

# Forgotten Wife : Let the Traitors Kneel Down Novel

## Chapter 401-410

Abril stayed in bed until midday, the weight of the world pressing down on her. Alessandro had left, unable to accompany her for a meal, but Kiara, Barto, Tarik, and Fay had kept her company. Eventually, Abril sought out Tarik. "I believe it is time for you to return," she said, concern etched on her face. "It's too dangerous for you to stay here." "I can't leave now," Tarik replied, his voice firm. "War will soon begin." "The doors of Hades have not yet opened. Let me stay until then." "If Cira comes to the gates of Hades, this place will become a battlefield." "You can also fight."

"Let me stay." Abril glanced at Fay, knowing that despite her desire for Tarik to return to the realm of the fairies, the final word would belong to Fay. "I think you should return as well," Fay added softly. "We don't know when the attack will come-maybe in months or weeks," Tarik argued. "It could also be days," Abril interjected. "Let me wait a little longer, Father, just a little more," Tarik pleaded. "Tarik, you can't stay. You're getting stuck in your own thoughts. Mariana, you need to come home." "But Father!" "That's enough, Tarik. I don't want to discuss this any further."

"You need to start your journey. You should be here." Tarik rose from the table, leaving his food unfinished. Fay let out a long sigh, and Kiara looked at her, puzzled. "I don't understand why he clings so desperately to this place," Kiara said. "I believe he doesn't truly know," Fay replied, lying back on the floor. "Talk to him. You'll see," Kiara suggested. After Kiara and Barto finished their meal, they left. Abril, feeling restless, returned to her room to communicate with Maya and Cassian.

As Abril spoke with Maya and Cassian, sharing the events unfolding around her, Lissana listened intently, unable to shake her worry for Tarik. Lissana hurried to her room to write a letter to Tarik, urging him to return to the fairy realm before the war began. That same night, Tarik received her letter, though he was unaware of how he had managed to convince his priest to let him stay just a little longer, even if he didn't feel prepared-to see Lissana. The next day, Cassian returned to the palace.

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Tarik was the first to spot him, standing before the tree that served as the entrance to the fairy realm. "Tarik, what are you doing here? Weren't you supposed to return to the fairy realm?" Cassian asked. "No, I'm staying a little longer," Tarik replied. "Lissana is very worried. She asked me to tell you to come back; she will be waiting for you on the other side." "Regardless, I can't go back yet." "Tarik, you came here for Lissana. Now she's asking you to return. Don't ignore the one who cares for you."

Sometimes time and distance can destroy connections." "Thank you for relaying her words to me. I'll keep it in mind. But..." Cassian sighed, knowing he had to leave. "Remember, time

works differently in the fairy realm. Don't wait too long." "I will keep that in mind." Cassian bid farewell to Tarik and went to find his brother, intending to let him know he was back. He didn't linger in the palace, heading early to the temple of Hur, located on the outskirts of the city. On his way to his room, he encountered Barto. "I see you've returned," Barto said.

"Yes, Maya asked me to tell you to take care of yourself and not to feel dizzy." "I never get dizzy; I always act on impulse." "Even so, she worries about you." "How is she? Is she still coming as usual?" "She has only stopped growing her hair, but she looks exactly the same as the last time you saw her. Besides, being a descendant of the fairy queen, time doesn't pass for her." "I'm glad to hear she's well.

When will I see her again, my nephew?" "I've grown a lot; it's been ten years." "I hope to see you before you become an adult." "Even though I just left them, I hope to see them soon and for this nightmare to end." "I believe that's something we all wish for." "By the way, do you know where Cassiel is? I have a letter for him." "Abril didn't tell me; it's been a few days since I heard he was going to the fairy realm." "He hadn't arrived when you came to me. Perhaps he'll return later.

I hope for your answer, as the fairy queen must finally decide to join us." "I hope you manage to convince the fairy queen to join the battle." "I hope so too." Later, Cassiel contemplated the things he needed before visiting Leriana. One of them was his weapon, a golden spear, though he had not yet regained all his power. But he didn't need it to raise his weapon. Cassiel took the spear, feeling its weight in his hands, and headed toward the exit that would take him to the realm of the Fae. As he left the guardians' quarters, he was confronted by guards who pointed their swords at him.

"Who are you, and what are you doing here?" one demanded. "I just left the guardians' room. Who do you think I am?" Cassiel replied, irritation creeping into his voice. "Do you have a guardian?" "Yes, and no. I am the first guardian, so I remain before your reign." The guards fell silent, unsure if they should act against him. Cassiel pressed on. "I need to reunite with my beloved Leriana as soon as possible." "I don't have time to waste. If you don't take me to your queen, I'll find her myself." The guards blocked Cassiel's path.

"We cannot allow someone unknown to meet the queen unless she authorizes it. You'll have to wait until she gives the order." "Is it true you want to face me? I hope your skills are enough to entertain me," Cassiel challenged. Before a fight could break out, Enora appeared suddenly, her presence commanding attention. "What is all this fuss about?" she asked, her red hair framing her face. Cassiel found himself gazing at the beautiful woman who had just materialized. "You must be the Fae queen." "And you are? How did you come into my kingdom?" she inquired, her golden eyes narrowing.

"I am Cassiel, the first guardian. I arrived here through the home of the guardians." "What do you want here, guardian?" Enora asked, crossing her arms. "I'm here because I need your help." "Even as a guardian, why do you think I would help you?" "Because I am the one who will change the course of this war and prevent this world from being destroyed." "I see you have a lot of confidence in yourself, guardian. But do you truly believe you have the power to do what you claim?"

Enora approached Cassiel, her gaze fixed intently on him. "I say it," she declared. "Mind you, you don't possess the power you presume to have. You're like an empty vessel," Cassiel replied, his tone laced with a hint of arrogance. "I prefer the medium term to read," Enora retorted, beginning to let go of her reservations. "Follow me," Cassiel instructed, bidding farewell to the fleeting days that had passed. "See you, everyone," he called out as Enora guided him to her workshop. She settled into a chair behind her desk, ready to confront the pressing question.

"What is it that you want to save?" she asked. "How did you know? At this moment, I don't have all my power. I need your help to recover it," Cassiel admitted, his expression earnest. "A person's magical power is restored with time. I can't assist you with that. You should seek out Queen Hada; she is the one who controls time," Enora explained. "She can't help me. There's too much trouble involved in giving life and strength to the fairies. I'm unlucky, so my recovery would be slower there.

You are a bearer of light; I need you to restore my power with your magic." "If I gave you all my power, you would recover. But as I said before, I'm only half full," she countered. "That's true. Abril and Kiara didn't want to use their magic on me several times, yet I still can't regain all my power." "How do you know them?" Enora inquired, curiosity piqued. "I have been recovering in the kingdom of Cosset, but they are about to face a battle, so they cannot continue helping me," Cassiel explained. "A battle?" Enora echoed, concern creeping into her voice.

"Lachica is going to open the gates of Hades. I possess one of the keys, and it is one of the most dangerous. This key holds immense power, but I still need the other key, and it won't be long before they go searching for it. That's why they couldn't continue aiding me, and I decided to come here." "If what you're saying is true, I can't help you either. I must protect my kingdom," Enora replied, her resolve firm. "Tell me before, you can't deny your help to a guardian," Cassiel pressed. "You can't force me, guard," she shot back, her gaze unwavering.

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Cassiel held her stare, his intensity matching hers. "Listen, I really need your help. I must convince the queen to join the battle, but she doesn't see me as strong. To defeat the Dark Lord, we need all the kingdoms united. Otherwise, we cannot win. I've witnessed many worlds perish because they thought they could move forward until darkness consumed them. We can only prevail when everyone acts as one." Enora sat in silence, contemplating Cassiel's words. "I'll help you, but I don't think I'll give you all my power," she finally said. "I thank you," Cassiel replied, relief washing over him.

Enora stood and approached Cassiel, grasping his arm as she spoke. "It's worth convincing the queen to join the fight. Otherwise, she'll seek you out, and I'll make you pay for lying to me, regardless of what I have to do with my last breath." "Don't worry; you won't have to do anything like that," Cassiel assured her. Enora infused a significant amount of magic into Cassiel. His power surged, but it remained only half full. "You're still somewhat empty. Let's hope that Queen Hada thinks like you and believes that she's a bit soft," Enora remarked.

"I truly appreciate it," Cassiel said, gratitude evident in his voice. "What do you think about now? I can't think about my magic anymore; we need to prepare for war," she stated. "Take me to the land of the fairies," Cassiel requested. "I can send you to the entrance of the land of the fairies, even if you don't know it's still open. When her kingdom is attacked, she closes all entrances," Enora explained. "I suppose this is something you need to check out for yourself," she added.

Enora hesitated, not wanting to send her first guardian away, but she opened a portal that led directly to the entrance of the land of the fairies, surprising Cassiel. "If you can make portals, why not send me directly to the land of the fairies?" he asked. "The land of the fairies has a barrier that prevents entry. That's why I'm sending you to the entrance, so you can enter once," Enora replied, giving him a gentle push through the portal she had created. It closed immediately behind him, leaving Cassiel alone.

"I see why your daughter is so obstinate; she's just like her mother," Cassiel murmured as he approached the entrance to the fairy realm. Fortunately, the entrance was still open, allowing him to pass without issue. Though the entrance was near the palace, he could see it shining in the distance. "I have to return to Cosset. It will take a long time to reach the palace," he muttered to himself, continuing on while pondering his next steps. As he walked, he noticed a small stream with crystal-clear water, a welcome sight after so much walking.

When he looked up, he saw a girl with wings descending from the sky on a winged horse. She approached him, curiosity evident in her eyes. "Is that who you are?" As she drew closer, Cassiel sensed that she, too, had angelic blood in her veins, though she bore elven features as well. "Who are you?" he asked, intrigued. "You ask first, then you answer," she replied playfully. "I'm Cassiel. Now tell me, who are you, girl?" "I'm not a girl; I'm thirteen," she corrected him. "What's your name, then?" Cassiel pressed. "I'm called Lissana," she said, her gaze fixed on him.

"You look a lot like my uncle Cassian, but your essence is different, more... extracted," she observed. Cassiel watched her closely, feeling a sense of discomfort at her scrutiny. "What brings you to the land of the fairies, and why do you look at me so intently?" "I'm here because I have matters to discuss with the fairy queen. As for why I look at you so much, it's because your essence is more powerful than mine. I've never seen anyone like you; you are unique."

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Febrile Kisses Lissana had been drawn to the essence of Cassiel; he was unlike any creature she had ever known. There was a magic within him, pure and vibrant. But he believed it was the other way around—that it was she who was strange. "Why do you say that? What's so strange about me?" she asked, her brow furrowing in confusion. "Your power. You are filled with magical energy, and your blood flows from elven lineage, intertwined with that of their guardians. If I could choose, you would be the embodiment of every kingdom, even if you lack their numbers." "Is that what it is?" "I don't know."

I've never seen anyone like you—someone with such a mix of bloodlines, someone with so much power inside. You possess more than your mother." "Do you know my mother?" "If she has a great deal of power within her, she is the first being I've encountered with such strength." Since returning from the human kingdom, Lissana had focused on controlling her

power, as her mother had insisted she do. She knew she was strong, but she had never realized just how strong. "Do you believe you can defeat the Dark King?" The playful expression faded from Cassiel's face at the mention of the Dark King.

"Where did you hear about the Dark King? I doubt your mother has spoken to you about him." "No one tells me. Everyone avoids discussing such things with me because I'm just a little girl. But I have ears and the magic of the wind. With it, I can listen to conversations happening nearby. That's how I overheard you when you transformed into a mouse. I came to see who it was, and when I saw you, I felt your essence-something strange yet familiar." "Is that why your priest and your uncle are drawn to my essence?"

I suppose it's because it feels familiar to you." "I suppose that must be it, but you still haven't answered my question. Can I defeat the Dark King?" "Yes, you could." A broad smile spread across Lissana's face. If she could defeat the Dark King, she could reunite with her family. Though she feared leaving the land of the fairies and separating from Tarik forever, the thought of victory filled her with hope. "But I can't assure you of that. I tried to destroy him once, and I failed. The Dark King is incredibly powerful." "But you tried alone.

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You say I have a lot of power, so if we face him together, we might be able to destroy him completely." "Yes, that could be a good idea." Before Cassiel could respond, Leriana suddenly appeared beside Maya. A wide smile broke across his face as he finally saw her. He approached as if entranced, captivated by the beauty of the fairy queen. "Hello, my love. Did you miss me?" Leriana was taken aback; she couldn't believe Cassiel had fulfilled his promise. She had doubted him when she received his letter, which was why it had taken her so long to respond.

Deep down, she feared it was all a trick, a mere illusion. Maya turned her gaze to Cassiel, noting his striking resemblance to Cassian. She understood the potential for misunderstandings, but she was certain this was his true form. "Don't look at me like that. This isn't your husband's body; it's mine. Cassian reclaimed it for me." Leriana cupped Cassiel's face in her hands, studying him intently, wondering if he truly was Cassiel. He wrapped his arms around her waist, pulling her close. "Why don't you say anything?" "Because we have much to decide." "Welcome home.

Can you start by-" "Is it true you've returned?" "Yes, and I've come to stay." Cassiel pressed his lips against hers, feeling the warmth of her skin against his. The doubts he had harbored about himself vanished completely. This was his beloved, the one he had longed for, and he had missed her more than he could express. "Idiot, what took you so long?" she scolded softly. "I'm sorry. It's hard to wait longer than I thought I could." Cassiel held her tightly, their words shifting to a language that felt intimate, as if they didn't want anyone else to hear the sweet declarations they exchanged.

Maya felt uncomfortable witnessing such a display of affection, and Lissana seemed to share her sentiment. As Maya approached Lissana, she suggested, "We should go. I believe they have much to discuss." Leriana didn't move, seemingly grateful for the consideration they had shown by leaving them alone. Cassiel traced a finger across her lips before kissing her again.

The sweetness of her kiss was more than he had ever imagined. The warmth of her spirit and the softness of her tongue entwined with his, igniting a passion that left him breathless.

He suppressed a sigh, continuing to kiss her, for even in their absence, he felt that moments like these could sustain him through a lifetime of kisses-humid, fiery, and alive. But eventually, there had to be a pause, a moment to breathe. Reluctantly, he pulled away, gazing into her dreamy, feverish eyes. In that moment, she was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen. Without hesitation, he returned to her lips, whispering between kisses, "I love you. I love you." It was like singing a song, reciting a poem that encapsulated everything he felt in those three simple words.

He wrapped his arms around her neck, holding her tightly against him, responding to her declarations with kisses that matched the intensity of his love.

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"Don't die for me." When they returned to the palace, Maya found Lissana, who had just come from Cassiel's meeting. "What were you thinking, Lissana? You could have been walking into danger." "It wasn't danger, and if it had been, I would have defeated it. I am strong, Aunt Maya. Even this man seems to know it. Why don't you trust me?" "It's not that I don't trust your strength, but you're still a child, Lissana. You can't do this." "I'm not a child!

In a few days, I'll be three years old." "At thirteen, you're still just a girl." "Aunt, I want to return to the human kingdom." "Don't say foolish things, Lissana." "Listen to my conversation with Uncle Cassian. I want to get started. This is my kingdom, my home. I want to work with my priests to protect it." Maya placed her hands on Lissana's shoulders, speaking directly to her. "Listen to me, Lissana.

I leave you here because I don't want you to get involved in this war, which is less than inevitable." "What do you mean by inevitable?" "When the time comes, you will understand." "But..." "No 'buts,' young lady. Go back to your room." Lissana stomped her foot in frustration against the dirt floor. She returned to her uncomfortable room, hating that everyone treated her like a child. She despised that they made decisions about her life without considering her opinion. Climbing into bed, she hugged one of her pillows tightly.

"How long will they keep ignoring what I want?" Uzziel, her cousin, entered and responded to her question. "Until you stop being a girl." "Uzziel! Close the door." Uzziel stepped back and shut the door behind him. "Happy now?" "You have to touch the door before entering, remember?" Uzziel ignored Lissana's complaints and sat on the bed, looking thoughtful. "I saw you arguing with your mother. What was that about?" "I want to return to the human kingdom, but she says I can't.

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I have to hide here while so many priests face danger." "If they've betrayed us here, Lissana, don't be upset about that. I don't want anything bad to happen to you." Lissana took a deep breath. "That's true, but I'm not weak, Uzziel. They've protected me all my life, and now I want to protect them. But they insist on keeping me aside. Besides, they say the kingdom isn't safe,



but Tarik writes in his letters that the kingdom is under attack. Sometimes I even wonder if they don't want me there." "Your priests care about you, Lissana.

Don't say otherwise." "Yes, but I haven't stopped questioning things lately." Uzziel didn't know how to encourage his cousin, so he simply offered her a small stone from his pocket. "Here, I'll give you this, as long as you promise not to be sad. I'm sure we'll return to the human world soon, and you can be with your family." Lissana looked at the small stone in Uzziel's outstretched hand. It was almost transparent and had a special shine. "It's beautiful! Where did you find it?" "I found it next to the water tank some time ago. It's my treasure.

When I hear my daddy's voice, it makes me feel much better." "Thank you, Uzziel." As Leriana and Cassiel returned to the palace at dusk, Maya waited at the entrance, her eyes scanning for their arrival. "I thought I would save my roots from so much waiting." "You shouldn't have waited for us," Cassiel replied, his tone serious. "Is there something you want to ask this man? That's why I'm not waiting for you." "And what is it that you want?" Cassiel asked, intrigued. "I want to know why you have come to the land of the fairies." "That was just one of the many questions I have for you.

I need answers about what's wrong with you." "Come and see my beloved Leriana." "Cassian worked hard to get him out of the dead. I doubt this is the only reason you came." "You're right, but that's not something to discuss at this moment." "Cosset will be attacked at any time. You're here wasting time. Come back now and return to the kindness they showed you." "But it doesn't seem like it. That's what I'm doing." "But it's worth it if that's the case. Otherwise, my body will return to the place where I came from." Cassiel began to respond harshly to Maya's words when Leriana interjected.

"Maya, now is not the moment. We will talk tomorrow." "But..." "We will talk tomorrow." Leriana stood firm, watching as Cassiel did not follow her. "What are you waiting for? Let's go." Cassiel followed Leriana to her room. After crossing the threshold, he embraced her tightly. "You can't imagine how much I want to be this way with you." "I didn't betray you to come home for that reason. I want you to answer the question I asked you, Maya, a moment ago." "But you said we would speak tomorrow." "Talk to Maya tomorrow. You will speak with me today.

Even though I'm happy to see you, you know my feelings have never interfered with my position as queen. So right now, I'm setting them aside to talk." "You have always known what your priorities are. That's what I love about you." "Stop with the flattery and speak, Cassiel. What have you really done?" "I came because I was motivated to see you. Do you doubt my feelings?" "No, but it has never been your priority, just as you have never been my friend." "I believe this is what we lacked-prioritizing ourselves instead of others.

I wouldn't be dead, and I wouldn't have suffered if I had been like this." "Stop beating around the bush, Cassiel." A serious expression took hold of Cassiel's face. "You know why I'm here. The war is at our doorstep, and I want you to join the battle." "Is this something I should think about carefully?" "Why? You said that if you came back, you would join the battle." "If I returned completely, but you have returned in pieces, Cassiel. I can understand that. You don't have all your power." "I know, but I would give my life if it's necessary to protect you.

So don't run away." "You told me once that you would do anything for me. I don't want to lose you for even a second, Cassiel." Cassiel embraced her, knowing that in those words there was no hint of deception. The pain reflected in them was real; it was the pain they had both endured. "I feel it. I won't say more words without thinking. This time, in death, I will remain by your side forever. I promise I won't make you go through that pain a second time."

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The Medglanoone V8 Middle Wing Cira had put Liona in contact with the mercenaries and assassins they had hired. However, Liona was unable to infiltrate the city due to the barriers that repelled the darkness surrounding it. They would have to wait for Cira to return before launching their attack. "Are you all ready?" Liona asked. "Yes, Princess Cira. The people we hired are in the city, waiting for your orders." "Call Mariana.

The attack will begin late at night; this time, it will be difficult for them to see us approach." "I will wait for your arrival." After finishing the communication, Liona informed one of the assassins who had delayed sending a message to the others. "You heard her. Tomorrow we will attack, so get some rest. When the princess signals, I want you ready." "Yes, Miss Liona." Abril stood on the balcony, gazing into the distance when Alessandro approached and wrapped his arms around her from behind. "What is happening here? The wind is cold," he murmured.

"I spoke with Lissana." "Is that good?" "I want to return." "This is not a good time to go back." "That's why I want to return. I want to fight by our side and defend our kingdom." "You want to talk to her." "She was very upset; we should let her calm down." Alessandro tightened his embrace around Abril, sensing her distress. "I'm sure it will pass soon. Don't worry." "It's not the only thing that troubles me. Ever since Cira recovered one of the keys from Hades, I feel a heavy presence, as if something dark has been released into this world.

At first, I thought it was my imagination, but Kiara told me she felt the same way." "Today we finish the preparations for the temple. Tomorrow we will carry the key; the cavalry will be responsible for protecting it." "I will help as well. I don't think Cira will take long to attack us. She has one of the keys, and it will take time for her to come looking for the other." "What a surprise that will be. This time, we won't be an easy target." "It's late; we should get some sleep. Tomorrow we will move to the temple, and we need to be alert.

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Let's rest while we can." "Yes." The next day, Abril and Alessandro rose early. While Alessandro organized the horsemen, Abril headed to the temple to ensure there would be no issues along the way. In the meantime, Alessandro met with Cassian in his workshop to transfer the key from Hades to the temple. As they descended the stairs, Cassian asked, "Are you sure transferring the key is the best option? You probably don't know what's best for hiding it, but it will be better for the citizens.

We will try to keep the battle away from the city to minimize casualties." "I hope you're right." "Maybe until we can recover the key that Cira holds onto for her power." "Let's hope everything goes well." "You will lead the horsemen." "Of course." "Let's hope this doesn't



escalate too much. Waiting can wear you down, but that's what war is." "I know." When they left the palace, everything went smoothly. Upon reaching the temple, Abril approached them, and they were guided inside to the chamber where the key of Hades would be guarded.

The chamber had windows, but only one door, making it easier to protect. Cassian placed the key in a safe, believing a small barrier would be enough to protect it. "Do you think this will be enough to safeguard the key?" Abril asked. "No, but it will buy us some time until help arrives." Outside, Cassian joined the other horsemen. Sirius returned to the city to organize the magicians, ensuring they would protect it. Abril and Alessandro settled in the temple.

Throughout the day, everything seemed calm, but a palpable tension hung in the air as everyone directed their gazes skyward, anticipating the danger that loomed. Cira met with Liona outside the city just before midnight and handed her a bottle containing the seeds of darkness. "When we enter the city, distribute these seeds. Make sure everyone eats one. They will be our offensive." Liona glanced at the young assassin waiting for orders. "Gather everyone together." Liona tossed a bag filled with octopuses to him.

"When the attack begins, the hum they emit will be red, signaling their location." "And don't even think about betraying us, because if you do, I will find you, and I won't hesitate to kill you." "There will be no betrayal. We will be ready for battle." The young man galloped off at full speed toward the city. Meanwhile, Liona felt a sense of unease; she couldn't sense the presence of the key of Hades and wondered if Cira had hidden it somewhere before their arrival. Fearful of asking, she kept her doubts to herself. Cira and Liona waited until midnight to launch their attack.

The barriers surrounding the city were strong, but they had ten dragons ready to break through. Abril stood in the temple courtyard, staring into the darkness of the night, her heart heavy. Kiara joined her shortly after. "I think our wait ends today." "Are you aware of it too?" "Yes, it's almost here. Are you ready?" "I hope so." Fay approached them, trying to discern what was coming.

Abril asked, "Where is Tarik?" "He's in the palace." "I don't think this will be a peaceful night; I should go back." "I tried, but it's too important." "Do you think the palace will fall when the attack begins?" "I hope so." As the bell towers of the temple tolled midnight, Abril felt a great surge of darkness approaching at full speed. Kiara sensed it too, readying her weapons and letting out a thunderous scream. "Prepare yourselves! Ready your weapons for battle; it starts now!" Abril drew her daggers, feeling the weight of the moment.

The battle they had all been waiting for was finally here.

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The roar of battle echoed around them. Abril heard a loud scream, followed by flames licking the sky as dragons attacked the barrier. Their ferocious assaults shook the air. Alessandro wrapped an arm around Abril's waist, and with a flick of his magic, the wind lifted them into the sky. From their vantage point, Abril spotted Cira riding one of the dragons. Tension coursed through her body; despite the barrier she had conjured, she sensed something had

shifted within Cira. Alessandro tightened his grip around her waist, a reassuring reminder that she was not alone.

His warmth eased the turbulence in her heart. This would be a difficult battle, and Abril wished to save her strength for the fights to come. Yet, with her husband, companion, and friend by her side, she felt comforted. After several brutal attacks, the barrier shattered. As the first dragon breached their defenses, its roar filled the air. The noise of battle surged, and Abril realized this creature was no ordinary dragon; it was a monster born of darkness. The dragon's skin was so tough that their attacks barely scratched it.

Cira flew alongside, a cruel smile on her lips as she taunted them. "Is that all you can do? Pathetic," she sneered. When the second dragon entered the fray, Alessandro unleashed a powerful gust of wind, knocking its rider off balance while Abril focused on Cira and her mount. But then the dragons split; one headed for the city while Cira's dragon dove toward the temple. The wizards unleashed their magic against the dragon approaching the city, while the cavalry targeted the one ridden by Cira, determined to prevent her from reaching the temple.

"Alessandro, we need to stop Cira," Abril urged. "She's trying to land; we'll have an advantage if she's on the ground," he replied, his voice steady. Abril and Alessandro joined forces to take down Cira, but her dragon was swift, and its hide was resilient. Every time they launched an attack, the dragon shielded her, blocking their efforts. Yet Abril refused to yield. She exchanged her plated arrows for crimson flames. Even though Cira wielded fire, the heat from Abril's magic could still burn, and she hoped the dragon would not withstand it.

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After her first strike, the dragon retaliated, sending Abril's flames back at them with increased ferocity. Alessandro quickly pulled her aside to avoid being engulfed in the inferno. Maintaining their balance in the air while attacking was a challenge they shared. Abril decided it was best to descend and strike from the ground. "Let's go; we're no match for her in the air," she said, determination in her voice. "Agreed," Alessandro replied. As they descended, Cira began her assault, her voice ringing out above them. "Where are you going? Tired of playing with me?" she taunted.

Alessandro unleashed a powerful burst of wind, giving them time to land and regroup. They needed to break the ground and join the others. Without them, the battle would become even more chaotic. They continued their attempts to overthrow Cira, but the dragons proved difficult to defeat, especially with a dark wizard in the mix. Fay pointed out the dragons' weak spots to the cavalry while launching fire arrows at the beast. Everyone was focused on the battle when Abril suddenly sensed a great darkness spreading through the city.

Moments later, a massive horde of monsters surged across the land. Abril instructed Kiara to focus on the monsters while she attempted to confront Cira. She sprinted toward the approaching horde, joined by Barto, Sirius, and Cassian, who worked together to fend off the attacks. Sirius waited until the monsters were close before raising a barrier, allowing them to enter one at a time while he maintained the shield. The others concentrated on attacking the monsters that breached their defenses.

Though Cira's army was not large, they moved with precision, having centered their strategy on her arrival to prevent her from seizing Hades' key. Cira was a young but formidable strategist, having learned from her past mistakes. Meanwhile, Tarik had fallen into the palace on orders from his priest. Hearing the cries of terror from the city, he drew his sword, mounted his winged horse, and headed toward the chaos. "I can't abandon the palace without doing anything," he muttered as he moved away from the safety of the palace, knowing Lissana needed protection.

Several monsters were attacking the citizens, and a massive dragon soared overhead, heading toward the temple where the battle raged. Tarik could see the confrontation unfolding below. Fay had warned Tarik that defeating the dragons would be challenging due to their tough skin and limited weak points. If that dragon joined the fight at the temple, it would complicate matters significantly. Tarik flew toward the dragon, aiming to unseat its rider.

The woman atop the dragon shot him a deadly glare and shouted, "What do you think you're doing?" "Stopping you, obviously." Liona couldn't afford to waste time; chaos was spreading through the city, and she needed to confront Cira. "I'm not leaving. I don't have time for games." "I don't think I'll let you go. If you want to leave, you'll have to get past me, but I doubt you can." Liona commanded her dragon to attack with fire, but Tarik managed to dodge the flames. With a mocking smile, Liona taunted him, "That's it? We'll see, boy."

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The roar of battle echoed around them. Abril heard a loud scream, followed by flames licking the sky as dragons attacked the barrier. Their ferocious assaults shook the air. Alessandro wrapped an arm around Abril's waist, and with a flick of his magic, the wind lifted them into the sky. From their vantage point, Abril spotted Cira riding one of the dragons. Tension coursed through her body; despite the barrier she had conjured, she sensed something had shifted within Cira. Alessandro tightened his grip around her waist, a reassuring reminder that she was not alone.

His warmth eased the turbulence in her heart. This would be a difficult battle, and Abril wished to save her strength for the fights to come. Yet, with her husband, companion, and friend by her side, she felt comforted. After several brutal attacks, the barrier shattered. As the first dragon breached their defenses, its roar filled the air. The noise of battle surged, and Abril realized this creature was no ordinary dragon; it was a monster born of darkness. The dragon's skin was so tough that their attacks barely scratched it.

Cira flew alongside, a cruel smile on her lips as she taunted them. "Is that all you can do? Pathetic," she sneered. When the second dragon entered the fray, Alessandro unleashed a powerful gust of wind, knocking its rider off balance while Abril focused on Cira and her mount. But then the dragons split; one headed for the city while Cira's dragon dove toward the temple. The wizards unleashed their magic against the dragon approaching the city, while the cavalry targeted the one ridden by Cira, determined to prevent her from reaching the temple.

"Alessandro, we need to stop Cira," Abril urged. "She's trying to land; we'll have an advantage if she's on the ground," he replied, his voice steady. Abril and Alessandro joined forces to take down Cira, but her dragon was swift, and its hide was resilient. Every time they launched

an attack, the dragon shielded her, blocking their efforts. Yet Abril refused to yield. She exchanged her plated arrows for crimson flames. Even though Cira wielded fire, the heat from Abril's magic could still burn, and she hoped the dragon would not withstand it.

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After her first strike, the dragon retaliated, sending Abril's flames back at them with increased ferocity. Alessandro quickly pulled her aside to avoid being engulfed in the inferno. Maintaining their balance in the air while attacking was a challenge they shared. Abril decided it was best to descend and strike from the ground. "Let's go; we're no match for her in the air," she said, determination in her voice. "Agreed," Alessandro replied. As they descended, Cira began her assault, her voice ringing out above them. "Where are you going? Tired of playing with me?" she taunted.

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City in Flames It had been a few days since the first guardian had arrived in the land of the fairies, and during that time, Lissana had not left the rooms of the fairy queen. She had tried several times to get closer to home, eager to learn what they were discussing that required so many days of secrecy. Intrigued, Lissana approached one of the guards stationed outside the queen's chambers and asked, "Why does she still reign in her quarters?" The guards laughed and replied, "Princess, the queen has reunited with her lover after a long time.

Believe me, whatever they're doing at this moment, it's likely their mouths are too busy with other matters." Although Lissana had been around for three years, she was still naive about certain topics, and she understood what the guards were implying. Her cheeks flushed red, and she turned away. On the third day, Lissana had just finished arguing with her mother about not allowing her to return home when she encountered Cassiel. He looked exhausted. "You look terrible," Lissana said, concern etched on her face. "I believe that's why Leriana sent me with you," he replied.

"She thought you could restore my vitality." "I will, but with one condition: tell me what's happening in the human kingdom. No one wants to tell me anything; everyone ignores me. You come from there, so you should know what's going on." "Fine, I have no problem sharing. After all, you are a guardian." Lissana took Cassiel's hand and, using her light magic, restored his strength. Cassiel felt lighter; Lissana's power seemed purer than that of Abril, Kiara, or even the elven queen. "Your power is astonishing, just as I imagined," he said, marveling at her abilities.

"I don't understand why your mother hides here instead of lying by her side, ready to face the great danger ahead." "What danger are you talking about?!" Lissana exclaimed. "The person who threatens to open the gates of Hades has recovered one of the keys. I only had time to think about going to Cosset to retrieve the other key." "Do you believe it will be ready?" "The key she has recovered is the most dangerous of all.

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It grants immense power to those who dwell in darkness, so it will take time to recover the other one before the gates of Hades can be opened." "If what you say is true, why have you come here? Why aren't you in Cosset preventing them from stealing the other key?" "Because what I must do here is of great importance." "Being with your lover is more important than saving the world?" "It is, but I'm not here solely for that reason. I'm here to convince Leriana to join the battlefield.

When the gates open, we will need all troops to return if we want to win this war and save the world." "This war affects everyone. Why does she refuse to participate?" "Because she cares about something other kingdoms don't. You know there was a kingdom that controlled time and space. It will transport your kingdom to another world if it falls into hell." "What?!

If that happens, will it also go to another world?" "Even if you are in her kingdom, you wouldn't be able to go with them-only the fairies, only those connected to the queen, can accompany her." "Tarik will also go with them." "Yes, the prince will go with them. That's why I'm here.

We need all the kingdoms united; alone, we might have a chance to win." Maya approached just as Cassiel was speaking. Lissana felt her entire body tense, recalling how violent Maya could be. "I haven't heard from you," Maya said, her tone sharp.

Lissana quickly replied, "I was just talking to Cassiel." "Did you say anything else?" "No, I didn't say anything more." "Then I'll see you later. I have to catch that idiot before he hides at the bottom of the fairy queen's quarters." Lissana was taken aback by Maya's words, and it only fueled her desire to return to the human kingdom. After thinking about it all day, Lissana decided she would return to the human kingdom, regardless of her mother's disapproval. She was no child, and she wouldn't let anyone push her aside.

Late that night, Lissana made her way to the entrance leading to the human kingdom, but it was closed. After observing it carefully, she realized she couldn't open it. She sat on the grass, staring intently at the entrance and wondering how she could gain access when she heard the queen's voice behind her. "What are you doing here, Lissana?" "Your Majesty! I didn't..." "If you dare to lie to me, it won't end well for you." Lissana knew it was futile to lie, so she confessed to the queen.

"I'm here because I want to return to the human kingdom, but my mother opposes it." "You can't leave my kingdom unless I open the portal." "That's difficult for me to discuss." "I don't like that Tarik is in the human kingdom right now. The portal will open for you only if you promise me that you will ensure Tarik returns home." "He has asked several times to come back, but he refuses." "He cares for you. If you tell him that, he will return as soon as you accept his decision." Lissana felt anxious.

She wasn't sure if she could convince Tarik to come back, but she accepted the queen's condition. "Okay, I accept. Open the portal." With a gesture of her hand, the queen opened the portal, which glowed brightly. "I'll give you a parting gift before you go." One of the winged horses, Imperion, appeared suddenly. "I hope this friend accompanies you. It will be a reminder of the land of the fairies, even though I don't believe you intend to return." But Lissana felt safe, like a princess heiress of Cosset. She could not leave her kingdom when it was in danger. "I won't."

Please tell Aunt Maya that I'm grateful for taking care of me all this time, but I'm returning home-to my home." "I will. May you be safe, Princess Lissana." Lissana crossed the portal alongside her horse, Imperion. On the other side, she could see the city engulfed in flames and enormous dragons representing chaos in the kingdom. Cosset was under attack, just as Cassiel had mentioned. The battle had begun.

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What he regretted... The first attack had come as a surprise to Tarik, but when the dragon unleashed its alien magic, Tarik countered by creating a barrier that the creature could not breach. He smiled mockingly at Liona as he prepared for the next move. "You think you have the upper hand? We'll see about that." Liona intended to attack in every possible way, but Tarik seemed to be enjoying himself, which only fueled her anger. "Damn brat, I'll kill you slowly."



You'll beg for your life." "To do that, you'll have to get past me first, but I doubt you can manage it." Tarik appeared behind Liona, launching himself forward for a moment before falling from the dragon's back. He repeated the maneuver, each time infuriating her further. But after several attempts, Liona managed to anticipate his movements. She stopped him as he tried to attack from behind, grabbing him by the neck. A dark mist began to envelop him, constricting around his throat. "Don't think you're a big shot, do you? You should have blocked my path today if you wanted glory.

Instead, you'll meet an early death, for I have been challenged." Tarik struggled to break free, but the mist paralyzed him. He realized too late why the queen always emphasized the need for certainty in one's attacks; he should never have toyed with her during a fight. That woman had him pinned down, her grip so tight that he could barely breathe. It felt as if she were killing him. In that moment, as his vision blurred, he found himself teetering on the edge of death. He regretted not having seen Lissana one last time, lamenting that he had never revealed his true feelings.

As he prepared to exhale his last breath, Liona taunted him, driving a dagger into his side, eliciting a scream of agony. "Tell me, you can't make me angry. This will be your end." What he regretted... In that moment, Tarik heard a familiar voice calling his name. It wasn't the voice of his priest or anyone else he had wished to see. It was Lissana's voice. Even in that fleeting moment of unconsciousness, he couldn't be sure if he was truly hearing her or simply longing for her presence. Lissana rode through the city on her horse, Imperion, desperate to help.

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When she arrived, she was met with an unimaginable scene-her heart felt as if it were being ripped from her chest. Tarik was fighting a woman and losing. The woman had plunged a dagger into his side while tightening her grip around his throat. Lissana screamed his name as she leaped from the mountain, using her wind magic to propel herself toward them. In that moment of fear and confusion, she lost control of her powers. A tornado of fire and air enveloped her, her body glowing with a brilliant white light.

The strength of her magic surged forth, overwhelming the woman who had pinned Tarik down. What he regretted... As Tarik's body fell limp, Lissana regained her senses. She dove forward just before he hit the ground, catching him in her arms and using her wind magic to cushion his fall. The woman's grip on Tarik was relentless, her strength draining the life from him. Lissana felt a wave of despair wash over her, believing she had arrived too late and that she had lost him. With trembling hands and a broken voice, she whispered his name.

"Tarik." For a fleeting second, Tarik regained consciousness, his beautiful gray eyes fluttering open. Seeing him awake, Lissana reacted instinctively, channeling her magic to heal his wounds. In her desperation, her powers surged uncontrollably, and Liona, still hovering on her dragon above them, was struck by a blinding light. Liona recognized that power; it was the same magic Abril had once used against her in Laios. But the pain coursing through her was unbearable, as if her entire being were shattering into a thousand pieces. The dragon beside her seemed to suffer the same fate.

The creature writhed in agony, and the darkness that had once surrounded them began to dissipate. Tarik's wounds healed almost instantly, and as he opened his eyes again, he saw Lissana, her power spiraling out of control. He pulled her close, wrapping his arms around her tightly. "Lissana, I'm fine. I'm fine." When she felt his warm embrace, Lissana regained her composure, regaining control over her magic. She returned his hug, tears streaming down her face. "You idiot! I thought I had lost you." Tarik released her momentarily, cupping her face in his hands before kissing her gently.

"You haven't lost me. I'm here." "Will you fall with me?" He kissed her again, whispering against her lips, "Always." Lissana lay on the ground, having lost all her power and her dragon. She grunted, her once-black eyes now devoid of warmth and life, transformed into a hostile yellow. She knew she had to escape if she wanted to survive. As Lissana and Tarik were distracted, she took her chance to flee. Lissana turned to Tarik, her hands trembling as she asked, "Are you really okay?" "Yes, you saved me." The dragon's anguished cries broke through the moment, and Lissana pulled away from Tarik.

"Tarik, now is not the time to be distracted." The dragon looked disoriented and frightened. "We must kill it." Lissana's gaze met the dragon's, and just as Tarik was about to bind it, she stopped him. "Don't kill it; it's not a threat. It's just scared." Lissana approached the dragon, reaching out to touch it, but Tarik shouted, "DON'T! It's dangerous!" "Trust me, it won't harm us. It's just frightened."

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The Power of the Keys of Hades Lissana approached the dragon, stretching out her hand. She had spent a lot of time considering her approach and asked Tarik to remain still. If he moved, he might scare the dragon. "Calm down, little one. We won't harm you," she said softly. Tarik felt his nerves tense. He feared that the dragon might harm Lissana, but she didn't seem afraid; she appeared completely confident that the dragon would not retaliate. The dragon grunted, baring its teeth as if it were a massive dog with a fiery temperament.

When Lissana's brother reached out to touch the dragon's tough, scaly skin, it let out a low grunt. Lissana gently caressed the dragon's head and spoke soothingly. "That's it, everything is fine. You're safe. We will protect you, little one." As the dragon calmed and the tension eased, Lissana turned to Tarik and told him to approach. "Don't get closer, Tarik! Lissana, step away from that dragon!" a voice commanded. When the fire tornado appeared in the city, Fay immediately sensed that something was wrong. He used a parchment of teleportation to reach the city.

He hurried to the spot where he had seen the fire tornado. When it finally subsided, he saw blood and Lissana standing near the dragon that had been attacking the city. Seeing his daughter approaching such a lethal creature filled him with dread. "Lissana, get away from that dragon!" Fay shouted as he readied an arrow. Lissana tried to shield the dragon, grasping the shaft of the arrow with her hand. "Don't shoot! Please, don't shoot!" "What do you think you're doing, Lissana?" Fay demanded. "He won't harm us. Please lower your bow," she pleaded. "This beast is a monster!"

Step away from it and come with me!" "I won't do it! I freed him; don't kill him!" Lissana insisted. "Lissana! Get back!" Fay shouted again. Lissana shook her head defiantly. Tarik stepped in front of his father and said, "Don't worry, Father. The dragon won't harm us. If it intended to, it would have done so already. Lissana has freed him from his torment." Fay studied the dragon's eyes closely. Tarik was right; the dragon's once-dead black eyes now sparkled with life and freedom. "Even if it is no longer controlled by darkness, dragons are creatures of destruction.

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We cannot leave it alive," Fay warned. The dragon began to grunt again, and Fay's bow tightened in his grip. "Daddy, stop! The dragon is getting scared. Lower your bow," Lissana urged. She continued to stroke the dragon's head, trying to calm it. "Calm down, little one. Everything will be fine. There's nothing to fear. No one will harm you; I will protect you." Fay had read in books that dragons were cruel creatures, but at that moment, this dragon resembled a frightened dog. "Is he really not going to attack us?" Lissana asked. "Don't worry, it won't happen," she replied.

While they were distracted, Abril noticed a fire tornado with a bright light at its center. Her blood ran cold; she had seen that power when Lissana lost control of her abilities. Cira reveled in the chaos, taking advantage of the moment when the fire whirlwind formed in the city. The dragon flew low to the ground, kicking up a massive cloud of dust that obscured their vision. Alessandro used his wind magic to disperse the cloud that had blinded them. The barrier the magicians had raised to keep the monsters at bay had been shattered. The creatures surrounded them.

Cassian quickly constructed earthen walls to protect them from the onslaught. It had only been a minute, but Cira was already plotting her next move. The magicians quickly raised a barrier around themselves again. Sirius informed Cassian that he had defeated the walls he had created to confront the women. As the walls faded, Abril saw Cira climbing the temple stairs. A mocking smile crossed her face as she hurried to enter. They were surrounded by monsters, and the dragon was among them, trying to break through the barrier with its claws. "Damn it!

We have to reach Cira before she takes the key!" Alessandro exclaimed, searching for a way out of the situation. Abril was worried about Lissana and wanted to rush out to find her. But it wasn't the time for that; first, she had to stop Cira from stealing the key of Hades. "Lissana is strong; she will be fine," Abril repeated to herself, focusing on the battle ahead. She studied the monsters surrounding them. They were different; they didn't seem to have come from Hades. "They were created," she stated.

Alessandro was puzzled by Abril's words and asked, "What do you mean?" "These monsters are human. They will use the darkness within them to eliminate the dragon," Abril explained. "Remove the barrier; I'll handle the monsters," she instructed Sirius. Sirius trusted Abril and obeyed without hesitation. When the barrier disappeared, Cassian stopped raising columns of earth to confront the dragon, while Alessandro used his wind magic to disable the maintenance. Abril unleashed her power, her silvery flames surrounding the monsters.

The horsemen struggled to keep the burning creatures at bay, their cries echoing with pain. As the flames engulfed them, their human forms flickered into view for a brief moment. Abril told Kiara that she would take care of healing them while she raced toward the temple to stop Cira. Abril sprinted through the temple corridors, praying to the God of the heavens that it wasn't too late, that Cira hadn't yet gained control of the other key of Hades. But the God did not answer. Cira held the key of Hades in her grasp when Abril arrived. "You're too late, sister," Cira taunted.

Abril lunged at Cira with her daggers in response. "It's not too late yet, but you're here." "You can't stop me, sister." "Just as you stopped our father, I will stop you," Cira retorted. "I see I haven't yet made you understand. I am stronger than our father. My power comes from the darkness, and if I have the key that opens the gates of Hell, I am not the same as the one you faced before." This time, you will need more than your flames to defeat me." Cira produced the other key of Hades, which she had hidden in a small bag. A chill ran through Abril's body.

Cassian had been right; compared to the key they had kept, the one Cira possessed was indeed dark and evil. Smoke billowed from the keys, swirling around Cira's body. When she spoke again, her voice was cold and unsettling, layered over her own. "You cannot prevent me from opening the gates of Hades. This world will be conquered by the dark king, the destroyer of worlds. His army waits on the other side, ready for the gates to open, and the world will be consumed by darkness."

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Cira let out a loud laugh, her joy echoing in the darkening air. Abril felt the shadows creeping around her. The separate keys were powerful, but together they could unlock the gates of Hades—a weapon she had never imagined she would wield. The keys held overwhelming power, and Abril shuddered at the thought of what would happen if she let them fall into the wrong hands. The doors of Hades would swing wide open, and chaos would reign. Why had Cassiel and his mother insisted so fervently that all kingdoms unite? They needed a chance to win the war against the encroaching darkness.

Abril conjured silver flames in her hand. If she couldn't destroy the keys of Hades, she could at least protect herself before using them. She called out to Cira. In that moment, from the dark fog surrounding Cira, a pair of white, bulbous eyes emerged. The mist thickened, swirling ominously. Those eyes lacked the usual iris or pupil, glowing with a sickly, pale light. A creature formed from the very darkness, devouring the light around it. It seemed to consume everything in its path, its thick tentacles of fog splitting in all directions like a monstrous octopus, more shadow than substance.

This creature shielded Cira, indifferent to the number of times it was attacked, repelling each blow with ease. Abril's flames always dispelled the darkness, but she couldn't comprehend what was happening. Cira grinned widely. "Surprised? This monster was born from the power of the keys. You'll need more than your flames to defeat it, and I doubt you'll survive long enough to try." As she spoke, the creature slithered forward, its weight pressing down on everything in its path. "Don't hide from me," Cira taunted, her confidence unwavering.

The horrific creature smashed through the temple walls, advancing relentlessly. Abril felt a chill run down her spine, her blood turning to ice. The danger was heading toward the city, toward Lissana. Cira, sensing the threat, cried out to her dragon, who had joined the horde of monsters that Alessandro and the others struggled to contain. Horsemen appeared, ready to fight the grotesque creature. Its tentacles bore wide, sharp claws, forcing the horsemen to evade its grasp. Sirius created a barrier to protect the knights, while Kiara used her light magic to heal the wounded.

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But there were too few left; many had already fallen. All of this happened in an instant, and Abril faced a harrowing choice: save the city and her daughter or let Cira escape. Cira mounted her dragon, her voice dripping with mockery. "I hope you don't die. You must witness how glorious this world will be when the dark king arrives. So, I hope you survive." Sirius's barrier shattered under the creature's first assault. Abril chose to protect those she loved. There was no better option than to let Cira escape. The creature continued its relentless advance.

Kiara leaped from the barrier, attacking the beast, but it remained unfazed. "We must strike together! This isn't a normal monster; it was created from the keys of Hades. Light magic doesn't seem to affect it," Abril shouted, urging Kiara to join her. "How do we defeat it if our magic doesn't work?" Kiara asked, frustration evident in her voice. "I wish I knew," Abril replied, determination fueling her as she ran, her silver flames flickering around her. She unleashed her crimson flames, trying to destroy the creature, but nothing seemed effective.

The creature grew larger as it advanced, as if feeding on the darkness of the night. Lissana felt an evil presence approaching the city, a force that sent shivers down her spine. Tarik noticed Lissana's unease as she gazed toward the temple, where the battle raged. "What's happening, Lissana?" he asked, concern etched on his face. "Something is coming, and it doesn't look good," she replied, her voice trembling. "Is it a monster?" Tarik pressed. "Yes, and it's very large." "Nifios, you must return to the palace and protect yourself," he insisted.

Tarik knew Lissana was strong, but she was also vulnerable. He worried for her safety, but he couldn't refute the order of his priest. "You shouldn't be here, Lissana. You need to leave." "I won't hide! This is my kingdom, and I will fight for it," she declared, her resolve unyielding. "Your mother left you in the land of the fairies for a reason, Lissana. You don't need to be here," Tarik urged. "You adults always insist on keeping us apart. We can fight too; we don't need to be protected." "Those skilled in battle are few, and you are a reckless girl.

You want to join a fight when you've never been in one? You're not with a teacher here. In a real battle, if you're distracted, you could die." Tarik's voice softened as he recalled how close she had come to danger before. But something within Lissana refused to let her hide away. "Take Lissana to the palace and protect her," Fay instructed Tarik. "Yes, Father," he replied, taking Lissana's hand. "We should go; this is dangerous," he said, urgency in his tone. Lissana mounted her imperial horse, determination shining in her eyes.

"I can't do that, Tarik." "What do you mean?" he asked, confusion clouding his features. "This is my kingdom, and I am determined to fight for it. I won't hide away while everything I love is

threatened." Tarik understood her resolve, feeling the weight of her words. He didn't want to lose her. "Even if it pains you, you must stay back." "Yes, nothing will stop me from changing my mind." "If that's your decision, then I won't abandon you.

We will fight by your side and protect this kingdom together." As they rode toward the battle, Tarik and Lissana heard Fay's cries, but they ignored them, pressing on into the fray.