

Forgotten Wife : Let the Traitors Kneel Down Novel

Chapter 421-430

****Kingdom of Shadows and Darkness**** After receiving the message from the kingdom of Cosset, Elisha left the desert near Vaizel's mountains. She knew that if the monsters came, the first kingdom to be attacked would be Xurt. When she reached the foot of the mountains, she maintained a prudent distance, wanting to avoid being ambushed while they set up camp. The first day passed without incident; the mountains loomed silently, like a sleeping giant. The next day, the army of Laios joined them. Elisha stepped forward to greet King Enzo, approaching him with a warm smile.

"Thank you for coming so soon, King Enzo," she said, her voice steady. Enzo placed a hand on the hilt of his sword, which he had left behind before departing. "We are the first to unite," he replied. "That's right," Elisha confirmed, gesturing to a young girl who had been standing apart. "This is Rania, responsible for organizing the soldiers." "As ordered, Princess," Rania replied, bowing slightly. Elisha turned back to Enzo. "I'll give you a report on the situation. Follow me." Enzo followed Elisha to her tent, where several maps were spread across a table.

"Vaizel's mountains cover a vast area, but they aren't steep, which might prevent anyone from sneaking between them," Elisha explained. "Let's hope the same holds true for the monsters, allowing us to eliminate the easiest path when they decide to leave the mountains. This should give us an advantage when the time for battle arrives." Enzo stepped closer, concern etched on his face. "I'm glad to see you, though I worry about you being on the front lines." "I've told you before, my beautiful appearance hides what I truly am-a fierce warrior capable of ending any enemy.

My father knows this, which is why he sent me to the front lines." "Your father is the king; it should be he who is here," Enzo countered, his voice firm. "My priest is protecting the kingdom at the city gates, ensuring that if we can't stop the monsters, we have a defense in place," Elisha replied, her tone resolute. "I came here and left my kingdom unprotected." "Your kingdom is larger than mine. Let's talk about memories first-this is where the doors to Hades will open, turning this place into a battlefield." "You're right; I wasn't being objective.

Follow new episodes on the

I'm just worried about you," Enzo admitted, his gaze softening. "I appreciate your concern, but don't worry. I'm not a princess who needs protection." "We all need someone to guide and protect us at some point in our lives, no matter how strong we are. I learned that recently." "I suppose you have a point," Enzo conceded, though he felt uncertain about how to approach Elisha. She was so strong and brave, so confident in herself that he wondered if she ever thought of him, or if he was merely a fleeting thought in her mind. Elisha caught him staring. "What's going on?" "Nothing!" he stammered.

"Don't stop looking at me like you want to ask me something," she pressed. "If you want to say something, just tell me. You know I dislike beating around the bush," she added, her tone playful yet serious. "Just tell me what there is between us," he said, his voice barely above a whisper. Elisha stepped closer, her expression thoughtful. "What kind of relationship do you want us to have?" That was a question he hadn't even considered. Enzo fell silent for a moment, and Elisha smiled gently. "I ask you to prepare a tent for yourself.

You should go and rest as long as you can; you have a long journey ahead of you." As she turned to leave, Enzo reached out, grasping her arm gently. "Do you want us to be together?" "I've already expressed the kind of relationship I want with you; it was you who didn't want to continue," she replied, her voice steady. "I-" Elisha caressed his hand, which still held her arm, moving her fingers up to his shoulder. "I suppose you expect me to give you an answer, but I won't. If you want something with me, be brave and tell me." Elisha pulled away from him, freeing herself from his grasp.

"Otherwise, control yourself and don't confuse me." With that, she stepped out of the tent, leaving Enzo behind. He hesitated, unsure if he should follow her. He had longed for this moment with Elisha, but he never imagined it would unfold like this. He was drawn to her beauty and strength, but their paths had diverged long ago, severed when their childhood engagement was broken. They were not destined to walk together. While he pondered this, Hans entered the tent. "Your Majesty, your tent is on the other side.

You should rest for a while; we don't know when we will be attacked." "Yes, let's go," Enzo replied. Once inside his tent, he removed the heavy armor he wore, wiping the sweat from his brow with a damp cloth. He lay back on the bed, staring at the floor, lost in thought about his conversation with Elisha. Meanwhile, Cira was making her way toward the desert, where the keys to Hades awaited her. Though her final destination was Vaizel's mountains, she could feel something dark and powerful calling to her, even from a distance.

As she crossed the desert, Cira spotted a large camp at the foot of Vaizel's mountains, marked by the flags of both the kingdom of Xurt and the kingdom of Laios. A chill ran through her; her brother should have been in that camp. Cira's body trembled as if something within her urged her to descend. But she couldn't, her body moving as if controlled by unseen strings. The keys of Hades commanded her, ensuring they would not lose sight of her presence until it was too late. When the doors of Hades opened, a new kingdom of shadows and darkness would rise to govern the world.

422

Cira flew over the mountains, searching for the place where the doors of Hades were said to be found. However, the shadows and towering trees made it impossible to locate them, and she had no choice but to descend. As they landed, monsters surrounded them, their presence distinctly hostile. "What's wrong with these creatures? They look like they're about to attack us," Liona asked, her voice trembling. "Why are you so nervous? Do you not recognize me as their anointed one? The angel's blood flows within me," Cira replied, her confidence unwavering.

"Will we have to fight them?" Liona pressed, anxiety creeping into her tone. "No. Even if they don't recognize me as one of their own, there is something they will acknowledge," Cira assured

her. With that, Cira pulled out the keys to Hades and raised them high. A faint glow emanated from the keys, causing the monsters to lower their heads and step aside, allowing them to pass. Liona, relieved, stayed close to Cira. She had no desire to confront an army of monsters. They trekked through the mountains, guided by the keys, in search of the doors of Hades.

After walking all night, exhaustion weighed heavily on Liona. "Let's stop for a moment. I can't go on," she said, her voice barely above a whisper. "The doors are close; I can feel it. We can't stop now," Cira insisted, determination etched on her face. "Even with the keys of Hades, your body is still human. If you don't rest, you'll collapse," Liona reminded her gently. Cira longed to press on, driven by a fierce determination, but even the keys seemed to sense her fatigue. "We'll rest for just a moment," she conceded.

Grateful for the reprieve, Liona watched as Cira leaned against a tree and closed her eyes. She wondered if Cira was truly asleep or if she was leaving herself vulnerable, exposed to danger. But this wasn't the right moment to act on her thoughts. Liona decided to bide her time, knowing revenge could wait a little longer. Liona lay back on the ground, close to Cira, and soon fell asleep. A sudden, powerful grunt jolted her awake. She opened her eyes to find a monstrous figure looming over her, its fangs bared. "Princess!

Follow new episodes on the

You must wake up!" Liona cried, her heart racing as she searched for Cira, who remained asleep. Cira seemed tense, caught in the grip of a nightmare. Desperate, Liona shook her violently. "Wake up, Princess!" she shouted. Finally, Cira opened her eyes, confusion flickering across her face as she took in her surroundings. The growls of the monsters had pulled her from her slumber. Cira pushed Liona away and sprang to her feet, brandishing the keys of Hades before the creatures. They recoiled, momentarily intimidated. "Why are there so many of them?" Cira demanded.

"The monsters wanted to attack us," Liona replied, her voice shaky. "I gave you power; you should be able to command a few of them," Cira said, frustration creeping into her tone. It was true that Liona possessed power, but the sheer number of monsters surrounding them was overwhelming. She didn't want to argue, so she simply nodded. "I know. It won't happen again," Liona promised. "I didn't betray you to have you be a burden. Try not to hold me back," Cira said sharply. "Yes, Princess," Liona replied, swallowing her pride.

Cira continued forward, and Liona followed closely, until they reached what appeared to be the remnants of a village. Great stone towers loomed around them, marked with strange symbols. Cira could feel the dark power emanating from these structures, and the keys began to resonate. "It's confirmed; these columns are the doors to Hades," Cira said, her excitement palpable. She approached one of the stone towers, recognizing the familiar markings. Cira took a moment to study the two towers, a broad smile spreading across her face.

Liona, puzzled, asked, "What's happening, Princess?" "We found it! The doors to Hades, the gates of hell, are ready to be opened," Cira exclaimed. Cira embraced Lissana tightly, joy radiating from her. "Be very careful and don't make any reckless mistakes," she cautioned. "Yes, Mama," Lissana replied, her voice steady. "You are the hereditary princess; you must command when you

enter," Abril instructed. Lissana glanced at Gabriel, her priestly assistant, unsure if she was truly prepared to take on such a responsibility. "Yes, Mama," she repeated, though doubt lingered in her mind.

Abril tucked a lock of hair behind Lissana's ear. "I want you to be safe. Never forget that," she said earnestly. Lissana hugged her mother tightly. "I want you to come back safe too. I'll be waiting for you," she promised. "I promise we will return," Abril assured her. "Come here, Alessandro," she called, and he embraced her. "Return safely," he said, his voice firm. Abril released Lissana, her gaze turning to Gabriel. "Take care of my daughter and ensure she remains safe from harm," she instructed. Gabriel nodded, silently accepting the weight of her request.

Alessandro knelt to Lissana and said, "Remember what your mother told you." "I will be strong," she replied, determination in her eyes. As Abril and Alessandro made their way to the training camp where their army was gathered, Abril asked, "Do you think it was wise to allow this to happen?" "Lissana is a very strong girl. Don't worry about her; she will be fine," Alessandro reassured her. "Yes, but I can't help feeling anxious. I don't want to leave our little one alone," Abril confessed. "Soon, we will return home, and we will be together again.

Think of that when you feel worried," Alessandro said, offering comfort. "You're right," Abril agreed. When they reunited with their army, Alessandro spoke a few words of command, distributing teleportation scrolls as they prepared to march to the kingdom of Xurt.

423

The choice that each person must make weighed heavily on Liona. She felt a mix of nervousness and emotion as she stood before the imposing doors of Hades. "You have the power to open them, but Cira has nothing to do with this," she said, her gaze fixed on the two columns, as if trying to decipher some hidden meaning. "Why don't you open the doors of Hades, Princess?" a voice asked, breaking the tense silence. "It's not so easy to open the doors. There are conditions that must be met," Liona replied, her brow furrowing in concentration.

"I believe we only need the keys to Hades," came the hopeful response. "I need angel blood flowing through my veins for it to work. It must be done at a specific time-at night, when darkness reigns and shadows are strongest." Liona looked up at the sky, which had begun to embrace the colors of evening. The moment felt fleeting, as if time itself was holding its breath before the doors of Hades would swing open. "What are we going to do now?" Cira asked, his fascination with the columns fading. "I must read the inscriptions carefully," Liona said.

"You can rest for now." Cira nodded, his eyes still lingering on the columns. "Hades will soon come to this world, consumed by darkness." Meanwhile, Alessandro and his army were doing everything they could to reach the kingdom of Xurt. They traveled on foot, avoiding the use of parchments, knowing that it would only burden the soldiers and prove useless in battle. Though the journey would take longer, it was the best option available. "The doors of Hades have never been opened, so we still have time to unite with other armies," Alessandro said, glancing at Abril.

"Do you think the other kingdoms will honor the alliance and lead their armies to the desert of Xurt?" she asked, concern etched on her face. "I hope so. Acting selfishly won't save anyone. This time is far too dangerous," he replied, his voice steady but laced with worry. "We need to act as one people, as a single nation, to win this war," Abril insisted. "Cassiel hasn't returned either. I just hope he hasn't joined the battle," Alessandro said, his expression darkening. "I also hope he can convince the fairy queen.

Follow new episodes on the

We need all the help we can get." Abril felt a wave of anxiety wash over her. "Lissana will be fine. She's young, strong, and valiant." "That's what worries me the most," Alessandro said, his tone serious. "She doesn't fear anything and rushes into battle without thinking. It's reckless." "That reminds me of you," Abril replied with a hint of a smile. "This is serious, Lessan," she added, her voice firm. "I'm serious too. I have memories of you acting recklessly countless times." "I just hope you don't regret my absence." "He won't.

Gabriel is taking good care of her." "I hope so," Abril murmured, her heart heavy. --- Maya approached Fay as he prepared his army, her expression earnest. "Can we talk for a moment?" "I'm a little busy at the moment, Maya. Could it wait?" Fay replied, his focus elsewhere. "You're always busy. You always tell me to come back later. Just take a moment now; you can spare it," she insisted, frustration creeping into her voice. Fay sighed, recognizing the truth in her words. "Fine, let's go." "Not here," Maya said, leading him to a quieter spot where they wouldn't be overheard.

"What's going on, Fay?" she asked once they were alone. "The queen agreed to join the battle, but only a part of her army will unite. Do you know why?" he explained, concern evident in his tone. "The queen accepted to join the battle, but she's not fully convinced. She'll only send a fraction of her soldiers; the rest will stay to protect the kingdom." "When Cira's army attacked, it was clear how difficult it would be to defeat them. This battle is nothing compared to what will come when the doors of Hades are opened." "That's true, but I can't do anything. I just take orders.

I can't make decisions if the queen doesn't commit fully." Fay paused, contemplating his next words. "Maya should take Assiel and return to the human kingdom." "Why?" Maya asked, her brow furrowing. "You refused to live as a fairy. You shouldn't be here; you should go back to your world." Maya sensed that Fay was hiding something. "Fay, what's going on?" "You're here because it's supposed to be a safe place, but I'm not so sure it is. At least I didn't leave," he admitted, his voice low. "I have a lot of work to do, so I'll see you later," he added, trying to dismiss her.

Maya needed answers, and she knew where to find them. She rushed to the throne room, where the queen was meeting with the elders of the kingdom. "Your Majesty! I need to talk to you," Maya exclaimed, bursting into the room. "I'm busy, Maya. Please come back later," the queen replied, her tone dismissive. "I won't leave until I get the answers I came for," Maya insisted, determination in her eyes. "Do you want me to force you to leave?" the queen asked, her voice low and dangerous. "No, I don't want that. But if I have to fight to be heard, I will.

I'm here, and I won't leave until we talk." Leriana rose from her throne, approaching Maya with a look of frustration. "Even though I appreciate you, you're starting to tire me. I will no longer

tolerate your disrespect. This is my kingdom, and my duty is to my people. You have refused to be part of my kingdom, and if you weren't meant to be here, then-" "Are you sending me away?" Maya interrupted, her voice rising. "If you want to see it that way, then yes. It's time for you to make a choice. You have blood in you that demands a decision. It's time for each of us to take our rightful place."

424

Maya knew that the only reason she remained in the land of the fairies was because of the queen's allowance. She didn't even need to say it; the queen had surely taken her in out of compassion. But Maya was not part of this kingdom; she had rejected her union with Igland to marry Cassian, intertwining her life with his. Deep down, she understood that she could not stay here forever. It was time for her to leave. "I have already chosen, Your Majesty. My life is with my husband, and if we cannot stay here, we will return home." "If this is your decision, I won't stop you.

I just wish you good luck, Maya." "If you don't have to answer me, I could tell you why I won't send my entire army to fight against King Oscuro." "A large part of my troops are engaged in battle, but the rest will remain here to protect my kingdom." "Your kingdom is the least at risk of being overrun." Maya shook her head. "I have seen with my own eyes what the dark king is capable of. I faced him directly, and I don't need you to tell me what he can do. That's why my decision was to send only part of my troops.

If this world falls, I will fall with them." "I don't believe we can win this war," he said, his voice heavy with doubt. "Our chances of victory are slim," she admitted. "I don't think we can win." "Then why did you decide to fight?" "Because I don't want to surrender without having fought first." Leriana looked at Cassian, who stood resolutely beside the throne. "Because I wish for us to win and to have a long life in this world." "I understand your position, and I know that fear can be paralyzing. But if you let fear control you, you won't even try.

It's true that our odds of winning are low, but if we enter this war with the mindset that we will lose, then that is exactly what will happen." Leriana remained silent, absorbing Maya's words. "Take two minutes and come back today," Maya continued. "Cassian, thank you for your kindness, for having sheltered me when I was on the verge of death. I will never forget you, and I will always be grateful, for it is thanks to you that I can continue living and give birth to many children." "Be careful, Maya, and tell your husband to be cautious as well.

Follow new episodes on the

Remember that your lives are intertwined." "That's why I must go with him and fight to the south. I need to ensure he doesn't die." "When you are ready, I will know and open the door for you." "Thank you, Your Majesty." Maya turned and left the room. Cassian approached Leriana, concern etched on his face. "It seems you have love. Why did you lock yourself away from your kingdom?" "Because everyone must be where they belong." "Is that why you think? Fight for everything you can, but if you see that you can't win, you must stay strong. I don't want to have to leave you behind.

You know I can only take my children with me." "They are tied to this land just like you." "No matter what happens, I will do everything possible to start this war, and we will be together. Perhaps we can still form the family we once dreamed of having." "I haven't mentioned anything about a family; that's what you said." "But if that idea doesn't please you, it doesn't change the fact that I love you." "You say too much, Cassian." "I'm not dizzy; this is what I want. I've been dead for a long time, and now that I'm back to life, I don't want to live it like a ghost.

I want to do everything I couldn't do before. I want to fulfill the promises I made to you. I want to be by your side and be happy." Leriana was still in a meeting, the elders waiting in their chambers for her return. She wanted to kiss Cassian for his sweet declaration, but she held back, not wanting to appear weak before her subjects. Instead, she gently squeezed his hand in reply. Cassian understood how difficult it was for Leriana to show her feelings in front of others. She was always composed, so this simple gesture of affection spoke volumes.

Leriana returned to her seat and resumed the meeting, as the topic at hand was war-an important matter that could not be postponed. This was one of the reasons she had spoken to Maya, who had withdrawn because she never felt a great appreciation for her. Leriana had been too busy to address her doubts and questions. Maya went to find Uzziel, who was playing with some fairy children in the palace garden. She called out to him, and he approached, looking agitated.

"What's going on, Mama?" Maya took his hand and said, "We must prepare our things; we will return home." "I thought we would wait for Papa to come for us." "Things have changed. We must go back home; we can't stay here any longer." "Why can't we stay here?" "Because this is not our home. We don't belong here, so we must leave." "Will we ever come back?" "I don't know. But you should say goodbye to your friends." Uzziel listened to his mother's words. Afterward, they went to their room to gather their belongings. As they headed toward the courtyard, Tarik intercepted them.

"Could we talk for a moment?" he asked. "Of course." Tarik glanced at Uzziel, who seemed to understand that he should give them some space. "I'll be nearby," Uzziel said, moving away. Once alone, Maya asked, "What's up, Tarik? What do you want to talk about?" "Are you truly going to return to the human kingdom?" "Though I hate to admit it, the queen is right. Each person must be where they belong, and this is not my place.

I can't keep hiding." "The human kingdom is a very dangerous place right now." "I know, but this is my home." Maya looked at Uzziel and said, "This is our home, and it's time to go back and fight for it."

425

Tarik felt anxious as he stood among the gathered crowd, everyone waiting for something to happen. The air was thick with anticipation, and he could sense the weight of their gazes upon him. This was not his home; he had never truly belonged here, and the thought of returning felt like a distant dream. "I should never have been here in the first place," he muttered, his voice barely above a whisper. "I don't believe I can go back." "Lissana won't

come back either, will she?" someone asked, their tone heavy with resignation. "I don't believe it," Tarik replied, frustration bubbling within him.

"I hate this situation." "Our paths crossed by destiny," another voice chimed in, "but we were never meant to walk together." "True," Tarik conceded, "but after walking together, we took different paths." "Are you speaking of Lissana?" the voice pressed. "Yes," he admitted, his heart aching at the thought. "If I didn't have to decide, I would give you some advice before I go," the voice continued. Tarik stood expectantly, eager to hear what wisdom might come next. "That's the only thing I can say," Maya decided, stepping forward. "You truly love Lissana, don't you?"

No matter how far apart you are, love will always unite you. Even if you fight a thousand times to be with her, you can't laugh it off." "If the queen heard what you were saying to me, I'm sure she'd be very displeased," Tarik replied, a hint of worry creeping into his voice. "That's exactly why I won't decide for you," Maya said firmly. "But I've been in your place, and I wish someone had told me it was okay to abandon everything for the person I love." "I can't abandon everything for her," Tarik protested.

"There's a great weight on my shoulders." "You choose whether to carry that weight or not," Maya replied. "Think about what you truly want, more than what everyone else expects from you." To Tarik, everyone seemed to echo the same sentiment: he should give up on Lissana, that they were not destined to be together, that they belonged to different worlds. But Maya was the first to suggest the opposite-that if he wanted a future with her, he should fight for it. Maya knew she wasn't in a position to encourage him, and if her words reached the queen, it could spell trouble.

Follow new episodes on the

Still, she felt for Tarik, who appeared devastated at the thought of never seeing Lissana again. She lightly pressed her shoulder against his and said, "Think carefully before making any decisions." "I will," he replied, gratitude evident in his voice. "Thank you." "Stay strong. I hope we can see each other again. If you ever need help, you know where to find me." Maya nodded, her heart heavy as she prepared to leave. As she passed by Tarik, she embraced him gently. "Take care of Lissana for me," she said, her voice soft. "I will," he promised, sincerity in his eyes.

"Just make sure you don't get into trouble." "I'll do my best," Maya replied, stepping away as she headed toward the garden. She approached one of the servants, eager to inform the queen of her departure. Meanwhile, Fay was making her way to the palace to update the queen on the army preparations when she spotted Maya in the garden with her suitcases. "Are you returning to the human kingdom?" Fay asked, concern etched on her face. "Yes," Maya replied. "I can't stay here any longer.

The queen has made it clear; I must be where I belong, where I chose to be." "It seems the queen's actions are harsh, but it's not as simple as that," Fay said, trying to understand. "I lost, and I didn't take it badly," Maya admitted. "You're right; I must be in the place I've chosen. I can't keep going like this." "We will leave soon, and I hope I won't have to see you on the

battlefield," Fay said, her voice laced with worry. "I'll be careful," Maya reassured her. "Just promise me you won't die.

My wife is still too young; I won't let you go without a fight." Maya smiled, knowing Fay meant it as a joke, but she understood the depth of Fay's love for her wife. As the portal opened, Maya bid farewell to Fay, her heart heavy with the weight of their parting. Before crossing through the portal, Tarik rushed toward them, calling out for Maya to stop. "Get to the south side," he urged. "You could put your mirror away," he added, noticing the valuable artifact in her hand. "This mirror doesn't belong to me; it's Abril's," Maya replied, hesitating.

"Please take good care of it," she said, seeing the pleading look in Tarik's eyes. She couldn't refuse him. "Fine, I'll leave it with you," she conceded. "Thank you so much. I will take good care of it," Tarik promised, relief washing over him as he accepted the mirror. After handing it over, Maya stepped through the portal, leaving Tarik behind. Fay turned to her wife, curiosity piqued. "What do you want with that mirror?" "I want to stay informed about what's happening in the human kingdom. The doors of Hades will open soon, and I want to be prepared for when it happens," Maya explained.

"You shouldn't be in contact with Lissana," Fay cautioned. "Why not? She's my friend," Maya replied, her tone defensive. "Is it really just friendship?" Fay pressed, sensing the deeper connection. Tarik fell silent, knowing that his silence confirmed what Fay suspected. "Tarik..." Fay began, but he interrupted. "I must be firm; the queen is waiting for me," he said, steeling himself. "I'm going to see her too," Fay replied, determination in her voice. When Tarik entered the throne room, he felt the weight of the elders' gazes upon him. He took his place beside the queen and spoke.

"Your Majesty summoned me," he said, bowing slightly. "Yes, what I have to discuss is something you should know," the queen replied, her tone serious. "What is it, Your Majesty?" Tarik asked, his heart racing. "It concerns our kingdom. Time will flow differently if we don't align with the human realm," she explained. Murmurs rippled through the gathered elders, fear evident on their faces. "Can you tell me why?" one elder asked, his voice trembling. "It's because of the war we're about to start," the queen declared.

"We must be in the same timeline to be prepared for anything that may happen." Fay was equally surprised, as were the other elders present. Only the first guardian remained unfazed. One elder spoke up, "My queen, I truly believe this is the best course of action." "Yes," the queen affirmed. "Our enemy is strong, and we will need all our power to win. So prepare yourselves; the war is upon us."

426

A heavy darkness loomed over the garden where Lissana stood, the very spot where she had discovered the door to the kingdom of the fairies. She wondered how Tarik had managed to be there when suddenly the portal lit up. For a moment, Lissana's heart raced, and she thought it might be Tarik returning to her. But as the portal opened, it revealed not Tarik, but her cousin Uzziel and Maya. "What's going on here?" Lissana asked, a mix of surprise and concern washing over her at their unexpected arrival. Uzziel responded with palpable emotion. "We're on our way home." Lissana turned to Maya.

"I thought you would stay in the fairy realm until everything was resolved!" "We couldn't remain there any longer," Uzziel explained. "We realized we were merely outsiders, guests who had overstayed their welcome." "Did they chase you away?" Lissana pressed, her worry deepening. "Um... they didn't chase us. They just invited us to leave," Maya replied. "This means they've been caught. How could something like that be happening right now?" "Because they are facing difficult times," Uzziel said. "But-" Maya wrapped her arms around Lissana in a comforting embrace.

"There's no safe place at the moment. I think it's best that we're all together. I was worried just as much as you were. Here, you can relax in the palace." "I'm fine, you know I can defend myself well." "I've trained with you many times, but you still feel like a child, Lissana." "I'm not a child! I'll be thirteen soon." Maya gently caressed Lissana's thick thighs. "You're still acting like a child. There's no need to force yourself to grow up so quickly." "Talk like my priests, who only want to take me aside." "They don't want to leave you alone; they want to protect you.

As a mother, I understand that perfectly." Lissana found herself staring at the portal that had closed behind them. Maya spoke softly, "Tarik won't come." "I know. Just tell me when he leaves." "Is that why it seems like you're waiting for him?" "I just-" Maya recognized that this was a topic Lissana often hesitated to discuss, and she didn't want to pressure her into speaking. "We should go inside; it's too hot out here, and your face is red." Lissana had been dreaming of Tarik, which explained her flushed cheeks, but that was something she would never admit.

Follow new episodes on the

"Yes, I think it's best we go inside." Uzziel pulled Lissana into a hug, his excitement evident. "Aren't you happy to see me?" "Of course I'm happy to see you," she replied, though her tone was laced with irritation. "It doesn't seem like it. You looked like you were ignoring me when we crossed the portal, always thinking about Tarik." "That's not true! I was just surprised to see you both." "So you are happy that we're here?" "Of course, you are my family." Meanwhile, Cira was busy studying the pajamas she had in that place until night fell, plunging everything into darkness.

Liona had tucked herself into a corner next to a tree, waiting for the moment Cira would open the doors to Hades. Just before the darkest hour arrived, Cira began her preparations. She placed each key into one of the towers and started reciting incantations that sounded gruff and ancient. Liona felt a strong presence enveloping the area. As she looked around, she saw monsters closing in, and among them was someone she recognized-Dagón. At least, that's what it seemed like in the thick darkness that obscured her vision. It can't be! I can't be here, she thought, struggling to discern reality.

Cira positioned herself between the pillars and began moving her hands, as if inscribing something in the air. Blue sparks erupted from her fingers, and for just a moment, the sky cleared of the oppressive black clouds that had shrouded the forest in absolute darkness. Suddenly, Liona felt trapped; she couldn't see her own fingers in the thick darkness, only Cira stood out as a single point of light in the void. The monsters began to stir, an eerie chill creeping over Liona.

The creatures seemed to celebrate the opening of Hades' doors that evening, anticipating the arrival of their new king and master. Abril awoke in the middle of the night, sensing a disturbance. Alessandro, concerned, asked, "What's going on, Aby?" Abril felt a dark and sinister force awakening. She stepped out of the tent and scanned the distance, trying to perceive what was unfolding thousands of kilometers away. Alessandro followed her, his voice steady. "What's going on, Aby?" "I feel something dark and sinister stirring," she replied, her heart racing.

"I believe the doors to Hades are opening." "Are you sure about that?" "No, but this power is so overwhelming that it reminds me of the feeling I had when the gates of Hades closed in the kingdom of Laios." Alessandro called for one of his Guardians, instructing him to wake the others and prepare them to march. Then he embraced Abril, who seemed to be in shock. "Calm down, Aby. Everything will be fine." "Are we going to arrive in time? There are too many monsters, and they could destroy Elisha and Enzo's army before we even meet them." "It won't happen, Aby.

We'll leave just in time, and we will win this war, you'll see." Despite Alessandro's reassurances, Abril couldn't shake her worry. The heaviness she felt was malevolent, unlike anything they had faced before. She gazed into the distance and said, "Let's hope we arrive before the monsters consume everything."

427

A Wind for Us Hans stood outside his store, gazing at the mountains of Vaizel and thinking about Cira. When would he see her again? The thought sent a chill through him. He lay on his back, a dark shadow like a cloud completely covering the peaks. "That cloud brings pure evil," he muttered. He hurried to Enzo's store to find out what was happening. Enzo couldn't shake the words Elisha had spoken to him. He felt a familiar power, one reminiscent of the screams from Hades. He rushed out of the store, dismayed to see how the mountains seemed to have vanished into the darkness.

Hans appeared beside him. "Your Majesty! The mountains have been shrouded in a cloud of darkness." "So it hasn't vanished; it's just hidden," Enzo replied, his brow furrowed. "What do you think is happening?" "I feel the same power that emanated from those screams of Hades. It's coming from these mountains. They must be opening those doors." "I refuse to believe it. If it were her, there wouldn't be anything like this. She would be too bored with the world to destroy it." "I agree with you, but right now, I don't know.

The darkness within has completely consumed everything." "That's not all you know. Maybe it's still there, and you can save yourself." Hans's eyes filled with tears. Even though he knew Enzo was right, he couldn't accept it. To do so would be like deciding to abandon her. "Look at how you're feeling right now, Hans. We can't do anything to save her, but we can do a lot to save the others. We need to awaken the soldiers and prepare for war." After making the decision, Enzo turned to leave, and Hans called after him. "Where are you going?" "I'm going to wake Elisha.

She needs to prepare as well." Elisha woke up, sensing someone entering her store, but she feigned sleep. Once the intruder was close enough, she pointed a dagger at them. "It's me,

Elisha!" Enzo exclaimed. Recognizing his voice, she lowered her weapon and asked, "What are you doing in my store, Enzo?" "Something is happening in the mountains of Vaizel. You need to get up and come with me." Elisha, still groggy, wrapped herself in a robe and questioned, "Why all the mystery?"

Follow new episodes on the

What's going on?" "It's better if you see it for yourself." "You're starting to scare me, Enzo." With all the mystery surrounding his arrival, she wondered what was happening in the mountains. As she stepped outside, she saw the peaks of Vaizel, and Enzo struggled to explain what was happening. The mountains looked as if they had vanished.

"The mountains haven't disappeared; they've been covered by a cloud of darkness." "Where are you going?" "I came to wake you up, but now I realize I need to act." "What's happening to the mountains?" "I'm not entirely sure, but the energy emanating from them right now is the same energy that comes from the screams of Hades that once resided in Laios." "What does that mean?" "I hope I'm wrong, but I believe the doors of Hades have been opened or are about to be." "So it has finally come." "Yes." Elisha returned to her store and soon emerged clad in her sturdy armor.

She summoned her assistants and ordered them to inform their soldiers to prepare for any attacks. "You should also go and prepare yourself. We don't know when we'll be under attack," she urged Enzo. He knew she was right, but he felt a strong urge to stay close to her. "What are you waiting for? Get ready at once!" she insisted. Enzo rushed to his store to prepare, knowing he needed to meet with his army. Even as his heart longed to be with Elisha, duty called. Meanwhile, Cira wanted to stop everything that was happening, but she felt powerless.

No matter how loudly she shouted, her voice went unheard, and her body refused to respond. The being inside her seemed to have taken complete control, leaving her as a mere observer. After finishing a few extra incantations, her body was halted by a sudden force. She thought it was over, but the doors remained closed, leaving her in doubt. Her body moved on its own, and with a dagger tied to her waist, she cut her palm, letting her blood spill onto the ground. At that moment, the earth trembled, and enormous scarlet doors began to form.

A twisted smile spread across her face; she seemed to have succeeded. The doors of Hades stood before her. Once the doors had fully formed, she stepped back, admiring her handiwork. Liona, who was nearby, asked, "Are these the doors?" Ignoring her, Cira continued to admire what she had created. Then she took the keys and fused them into a single key, inserting it into the lock of the door. As she turned the key, a powerful pressure forced her to double over, but she held onto the key, refusing to let go.

The monsters gathered around fled in terror, sensing they should not be there when the doors opened. Cira felt her body grow heavy and slow, as if she were underwater, trapped by the prison that this caused. Yet, her body did not stop; it continued to push against the doors until she finally managed to open them. As she pushed, she realized the doors were cold and heavy. With all her strength, she forced the doors open, and a cold, dark wind rushed out,

pushing violently against her. It was as if opening the doors would fulfill her purpose and prevent her from closing them again.

428

Without strength and without power, it was clear that something persisted, as if the doors she had given to Hades were opening. When they finally swung wide, a powerful tremor shook the world, making Cira fear it would soon be destroyed. Liona clung tightly to a tree until the earth stopped shaking. Cira rose from the ground and stood before the doors of Hades. At that moment, a creature shaped like a man emerged from the darkness and began to approach the doors, which loomed heavy with shadows on the other side. "Finally, the doors have been opened," Cira said, her voice steady.

"Withdraw!" Osdenó commanded, his voice booming like thunder. But the creature ignored him, shouting at the top of its lungs, as if it wanted those on the other side to hear. "Come forth, brothers and sisters! The doors to the new world are finally open!" Cira raised her sword toward the monster, her eyes fierce. "What do you think is happening here?" "Welcome, my brothers and sisters. This is something a chimera like you wouldn't understand," the creature replied mockingly. "I'm merely opening the doors of Hades!

You're nothing but a fool," Cira retorted, attempting to strike at its neck, but her blade met only hardened flesh. "Without strength and without power," she thought, realizing that she had exhausted all her magic and energy in opening the doors. The creature cackled, relishing her weakness. "You can't do it. I'm not like the low-level monsters you've been dealing with until now. You're finished; you can't use that immense power.

You're just a pathetic human I could destroy with a light squeeze of my hand." Cira glanced at Liona, searching for help, but Liona was paralyzed with fear, unable to assist as she watched the creature prepare to kill Cira, as if it longed to see her breathe her last. Cira struggled to control the monsters surrounding them, but she was completely drained and unable to summon her magic. "I have to admit, you did well, sister," the creature taunted. "But by consuming Angel's blood, your essence has begun to fade.

You are not one of us, and soon you will be free from this mortal body." "You are a curse," Cira whispered, her voice strained. "Father is ready to see you. I don't want to see you this pathetic. You should surrender and die." In that moment of despair, as darkness enveloped her, Cira felt her spirit abandon her body. She had regained control but lacked the strength to lift even a finger. This would be her end, she thought, closing her eyes and waiting for her life to fade away. Just then, she heard the roar of a dragon.

Cira searched for her dragon, but everything had vanished into darkness, and she could see nothing. Just as she was about to lose consciousness from lack of air, she felt a powerful force cut through the air, striking the creature poised to kill her. Cira gasped, her breath returning as her dragon appeared, standing protectively between her and the monster. The trees around them were tall and dense; flying through that forest would have been impossible. The dragon must have sensed her need for help, as it had come to her aid. Cira attempted to rise but found herself unable.

The dragon unleashed a torrent of fire, forcing the creature to retreat. Soon after, the dragon began to flap its wings, lifting Cira with its claws as it ascended. The creature lashed out, but its attacks fell short. Cira watched helplessly as they soared above the ground, her strength waning. The dragon carried her toward the mountains of Vaizel, sensing her need for refuge, and brought her to a human camp nestled near the mountains. Alarms blared throughout the camp as the massive dragon approached. The soldiers prepared for battle.

Enzo stood at the front of his army, waiting for the moment when the dragon would be close enough to attack. As he observed, he noticed the dragon was holding something in its claws, but in the dim light, he couldn't make out what it was. When he ordered the attack, the dragon did not defend itself; it was solely focused on protecting whatever it carried. It fell to the ground, struck down by the soldiers' assaults. As it crashed, Enzo saw that the dragon was shielding a woman with red hair. "Stop the fire!" he commanded, raising his hand. Elisha approached Enzo, confusion etched on her face.

"What are you doing? We have the dragon at our mercy! Why have you ordered a ceasefire?" "The dragon wasn't attacking us. It was defending itself when we began our assault. Before it fell, I saw it protecting a woman with red hair. This must be my sister." "Even more reason to continue the attack! Your sister is the enemy! Have you forgotten?" "I haven't forgotten, but if she had wanted to attack us, she could have. We wouldn't have been able to bring down this dragon otherwise.

You need to understand something before you continue this fight." "Are you aware of what you're asking?" Elisha replied, incredulous. "If I am, then I know that if the dragon rises again, regardless of my orders, it will be my responsibility." Enzo kicked the side of his horse and rode toward the fallen dragon. When he arrived, he saw it covering something with its wings, as if it were a mother hen protecting her chick. Enzo raised his hands and called out to the dragon, which had begun to growl softly. "I'm not here to harm you.

Let me see what you're protecting." The dragon inhaled deeply, as if trying to discern who it was through its scent. It must have recognized something familiar because it ceased its growling and opened its wings, revealing Cira, unconscious beneath. Enzo felt a shift within him; something had changed in his sister. He could sense the dark power that had once consumed her was now gone. He approached cautiously. "I need to help my sister. Will you allow me to check on her condition?" The dragon offered no resistance as he drew near. Cira was still alive, but her pulse was weak.

Enzo lifted her gently into his arms, and the dragon let out a low growl. "I need to speak with you so I can help her. Otherwise, your beloved will die," he urged. The dragon seemed to understand, lowering its head and allowing Enzo to carry Cira. Elisha watched from a distance, astonished to see the dragon not attacking. As she mounted her horse and began to return, she felt a wave of relief wash over her. "Should we continue the attack?" her generals asked. "The dragon lies still, curled up around Cira, as if it has no intention of fighting. For now, we will not attack, but be prepared.

Follow new episodes on the

If it approaches, we will strike." Enzo carried Cira to his tent, Hans trailing behind, shocked to see him cradling her. "What happened?" Hans exclaimed. "The dragon betrayed us. It didn't seem to want to attack, so it must have come seeking help for Cira." He gently laid her on the bed. "You're weak, Cira. We need to find a healer." Hans hesitated, reluctant to leave her side, but he knew he had to find help. Without a second thought, he dashed off in search of a healer. Elisha entered the tent shortly after and confronted Enzo. "Have you completely lost your mind?"

Why have you betrayed the camp? I'll remind you again: she is the enemy!" "She is, but she is also my sister. The sinister power that enveloped her seems to have vanished. I don't believe she is being controlled by darkness right now." "And how can you be so sure? What if she wakes up and decides to attack us?" "Can't you see? She's unconscious! She poses no threat at this moment." "But what will happen when she regains consciousness? How can you be certain she won't turn on us?" "It's not easy, but I ask you to trust me.

I'm setting aside my feelings, even if she doesn't currently represent a danger. I won't betray her." "This is a dangerous gamble, Enzo. The lives of thousands depend on your decision. I hope you don't regret this." After that, Elisha left Enzo's tent and returned to her army, keeping a watchful eye on the dragon and the mountains of Vaizel, which were shrouded in deep darkness. Enzo looked down at his sister, who appeared pale and cold. He wrapped her in a blanket, though it was really for himself. "I hope I'm not making a mistake," he murmured.

Enzo was sensitive to the presence of darkness, but he trusted his instincts too. Hans returned with a healer, who began to examine Cira. Enzo asked urgently, "How is she?" "She has lost all her power. She is completely drained," the healer replied. Hearing that Cira had no power left, Enzo felt a wave of relief wash over him. Until she awoke, they were safe from her. Hans took Cira's hand, feeling how cold she had become. "Is she very serious?" "Hmm... It's hard to say.

Magical power can sometimes return, but in some cases, it cannot regenerate, and the user dies." Hans was horrified at the thought of losing her. "You need to do something to help her! Save her!" "I will do everything I can, but I hope it's not too late for her," the healer promised. Hans held Cira's hand tightly, feeling her growing colder. "Don't die, Cira. You must wake up. Come back to me. Don't give up." Enzo knew he couldn't remain absent from the front lines. He approached Hans and said, "I can't stay here. I need to return to the battle. Let me know when Cira wakes up.

Even if her magical power is completely gone, we cannot be sure this isn't a strategy to destroy us." Hans continued to hold Cira's hand, the chill in her body growing more pronounced. "I doubt she is lying." "Perhaps, but this is war, Hans. Cira is the enemy. We must remain vigilant; remember, many lives depend on us and our choices." Liona was furious that the dragon had allowed Cira to escape. Yet she dared not show her displeasure, standing silently in a corner as events unfolded. Dagon hovered near the doors of Hades, but nothing happened; all was eerily calm.

He wondered what would happen if he approached. Liona approached him cautiously. "What's going on?" "You can see it," Dagon replied. Liona squinted into the darkness beyond the doors. "I don't see anything." "Nothing can be seen. The realm of Hades is elsewhere, but

nothing is visible." Dagon shifted uncomfortably. "What do you want me to do?" "If I'm supposed to perform the ritual correctly, why not just wait?" "You should have waited for her to finish." "I can't read what's in those columns. What do they say?" "I don't know either; it was her translation.

Don't ask me what those inscriptions meant." "Damn it, I need that girl back. Go find her!" "The dragon is out there. Where could it possibly be?" "It's here; I don't think it's far." "There's a human army near the mountains. If it comes out, it will kill me." "I'll give you an army to accompany you. As soon as you see it, deal with that human and kill the stupid dragon that helped her escape." "I don't even know where to start searching." "The dragons have great strength and power.

If you track her down, you'll find her." "Then you'll let me go?" Dagon ordered the monsters that had gathered around him to follow Liana. She mounted one of the beasts that resembled a horse. "I'll do what you asked." "Make it worth my while. Show that you're useful, or I'll have no choice but to dispose of you." "No, you won't. I assure you." Liana rode one of the monsters, which could sense the presence of other creatures. They were powerful, even dragons, having been revived by the darkness. So controlling them shouldn't be too difficult. She was determined to find Ciria soon.

If she didn't, Dagon would unleash all his fury upon her. When the earth shook, Leriana ordered Fay to immediately head for the human kingdom. Meanwhile, Cassiel approached Leriana. "I also have to stay. Do you know the truth?" "Yes, I do." "If I can't force you to fight, I'll help you wherever I can, but don't make me go back there. Don't force me to face the dark king again." Cassiel embraced Leriana, knowing what she had endured when she faced the dark king. Even after centuries, those memories still haunted her. "I won't." "Be careful. This time, don't die." "I won't.

I promise I'll return to you." "Find the closest entrance to the Shur Desert so you can get there as quickly as possible." "Thank you." Cassiel left a necklace he had worn, a precious gift from Leriana, something he had guarded jealously. "I give you this as a guarantee that you will return." "I'm surprised you still have it." "To me, it's a treasure. That's why it was kept in the guardians' room. I didn't want to lose it. This will be the guarantee of your return." "If you don't return, it will be destroyed." Cassiel knew Leriana spoke the truth; she couldn't lie. "Please give me some time.

Don't destroy it, and don't run away." "That's something I can't promise." "I wish you could lie." Fay appeared, interrupting their farewell. "Your Majesty, I'm sorry to interrupt, but I come to inform you that we are ready to go." "Let's move. There's no point in delaying any longer. Open the door." Everyone gathered in the garden, where the army was preparing to march to the kingdom of Xurt. Tarik was there to bid farewell to his priest and mother.

"I'm glad to see you've come to send off the army." "You belong here as the hereditary prince." Leriana smiled and walked slowly, offering words of encouragement to her soldiers before opening a portal that led to the kingdom of Xurt. "Good luck on your journey, my faithful friends. May the winds, the earth, and your eyes guide you safely back home." With those words, the soldiers crossed the portal. Cassiel followed, casting one last glance at Leriana, wishing he could return soon.

Kiara touched the door of her mother's workshop and asked, "May I come in?" "Of course, come in." Enora had been speaking with Dantriell when Kiara entered. Upon seeing her, Dantriell bowed and greeted her. "Good morning, Princess Kiara." "Good morning, Dantriell. Could you give us a moment alone?" Dantriell looked to Enora for approval. "Make sure everything is ready for us to leave. I'll be there shortly." "Yes, Your Majesty." Dantriell exited the workshop. Enora turned to Kiara.

"What do you want to say that Dantriell can't hear?" Kiara noticed her mother was wearing armor, indicating she would lead her army. "Will you truly lead your own army? Would you send me away?" Enora approached Kiara, caressing her hand. "What mother would send her only daughter to war?" "I would. I'm more prepared to fight these monsters than you think." "Though I am queen, I am also a warrior, and I'm more experienced than you. I don't want to risk sending you into battle against them." "But-" "Don't expose yourself to danger if it can be avoided. If you fall here, I won't allow it.

Don't insist any further, Kiara. I won't change my mind." Kiara had hoped to return, but she never imagined her mother would lead the army herself. Had she known, she wouldn't have returned, as she couldn't bear to see her mother again. Enora noticed the anxiety in her daughter's eyes, sensing there was something she needed to say but unsure how to express it. "What's wrong, Kiara?

Do you have something else to say?" "Please take care of my friends in the human kingdom." "I will, but first, I must ensure your friends are safe." "The king of Cosset and his brother, along with the wizard Sirius and Barto, the fairy informant." Though she had never met him, Enora knew well of Barto, as Ethan spoke of him often. "If that's the case, your information has always been invaluable to us. I'll make sure to protect all the people you've mentioned." "Thank you, Mother." Enora hugged Kiara tightly. "Take care, little girl.

I'll see you soon." Before leaving, Kiara called out, "Mama!" "What is it?" Enora asked. "How easy is it to reach the Xurt Desert?" "You described the place very well, so I believe I can create a portal that will take us there." "Do you want me to help you create it?" "There's no need, but you can come and ensure it's done correctly." Kiara followed her mother to the training camp where the soldiers were gathered. She saw Ethan leading a squadron.

"I thought you wouldn't want to leave the kingdom again." "Taking me to the battlefield doesn't seem like the best punishment." "I suppose so." Enora began to create the portal, and Kiara fell silent, not wanting to distract her. When it was finished, Kiara was astonished to see the mountains of Vaizel, shrouded in a cloud of darkness. Seeing Kiara's reaction, Enora said, "I suppose this is the correct place." "Mother, let me go with you. Let me fight by your side." "No, I'm leaving to protect you. You must protect the kingdom and our people." Enora embraced her one last time.

"Remember, if I fall, you will be the queen."

Without strength and without power, Cira felt the weight of despair pressing down on her. The doors she had opened to Hades loomed before her, dark and foreboding. As they swung

wide, a tremor shook the very earth, as if the world itself were on the brink of destruction. Liona clung tightly to a tree, her heart racing until the ground finally stilled. Cira rose from the floor, her resolve hardening as she faced the doors of Hades. At that moment, a creature, monstrous and man-shaped, emerged from the shadows and began to approach her.

"Finally, the doors have been opened," it growled, its voice a low rumble. "Withdraw!" Cira commanded, her voice steady despite the fear coursing through her. But the creature ignored her, bellowing at the top of its lungs, as if it wanted those on the other side to hear. "Come forth, brothers and sisters! The gates to the new world are finally open!" Cira raised her sword, pointing it at the creature. "What do you think is happening here?" "Welcome, my brothers and sisters. This is something a chimera like you wouldn't understand," it sneered. "I'm merely opening the doors of Hades!"

You're nothing but a fool," Cira retorted, attempting to strike at its neck, but her blade met only resistance against its hardened skin. In that moment, Cira felt utterly powerless. The magic that had fueled her was drained, consumed by the very act of opening those doors. The creature sensed her weakness and seized the opportunity to attack, its grip tightening around her throat. Cira struggled to absorb the energy from the monster, but it was futile. It laughed, a cruel sound that echoed in the darkness. "You can't do it.

I'm not like the low-level monsters you've been dealing with until now. You're connected to the wires, but it's over for you. You're just a pathetic human I could crush with a mere flick of my wrist." Cira glanced at Liona, searching for help, but Liona stood frozen, paralyzed by the horror of the scene unfolding before her. The creature was intent on killing Cira, and Liona felt a dark thrill at the thought of witnessing such a brutal end. Cira tried to command the monsters surrounding her, but she was utterly spent, devoid of magic.

"I have to admit, you did well, sister," the creature taunted. "But by consuming Angel's blood, your essence has begun to fade. You are not one of us, and soon you will be freed from this mortal body." "You are a curse," Cira whispered, her voice barely audible. "Father is ready to see you. I don't want to see you so pathetic. Just give in and die." In that moment, as darkness threatened to swallow her whole, Cira felt her spirit abandon her body. She had regained control, but her strength was gone; she couldn't even lift a finger. This was to be her end.

She closed her eyes, resigned to her fate, when suddenly, a roar pierced the silence—a dragon's roar. Cira searched for her dragon, but everything around her had faded into darkness. Just as she felt herself slipping into unconsciousness, a powerful force sliced through the air, striking the creature poised to kill her. Cira gasped, her breath returning as her dragon swooped in, positioning itself protectively between her and the monster. The trees around them were tall and thick, making it impossible for Cira to fly to safety.

The dragon unleashed a torrent of fire, forcing the creature to retreat. With a mighty flap of its wings, the dragon lifted Cira, carrying her high above the ground. The creature lunged, but its attacks fell short, unable to reach them. Cira watched helplessly as the ground below disappeared, her strength waning. The dragon, sensing her need for assistance, soared toward the human camp nestled near the Vaizel mountains. As alarms blared throughout the camp, the soldiers prepared for battle, eyes fixed on the massive dragon approaching.

Enzo stood at the forefront of his army, waiting for the right moment to strike. He noticed the dragon clutching something in its claws, but the darkness obscured his view. When he finally commanded his troops to attack, the dragon did not retaliate. Instead, it shielded whatever it held tightly, falling to the ground under the weight of the onslaught. As the dragon crashed to the earth, Enzo caught a glimpse of what it was protecting—a woman with red hair. "Stop the fire!" he ordered, his voice firm. Elisha, at his side, looked at him in confusion. "What are you doing?"

"We've taken down the dragon! Why halt the attack?" "The dragon wasn't attacking us. It was defending something," Enzo replied, his gaze fixed on the fallen creature. "That woman—she must be my sister." "Even more reason to continue the assault! Your sister is the enemy! Have you forgotten?" "I haven't forgotten, but if she hadn't come to our aid, we wouldn't have been able to take down this dragon. You need to understand something before we continue this fight." "Are you aware of what you're asking me?" Elisha shot back, incredulous. "I am fully aware."

"If that dragon rises again, regardless of my presence, and you order an attack, you will bear the responsibility for that decision." Enzo kicked his horse forward, heading toward the fallen dragon. As he approached, he saw the creature shielding his sister with its massive wings, as if it were a mother hen protecting her chick. He raised his hands, calling out, "Dragon! I'm not here to harm you. Show me what you protect." The dragon inhaled deeply, as if trying to discern who lay beneath its wings.

It must have recognized a familiar scent, for it ceased its growling and unfurled its wings, revealing Cira, unconscious and vulnerable. Enzo felt a surge of urgency. Something had changed within her; he could sense it. He moved closer, kneeling beside her. "I need to help my sister. Will you allow me to approach her?" he asked the dragon. To his relief, the dragon did not resist as he neared Cira, inspecting her condition. Elisha, watching from a distance, was astonished to see the dragon's protective stance. "What are you doing?" she called out, concern etched on her face.

"She's alive, but her pulse is weak," Enzo replied, his voice steady despite the fear gnawing at him. "We need a healer." Hans, who had been nearby, rushed to Enzo's side. "What happened?" "The dragon didn't attack us. It came seeking help for Cira," Enzo explained, gently cradling his sister in his arms. "Get a healer, now!" Hans urged, his eyes wide with concern. Elisha stepped forward, her expression a mix of disbelief and anger. "Have you lost your mind? Why would you betray the camp? She is the enemy!" "She is my sister," Enzo replied firmly.

Follow new episodes on the

"The dark power that enveloped her seems to have dissipated. I don't believe she is under the influence of darkness right now." "And how can you be so sure? What if she's pretending to be weak?" "Can't you see? She's unconscious! She poses no threat at this moment." "But what happens when she wakes up? How can we trust that she won't attack us?" "It's not easy, but I ask you to trust me. I'm letting go of my feelings, even if she doesn't represent a danger right now." "Your decision could cost the lives of thousands," Elisha warned.

"I hope you don't regret this." With that, Elisha turned and left, returning to her army, keeping a watchful eye on the dragon and the mountains of Vaizel, which loomed ominously in the distance. Enzo looked down at Cira, her face pale and cold. He wrapped her in a blanket, though he secretly wished it were for himself. "I hope I'm not mistaken," he murmured. He could feel the darkness surrounding them, but he trusted his instincts. Hans returned with a healer, who quickly assessed Cira's condition. "What's wrong with her?" Enzo asked, anxiety creeping into his voice.

"She has lost all her power. She is completely drained," the healer replied. Relief washed over Enzo at the news. As long as Cira remained powerless, they were safe from her potential threat. Hans held Cira's hand, feeling the chill that had settled in her body. "Is she very serious?" he asked, concern etched on his features. "If she doesn't regain her strength, there are cases where the power cannot regenerate, and the user dies," the healer warned. Enzo's heart sank at the thought of losing her. "You need to do something to help her.

Save her!" "I will do everything in my power, but I hope it's not too late," the healer promised. Hans gently squeezed Cira's hand, urging her to fight. "Don't die, Cira. You must wake up. Come back to me. Don't give up." Enzo knew he couldn't remain idle any longer. "I have to return to the front lines. Let me know when Cira wakes up. Even without her magic, we cannot be sure this isn't a strategy to destroy us." Hans remained by Cira's side, the coldness of her body a stark reminder of the danger they faced. "I doubt she is lying," he said quietly. "Perhaps, but this is war, Hans.

Cira is the enemy. We must remain vigilant. Remember, many lives depend on our decisions." Liona, watching from the shadows, was furious that the dragon had allowed Cira to escape. She dared not show her displeasure, standing silently as events unfolded. Dagon hovered near the doors of Hades, growing increasingly impatient. "What's taking so long?" he muttered. Liona approached him cautiously. "What's going on?" "Can't you see?" Dagon snapped, frustration evident in his voice. "I don't see anything," Liona replied, peering into the darkness beyond the doors. "Nothing can be seen.

The kingdom of Hades is shrouded in darkness." Dagon shifted uncomfortably. "What do you want me to do?" "If I've done the ritual correctly, why can't I see anything?" "You should have waited for her to finish," Dagon retorted. "I can't decipher what's written in these columns. What do they say?" "I don't know either. It was her translation; don't ask me what those inscriptions mean." "Damn it! I need that girl back. She must come to help us." "The dragon is with her. Where could she possibly be?" "She's here, but I don't think she's nearby." "There's a human army near the mountains.

If she emerges, she'll be killed." "I'll send an army with you. As soon as you see her, take her down and eliminate that dragon that helped her escape." "Where do I even start searching?" Liona asked, exasperated. "Dragons have great strength and power. If you track her down, you'll find her." "Then you'll leave me to it?" Liona asked, her determination hardening. Dagon ordered the monsters surrounding them to gather, instructing Liona to mount one that resembled a horse. "Do as I asked." "Just know that if you do, you'll prove your worth. I'd hate to see you get rid of me." "No, you won't.

I assure you," Liana replied, her resolve unwavering. She rode one of the monsters, knowing it could sense the presence of other creatures, including dragons. These monsters had been revived with dark power, resembling true beasts, so controlling them shouldn't be difficult. She was determined to find Cira before Dagon unleashed his wrath upon her. When the earth shook, Leriana ordered Fay to head to the human kingdom immediately. As she finalized her preparations, Cassiel approached her. "I have to stay. Do you understand?" "Yes, I do," Leriana replied.

"If I can't force you to fight, I can at least ask for your help..." "I don't think I'll step onto the battlefield, but I'll assist you wherever I can. Just don't make me fight against the dark king again." Cassiel embraced Leriana, knowing the toll it had taken on her when she faced the dark king. "I won't," Leriana promised. "Be careful. This time, don't die." "I won't.

I promise I'll return to you." "Find the nearest entrance to the Shur Desert so you can get there as soon as possible." "Thank you." Cassiel left behind a necklace he had worn, something Leriana had given him long ago, a treasure he had kept close to his heart. "I give you this as a guarantee that you will return." "I'm surprised you still have it." "To me, it's a treasure, which is why it was kept safe in the guardians' room. I didn't want to lose it. This will be the guarantee of your return." "If I don't see it, it will be destroyed." Cassiel knew Leriana spoke the truth; she couldn't lie.

"Please give me time. Don't destroy it, and don't run away." "That's something I can't promise." "I wish you could lie." Fay appeared, interrupting their farewell. "Your Majesty, I'm sorry to interrupt, but I come to inform you that we are ready to go." "We must depart. There's no point in delaying any longer. Open the door." Everyone gathered in the garden, where the army awaited to march to the kingdom of Xurt. Tarik stood beside his mother, ready to bid farewell. "I'm glad to see you've come to send off the army," he said.

"You belong here as the hereditary prince." Leriana smiled, walking slowly as she offered words of encouragement to her soldiers before opening a portal that led to the kingdom of Xurt. "Good luck on your journey, my faithful friends. May the winds guide you, and may you return safely." With her words, the soldiers crossed the portal. Cassiel followed, casting one last glance at Leriana, wishing he could return soon. Kiara approached her mother's workshop, hesitating before asking, "Is it possible to pass?" "Of course, come in," Enora replied.

Enora had been speaking with Dantriell when Kiara entered. Upon seeing her, Dantriell bowed respectfully. "Good morning, Princess Kiara." "Good morning, Dantriell. Could you give us a moment alone?" Dantriell glanced at Enora, seeking her approval. "Make sure everything is ready for us to leave. I'll be with you shortly." "Yes, Your Majesty." Dantriell exited the workshop, and Kiara turned to her mother. "Are you saying that Dantriell can't hear us?" Enora noticed her daughter's armor, realizing she was preparing to lead her army. "Will you truly lead your own army?

Would you send me away?" "What mother would send her only daughter to war?" Enora replied gently. "I would. I'm more prepared to fight these monsters than you think." "Though I am the queen, I am also a warrior, and one far more experienced than you. I don't want to risk your life against these creatures." "But..." "Don't expose yourself to danger if it can be

avoided. If you fall, it will be here, so don't insist any further, Kiara. This is my final word." Kiara had hoped to return, but she hadn't imagined her mother would lead the army herself.

If she had known, she wouldn't have come back, fearing she might never see her mother again. Enora saw the anxiety in her daughter's eyes, sensing there was something more she needed to say but struggling to find the words. "What's wrong, Kiara? Do you have something else to say?" "Please take care of my friends in the human kingdom." "I will, but first, I must ensure you're safe." "The king of Cosset and his brother, along with the wizard Sirius and Barto, the fairy informant." Though she had never met him, Enora knew of Barto, as Ethan often spoke of him.

"If that's the case, your information has always been invaluable to us. We must ensure the safety of everyone you've mentioned." "Thank you, Mother." Enora embraced Kiara, her heart heavy. "Take care, my little girl. I'll see you soon." As Enora turned to leave, Kiara called out, "Mama! Wait!" "What is it?" Enora asked, turning back.

"How easy is it to reach the Xurt Desert?" "You described the place well enough that I believe I can create a portal to take us there." "Do you want me to help you create it?" "There's no need, but you can come and ensure it's done correctly." Kiara followed her mother to the training camp, where the soldiers were gathered. She noticed Ethan leading a squadron. "I thought you wouldn't want to leave the kingdom again." "Taking it to the battlefield doesn't seem like the best punishment," he replied.

"I suppose so." Enora began to create the portal, and Kiara fell silent, not wanting to distract her. When it was finished, Kiara was astonished; they should have been at the Vaizel mountains, but all that lay before them was a swirling cloud of darkness. Enora, noticing Kiara's reaction, said, "I believe this is the correct place." "Mother," Kiara said, her voice trembling, "let me go with you. Let me fight by your side." "No, I'm leaving to protect you. You must safeguard the kingdom and our people." Enora hugged her one last time. "Remember, if I fall, you will be the queen."

430

Without strength and without power, Cira felt the weight of despair pressing down on her. It was as if the doors of Hades were opening wide, unleashing a tremor that shook the very foundations of the world. She braced herself against a tree, holding on tightly until the earth finally stilled. Liona rose from the ground and stood before the ominous doors of Hades. At that moment, a monstrous figure, shaped like a man, leaped forth from the shadows, striding toward the dark entrance that loomed before them. "Finally, the doors have been opened!" Cira shouted, her voice booming like thunder.

"Withdraw!" Orsden commanded, but the creature ignored him, bellowing at the top of its lungs, as if calling to those waiting on the other side. "Come forth, brothers and sisters! The doors to the new world are finally open!" Cira raised her sword, confronting the beast. "What do you think is happening here?" "Welcome my brothers and sisters," the creature sneered. "Something a chimera like you could never understand." "I am the one who has opened the doors of Hades! You are nothing but a fool," Cira retorted, attempting to strike at its neck.

But her blade met resistance; its skin was as hard as stone. At that moment, Cira realized she was drained of power. The opening of Hades had consumed all her magic and energy. The creature laughed, a cruel sound that echoed in the darkness. "You can't do it. I'm not like the low-level monsters you've been using until now. You can't connect with the Itaves anymore. You're just a pathetic human I can crush with a mere squeeze of my hand." Cira glanced at Liona, seeking help, but Liona was paralyzed with fear, unable to act as she watched the creature prepare to end Cira's life.

Cira struggled to control the monsters surrounding them, but she was utterly spent, her magic depleted. "I have to admit, you did well, sister," the creature taunted. "But by consuming Angel's blood, your essence has begun to fade. You are not one of us, and soon you will be free from this mortal body." "You are a curse," Cira whispered, her voice barely audible. "Father is ready to see you. I don't want to see you so pathetic. Just give in and die." In that moment of despair, as darkness closed in, Cira felt her spirit abandon her body.

She had regained control, but lacked the strength to lift a finger. She closed her eyes, resigned to her fate, waiting for the end to come. Suddenly, she heard the roar of a dragon. Cira searched for her dragon, but the darkness obscured everything. Just as she felt herself slipping into unconsciousness, a powerful force cut through the air, striking the creature that had nearly killed her. The dragon had come to her rescue. Cira collapsed, gasping for breath as her dragon positioned itself between her and the monster.

The trees around them were tall and thick, making it impossible for the dragon to land. It must have sensed her distress and flown into the forest to find her. Cira tried to rise, but her body wouldn't respond. The dragon unleashed a torrent of fire, forcing the creature to retreat. Soon after, it spread its wings and lifted Cira with its claws, soaring into the sky. The creature lashed out, but its attacks fell short. As Cira faded into unconsciousness, the dragon flew toward the mountains of Vaizel, sensing that Cira needed help.

Nearby, a human camp lay nestled at the foot of the mountains, unaware of the approaching danger. Alarms rang out as the massive dragon approached. Enzo stood at the forefront of his army, waiting for the right moment to strike. As he watched, he noticed the dragon clutching something in its claws, but the darkness obscured his view. When he finally gave the order to attack, the dragon did not defend itself. Instead, it shielded whatever it carried, and Enzo realized it was a woman with red hair-Cira. "Stop the attack!" he commanded, astonished.

Elisha, one of his generals, approached him, bewildered. "What are you doing? We should take down the dragon!" "The dragon isn't attacking us. It was defending something-Cira. She must be my sister." "Even more reason to attack! She's the enemy! Have you forgotten?" "I haven't forgotten, but if she had attacked us, we wouldn't have been able to bring down this dragon. I need you to understand something before we continue this fight." "Are you aware of what you're asking me?" Elisha replied, incredulous. "I know exactly what I'm asking.

If the dragon rises again, even if I'm nearby, I will take responsibility for my decision." Enzo urged his horse toward the dragon, which had now curled protectively around Cira. He raised his hands, speaking softly to the beast. "I'm not here to harm you. I only want to see what you're protecting." The dragon sniffed the air, as if recognizing a familiar scent. It ceased its

growling and opened its wings, revealing Cira, unconscious and pale. Enzo felt a surge of dread. Something had changed within her; he could sense the darkness that had consumed her. "I need to help my sister."

"Will you allow me to approach her?" he asked the dragon. To his relief, the dragon did not resist as he drew closer to Cira. She was alive, but her pulse was weak. Enzo gently cradled her in his arms, feeling the chill of her skin. "I need to take her with me to help her. Otherwise, she will die," he pleaded. The dragon seemed to understand, lowering its head in agreement. Elisha, witnessing the scene, was astonished that the dragon was not attacking. "What are we doing?" she asked, her voice filled with disbelief. "The dragon is protecting her. We need to help Cira," Enzo insisted.

Elisha's generals surrounded them, uncertain. "Should we continue the attack?" one asked. "For now, we will not attack. But be prepared. If the dragon approaches again, we will defend ourselves." Enzo carried Cira to his tent, where Hans rushed to meet him, alarmed at the sight of Cira in his arms. "What happened?!" "The dragon didn't attack us. It came seeking help for Cira," Enzo explained, gently laying her on the bed. "Her pulse is weak. We need a healer," Hans said, panic rising in his voice. "I'll find one," Elisha offered, her expression grave. "You've gone mad!"

Follow new episodes on the

"Why would you betray the camp? She is the enemy!" "She is my sister. The sinister power that once surrounded her seems to have vanished. I don't believe she is under the influence of darkness anymore." "How can you be so sure?" Elisha challenged. "Can't you see? She's unconscious! She poses no threat right now." "But what if she wakes up? How can we trust she won't attack us?" "It's not easy, but I ask you to trust me. I'm letting my feelings guide my actions, even if she doesn't represent a danger at this moment." "This is a dangerous gamble, Enzo."

"The lives of thousands depend on your decision." After Elisha left, Enzo remained by Cira's side, watching her pale form. He wrapped her in a blanket, hoping to warm her. "I hope I'm not wrong," he murmured, feeling the weight of his choices. Hans returned with a healer, who began to examine Cira. "What is her condition?" Enzo asked anxiously. "She has lost all her power. She is completely drained," the healer replied. Relief washed over Enzo. As long as she remained unconscious, she couldn't pose a threat. Hans squeezed Cira's hand, his voice trembling.

"Is it serious?" "I can't say for certain. Sometimes, a user's power can regenerate, but in other cases, it doesn't, and the user dies." The thought of losing Cira horrified Enzo. "You must do something to help her! Save her!" "I will do everything I can, but I hope it's not too late," the healer promised. Cira's hand grew colder, and Hans urged her, "Don't die, Cira. You must wake up. Come back to me. Don't give up." Enzo knew he couldn't remain idle any longer. He turned to Hans. "I have to return to the front. Let me know when Cira wakes up."

"Even without her magic, we can't be sure this isn't a strategy to destroy us." "I doubt she's lying," Hans replied, still holding Cira's hand. "But this is war, Hans. Cira is the enemy. We must stay vigilant. Remember, many lives depend on us and our choices." Meanwhile, Liona

seethed with frustration at Dagón for allowing Cira to escape. She remained silent, observing the unfolding events. Dagón stood before the doors of Hades, but nothing stirred on the other side. "What's happening?" Liona asked, fear creeping into her voice. "Can't you see?" Dagón replied, discomfort etched on his face.

"I don't see anything," Liona insisted. "Nothing can be seen. The kingdom of Hades is shrouded in darkness." "What do you want me to do?" Liona pressed. "If I perform the ritual correctly, why not take the risk?" Dagón suggested. "You should have waited for me to finish." "I can't decipher what's written on these columns. You didn't tell me what they said." "Damn it! I need that girl back. She must come to find me." "The dragon is with her. I don't know where it could be," Dagón replied. "There's a human army nearby.

If they come out, I'm finished." "I'll provide you with an army to accompany you. As soon as you see that human, kill the foolish dragon that helped her escape." "Where do I even start looking?" Liona asked, exasperated. "Dragons have great strength and power. If you track her down, you'll find her." "Then you'll leave me to it?" Liona asked, determination hardening her resolve. Dagón ordered the monsters surrounding them to follow Liona. Eila mounted one of the horse-like monsters. "Do what you asked me," she said. "Just prove your worth.

Don't make me regret bringing you along." "I won't let you down, I promise." Liona rode off, determined to find the dragon. The monsters could sense other creatures with greater power, even dragons, so controlling them shouldn't be too difficult. She knew that if she didn't return soon with Cira, Dagón would unleash his wrath upon her. As the earth shook, Leriana ordered Fay to prepare for their journey to the human kingdom. Meanwhile, Cassiel approached her. "I also have to stay. You know the truth," he said. "Yes, I know," Leriana replied.

"I can't force you to fight, but if we have your help..." "I don't think I'll go to the battlefield. I'll assist you wherever I can, but don't make me fight against the dark king again." Cassiel embraced Leriana, understanding the weight of her past encounters with the dark king. Despite the centuries that had passed, the memories still haunted her. "I won't," she promised. "Be careful. This time, don't die." "I won't.

I promise I'll return to you." "Find the nearest entrance to the Shur desert so you can get there as quickly as possible." "Thank you." Cassiel handed her a necklace, a precious gift from Leriana that he had cherished. "I give you this as a guarantee that you will return." "I'm surprised you still have it." "To me, it's a treasure. I kept it safe in the habitations of the querians because I didn't want to lose it. This will be the guarantee of your return." "Bell will destroy it," Leriana warned. Cassiel knew she spoke the truth. "Please, don't destroy it.

Just don't run away." "That's something I can't promise." "I wish you could lie." Fay appeared, interrupting their farewell. "Your Majesty, I'm sorry to interrupt, but we are ready to go." "There's no point in delaying any longer. Let's open the door." Everyone gathered in the garden, where the army awaited the king's command to travel to the kingdom of Xurt. Tarik prepared to bid farewell to his priest and mother. "I'm glad to see you're here to send off the army," he said. "You belong here as the hereditary prince," Leriana replied.

Tarik smiled and offered words of encouragement to his soldiers before opening a portal filled with light that led to the kingdom of Xurt. "Good luck on your journey, my faithful friends. May

the winds, earth, and sky guide you safely home." With those words, the soldiers crossed the portal. Cassiel followed, casting one last glance at Leriana, wishing he could return soon. Kiara knocked on the door of her mother's workshop. "May I come in?" "Of course, come in," Enora replied, having been in conversation with Dantriel when Kiara entered. She greeted her daughter warmly.

"Good morning, Princess Kiara." "Good morning, Dantriel. Could you give us a moment alone?" Dantriel looked to Enora for approval. "Make sure you have everything on the list for us," Enora instructed. "Yes, Your Majesty," Dantriel replied, exiting the workshop. "What do you want to say that Dantriel can't hear?" Kiara asked. Noticing her mother in armor, Kiara realized she would lead the army. "Are you truly going to lead your own army? You would send me away?" Kiara asked, concern lacing her voice.

"What mother would send her only daughter to war?" Enora said, stepping closer to Kiara and caressing her cheek. "I'm facing these monsters. It would be better if I went instead of you. I'm better prepared for battle." "Though I am queen, I am also a warrior, and one far more experienced than you. I've never fought against these monstrous creatures, and I don't want to risk your life." "But..." "Understand that you expose yourself to danger. If you can avoid it, do so. You must stay here, Kiara.

Don't insist on changing my mind." Kiara had hoped to return home, but she hadn't anticipated her mother would lead the army herself. If she had known, she wouldn't have returned, for she couldn't bear to see Barto again. Enora noticed the anxiety in her daughter's eyes and felt compelled to speak. "What's wrong, Kiara? Do you have something else to say?" "Please take care of my friends in the human kingdom," Kiara implored. "I will, but first, I must ensure you're safe," Enora replied.

"The king of Cosset and his brother, as well as the wizard Sirius and Barto, the river fairy informant." Though she had never met Barto, Enora knew of him through Ethan's many tales. "If that's the case, their information has always been invaluable to us. I will do my best to protect everyone you've mentioned." "Thank you, Mother." Enora embraced Kiara tightly. "Take care, my little one. I will see you soon." As Enora turned to leave, Kiara called out, "Mama!" "What is it?" Enora asked, pausing.

"How do you plan to reach the Xurt desert?" "I can create a portal that will take us there, as you described it well." "Do you want me to help you create it?" "There's no need, but you can come and ensure it's done correctly." Kiara followed her mother to the camp where the soldiers were gathered. She noticed Ethan leading a squadron. "I thought you would want to leave the kingdom," Kiara remarked. "Being in the battle doesn't seem like the best punishment," he replied. "I suppose so." Enora began to create the portal, and Kiara fell silent, not wanting to distract her.

When it was finished, Kiara was taken aback; instead of the mountains of Vaizel, only a cloud of darkness lay before them. "I suppose this is the correct place," Enora said, observing Kiara's reaction. "Mother, let me go with you. Let me fight by your side," Kiara pleaded. "No, it's not simply because I want to protect you that I'm leaving, Kiara. You must protect the kingdom and our people." Enora embraced her daughter one last time. "Remember, if I fall, you will be the queen."

