

Forgotten Wife : Let the Traitors Kneel Down Novel

Chapter 391-400

Their union together... The Unlone of Souls Abril's words only heightened Cassian's anxiety, but he understood that she hadn't intended to cause him distress. He had not been prepared for the possibility of war, yet he remained alert to the signs. When Abril saw the expression on Cassian's face, she spoke softly. "It is inevitable that the doors remain open. It's not something we can avoid, so there's no point in worrying about what has not yet come to pass. Now go, return to the third place and spend a few days with your family. You deserve it." "I'll be back soon," he promised.

"Rest, recover your strength, and please send my regards to Lissana." "I will," he replied. Alessandro chimed in, "Make sure you return quickly. I want to clash swords with you again, just like we used to." "But I warn you, when we meet again, I'll be much better with the sword. Next time, we won't lose." "I look forward to it," Cassian said, a smile breaking through his tension. "Everything is ready," Alessandro confirmed. Cassian left the room, heading to find Tarik before departing. He was training with his sword at the training camp.

"I'm glad to see you haven't been neglecting your training," Cassian remarked as he approached. "If Jo were here, the fairy queen, she would be furious with me for not being ready when I return. I'm sure I'll receive a good reprimand." "I suppose you don't have it easy," Cassian replied. "Do you want to return to the land of the fairies?" Tarik asked, pondering the question.

Tarik hesitated before answering, "I think I'll stay here a little longer." "You, Father, want this too, because you want to think clearly and be the king of the fairies." "I have nothing to think about; this is a decision you've made." "You know your father has his doubts. That's what you think, but I believe you're not taking it seriously." "Of course I am, but no matter how much I think about it, I still want to be the king of the fairies. Even though it won't be easy, this is the path I want to take." "Then why don't you go back?"

If you've made a decision, there's no reason for you to hesitate." "Yes, but..." "Is it for Lissana?" "I want to give it a little more time, but I don't know if I'll be able to see the kingdom that will be Lissana's home. I want to appreciate what she will see when she returns." "It wasn't just because you wanted to shorten the time between you two, was it?" "At first, it was like that, but since I arrived, we have been communicating through letters. She tells me about her adventures and the places she visits, making it feel as if she's right here with us.

But when she returns, everything will be unfamiliar to me, so I decided to see this place before I go. Besides, there's something else I need to think about, so I can't go back just yet." "Do you want to read a message to Lissana?" "I wrote a letter. I thought I'd wait for one of the pixies to come by to take it, but if you're going, you could deliver it." "Of course. After I find it,

"I'll be in the garden where the entrance to them is located." "I'll wait for you there." "Of course. You should also speak to her when you arrive. Cassiel keeps asking about her."

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"Would you like me to bring her the letter I send?" "If I say so," Tarik replied. "Thanks." Tarik went to his room to retrieve his letter and soon met up with Cassian to deliver it. "I would also like it if you told my mother I'm well," Cassian said. "I will. Could you open the door for me?" "Yes." Tarik opened the portal that led to the realm of the fairies. Cassian crossed it and disappeared in an instant. Tarik wanted to return at that moment, but he had many things to ponder before he could go back, one of which was his true feelings for Lissana.

He wanted to ensure he was clear about them before reading her letter again. When Cassian arrived in the land of the fairies, he spotted one of them tending to the garden and asked, "Do you know where Maya is?" "She's in the training field at the moment." Cassian hurried to the training camp. It had been weeks since he had seen her, and he felt as if time had slipped away. There had been so much turmoil that he hadn't had a moment to spare for her.

Maya was training with one of the fairies, a tall and slender figure with long silver hair cascading down to his waist, piercing eyes, and a striking face. But despite all that, it was Maya who radiated joy, and Cassian felt a rush of warmth at the sight of her. "MAYA!" he called out. At the sound of Cassian's voice, Maya turned quickly. Upon seeing him, she ran into his arms. "Why didn't you tell me you would come back?" she exclaimed. Cassian gave her a questioning look.

"What is this?" "Aéles Elrond," she replied, "I was just appointed captain of the palace guard." Elrond approached and greeted Cassian. "It's a pleasure to meet such a beautiful couple," he said, glancing at Maya. Cassian felt a surge of irritation at the way Elrond spoke about Maya. "I'm not your couple; I'm your husband," he asserted. "For us fairies, that's the same thing—a couple, a life companion. Humans limit it to the word 'husband,'" Maya explained, her gaze steady. Maya could see the intensity in Cassian's eyes as he regarded Elrond. She took Cassian's arm and began to pull him away.

"Today we finish our training. My husband is leaving soon for a long time, and I want to be alone with him." "I understand. I'll see you later, Maya," Elrond said, stepping back. Once they were far enough from the training camp, Cassian asked, "Why were you with that fairy?" "We were training," she replied. "I don't like that you're close to him. I believe his interest in you will only grow." "It doesn't matter what interest he has in me, since I only have eyes for you," Maya said, leaning in to kiss him. That kiss soothed Cassian's anger.

He wrapped his arms around her waist, pulling her closer, and responded to her kiss with fervor. "You don't know how to let go," he teased. "I know, but I feel it too. It's just that I forgot how much I missed you, which is why I was so jealous just a moment ago." "The mere thought of someone else stealing you away makes my blood boil," Cassian confessed, his voice low. Maya continued to plant gentle kisses on his lips, coaxing him to relax. "I know that enchants you. It shows how much you care for me." "You're incorrigible," he said, taking her face in his hands.

Even in that moment, she seemed to defy time, still looking as youthful as ever, despite the years that passed swiftly in the land of the fairies. "You're beautiful," he murmured, caressing her cheek. "I know, but you don't have to be anxious. I'm yours, my love." Cassian kissed her again, whispering against her lips, "I love you, Maya. I love you madly." "That's also true," she replied, placing her hand over his heart. "And I feel it too. Even if there's a moment when I stop feeling you, I would think that I had stopped loving you." "Was it when Cassiel took my body?" he asked. "Yes.

He kissed the queen and broke my heart when I saw you, because I couldn't feel you. After he left, I asked the queen, 'Why had I lost that feeling?'" "What did she say?" "That our bond is not merely physical; it's our souls intertwined. When the first guardian takes your body, your soul is lost, which is why I couldn't feel your emotions, only the pain from the blow I received." Cassian sat beside Maya, feeling overwhelmed. "I'm scared," he admitted. "Yes, but you won't do it again." "I won't, I promise." Maya wrapped her arms around Cassian's waist.

"But it's worth it if the pain you feel brings you back to me." Cassian kissed her again, his voice earnest. "Forgive me for my sorrow. I never imagined the first guardian would do such a thing when I gave my body." "You know there will be challenges, but a kiss to please me is true, isn't it?" "Yes, I'm prepared for it."

392

In the midst of a war, Uzziel felt a sense of urgency. It wasn't a battle he couldn't win, but something was amiss. When he realized that his priest was absent, he rushed back, searching for him, hoping to find answers from Lissana. "Have you seen my priest?" he asked, breathless. "No, is there a return?" Lissana replied, concern etched on her face. "Yes, one of the fairies told me he had gone to the training camp. I went to look for him, but it seems he left with my mother just before you arrived." "Do you want me to help you look for them?" Lissana offered.

"I would appreciate it, Jo hicieras," Uzziel said, grateful for her willingness. Lissana had become adept at using wind magic, and she focused her energy to locate them. "Come on, they're close," she urged, taking Uzziel's hand. "Your power is brilliant; I never tire of seeing it," he replied, admiration shining in his eyes. As they left the country where Maya and Cassian had met, Lissana felt a sense of responsibility to protect them. Uzziel's eyes widened as he spotted his father. "What's going on, Lissana?

Why do you cover your eyes?" Maya and Cassian, caught off guard by Uzziel's voice, separated, a hint of embarrassment coloring their cheeks. Lissana lowered her hand, and Uzziel rushed into his father's arms. "Papa!" he exclaimed, joy radiating from him. Cassian gently caressed his wife's head, a tender smile on his face. "Hello, son. How are you?" "Very happy to see you back! I missed you so much!" Uzziel beamed. "I missed you too," Cassian replied, his heart swelling with pride. Lissana, standing a little taller, glanced at Cassian, wondering how much time had passed since they last met.

"I see you've grown a lot," she said, her voice filled with warmth. "Yes, I'm sure I'll be taller than Lissana soon," Uzziel declared, puffing out his chest. "You still have a long way to go,"

Lissana teased, her eyes sparkling with mischief. Cassian stretched out his arm toward Lissana, who was like a daughter to him. "Come on, don't be lazy." Lissana moved closer, joining him in a warm embrace. "Welcome back," she said softly. Maya interjected, "It's time to eat; we should head to the dining hall." Uzziel took off running through the courtyard, determined to reach the dining hall first.

Lissana's pride kicked in, and she dashed after him, leaving Maya and Cassian behind. Maya entwined her arm with Cassian's and let out a long sigh. "I suppose we'll have to wait until night to be together. Prepare yourself; I don't think you'll escape this evening." "I wouldn't let you rest if I could," Cassian replied with a playful grin. "I'll wait anxiously for you to return tonight," Maya said, her heart lightening at the thought. As they sat down to eat, Lissana dreamed of triumph, while Uzziel felt a twinge of discomfort, knowing he had been the first to arrive.

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The food was served quickly, and Cassian couldn't help but comment on the traditional fare of the fairies, which had been a comfort during his time away. He wasn't sure if it was the food or the company that made everything better; perhaps it was a bit of both. Meanwhile, Lissana inquired about her fathers and finally asked about her dear friend. "How is Tarik?" "He's doing very well," Cassian replied, pulling out a letter Tarik had sent him. "He wanted to know how you were." Lissana took the letter, her gaze fixed on it. "Do you know when he will return?" "I don't think he's ready yet.

He wanted to explore your world before coming back," Cassian explained. "I see," Lissana said, tucking the letter away after finishing her meal. One of the fairies approached Cassian, asking him to come to the queen. Maya placed a hand on Lissana's shoulder. "I will accompany you." "It's not necessary," Lissana replied, though her tone was gentle. "I wasn't suggesting it," Maya said, still feeling the sting of Cassiel's kiss, which had left her feeling uneasy. She didn't want to dwell on it, so she said nothing more.

They bid farewell to their children and made their way to the throne room, where the queen awaited them. Cassian bowed before her, but Maya stood firm, refusing to bend. The queen regarded Cassian for a few moments before finally asking, "How are you?" "Is Tarik with Cassiel?" Cassian inquired, hoping for good news. The queen fell silent, as if she expected Cassian to know the answer. He hesitated, unsure how to respond. "Tarik is very happy. He starts each day with his sword and magic. As for Cassiel, he is recovering, but his body remains weak.

Abril is treating him, but it seems his body isn't responding as it should. Abril says it's like trying to infuse magic into an empty vessel." The queen nodded thoughtfully. "The effectiveness of healing magic depends on the power of the person casting it. The more magical power you possess, the more you can restore. Cassiel is strong, but all that power can drain from his body. He needs time to recover." "I'll tell Abril when I return. Tarik asked me to let him know that Cassiel is still waiting for a response to the letter he sent," Cassian said.

"It's a delicate situation, and that's why he isn't here. He'll come whenever he can, but if that's all you needed to decide, you can dismiss me." "Before you go, there's something I want to ask you," the queen said, her tone shifting. "Speak," Cassian urged. "Will you participate in the war against the darkness?" "I'm not sure yet," he admitted. "I thought that once I knew Cassiel had returned, I wouldn't have any doubts about joining the fight." "Because he's back, I find myself questioning everything I believed," Cassian confessed. The queen let out a long sigh.

"I don't want to be in a war where I'm not sure we'll win." "Are you really going to surrender? Battles that cannot be fought are not won. Doesn't the fate of your kingdom matter? Doesn't the destruction of everything you hold dear concern you?" "Because I care, I'm more cautious about making a decision," the queen replied firmly. She stood, her resolve evident, and Cassian felt the urge to follow her, to convince her to join the fight. But Maya stopped him, her voice steady. "You won't change her mind, so don't insist." "But..." "Let it go, Cassian."

It seems the only person who can change her opinion is Cassiel. I doubt the queen has listened to anyone else." "She doesn't seem to want to know anything about him," Cassian said, frustration creeping into his voice. The queen had always been proud, unwilling to admit her worries about Cassiel. Maya sensed the tension in the air and saw the entrance leading to the palace. "What are you waiting for? Go to him." "I assume you have feelings for him," Maya said softly, wrapping her arms around Cassian.

"You must love him too; otherwise, you wouldn't have defended him when you wanted to confront him," she added, her tone teasing. "I suppose we can't all be perfect," Cassian replied with a wry smile. "Indeed, and we should take advantage of the fact that the children have gone to play so you can show me," Maya said, her eyes sparkling with mischief.

393

Their union together... The words of Abril only heightened Cassian's anxiety, but he knew that was not what she intended. He had not prepared himself for the possibility of being sold, so he remained alert to the signs of war. When Abril saw the expression on Cassian's face, she spoke gently. "It is inevitable that the doors remain open. It's not something we can avoid, so there's no point in worrying about what isn't illegal yet. Now go, spend a few days with your family. You deserve it." "I'll be back soon," Cassian replied.

"Rest, recover your strength, and you are going to need it," she added, giving him a warm smile. "Tell Lissana I said goodbye." "I will," he promised. "I'll be extravagant, so I'll be back soon, just like the last time we clashed swords," he said with a hint of arrogance. "But I warn you, next time we meet, I'll be ready. Good luck with the sword," Abril teased. "I look forward to seeing you again," he replied, his expression softening. With that, Cassian left the room to find Tarik before departing. He was training with his sword in the training camp.

"I'm glad to see you haven't been careless with your training," Cassian remarked as he approached. "If Jo were here, the fairy queen, she would be furious with me for not being ready when you return. I'm sure I'll get a good reprimand," Tarik replied, a hint of humor in his voice. "I suppose you don't have it easy," Cassian said, crossing his arms. "Return to the land of the fairies, do you

want to go back?" Tarik asked, pondering for a moment. "I think I'll be here a little longer," he answered.

"You, Father, want this too, because you want to think well and be the king of the fairies," Tarik said, his tone serious. "I have nothing to think about; this is a decision you've made," Cassian replied firmly. "You know your father has his doubts. That's what you think, but I believe you're not taking it seriously," Tarik countered. "Of course I am, but no matter how much I think about it, I'm still talking to him. I want to be the king of the fairies, even though it won't be easy. This is the path I want to take." "Then why don't you go back?"

If you've made a decision, there's no reason for you to hesitate," Tarik urged. "Yes, but..." "Is it for Lissana?" Tarik pressed. "I want to give her a little time, but I can't see the kingdom that will be Lissana's home. I want to appreciate it when she returns," Cassian admitted. "It wasn't just because you wanted to shorten the time between you two?" Tarik asked. "At first, it was like that, but since we've been communicating through letters, she tells me about what she does and the places she visits. It feels like she's with us, as if she were here.

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But when she returns and I give her permission from your kingdom, everything will be unknown to me. So I decided to see this place before I go. Besides, there's something else I need to think about, so I can't go back just yet." "Do you want to read a message to Lissana?" Tarik asked. "I wrote a letter. I thought I would wait for one of the pixies to come by to take it, but since you're going, you could deliver it," Cassian suggested. "Of course. I'll go look for it. I'll take it to the garden where I can find the entrance to them." "I'll wait for you there," Tarik replied.

"Of course, you should also talk to her when she arrives. Cassiel doesn't stop asking about her. Would you like me to include a response in the letter I send you?" "If I tell you," Cassian said. "Thanks," Tarik replied, heading off. Tarik went to his room to retrieve his letter and soon met up with Cassian to deliver it. "I would also like it if you told my mother I'm doing well," Tarik said. "I will. Could you open the door for me?" Cassian asked. Tarik opened the portal that led to the land of the fairies, and Cassian crossed it, disappearing in an instant.

Tarik wanted to follow him back, but he had many things to think about first, including his true feelings for Lissana. He wanted to ensure he was clear about them before he saw her again. When Cassian arrived in the land of the fairies, he spotted one of the fairies tending to the garden and asked, "Do you know where Maya is?" "She's in the training field at the moment," the fairy replied. Cassian hurried to the training camp, feeling as if weeks had passed since he last saw her. There had been so much chaos that he hadn't had time to see her.

Maya was training with one of the fairies, a tall, slender figure with long silver hair cascading down to his waist, piercing eyes, and a strikingly handsome face. But all that faded from Cassian's mind as he focused on Maya, who radiated happiness. "MAYA!" he called out. Upon hearing his voice, Maya turned quickly. When she saw him, she ran into his arms. "Why didn't you tell me you'd come back?" she exclaimed, her eyes sparkling with joy. Cassian shot a glare at the fairy beside her. "Who is this?" he demanded. "Aéles Elrond.

I was just appointed captain of the palace guard," the fairy introduced himself, stepping forward. "It's a pleasure to meet you, beautiful Maya," Elrond said with a charming smile. Cassian felt a surge of irritation at the way Elrond looked at her. "I'm not your couple; I'm her husband," he asserted possessively. "For us fairies, that's the same thing-a couple, a life companion. You humans are limited by the word 'husband,'" Maya explained, her voice steady. Maya noticed the intense gaze Cassian directed at Elrond and took his arm, pulling him away. "Today we're done with our training.

My husband is leaving soon for a long time, and I want to be alone with him." "I understand. I'll see you later, Maya," Elrond said, stepping back. Once they were far enough from the training camp, Cassian asked, "Why were you with that fairy?" "We were training," Maya replied, her tone light. "I don't like that you're close to him. I believe he's interested in you if he's training alone with you," Cassian said, his voice laced with jealousy. "It doesn't matter what interest he has in me, since I only have eyes for you," Maya said, leaning in to kiss him. That kiss quelled Cassian's anger.

He wrapped his arms around her waist, pressing his body against hers, and returned the kiss with fervor. "You don't know how much I missed you," he murmured against her lips. "I know, but you don't have to be anxious. I'm yours, my love," Maya reassured him. Cassian kissed her again, whispering, "I love you. I love you madly, Maya." "That's true," she replied, placing her hand over his heart. "And I feel it too. Even if there's a moment when I stop feeling you, I would think that I had stopped loving you." "Was it when Cassiel took my body?" he asked, his brow furrowing. "Yes.

He kissed the queen and broke my heart when I saw you because I couldn't feel you. After he left, I asked the queen, 'Why did I lose him? Why did I stop feeling?'" "What did she say?" Cassian inquired. "That our connection is not just physical; our souls are intertwined. When the first guardian took your body, your soul was gone, which is why I couldn't feel your feelings, only the pain of the loss," Maya explained. Cassian sat beside Maya, feeling the weight of her words. "I feel it too. I'm scared." "Yes, then you won't do it again," she said softly. "I won't, I promise you," he vowed.

Maya wrapped her arms around Cassian's waist. "But it's worth it if the pain you have is regret." Cassian kissed her again, his voice earnest. "Forgive me for my regret. I never imagined the first guardian would do such a thing when I gave my body." "You know it's harder than a kiss to please me, right?" she teased. "Yes, I'm prepared for that," Cassian replied, a smile breaking through his seriousness.

394

"I'm not fighting a war... It's not a battle that you can't win." When Uzziel realized that his priest was away, he ran back to search for him. He encountered Lissana and asked her, "Have you seen my priest?" "No, is there a return?" "Yes, one of the fairies told me he had gone to the training camp. I went to look for him, but it seems he left with my mother a little before you arrived." "Do you want me to help you look for him?" "I would appreciate it if you did." Lissana had learned to use wind magic very well, so she summoned it to locate them. They were very close.

Lissana took Uzziel's hand and said, "Come on, they're nearby." "Your power is brilliant. I never tire of watching it." As they left the country where Maya and Cassian had met, Lissana had to cover them. Uzziel's eyes sparkled with excitement as he exclaimed, "What's going on, Lissana? Why are you covering my eyes?" Maya and Cassian, hearing Uzziel's voice, separated a bit, feeling a little embarrassed. Lissana removed her hand from Uzziel's eyes, and when he saw his father, he ran into his arms. "Papa!" Cassian caressed his wife's head tenderly. "Hello, son.

How are you?" "I'm very happy to see you back! I missed you so much." "I missed you too." Cassian glanced at Lissana, who was a bit taller now, and wondered how much time had passed. "I see you've both grown a lot." Uzziel beamed with pride. "Yes, I'm sure I'll be taller than Lissana soon." "You still have a long way to go," Lissana replied. Cassian extended his arm to Lissana, who was like a daughter to him. "Come on, don't be lazy." Lissana stepped closer, joining him in a warm embrace. "Welcome back." Maya interjected, "It's time to eat.

We should head to the dining hall." Uzziel dashed off, determined to reach the dining hall first. "I'll beat you there!" he shouted. Though it was childish, Lissana's pride compelled her to chase after him, leaving Maya and Cassian behind. Maya entwined her arm with Cassian's and let out a long sigh. "I suppose we'll have to wait until night to be together, so prepare yourself. I don't think you'll leave this evening." "If you hadn't proposed it, I would have," Cassian replied. "I won't give you any rest." "Hmm...

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I'll wait anxiously for you to arrive tonight." When they reached the dining hall, Lissana felt triumphant, while Uzziel felt a bit uncomfortable, clearly aware of who had arrived first. The food was served quickly. As they began to eat, Cassian remarked on how he was used to the traditional food of the fairies, especially after the long days of cold. He didn't know if it was the food itself or the company of his family that made everything taste better. Meanwhile, Lissana inquired about her parents and finally asked about her dear friend.

"How is Tarik?" "He's doing very well," Cassian replied, pulling out the letter Tarik had given him. "He asked me who told you this." Lissana took the letter and examined it closely. "Do you know when he'll be back?" "I don't think he's ready yet. He wanted to explore your world before returning." "I see." After finishing her meal, Lissana put away the letter. One of the fairies told Cassian that the fairy queen had summoned him. Maya set down her utensils and said, "I will accompany you." "It's not necessary," Cassian replied.

"I wasn't suggesting it." Maya shouldn't have been bothered by the kiss Cassian had given the fairy queen, even though it wasn't meant to be disrespectful. Still, she felt a twinge of distrust and said nothing more. They bid farewell to their children and headed toward the throne room where the queen awaited them. Cassian bowed before her, but Maya stood firm, refusing to bend. She had always been strong-willed and had never backed down. The queen, however, didn't seem upset by her attitude, so she said nothing.

The queen regarded Cassian from her throne for a few moments before finally asking, "How are you?" "Is Tarik with Cassiel?" The queen fell silent, as if hoping Cassian would guess the reason for her inquiry. Cassian wasn't entirely sure, so he spoke of both. "Tarik is very happy.

He begins each day with his sword and magic, and Cassiel is recovering. His body is still stiff and weak. Abril is treating him, but it seems his body isn't responding correctly. Abril says it's like infusing magic into an empty vessel." The queen nodded.

"The effectiveness of healing magic depends on the strength of the person being healed. You have magical power, but Cassiel needs magic. He is strong, but all that power can leave his body. He must take his time." "Tell Abril when you return. Tarik asked me to remind him that Cassiel is still waiting for a response to the letter I sent.

He is anxious because he hasn't heard back yet." "Before I go, there's something I want to ask." "Speak." "Will you participate in the war against the darkness?" "I'm not sure yet." "I thought that when I learned Cassiel had returned, I would have no doubts and would join the fight." "Because he's back, I have doubts contrary to what I thought." The queen sighed heavily. "I don't want to be in a war where I'm not sure we'll win." "Then you will surrender. The battles that cannot be fought are the ones that are not won. Does your kingdom not matter?

Does it not matter if everything is destroyed?" "Because I care, I am more cautious about making a decision." The queen stood up and turned to leave. Cassian wanted to follow her to try to convince her to join the fight, but Maya stopped him. "You won't change her mind, so don't insist." "But..." "Let it go, Cassian. Apparently, the only person who might change her opinion is Cassiel. I don't believe the queen will listen to anyone else." "She doesn't seem to want to know anything about him." The queen had always been proud, unwilling to admit her worries for him.

That was why her question had been so vague. But Maya saw the entrance leading to the palace and wondered what the queen was waiting for. "I assume you have feelings for him," Maya said. Maya hugged Cassian and told him, "You must love him too. Otherwise, you wouldn't have defended him when I wanted to give him a beating. But it takes time to show it." "I suppose we can't all be like you." "Indeed, and we should take advantage of the fact that the children have gone to play so that you can help me demonstrate it."

395

Lissana sought a quiet spot to read the letter that Tarik had sent her. But it was difficult to find peace with Uzziel trailing behind, insisting that he practice his swordplay nearby. "I can't right now, Uzziel. I have something important to do," she said, trying to brush him off. "You don't have anything important to do. You just want to read your letter," he countered, his tone teasing. "It's important to me," she replied, her patience wearing thin. "I'm your cousin. If you think of me as a brother, you should pay me more attention than you do to Tarik," he insisted.

"Why do you want to be like a brother to me? Sometimes you're just so annoying," she shot back. Lissana turned to leave, but Uzziel remained where he was, watching her with a mixture of frustration and concern. "I'll see you when I finish reading my letter," she called over her shoulder. Lissana hurried to a large tree, settling into the soft earth as she eagerly opened the letter. She was excited to see the words Tarik had penned on those pages. In the letter, he described his kingdom beautifully, sharing how wonderful it was and how much he cherished their time together.

He spoke of his love for her, which surpassed even that of his closest friends. After finishing the letter, Lissana leaned back against the cool grass, gazing up at the blue sky visible through the leaves. In that moment, she longed for Tarik to be with her. "Does he still not say when he will return?" Uzziel asked, breaking her reverie. Lissana sat up quickly, irritated by the interruption. "No, he hasn't mentioned it, but I suspect he might be delayed for a while." "Ha... I don't understand why he doesn't come back.

Why does he insist on staying in the human world?" Uzziel remarked, rolling his eyes. Lissana found his annoyance grating. Since childhood, she had been closest to Tarik, but now, even though he claimed she was his best friend, deep down, she knew that their bond had changed, and it might never be the same again. It was a thought that troubled her greatly, but she refused to accept it. It wasn't just the years that separated them; it was time itself that had distanced them. She hated that Tarik was gone, but she had never voiced her feelings, nor would she.

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Lissana continued to receive letters from him, believing that they arrived daily in the human world. However, they often took a week or two to reach her, as time in the land of the fairies passed so quickly compared to the human realm. Sometimes, she worried that she would never be ready to return to the human world, that she would grow older than her parents. These thoughts lingered in her mind during meals. "Lissana, Lissana," Maya called, her voice breaking through Lissana's reverie. Uzziel shook Lissana's arm to get her attention.

"What's going on?" "Mother is talking to you," he said, glancing at Maya. "I'm listening, Aunt Maya," Lissana replied, trying to focus. "What do you think?" Maya asked. "When do you think you'll be able to return to the human world?" Maya and Cassian exchanged glances, and Cassian asked, "Why are you asking this question?" "Time here passes differently than in the human kingdom. It doesn't affect the fairies much, but I'm human. If I'm gone for too long, I'll be older than I am now," Lissana explained, her brow furrowing. Cassian chuckled at her worries. "You don't need to worry about that.

We are guardians, so we age more slowly than normal humans. Your mother has elven blood, which means she doesn't age in the same way. You'll return home before you become an old woman." "When will that be exactly?" Lissana pressed. "When you can defend yourself," Maya replied. "I can defend myself," Lissana insisted. "Not yet. When you can fully harness your powers, you will return home. Until then, keep training," Maya encouraged. "What if I can't do it? What if I can't fully use my powers? Does that mean I'll have to stay here forever?" Lissana asked, panic rising in her voice.

"Of course not. You will return soon. When the war ends, you will come back home," Maya reassured her. "And what if I don't want to go back?" Lissana challenged. "Do you want to stay here?" Cassian asked, concern creeping into his tone. "No, I just asked out of curiosity. It's not that I think I want anything like that," she clarified. Cassian's expression turned serious. "You are a princess, Lissana. You are the hereditary princess, just as Tarik will be king in the land of the fairies. You will reign in Cosset." "Uncle, I'm not forgotten.

I know there are responsibilities I will have to fulfill someday," Lissana replied, her voice firm. As a fairy, Maya had always resented the rules that constrained her destiny. "But you are not obligated to do anything that doesn't resonate with you, Lissana. Never forget that. You can do what you want, pursue what makes you happy." "Maya!" Cassian interjected. "What? This is how I chose to live, and that's why I'm with you. No one should dictate how to live," Maya said, her voice resolute. "Choose the path you want to take, Lissana."

No matter how difficult it may be, live for what you want and for your convictions. Live for yourself, without regrets. It doesn't matter if others are happy or not; you are the only one who must be happy," Maya advised. Uzziel piped up, "Is that also for me?" "Of course. Live as you wish, because the only thing that matters is your happiness," Maya replied. When the meal concluded, Lissana and Uzziel were the first to leave the table. Once they were alone, Cassian turned to Lissana. "Why did you say that?" he asked. "Because this is how I chose to live."

I hate the word 'destiny' or 'obligation.' I despise when others try to decide what's best for me. I loathe the idea of being forced down a single path when there are so many to choose from," she confessed. Cassian took her hand. "You are brave and strong," he said gently. Lissana wandered to the garden, where the door to Cosset stood. She reflected on Maya's words. Had she ever truly considered that she could live as she wished? With a deep sigh, she murmured, "Am I really free to live as I want?" She gazed up at the beautiful sky.

If she were to ask herself whether she wanted to return, she realized she was torn. The land of the fairies had become a significant part of her life, yet the human kingdom still beckoned. Even though her parents and uncles had decided she would one day return, she didn't know if she could truly call either place home. "What will my home be?" she wondered aloud.

396

The Call of Darkness Abril woke up, drenched in sweat, her heart heavy with Alessandro's worries. "Abril, are you alright?" he asked, his voice laced with concern. "We must prepare ourselves; the doors of Hades will open soon." "What do you want to decide?" Abril had experienced a prophetic vision. In her dream, she saw Cira opening the gates of Hades, unleashing monsters that would destroy everything in their path. "I saw it! I saw Cira opening the doors of Hades and the horrors that emerged from there!" "Calm down, Abril."

It was just a nightmare." "It was not just a nightmare!" she insisted, her voice rising. "That's what happened. That's it!" Feeling the heat radiating from her, Alessandro embraced her tightly. "It's alright. I believe you. I believe you." "Cassian was right; the gate of Hades will open in the mountains of Vaizel, the desert kingdom. It will be our battlefield, without a doubt. I have to warn all the kingdoms." "I will take care of this. You focus on Cassiel. We need you to recover." "If I can't do it alone, I'll ask for help from Kiara."

Maybe we can manage to restore him completely, since you are the only one who can convince the fairy queen to join our battle." Abril headed to see Kiara, only four days since she had returned from the mountains of Vaizel, but she hoped Kiara had regained her power. She touched the door to Kiara's room and waited for it to open. "How have you been? Have you rested well?" "Yes." "You've recovered your power. I need you to help with something."

"I think so. What do you need help with?" "It's Cassiel. I still can't manage to get him to recover completely, no matter how much magic I infuse.

If we can do it, maybe we can help him regain his strength." "Talk to me. I'll help you with whatever I can." "Thank you." As they made their way to Cassiel's room, Kiara asked, "Is there any news about your sister?" "No, but this evening I had a prophetic vision. I saw how she opened the doors of Hades." "Are you sure it was a prophetic vision?" "Yes. If they recognize each other, they are only more experienced than they were the first time." "Then it was not just a nightmare; it really happened." "This is something that cannot be avoided, is it?" "No, it couldn't be avoided.

We might not have been able to prevent Cira from opening the doors of Hades, but we can stop her from destroying our world." "Do you truly believe this man can help us defeat the dark king?" "I hope so. Now, more than ever, we need your help." When they arrived at Cassiel's room, Abril touched the door and waited until it opened. "Good morning." Cassiel, who was staring intently at Kiara, turned to Abril. "I see you didn't come alone." "I need you to get out of that bed and accept a little help." "You're very rude!

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I don't lie in bed all day because I want to." Kiara approached Cassiel and said, "Abril has infused you with magic for long enough. Why haven't you recovered?" "When a person dies, all their magic returns to the earth to join the world. My body has been dead for a long time, so it's too late for me to recover much energy." "I'm sorry, but I've never dealt with dead people before." "I'm not dead, you obstinate girl!" "I miss you a little," Abril said with a smile. "Ha!

Elves, always so arrogant." "Thank your loved ones for lifting you from that bed." Before they could continue their argument, Abril intervened. "Calm down." Abril took Cassiel's hand and looked at Kiara. "We're stuck." Kiara took Cassiel's other hand, her displeasure evident. "If it weren't necessary, I wouldn't waste my magic on you." Abril turned to Kiara. "We'll have time for that later.

I want to finish this and be ready." "I suppose it must be very difficult to deal with this idiot." Without saying anything more, they began to infuse their magic into him until they could no longer sustain it. When Cassiel finally finished, he felt much better. He had completely recovered. When he got up, his legs felt strong, and he could stand without any trouble. "I feel better," he said. Kiara huffed.

"I'm glad all my magic was of some use." Abril asked Cassiel, "Have you regained all your magic?" "No, I still feel a great void inside me, but my body seems restored." "If your body is well, go to the fairy realm and convince the fairy queen to join our war." "I will do it when I recover completely. If I go in this state, she won't want to participate." "I thought you could convince her!" "The only way to persuade Leriana to join this war is to ensure that we win. My presence alone won't convince her; it's my power that matters. That's the only reason I can't rush to the fairy realm.

That's what keeps me from being by her side." Kiara said, "I'm starting to think you're just a leech, consuming our energy." "I'm not a leech! Even now, I recognize my value. I'm sure I'm ready," Cassiel retorted. "Useless guy," Kiara muttered. Abril had used a lot of magic and felt a tidal wave of exhaustion. She didn't want to listen to Kiara and Cassiel bicker, so she addressed Cassiel before leaving the room. "The war is about to start. If there's anything you can do to regain your power, do it quickly. We can't keep giving away our strength.

If you had another way to recover, I wouldn't be pestering you, but there are only two ways for me to regain my power: one is through magic infusion, and then I must wait for my body to recover its energy on its own. But we don't have time for that." Cira had taken longer than expected to regain her power, but while she recovered, she first went to the mountains where she had found the key to Hades, a key she had not been able to reclaim.

As she approached the cave, Liona asked, "This time, will you actually be able to recover the key that is in this mountain?" Cira could feel the angel's blood flowing within her. She was sure that this time she would succeed in reclaiming the key. "Yes, I am certain that eventually, my brothers will hold that key, so it remains at the door and ensures that no one interrupts me." Cira entered the cave. Each time she had entered before, she had felt its heavy weight, but this time was different. Her body felt light, and the pressure from the key no longer affected her.

When she reached the end of the cave, she opened the door. It was dark and cold to the touch. A voice echoed in her mind. "Finally, the key is ours." The key radiated pure evil. Cira felt the darkness invade her, resonating within her as if it longed to return to the place from which it had come, as if it were shouting that she should open the door of Hades and unleash the darkness that existed on the other side of those gates.

397

Liona waited outside the cave, her senses heightened as she felt a presence behind her. "Don't hide if you don't want to die!" she called out, her voice steady. "I believe we were friends," came a voice from the shadows. From among the trees, a dark figure emerged, taking on a human form. Liona recognized him as the same creature she had encountered in the forest of Laios. "What are you doing here?" she demanded. "I wanted to see for myself if this human has succeeded in recovering Hades' key," he replied, his tone almost mocking.

"Is it time to let her go?" Liona asked, her heart heavy with uncertainty. "No, there is still another key of Hades missing. Until we have it, we cannot open the doors. Patience is required," he said, his voice low and ominous. "I refuse to suffer any longer. I won't live like a servant," she retorted, anger flaring within her. "When you open the doors of Hades, he will tell you," he warned, his eyes glinting with dark promise. "Even in darkness, you will find more power than you can imagine.

You could destroy this woman." "I will wait anxiously for that day to arrive," Liona replied, her determination solidifying. "I will eradicate the Venobich family completely. They will pay for everything that has happened to me." "Ready, little one? Ready to have the power to do whatever you desire?" he asked, a sinister smile creeping across his face. "It would be better to leave me alone. I don't want any woman to see me," she said, her voice trembling slightly.

"What's your name? Now you're not hiding it," he pressed. "Dagon. You can call me that," she replied, her resolve hardening.

After she had given him a name, the creature vanished among the trees. Liona fell to her knees in front of the cave, waiting patiently until Cira emerged, a black key hanging from her white gown. Cira cast a quick glance at Liona and called out to her dragon. "What are you going to do now?" she asked, concern etched on her face. "We need to recover the key that is in Cosset, but for that, we will need an army," Liona explained, her mind racing. "However, there are no monsters left; they have all been eradicated. Where will we find this army?" Cira questioned, her brow furrowing.

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"When my priest was alive, he created seeds that could spawn monsters. They may not be as strong as the royals, but they will serve to create our army. I will go for the rest. I want you to hire mercenaries and assassins. It doesn't matter if they are good warriors; I will communicate with you when I have the seeds," Liona instructed. Before Cira left, Liona added, "To hire mercenaries, you need money, Princess Cira." Cira pulled a bag of gold from her clothes and tossed it to Liona. "This should be enough." As the dragon landed, Cira climbed onto its back, and they soared into the sky.

Cira was her priest's right hand, which is why she knew who had delivered the seeds of darkness for experimentation. Many of those people came from the kingdom of Cosset, but she could not enter without being noticed, especially since she possessed Hades' key. So, she decided to head to the kingdom of Sator, where a noble lived near the border. He had personally delivered some fragments of darkness to her. The kingdom of Sator was crumbling, and even with her dragon, it would take time to return. As night fell, she stopped to rest in the woods, not wanting to draw attention.

She needed to bury herself in her plans. Lying back next to her dragon, she felt it cover her with its wing, as if it were a bird protecting its chick. Cira gently caressed the dragon's wing. "You are a dragon; you should be fiercer and not behave like a chicken," she teased. The dragon growled softly, moving closer to her. She continued to stroke its scales, and it seemed to relax under her touch, eventually falling asleep beside her. Cira woke each night to the whispers of the key echoing in the silence. The screams were devastating, enough to drive anyone mad.

The voice of the demon in her head spoke as well, pleased to have obtained Hades' key. Yet, it continued to demand, urging her to find the time to open the doors of Hades and unleash hell on earth. But since the blood of the angel had been consumed, she felt a sense of urgency. Doubts began to creep into her mind, but they were quickly drowned out by the darkness within her. The next day, Cira left at dawn, arriving at dusk in the kingdom of Sator. She hid in a forest near Count Brans' mansion until night fell, then broke into the mansion, causing a great uproar.

Count Brans hurried to investigate the commotion. When he saw Cira, he paled, ordering all guards and servants gathered in the vestibule to leave them alone. Once they were alone, Count Brans rushed in front of Cira. "I apologize for the rude reception my servants gave you,

Princess Cira. Please, forgive us!" he pleaded. "I don't have time to waste on these fools. Let's get to the point," she replied, her impatience evident. "To what do I owe the honor of your visit?" he asked, trying to regain his composure. "There's only one reason I'm here.

You know what I seek-the three sharp edges I entrusted to you," she stated, her voice steady. "I hid them in a safe place when your father died," he confessed, his eyes darting nervously. "Your experiments?" she pressed, her tone sharp. "When your father died, I had begun many experiments, but they were all destroyed," he said, fear creeping into his voice. "Bring me what I came for, and do it quickly. Don't waste my time," Cira commanded. Count Brans hurried away to retrieve the seeds of darkness, terrified of what Cira could unleash upon his home.

When Count Brans returned to the room where he had left Cira, he handed her a bottle containing the seeds, his hands trembling. "Here you go, Princess Cira." "They're all there. I see you didn't think I would take advantage, even though this time it favors me," she said, inspecting the contents. Cira turned to leave, and Count Brans felt a wave of relief wash over him. But she paused, a cold smile spreading across her face. "I won't destroy your house, but I can't leave you alive." "Please, spare my life! I would never dare to betray you.

I beg you, don't kill me!" he pleaded, desperation in his voice. "I can't leave loose ends, especially not one as pathetic as you," she replied, her voice chilling. With that, black flames appeared in Cira's hand, flames that quickly engulfed Count Brans, reducing him to ashes.

398

Abril felt restless, as if a great power had just awakened-one dark and malevolent. She sought out Kiara, hoping to confirm whether her friend felt the same ominous presence. They met in the countryside, where the air was thick with tension. "Does it make sense?" Kiara asked, her brow furrowed. "I'm not sure," Abril replied. "But it doesn't seem like a monster. It feels like something else, a presence that is even more malevolent and dark." Cassiel appeared suddenly, his expression grave. "That's the key to Hades you sense.

It's been uncovered." "Why are we only understanding this now?" Kiara questioned, her voice tinged with urgency. "The key was hidden and protected by a barrier. If you can perceive it, it means it has been taken," Cassiel explained. Abril's heart raced. "Here we have one of the keys to Hades. Is that why you feel so different?" "Yes," Cassiel confirmed. "One of the keys was created with divine power, while others were forged from darkness." "Why did you create them like that?" Kiara asked, her curiosity piqued.

"Because good cannot exist without evil, just as light cannot exist without darkness. The two keys complement each other, even though one of them can only be wielded by a guardian," Cassiel replied. "The queen had one of those keys in her possession, but she is not a guardian," Kiara pointed out. "She may not be a guardian, but she has an essence that must remain within it," Cassiel clarified. "What does that mean?" Abril asked, confusion clouding her thoughts. "We were a pair. What do you think I'm referring to?" Cassiel said, his gaze steady.

"I believe this is not something I want to know," Kiara murmured. If the other key of Hades was in Cira's possession, it was only a matter of time before she sought to reclaim the key that lay within their grasp. Abril remained silent for a moment, weighing the implications. Finally, she spoke. "Cira will soon recover the key that is in our power. Keeping it here is dangerous; the city would turn into a battlefield. We should move it to a place where the citizens are not exposed to conflict." Cassiel nodded in agreement. "You're right. The best time to transfer it is now.

Darkness hates sacred places, so moving it to a temple would be wise. There, many powers will be more effective." "We should talk to Alessandro to prepare everything. Cira will soon attack us," Abril insisted. "I doubt she will strike immediately. Last time, she had three dragons with her and the element of surprise. Now she knows we are prepared for battle, and she will have to prepare herself as well," Cassiel countered. "Even so, we shouldn't wait any longer," Abril urged. "Have you regained all your power?" she asked Cassiel.

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"Not yet, but I have recovered enough to travel to the land of the fairies and speak with Leriana," he replied. "I hope you can convince the fairy queen. We will need her in the final battle," Abril said, her voice steady. "When do you plan to leave?" Kiara inquired. "I'll think about departing after receiving further treatment," Cassiel answered. Abril and Kiara exchanged glances before Abril spoke again. "I don't think we can give you all our magic. We are about to face a war; we cannot afford to be left vulnerable." "I understand. Just tell me what is necessary," Cassiel replied.

"In the Fae kingdom, there is another light magician who can lend a hand," Abril added. "Are you talking about me, Mother?" Kiara asked, her eyes wide. "Yes, she is part of the alliance. She cannot refuse to help," Abril insisted. "That may be true, but you don't know my mother. While she is willing to assist, I doubt she would accept weakening herself at such a critical moment, especially if war breaks out in the human kingdom. We know when to unlock the doors of each realm," Kiara pointed out. "Nevertheless, you need me if you want to win this war, so you will have to accept help.

There is no other option," Cassiel stated firmly. Abril and Kiara took Cassiel's hands, both infusing their magic into him. It wasn't as much as it had been before, but Cassiel assured them that it would be enough. They then made their way to Alessandro's workshop. Cassiel suggested that the best course of action was to transfer the key to a temple on the outskirts of the city. It was large and isolated, making it the ideal place to protect the key to Hades. "Are you sure this will work?" Alessandro asked, concern etched on his face.

"Cira could attack the palace, thinking the key is still here." "The keys will call to one another. They will sense where the other is hidden," Cassiel explained. "Then I will ask the horsemen to relocate the villagers and request the magicians to strengthen the barriers around the city. I'll also consider creating refuges for the citizens to protect themselves during the attack," Alessandro said, determination in his voice. "That seems like a good idea to me. The less exposure, the better. Talk to Cassian and ask him to assist with that as well," Abril suggested.

Cassiel moved toward the door, pausing before he left. "I must go ahead. Use your guardians to reach the Fae kingdom. I will lead the way to the land of the fairies." Abril continued to harbor doubts. Cassiel might convince the fairy queen to join their side, but she kept her thoughts to herself. "We will stay in contact through the mirrors. When you manage to convince the fairy queen to join the battle, let me know through Maya. I will be waiting for your answer, so don't get distracted," she instructed. "It's true that I want to be with my beloved Leriana, but this is not the best moment.

"We have priorities right now," Cassiel said, his voice firm. "Believe me, it might be better to separate from her for now." With that, Cassiel bid them farewell and left. Soon after, Kiara followed, leaving Abril and Alessandro alone. Abril felt as though time was slipping away, that the moments she had left with her husband were dwindling. Soon, they would face a war, and she feared for their survival. She approached Alessandro and wrapped her arms around him, seeking solace. He embraced her tightly, running his fingers through her fiery red hair. "Are you alright?" he asked softly.

"No, I'm not. I'm afraid we won't win this war," she admitted, her voice trembling. "Everything will be fine. We will be victorious," he reassured her. "I repeat those words over and over, but fear and anxiety consume me. I'm terrified that we might be facing our last moments together. I'm afraid we won't see our daughter again. I'm scared of dying," Abril confessed, her voice breaking. Alessandro held her close, his grip firm and protective. "Nothing like that will happen. I will ensure that we prevail.

I will protect you, protect our world, and when all this is over, we will embrace our daughter again. I promise you."

399

"Skin against skin Abril remained a good mouse, quiet in Alessandro's arms, at that moment when anxiety and fear invaded his mind. His arms became her refuge, her place of peace, where everything else faded away. "I love you," she whispered softly. "I love you, Lessan, and I'm happy to be by your side. Until you remember it, you have helped me so much to be happy." Alessandro pulled back slightly, wanting to see Abril's face, to read the expression that graced it at that moment. His heart was dreaming, and his eyes were misty.

He caught a tear with his lips before it could run down her skin and spoke in a gentle voice. "I hate not remembering my past. I hate making you suffer because of it." Abril caressed Alessandro's cheek. "I hated it at first too, but with each passing day, I learned to tell myself how lucky I am to still have you by my side." "I'm lucky to have such a wonderful wife who loves me so much." "Do you really feel lucky to be my husband?" "Yes, very much." Alessandro placed Abril's hand on his chest so she could feel the steady thrum of his heart.

As she sensed the strength of his heartbeat, joy surged within her. That heart belonged to her. "I have to wait a lot, don't you think?" Abril asked. Alessandro blinked in confusion. "What are you talking about?" Abril's hands slid inside his shirt, caressing the muscles of his torso with a sensual smile on her face. "What do you think?" Alessandro understood what Abril was hinting at. He had

told her he wanted to wait for something special, as it would be their first time together since he had lost his memory.

Yet, he struggled with how to approach it, feeling he had no right to claim her when he had forgotten her. He tucked a loose strand of hair behind her ear and asked, "I have no right to touch you." "Who says so? That right was given to me. Look-" "But I still feel like I don't deserve it." "We don't know how much time we have, and you want to waste it thinking like that? I don't like it." "Of course you're precious, and I desire you madly. You can't imagine what it does to me to control myself." "Is that what I told you?"

"That you have to control yourself?" Abril leaned closer, brushing her lips against his. "You don't have to control yourself, Lessan. I don't want you to. I want you to love me and show me, not just with words, but with your body-your caresses, your kisses. I want all of you." When Abril touched Alessandro's lips again, he pulled her closer, wrapping his arms around her waist. He wondered why the demons had waited so long. Alessandro's mouth was warm and soft, his body firm and wonderful against hers, his hair silky to the touch of her fingers.

She closed her eyes, surrendering to the sweetness of the kiss. When she felt Alessandro's tongue brush against hers, a chill ran through her, so intense it felt as if she might die. Abril craved more. She wanted it all. She couldn't hold him tightly enough, kiss him quickly enough. A moan escaped her throat, so powerful that she felt it in her heart. Abril pushed him against the desk, her hands exploring his back, sides, and shoulders. She wanted to revel in the sensation, to strip away his clothes and feel Alessandro's calloused hands against her bare skin.

The intensity of her desire consumed her. Years had passed since she had last felt her husband's touch, sharp nights of solitude filled with longing for his caresses and kisses. Alessandro's lips left hers to trail down her neck, grazing a spot behind her ear, and Abril gasped. He continued down her collarbone, igniting a fire and passion that burned fervently between them. Alessandro lifted her into his arms and set her on the desk, their bodies entwined in kisses and caresses. But when Abril began to remove his clothes, he halted.

"What's wrong, Lessan?" she asked, her voice laced with urgency. "Tonight, I don't want our first night to be here." "You told me just once. I don't care about the place; I just want to be with you. I don't want to wait, Lessan." Alessandro stepped closer, kissing her again. "I want to wait too, but this isn't the right place or moment." "We can go to another room if you want a bed to be more comfortable, even though it never mattered to you before." Alessandro smiled as he listened to Abril's words. He couldn't imagine what kind of relationship they had before.

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"We will have it tonight." "You're not fooling me." "No," he replied, pressing a kiss to her forehead. Abril laughed softly. "But it's worth keeping your promise. I'm no longer a little girl, Lessan. A simple hug isn't enough for me." Abril adjusted her clothes and began to drift off to sleep beside Alessandro. When she woke in the night, she found Alessandro rushing home. Abril waited for him in a light shirt that left little to the imagination, her heart racing as she dreamily asked, "Why did you take so long?"

I thought you wouldn't come." Alessandro drove furiously, eager to close the distance that separated them. He would die to hold her in his arms. Abril welcomed him with equal passion, their hands hastily shedding each other's clothes, exploring each other's bodies, wanting to imprint this sensation in their minds. Their hungry mouths sought each other, and between kisses, they made their way to the bed. Alessandro kissed her body over her shirt, but she wanted more; she craved the warmth of his mouth exploring her bare skin.

So, she quickly stripped away the last piece of clothing that covered her. Alessandro paused for a moment to admire her nudity, his mouth forming a question filled with doubt. "Is it okay for us to continue?" Abril helped him remove his pants and kissed him. "If you even think about stopping, today I want to be completely yours, and for you to be completely mine. Love me until our bodies are spent and utterly satisfied." Alessandro fulfilled Abril's wishes, and that night they expressed their love in a way only lovers could, skin against skin.

Preparing for battle Abril rested in Alessandro's arms. He held her hand, their fingers intertwined, and in that state of love, Alessandro glimpsed some recollections-or at least that was how it felt. The sound of rain pattered against the window, accompanied by distant rumbles of thunder. Abril tried to shift her position, as it wasn't very comfortable, but Alessandro held her still. "Let's stay a little longer." "My arm is falling asleep." When Abril insisted it was uncomfortable for her, he refused to let go. She looked at him seriously and asked, "What's wrong?"

Do you regret being with me?" "Not at all. It's just that I seemed to remember something about us, something from the past." "What did you remember?" "In reality, it wasn't a memory." "What did you remember, Lessan?" "An image appeared in my mind of us dancing under the moonlight." That, without a doubt, was a memory. "How do you remember it? I thought Cira erased all your memories of me." "I don't know, but it felt like we were one. Our marriage mark shone brightly for a moment, and then it came to my mind, but I'm not sure.

At that moment, my senses were clouded." A wide smile spread across Abril's face. "The marriage mark is a bond that unites two people as one, connecting them in such an intimate way. This connection becomes stronger, and maybe you can recover your memories." "Do you really believe it was like that? Maybe it was just my imagination and not a true memory." "That memory was real; it wasn't your imagination, Lessan. Although this is a small hope, let's hold on to it." Abril climbed on top of Alessandro without letting go of his hands and smiled as she said, "We don't lose anything by trying.

Besides, this is just the beginning. You made me wait too long, so don't think I'm done yet." That night, several memories returned to Alessandro-memories of walking with Abril through the palace gardens and strolling along the beach, memories where he could see the beautiful smile of his wife. She had made him so happy, and it didn't feel like a lie. That night, they slept embraced, sharing warmth and fragments of their memories. The next day, the rain had not stopped. The sound of thunder awakened Abril, and she sat up in fright, thinking it was an attack.

Alessandro wrapped his arms around her and said, "Calm down, it's just the rain. Go back to sleep a little longer." Abril rested her head on his chest, listening only to the sound of the rain. They had worked hard to create great constructions on the land. But at that moment, she could only hear the

steady rhythm of Alessandro's heart. She closed her eyes and savored this moment, wishing it could last forever, hoping the battle that threatened them would never arrive. Abril drifted back to sleep, waking hours later to find Alessandro getting up. "Where are you going?" "I need to call Sirius.

I must meet with him." "I'll accompany you." Alessandro kissed her gently. "Rest a little longer." "Are you sure you don't want me to come with you?" "No need. Stay resting." "Will I see you at dinner?" "I'll try." Alessandro finished getting dressed and went to meet Sirius. He felt anxious about the meeting, but when he saw Sirius, he greeted him. "Good morning, Your Majesty." "Good morning, Sirius. Thank you for coming so prepared." "I brought several mages with me, just as you requested. What do you need us for?" "Cira has one of his favorite fans in his power-Hades.

So you should wonder how long it will take for him to come for the key that is in our possession." "Do you want us to reinforce the barriers?" "Yes, but not alone. I want the citizens to have a place to take refuge when they attack us. I want the mages to defend those places." "You need a list of all these locations to send to the mages?" "Tell Gabriel to provide it to you." "Is there anything else you need?" "What do you know about the marriage mark?" Sirius blinked several times, clearly taken aback by the question. "Is that what you want to know?" "I've recovered some memories.

At this moment, the marriage mark on my brother and Abril is shining." "Hmm... I've never heard of anything like this. The purpose of the marriage mark is to demonstrate the union between two people, the pact made to be together until death separates them. But it's something that only humans use. So how does it work with Maya?" "Abril is part fairy, and I'm a guardian." "So, why are you asking about the marriage mark?

It has a different function for us, but recovering your memories is a good thing." "In reality, I don't believe the memories I'm recovering are mine." "Why not?" "I believe they are Abril's memories, which she is sharing with me through the marriage mark." "Even if their memories are something they share, they are still yours." After recovering the seeds of darkness, Cira set out to return to Lalos, but along the way, a great storm arose. She got lost and had to find a place to take refuge from the rain. While waiting for the storm to pass, she contacted Liona.

Liona had hired several mercenaries-assassins-to form part of her army to attack Cosset and seize his second key to Hades, allowing them to open the doors of Hades. "Is that where you want them to be, Princess?" "I want you to take them to Cosset, and I intend to go unnoticed. It will be easier if they enter as humans, and that will give us an advantage." "Understood." "I'll be in touch with you every few days, and I will join you when it's time to attack. Don't let them discover you, Liona. Don't disappoint me." "I won't, Princess.

I will do as you ordered." "I will contact you again, Matiana." "Be careful, Princess." "The battle will soon begin, as soon as the walls are ready." Cira finished the communication, and Liona said to herself, "Don't let anyone take my life. I am not someone weak."

"Skin against skin Abril remained a good mouse, quiet in Alessandro's arms, at that moment when anxiety and fear invaded his mind. His arms became her refuge, her place of peace, where everything else ceased to matter. "I love you," she whispered silently. "I love you, Lessan, and I'm happy to be by your side. Until you remember it, you have helped me so much to be happy." Alessandro pulled back slightly, wanting to see Abril's face, to read the expression that graced it at that moment. His heart was dreaming, and his eyes were misty.

He caught a tear with his lips before it could run down her skin, speaking softly. "I hate not remembering my past. I hate making you suffer because of it." Abril caressed Alessandro's cheek. "I hated it at first too, but as each day passed, I realized how lucky I was to still have you by my side." "I'm lucky to have such a wonderful wife who loves me so much." "Do you really feel lucky to be my husband?" "Yes, very much so." Alessandro placed Abril's hand on his chest, allowing her to feel the steady rhythm of his heart. When she felt the strength of his heartbeat, she felt happy.

That heart belonged to her. "I have to wait a lot, don't you believe?" Abril said, her voice teasing. Alessandro blinked. "What are you talking about?" Abril's hands slid inside his shirt, caressing his muscular torso with a sensual smile on her face. "What do you think?" Alessandro knew what Abril was referring to; he had told her he wanted to wait for something special, as it would be the first time they would be together since he had lost his memory. Yet he struggled with how to approach it, feeling he had no right to claim her when he had forgotten her.

He tucked a strand of hair behind her ear and asked, "I have no right to touch you." "Who says so? That right was given to me. Look." "But I still feel like I'm not worthy." "We don't know how much time we have, and you want to waste it thinking like that? I don't like it." "Of course you're precious, and I desire you madly. You can't imagine what it does to me to control myself." "Is that what I told you? That you have to control yourself?" Abril leaned in, her lips brushing against his. "You don't have to control yourself, Lessan. I don't want you to.

I want you to love me and show me-through words and actions. I want you to demonstrate it with your body, with your caresses, with your kisses. I want all of you." When Abril touched Alessandro's lips again, he pulled her close, wrapping his arms around her waist. He wondered why the demons had waited so long. Alessandro's mouth was warm and soft, his body firm and wonderful against her. She closed her eyes, surrendering to the sweet kiss. When she felt his tongue brush against hers, a chill ran through her, so intense it felt like she might die. Abril wanted more. She wanted it all.

She couldn't hug him tightly enough, kiss him quickly enough. A moan escaped her throat, so powerful it resonated in her heart. Abril pushed him against the desk, her hands roaming over his back, sides, and arms. She wanted to revel in the feeling, to strip away their clothes so she could feel Alessandro's calloused hands against her bare skin. The intensity of that desire consumed her. Years had passed since her husband had been with her, sharp nights of solitude filled with longing for his caresses and kisses.

Alessandro's lips left hers to trail down her neck, grazing a spot behind her ear, and Abril gasped. He continued down her collarbone, igniting a fire of passion between them. Alessandro lifted her into his arms and set her on the desk, their bodies entwined in kisses and caresses. But when Abril

began to remove his clothes, he halted. "What's wrong, Lessan?" she asked, her voice thick with desire. "Tonight, I don't want our first night to be here." "You told me just once. I don't care about the place; I just want to be with you.

I don't want to wait, Lessan." Alessandro leaned closer, kissing her deeply. "I want to wait too, but this isn't the right place or moment." "We can go to another room if you want a bed to be more comfortable, even though it never mattered to you before." Alessandro smiled at Abril's words, unable to imagine what kind of relationship they had before. "We will have it tonight." "You're not fooling me." "No," he replied, pressing a kiss to her forehead. Abril laughed. "But it's worth keeping your promise. I'm not a little girl anymore, Lessan.

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A simple hug isn't enough for me." Abril adjusted her clothes and began to drift off to sleep beside Alessandro. When she woke in the night, she found Alessandro rushing home. Abril waited for him, wearing a light shirt that left little to the imagination. She dreamily asked, "Why did you take so long? I thought you wouldn't come." Alessandro drove furiously, desperate to close the distance that separated them. He would die to hold her in his arms.

Abril welcomed him with the same passion, their hands hastily shedding clothes, exploring each other's bodies, wanting to etch this sensation into their minds. Their hungry mouths searched for each other, and amidst kisses, they reached the bed. Alessandro kissed her body over her shirt, but she wanted more. She craved the warmth of his mouth exploring her bare skin. So she quickly shed the last of her clothing, leaving nothing to cover her. Alessandro took a moment to admire her nudity, his mouth forming a question.

"Is it okay for us to continue?" Abril helped him remove his pants, kissing him softly. "If you dare to stop, today I want to be completely yours, and for you to be completely mine. Love me until our bodies are spent and fully satisfied." Alessandro fulfilled Abril's wishes, and that night they expressed their love in a way only lovers could, skin against skin. Preparing for battle Abril rested in Alessandro's arms. He held her hand, their fingers intertwined, while in the afterglow of their lovemaking, he had glimpsed some memories-or at least that was how it felt.

The sound of rain pattered against the window, accompanied by distant rumbles of thunder. Abril tried to shift, as the position was uncomfortable, but Alessandro held her in place. "Let's stay a little longer." "My arm is falling asleep." When Abril expressed her discomfort, he refused to let go. She looked at him seriously. "What's wrong? Do you regret being with me?" "That's not it.

I just thought I remembered something about us, something from the past." "What did you remember?" "It wasn't exactly a memory." "What did you remember, Lessan?" "An image appeared in my mind of us dancing under the moonlight." That, without a doubt, was a memory. "How do you remember it? You were supposed to have lost all memories of me." "I don't know, but it felt like we were one. Our marriage mark shone brightly for a moment, and then it came to me, but I'm not entirely sure. At that moment, my senses were clouded." A wide smile spread across Abril's face.

"The marriage mark is a bond that unites two people as one, connecting them in such an intimate way. This connection grows stronger; perhaps you can recover your memories." "Do you really believe it was like that? Maybe it was just my imagination and not a true memory." "That memory was real; it wasn't just your imagination, Lessan. Even if it's a small hope, let's hold on to it." Abril climbed on top of Alessandro without releasing his hands, smiling as she said, "We have nothing to lose by trying. Besides, this is just the beginning."

You've made me wait too long, so don't think I'm finished yet." That night, several memories returned to Alessandro-memories of walking with Abril through the palace gardens and strolling along the beach, moments where he could see the beautiful smile of his wife. She had made him so happy, and it didn't seem like a lie. That night, they slept embraced, sharing warmth and fragments of their memories. The next day, the rain had not stopped. The sound of thunder awakened Abril, and she sat up, startled, thinking it was an attack. Alessandro wrapped his arms around her.

"Calm down, it's just the rain. Go back to sleep a little longer." Abril rested her head on his chest, listening to the sound of the rain. They had worked hard to create something great on the land. But in that moment, she could only hear the steady beat of Alessandro's heart. She closed her eyes, savoring the moment, wishing it could last forever. She hoped the battle that threatened them would never come. Abril returned to sleep, waking hours later to find Alessandro getting up. "Where are you going?" "I need to call Sirius."

I must meet with him." "I'll accompany you." Alessandro pressed a kiss to her forehead. "Rest a little longer." "Are you sure you don't want me to come with you?" "No need. Stay here and rest." "Will I see you at mealtime?" "I'll try." Alessandro finished dressing and went to meet Sirius. He felt anxious about the meeting, but when he saw Sirius, he greeted him. "Good morning, Your Majesty." "Good morning, Sirius. Thank you for coming so prepared." "I brought several mages with me, just as you requested. What do you need us for?" "Cira has one of his favorite fans in his power-Hades."

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