

Forgotten Wife : Let the Traitors Kneel Down Novel

Chapter 411-420

A Weak Point When Fay saw that Lissana and Tarik were heading to the temple, she cursed its interiors. She shouldn't have trusted that they would go obediently. Fay ran to try to reach them, but they were faster and slipped away quickly. The ground seemed to plead with the sky to arrive before they could do something foolish, or, in the worst cases, end up dead. Abril and Kiara continued attacking the creature with their light magic. Yet, no one seemed to notice that their attacks were doing no damage-not that anyone would have admitted it.

Even though Ilamar had drawn the creature's attention, it had stopped advancing toward the city, trying to defend itself against their onslaught. The creature released a cloud of smoke from what appeared to be its jaws, consuming everything it touched. The grass and anything else in its vicinity withered, and the humans who came too close were reduced to ash, as if they had been turned to carbon by the very smoke that surrounded them. When Kiara and Abril retreated, they feared that if the smoke touched them, they might not survive to tell the tale.

"Does this thing not have any weak points?" Abril exclaimed, desperation creeping into her voice. She recalled the last words Cira had spoken before leaving, expressing her hope that they would survive. "It must have one; otherwise, Cira wouldn't have said she hoped we would make it." "If it does, I don't believe we can defeat it alone. We will need help." Abril hesitated for a moment. All around them, the battle raged fiercely against the horde of monsters attacking them. The creature began to lash out with its tentacles, which seemed to have no solid form, like drops of smoke.

Yet they were quick and bore sharp claws that sliced through the air. Abril barely managed to evade one, but the force of its strike pushed her back, leaving her shaken yet resolute. "Don't get distracted! The human isn't the only threat we must avoid; its tentacles are fast!" Kiara shouted. Abril felt a sense of dread wash over her as she realized the danger they were in. Suddenly, she noticed someone approaching from the sky. She fixed her gaze to see if the figure was a friend or foe coming from the city. As the figure drew closer, she recognized him, and her blood ran cold.

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It was Tarik, but he was not alone. Lissana had chosen that moment to attack Abril, throwing herself in front of her mother and shouting, "Now is not the time to be distracted!" They both sprang to their feet. Abril drew her daggers just as one of the creature's tentacles lunged at her. She had no time to dodge, so she crossed her daggers to block the blow. The impact forced Abril back, but she stood her ground. Lissana jumped off her horse, surprising Tarik, who shouted her name as she descended slowly, using her wind magic. She landed beside her mother. Abril felt a mix of fury and terror.

Lissana had insisted she wanted to return home to help protect the kingdom, but Abril had categorically forbidden it. She couldn't believe her daughter had disobeyed her and was now here. "What are you doing here, Lissana? I told you not to come!" Abril cried, anger lacing her words. "Is this some kind of joke?" "I'm here to protect my home, my family. This is also my kingdom, Mama. I won't hide while everything I love is destroyed." "This is far too dangerous! You need to leave right now!" "I won't! You can't be sure there's no danger."

These monsters threaten to destroy everything." The creature emitted a low growl, and Abril shouted for Tarik to get away, warning him that the smoke was deadly. Lissana had taken Tarik's sword and was trying to sever one of the tentacles that threatened her, but the sword merely bounced off, causing no damage. "What the demons!" Lissana exclaimed. "Lissana! Watch out!" Tarik shouted, rushing toward them. "Seriously, do you want to talk now?" Lissana retorted. "No, I'd prefer to have that conversation later, far from the battle."

We can discuss it when we're home." "I'm telling you, it's not over yet!" Tarik approached them, sensing the urgency of their discussion. "How do we kill this monster?" Kiara, who had been silent until then, suddenly spoke up. "I think I found something." "What is it?" Abril asked, intrigued. "Your whole body is dark and twisted, but there's a small stone inside. It looks like a fragment of its heart." Everyone turned to where Kiara pointed, and they could see something glowing faintly amidst the creature's darkness. "We can try it; it's not like we have many options left," Abril said.

Lissana handed Tarik back his sword. He looked at her, surprised. "You don't need it?" "It's useful, but I don't need it. You use it." Lissana had the ability to create weapons from her magic-be it fire, air, or light. She conjured a bow from her light magic and nocked an arrow, aiming for the spot where the gray stone glimmered. The creature used its tentacles to block the arrow. The rest of its tentacles lunged toward Lissana, ready to retaliate. With a leap, she used her wind magic to stay airborne, evading the tentacles. "I believe this is our chance!" she shouted.

"Since Lissana attacked, it has started to protect that area of its body," Kiara observed. "Everyone, aim for that spot!" Abril commanded, launching fireballs at the creature. It had ceased its assault to shield itself with its tentacles.

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"Name obliges to... "Don't force me to come back." No matter how fiercely they attacked the creature, they couldn't inflict any damage. Its only weak point was completely covered by writhing tentacles, preventing them from striking effectively. Even though they were chained to the creature, they could remain in that state indefinitely. At some point, they needed magic. Debian lunged at the creature before it could react. But it was hard to remember that no one's attacks were swift enough to strike the weak spot before the monster blocked them. At least not from where they stood.

Debian approached, determined to destroy it, but it was a perilous move. The noxious smoke billowed from the creature's maw. Abril pointed at the creature's jaws, trying to stop it from enveloping them in that harmful mist so they could get closer. But she wasn't the only one who had been compelled to act. In that moment, when Abril attacked the creature's jaws, one of its

tentacles lashed out at her. For a brief instant, she felt the absence of the noxious fog in her mouth. The others seemed to have lost their focus, unsure of what to do.

Everyone directed their attacks at the creature's mouths, preventing it from spewing forth more of its vile substance. Abril was proving to be a formidable force! The creature had ceased its assault, but Lissana was quicker. She darted like a gazelle, deftly dodging the creature's tentacles. Abril felt a knot form in her throat as she watched Lissana run toward the creature. Danger loomed, and she wasn't the only one who felt it; Tarik had also gone pale at the sight of Lissana charging forward. "Lissana!" Tarik shouted in terror, but she paid him no mind.

She had to confront the creature head-on. Lissana conjured a sword of light and, with flames dancing at her fingertips, she unleashed her magic, a blend of fire and light. As the creature swung one of its tentacles, Lissana healed her own wounds without hesitation, ready to attack. The black fog that surrounded the creature began to change color when the small, shining stone within her shattered, causing the creature to convulse and transform into a monstrous octopus. Abril rushed to Lissana's side, cupping her face between her hands.

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With a quick glance, she assured herself that her daughter was unharmed. She hugged Lissana tightly, relief flooding through her. "Thank the gods, you're safe. I thought you would die." "I'm fine, Mama," Lissana replied, her voice steady despite the chaos around them. "I'm not weak. I can handle this." "Lissana, that's not why you're strong. I left you in the land of the fairies because I couldn't bear to lose you. You are my treasure, and all I want is for you to be safe." "At this moment, I don't believe there is any safe place," Cassiel interjected.

"We all have to fight, no matter what happens before or after. I don't want to wait until the end; I want to defend our kingdom alongside you." "My daughter," Abril said softly. "I've lived in my home, in my kingdom of faith, my whole life. I don't want to be sent away, Mama. Don't ask me to go far from you; it frustrates me." Abril understood that being apart had been difficult for them, but for Lissana, it had been even harder. What felt like months or days to others had been sharp edges of solitude for her, a time spent growing up alone in an alien land. "I feel small.

Forgive me for not being by your side." Tarik had fallen a short distance away, watching and listening to Lissana. In that moment, he understood why he had decided not to fall in love with her; they could never truly be together. Each of them belonged to their own world, their own home, and the only entrance to the land of the fairies was in the palace garden. There was a vast chasm between their kingdoms, one that was not easy to cross. A gap that was wider than age, one that had separated them for far too long. Fay approached Tarik, having taken a long time to reach him.

Several monsters had blocked her path, and she had to fight her way through, but she was relieved to see that her husband was safe. "You had me worried sick. Don't disobey me like that again." "I'm sorry, Daddy." Behind them, in the temple, they could hear a great cheer of victory; they had vanquished the horde of monsters. At that moment, Abril realized her work was not yet done. She needed to attend to her people. That night, many lives would be lost, and she had to save as many as she could. Abril stood and turned to Kiara.

"We must return." "Yes, I'm sure there are many who need help," Kiara replied. "Lissana, you will come with us. You can help; I know you can use healing magic." Abril and Kiara had witnessed Lissana heal herself, even from the injuries inflicted by the creature, and it left them both astonished. Lissana possessed great power within her, and even without words, they shared the same question. What made Lissana so strong? "We will return to the temple soon," Abril assured them. "But Mama!" Lissana protested. "I'm not leaving you behind, Lissana, but there are others in the city who need healing.

Help everyone you can," Abril instructed Fay. "But there are monsters. Is it safe for her to go?" "Of course, just be careful not to get caught up in any trouble this time. Besides, there's still something to be done about the dragon that lives in the city." "Thank you, Fay," Lissana said, grateful for the support. Abril and Kiara made their way back to the temple, while Lissana, Fay, and Tarik headed toward the city. Fay and Tarik took charge of battling the monsters that had invaded the city, while Lissana focused on healing the injured.

As dawn broke, Lissana surveyed the devastation wrought by the monsters, noting the bodies of those who hadn't made it to safety in time, victims of the chaos. She approached each lifeless form, closing her eyes as if to tell them that their suffering had ended, and they could finally rest.

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Lissana had longed to return to her kingdom, eager to fight for her people. Yet, she had never witnessed the horrors of war; she had never seen a battle. It wasn't until that moment, surrounded by the devastation left in the wake of conflict-the deaths and the pain of the wounded-that she understood why her mother had been so insistent. She had wanted to shield her from the harsh realities of life. As a princess, Lissana felt the weight of guilt for all those who had perished. She had not been able to protect them.

Tarik approached her when he noticed her lying still, staring at the corpses gathered in a single place. He knelt beside her and asked gently, "Are you okay?" "It doesn't seem like it," she replied, her voice barely above a whisper. "I was just thinking how much worse it could get once the battle truly begins," he said, trying to offer comfort. Nearby, Fay listened as Lissana spoke. "In war, there are always deaths. Even if you had been here when the battle started, you couldn't have saved everyone.

Wars bring destruction, and if this is too much for you to bear, you should return to the land of the fairies. This is just the beginning of a great war. If you falter, there will be more deaths than you can save, more pain than you can endure." Fay's words were harsh, but she only wanted Lissana to understand that what lay ahead would not be any easier. Lissana clenched her fists, determination igniting within her. "In the end, I decided to fight, and I will save as many as I can.

If I can save even one life that was thought destined to die, then I will have succeeded." Tarik watched her, noting how young she still was. Yet, her words and actions carried a maturity beyond her years. "There are those who grew up in the land of the fairies. This is your true home. I'm glad to see you haven't forgotten." Lissana understood the deeper meaning behind Fay's words, having

grown up among fairies. Even though Fay had suggested she could return, it felt more like a desire to rid herself of the burden. "You must take charge of the dragon you released," Fay reminded her.

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In her preoccupation, Lissana had completely forgotten about the dragon. "Where is it?" she asked. "Where you left it. It hasn't moved from that spot," Tarik replied. They hurried back to the place where the dragon lay. It had curled up into a ball, sleeping soundly. The guardians watching over it were terrified. When Lissana tried to approach, they blocked her path. "You can't come near, girl. It's dangerous.

The dragon could awaken at any moment and eat you whole, so you should leave and not return." Despite being the hereditary princess of the Kingdom of Cosset, the soldiers did not recognize her and assumed she was just a curious child. "Let her pass," Fay said. "She is the one who tamed this dragon. She is your princess." The soldiers had never seen this princess before, but they still doubted her. "You're lying. Our princess is just a baby. This girl is not our princess; you've deceived us.

You are an impostor." Alessandro was flying toward the city when Abril informed him that Lissana had returned and was in the city. He soared above, using wind magic to search for her, and overheard the soldiers denying her identity. He descended near them, and the soldiers bowed as he landed. "She is no impostor. She is my daughter, your hereditary princess. Can't you see that?" The soldiers raised their heads, fear evident in their eyes as they recognized him. "Forgive us, Your Majesty. We did not know this girl was the hereditary princess." "Lissana has been in the land of the fairies.

Time flows differently there, so she may seem younger than she is. She has grown so much in such a short time that you cannot deny her identity. She is my only daughter." Although Lissana spoke to her priest through the magical mirror, seeing him in person felt extravagant, especially since she hadn't seen him in so long. He looked pale and tired, yet he remained the same, showing no signs of aging. "Hello, Lissana. Are you well?" he asked. "Hello, Father. I'm fine." "I'm relieved to see you. I was very worried when your mother told me you had to return.

As you can see, this hasn't been the best time." Though Alessandro's words were not harsh, Lissana couldn't help but ask, "Are you upset because I disobeyed you and came here?" "No, I'm not upset at all. I'm just concerned for your safety. This night has been madness." "I'm sorry, Papa. I know I did wrong, but I felt I had to return. Something didn't feel right." "It's important that you're safe, but that's not all that matters." Alessandro glanced at the ball where the dragon had curled up and asked, "What happened?" "I freed it from darkness. Now it's good," Lissana replied.

"Without the darkness, dragons aren't known for being good," he said. "I know, but I can't explain it. I just know it's good." Alessandro understood the incredible and mysterious power Abril possessed, and he trusted her judgment. "It's alright. I believe you." "Thank you, Papa." Lissana reached out to caress the dragon, and at her touch, it opened its eyes and purred like a cat. "See? You're harmless, like a cat," she said.

Fay interjected, "A very large cat that breathes fire, has sharp claws, and is one of the hardest beasts to kill." Lissana thought Fay was exaggerating, especially since she knew that in their land, there were creatures that appeared beautiful but were anything but. "But if it's good, then it won't harm us."

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A new era of darkness loomed ahead. Alessandro supported Lissana's decision and ordered the dragon to be taken to the palace. The horsemen were pale and angry. "But Your Majesty! That is very dangerous-a dragon!" "You know you're dealing with a dragon," Lissana replied defiantly. "I refuse to give up, and I believe in her. We must not let fear take hold when they return to their homes." The soldiers approached with trepidation, fear etched on their faces. "Dragons can smell fear," Lissana warned.

"If I were you, I wouldn't come any closer." The soldiers immediately retreated, trembling like leaves in a storm. They fell to their knees before the king, begging for mercy. "Forgive our disobedience, Your Majesty," one of them pleaded. "We don't want to die. We have families waiting for us." Alessandro glared at them, his eyes fierce, as if to say, if you don't obey, the dragon will kill you. The two soldiers were more afraid of the king than of the dragon. They nodded in unison. "We will do as you command." Lissana observed the soldiers, noting their fear.

"I will take the dragon to the palace. It will feel more comfortable with me." "Very well," Alessandro replied, though many thoughts still occupied his mind. He couldn't return to the palace with Lissana just yet. "Be careful. I'll see you tonight." "I will, Father." Alessandro went to Tarik, who was at the palace, and announced that Lissana had arrived with a dragon that might attack upon sight. "I will prepare the asylum," Tarik said. He called for his horse, which would arrive in the afternoon. Before he left, he turned to Lissana. "I'll go ahead.

I'll see you at the palace." "Everything is ready." After Tarik departed, Alessandro placed his hand on Lissana's shoulder. "You have grown so much since the last time I saw you." "Do you remember it?" "Did your mother tell you that I lost my memories? Or did your uncles say anything?" "No, it wasn't her or my uncles. They never mentioned it, but I overheard your conversations. Wind magic is very useful for spying." "I see you've learned to use it well. I don't remember all my memories, but I do recall the last time I saw you." "I'm glad it's this way.

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I was afraid I was just a stranger to you." "You are not a stranger. You are my daughter, my only daughter, Lissana. Never forget that." "I won't." Alessandro turned his gaze toward the temple, the site of the battle. "You should go," Lissana said. "I suppose you are waiting." "I wouldn't want to leave." "If you stay here, you will only worry. Now go. I will wait a few minutes to give Tarik time to announce my arrival. Please, let me go." Alessandro gently squeezed his daughter's shoulder.

"It's time, my girl." After making the decision, Alessandro soared into the sky and returned to the temple. Lissana waited patiently, Fay fluttering around her until she could fly with the dragon to

the palace. Tarik soon appeared to guide her, showing her where to descend. Even though Lissana assured them the dragon was harmless, they couldn't allow it to land too close to the main palace. Lissana was directed to a training camp adjacent to the main palace. Tarik helped her lower the dragon. As she embraced him, she said, "Thank you, Tarik.

I couldn't have done this without you." "I don't think it's anything important. I'm the one who received your help." "That's not true. If you hadn't been too stubborn to refuse my request, I might not have disobeyed your priest. You showed me the courage to get it right." Tarik returned the hug, but he remained silent, unable to lie. After Lissana pulled away, she approached the dragon, which had curled up and returned to sleep. "The dragon seems tired. Do you think this is good?" "My father told me that these dragons are born with the power of darkness.

You have dispelled the darkness with your magic. Would you like to struggle with something that feels so exhausted?" Lissana touched the dragon's head, infusing her magic into it. Tarik stepped aside, concerned. "What do you think you're doing?!" "I just wanted to help." "You've used too much magic today. You need to recover before using your powers recklessly." "I know, but I can't help it." "You have a kind heart, Lissana, always thinking of others before yourself. But you must change that. You need to start thinking of yourself first.

I won't always be here to remind you." Lissana understood. She felt the weight of her responsibilities. She had opened the portal with the condition of sending Tarik back, yet she hesitated to make that decision. She didn't want to do it. She hugged him again. "I know, but let's not think about that yet." "But we have to talk about it." "Yes, but it doesn't have to be now. We have plenty of time-or at least I do. I don't want to discuss separating ourselves when we've just reunited." "I suppose you have a point.

It doesn't have to be now." Lissana had to hide to avoid being found by the horsemen still patrolling the streets. Without her powers, she felt completely defenseless, alone once more. She concealed herself like a mouse until Cira reached out to her in the evening. "Did you think I was dead? Yet somehow, you managed to survive." "I escaped, Your Majesty, but I lost my dragon and my powers. April left me alone. I don't feel like leaving the city; there are guardians everywhere. I can't return to your side to serve you, Princess." "Don't worry about that.

When the darkest hour arrives, I will bring you to me. This is the time to create a portal, so you must not sleep or you won't be able to come." "Is it possible to recover the key from Hades?" "Yes, soon we will open the doors of Hades. The dawn of a new era of darkness is upon us, ready to engulf humanity."

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Remember five years... Remember those who owe you loyalty. When Abril and Alessandro returned to the palace, it was very late. Lissana had already gone to sleep, and after such a long day, they didn't want to disturb her. They decided to talk to her the next day. Upon entering their chambers, Alessandro wrapped his arms around Abril from behind and asked, "What do you think now? Should we send Lissana back to the land of the fairies?" "Alessandro, I beg you, we can't send her back. She fought on our side, but this isn't a decision I want to make alone. Lissana is your daughter too.

What do you think?" "That we cannot hide forever." "She has only been here for six sharp years, but soon she will turn thirteen. That's too many sharp edges from her family." "If you're worried about her safety, I share that concern. But I believe she is strong; she could tame a dragon." "I still follow you without believing it.

I encourage Lissana to control her power, but her abilities surpass her understanding and her connection to Kiara." "And what do you want to decide?" "Lissana doesn't have her own heritage, and that's something Kiara and I cannot provide." "Our daughter is strong and knows how to wield her power. If she wants to stay, then we should allow it." "But this place will be dangerous." "All places will be dangerous. When the doors of Hades opened, there was no safe place. I think it's better for her to be with us than to be alone when that happens." "I suppose you have a point.

Tomorrow we will tell her she can stay if that's what she wants." "This may not be the best moment, but I'm glad our daughter is on her way back. I want to make new memories with her and with you-memories that belong to me." Abril turned to face Alessandro, her expression softening. "And you will have them; you can count on that. We will create many more memories together." "Have you seen Yalo?" Abril asked, her brow furrowing. "I haven't been able to see anything that will happen in your future for some time, and it's unsettling." "But I can't see it. I'm afraid of what that means.

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I will fight for us to have a beautiful future together." --- Liona stayed awake every night, waiting for the moment she could escape. She hated being weak, confined like a caged animal. All she wanted was to return to Cira, to reclaim her power and stop being helpless. Just as Cira had promised, a portal appeared before her in the darkness. Liona hesitated for a moment before crossing it. When she emerged on the other side, Liona found herself in an abandoned mansion that had once been a refuge.

She had despised this mansion, but now, in this moment, she felt a surge of happiness and gratitude for having returned. Cira stood before her. Liona approached and said, "Thank you for saving me, Princess Cira." "I only kept you alive because you were useful to me. If you wish to continue living, I suggest you serve me well. When you are no longer useful, you won't live to tell the tale." "I will never forget your kindness, Princess. I will serve you faithfully." Cira stepped closer, lifting Liona's chin with a slender finger, commanding her to open her mouth.

Liona grimaced as she complied, and Cira forced a small black orb of magic into her mouth. Liona's body trembled as the dark magic coursed down her throat. As the dark energy spread within her, she screamed in pain, her body convulsing until darkness enveloped her. When Liona finally rose, drenched in sweat, she felt stronger than before, more powerful, as if she had just been reborn. As she stood on her feet, she sensed something had changed within her. "But it's worth it if it means you never forget who owes you life and loyalty. I have given you great power, but I can also take it away.

If you don't want to live as a miserable rat for the rest of your life, don't even think about betraying me." "I would never do that, my princess." "Get up, rest a little. We'll leave at dawn." "Where are we going, princess?" "We're going to search for the doors of Hades." "Do you

have any clue how to find them?" "We will find them using the keys; they will show us the way." Liona noticed one of the keys hanging from Cira's neck, but she didn't see the other one. "I only saw one key. Where is the other?" "We'll retrieve it first. It holds too much power, and I don't want it to find us.

That would be inconvenient and delay our plans." As Liona began to ascend the stairs, her resolve strengthened. She despised the Venobich royal family, and Cira was no exception. Deep down, she wanted to kill her, to seize all the power she possessed, and make her regret treating her like a worthless rat. Cira's words were empty, and despite her power, she had no faith in loyalty. Liona left the mansion and headed into the woods, eager to meet Dagon. He emerged from the shadows, his voice raspy and distorted.

"Are you here to celebrate?" "No, I've come to ask when we will kill Cira." "Okay, but first we must let this girl open the doors of Hades. Until then, we cannot touch the keys." "Tomorrow we will leave in search of the doors of Hades. Will you follow us?" "Of course, I will follow you. So don't worry; everything is under control. When she opens the doors, we will use her to help us kill Cira. Don't let her be useful to us." "I want to take all the power she possesses and make her regret how she treated me, her and her entire family. I plan to exterminate them." "You will have it.

Just make sure you get what you want."

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The darkness inside her Abril had woken in the middle of the night. It had been just a moment, but it felt like an eternity. A dark energy had flickered within her barrier, but it vanished as quickly as it appeared. "What's going on, Aby?" she whispered, her heart racing. "I sensed something dark inside the barrier," came the reply. "But it was fleeting. I can't feel it anymore; it's gone." "Do you want us to check it out?" Alessandro asked, concern etched on his face. "Yano can feel it too.

Maybe it was just my imagination, considering everything that has happened lately," she replied, trying to shake off the unease. Alessandro wrapped his arms around her, offering comfort. "We've had a difficult day. You need to rest." Abril settled into his embrace, attempting to find solace in his warmth, but her mind remained troubled by the strange energy she had sensed. That night, sleep eluded her as she remained vigilant, searching for any sign of danger lurking within the barrier. When morning arrived, Abril rose early, her thoughts consumed by Lissana.

She approached the door and knocked gently with her knuckles. "Lissana, are you awake?" she called softly. "Yes," came the sleepy response. "May I come in?" "Of course," Lissana replied. Abril entered to find Lissana still dressed in the same clothes she had worn the day before. It struck Abril that the garments were the same ones Lissana had worn six years ago. "How are you?" Abril asked, her voice filled with concern. "I'm fine. Are you all well?" Lissana responded, her eyes brightening. "Yes, forgive us for coming to see you so early.

We didn't want to wake you," Abril said, her heart swelling with love for her daughter. "Don't worry, I understand." "I suppose you didn't bring any clothes from the fairy realm," Abril noted. "No, I had other things on my mind and didn't think to pack anything," Lissana admitted. "Let the

servants fetch you some clothes. Your father and I decided to let you stay here, if that's what you want, of course." Lissana hugged her mother tightly, her excitement palpable. "Of course I want to stay! Thank you for allowing me to." "But I don't want you to leave that room unless absolutely necessary."

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We love you too much, Lissana, and that's why we can't take any risks." "I know, Mama," Lissana replied, her voice steady. Abril stroked Lissana's hair gently. "You've grown so much since the last time I saw you, and your powers have blossomed too, haven't they?" "I suppose so. Now I can do things on my own," Lissana said, a hint of pride in her voice. "How do you do it?" Abril asked, curiosity piqued. "I don't know. When I have a legacy, I just own it and release my magic, just like you taught me," Lissana explained, her brow furrowing in thought.

Abril noticed a flicker of worry in her daughter's eyes. "What's wrong, Mama?" "Nothing, nothing is wrong," Abril reassured her, though doubt lingered in her heart. "Mama, yesterday I felt something strange, but it disappeared quickly." "Did you feel it too?" Kiara suddenly appeared, her expression serious. "I thought it was just my imagination at first, but I sensed something dark within the barrier as well. It was only there for a moment." "Do you think there's a monster?" Lissana asked, her voice trembling. "If it's not in Cosset, it's better that we focus on what truly matters."

We're preparing for war, and Cita already has both keys to Hades. Nothing can stop him from opening the gates," Kiara said firmly. "You're right. We can't waste any time. We should inform the other kingdoms so they can prepare," Abril agreed. "I'll go home and tell my mother. But we need to get ready soon; it's for the best," Kiara replied. "Will you return?" Lissana asked, her eyes wide with concern. "I don't know. It all depends on what my mother says," Kiara answered, her voice heavy. "I hope you can come back," Lissana said softly. "Me too."

I don't want to be apart from Barto when war is looming," Kiara admitted. "You're an excellent warrior. I don't doubt you'll be safe," Abril said, trying to reassure her. "That's what I hope. I'll come back and let you know what's happening," Kiara promised. "Thank you for everything you've done for us, Kiara. I truly appreciate it," Abril said, her heart full of gratitude. "Family looks out for one another," Kiara replied with a smile. Abril embraced her tightly. "Thank you for considering me part of your family." "Always," Kiara said warmly. She turned to Lissana, her expression softening.

"Take care, little one." "I hope to see you again," Lissana replied, her voice hopeful. "I hope we see each other again too, and that you're in better condition next time," Kiara said before departing. After Kiara said her goodbyes, Abril sought out Barto, who was waiting for her in the garden. The thought of parting with him filled her with dread, but she knew this day would come, sooner or later. She hugged him tightly. "Come back, I promise," she said, her voice trembling. Barto leaned in to kiss her. "I will return. I'll go to the door now." Kiara kissed him again. "You must come back."

I couldn't live without you, so don't even think about looking at another woman while I'm gone." "I wouldn't dare," he replied, a teasing smile on his lips. "Unless she had your face." "Then I'd rip out your eyes," she joked, her heart lightening. "I love you," he said, sincerity shining in his eyes. "Why do you say that?" she asked, a smile creeping onto her face. "I just wanted to remind you, so you wouldn't forget," he replied, his tone playful. "I won't forget, no matter how much time passes. I will always love you," she promised. Barto smiled, his expression softening.

"I like this farewell better." "This isn't a goodbye; it's just a 'see you later,'" she said, her heart swelling with hope. "True," he agreed. Kiara leaned in for one last kiss before opening the portal to the elven kingdom, her heart heavy yet determined. As she stepped through, she promised herself she would return as soon as she could. Meanwhile, Cira awoke with a pounding headache. Since she had touched the keys of Hades, their power had begun to pull at her, demanding she approach the gates of Hades. She rose from her bed, feeling the darkness within her take control.

It was as if Hades himself had seized her body, compelling her to leave the house. She struggled against it, but it was futile; she felt as though she had lost all control. Liona, noticing Cira's distress, approached cautiously. "What's wrong, Princess Cira?" A raspy voice escaped Cira's throat as she replied, "If I'm to reach Hades, prepare us. We must go." With that decision made, Cira joined forces with the spirits of Hades, merging their power into one. She felt the path to the gates of Hades calling to her, guiding her forward.

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The place where every moment counted was filled with tension as Tarik approached. He had surprised Fay, the priest, with his unexpected visit. "Is something wrong, Daddy?" she asked, concern etching her features. "We should return to the house, Tarik," he replied, his tone serious. "Why now?" Tarik questioned, confusion flickering in his eyes. "Cira has the Keys of Hades in her possession. We must prepare for what is to come." "Do we have to leave immediately?" "Yes, we cannot delay our return any longer." "I thought I could stay just a few more days," Tarik protested. "No, Tarik.

I must go back home and inform her reign of what is coming. I cannot return without you." "But..." "I understand that you don't want to leave Lissana so soon after meeting her, but we are out of time, Tarik." "Do you really believe the queen will agree to join the battle against the Dark King?" "I don't know," he admitted. "Papa, I fought the monster created with the power of the Keys. It cost us dearly to defeat him. In that moment, I realized that to conquer the Dark King and save the world, we must stand united." "Cassiel has gone to convince the fairy queen.

Let's hope he succeeds." "Is it possible for me to achieve this?" Tarik asked, uncertainty creeping into his voice. "Don't dwell on that. Instead, focus on returning." "What do you mean by that?" "You agreed to become the hereditary prince. Formally reject it, remember? It's important that your decision is made impartially, without feeling forced into a role you don't want." "Papa, my decision hasn't changed. I still feel the same way I did before coming here." "Are you safe?" "If I'm honest, I'm uncertain for a moment. But yesterday, Lissana reminded me why I want to be king.

Just as she wishes to protect her kingdom, her family, and her people, I want to do the same. Unless you say it's unnecessary to be king to achieve that, I don't see it that way." "If this is your decision, I will respect it." "Thank you, Papa. Could you give me some time to say goodbye to Lissana?" "Of course. Go and say goodbye to your friend." Tarik couldn't view Lissana as merely a friend anymore. After their heartfelt conversations, he realized how deeply he cared for her, even if he had only known her for a short time. It didn't matter.

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He knew he had to find her, for that day would mark their separation, each returning to where they belonged. Tarik found Lissana in the training camp, where the dragon had been resting. She wore a soft pink dress, the attire of the kingdom of Cosset, where Tarik had visited, but he was painfully aware that Lissana belonged to another world. "Hello, Lissana," he greeted her. "Tarik!" she exclaimed, her smile brightening the gloomy atmosphere. "The dragon is better! Just look at him, doesn't he seem more lively?" she said, her excitement infectious.

"Yes, he does seem improved," Tarik replied, though worry lingered in his eyes. "But you don't look well. Is something wrong?" Lissana asked, concern replacing her earlier joy. "I came to say goodbye. I'm returning to the land of the fairies," he said, knowing she had chosen to stay. "Will you be leaving me?" she asked, her voice trembling. Tarik reached for her hand, sensing the sadness in her expression. "My priests allowed me to come here, but I can't return to the mortal realm. My place is here, with my family." He brushed a strand of hair from her face, his heart aching.

"I wish things were different. I wish I could stay." "Once again, we must part," she said softly. "Yes, it seems we are not destined to walk this path together," he replied, a hint of sorrow in his voice. "You don't know that. We are the ones who decide our destinies," she insisted. "Promise me you will appoint me as the official successor of the fairy queen when she asks you to do so," he said, his tone earnest. "When you reign, you will set the rules. Things don't have to be this way," she countered. "I will bear the weight of my kingdom on my shoulders, Lissana.

It's not because I'm being forced; it's my choice. Just as you have decided to return and take your place as princess, I want to do the same. It's not easy for me either. When we kissed, I thought I couldn't bear to be apart from you. But seeing you fight for your kingdom with such determination reminds me of who I am." "Does that mean everything will end before it even starts?" Lissana asked, her eyes wide with fear. "I haven't even begun, Lissana. My feelings for you are real, and they always will be." Tarik gently caressed Lissana's hands, leaning in to place a soft kiss on her forehead.

"I don't want to leave, but I can't abandon my duties as hereditary prince. If it were a different time, a time of peace, I wouldn't hesitate to stay by your side." Lissana felt the same pull of emotions. She wrapped her arms around him tightly. "Peace will come, Tarik. This war will end someday. When it does, we will talk again. For now, let's not think of this as a goodbye, but rather a pause." Tarik felt his heart ache as he pulled away, wiping her tears with his thumb. "Don't cry, Lissana.

It breaks my heart to see you like this." "It's just that I haven't left yet, and I already feel like you're a part of me that's missing," she confessed. "Let's think of this as a temporary separation. We've parted ways before, and we will find each other again. This time will be no different." Lissana leaned in to kiss Tarik, but he remained just out of reach, teasing her. "We will meet again. This will be the seal of our promise." Their lips met in a kiss that bound their hearts, a promise that this was not a farewell, but a 'see you later.'

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Unanswered questions lingered in the air as Tarik bid farewell to Lissana. Fay was speaking with Alessandro and Abril, knowing she would soon return to the land of the fairies. On the way, she encountered Cassian in the countryside and paused to speak with him. "Are you going to be part of Fay's journey?" she asked. "I was going to talk to Alessandro and Abril to inform them that I will return to their land of fairies," Cassian replied. "When do you plan to leave?" Fay pressed. "Tarik went to say goodbye to Lissana.

We will depart once he finishes." "It seems everyone has a priority to return home. Kiara has brought this tomorrow back to her kingdom," she remarked. "The war is about to break out; it is not the best time to be away from home," Cassian pointed out. "You're right. Did the fairy queen ask you to come back?" "No, but I want to return and inform her that Cira already has the two keys of Hades in her possession." Unanswered questions continued to swirl. "The last time I spoke with Maya, she mentioned that her reign had not yet made a decision about joining the war.

Do you know anything about this?" Cassian inquired. "No. In her letters, the queen only asked for one thing: to send Tarik back. Honestly, I believed Cassiel would convince her to join the fight," Fay replied. "I suppose that's a poor expectation. Cassiel has not regained his full powers; perhaps that's why he hasn't been able to persuade her." "The queen is too cautious. She won't fight a war she isn't sure of winning. I will talk to her and try to convince her that we must fight, but I'm not sure we can change her mind." "I hope you succeed. You saw what we can do with the keys.

The coming war will be unlike anything we've known. If we're not united, fighting like a common people, we may not have a chance to win." "I hope luck is on our side," Cassian said. "You must be quick; don't linger." Before Cassian left, Fay asked him, "What do you plan to do about your family?" "What do you mean?" he replied, puzzled. "Will you bring them back or leave them in the land of the fairies?" "This is the safest place at the moment. It may take a long time for you to stay there if necessary.

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Why do you ask?" "I just wanted to know your thoughts on the matter." Cassian had spent enough time with them to know he couldn't lie. When he didn't want to answer a question, he simply omitted it. That was exactly what Fay was doing. Just as Cassian was about to ask again why she had posed that question, Robert Reece, the captain of the horsemen, appeared. "Prince Cassian, could we speak with you for a moment?" he requested. "Yes, go ahead," Cassian replied. Fay felt stuck at home, left with her uncertainty about the question.

When they arrived at Alessandro's workshop, Fay touched the guards who had bet on whether the king was inside. After confirming he was, they asked who was announcing her presence. Once announced, she entered the workshop. Fay had expected to find Abril with Alessandro, but to her surprise, she was alone with Terran. "Is something wrong, Fay?" Terran asked, concern etched on his face. "I just came to say goodbye. I'll be returning to the land of the fairies," she explained. "Hasn't anyone waited for you to decide? Is that why you're leaving today?" he asked.

"Yes, I must inform the fairy queen about what is happening in the human kingdom." "Thank you for all the help you've given us, Fay. I will always be grateful to you." "We helped my kingdom once; I was merely returning your kindness." "Thank you. You weren't obligated to help us, but you chose to do so." "I hope we see each other again," Fay said, her voice softening. "I hope to see you again too, and that we will fight alongside each other once more." "That will depend on what my reign decides." "I'm waiting for her to return and decide to join the battle," Terran said.

"What do you think now?" Fay asked. "For now, we will gather our army. Soon we will march to the desert of Xurt. We have already sent letters to the other kingdoms. Luckily, their arsenals have been blessed with light magic, so they are ready for battle." Fay remained silent for a few moments before Alessandro spoke again. "If the queen had agreed to join the battle, you would know where we will be," he said. "When do you think you'll leave?" she asked. "We suffered many losses during Cira's attack, so we will be ready in a few days, after we bury our dead." "Cira could act at any moment.

You should leave as soon as possible." "We have informed Elisha; his army will monitor the border. If he sees anything unusual, he will inform you, and we will leave immediately. Besides, Laios' army is closest to the kingdom of Xurt. They will join Mariana's army." "I suppose you have it all planned out. If there are any changes, I would like you to let me know," Fay said. "If there are any changes, we will inform you, Fay.

I would like you to send a message to Cassiel." "Of course." "Tell him he must return to the human kingdom and join our army." "Don't you hope that you can still convince the fairy queen?" "The flow of time in the land of the fairies is different. I'm sure several days have passed since he met with the fairy queen. If I haven't managed to convince her to join the battle by now, I don't think I will." "I understand." "And if you intend to deny him, say that he will be forced to return." "Transmit your message as you have said. I'll leave now.

Good luck." After making that decision, Fay exited the room. Terran knew they had much to discuss, so he waited a few minutes until he was sure he wouldn't be overheard before speaking to Alessandro. "I understand that Fay prays for Cassiel's love for the fairy queen. I don't believe she will let him return," he said. "Cassiel will return; he cannot deny himself. I just hope she wants it to be enough not to leave him alone on the battlefield with his powers incomplete," Alessandro replied. He stood and headed toward the door. "Prepare the shadows to protect the palace and watch over Lissana.

Find them quietly so they won't be discovered," he instructed. "As you wish, Your Majesty." "You will fall in the palace. My daughter will be there, so be careful." "I will protect her with my life, Your Majesty." "But it will be worth it if that's the case."

Fay ventured into the garden where the entrance to the kingdom of the fairies lay hidden. She was there to meet Tarik, who appeared hours later. "We can go back," he said. "Open the portal," she urged. Tarik opened the portal, but before crossing the threshold, he heard Lissana's voice. "I will write to you." Tarik turned halfway, and Fay stopped him, saying, "We should go." "It will only be a moment," he replied. Fay let him go. Tarik approached Lissana, who had thought he had forgotten her.

"I wanted to tell you everything, but I'll see if I can explain that it wasn't like that," he said, embracing her. "I won't forget you, Lissana." "I won't forget you either," she replied softly. Fay returned to Ilamar and Tarik, eager to share the news. He kissed Lissana gently before stepping back. They crossed the portal, and in an instant, they found themselves at home. The portal behind them closed with a soft thud. Tarik paused, glancing back at the spot where the portal had opened, as if he wished to cross it again. Fay placed a hand on his shoulder. "We must go to the queen.

Come on; she knows we're here and must be waiting for us." As they entered the palace, they were met by the queen, who had summoned them to her throne room. She looked at Tarik, who appeared unchanged since their last meeting, though she had grown considerably. She had died and returned, her body transformed; her figure was curvier, and her presence more commanding. Tarik was taken aback by how much she had changed, and he wondered if Lissana had experienced the same transformation when he had first returned from the human kingdom. "A lot has changed," she said, offering a slight bow.

"Welcome to the prince's house," she added. Before they could continue their conversation, Fay interjected, "We don't need to wait for the queen; we have time to discuss matters later." The queen accompanied them to the doors of her chamber. Before entering, Fay turned to Tarik. "Are you sure you want to follow him as the successor to the kingdom?" "Yes, that is my decision, Father," he replied firmly. "Then let's go in," Fay said. Tarik and Fay stepped through the doors, but the queen remained outside, standing beside the entrance.

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They approached the throne where the queen sat, with Cassiel standing beside her. Fay and Tarik bowed before her. "Your Majesty, we must return," Fay said. Leriana regarded them in silence for a few moments. Then she knelt before Tarik, examining his face in silence, ensuring he was content with his choice. "Are you my successor?" she asked. "Yes, this is a decision I have made," he affirmed. "I'm glad you feel this way. Tonight, we will have a celebration to honor your return." "This is not the best time to celebrate, Your Majesty," Tarik cautioned. "Why not?" she asked, her brow furrowing.

"Cira has the keys to Hades in her possession." The queen's expression hardened. "Have the doors been opened?" Cassiel responded in Fay's stead. "Only the doors to Hades are open now. We had already accounted for this. When they open, the entire earth will tremble; nothing will be spared." "Your Majesty, the doors have not yet opened, but I am certain you will be prepared," Tarik said.

"We must ready our army for battle," he added. The queen ignored Tarik's comment. "Leave us; we will talk later. Right now, adults must speak." "I will not go."

"I am the heir to the throne, and I deserve to know what you have to say," Tarik insisted. The queen shot him a piercing gaze, one that sent a chill down his spine. "Do not repeat that, Tarik. Leave and let us speak in private." Tarik hesitated, knowing that disobedience would lead to severe punishment, something he dreaded. "Forgive me for my immaturity, Your Majesty. It was not my intention to offend you," he said before stepping back. Leriana returned to her seat and instructed Fay to explain everything that was happening in the human kingdom.

"The war will soon begin, Your Majesty," Fay said, "especially with the power of the keys to Hades. When united, their power is overwhelming." Cassiel, who had fallen silent, spoke up. "The power of the keys is nothing compared to the horrors that lie behind those doors! We don't have time, Leriana. You must make a decision: will you join the war or not?" Leriana hesitated, unsure if fighting was the best course of action or if she should unite with her entire kingdom. Cassiel took her hand, reassuring her. "This time, you are not alone, Leriana."

"I am here by your side." "If it were just my life at stake, I wouldn't hesitate to decide. But it's not just my life; it's the lives of everyone in my kingdom," she replied, her voice heavy with the weight of responsibility. "My decision will affect them all." "I know it's not easy to make this choice, but you must understand, Leriana. If we do not stop the dark king, he will continue to devour worlds, and one day he will reach us. There will be no one left to fight beside you." "Are you threatening me?" she asked, her eyes narrowing. "No, I'm merely stating the truth."

"The dark king seeks to consume and destroy all creation, all life," Cassiel said, his gaze intense. "There is no point in hesitation, Leriana. Please, make your choice."

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"Don't surrender to me, sir," she insisted. "I won't surrender." Leriana had watched her world collapse into darkness, which was why Cassiel had created his own dimension—a realm filled with life, light, and color—so that his people could live in brightness and not in shadow. But she understood that whatever Cassiel decided would be the truth, no matter how much she tried to escape it. There would come a moment when the darkness would reach her. Fear gripped her, a fear of witnessing everything she loved turn to ash. "I assure you that we will win!" Cassiel declared, his voice steady.

"I can't assure you of that; this is a gamble you must take," she replied, her tone laced with uncertainty. "Don't give me false hope," she added, her heart heavy. "I don't want to give you false hope either, but I want you to make a decision based on the truth, not my lies." "This isn't something I can decide right now," Leriana said, frustration creeping into her voice. "Forgive my rudeness, Your Majesty, but I don't believe we have much time," Fay interjected. "That's why, Leriana, you must make a decision," Fay urged.

"I will not make a hasty decision; I need to think carefully," she insisted. "Fay, I think you should encourage him. The queen needs to make a choice," someone suggested. "I have a message from the king of Cosset for the first guardian," Fay announced. Cassiel turned away

from Leriana and focused on Fay, eager to hear what she had to say. "I say you should return to Cosset to participate in the war; you cannot deny your duty," Fay stated firmly. Leriana felt a surge of annoyance.

"You say you will stay with me, yet you would leave!" "If I must, Leriana, I am the first guardian; I cannot abandon my post." She knew this to be true, but it only fueled her anger. Cassiel glanced at Fay, confusion etched on his face. "Why are you telling her this?" "I think she needs to know," Fay replied. "No, she doesn't need to know," Cassiel countered. "You claim you don't want to lie, but you either want to tell the truth or you don't. For me, it's the same.

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You cannot stay on the sidelines; you should know now." Cassiel dashed after Leriana, feeling that continuing the conversation with Fay was futile. When he caught up to her, he grasped her arm gently. "Please stop; we need to talk." "I don't want to listen to you. Anything that comes from your mouth is a lie," she shot back, pulling away. "Don't lose your temper; just listen," he urged, locking eyes with her. "You know that I want to be with you, and that's why I'm asking you to stay with me. I don't want to fight this battle alone; I want to do it with you.

When it's all over, I want to stand by your side and never let go." Leriana could see the sincerity in his eyes, and despite her reservations, she felt a flicker of hope. "I told you that this is what I want, but you keep avoiding the truth. What is it that you truly desire, Leriana? What does your heart dictate?" "I'm not sure," she admitted, her voice softening. "Believe that you can't lie," he pressed. "I don't lie, not if that's truly what I want to do. But I can't give you an answer, Cassiel." "Do you love me?" he asked, his gaze unwavering.

"What does that have to do with anything?" she replied, trying to deflect. "Don't avoid my question. Do you love me?" "Yes, I love you," she confessed, the weight of her feelings crashing down on her. Cassiel leaned in and kissed her, his lips brushing against hers. "That's your answer. Stop second-guessing yourself. You've always prioritized your kingdom over your own desires. Now, think only of us. Don't hesitate; fight by my side, be with me." "I will fight beside you, but I hope I won't regret this decision," she said, uncertainty still lingering. "I'm sure you won't regret it.

Together, we will find happiness." "But what if it's not worth it? I don't want to lose you again." "You won't lose me this time, because I choose you. I choose us." "I believed you had to protect the world," she said, her voice trembling. "My world is you, and I will protect you," he vowed. --- Enzo was at the training camp when Hans rushed in, visibly agitated. "What's wrong, Hans?" Enzo asked, concern etched on his face. "A letter has arrived from the kingdom of Cosset," Hans replied, urgency in his tone. Enzo hurried to open the letter.

The expression on his face confirmed Hans's worst fears: the great battle was about to begin. "Is it time?" Enzo asked, his heart racing. "Yes, the war is imminent. We need to convene a meeting with our generals. We must organize our army and march to the Shurt Desert," Hans instructed. "Do you know anything about Cira?" Enzo inquired, anxiety creeping into his voice. "Only that she has two keys in her possession, and the doors of Hades will soon open," Hans said grimly. "She's still there. We must save her," Enzo insisted, determination igniting within him.

"We will save her, I promise you that. We just have to hope it's not too late. If she doesn't want to be rescued, there's nothing we can do," Hans replied, his voice heavy with despair. Hans couldn't accept that. Cira was the woman he loved, and he couldn't imagine a life without her. "I believe she wants to return. Assure me that she wants to come back," he pleaded. "Are you really considering going to war?" Enzo asked, astonished. "I would go to the depths of Hades if it meant I could bring her back.

Don't question my love for her; I will do whatever it takes," Hans declared, passion igniting his words. Enzo had never heard Hans speak with such fervor, but he knew that his friend's words were empty promises unless he was willing to act. "If you ever doubt yourself, you won't succeed. If you want to accompany me to war, I won't stop you," Enzo said, resolute. Hans bowed before Enzo, a gesture of respect and gratitude. "Thank you, Your Majesty." Hans departed to fulfill Enzo's orders. The meeting was prepared swiftly, and Enzo relayed commands to his generals to ready their forces.

As the sun dipped below the horizon, Enzo marched with his army into the Shurt Desert, where he would unite with Elisha's forces. They had been in contact; she had informed him of the dangers threatening her kingdom. That was why Enzo was determined to have everyone prepared to march to her aid. Even though he felt selfish, Enzo couldn't help but feel a surge of joy at the thought of reuniting with Elisha. He awaited her with eager anticipation.