

Forgotten Wife : Let the Traitors Kneel Down Novel

Chapter 361-370

Cassian followed his path, leaving his brother behind. Alessandro believed it was true; if he truly loved that woman, he was mistaken. In her mind, many memories remained incomplete. He wondered if he was saying this to Cassian. He was confused and tried to remember more, but his head ached. There were many matters to attend to, and he had no time to distract himself. So, he decided to stop thinking about that and return to his obligations. Alessandro had already summoned the dignitaries to meet with him.

He needed the opportunity to convince them that they were going to forge an alliance against the forces of darkness. Cassian saw his mother, Soleia, smiling brightly at him. "Hello, Cassian. I'm glad to see you," she said, her voice warm. But he needed to tell her something important. "Mother, Alessandro has lost his memories." "Lost?" Soleia's expression shifted to concern. "He doesn't remember Abril or his daughter? It's as if their memories have been erased. But how can he recover them?" Soleia shook her head, deep in thought.

"You should talk to him." Soleia accompanied Cassian down the long hallway adorned with portraits. When they reached the last painting, Cassian paused. "This is the first guardian," he said, gazing at the image. "If you're there, I hope you can help him recover Lessan's memories." "I hope so too," Soleia replied before disappearing from sight. "I need to talk to you, first guardian," Cassian called out, waiting for the figure from the painting to appear. But no matter how much he called, the guardian did not come.

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Then he remembered his brother's words: the first guardian only appeared when summoned by name. "Cassiel," he said, and suddenly, the first guardian materialized before him, looking remarkably similar to Cassian himself. "I thought you would never say my name," Cassiel replied, a hint of amusement in his voice. "I never thought I would," Cassian admitted, feeling a mix of frustration and relief. "Alessandro has lost his memories. Is there a way to restore them?" "You can use the Mirror of the Soul stored in this room," Cassiel explained. "This mirror shows you what you desire most.

If your brother wishes to recover his memories, it can help." "Where is it?" Cassian asked eagerly. Cassiel gestured to a white door. "You must move it to discover what lies beyond." Cassian stepped back and found the door hidden behind a panel. He opened it to reveal a white room filled with exquisite objects-swords, armor, and other treasures. "This is like a warehouse, where I keep my most valued possessions," Cassiel said, pride evident in his voice. "So, these objects are yours?" Cassian asked, intrigued. "Yes. They are precious to me.

You must ensure they are returned after using them." Cassian nodded, understanding the weight of the task ahead. "I will return them once Lessan recovers his memories." Before leaving the room, something caught Cassian's eye—a golden spear that shimmered with an otherworldly glow. "Is this yours?" he asked, reaching for it. "Yes," Cassiel replied. "It is a weapon forged in the sky." "What do you mean?" Cassian inquired, astonished. "This weapon was given to me by my priest before I was exiled from the heavens. It is powerful, and I believe you could wield it." Cassian hesitated.

"Even if we are similar, it wouldn't be wise to lend it to me." "That weapon was meant for me alone, but you could handle it. We are identical in spirit. The guardians don't die; we merely exist beyond physical form. If you ever find yourself overwhelmed, seek me out, and I will help you." "Thank you for your offer, but I won't surrender my body," Cassian replied firmly. "It's dark between our realms, but if you fail, I am the only one who can hold it together. Don't forget that," Cassiel warned. "I won't forget," Cassian promised. When Cassian left the guardians' room, night had fallen.

He decided to wait until morning to deliver the news to Alessandro. Alessandro had faced a difficult day; he thought convincing the dignitaries would be easy. They had already gathered, but many questions lingered, and he needed more time to think. Exhausted, he longed to reach his bed and rest. But when he entered his chamber, he was surprised to find Abril sleeping peacefully. Her red hair caught his attention, a striking feature that reminded him of the Venobich family.

He dared not wake her, allowing her to sleep while he draped his clothes and sank onto the sofa, fatigue weighing heavily on him. Yet, his gaze kept drifting back to the woman who lay in his bed, stirring feelings he couldn't quite understand. "What is this I feel for you? Why do I feel this way when I don't even know you?" he wondered, sighing deeply. Abril had waited for Alessandro to return, but she had fallen asleep before he arrived. When she opened her eyes and looked to the side, she found the room empty.

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During the four long days that Alessandro had been grounded in Hadas, he often woke up alone. But that day was especially painful for Abril. Even though he was nearby, she felt an unbearable distance between them. Abril rose from her place and saw him sleeping on the sofa. She approached quietly, her heart heavy. For a moment, she imagined everything was as it used to be, and a wave of nostalgia washed over her. "Lessan," she whispered, hoping to rouse him. Alessandro opened his eyes, and upon seeing her, he asked, "What did I do?" "I'm not doing anything to you," she replied softly.

He frowned, his brow furrowing. "How was the meeting with the dignitaries?" "I have nothing to report. Of course, it has to do with me—I am the queen!" she exclaimed, her voice rising with frustration. Alessandro was taken aback by her tone. Even if he didn't remember her, she wouldn't change who she was. She had endured too much to let herself be dismissed. "Today I will meet with the dignitaries. I will convince them to help us in this fight." She opened her closet, pulled out a set of clothes, and headed to the bathroom, closing the door behind her.

"What's wrong with her?" Alessandro wondered, glancing at the closed door. He quickly changed out of his clothes and prepared to meet the dignitaries. As he stepped outside, Cassian intercepted him. "What are you doing here, Cassian?" Alessandro asked, irritation creeping into his voice. Cassian revealed a mirror, its surface shimmering with an otherworldly light. "I was told this would help you recover your memories." "A mirror?" Alessandro raised an eyebrow. "Yes," Cassian replied. "The first guardian told me it shows your deepest desires."

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You must wish to remember, and it will reveal what you have forgotten." Alessandro took the mirror from Cassian's hands, feeling its cool surface. He climbed back to his room, where he sat down, holding the mirror before him. Abril entered just then, placing her hands on his. "You must recover your memories. Do it now." Alessandro sighed, frustration evident in his voice. "I don't have time for this." "It's not an option," she insisted, her tone firm. "Do it now." Cassian watched, surprised by Abril's sudden assertiveness. He had never seen her so commanding.

"I just have to hope my memories return, right?" Alessandro said, uncertainty creeping into his voice. "Wish for the memories of our daughter and me. Those are the memories you have forgotten," Abril urged. Alessandro stared into the mirror, searching for the reflection of his past. But all he saw was a stranger looking back at him. "Try again," Cassian encouraged. Alessandro attempted once more, but only saw his own troubled expression. "It doesn't work. Can I go now?" Abril's frustration boiled over. "Don't give up! You must try harder!" "I've tried, but I see nothing."

Maybe there's nothing left to recover," he replied, his voice heavy with despair. "Don't cry," Abril said, her own frustration turning to anger. "It's infuriating to see you like this. You're an idiot for not wanting to remember." Alessandro's brow furrowed at her words. "It bothers me to see you upset, so I won't do it." For the first time, Abril shot him a glare filled with rage. "Cry! I don't think you'll shed a single tear for a while, you damn fool! You have your wife here, and yet you act like you have no one!" Cassian and Alessandro exchanged surprised glances at Abril's outburst.

"I'm leaving," Abril declared, her voice firm as she turned to the door. "I don't care if you remember me or not, but don't blame me for being your wife if you're not worth it. You need to decide." With that, she stormed out, slamming the door behind her. "She's really furious," Cassian remarked, watching her leave. "You should be worried." "I'm not scared," Alessandro replied, though a hint of doubt lingered in his voice. "Well, you should be. She's powerful, and right now, you're defenseless against her fury," Cassian warned. As Abril wandered the streets aimlessly, she encountered Gabriel.

"Good morning," he greeted her. "Good morning? It's anything but," she replied, frustration evident in her tone. "Did something happen?" he asked, concern in his eyes. "Nothing worth mentioning," she said, shaking her head. "I understand how you feel. I've been through something similar recently," Gabriel shared. "What do you mean?" Abril asked, intrigued. "My wife distanced herself from me after our second son was born. She didn't want to see us, and it hurt," he confessed. "Will she recover?" Abril inquired, her heart aching for him. "It's been a while, and she's doing better now."

It wasn't easy, but I've decided to be patient with her. The heart doesn't forget, even if the mind does," Gabriel said, offering her a reassuring smile. "Thank you for sharing that. I'll try to follow your advice," Abril replied, feeling a flicker of hope. "I need to meet with the dignitaries now. I hope you'll stay," he said, preparing to leave. "Your majesty, if you wanted to help, I would suggest you listen to my plan," Abril called after him, determined to make her voice heard.

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Of course, the dignitaries continued to refuse to join the battle. However, Abril believed they could change that. With a triumphal entry, her majesty held more extravagant power than those who gathered in the meeting rooms. She needed to demonstrate that they did not require the dignitaries; it was they who needed her. "I will convince you," she declared. Abril returned to her room and instructed the servants to prepare her. She searched her closet, finding elegant clothes, but only one dress suited the occasion-Gabriel's request for the gown gifted to her by the elven queen.

They adorned her with makeup and jewelry, preparing her for the meeting. As she walked silently through the halls, she could feel the weight of anticipation. At the meeting, Cassian had joined the others, attempting to persuade the dignitaries to unite their strengths against the encroaching darkness. Yet, they offered only excuses, seeking more time to ponder. The doors swung wide open, revealing a gathering of nobles. When Abril entered, she held her head high, leaving everyone, including Alessandro, momentarily speechless.

"I will introduce myself to those who seem not to know me," she began, her voice steady. "I am Abril, the queen of Cosset." The dignitaries bowed before her. "Welcome, your majesty," one of them replied. "I apologize for my late arrival," Abril said, her brow furrowed with concern. "I do not understand why this meeting has not yet concluded." Alessandro leaned closer, whispering in her ear, "What do you think I know?" "Help," she replied, her voice low. Prince Jaren interjected, "What does your majesty refer to?" "Soon, a war will break out against the forces of darkness.

I do not understand why this meeting is being prolonged. You must respond if you are willing to join this battle and save many kingdoms or perish alongside them." "Your words are compelling," Prince Calum said, breaking the silence. "You leave us no option but to accept and join you." "I speak only the truth. King Laios and the kingdom of Cosset are the only ones prepared to face these monsters. We know how to confront a war without quarter. If we wish to continue living in peace, we must fight, for our struggle is against beings born of darkness, creatures that seek our destruction.

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So rise, men, and let us forge an alliance to combat this darkness." Abril's words resonated with the assembly. They raised their eyes, smiles breaking across their faces. "I am glad to see reason prevailing," one of them said. The princes bowed before Abril and Alessandro, bidding farewell. Kiara smiled at Abril as she departed, followed by Cassian and Gabriel, who also made excuses to leave, leaving only Abril and Alessandro behind. "Don't do anything foolish," he warned, a hint of arrogance in his tone. "I don't like surprises." "I intimidated them," she replied with a smirk.

"But it worked, so it's the same," Alessandro said, his expression softening as he stepped closer. "Don't touch my dress," she said, her cheeks flushing. "What part of it is indecent?" he asked, his eyes narrowing. The gown had a daring side slit and a pronounced neckline. He draped his cloak over her shoulders and leaned in closer. "You are my wife; you should know that I dislike other men's eyes on you." As he spoke, he felt a surge of temptation, wanting to kiss her. He traced a finger along her lips, then grasped her chin and kissed her deeply.

It was a kiss sweet as honey, soft as silk, filled with longing. Abril pulled away, her eyes closed as she wrapped her arms around him. Alessandro responded eagerly, having longed for this moment. He lifted her effortlessly onto the table, kissing her passionately. In the silence of the room, the only sounds were their breaths mingling in the air. After a long moment, they finally parted, Abril's lips swollen from the intensity of their kiss. "Do you remember me?" he asked, his voice low. "No, but I am your wife," she replied, her strength returning as she pushed him away.

"That doesn't give you the right to do as you please. If you don't remember, don't touch me." Abril stood from the table, her heart racing as she opened the door. "Until you remember me," she said, pausing before crossing the threshold. "If you want to enjoy your married life, work on recovering your memories," she added, her voice firm. Once alone, Alessandro felt the weight of her absence. He didn't remember her, yet he could still feel the lingering softness of her lips. "She truly does what she wants," he muttered to himself, realizing how much he admired her strength.

Abril felt uncomfortable in the dress she wore, recalling her encounter with Tarik. She had almost forgotten about him. "Tarik, are you well?" she asked, concern creeping into her voice. "Yes, I'm fine," he replied. "You chose a poor time to visit the human realm. You should return to the kingdom." "I won't go back," he insisted. "This is dangerous," she warned. "I spoke with my father as well. I cannot return." "What's wrong, Tarik? Why do you want to stay?" "I can't go back. Don't ask me to," he pleaded. "I won't if you tell me the reason." "I want to bridge the gap between Lissana and me.

I want her to stop being older than me. I want us to be friends again. If we go back now, this distance will only grow." "But this is not a safe place for you." "If you take care of me, you've seen it. Please don't force me to return. Let me stay a little longer."

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What are you? Until you remember me. Tarik felt determined, and Abril knew she couldn't convince him, so she stopped insisting he return. "It's fine, but you must promise me it won't be dangerous. If you see another attack, you will come back to the kingdom." "I promise," he replied. Cassian resumed his role as guardian just as Soleia appeared. "What's going on with Cassian?" she asked. "I must speak with the First Guardian," he replied, his expression serious. "I believe I was unable to help my brother." Cassian showed his spirit to his mother.

"This mirror should have revealed your records, but-" "No, I want to know how it works," she interrupted. "Good luck, then. I hope you can help Alessandro." "I hope so too." Cassian was about to deal with the First Guardian when he asked, "What's going on? The mirror doesn't

work. Tell me why." "I don't know," Cassian replied, showing no surprise. "But you said that-" "I said I would recover them, but if you don't have them, it's impossible to remember." "What do you want to decide?" "Sometimes I saw them-the bearers of darkness with great power.

They could steal the records." "How do you recover them?" "There is no way. When they are stolen, they get lost in the darkness; they never return." "Are you safe?" "I haven't seen you, so I can't be sure." "How can I know if your records were taken?" "This is the only way I can see you. Even though Sean is part of my descendants, I don't have my power. If you want to know how to deal with your brother's memories, you will have to let me leave this room. Give me your body, but don't look at that face.

I'll look back to see what's going on with their memories." Cassian didn't even consider the question. "What's going on? Do not trust-" "My wife is half-fairy. Even marrying her, the bond of marriage unites our hearts. Whatever happens to me affects her; my life and hers are connected. I don't want to do it." "Half-fairy? I never thought that would allow them to join." "The fairy queen showed great contempt for humans, even blaming them for what they did to her people." "Are you aware of the queen?" "Of course. We were intimate together.

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You don't have to worry about your body or your wife." "Are you safe?" "Yes, there is nothing to regret about your body if it is lost. You would be the one to feel the pain if your conscience were asleep, so don't worry about that. Neither you nor your wife will suffer." "Fine. I'll lend you my body, but you must return quickly." "Don't worry. I will come back swiftly. Just see how it is when you return; it will be as if you took a nap." "What should I do?" "You just have to decide, Cassian. My body is now your body." "Is that all?" "Yes, in a way.

I don't give you permission." Cassian heard what Cassian did, and at that moment, he felt a cloudiness envelop him, his eyes closing as if he were overwhelmed by sleep. As his eyes shut completely, Cassiel took control of his body. At that moment, Soleia appeared before him. "What do you think you're doing, Prime Guardian?" "I can help you, but only if you never recover his memories. Do you want that?" "I swear to my children that you won't deceive me." "You don't have to worry about me. Just leave a very spiritual moment and return." Soleia said this and then disappeared.

Cassiel left the room, searching for the exit. Until you remember me. When he arrived at the place, he took a deep breath, relishing the feeling he hadn't experienced in a long time. "Without a doubt, being alive is the best." After drinking angel blood, Cira felt as if she were writhing in pain. It was as if the blood fought against the darkness within her. Liona approached her. "Princess, are you happy?" "Leave me alone," Cira snapped. Liona stepped back, sensing the turmoil within her.

Cira had been screaming with deceit for days, and now the question was whether she could survive the angel's essence. As she gazed into the distance, a wave of pain washed over her. She wondered what would happen if the princess died-what would be her future? She had lost everything because of Abril; she had no home, no family. Her hatred for Abril grew, and she began to devise ways to destroy her, wanting her to suffer as she had. "Is that who you

are?" When the night fell, Alessandro returned to his room. Abril stood on the balcony, gazing into the distance.

He approached her and asked, "What are you doing?" "I thought I wouldn't see you," she replied. "This is my room. Why wouldn't I be here?" Abril sighed heavily. "Because it bothers me to have a beautiful woman waiting for me in my room." Abril cast him a glance. "I suppose anyone would." Alessandro stopped her, grabbing her arm. "It wasn't what I meant, and that's what I wanted to clarify. Don't get bored with the fact that I don't remember, but if I do remember you-" "I feel it. That's right. No excuses if you don't truly know him." "I'm not apologizing just for that reason.

I do it because I genuinely feel bad for you. Even though I don't remember you, for some reason, I want to protect you." "For real?" Abril asked, her shoulders rising in surprise.

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Alessandro found himself captivated by Abril's beautiful eyes. Memories of their past had faded, but feelings lingered. Did she still feel anything for him? Did she love him? He felt a surge of emotion as he drew her close, his body reacting before his mind could catch up. "Let me go," she whispered, her voice trembling. "I don't know what I feel for you. I can't remember, but I don't want you to leave." He searched her gaze, hoping to find sincerity in her words. They say the eyes are the windows to the soul, and in her green depths, he glimpsed something he hadn't even known existed.

"I won't go to anyone else!" she insisted, her voice firm. "Then why are you apologizing?" he asked, confusion clouding his thoughts. "Because you've forgotten," she replied softly. "If you truly feel it, remember," he urged. "I don't know how to do that, but I intend to try," she said, determination shining in her eyes. Alessandro stopped looking at her, lost in thought after their kiss. He longed to feel her lips against his again, but she raised her hand to stop him. "No, let me speak first. If you want to enjoy this again, you need to recover your memories." "Yes, you love me.

Why are you refusing?" he pressed. "I love you without a doubt, but you're letting go of the joy we could share. When you love me as I love you, I'll come back to you. Until then, you're living like a eunuch," she replied, her tone a mix of frustration and affection. "Are you serious?" he asked, disbelief etched on his face. "Very serious," she confirmed. "But after we have children, as kings, our duty is to have an heir." "And we do have an heir: Ana is the hereditary princess," he reminded her. "But I don't want to have more children." "Why not?" she challenged.

"Just don't push," he replied, his voice weary. Abril went to bed, leaving the conversation hanging in the air. Alessandro watched her for a moment, wondering why she had to be so stubborn. She remained quiet, knowing that he would be unable to bear the thought of losing another child. The pain of separation from Lissana was still fresh, and she didn't want to endure it again. The next day, Abril woke to a gentle knock on her door. "Can I come in?" Cassian asked. "Just a moment," she called back, moving slightly to reveal Alessandro, who had fallen asleep on the sofa. "Wake up!

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Cassian is here. I think he wants to talk to us," she said, nudging him gently. Alessandro stirred, wrapping his arms around her waist, still half-asleep. She playfully tapped his back. "Wake up, Alessandro." He released her and turned to Cassian, his expression groggy. "I didn't sleep well last night. The sofa isn't very comfortable." "Why couldn't you sleep?" Cassian asked. "Let's just say I had a duel with my thoughts," Alessandro replied, rubbing his face. "Then you should sleep in bed from now on," Cassian suggested.

"Didn't you say I should live like a eunuch?" Alessandro shot back, a teasing glint in his eye. "You'll only sleep in the fall," Cassian retorted, a smirk on his face. Alessandro wiped the sleep from his eyes and approached Abril. "Even if you want me to live like a eunuch, I'm not that. I can sleep with you, just not alone." Cassian interrupted, and Abril was already gone, leaving him to ponder their conversation. "Thank you for the interruption, even though I wasn't going to continue," Alessandro said, his gaze fixed on Cassian. "Who are you?"

"What have you done to my brother?" Cassian demanded, his voice rising. "Don't worry, your brother is sleeping right now," Alessandro replied, trying to remain calm. "I'm Cassiel! This is your brother's body, so don't try to catch me," Cassian insisted. "Cassiel? What a big lie you're telling," Alessandro scoffed. "I'm not lying. I told you before, the guardians don't die. If we find a suitable vessel, we can return to the human world," Cassiel explained. "So what have you been doing all this time?" Alessandro pressed.

"I'm not taking anything; I'm ready to help you recover," Cassiel replied, his tone earnest. "How can you help me?" Alessandro asked, skepticism creeping into his voice. "The mirror of the soul captures important memories that have been forgotten," Cassiel said. "If that mirror doesn't work for me, you must be mistaken," Alessandro replied, crossing his arms. "That's why I came to find out why it hasn't worked. Let this happen, and return to your own body once it's over," Cassiel urged. Alessandro felt a wave of discomfort wash over him at the thought of his brother sacrificing so much.

He couldn't believe Cassiel had been willing to leave his body behind for him. "Stop this! You're going to end up hurting your brother," Cassiel warned. "There are still some lost memories you need to recover, you stubborn fool," Cassiel added. "I'm dead, even if I feel pain. If you regret this, it will be your brother's body that suffers. I'll only allow this for a while; I promised your brother I would take care of him," Cassiel said, his voice steady. Alessandro felt a mixture of anger and fear. He didn't want to confront Cassiel, but he knew he had to face the truth.

"I don't believe that Cassian has provided his body so you can face each other, but not to help you recover your memories," Cassiel said. "I just want to help. That's who I am," Cassiel insisted, his sincerity evident.

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The ancient bend of the forest whispered secrets as Alessandro approached. "Stop by, I just want to help," Cassiel urged, his voice steady despite the weight of the situation. "I know you're struggling with your brother's body being taken away, but you must understand that

this is why I want to help you." Alessandro's gaze lingered, heavy with unspoken thoughts. He turned to Cassiel, his brow furrowed. "What do I have?" he asked, frustration creeping into his tone. Cassiel stepped closer, placing a gentle hand on Alessandro's head. "You need to see what's in your mind.

Open your eyes and think about your wife." "Yes, I-" Alessandro hesitated, the memories of Abril flickering in his mind like a distant flame. But as he searched for her, he found only emptiness. The moment felt unbearable, and Cassiel's hands were a reminder of his discomfort. The sun outside felt like a cruel joke, shining down on a heart that felt so heavy. "Can you recover your memories?" Cassiel inquired, tilting his head. "Memories don't just vanish," Alessandro replied, frustration lacing his words. "What does it mean?

You can remember what you don't have, but if you never release a memory, it disappears completely." Abril felt as though a cold bucket of water had been thrown over her. Deep down, she believed that one day she would awaken and tell him that she remembered. She clung to the hope that he would return to the man she had loved with such fervor, but with each passing moment, that hope dimmed. Seeing Abril so pale, Alessandro moved closer, wrapping an arm around her waist. "Are you alright?" he asked, concern etched on his face. Abril pulled away, her voice firm.

"I want to be alone." She headed for the door, and Alessandro felt an urge to follow, but he held back. "It won't be easy knowing you may never remember," he said, his voice heavy with resignation. "I hope you find peace, but if you need to search for someone else to be happy with, then do it." After a moment of contemplation, Alessandro returned to his cell, feeling the weight of his decision. "Ella is my friend," he murmured to himself, "but I don't think I'll ever have her back." "I suppose you feel it," Cassiel said, his tone gentle. "You have to act even when there are no recollections.

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But it's not just about you; she needs to hear those words. She needs to know that even in your absence, you still want to be with her." Alessandro recognized the truth in Cassiel's words and let go of his anger. Before he could spiral into madness over Abril, he turned back toward the guardians' room. "Go back to the guardians' room and make sure you return," Cassiel instructed, his voice firm. Alessandro complied, his heart heavy. "I would like to say thanks, but it feels like a curse," he muttered.

Cassiel stepped outside for a brief walk, yearning to feel the wind on his face and the sun's warm rays before returning to the guardians' room. There, he spotted a young girl gazing up at the trunk of a tree, lost in thought. He approached her cautiously. "What are you doing?" he asked. "Sir Cassian," she replied, her voice soft. "I'm just thinking about the truth. This is the first time I've left my home, and I feel a sense of nostalgia." "Why are you in the human world if you wish to return to the land of the fairies?" Cassiel inquired. "Because I can't do it now," she explained.

"It's been too little time. I want to wait until Lissana is a bit older, so the distance between us feels shorter. It's difficult for me to be away from her." "Are you the successor to the throne?" Cassiel asked, curiosity piqued. The girl looked at him intently, her gaze reminiscent of

Cassian's, yet there was something different about her—her demeanor, the way she moved. "Who are you?" she asked, her tone cautious. "Yes," he replied, stepping closer to her. He watched as she focused on the trunk of the tree, her thoughts seemingly entwined with the magic of the fairies.

"I imagined I would find a door at the top of this tree, just like in my dreams," she said wistfully. Cassiel looked at her and said, "Hey, open the door to the land of the fairies for me." "For what purpose?" she asked, suspicion in her eyes. "I want to visit an old friend. It's been a long time," he replied earnestly. The girl hesitated, sensing no malice in his request. "But I can't do that right now," she said. "It's been too short a time since I left." Cassiel pressed on. "Please, I just want to see my friend.

I promise I won't stay long." "The queen will be furious if I open the door without her permission," she warned. "I am your friend," he insisted. "Please, just open the door for me. I'll change the blessing; I won't stop you." "What blessing?" she asked, intrigued. "A blessing that will protect you from evil," he explained. "You don't want to miss out on this, especially in these dark times." The girl felt the weight of his words, sensing the urgency in his tone. She didn't want to destroy the door to the fairy realm; that would create a significant problem.

After a moment of contemplation, she nodded. "Alright, I'll open the door for you." With a gentle touch, she placed her hand on the trunk of the tree, and the door creaked open. Cassiel stepped forward, a sense of anticipation swelling within him. "This is my blessing," she said, her voice steady. "It will protect you from evil, even from monsters. Don't neglect your back." Cassiel felt a rush of energy as the blessing enveloped him. "You have not seen me," he said, a hint of mischief in his tone. "Agreed?" "Just know that the door will close at any moment," she warned.

"I don't have enough power to keep it open for long." "Then let's hurry," he urged, excitement coursing through him.

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When Cassiel arrived in the land of last moments, the first thing he saw was the queen of the fairies. She smiled at him, and he said, "Thank you, I'm glad to see your beautiful face first." The queen regarded him with contempt, questioning herself. Cassiel, feeling a bit unhinged, wondered what was wrong with her. "This body is very similar to the one I had before. Is it truly not worthy of Leriana?" That man, who had once lived like a princess in his world, was someone only he could understand. "Who told you this name?" "You were the one who told me your name.

Did you forget?" Cassiel replied, his voice steady. The queen's expression hardened. "I don't know who you're pretending to be, but you can decide: I'll rip your mouth off." "My beloved reigns," Cassiel said, standing tall. "Even though so much time has passed, nothing has changed." "In truth, I am you," he continued, "even though this is not my body." He stepped closer, his gaze unwavering. "You came to see my love," he said softly. "You are not you; you cannot be you," she retorted. "Although it may seem like a lie, it is the truth," Cassiel insisted, leaning in for a kiss.

Suddenly, Maya appeared, and upon seeing Cassiel, she screamed, "Cassiel! What are you doing?!" "Are you who you say you are?" Maya approached with a threatening aura. "Don't tell me you've forgotten me, and that's why you're kissing the queen." "Wait, you must be Maya posing as Cassiel. If that's true, it may be hard to believe, but I am not who you think. Cassiel has given me this body; my spirit came to this form first," he explained. "You expect me to believe that lie? Do you think I am foolish?" Maya shot back. "It's true, first guardian.

I came to help recover what was lost." "And if it's clear, what demons are here kissing the fairy?" "We were a couple when I was alive. When I heard she was still alive, I wanted to see her," Cassiel said, looking at the queen. "Is that true, Your Majesty?" Maya asked, her voice trembling. "We weren't exactly a couple, nor did we have a relationship that required us to unite our bodies," the queen replied. "And if you had a relationship with Leriana, we were so intimate that you even told me your precious name," Cassiel added. Maya watched them for a few moments.

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Even though he appeared as Cassiel, his demeanor was different. Perhaps she had no choice but to believe what he was saying. "It's hard to accept, but you'd be giving back my husband's body, which at some point belonged to a fairy. But that body does not belong to you, so do not treat it as you please," she warned. "She has a point. You can't kiss me like that; you're dead. That should have been the end of it," the queen said firmly. Cassiel took the king's hand, looking directly into his eyes. "For beings like us, we can end our feelings.

There are countless sharp edges, yet I still follow my love." "You didn't hear what I said," Maya shouted once more. "I tell you that you don't possess what lies in my body." "Then feel me and see how I flirt with home," Cassiel replied, his tone teasing. "Don't you love me?" "Love is ephemeral," he said, his voice softening. "No riddles. I want a clear answer. Do you love me?" "You shouldn't love me; you're dead," Cassiel replied, pulling her close. "I love you too. I follow you now, as I did on the first day," he whispered.

Maya was overwhelmed by the situation, her grip tightening on the sword of the guardians. "Count to five so you can return me to my husband, or you will regret it." The queen empowered herself, addressing Maya. "Put down that sword." "I understand your lover wants to be with you, but I won't allow you to treat my husband's body as you please." "That hurts him. Cassiel is dizzy because of this," Maya argued. "Honestly, I want to strike you, but I hold back because you are bound to this body. What happens to your husband affects you too," the queen said.

"If this continues, it will cross the limits," Cassiel warned. "You kissed the queen and crossed those limits," Maya shot back. "It was just a kiss; you're overreacting," he replied. If one more word escaped the mouth of the first guardian, Maya would have driven her fist into his throat. She tossed her head back, closing her hand into a fist, preparing to strike him, when the queen intervened. "There is no need for conflict. Maya, you're arguing with him. Just end it," she urged. "Seriously, did you fall in love with a guy like that?" Maya asked incredulously.

"I was young and foolish at that time; I lost to him," Cassiel admitted. "Don't say it like that; it sounds as if you were forced to be with him," Maya countered. "Don't stop pursuing me and

loving me. You couldn't resist, so in the end, I renounced," he said. "But you gave me your heart, and that was voluntary," Cassiel replied. Maya kicked him in the stomach. "What are you doing?! Have you gone mad?!"

This is your husband's body; is that what you want?" "If you deserve good luck or lend your body, for your reaction, you feel that moment, so I can ensure you don't return," Cassiel said defiantly. "Wait, I promised I would take care of this body. I can't allow him to regret it." "I'm sorry now so that you can suffer, and then I will make sure this body is not just yours," Maya warned. "Tell me the day it is, but it seems old, so there is no way."

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Alessandro searched for Abril, but she was nowhere to be found. As he wandered, he encountered Gabriel, who inquired, "Have you seen Abril?" "I'm looking for the house where she might be," Alessandro replied, his voice tense. "Why would she be in that place?" Gabriel asked, raising an eyebrow. "She's my wife. Why are you here?" Alessandro snapped, frustration bubbling beneath the surface. "She has been your wife for a long time," Gabriel said, his tone casual. "Perhaps it's best to forget her." "Forget her?" Alessandro echoed incredulously.

"Once again, she must have gone to a place she considers safe." Alessandro approached Abril's small house, standing before the door, pondering what kind of husband he had been. He tried to open it, but it was locked. He knocked, calling her name, but received no response. "Abril, if you don't open the door, I'll break it down. I won't leave until we talk," he insisted. Finally, the door creaked open, revealing Abril, her eyes red as if she had been crying. "We can talk," she said softly. "No, I don't want to talk. I want to be alone," she replied, her voice heavy with sorrow.

"But you must listen to me. It's not that simple. I can't recover my memories of you, but that doesn't change the fact that I'm still your wife." "I know that," she said, her frustration evident. "But now it's time for us to create new memories," he urged. "Even if you can fall in love with me again, what about our daughters? We can't recover the memories we've lost. It's not something that can happen overnight," she said, letting out a long sigh. "I want to be alone to process everything that's happening. I need time before I can fulfill my duties as queen," Abril added, her resolve firm.

Alessandro felt a pang of helplessness. Not remembering her made him feel as though he had no right to demand anything from her. "Fine, I'll leave," he said reluctantly. As he turned away, Abril closed the door softly. He wandered into the city, hoping to offer assistance. Many houses had been destroyed by recent attacks, and the sorcerers were using their magic to help with repairs while the horsemen cleared the rubble. He spotted Taren and approached him. "Is there anything I can do to help?" he asked. "Your Majesty, it's good to see you again," Taren replied with a bow.

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"Though I wish it were under better circumstances." "Is there anything you can do?" Alessandro pressed. "Everything is under control here," Taren assured him. "The sorcerers

are handling the healing. We've used a lot of magic to mend the wounds." Alessandro knew that the suggestion of rest was not enough. He feared another attack, especially since Abril hadn't fully regained her magic. If they were attacked again, they would need all their strength. "Then you must come to me," he insisted. Abril didn't want to follow Alessandro's thoughts.

She would return to reclaim her power, but first, she wanted to survey the city before heading back. While there, she encountered Fa. "I thought you were gone," Fa said, surprised. "I'll be here for a few days. I want to study the dragon that killed them. If a dragon army comes, it will be chaos," she replied. "Please keep me informed," Fa said, his expression serious. "I'll also look for any weaknesses in them." "Thank you," Abril said, appreciating his help. "But we need to take the dragon's body elsewhere.

It will become a problem for those who live here if it starts to decompose." "Sirius is in charge of the tower. You should ask him for assistance," Fa suggested. "I know who he is. I met him during the war against King Venobich," Abril replied. As she walked through the streets, she spotted Cassiel, who seemed busy giving orders to other sorcerers. She hesitated to interrupt him. "If you walk down to the houses below, you'll find him," Cassiel said, glancing at her. "The kingdom is dangerous right now. We don't know when we might be attacked again.

You should send Tarik back to the land of the fairies," Abril advised. "But we aren't under attack at the moment. We need to wait," Cassiel countered. "I left my daughter in the fairy realm to keep her safe. Why have you betrayed us?" she asked, her voice tinged with anger. "When Tarik turns one, he will become one of them. I want him to make his own decisions without being influenced by the kingdom," Cassiel explained. "You've betrayed her and yourself," Abril accused. "Isn't it you who wants to be the sea king?" Cassiel retorted. "Being king in the human world is a burden.

Humans may hold power, but in the land of the fairies, it's a heavy weight. Our reign is tied to the heart of the king, which is the heart of the kingdom," she replied, her voice steady. "Don't say that. I want you to make your own decision. I don't want to interfere," Cassiel said, his tone softer. "Don't worry, I won't tell anyone," Abril assured him. Cassiel didn't want to confront Maya, but he felt trapped. He decided that surrendering was the best course of action. "I'll do whatever you want, but don't hold me back," he said.

Maya smiled sweetly and continued forward, closing the door behind her with a soft click. "What are you doing?" Cassiel asked, surprised. "I told you, I'll make sure you get what you deserve," she replied. Cassiel began to use his powers to put Abril to sleep. As he placed a hand on her shoulder, she felt a wave of drowsiness wash over her. In that moment, Maya spoke up, her voice steady. "Now that I think about it, you approached me for a reason," she said, her eyes narrowing. "That's not why I'm here," Cassiel insisted.

"Feeling pain has been worse for me, but I would appreciate it if you could let me know if you hear anything about this body," she said, her tone serious.

Maya wanted to continue striking Cassian, her fury barely contained. She felt betrayed, yet she could not bring herself to follow through. "That's enough," she said, her voice steady. "I'll take

care of this." "I'm not thinking about you at all," Cassian replied, his tone sharp. "What are you doing now?" she demanded. "I'll go tomorrow and return your husband's body," he stated matter-of-factly. "Just do it, then," she urged, her frustration simmering. "I'll be living among the guardians until I can leave this body and return to the spiritual realm," he continued, his gaze unwavering.

Maya looked at him with a mix of trust and uncertainty. "And what if there's nothing left to contain my soul?" "I'm not lying, Maya. I won't do anything to him, I just want to talk. So I need you to take me there." "Speak, then," she replied, her voice taut. Cassian rose, standing beside Maya. "Give me one day, and then you can have your husband back. I promise." "But is it worth it if it's the hare you regret?" she asked, skepticism lacing her words. "I have no doubt you would do it," he countered, his confidence unshakeable.

Cassian followed her, and for a moment, they stood in silence, lost in thought. "I know this is one of the things that made me fall in love with you-your sincerity," he said softly, stepping closer and placing his hands on her waist. "Just calm down in my arms," he urged. Now she remembered why she had fallen for him; it was the way he caressed her cheek, the warmth of his presence. "It's been a long time since we were together," he murmured. "This is the last face I saw before everything changed. When I realized you were alive, I wanted to change my memories of you.

Why don't you smile at me?" "I have no reason to," she replied, her heart heavy. "Don't be stubborn; make her laugh," he insisted, a playful glint in his eyes. "You know I don't smile easily," she retorted. "Yes, but you used to," he said, pulling her into a gentle embrace. "The doors to the realm are open; take care. You'll be back soon," he assured her. "I'm going to create a haven for the guardians, so when the war starts..." "No, I won't participate in this war," Cassian interrupted, his expression serious. "What? You can't be serious," she replied, disbelief etched on her face.

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"I don't want to see anyone die. I've fought before and lost," he said, his voice low. "This time will be different. Fairies, elves, and humans united-we can win," she insisted, her determination shining through. "If you weren't here, I might believe it, but you're dead. Don't ask me to fight for you," he said, frustration creeping into his tone. "If you were here, you would fight," she pressed. "Yes, but you won't be there. You will leave because you are dead," he reminded her. "I will return. I'm here with you; we'll fight this battle together," he vowed.

"That body isn't yours," she argued. "I don't intend to take it. If it's due to this body, I'll come back with my own," he replied firmly. "I'm an angel; I'll find a way to return to my body," he added, determination in his eyes. "Why do you see her? I want this," she said, her voice trembling. "When we return with your body, we'll talk to him," he promised. "I have a day to be with you; let's make the most of it," she urged. "Just listen to whatever you want," he said, a hint of a smile playing on his lips. "I just want to be near you, even when you're back in your body.

That's how it will be," she replied softly. Cassian took the queen in his arms, a playful glint in his eyes. "What do you think you're doing?" she asked, feigning annoyance. "I just have one day, and I want to spend it with you," he said, his voice low and inviting. He gently laid her on the bed,

snuggling against her side. "I just want to spend a night looking at your face," he confessed. "You are a fool," she said, a smile breaking through her earlier tension. "Finally, you leave me just as I remember," he teased, his voice warm.

"And you're just as annoying as I remember," she shot back, laughter bubbling between them. They fell into a comfortable silence until dawn broke. When morning came, Cassian rose, kissing her forehead softly. "It's time, my love," he whispered. As Cassian stepped out of the room, he found himself facing a sword pointed at his throat—Maya stood there, fierce and unyielding. "What did you do with my husband's body?" she demanded, her eyes narrowed. "Nothing like what you're imagining. I just slept next to you, I swear. I'll leave now; just lower your sword.

You don't want to tie me up," he replied, raising his hands in surrender. "You will truly go if I promise?" she asked, her voice steady. "I promise to return this time," he assured her. "Tell him to contact me when he regains his body," she instructed. "I will. But you must be firm. You can accompany me to the door," he said, his tone serious. "The portal can only be opened there, at least where it leads to the palace of Cosset," she explained. "Does she not sell?" he asked, confusion flickering across his face. "Do you not like goodbyes?" she replied, a hint of amusement in her voice.

Maya held her sword firmly and accompanied Cassian to the garden where the portal to the human kingdom had been opened. Before he stepped through, she called out, "Don't take him again. Return my husband's body." "Don't worry, I'll reverse it unless necessary," he assured her. "I want to recover my body; it's easier for me to use this one," he said, determination in his eyes. "But tell Cassian that if the dark king frees himself from his prison when he opens the doors to Hades, he will be the only one who can stop him.

If I haven't recovered my body by then, I'll have to use this one." "Now that I know you and see how Leriana cares for you, I don't want to do it," she said, her voice softening. "I'll help you recover. I don't want to take my body back," he replied earnestly. "Thank you," she said, her heart swelling with gratitude. "Goodbye," he whispered before stepping through the portal, leaving Maya standing in the garden, the weight of their shared fate heavy in the air.

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Alessandro stood tall beside his brother, and Abril noticed with surprise that he was burning with fever. She wanted to rip the cloth from his forehead or keep him by the window, where the morning light could cool him. "Who am I?" she asked, her voice steady. "I am the wife of the man you love." Alessandro cleared his throat, taken aback by her words. "We were just discussing the matter at hand," he replied, trying to regain his composure. "Yes, just that," Sefora added, attempting to lighten the mood. Abril felt a surge of frustration.

She pressed her lips together, her throat tightening with emotion. She shook her head, dismissing the tension in the air. "Alessandro, please, take Sefora to the workshop," she instructed, her voice firm. Sefora hesitated, glancing back at Abril, before returning her gaze to Alessandro. "I don't like being alone," she murmured. For a moment, Abril thought Alessandro had forgotten her, that he continued to love Sefora. But as he flirted with another woman, a pang of jealousy shot through her. Unable to contain herself, Abril turned away.

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"Enjoy your gratitude," she said, her tone sharp as she addressed Alessandro, who remained oblivious to her turmoil. Alessandro, sensing the shift in the atmosphere, tried to reassure her. "It's not what you think," he insisted. "We're merely discussing the terms of the alliance. I wouldn't have spoken to her otherwise." "Don't you see?" Sefora interjected. "It's obvious she has an interest in you. Otherwise, why would she flaunt herself so boldly?" "Are you jealous?" Alessandro shot back, his brow furrowing. "Of course not," Sefora replied, her voice steady.

"But you should remember who your wife is." Alessandro raised his hand, displaying the mark of their marriage. "This proves it," he said, leaning closer to Abril. "You are my wife, and I have no interest in anyone else." "Then why would I be jealous?" Abril asked, her heart racing. "You are far more beautiful than anyone else." "Yes, you are," he said, his gaze softening. "Even if you don't see it, I know you are precious to me. How could I look at another woman?" Alessandro's words wrapped around her like a warm embrace. He held her waist, the distance between them nearly nonexistent.

He brushed his fingers against her lips, soft and delicate as a petal. "Can I kiss you, my wife?" he asked, his voice laced with longing. Abril hesitated, her heart pounding. She craved his kiss, but she wanted it to be mutual, a shared moment of passion. Finally, she nodded, and their lips met. In that kiss, she saw everything she thought she had lost: her longing husband, the truth of their bond, and deep within, the love that still thrived. Gabriel had been right; one could forget oneself but never stop loving.

As Alessandro embraced her, their kiss deepened, and she felt herself grow stronger, as if awakening from a long slumber. Their gazes locked, and he caressed her red hair. "Don't give up on me," he whispered. "I know my request may seem selfish, but it pains me to see you angry. Come back to me." Abril smiled, her heart lightening. She wanted to kiss him again, but this time, she held back, closing her mouth as Sefora entered the room. "Let's take some time apart," she suggested, her voice steady.

"There are many things I need to process." "Of course," Alessandro replied, his expression softening. "I'll wait patiently until you feel comfortable with me." "Thank you for understanding," she said, her heart swelling with gratitude. "My meeting isn't over yet," he reminded her gently. "But there's something else I must attend to. We'll see each other later."