from his mind," Cassian said, disbelief etched on his face. "He remembers everything, but we were later erased from his memory. For him, we never existed. Before Cira left, I sensed something had been stolen. I believe Alessandro's memories were taken from us," Abril explained, her voice trembling. "There must be a way to help him remember," Cassian insisted.

"That's why I asked you to please go to the guardians' room and help him recover all his memories," Abril pleaded. "You don't have to ask. I'll help you in every way I can," Cassian promised. "We are guardians. Kiara thinks that our ancestors must have found a way for Alessandro to recover his memories. If we help him, we can also address the attack on the rivers from other kingdoms," Abril said, determination in her eyes. "Then we'll find a way for my brother to recover his memories," Cassian vowed. After speaking with Abril, Cassian made his way to the guardians' habitation.

On the path, he encountered Alessandro. "Where are you, Cassian?" Alessandro called out. "We can recover your memories," Cassian said, urgency in his voice. "Why do you believe the lies of this woman?" Alessandro shot back. "I have never had any memories of her." "I believe because I

saw it. I saw it when you loved her. I don't remember why your memories were stolen, but that doesn't mean everything you've lived will disappear," Cassian replied, locking eyes with his brother. "Why have I forgotten?" Alessandro asked, confusion clouding his features.

"Because they wanted to make you regret it by forcing you to forget," Cassian said, his voice steady as he faced his brother.