

# Forgotten Wife : Let the Traitors Kneel Down Novel

## Chapter 431-440

You Are My Family Lissana sat on her counter, gazing into the distance as if trying to see beyond the palace walls. Maya approached and asked, "What are you looking at, Lissana?" "A great danger has awakened. I'm worried about Mom and Dad." "I'm worried about them too. We don't know anything, but that means nothing bad has happened." "I'm not so sure about that." "It's difficult not knowing what is happening, but we must be patient and trust that they will return safe and sound." "I suppose you're right, Aunt Maya." "Of course I am.

When this is over, we will sing and dance in celebration of their victory." "Like in the land of the fairies?" "Yes, just like in the land of the fairies." "Don't you think we should be there with them, fighting by their side instead of being here?" "You're not so eager to fight, Lissana. The priests left because they know what it means to fight in a war, and they don't want you to go through that yourself." Maya placed a reassuring hand on her shoulder and added, "Now, we should go.

Uzziel is waiting for us." Lissana understood why her priests had left her behind, why they had stopped her from participating in the war. Yet, she couldn't shake the feeling of where she truly belonged. Enora was the first to join the army of the Kingdom of Laios and the Kingdom of Xurt. When they arrived, Elisha approached them first. "I am Elisha Lombart, princess of the Kingdom of Xurt. I am in charge of directing my kingdom's army.

I will keep you informed about what is happening." "I am Enora Babette, queen of Arkala, the elven kingdom, and as you can see, I am here directing my own army." "I see. That surprises me. Shouldn't you be in the safety of your realm instead of on the battlefield?" "I think differently. My reign may come to an end, but my daughter is ready to begin hers. That's why I'm here-to ensure she has a future." Elisha was at a loss for words in response to the elven queen's determination, so she changed the subject.

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"You should support me in getting up to speed with what is happening." Enora could sense the malevolent force emanating from the mountains of Vaizel. "Are they attacking?" "No, but the mountains remain silent." Enora found herself gazing at the mountains and finally said, "You'll have to see the doors of Hades again. Are they completely open? On the contrary, they were attacked." Her gaze shifted to the dragon resting on the outskirts of the camp.

"What's wrong with this creature?" Enzo appeared and responded, "It's not a monster; it's a dragon." The young man with red hair was recognized by Enora as the brother of Abril, the king of Laios. She didn't understand why he was protecting the creature sleeping in front of the camp. "I was revived with her power of darkness. I still look like a monster and a threat, which should be destroyed. If you feel you cannot destroy it, I will." "Please don't do it," Enzo pleaded, lowering his head.

"Why do you defend this creature?" Enzo paused for a moment, contemplating whether to reveal his reasons, but he knew she would discover the truth soon enough, so he decided to be honest. "That dragon holds my sister Cira. That's why I'm here." Enora furrowed her brow, the expression on her face hardening. "What do you mean?! Your sister is here?!" Enzo could see the thirst for blood emanating from the elven queen, so he tried to explain the situation. "She is not well; she is not a threat." "If she is not a threat, then I decide what to do with her."

Take me to her." Enzo guided Enora to her tent, though he could sense the darkness within her. He needed Enora to confirm that it was safe. Upon entering the tent, he felt the bloodlust radiating from the woman who had just entered. Hans stepped between her and Cira. "What do you want with her?" "I want to ensure that she is not a danger." Hans looked at Enzo, desperate for help. "Don't worry; she won't harm you. I won't let that happen." Hans hesitated for a moment, but when he looked into Enzo's eyes, he saw the truth in them. Enora approached the bed where Cira lay.

The girl looked pale and emaciated, with only faint traces of darkness lingering within her. Even her strength seemed to have abandoned her. Enora continued to watch in silence, and Enzo asked, "There's no darkness in her, right?" "There are only a few traces of darkness." "Tell me, she's not dangerous?" "In this state, she seems ready to die." "You are a user of light magic, just like Abril. Can you help her?" "Of course I can, but there is still darkness in her. She remains our enemy."

Why should I help an enemy?" Hans stepped in front of Enora and pleaded, "Please, save her." Enzo tilted his head and joined Hans in his plea. "Please save my sister. She doesn't have much time left." Enora remained silent for a moment before finally saying, "She is the cause of all this. How can you ask me to save her?" Enzo replied, "If my sister committed many crimes, she was still controlled by darkness. It wasn't her true self. You know that darkness only dominates you when there is darkness in your heart."

Deep down, that was what she wanted; the darkness only intensified the desires that existed within her." Hans stood up and added, "She didn't want this. She didn't want to see the world burn." "I suppose you must have some interest in this woman, so speak to her that way." Enzo remembered the day when Cira had been consumed by darkness. She had reached out to her brother, pleading for him to save her. She had never sought this power. "It's true that my sister is not kind or happy. She is not a good person, but she never wanted to destroy the world."

She just wanted to be a good queen and to be accepted by my father." "And for that reason, you want to save the girl who may attack us later?" "I've always fought with her since we were children. There were many times we thought about killing someone else, but she is my family. That's why I'm asking you to save her."

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The first battle against darkness loomed ahead. Enzo knew that Abril would be easier to convince; she had a kind heart. But he wasn't sure about the elven kingdom and Cira. If they were falling into chaos, he wouldn't be able to stop it. He had more options than simply asking for help from the elves. However, it seemed that they were unwilling to assist; they appeared more intent on

eliminating Cira. As Enzo contemplated the possibility of persuading the elven kingdom to save Cira, Elisha interjected. "I wouldn't want to save her."

"I think she will betray us, don't you?" "That's true," Enora replied. "Then we leave her without power," Enzo suggested, as if that would resolve everything. "If we could do that, we wouldn't be wasting time on this discussion," Elisha countered. Elisha pulled out a bracelet and said, "This bracelet can suppress the magic of a single person." "You want to deceive me. Such a thing doesn't exist," Enzo replied skeptically. "My family is special; it comes from an ancient lineage. It's a family heirloom that we've used to punish members of royalty who committed acts of treason," Elisha explained.

"Are you sure it works?" Enzo asked. "Yes. If you put it on her, it will suppress her power." "This seems very valuable to your family. Are you sure about this?" Enzo questioned. Elisha looked at him earnestly. "I do this for you, not for her." "I'm willing to accept it, but only if it will save her. Use the bracelet to suppress her power," Enzo said. "First, I must check that it works," Elisha replied. "Show me," Enzo insisted. Elisha became one of the guardians supporting Enora, as she wouldn't lie about the artifact's authenticity.

Bleir, Enora's guardian, put on the bracelet and attempted to use her magic, but it was impossible. "The artifact is real; it restricts my magic," Bleir confirmed. "You've proven it's real. Now save my sister; her condition is dire," Enzo urged. Enora told Elisha to take the bracelet and use it on Cira when she was ready to restore her power. Afterward, Enzo approached Cira's bedside, placing his hand on her chest and beginning to infuse her with magic. He only needed to restore a fraction of her power-enough to bring her back to life, though it was a dangerous gamble.

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There were many questions he wished to ask about the doors of Hades. When Cira began to wake, Enora withdrew her hand and asked Elisha if she had put on the bracelet. As Cira opened her eyes, the first thing she saw was Hans's smiling face. She caressed his cheek, a beautiful illusion before the end. But when he embraced her, she felt the warmth of his body and the wetness of his tears soaking her shoulder. "I'm not dreaming," she murmured. "Hans!" she exclaimed. "Are you alright? Does anything hurt?" he asked, concern etched on his face. "I'm fine. Where am I?" Cira replied.

"You're in the Xurt desert," Enzo informed her. Cira recalled what had happened, how she had fainted. "Enzo!" she gasped, realizing they weren't alone. She wondered how she had overlooked this place. "It surprises you, doesn't it? I was surprised a few times when I saw you arrive," Hans said with a teasing smile. "How did you get here?" Cira asked. "Your dragon brought you," he replied. "It's true; he saved me," she said, her voice filled with gratitude.

Enora inquired, "What were you saved from?" "From a monster that wanted to kill me again," Cira explained, recalling the enemy camp and the chaos that had ensued. "Did you open the doors of Hades?" Enora pressed. "Who are you?" Cira asked, bewildered. "I'm the one who saved you. So tell me, did you open the doors of Hades?" Enora insisted. Cira fell silent, and Enora's frustration

grew. "Answer me. What's wrong?" Enora demanded. "I opened the doors of Hades, but I didn't want to. The darkness inside me and the keys forced me to do it.

I tried to stop it, but I couldn't control my body," Cira confessed, her voice trembling. Hans wrapped his arms around her. "I know, but it's all right now." Cira continued, "When I finished opening the doors, one of the monsters attacked me. Just as I was about to die, the darkness inside me abandoned me. I thought I would die with it if I didn't let go. Then my dragon appeared and saved me, but I fainted and don't remember anything after that." "You had to use all your power; you were completely drained. You were dying," Hans said, his voice heavy with concern.

Enora asked, "The doors have been opened, but why haven't they attacked us?" As Cira began to respond, the sounds of battle reached them. Everyone rushed out of the tent, except for Cira, who remained weak and unwilling to leave Hans's side. Cira attempted to rise from the bed; if they were under attack, she wanted to fight. But Hans stopped her. "It's dangerous; you can't go," he insisted. "I opened the doors of Hades; I must take responsibility for that," she argued. "You can't fight, Cira." "I may be weak, but I can still fight," she replied defiantly. "That's not the problem.

You can't use your magic. The elven kingdom has saved you, but they still see you as an enemy. They've sealed your powers," Hans explained. Cira tried to call out to her brothers, but it was impossible. It wasn't just exhaustion; it felt as if she were completely cut off from her power. "Don't worry; everything will be fine. I'll protect you. Nothing bad will happen to you," Hans reassured her. When Enzo, Elisha, and Enora arrived to see what was happening, they were shocked to see a horde of monsters approaching. The dragon that had previously been sleeping rose to defend them.

Enora called for her horse with a hiss, and as it appeared, she turned to the others. "The time to fight is now. If you don't want to die, prepare yourselves," she commanded. Enzo looked at Elisha and said before taking his place at the head of his army, "Be very careful." Elisha approached him, pressing a kiss to his lips. "Don't die. You still haven't answered my question." With a determined nod, Elisha ran to take her position, ready for the first battle against the darkness.

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The tin of my world The end of my world Liona searched everywhere for Cira and the dragon when the man finally spoke to her, surprised to see where she could be found. That was what they did to those wise men who lived there; they used to strike her. Of all the places one could hide, she sought the worst of all, both for herself and for Liona, who would have to lift her from the mountains of Vaizel. Even though she didn't want to fight, she knew she had no choice but to do so. She couldn't return without her.

Liona sent a message to Dagón, informing him that she had found Cira but would need resources to recover her, as she was in the enemy camp. Cira wanted to know what was happening, and even though she couldn't use her power, she felt the presence of the dragon who had saved her. Hans had warned her several times before leaving the store, but in the end, he couldn't convince her. --- She asked to be taken to the front lines of the battlefield. Hans led her to Enzo, who was astonished

to see her. "What are you doing here?" he exclaimed. "I wanted to see what was going on," she replied.

"A great army of monsters is heading this way," he warned. "Close your eyes to see better," he added. In the distance, she could see an army of monsters spreading across the ground, a dark mass that reached the horizon and the mountains of Vaizel, where a great cloud of darkness loomed, hiding the horrors within. And she could see who was leading them. It was Liona. "Damn it, when I need more help, I find you turned away," Enzo muttered. "It would be better if you left, Cira. In your condition, you can't fight," he insisted. "I just wanted to see what was happening.

There's something I still can't explain," she said. --- "Talk to me, Hans. Get out of here," Enzo urged. "Listen to me, open the doors of Hades, but I'm not finished yet," Hans replied. "What?! Why didn't you say that before?" Enzo demanded. "I was gone before I could decide," Hans explained. "So, they are monsters from where they came?" Enzo asked. "These monsters are the ones who are there, interrupted me. The doors only fall half open; the dark king cannot come out. I believe Liona is not here to fight you.

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You must have been warned that nothing could come out of Hades, which is why I'm stuck searching." "They have a restriction on magic from Cira, the person you were looking for," he added. "If that's the case, you should move away from the front," Enzo urged. Cira saw her dragon interpose between them, its body tense, a predator poised to strike. "Why don't you rise?" she cried. "My dragon! Why are you lying in the dirt?" she shouted. The monsters would reach them soon. When the dragon fell, it had used its wings to protect Cira, but those wings had been injured in the process.

"That's why I couldn't fly. I was knocked down. When I tried to protect you, I used my wings," the dragon explained. "He saved me! The monsters didn't forgive me. I have to go help!" Cira insisted. "You can't do anything, Cira. You don't have the power to help him," Hans said firmly. "He saved me! I must help him!" she cried. Hans hugged Cira tightly. "You can't, Cira. It would be suicide. Please don't insist anymore." Cira looked at Enzo, desperation in her eyes. "Please, brother, help him!" "He is a monster, Cira!" Enzo replied. "He's not like the others. He's my friend," she insisted.

The monsters closed in on the dragon. Once a powerful beast, it was now large and unaccustomed to battle, making it slow and an easy target. The dragon used its claws, its fire, and its spirit to keep the monsters at bay, but there were too many. After killing a few, a horde descended upon it, covering it completely. Meanwhile, the rest of the monsters advanced toward them. All the soldiers were tense. With a voice like thunder, Enzo began to give orders to his men. "Get ready! When the monsters break through the fence, we will attack!" Cira continued to plead with her brother. "Please, Enzo!

There's something I must do!" Enzo struck the side of his horse, urging it forward. "I hope I don't regret this." As he charged into battle, Enzo heard Elisha's screams. He wondered if he would return, but he pushed the thought aside and pressed on until he reached the dragon. With his crimson blade and sword, Enzo fought the monsters attacking the dragon, shouting, "Your love is

waiting for you! Please, don't die!" The dragon looked back, and far away, Cira could be seen. The dragon shook off the monsters that clung to it, then turned to follow Enzo.

Cira ran to her dragon, while Enzo fought off the monsters that approached. He knew time was of the essence. When he reached the battle line, Enzo raised his sword, signaling an attack. The three armies-Laios, Xurt, and Arkala-identified by the colors of their armor-red for Laios, green for Xurt, and gold for Arkala-formed lines side by side, unified as one army. They charged forward, attacking the monsters that threatened them. Enzo told Hans that he had taken Cira a few weeks ago, but soon after, he was shaken by the battle.

Cira rode Jomos alongside her dragon, which seemed unwilling to move without her. Cira extended her hand to Hans. "Climb up." Without hesitation, Hans took her hand and climbed onto the dragon. While they took refuge, the soldiers parted to let them pass. Cira stopped where the stores were located. The soldiers fought with confidence, but the monsters were numerous. No matter how many they killed, the horde did not seem to wane. Hans asked, "Are you sure the monsters are emerging from Hades?" "I don't believe it," Cira replied.

"As I said before, they interrupted me before I could finish." "What was missing?" he pressed. "The doors can only be opened when they are invoked. Someone must cross the threshold to open the path," she explained. "Do you know how?" he asked. "No. The inscriptions on those doors were in a very old language, a dead language that no one speaks anymore. But the demon that possessed me seemed to be well-versed in many things and languages. It was the one that attacked me, yet it appeared to be very intelligent." "It's dangerous for you to stay here.

If it gets in your way, they will force you to open the doors of Hades." Cira understood what that meant; her life was a blessing for the entire world. "Maybe you should die," she said quietly. Hans was horrified at her words. "I would never think of sacrificing you to keep the doors of Hades closed." He took Cira's face in his hands, his eyes glistening with unshed tears. "I lost you once; I won't lose you again. A life without you is not a life I want. For me, this would be the end of my world."

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"Look who the true enemy is," Liona muttered as she stood at the edge of the battlefield, her gaze fixed on Cira, who was positioned protectively in front of her dragon. Liona hoped the forest would reveal a path, allowing her to infiltrate the enemy camp and rescue Cira. But just as she prepared to move, a woman with golden eyes and fiery red hair blocked her way. "Is that where you think you're going?" the woman challenged. Liona felt a strange familiarity about the woman, sensing a power that reminded her of Abril.

Hesitating, she ordered several monsters to attack, hoping to distract her opponent. But with a single swing of her sword, which glimmered with an intense light, the woman dispatched the monsters effortlessly. "You'll need to do much more than that if you want to escape," she taunted. Liona scanned her surroundings, searching for a monster that could serve as a distraction, knowing she was no match for the woman before her. Enora launched a thrust with her sword, but Liona knew she had to keep the woman occupied. "If you want to get out of this place alive, you need to keep her distracted.

"Don't leave her alone!" Liona spotted a massive bird-like creature nearby and called to it, along with a few other monsters. "Get it! We'll see what happens." With that command, the enormous bird swooped down, attacking the woman. Enora halted her assault, but in that moment of distraction, the woman vanished among the chaos of monsters. "Damn it! That slippery witch," Enora cursed, realizing she was now surrounded. Dantriell rushed to her side, helping to fend off the creatures. "Don't get upset, my queen," he said, trying to calm her. "I wanted to kill that woman."

"She seems to be leading the army of monsters, but she escaped like a coward." Dantriell searched for the woman but found no trace of her. He focused instead on protecting their kingdom. Meanwhile, Abril and Alessandro arrived, shocked to see the mountains of Vaizel shrouded in a thick, dark cloud. The roar of battle echoed in their ears. Abril turned to Alessandro, her expression grave. "What should we do?" she asked. Before they left, Alessandro had instructed Cassian, "We will be better served if he leads the army." "I'll do that. Just be careful," she replied.

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"You too," he said, determination in his voice. With that, Alessandro took Abril's hand, and they soared into the sky, flying toward the fray. As they hovered over the camp, Abril caught sight of Cira. She turned to Alessandro, her heart racing. "Where is she?" When they landed, Abril unsheathed her daggers, ready for a fight. "Cira!" she shouted, spotting her sister. Seeing the kings of Cosette attacking Cira, Hans shielded her with his body. "Lower your weapons!" he commanded. "Step aside if you don't want to see her hurt."

"I won't let her escape." Hans could sense Abril's bloodlust as she focused on Cira, and he knew he had to convince her to lower her weapons. "She is not our enemy! She is not the one we should be aiming at, but the monsters attacking us!" "No, she is our enemy! She opened the doors for them. How can you say she isn't?" "Cira is not being controlled by the darkness," Abril replied, her voice steady. Abril had been so intent on attacking Cira that she hadn't noticed the absence of darkness surrounding her sister. Cira raised her hands high, a sign of surrender. "I am disarmed and powerless."

"I won't attack you." "You caused all this chaos. Why should I let you live?" Abril demanded. "Because if you attack me now, you would be worse than a heartless assassin, consumed by the very darkness you've fought against." Abril hesitated, her weapons still raised. Alessandro echoed her thoughts, "What are you doing here?" "The story is long, and I don't think this is the best time to tell it," Cira replied, glancing back at the ongoing battle. Abril hated to admit it, but Cira had a point. She felt torn, struggling with her mistrust.

"If you don't trust me, then you'll only cause more deaths. I may have been dominated by darkness, but right now, I am not a threat. The army of monsters attacking us is the real danger. My magic is sealed, and this camp is the safest place." Abril studied her sister, searching for any sign of deceit. Cira appeared earnest, and after a moment of contemplation, she decided to give her a chance. "Don't run away. If you don't doubt me, I won't attack you." "I won't run. I have nowhere to go," Cira replied, determination in her eyes.

Abril joined the battle, her flames consuming everything they touched. Enzo approached her, urgency in his voice. "It's late." "I did a lot in the battle," she replied, her focus unwavering. "No, but I really wish you had arrived earlier. I need you." Abril dispatched a monster that had attacked her from behind, tossing one of her daggers with precision. "I saw Cira at the camp." "Is she attacking?" Enzo asked, moving toward the camp. In that moment of distraction, another monster lunged at Abril, but she quickly released another dagger, destroying it. "Stay focused on the battlefield."

"Don't get distracted!" she warned. "Is she a threat to Cira?" Enzo pressed. "I haven't done anything to her." "She is not the enemy, Abril." Abril hoped what he said was true. If it wasn't, she would have no choice but to drive a dagger through Cira's heart and end it. "I understand," she replied, steeling herself. As Cosette's army joined the fray, Sirius and the wizards raised a protective barrier around the camp. Hans felt a wave of relief wash over him; the barrier would keep them safe, especially since Cira was unable to fight and defend herself from her pursuers.

Liona had retreated, realizing that the enemy army had grown too large, making it impossible to reach Cira.

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"Kill me!" Liona hid among the monsters until she received a message from Dagon, a creature in the shape of a bird, if it was delivered. The note was simple; it only said, "Join the monsters and create your worst nightmare." Liona had witnessed Cira consume several monsters, but she had never intended to do so herself. She doubted whether she had the power to accomplish it. Liona despised the monstrous order that surrounded her, knowing that she could unite with them and become a greater monster. This complicit act would absorb the monsters around her, doubling her size.

Liona commanded a vast army, but it was not strong enough to win against the enemy, although that wasn't what she was focused on. The soil broke the barrier that kept the enemy armies occupied, too busy to realize she had crossed it. Liona sent several monsters ahead, preparing for what was to come until it was too late. As they took charge of the monsters, Abril felt an extraordinary and perverse strength concentrating on a single point, even though she wasn't the only one aware of it. Enora also understood, and she approached Abril amid the battle. "Is it meaningful?" Enora asked.

"Yes, I believe this battle is about to become even more chaotic." "We should use our magic of light to destroy all the monsters at once." "Don't do it. These monsters are merely a distraction. You must conserve your power; we don't know what we will face." "So what do we do?" "Nothing. Wait and see what appears, and let others handle it." "What?" "We are the ones who heal the wounded. We can't afford to tire ourselves before the main fight. Unless strictly necessary, do not use your magic of light."

Let the others deal with the monsters, especially those who are too exhausted to continue fighting." Abril wanted to fight, to unleash her power and reduce the monsters to mere shadows, but Enora was right. They had to remain quiet and conserve their strength. It was thanks to them that they had managed to hold their ground, and if they wanted to continue,

they couldn't waste their power. "I understand," Abril finally replied. Enora returned with her army and continued healing their wounded.

Abril focused on assisting the armies of Laios and Xurt, who relied on wizards skilled in healing, even if only for the less serious injuries. The monster Liona had created to merge with the others took the form of a centipede. It was wide and incredibly fast. Once fully formed, Liona sent it to attack the barrier. It crossed the battlefield with great speed, impacting the barrier with tremendous force, which was the only thing capable of making it scream. The monstrous creatures would not be able to breach it, but what was Liona's purpose?

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Everyone was too occupied with the monster to notice her presence. She slipped into the camp, using a small monstrous thread shaped like a head, with sharp claws and three eyes, to search for Cira. She would find that brain later. Cira was watching the battle from a distance. Liona moved quickly; she had to reach Cira before anyone noticed her presence. Suddenly, she appeared behind Cira and said, "I finally found you." Cira had sealed her powers and was struggling to free herself from Liona's grip. Hans quickly drew his sword but hesitated to attack Liona for fear of harming Cira.

"What do you think Liona is doing?! Release her!" he shouted. "I won't. She still has to finish what she started." Cira's dragon growled at Liona, but like Hans, it couldn't attack its mistress. "Damn you, wretch! After you're saved, this is how you treat me?" Cira tried to strike Liona, but she was elusive. "Save me! I was never meant to save myself; I was just your servant, your slave. Why should I deserve any consideration?" Liona tightened her grip, eliciting a painful gasp from Cira. Desperate, Hans shouted, "Release her!"

"Don't harm her!" "I don't mean to harm her; I just need her to open the doors of Hades." After a moment of deliberation, a vast energy surrounded them, and Cira warned, "Don't let it happen, Hans. Kill me." Hans raised his sword, but with great difficulty. "I can't!" Hans tried to reach Cira, but he was too late. She disappeared into the dark fog. Hans ran to get help; he needed to save Cira. But everyone was still preoccupied with the massive centipede monster. As he attempted to break through the barrier, one of the mages called out, "It's dangerous!"

"You can't go out right now." "I need to speak to King Enzo! Cira has been kidnapped; we must go and save her!" "It can't be! The monsters can't cross the barrier!" "Liona is not a monster; she is human. She found a way to cross the barrier and kidnapped Cira." Sirius checked the barrier and noticed a small gap. "Liona must have entered through there." After restoring the barrier, he added, "I understand how desperate you are to find her, but this monster is dangerous."

"You must wait until we defeat it." While the soldiers were busy with the smaller monsters, the generals focused on maintaining the line against the larger creature to prevent it from attacking the barrier. As the sun began to set, the monsters started to withdraw. The army tried to stop them, but many managed to escape. No one understood why the monsters had retreated, except for Hans. The monsters' purpose was not to attack; it was to recover Cira. Hans took a horse and rode to where Enzo was. "Your Majesty!"

Cira has been taken!" Abril, who was nearby, overheard Hans and joined the conversation. "I knew it; I had to kill her. Now she has returned with them." "She hasn't returned! She has already been kidnapped! She didn't want to go; I thought I had killed her to prevent her from escaping to the dark king, but I couldn't do it. I could have killed her; we must go and rescue her." Enzo gazed at the mountains of Vaizel, still shrouded in a dark cloud. He had wanted to protect her, but he had failed. Enzo approached Abril, seeking her help. "The mountains of Vaizel are dangerous.

Saving her will not be an easy task." "We don't know if this is a trap; we can't go there for her." "I understand that you are filled with hate and resentment toward Cira, but saving her is essential to prevent this world from being destroyed. She opened the doors of Hades, but once she is done, the dark king cannot emerge. That is why we must go and save her." "You knew this and allowed her to be left alone in the camp?!" "I thought this was the safest place for her, so I sent her back to the camp." Hans shouted to get their attention. "Enough! Stop fighting!

Every minute we waste cuts into Cira's time; we must save her!"

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Cira had fainted at some point. When she opened her eyes, the first thing she saw was the gates of Hades, standing ominously on the mountains of Vaizel. A cold, black hand grasped her beard, and a voice spoke. "Finally awake," it said. Cira pushed the hand away from her face and glared at him. "Let me go. Don't touch me." "Touching you will be the least of your problems," he replied. "Open the doors of Hades, before you tear off the skin from your bones." "I won't do it." Liona approached her, a smirk on her lips. "There are many ways to force you, Princess Cira." "I don't care what you say.

Don't let anything come out of those doors." "It doesn't matter what you want, but you can decide what matters, like this handsome assistant who always stood behind you. Now I remember, Hans." "If you point a man at me, I'll kill him!" "Bell wants to betray you and hopes the monsters will slowly devour you before your eyes. You should cooperate and end this problem." Liona sighed as she spoke. "Princess Cira, I truly believe you can stop us. You can prevent the dark king from conquering this world. Don't be naive; you will lose with or without your help. But let me decide to let you in.

If you resist cooperating, things will be harder for you." Cira spat at her. "You're a damn witch. You should have let Enzo kill you." Liona laughed, unfazed. "There's no need to remember things that infuriate me." Liona drew a dagger and plunged it into Cira's leg. "We always believed we had the power to trample anyone, the power to decide if someone lives or dies. You'll have to admit that this power is marvelous, but it won't be sustainable for you. If you don't comply, your life is in my hands.

I decide whether to kill you or let you live, so you'd better choose your words wisely." "And what if I don't? Will you kill me?" "No, it's just that right now, that's what I'm searching for. We won't kill you, but as I said before, you will suffer until you decide to cooperate." "I don't think I have

as much time as you think to endure your torment." "Is it true that someone is coming to rescue you? It doesn't matter what happens to you. If you live or die, it's all the same to everyone.

The real enemy is the one who opens the doors of Hades." "I'm aware of this, and I'm not waiting for someone to come and rescue me. I'm waiting for someone to win and kill you, to destroy the doors of Hades once and for all." Liona bristled at Cira's defiance. She fought against the anger that surged within her. "Damn wretched girl, I will make you regret this. You will suffer, drag yourself through the dirt, and beg for mercy. You will plead for me to kill you." "Why wait? Kill me now." Liona seized Cira by the throat, cutting off her breath, but Cira refused to yield. Dagon cautioned Liona.

Follow new episodes on the

"Remember that we need her alive. Damn it, we can kill her later. For now, let her go." Liona released Cira, who continued to hurl insults, trying to provoke her into killing her. But Liona seemed to have recognized Cira's ploy and did not fall for it. Dagon turned to Liona. "Search for a lizard-shaped monster. There must be someone in these mountains; poison will speak." When no one found a monster, the armies returned to camp, and the leaders of each army gathered. Hans explained how Cira had been captured.

Enzo later insisted it was crucial to save her and that they had to go to the mountains of Vaizel. "Do you want us to go to the field to save our enemy?" Enora asked. "She is not our enemy." "That's what you say. How can we be sure this isn't a trap to lead us to our deaths in those mountains?" "It's not the only way to rescue her. I'm saying we must go. She's the only one who can open the doors of Hades. I told Hans that if we don't act, she will be killed, and that means if she resists complying with what these monsters want, they will force her to cooperate in one way or another.

We must go before that happens. We couldn't prevent the doors from being opened, but we can stop the dark king and his cursed army." Cassian nodded. "I agree with Enzo. The best course of action is to close the doors of Hades. I've been there before. The place is difficult to reach but not impossible." Elisha added, "I also believe we must save her, but we cannot take our armies. That would draw too much attention from the monsters. It's better to go in a small group." Alessandro and Abril had remained silent until Enora addressed them. "Do you have an opinion?" "I feel like Enzo.

We must save Cira, not because we worry about what the country thinks, but because it would be a worse problem if we don't go to rescue her." Hans interjected. "We should go now." Elisha responded, "No, we can't do that. It would be too dangerous to enter those mountains at night. It's best to wait until dawn." "Cira doesn't have time to cross the mountains. It would take too long." Elisha remembered that Cira's dragon was still in the camp. "We don't have to cross them. We can use Cira's dragon. I'm sure she would want to help." Enora didn't seem convinced.

"You're a monster created by darkness. We can't trust what will happen." Abril considered this but believed they could change the situation. She had seen it happen before, as Lissana had done. "We can free him from darkness." "Then it will still be a great danger that could attack us at any

moment. Dragons are not pets." "This dragon appreciates my sister," Enzo countered, defending the queen. "It will do whatever it takes to save her, just as it did when it brought her here." Abril nodded. "I agree with Enzo. It's true that dragons are difficult to control, but they also possess great power.

It will be useful to us when we enter the mountains of Vaizel and face those monsters. But as Elisha said, we can't all go, so we need to choose who will accompany us." Enzo volunteered. "I will go with you." Hans knew that Enzo was the heart of his army. "You must be willing to lead our forces. I will go in your place." Abril looked at Hans, noting that he didn't seem like a warrior. "We need skilled fighters. If not you, it would be better if you stayed here. You would be safer here than out there." Cassian agreed. "I think the same.

I've been there, so I'll go." Elisha couldn't leave his army but offered one of his assistants. "I can't go, but Rania will accompany you. She is capable of using magic and will be of great help." Ethan volunteered. "I will also go." Enora did not respond to Ethan's decision. Barto also stepped forward, volunteering. As they decided who would go to rescue Cira, Abril was the one who would free Cira's dragon. Enora followed her. "You will free him from darkness. You need your magic." "Thank you very much." "Don't thank me. I'm just trying to get back my life.

If you have to kill this girl to stop the dark king, I won't hesitate."

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"Poison - vs. Poison When Enora released the dragon from darkness, it did not resist. The blackened people transformed, their colors shifting to yellow, and the inheritance of their wings became healing. When Enora was finished, she told him. The dragons come like their mother to the first person who emerges from the waterfall; perhaps that is why it means so much to this girl, too. They are very intelligent and can communicate with her. Abril approached, and he spoke. "To save your love, you need to help me.

I need you to take me to the mountains of Vaizel, where the doors of Hades are located. Your love is there. Can you help me?" The dragon beneath the hill seemed to sense his urgency. Enora spoke again. "Not everyone can go to the dragon. How do you think to take them?" Abril was still lost in thought, unsure how to respond. "I don't think you can take more than three people with you," she said. Adara regretted not having taken her with her to the dragon that Lissana had released. In that moment, it would have been a tremendous help, especially since Alessandro couldn't go with them.

"But I believe the best course of action is for Cassian to remain and lead the army. Alessandro can take us there using his wind magic." As Abril and Enora discussed how to reach the mountains of Vaizel with those who would accompany her, several winged horses approached the camp. Adara recognized them immediately; they were just like her riders. "I believe our problem is solved," she said. They had arrived to join them. Fay was leading the fairies when they approached, and Abril greeted her.

"I'm happy to see you've arrived." Abril only came to a few fairies and asked, "Why have you come?" "In these times, we believe our help is necessary, but I see that it is not so." "In reality, we

do need it," Abril replied. She summarized the story of Cira and explained that they needed to save her. Fay fell silent for a few moments, digesting everything Abril had said. When she finally spoke, her voice was cautious. "You know this could be a scam, don't you?" "Yes, I am very aware that this could be a trap, but this is a risk I am willing to take." "These mountains are very dangerous.

They are full of monsters, and even with your power, it will not be easy to get in and out of this place." "I know. That's why we will use something that waits. This is Cira's dragon; it will be useful in battle. With it, we will have a better chance of escaping these mountains." Fay gazed steadily at the dragon, which bore a striking resemblance to the one Lissana had released in Cosset. "Are you sure it will help us?" she asked. "I believe so, but we will need more transport.

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Your mountains would be ideal since we will arrive by air." Fay looked at the mounts of Vaizel, which, despite the sun setting, seemed to disappear into absolute darkness. "How do you think you can find this place? I don't believe you can see anything from there." "We don't need to see," Abril said, caressing the dragon's neck. "This friend will guide us." "Really?" Fay asked, her skepticism evident. The dragon growled in response. Enora added, "Dragons have an excellent sense of smell.

I'm sure he will be able to find his mate, even when you can't see anything." "I suppose it will be a total gamble," Fay conceded. "We don't have much time, and the monsters will be more active soon. We can reach the ground; the air is our only option. That way, we won't have to face the monsters, at least not most of them." "I don't know if I'm making the right choice, but I will trust you and follow you wherever you lead," Fay said. "Thank you, Fay.

I appreciate your faith in me." "I hope it proves to be well-placed." "We will leave early in the morning, when the first rays of the sun reach us. It would be too dangerous to enter that forest at night; that's when the darkness holds the most power. You must be tired; get some rest." Abril headed toward the dragon. "Don't go alone. If you want to save your love, you must accompany us." After making the decision, the dragon curled up in the dirt, though it continued to gaze up at the mountains of Vaizel, as if it could see through the dark clouds.

Abril was on her way to the tent she had been assigned when Hans suddenly appeared and blocked her path. "Princess Abril, no-April, I beg you. Please save Cira. If you think this is all a trick, a trap to destroy you, it's not like that. She doesn't want anything of the sort; she just wants to return home. She has truly changed, I swear on my life that she desires asylum." Abril could see the desperation in Hans's eyes. He believed in Cira blindly, and there was no hint of doubt in his expression. It was hard to think that Cira might have emerged from the darkness; she had indeed changed.

"There's a chance for the journey, but I can't promise anything. If I find out you're wrong, I won't stand idly by. This time, I won't let her escape." "I understand your position perfectly. Just don't let yourself be blinded by hate when she comes to save you." "I promise I won't attack until I'm completely sure she doesn't deserve salvation." "Thank you, Your Majesty." When Abril returned to her tent, Alessandro was there waiting for her. He had been pacing back and forth, worry etched on his face. The first words that came out of his mouth were filled with concern.

"I don't think you should go. We can ask the elven kingdom for help; they seem to have more experience in battle. They've fought in two wars and killed many monsters. I believe they have enough experience." "Perhaps, but I'm afraid of what might happen. I'm afraid it's a trap and that I'll lose you." Abril hugged him tightly. "You have nothing to worry about. I'll be fine, and I promise I will return to you." "Don't drive anyone mad."

Remember, your family will be waiting for you." "I could never forget that." Liona took a long time to find the monster that Dagon had sent her to fetch, as it was not large enough to be seen easily, especially in the darkness. She was getting dirty from the sticky substance, even though she didn't want to be stung by accident and end up poisoned. Dagon had ordered her to bring it to Cira so that it would bite her. Cira tried to resist, but without her powers, it was impossible to defend herself. She was easy prey for all those monsters.

The lizard-shaped monster bit her arm, causing great pain. The poison began to spread throughout her body, eliciting screams of agony. Dagon approached her and said, "The poison will take effect before it spreads throughout your entire body. If you want the pain to disappear, you need to cooperate and tell me why the ritual didn't work. It's the dark king, and my sisters can't cross the doors of Hades. Otherwise, you'll have to wait until the poison forces the words from your mouth, but I assure you it won't be pleasant. When that moment arrives, you will beg for death."

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**\*\*El Hades\*\*** The poison coursed through Alessandro's veins, igniting a searing pain in his bones. He writhed, though he barely registered the agony; it was reminiscent of the torment he had endured after drinking Angel's blood. He could withstand it, but he would not reveal how to open the doors of Hades. Cira let out a slurred laugh, her voice laced with defiance. "This pain is nothing. You won't be able to take the secret to the tomb from me." "Pain is merely an extra," Dagon retorted, turning his back on Cira, who was writhing in suffering.

Liona watched, a cruel smile playing on her lips as she savored Cira's torment. Cira summoned her strength to speak. "Do you really think he will let you live? These monsters only seek to unleash their power. Once they get what they want, they will kill." Dagon sneered. "I will not kill her. She will be rewarded when the dark king conquers this world." "Rewarded?" Cira scoffed. "They promised me the same, yet here I am, standing at the very gates of death." The pain intensified, threatening to consume her. But she would endure it; it was her penance for everything that had transpired.

Cira resisted throughout the night, her suffering unbearable. She screamed until her voice was hoarse, her body slick with sweat, her eyes bloodshot and weeping. Just when she felt death closing in, Dagon approached Elia, gripping her hair and lifting her from the ground. "Speak! How can I open the doors of Hades?" Cira fought against the urge to divulge the secret, but the words threatened to spill from her lips. "Tell me!" Dagon demanded, his frustration boiling over. He struck her in the stomach, but at that moment, the pain in her body was so overwhelming that she barely felt it.

"Damned witch! Answer my question!" he growled, his voice a low hiss. Cira had never begged for mercy, but in that moment, she found herself praying with all her strength. "God of the heavens, grant me the mercy to die, to take the secret to the tomb with me." As her prayer faded, a fierce wind swept through the air, and she heard the rustling of branches. Something was descending rapidly. It was her dragon, and Abril was riding it. She thought she saw several winged horses trailing behind, but her vision was beginning to blur. Abril leaped from the dragon, landing gracefully.

"Let her go!" "I thought you hated her. Shouldn't you be pleased to see her suffer?" Liona taunted. "I'm not like you," Abril replied, her voice steady. "And I'm not alone in this fight." With that, the monsters began to emerge from the trees, launching their attack on Abril. She conjured a circle of flames, consuming the monsters that dared to approach. "This is a clever trick, but how long can you hold out?" Dagon taunted as he dragged Cira toward the gates of Hades.

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The monsters clustered around them, some leaping through the flames, but at that moment, Cassian descended, cutting through the creatures with his sword. "Why is it taking so long?" Abril asked, urgency lacing her tone. "The dragon is much faster; it will be here soon," Cassian replied, his eyes scanning the chaos. Abril sheathed her daggers. "Cover me; I need to reach Cira." Abril darted through the flames, just as Cassian did, both seemingly unaffected by the heat. But they collided with Liona, who blocked their path to Cira. "Where do you think you're going?" Liona sneered.

"Step aside, Liona." "I won't! I won't let you interrupt Dagon's plans!" "You must ensure he opens the gates of Hades completely so the dark king can emerge and create a new world." "He won't create anything; he will destroy this world, consuming all life. Even if you stand with him, you will perish too." "Do you think that matters to me? I'll die anyway, but I won't go alone. If this world burns, it will be better for me to burn with it in hell." Liona was beyond reason, her madness evident. Barto descended, landing before her, his eyes wild with insanity.

"My dear fairy, you look as beautiful as ever. We should celebrate a wedding; the world is ending, so let's enjoy what little time we have left before it all disappears into darkness." "You're insane! Even if it were the end of the world, I would never marry you!" Liona spat, summoning a black spear infused with dark power to attack Barto. "You're rude. If I tear your tongue out, you might find yourself much more beautiful than you are," he retorted. Dagon seized the opportunity, knowing Liona was buying him time to command the monsters to attack.

While they were preoccupied, he continued to interrogate Cira. He gripped her tightly, demanding, "Speak! How can I open the doors of Hades?!" Cira could no longer resist; the words began to pour from her. "Cross." She bit her lip, desperate to hold back the truth, but blood trickled from the corner of her mouth. Abril fought her way through the throng of monsters and reached Cira, who was trapped in Dagon's grasp. "You are a damned fire, a wall of damnation," Dagon snarled, launching himself at Abril. "The only one who will die today is you. I will send you back to Hades!" Abril declared.

As she spoke, Dagon recalled Cira's words: to open the doors, one must cross them. He ordered several monsters to attempt crossing the gates of Hades while he battled Abril, but none could pass. If they couldn't cross, then only Cira could open the gates. Dagon attacked Abril with ferocity, but she parried his blows. Humans joined the fray, attacking Dagon, each one trying to reach Cira to prove that what she had said was true. Abril was losing focus; she had no intention of killing him. Her sole aim was to reach Cira.

Enzo had warned her before leaving that for the doors of Hades to open completely, Cira had to cross them. Cira was perilously close to the gates, dragging herself toward them, her body refusing to respond. "Don't let Cira come to harm!" Abril shouted to her allies. Dagon fought fiercely to clear a path until he reached Cira. He hurled her toward the gates of Hades. As her body crossed the threshold, she found herself in a desolate wasteland, a place devoid of life, where everything lay in ruins.

Before her stood an army of monsters, and at their forefront was a man clad in armor that seemed to shimmer with darkness. Cira lay motionless in the dirt on the other side of the gates. If they left her there, she would die. The others continued to fend off Dagon, but Abril rushed to Cira. "It's too late; the dark king is coming. We cannot stop him." Abril wielded her daggers, severing Dagon's head from his body, the silvery flames consuming him. Then she sprinted toward the gates of Hades and crossed them.

Upon entering, a chill ran through her, the evil and darkness of the place weighing heavily upon her, making her feel sick. When Barto attempted to follow, she stopped him. "Don't cross; you won't be able to return." Abril approached Cira, who lay unconscious on the ground. Summoning all her strength, she dragged Cira back toward Hades. The heaviness in her body was suffocating. In that state, she could not fight, so she ordered the others to retreat before the dark king could claim them.

They used parchment for teleportation, the last thing Abril saw before vanishing was the dark king crossing the gates of Hades, a wicked smile etched on his lips, sending shivers down Abril's spine.

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Keep them all... Abril and the others materialized in the center of the camp just as a tremendous tremor shook the ground beneath them. It was greater than the first, a force that seemed to rattle the very earth with confidence. The mountains of Vaizel roared like a dragon, and a harsh, cold wind swept through the desert, heralding their doom. Abril gazed at the mountains of Vaizel, a sense of disgust creeping over her. Enora stood near the edge of the barrier, feeling unwell after the violent quake. The malevolent presence that had emerged from the depths of Hades was overwhelming.

Dantriell approached her, wrapping an arm around her waist, concern etched on his face. "What's wrong, my queen? Are you alright?" "Something in these mountains has made me ill," she replied, her voice strained. "It's malevolent and perverse, its mere presence is suffocating." "Is it a monster?" Dantriell asked, his brow furrowing. "I don't believe so. This presence is far stronger

than any monster we've faced." Moments later, the first guardian appeared, and he spoke with urgency.

"He is the dark king; he has entered this world, and he is bringing Hades with him." Abril felt so sick that she could barely stand. Barto rushed to her side, worry etched on his features. "Your Majesty! What is happening?" "I don't feel well, but Cira is in worse condition. We need to find her-she's in the elven realm." Alessandro, having heard Abril's distress, sprinted to her side. Cassian had helped her to her feet, but when Alessandro saw how pale she looked, his heart raced with concern. "Are you hurt?" he asked, his voice tight with worry. "No, I'm just...

not well," she replied, trying to reassure him. "Is there any way to save Cira?" he pressed. "Yes, but we didn't reach her in time. The doors are completely open now; the dark king is here with his army. We must prepare ourselves. What we faced before was nothing compared to what is coming." Alessandro felt a surge of power coursing through him, heightened by the tremors. He turned to Cassian, but now was not the time for questions. He lifted Abril into his arms, his voice gentle yet firm.

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"You must rest and regain your strength." "Don't worry about me..." she murmured, leaning her head against his shoulder. "How can I not worry? You are my wife, and you are more valuable in battle than many of us. We need you." Abril felt a wave of nausea, as if her stomach were turning inside out. She closed her eyes for a moment, allowing herself to lean into him until he gently laid her down on the bed in their tent. "Don't concern yourself with anything right now. Just rest," he whispered, placing a soft kiss on her forehead before stepping out.

Alessandro found Fay waiting for him outside. "The others are gathered in Princess Elisha's tent. The first guardian is with them." He hurried to Elisha's tent, where everyone was present except Enora. Ethan was the only one representing the elven kingdom. "Where is the elven kingdom?" he asked, scanning the room. "I went to check on Cira; she was very unwell," Enzo replied. "Why waste time healing someone who clearly betrayed us?" Alessandro snapped. "She didn't cooperate with them; she was poisoned to force her to speak," Enzo defended.

"This is not the time for infighting," Elisha interjected. "The doors of Hades are wide open, and the dark king is here. We don't have time to quarrel among ourselves." "I'm glad you're here," Elisha continued. "I feared you wouldn't show up." "I've had many matters to attend to," she said, her voice heavy with the weight of centuries. "But as I said, we must focus on holding off the dark king. This is the best place to do it, as there are no innocents around." "My kingdom is the closest," Elisha added. "If the battle extends further, it will be the first to be attacked.

We must prepare." Elisha turned to Cassiel. "So, what can we do to defeat the dark king once and for all?" Cassiel sighed, regret clouding his expression. "There is no strategy. We can only pray that your grace is with us to defeat him." "Are you suggesting we pray to win this battle?" Elisha asked incredulously. "We will need more than that," Cassiel replied. "But part of it is true. When I close the dark king, it is the grace given to me that allows it. Now we need that grace to destroy

him." Cassiel looked at Alessandro and Cassian. "You two were responsible for closing the doors of Hades.

You are the source of the dark king's power. The rest of us will fight against him, but we cannot destroy him as long as the doors remain open. We don't have many guardians left; we need more." Alessandro knew that Lissana was part of the lineage of guardians, but there was no one else. "Are there any guardians apart from us?" he asked. "Yes, but you are young, and the other day was when the doors of Hades were opened," Cassiel explained. Enzo interrupted, "Is my sister not a guardian?" "She is now, but how do you think she became one?

They are not my children; I never had a relationship with any human. I only fulfilled my father's desires." Enzo was confused. "How did the line of guardians begin?" "If I believe in my blood, I can share my essence with some humans. That's how the lineage of guardians was born." Alessandro frowned. "If it's that easy, why aren't there more?" "It's not as simple as it seems. There are times when people resist my blood, and it's a slow, painful process. I can't create more guardians, and we don't have time for that. I must rely on those we have.

My power has not fully returned, so I cannot do it alone."

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Alessandro stood in the dim light of the chamber, frustration etched across his features as Cassiel approached him. "I need you to come here," Cassiel urged, his tone urgent. Alessandro's heart sank at the thought of exposing his only daughter to such danger. "There must be another solution. Before my daughter joins this fight, she's just a girl." Cassiel's usual cheerful demeanor had hardened. "I don't think you understand. In war, it doesn't matter if you're a child, an adult, or an elder.

If we don't all fight to defeat the Dark King, nothing will remain in this world but darkness and chaos." Alessandro clenched his fists, struggling to contain the urge to confront Cassiel. Cassian intervened, sensing the tension. "Are you sure there are no other guardians? No other options?" Cassiel shook his head. "I understand all guardians are like my children. There are only five of you-old guardians and the girl who opened the doors to Hades." "We couldn't close those doors to Hades. We will use parchment for teleportation and seek assistance." "That wouldn't work," Cassiel replied.

"Why not?" Alessandro demanded. "Because you can only close the doors to Hades when the Dark King leaves this realm. We must keep him distracted as long as we can, so you have a chance to kill him." Cassiel sighed heavily, and Alessandro regarded him with suspicion, as if he were a villain intent on dragging his wife into the war. "I don't want your children to die. That's why I decided Lissana should stay back. She is not fit to fight against the Dark King.

His power is exceptional, and if anyone has a chance of surviving this war, it's her." "But..." "I understand how you feel, but there are no more options. Uzziel is still too small, and I can't face the Dark King because I might not survive." Cassian felt as though a dagger had pierced his heart at Cassiel's words. The mere thought of losing his daughter terrified him. "There isn't much time.

We don't know when the Dark King will attack, so we cannot falter." "This is not a decision I can make lightly," Alessandro replied, his voice heavy with dread.

Follow new episodes on the

After a moment of contemplation, he left the chamber and returned to his quarters, where Abril lay asleep. He caressed her forehead, wishing he could ask her what she would say if she knew what Cassiel had proposed. He was the first to oppose the idea; he didn't want his only daughter in danger. He wished Abril were there, but in the end, it always led to peril. Alessandro felt helpless, unable to protect his family. A painful memory resurfaced—he recalled the day he lost his father and brothers.

Anxiety and fear gripped his heart, and for a fleeting moment, he was the young prince again, stripped of the chance to grieve with someone who loved him. He took Abril's hand, kissed it gently, and made a silent promise. "I won't let anything bad happen to you. I will protect you; I will not allow darkness to take you." Cassiel surveyed the somber faces around him. It was no wonder they looked so grim; if they lost the war, it would mean the end of the world. But they could not allow doubt to creep in. The moment they accepted defeat was the moment all hope would vanish.

"Lift those funeral faces," Cassiel said cheerfully. "No one is dead yet. Don't give up before we even begin the battle. We must declare our victory, or we will never achieve it." With a flourish, Cassiel stretched his arms wide and began to rally the spirits of those around him. "I need to talk to my father, so don't bother me. You will stay in my quarters and won't come near me unless you are alive or dead. Do not interrupt me." Cassian turned to Cassiel, his brow furrowed with concern. "Is it true that you will help us?" "Of course.

A father always listens to his children; it is we who ignore him." "That's why so many worlds have fallen into darkness." "Exactly. We have been selfish, never knowing how to fight together. Each kingdom wanted to save itself alone, but we cannot do that. We must be one people, united and strong, to defeat this common enemy—the Dark King who seeks to destroy our world and every living being within it." Cassian still struggled to grasp the enormity of it all, but the reality was clear: they could not give up if they wanted a future.

Meanwhile, the Dark King had created a throne amidst the wings of Hades, surrounded by all the monsters and creatures that emerged from the shadows. Liona felt the overwhelming power radiating from him, a force so potent that she dared not meet his gaze. Dagon stood before the Dark King, bowing his head. "My great lord, the conqueror and destroyer of worlds, welcome." "I have waited long for the doors to open. I thought I could never return to this world and reclaim it as my own. Forgive my delay; it was not easy to find someone to open those doors." "You have done well.

I will reward you greatly." "Thank you, my lord." The Dark King turned his gaze to the human sitting on the ground. "What is a human doing among my troops?" Liona spoke, her voice trembling. "I am here because I wish to serve you, my lord." "Human, approach." Liona stood, fear coursing through her as she stepped forward, keeping her gaze lowered to avoid offending him.

When she was close enough, the Dark King rose from his throne, grasped her chin, and forced her to meet his eyes. His touch was as cold as ice, but all that lost significance when she looked upon his face.

She had expected a monster, but the Dark King was strikingly beautiful. Yet his eyes were voids of darkness, devoid of hope. "All humans wish to destroy me. They seek to prevent my kingdom from expanding. Do you wish to serve me?" "I am weary of being human. I am tired of serving them and being trampled upon. I want to be one of you. I want to be part of the darkness and live in your kingdom." The Dark King laughed, a chilling sound.

"Are you certain that is what you desire?" "Yes, I want to be part of your army and destroy humanity." Leaning closer, the Dark King pressed his lips to hers, but the kiss was anything but pleasant. Liona felt her body tremble as the overwhelming power of darkness surged through her. With that kiss, it felt as if something dark and malevolent invaded her, corrupting every part of her being, erasing every trace of her humanity.