

# Forgotten Wife : Let the Traitors Kneel Down Novel

## Chapter 441-450

They were alone... just hiding. When Abril woke up, the first thing she heard was Alessandro's voice asking if he was feeling well. Abril felt a little unwell; it was as if the air had suddenly become heavy, but she was slowly getting used to it. "I'm better. It's just that I entered Hades," she said, her voice faltering. "Everything here feels fatal to me. The evil in this place and the smell of death would send anyone into shudders." Alessandro took Abril's hand, holding it gently to reassure her that she was not alone, that she was not in Hades.

Abril noticed that Alessandro was restless, as if he were carrying a heavy burden for her. "What's going on, Lessan?" she asked, concern creeping into her voice. "That's Cassiel, that's what's troubling me..." Alessandro hesitated for a moment, his words caught in his throat. "What's wrong, Lessan? You're scaring me." "Only we are..." he began, but then fell silent. "I feel it; that is not my intention." Alessandro took Abril's brother's hand and continued, "Cassiel wants Lissana to participate in the war, to fight against the dark king." Abril turned pale.

She had seen the dark king and felt the power that radiated from him. In his eyes, she had glimpsed cruelty and darkness. The mere thought of Lissana facing him sent chills down her spine. "Cassiel has gone mad! I can't allow my daughter to put herself in danger." "He says you need guardians apart from Cassian to defeat the dark king." "I don't care what he wants; my daughter will not be his pawn." Alessandro grasped Abril's shoulders, his voice firm yet soothing. "Aby, calm down." "It's our daughter! Our little one whom you want to expose to danger!"

How can you ask me to calm down?" Alessandro embraced her tightly, trying to soothe her. "I know how you feel because I feel the same. She is my little Aby, and my memories, my feelings toward her, are the same. I don't believe Lissana is in danger." "I do everything possible to keep her safe, even when I have to be away from her. I missed her first steps, so don't ask me to let her go into danger. The dark king is death and darkness incarnate." "We will find a solution. Everything will be alright; our little one will be fine." Abril clung to Alessandro, her heart racing.

"Do you promise?" "I promise you, I won't let anything happen to our little one." "Never forget it. You promised me, no matter what happens, we must protect our child." "Yes, I will never forget it." Maya stood on the balcony of her room, wondering what was happening on the battlefield. She could feel Cassian's emotions-chaos, fear, and anxiety invading her senses. "What's going on with you, Cassian?" she murmured to herself. Uzziel knocked on the door of his mother's room, pressing his head against the door to listen for a response before deciding to enter.

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"Mama, are you here?" Maya heard her son's voice as he returned to the living quarters. "What's going on, Uzziel?" "You didn't go down to the scene. Are you feeling alright?" "I'm fine." "Are you worried about Dad?" "Yes, a little." "Don't worry. He will be fine; Papa is strong." Maya

ruffled Uzziel's hair, surprised by how much he had grown. "I know; I know your father is very strong. It's just that I miss him." "I miss him too. Maybe if we go to help him, he will come back." "No, we can't go where he is.

We must stay here and protect the kingdom." "I hope everything ends well and we can be together again." "That's what I want too, my little one." "Mama, will we have to fight?" "Let's hope not, but until this is over, you must train very hard." "Yes, I will! I will defeat everyone who attacks us. I will protect you, Mama." "I know, little one. You are strong, and I'm sure you can do it all." Uzziel nodded, determination in his eyes.

"Mommy, Lissana wants to go where the priests are." "What?!" "She said something is calling her, and I understand it because I feel it too." "Why didn't you tell me sooner?!" "You didn't seem well, so we wanted to wait." "Where is Lissana?!" "She is in her room." Maya rushed to Lissana's room, but to her surprise, it was empty. "Uzziel, where did Lissana go?" "I was here when she went to look for you." "Didn't you tell Lissana?!" "I told her I felt something calling me, that your parents needed her.

I thought she would listen." "This girl..." Maya ran to where she had last seen the dragon, but it was gone too. She needed to bring Lissana back before she got into trouble. She didn't want to leave Uzziel alone, but there was no other option. "What is supposed to happen now?!" Uzziel had followed his mother and asked, "Is Lissana gone?" "Yes, it's time to look for her." "I want to go with you." "No, you can't come with me, Uzziel. You must stay here and protect the palace. You promised." "But..." "You must stay here, Uzziel. I need to find Lissana." "Alright, protect the palace.

Come back soon, Mama." Maya remembered that Lissana had taken a winged horseman. As she ran to catch up with the horsemen, she hoped that if she hurried, she could reach her before she got into trouble. Before taking flight, Maya asked one of the servants to send a message to her priest, the leader of the information association in the city of Farell. Then she soared into the sky, searching for Lissana, praying she could reach her before she arrived in the Xurt desert. Tarik stood in the garden, gazing at the door that led to the human kingdom, lost in thought.

"What are you doing, Tarik?" "Are you thinking about going to the human kingdom?" "You can't go, Tarik." "I know, but I'm worried about Lissana." "I understand how you feel, but I can't do anything to help her." "Of course I can! That's the only thing you've ever heard from me. Let me help you save this world, but we're just hiding like cowards." "Tarik...!" "I can feel it; I sense it, and it won't be long now." "I thought you understood, Tarik." "I don't understand. I can't do it.

I want to protect the earth from them, and that's why I want to fight, but we're just hiding." "If we win this war, let me know. I will take my people to another world where we can continue living." "You've already considered this war lost. You're not waiting for a victory; you're just waiting for defeat so we can leave." Leriana remained silent, knowing the truth but wanting to hear something different. "You can't lie, so you don't answer." "I don't want this world to be destroyed. I wish with all my heart that Elios could defeat the dark king, that they could stop him once and for all.

But I've seen how my world was destroyed, and I've watched as this world was threatened. I don't want to live through that again." "I will keep fighting, again and again, because just as he reached this world, he will reach the new one we go to. And there will come a moment when you will have to fight, but when that moment comes, you will be alone, and you will not be left alone with us."

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The fear could stop... Between now and then, Lissana felt an irresistible pull toward the mountains of Vaizel, a call she couldn't ignore. She knew her mother, her priest, and her aunt Maya would think her foolish for venturing out alone, but something inside her urged her to go. She decided she must reach those mountains, even if she didn't know exactly where they were. The call had a strength that felt almost tangible. Every night, Lissana stopped to rest, determined to reach her destination.

She had been taken by the dragon, not her winged horse, as the dragon was more resilient and required fewer breaks. The next morning, she planned to find a lake where her dragon could rest a little before continuing their journey. She caressed the dragon's crest and whispered, "I can feel it; you must be very tired." The dragon purred like a massive cat. Though Lissana had little knowledge of dragons, she had forged a connection with this one. Even without words, she understood him. He had chosen her, and she had freed him from darkness.

As she pondered her bond with the dragon, Lissana felt a sense of urgency. She had to discover what awaited her in those mountains. Meanwhile, Maya hesitated to inform Abril that Lissana had left home. She didn't want to distract her from the impending battle, especially since she hoped to catch up with Lissana before she reached the desert of Xurt, where the camp was located. Maya considered using a teleportation scroll but decided against it, unsure of how far Lissana had traveled. It was best to continue on horseback.

Maya stopped in a village to gather information, trying to estimate how far Lissana might have gone. She asked if anyone had seen a dragon, and to her surprise, someone had spotted one flying at dawn. Maya rewarded the informant, knowing well that nothing in life came free; it was merely a loan. After climbing back onto her horse, Maya resumed her journey. Lissana seemed to be making good progress, but she would need to fly through the night without stopping. "What is that girl thinking? Why the rush?" Maya muttered to herself.

To give her horse a break, Maya used a teleportation scroll, allowing it to rest while she continued her search. She arrived at the next village and asked, "Has anyone seen a huge dragon?" Despite her inquiries, no one had seen a dragon, but Maya knew Lissana would have to pass through this village on her way to the kingdom of Xurt. Maya decided to wait in the village, hoping Lissana wouldn't take a different route. After all, she was unfamiliar with the human kingdom, having grown up like a wild creature in captivity, only now venturing out into the world.

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"I hope she doesn't get lost," Maya thought anxiously. The afternoon passed slowly as Maya watched the sky. When the sun began to set, she spotted a dragon soaring over the villages. She mounted her horse and called out, "Lissana! Stop!" Lissana turned her head at the sound of her name. "Aunt Maya!" she exclaimed. "Stop now, Lissana!" Maya shouted, urgency lacing her voice. Lissana knew her aunt would be upset about her departure, but she never imagined Maya would follow her. "I can't stop! I have to reach the mountains of Vaizel!" Lissana cried. "You don't understand!

Something terrible could happen! You must come back home!" Maya shouted from a distance, but Lissana was determined. She urged her dragon to fly faster, leaving Maya behind. Maya tried to catch up, but the dragon was far swifter than her horse. Realizing she would never reach them in time, she used another scroll to teleport closer. Lissana was startled when Maya suddenly appeared before her, forcing her to swerve to avoid a collision. The dragon plummeted, crashing into the trees. Maya descended rapidly.

When she reached the ground, she found Lissana tangled in a branch, spiders crawling across her face and arms. "Lissana! Are you alright?" Maya asked, panic rising in her voice. "Yes, I think I'm fine," Lissana replied, brushing off the spiders. "I'm sorry I didn't want to-" "Don't worry, Aunt Maya. You just wanted to stop me." "I should have thought this through." "Really, I'm okay," Lissana insisted, landing gracefully on her feet like a cat. Her dragon lay on the ground, watching her with concern. "Look at how you've fallen.

I need to check you for injuries," Maya said, her voice softening. Lissana placed her hand over her heart, and a warm light enveloped her, healing her wounds in an instant. "I'm fine, really." "Maya, how did you do that?" Maya asked, astonished. "I used healing magic. Have you forgotten?" "Of course I remember, but I didn't think you could do that." "Mom was surprised when she saw it too. Is that bad?" "No, it's not bad. I just didn't expect you to be able to do that." Lissana approached her dragon, who was perfectly fine despite the rough landing. He seemed worried about her.

"Don't worry, I'm okay. I'm right here," she reassured him. Maya stepped closer, concern etched on her face. "We should go back, Lissana. What you're doing is reckless." "I must go, Aunt Maya. Something is troubling me. I feel they need my help, and if you ask me to come back, I won't. I'll push past you if I have to." Abril had begun to feel better, even though her body still felt heavy. She sat in her store until dusk when Enora approached her. "How are you?" Enora asked. "A little better. And you?" "Better," Enora replied, glancing toward the mountains of Vaizel.

Abril followed her gaze and asked, "What do you think is happening up there?" "Nothing good. The longer we wait, the heavier the air becomes." "Do you think it's wise to wait for them to attack?" "We have no other options. We can't enter those mountains with such treacherous terrain; it would be suicide. There are monsters lurking everywhere." "But while we wait, the dark king grows stronger." "I know, but unless you want to die, we must hope and trust that we will win this war."

"That's all we can do." Abril understood that Enora's decision was the right one, but she couldn't shake her anxiety, especially after hearing Cassiel's plans for his daughter. "Do you know where Cassiel is? I need to speak with him," Abril said. "He asked not to be disturbed; he's talking to your priest." "With my priest!" Abril exclaimed. Enora pointed to the sky and replied, "Is he waiting for a blessing to win?" "Do you think he'll receive it?" "No, but I hope he does. We need all the help we can get."

"Soon, we'll face an army that rises from the depths of hell, and we don't have enough support." Abril surveyed the flags around them, noting the absence of those from the kingdoms of Battet, Vania, Sator, and Elfrin. "They promised to fight by our side." "Yes, but sometimes fear can paralyze armies. We can't count on them until we see their flags raised in this camp."

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United as one, Abril and Alessandro had been raised early in the morning to reunite with representatives from their kingdoms, who had gathered to organize their troops for the impending battle. Ever since he had risen, Alessandro felt the dark king's power growing stronger. As they prepared to leave the tent, he sensed the immobile force of the dark king shift. His expression changed, and he turned to Abril. "What's going on, Aby?" Abril stepped aside to respond when one of the soldiers watching the mounts came running toward them, agitated and breathless.

"Your Majesties, something strange is happening at Vaizel's mounts!" "What is happening?" Alessandro asked, concern etching his features. "It's better if you see for yourselves," the soldier replied. Abril and Alessandro rushed out of the tent to witness the unfolding events. A dark cloud loomed over Vaizel's mounts, spreading ominously. Enora, Enzo, Elisha, Fay, Cassian, and the others arrived shortly after, positioning themselves to the south. "We don't have time," Enora said urgently. "The dark king is ready to move."

"We need to prepare our armies immediately; it may already be too late." Abril felt a tremendous concentration of power emanating from within that cloud. She turned to Enora, asking, "Do you think this is his army?" "I believe that dark power and malice are spreading throughout the cloud. They are approaching, and I don't think it will take more than half a day for them to reach us." Alessandro scanned the area for Cassiel but found no sign of him. "Is Cassiel still trapped in his tent?" he inquired.

Cassian had attempted to get closer to Cassiel, but a barrier surrounded his tent, preventing anyone from approaching. "If you can't reach him, then what do we do?" Alessandro pressed. "How much longer will he be trapped?" "Not that," Cassian replied, "but I believe there are more pressing matters to worry about right now." Alessandro wanted to speak to Cassiel before the battle began. He needed to make it clear that he did not wish for Cassiel's daughter

to participate in the fight, but there was no time. They had an army to organize. "I suppose you're right," he said.

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"We should hold this meeting now. There are many decisions to make, and we don't have time to waste." Everyone gathered in one of the tents. "The magicians have raised a barrier between us and the monsters," Alessandro explained. "They've only opened a part to prevent the monsters from attacking us." Abril sharpened her focus. "Some monsters are easy to kill with weapons blessed by the magic of light, but others-those black monsters that appear human-are difficult to defeat. It takes more than one person to stop them, and only if you can behead them and burn their bodies.

If any of these creatures attack, do not face them alone, or you will surely die." Enora turned to Abril. "You entered Hades and saw his army. How many of these creatures are in his ranks?" "More than I could count," Abril replied. "The monsters we faced before are nothing compared to what we will encounter now." "It seems the fight from before was just a warm-up," Alessandro added grimly. "It will be a long battle," Enora said. "The other human armies have not yet arrived.

Will they come?" Just then, one of the soldiers interrupted the meeting, announcing that the flags of the armies from Battet, Vania, Sator, and Elfrin were visible on the horizon. "It seems they arrived just in time, right before the battle begins," the soldier reported. As dusk fell, the dark cloud looming over Vaizel's mountains revealed the dark army of the king, a mass of shadow stretching far into the distance. All the armies gathered together, their banners fluttering in the wind. Alessandro stood at the forefront, having been chosen to lead the attack.

Using his wind magic, he amplified his voice so that all could hear his words. "We will march toward battle," he declared. "Today, all kingdoms unite against one enemy-the dark king, who threatens to destroy our world. Let us fight for our lives, for our survival, and for our future. Do not be afraid of the enemy; fight with all your strength. Fight for a tomorrow for our families, for those we cherish, and for those we love." As he delivered his final words, Alessandro looked at Abril, who was mounted on her horse to the south.

She extended her hand to him, and he needed to feel her touch once more before the battle commenced. He grasped her hand lightly and whispered to her alone, "Let's make the dark king regret ever crossing paths with us. We will win and return home." "Yes," Abril replied fiercely. "We must destroy him to ensure he never threatens our world, our kingdom, and our family again." Alessandro gave the order for the troops to advance to the distant front lines. The soldiers obeyed, forming the positions they had previously decided upon.

On the other side, the dark king's army remained hidden within the cloud of darkness that enveloped the Vaizel mountains. They were numerous, and without a doubt, they outnumbered the allied forces significantly. The wizards raised a shield, but it only partially covered their army. Sirius led the magicians, ensuring that their shields could withstand as much as possible; it was a small advantage in the face of overwhelming odds. Alessandro turned to Abril and Enora. "Do not expend all your magic due to this cloud of darkness that covers the mountains.

We cannot see the full extent of its power, so we must be prepared for anything that might defeat us."

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A powerful and imposing presence loomed over the battlefield. The dark army of the King stood still, as if they were statues, their stillness an attempt to intimidate those who faced them. For a long time, Alessandro felt the tension in the air, shared by everyone around him. Their bodies were rigid, poised for battle. Soon, the dark army parted, making way for their leader. The dark king emerged, tall and strong, clad in armor as black as the void itself. With each step he took, he commanded attention, his presence suffocating. He halted before his army, as if to flaunt his power.

With a sudden ferocity, the dark king launched an attack against the shields that stood before him. Although the shields held firm, Sirius felt the magic within them twist in response to the dark king's assault. The shields, bolstered by the power of the magicians, remained unyielding, but no monsters advanced; they seemed to be waiting for a signal, a leader guiding them. This battle felt different from the others. These were not the mindless beasts that had ravaged everything in their path before.

They appeared more cunning, as if they had returned with a purpose: to destroy the world and reduce it to ashes, annihilating all life. The dark king unleashed a second attack. The shields trembled, and some magicians fell, not many, but enough to signal the growing threat. This strike was more powerful than the first, shaking the very ground beneath them. "I had forgotten how tedious this part is," muttered Lorcan, one of the soldiers closest to Alessandro, casting a disdainful glance at the unfolding scene. "You should keep your thoughts to yourself, Captain," another soldier replied.

"I'm merely voicing what many are thinking. The tension is palpable, and with each attack, the enemy grows stronger," Lorcan shot back. "But I shouldn't voice my thoughts aloud; they could be misinterpreted," Alessandro interjected, his gaze hardening as he felt the dark king's strike against their barrier, sensing it was on the verge of breaking. Suddenly, Cassiel descended from the sky, his white wings shimmering with a faint light, illuminating the battlefield. Alessandro felt a moment of confusion, as did Abril, who stood beside him.

"I'm sorry for the delay, Father," Cassiel said, taking his place in the battle line. His gaze locked onto the dark king, the man who had once been his brother. But the angelic light that had once defined him was gone, replaced by darkness, hatred, and bitterness. "Are these your wings?" Alessandro asked, astonished. "It's my father's blessing. But I don't see the girl. Where is she?" Cassiel replied, his voice laced with concern. "I fear I won't be able to fight against this monster," Abril said, her voice steady despite the turmoil around them. "I understand how you feel, but we need you.

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We want to win. Don't worry about your daughter; she is strong and ready," Cassiel reassured her. "How can you be so certain?" Abril questioned, her resolve wavering. "I just know," he replied.



Abril was about to respond when the dark king launched a second attack against the barrier. It held for now, but the pressure was mounting. If he unleashed a third strike, it would surely shatter. Her heart raced, sweat beading on her brow. She glanced at Alessandro, who was also perspiring, whether from the heat of the Xurt desert or the tension in the air, she could not tell.

"We cannot allow him to break our barrier. We won't wait any longer; we will be the first to attack," she declared. Cassiel nodded in agreement. "I believe that would be best." Alessandro issued the command for the magicians to lower the barrier. Sirius hesitated, sensing the madness of the plan, but he obeyed, trusting in Alessandro's confidence. Both armies finally surged into action. Alessandro unleashed a powerful attack that collided with the dark king's barrier, followed by Cassiel's second strike, and Abril delivered the final blow.

Their combined magic crashed against the barrier, causing it to tremble. The first army, led by Cassiel, released a volley of arrows, propelled by the wind conjured by Alessandro, making them strike with greater force. Cassiel summoned giants from the arena, sending them charging toward the enemy. The first line of the dark king's forces crumbled, but the battle was far from over. The dark king, undeterred, issued new orders. The monsters surged forward, but these were not the same mindless creatures as before. They bore human forms, their bodies cloaked in darkness.

"You must be careful; these monsters can only be killed by severing their heads," Abril warned Alessandro, her voice steady despite the chaos. He relayed her words across the battlefield, preparing for the impending attack. The elven army and the last of the hadas moved swiftly, their strength and speed unmatched. The remaining troops launched their attacks from a distance. The battle raged fiercely as Abril maneuvered across the field, using the mountains of hadas to her advantage.

When she decapitated one of the monsters, she consumed its remains in her crimson flames, igniting the front line with ferocity. Enzo joined her, and together they spread their flames like phoenixes reborn. As the dark king's first line fell, Alessandro ordered the magicians to raise a barrier before the dark king could launch a second attack. The soldiers regrouped, and Abril returned to Alessandro's side. "Why did you stop the attack?" she asked. "Something isn't right," he replied, his gaze fixed on the battlefield.

Across the field, the dark king loomed like a shadow, observing them as if he were watching an entertaining spectacle. "The dark king is analyzing us," Cassiel explained. "That's why his attacks have been so measured. He wants to gauge your strength before unleashing his true assault." As if on cue, the dark king gestured, and a cloud of darkness lifted, revealing the vast army that had been concealed. Great monsters surged forth, dividing the battlefield. Alessandro was taken aback.

Just as he was about to give a second order to prevent the retreat of the army that had sought refuge, Cassiel cautioned him. "Don't do it. That's exactly what he wants-to divide us so he can destroy us. We must stay united and focused when confronting the dark king. Welcome your brother and close the gates of Hades." "You want them to escape?!" Alessandro exclaimed. "I want you to concentrate on the battle ahead."



I've fought my brother countless times, and if this is his favored strategy-divide and conquer-then heed my warning: do not let your heart waver." Alessandro watched as part of the army began to retreat, spreading out in all directions, as if they lacked a clear objective. Elisha felt her heart race at the sight of some monsters heading toward her kingdom. She longed to pursue them, to intercept their advance, but she knew she had to trust that her father would stop them before they reached the city. Taking a deep breath, she reassured herself, "Everything will be fine, Elisha.

Daddy will take care of everything. He is prepared; this attack won't catch him off guard. I just need to focus on the battle and defeat the enemy before me." Even as the dark king's army divided, they continued to outnumber them, like ants pouring from a disturbed anthill, overwhelming and relentless. The real battle had only just begun, and much lay ahead. The question remained: did they truly have a chance to win, or was everything already decided?

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The Blessing of an Angel After her encounter with Maya, Lissana did not stop resting. She wanted to be reached, but no one could reach her. Among many things, the power she felt in that place was overwhelming-a powerful darkness and cold that seemed to erase her very skin. At some point, she found herself wondering what awaited her there and what would happen when she arrived. Her instincts screamed that she should go. As she drew closer, the mountains came into view, and horror gripped her heart. In the desert, the army of monsters loomed like a black stain against the white arena.

Lissana was terrified, yet she pressed on. She thought of turning back, but she couldn't. She had to move forward without stopping. She would help the priests, even if they didn't want her assistance, especially since they faced an army that outnumbered them. They needed help more than ever. She possessed the power to change the tide, to make the difference between victory and defeat. Tarik had managed to convince the fairy queen that they must fight with everything they had, without holding back.

Together, they made their way to the Xurt desert, where they found a door that led directly to the battlefield. As their eyes adjusted to the scene, Tarik felt nausea rise within him at the sight of the monstrous army violently attacking the barrier that protected the human, elf, wizard, and fairy forces. But amidst the chaos, Lissana felt her heart breaking. She watched as a young girl descended from a dragon, a whirlwind of fire swirling around her. A significant portion of the dark king's army simply faded into crimson flames. Tarik recognized that power-it was Lissana.

Yet he couldn't comprehend what she was doing in that place. The army seized the opportunity to launch a second attack against the dark king's forces. Alessandro unleashed a second whirlwind, combined with the fire from Enzo and Abril, crashing against the exposed flank of the enemy, pushing them further back. They were winning, reclaiming the land that had been taken from them. Abril arrived in flight, fury blazing in her eyes as she spotted Lissana on the battlefield. "What are you doing here, Lissana?" she shouted. "I came to help, Mother." "Get away now!

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You cannot be here!" "Don't turn away from me, Mother. Don't hide from me when you need me." Lissana was obstinate, and no matter what she said, Abril knew she wouldn't change her mind. "Follow me." "Don't leave me, Mother." "That's why I'm telling you to follow me." Lissana obeyed, moving inside the barrier. She spotted her priest and heard his voice giving orders to the soldiers, organizing them efficiently. Their eyes met for a moment, and Lissana felt a chill run down her spine, knowing she would receive a stern reprimand once the battle was over.

Abril took Lissana back to the camp and left her there. "I want you to stay here." "Mother!" "There are many injured soldiers. They need healing, and you can help." Lissana started to protest when Cassiel appeared beside her. "If you don't want it, the Called will take it," he said. "What?" Abril sighed heavily. "What are you doing here? You should be fighting. You've been watching instead." "That's why I haven't joined yet.

I'm here to see the last of the guardians who told me to help defeat the dark king." "I'm telling you, Lissana will not face this monster." A loud crash echoed ahead, at the edge of the barrier. "Don't bring any outside ideas to my daughter," Abril warned. She turned to Lissana, placing a hand on her shoulder. "I must go back. Don't get into trouble, Lissana. Stay here." "But-" "I beg you, your father and I cannot concentrate on the battle while you are here." "Fine." Abril returned to mount her steed, glancing back at Lissana one last time. "Don't get into trouble.

Don't harm anyone in your madness." Once Abril was gone, Lissana turned to Cassiel. "Tell me what you were going to decide before my mother interrupted you." "Will you disobey your mother?" "My mother doesn't want to fight me; she's too overprotective. But I came here because I felt something urging me to do it. I felt a call." "What you felt were the doors of Hades. When they open, they activate the spell you placed on them.

All guardians will feel drawn to them, and you will hear the silent screams from the doors begging to be closed." "So, should I go to these mounts?" Cassiel shook his head. "I don't want you to open the doors of Hades. That will be your responsibility. Father, I want you to help me defeat the dark king, but your priests refuse. That's why I asked if they would disobey your mother." "If you are to save the world and save my father, then I will fight against anything to protect them." "That's the spirit," Cassiel said, staring at Lissana. "You are stronger than your priests imagine.

You have something they don't." "What is it?" "My blood-the power of light-and you are part human." "Is that why I can heal my own injuries?" "I didn't know you could do that, but it will be advantageous in battle." Cassiel stepped closer, placing a finger before her. "I'll give you a gift. It's from my father." Lissana felt warmth spreading through her body, as if she were engulfed in flames. "What do you hear from me?" "Tell me. It's a gift that will make you stronger and faster." Lissana felt a burning sensation in her left eye, as if something were igniting within it.

"Is this supposed to hurt?" she asked Cassiel. "How does it feel?" "My left eye-what did you do?" "I merely enhanced it." Cassiel withdrew his hand from where Lissana covered her eye, allowing her to see. "Look, and you will see." When she opened her eye, Lissana was astonished to find that everyone around her seemed to be moving in slow motion. "Everything is much slower," she remarked. "It's not that. Everything moves at the same speed, but your

eye sees it differently. This way, you can anticipate your enemies' attacks, but it will only last for a moment.

This is when your body will become lighter and quicker. You will be a formidable opponent. Together, we will defeat the dark king once and for all."

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Tarik had left his army behind to search for Lissana. His heart raced, and he felt the weight of his brothers' concerns. He was afraid; the person he cared for most was in serious danger. Why had no one stopped her? He pondered this as he crossed the desert and approached the camp where he had landed. Lissana was taken aback when she saw Tarik descending from the sky on his winged horse. To her, he looked like a prince coming to rescue his princess, though in truth, she did not need rescuing. "Lissana! What are you doing here?" Tarik exclaimed.

Lissana was growing weary of this question, but seeing him pale and trembling with fear-fear not of the army behind her, but of what might happen to her-softened her irritation. She took his hand, knowing that in moments like this, a simple touch could convey more than a thousand words. No matter what he said, he wouldn't truly listen. "I'm fine, Tarik." "You should be in Cosset! What are you doing on the battlefield?" he demanded. "I could ask you the same question. What are you doing here?" "Don't avoid my question, Lissana." "I think I'm doing the same thing as you.

I came to fight for my family, my kingdom, and for those I love." Tarik felt his heart weaken, especially after casting a quick glance at the battlefield and witnessing the horrors unfolding there. "You've gone mad! This is far too dangerous." "I know, but I couldn't stay home like a coward while my priests risk everything for me." "Just like that..." "Tarik, if I tell my mother and repeat it to you, I will stay. This is where I belong." Cassiel interrupted them. "She's made her decision, don't try to convince her otherwise." Tarik shot him a warning look.

"Stay out of this; it's not your concern." "What a bad temper you have. You remind me of Leriana," Cassiel retorted. Leriana appeared behind him. "Is that what you say?" Cassiel turned around, realizing there was no point in arguing. Leriana approached, but her presence didn't seem to matter much at that moment. Tarik tried to kiss her, but she playfully covered his mouth with her hand. "I thought you had lost your wings?" she teased. "Yes, well, I convinced the priest to let me stay. I'll return, though I believe it will only be temporary. But what are you doing here?

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Didn't you say you wouldn't fight?" Leriana sighed. "I didn't plan on it, but Tarik convinced me to come." Cassiel glared at Tarik, feeling annoyed and jealous that this boy had managed to persuade her when he had tried so hard and failed. "It bothers me a little that you're here for nothing but me, but I'm glad you're here," Leriana said, directing her gaze toward the battlefield, where a fierce and bloody battle raged. "No matter how many centuries have passed, the view remains the same-a battle where the Dark King holds the advantage." "As simple as it seems, it may not be as it appears.

I assure you that this time we will win. This time, victory will be ours." "You promised me that in the last battle, and we lost," Leriana reminded him. "That's not true. In the last battle, I promised you I would stop him, and I did. This time, I promise to defeat him once and for all." "Don't make promises you can't keep." "I can keep this promise; that's why I'm here." Lissana felt a wave of discomfort wash over her. She cleared her throat to regain their attention. "A great battle is being fought against us. Aren't we supposed to be there?" "You're not going anywhere!" Tarik replied.

"I thought you made it clear that you wouldn't stop me." Cassiel interjected. "Lissana is right; this isn't the time for discussions." She looked at Cassiel, her eyes fierce. "You say you'll end this, then prove it. You know I'm about actions, not words." "My moment hasn't arrived yet, nor has Lissana's. We must save our strength to fight against the Dark King, though I still lack a piece of my strategy, so I have to go find it." "What are you planning, Cassiel?" "You don't need to know; just trust me and buy us some time." Leriana kissed Cassiel and said, "This time, you better not die.

I can't wait for you a second time." "Don't worry; I haven't thought about dying, not until we fall like our moon." Lissana and Tarik overheard this, wishing they could cover their ears and avoid watching the adults display their affection. It was something that made them uncomfortable. Leriana turned to Tarik. "You dressed me up here; I didn't think you would fight as well." "But..." Tarik was taken aback by Lissana's kiss, feeling slightly annoyed. She was upset with her brother, who couldn't openly show his feelings like Queen Hada and Cassiel did.

She doubted her brother would approve of her relationship with Tarik. "See? I'll be fine." "Promise me you won't do anything reckless." "You sound just like my mother." "Lissana!" "I promise not to do anything that could kill me." Tarik, though skeptical, could see the strong determination in Lissana's eyes. "Think of me and your family before doing anything foolish." "I'm not foolish; I'm rational." Tarik looked at her, his expression saying he doubted that, but he kept his thoughts to himself. Once alone, Lissana turned to Cassiel.

"Is the piece you mentioned in your strategy the one you lack?" "I need guardians to fight. Now I must go find them." "I thought my family were the last guardians. Is there another?" "Yes, but I need to give you the same thing I gave you before, and time is running out." Cassiel headed toward Cira, who had always insisted on staying with him at camp until necessary. She stood at the edge of the camp, watching the battle unfold in the firelight. When she felt someone approaching, she was surprised to see the little girl who accompanied Cassiel, resembling Abril when she was small.

"Are you Abril's daughter?" Lissana asked, looking at Cira, astonished to see someone with the same hair color as her mother. "Are you who I think you are?" "I'm your aunt." Lissana's expression hardened, for she knew Cira was guilty of everything-the attack on her kingdom and the opening of Hades' doors. She looked at Cassiel, her eyes filled with questions. "What is she doing here?" "She is the other guardian. She will help us defeat the Dark King," Cassiel explained, hoping to ease her distrust.

"She will be your companion in battle." "What?!" "I also want to destroy the Dark King, so I hope we can cooperate," Cira added. Lissana turned to Cassiel. "How can you ask me to

trust her? She's our enemy!" "No, that's not it. She is now our ally, and she will help us to destroy the Dark King."

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Together they were stronger. Cassiel hated Cira for the same reason he had once given her his affection. Lissana and Alessandro explained how to wield this power in battle. But it was useless if one didn't know how to use it, like a ring in the hands of a musician who couldn't play. Lissana felt a lingering suspicion; Cira had ample reasons not to trust her. "I can feel it," Cira said, her voice distant as she remained on the battlefield. "Why are you apologizing?" Lissana asked, still standing nearby.

"For all the support I've given your family and for the harm it has caused you." "Me?" "If you saw how fasting from your priest would grow..." In truth, Lissana did not regret spending most of her childhood in the land of the fairies, for it was there that she had met Tarik and fallen in love with him. She remained silent for a few moments, wondering if it was wrong that she didn't hate Cira for that. "Why do you hate my mother so much?" Lissana finally asked. "Our father taught us to face each other, to hate for the simple reason of not being the same.

I believe this is why he hated her; he wanted to please my priest, who had recognized me." "It's dizzying," Cira replied. "You can't imagine what people are capable of when there's a lack of love. They will do anything to gain attention, even though I don't believe that's your case." Even though Lissana had grown up by her own standards, she often felt alone, doubting whether anyone truly loved her. As he shouted orders across the battlefield, Alessandro felt his insides twist at the sight of the dark army gaining ground. He yelled at the front lines to hold firm.

Arrows flew through the air, imbued with light magic, each finding its mark as if guided by an unseen force. Abril and Enora unleashed the strongest attacks, creating chaos in the dark king's army. Yet, it was not enough; the soldiers of darkness pressed forward, undeterred by the onslaught. Alessandro watched intently, wondering how an army could remain so relentless, no matter how many attacks were launched against them. As the battle intensified, a new army appeared on the horizon, waving the flag of the fairy kingdom, led by the fairy queen herself.

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Fay was surprised to see her reign join the fray, though she was not the only one; others were momentarily disturbed, but they had more pressing matters to focus on. Each warrior concentrated on the fight, leaving their questions unanswered. Fay launched a powerful attack against the dark king's forces, momentarily halting their advance. Alessandro hadn't expected more help, but having such a formidable ally as the fairy queen changed the tide of battle. She was like a whirlwind of death unleashed upon the battlefield. When they arrived, the difference was palpable.

The dark king scowled at the loss of ground and retaliated with an attack that was intercepted by the mages, who conjured a barrier to block his strike. The dark king advanced toward the front lines, unleashing a powerful assault that shattered the barrier. Alessandro summoned a

wind barrier to mitigate the attack; though it wasn't enough, many soldiers fell, and Abril took on the task of healing their wounds. Panic began to spread among his army in the face of the dark king's might.

Alessandro needed to regroup; he had to go to the Vaizel Mountains to close the gates of Hades, but how could he leave when he was the only one holding his army together? Lissana felt a knot in her stomach, anxious about when they would finally attack. She glanced at Cassiel, who remained impassive. "We need you; we should be there," she urged. "Not yet." "How much longer must we wait?" "When the moment tells you." "When we're all dead and it's just us?" "In war, the first to attack does not always win. It's the one who knows how to seize opportunities.

So calm down and don't hesitate." Cassiel continued to observe the battlefield. Alessandro and Cassian fought hard to support their lines. Enora and Enzo pressed the northern flank while the dark king's army targeted the air legion that had just been summoned. But it wasn't enough. The dark army was pushing them back, slowly gaining the upper hand. Suddenly, a part of the remaining army began to falter. Alessandro felt his heart race in his chest. They could NOT let the army before them win. How could they defeat a second army?

For a moment, Alessandro was paralyzed, unsure of what orders to give to change the tide of battle. Abril soared above the battlefield and landed beside him. She seemed to sense his turmoil, her own senses clouded. Abril cupped his face and kissed him, grounding him in the moment. "Lessan, this is not the time to doubt." Feeling her warm skin and the softness of her lips, he was reminded of why he couldn't give up—he was fighting for her, for their future. He would continue to battle until his last breath. "Thank you, Aby. I needed that," he said, his resolve strengthening.

"What are we going to do?" she asked. "Fight and don't surrender." Alessandro leaned in to kiss her again. "I love you." "I love you too." "Let's win this battle and go home." "That sounds like a good plan to me." "I have a plan, and I need you." Alessandro wrapped his arms around Abril's waist. "Just tell me what to do; I'm ready." "We will have it together, as one—fire and wind." Abril placed her hand over Alessandro's, where the mark of their marriage glowed brightly, never dimming.

It was often said that this mark represented their union, but it was in this moment that they unleashed their true power, proving that together they were stronger and more powerful than they could ever be apart. In an instant, they obliterated a portion of the dark king's army, shifting the tide once more and igniting hope and courage in their own ranks.

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The Expected Moment Lissana had left Maya unconscious for a few hours, and by the time she regained her senses, she was already approaching the Xurt Desert. As Maya entered the desert, she saw a tornado of silver fire spiraling into the sky. She thought it was Lissana and hurried to reach the battlefield. There, she spotted Abril and Alessandro fiercely battling the dark king's army, which vastly outnumbered them. Maya's heart sank as she saw Cassian surrounded by several dark creatures in human form.



A sense of urgency propelled her forward; she leaped from her horse, landing in front of Cassian just in time to block an attack from one of the creatures. Cassian was taken aback by Maya's sudden appearance, but he quickly refocused on the fight, asking, "What are you doing here?" "Lissana is home. Come and get her," Maya replied, her voice steady despite the chaos around them. "I know. I saw a mouse; it's camped nearby," Cassian said, his eyes darting around. Maya had no sword, as she hadn't planned to fight, but she was determined to use her powers and her brother's magic to aid them.

Cassian had witnessed this many times before; Maya often refused to tap into her fairy powers. Maya's ability allowed her to manipulate the flow of time, making her appear incredibly fast while her enemies moved in slow motion. Cassian handed her a long dagger from his waist. "You need to cut off their heads; that's the only way to kill them." Maya nodded, understanding the gravity of his words. She swiftly dispatched her enemies while Cassian immobilized them with his earthly magic, forming an effective team.

"Did you leave Uzziel alone in the palace?" Cassian asked, concern etched on his face. "No, I asked my priest to take care of him," Maya reassured him, relieved to see the tension ease in Cassian's posture. "I'll take Lissana, and we'll return home," he declared. Just then, a monster lunged at Cassian, shaking Maya from her thoughts. Reacting instinctively, she opened her eyes and cut off the creature's head. From a distance, she spotted the fairy queen, which surprised her. "I didn't think the queen would join the battle," Maya said, astonished.

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"Neither did we," Lissana replied, "but Tarik convinced her to fight." Tarik was busy trapping monsters in loops, while the swords behind him severed their heads. Despite the dark king's numerous forces, they were beginning to fall. The dark king, furious at the sight of his dwindling army, charged forward, launching another attack. The magicians were quick to block him, but he was powerful, and they couldn't hold him off forever. Cassiel, observing from afar, turned to Lissana and Cira.

"Our time has come; let's go." He ascended into the sky, Lissana using her powers to follow, while Cira mounted her dragon. Cassiel was the first to confront the dark king, drawing his attention. "Hello, brother. Long time no see," Cassiel taunted. "Cassiel, you're a persistent headache. No matter how hard you try, you can't save this world. I always win, and I will consume it; it will be mine," the dark king sneered. "I don't think you'll succeed this time, Father. This will be your end, Luci. You will no longer destroy anyone else in this world," Cassiel replied firmly.

The dark king let out a booming laugh. "If you couldn't stop me in any of the other worlds, what makes you think you can stop me now?" "This time, I'm not alone." The dark king's gaze shifted to the two girls at Cassiel's side, and he laughed again. "You think these children can stand against me?" "You'll be surprised at what we can do," Cassiel said, signaling to Alessandro, who was ready to act. They had to close the gates of Hades, the source of the dark king's power, if they wanted any chance of victory. "Go.



"I'll protect our daughter," Alessandro urged Abril, guiding her back to the camp. "Be careful, Abril," he added, concern lacing his voice. "I will. You take care too; come back ready to end this war," she replied, determination in her eyes. "I will," Alessandro promised. He joined Cassian, who was still fighting alongside Maya, surprising her. There was no time for questions; they needed to act. "I'll get there soon, Cassian. We should go," Alessandro urged, even as they fought off the dark king's monstrous forces, which were particularly challenging due to their human forms.

"Now?" Cassian asked, urgency in his tone. "Yes," Maya affirmed, knowing they had to leave despite the chaos. "I'll help you; don't waste time," she insisted, stepping forward. Just then, Kiara appeared suddenly between them. "What are you doing here, Kiara?" Maya asked, startled. "I couldn't stay hidden in my kingdom while everyone was fighting. I came to help," Kiara declared, her resolve clear.

Alessandro knew that the elfin kingdom had left its daughter on the shore for her safety, but Kiara was one of those rare individuals who had ventured into the Vaizel Mountains, making her a valuable ally. "Let's close the gates of Hades. Can you take us?" he asked. "Of course," Kiara replied, her confidence unwavering. Kiara met her mother's gaze, sensing the urgency in the air. They needed to leave before the dark king noticed her presence on the battlefield. "If you want to accompany them, it's better we go now," Cassian urged Maya. "If you see that we can't win, don't hesitate to flee.

Don't look back," he warned. Maya nodded, understanding the weight of his words. Cassian raised a stone wall to block a monster charging at Maya, giving her the opportunity to strike. She severed the creature's head with a swift motion. "Go now. I'll be fine, but you should be there too. Remember, my life is yours, so don't let anyone distract you," Cassian said, a fierce smile on his face. "I know," Maya replied, determination hardening her resolve.

Kiara opened a portal that led them directly to the Vaizel Mountains, right in front of the gates of Hades, where a multitude of monsters awaited them. But there was no turning back; they had to close the gates to defeat the dark king. Surrender was not an option.

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When Alessandro and Terran were gone, the great battle began. Lissana, Cira, and Cassiel fought valiantly against the dark king. Abril wanted to join them, but it was impossible. The monsters attacked fiercely, and the stakes were rising. There was no time to defend herself against the onslaught. When Tarik lost sight of Lissana, he longed to help her, but the reign held him back, reminding him of his responsibilities. "Tarik, you forced me to come here and fight, so now you are responsible for your village. Remember, these battles are not yours alone," she had said.

Those words ignited a spark in Tarik's heart. Even though he yearned to rush to the girl he loved, he knew he had to stay put, helping his people survive the monstrous onslaught. Cassiel organized their attacks, first sending Lissana, then Cira, and finally unleashing his full power against the dark king. Yet, every blow they struck was easily blocked, though it kept the dark king occupied, which was their goal. They knew they couldn't defeat him until the gates of Hades were closed, so they focused on buying time. Every strike they landed took a toll on their bodies.

Cassiel seemed unaffected, just like the dark king, who remained calm despite battling three opponents at once. The dark king let out a loud, mocking laugh. "I must confess, I didn't believe these girls could last even a minute against me. The fact that they're still standing is admirable." He turned his attention to them. "So much so that if you give up, you could consider joining my army, becoming part of the new kingdom I will create in this world." Lissana responded with defiance. "I'm not interested in ruling a world of death.

I like it the way it is now." Cira echoed Lissana's sentiment. "I've been on your side, and if it's not the best, I still love the world as it is." "Arrogant girls, you will die for trying to preserve a world that will soon be destroyed," the dark king sneered. Cassiel seized the moment to attack, drawing the dark king's attention. "Don't take offense, dear brother, but no one likes your vision of a barren land, lakes of fire, and endless darkness. You have terrible taste in decor.

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You should let things remain as Father created them." "I will not stop until I have undone everything he has made. I must complete my work," the dark king replied. "You said it yourself; this is the world that Father created. It couldn't be what you've never envisioned," Cassiel shot back. "Haven't I shown you countless times how all the worlds I've consumed have perished?" the dark king taunted. "Yes, but this will end here and now.

A part of all the worlds you've destroyed is gathered here today, to die." The dark king laughed, a grotesque and chilling sound that made Cira and Lissana shiver. "To kill me, all these people are nothing more than scum. They will never be able to stand against me. No matter how many monsters you summon, I will make sure they keep appearing. It will be an endless war where only you will surrender and die. No matter how strong you are, Cassiel, I will prevail. I will continue to consume all the worlds until there is nothing left but darkness." Lissana grew weary of the dark king's words.

With a fierce determination, she summoned her powers, enveloping the dark king in a whirlwind of fire and wind. The same attack that had once been so effective against the dark king's army shattered his defenses, making him falter. "You seem tired," he taunted. "I believe it's your turn to attack." Cassiel blocked the first strike the dark king launched, but the second one aimed directly at Lissana and Cira was impossible to stop. They combined their powers to counter the attack, managing to mitigate the damage.

Before they could be struck again, Lissana healed her allies, bringing them back to full strength. Cassiel charged at the dark king, signaling for Lissana and Cira to attack simultaneously. However, the dark king was too skilled and fast, and even with their blessings, they remained slow in comparison. The three launched a combined attack, which caused a significant impact, but it took a toll on their energy. Seeing the desperation on the girls' faces, Cassiel approached them. "Don't give up. We must continue to hold on." Lissana nodded. "Yes, we are holding on.

Let's just hope that Father can close those cursed doors before we fall." \*\*\* Meanwhile, at the mountains of Vaizel, Alessandro and Terran fought against a horde of monsters to clear a path, but they struggled to approach the gates of Hades. Kiara realized that it would be impossible for them

to reach the gates. "Try to gather your strength quickly. When I say run, you must sprint with all your might toward the gates of Hades," she instructed. "What do you plan to do?" Alessandro asked. "I will unleash my magic to clear the way, but I don't think it will last long.

Once I do, you'll be on your own," she replied. Cassian chimed in, "To start, we need to activate the teleportation devices. We'll close the doors behind us, so we must be ready." Alessandro and Cassian exchanged determined glances as they approached the columns they needed to activate. Despite facing numerous monsters, they knew they had only one chance to reach the gates of Hades. "I need a few minutes. Protect me," Kiara urged. They focused on defending her as she gathered all her power, channeling it into a brilliant light that obliterated most of the monsters.

Cassian and Alessandro took on the ones that fell, then raced with all their strength toward the gates of Hades, uncertain of what awaited them. They struck the columns on either side of the gates, and as they did, they felt a sense of purpose, as if they were destined to perform this task. The gates of Hades glowed and began to close. The monsters that had fallen rushed to block them, but the gates absorbed them, sealing the horrors of Hades away once more.

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A thunderous chill enveloped the air. When the doors were finally closed, Alessandro and Terran felt a jolt of fear and courage. Far away, the gates of Hades trembled violently before collapsing as if made of sand. The monsters that emerged were chillingly grotesque, stretching across the mountains of Vaizel. As the gates of Hades transformed into a chaotic mass, the creatures no longer concealed their true nature, their insides tearing apart as if they were aflame.

Alessandro and Cassian stood momentarily stunned by the horror before them, but they quickly gathered their resolve and approached one another. "We must go now," Alessandro urged, his voice carrying the weight of urgency as he tried to reach his brother, who appeared no better off than before. Cassian was so pale he seemed on the verge of fainting; the gates of Hades had drained him of all his magic without him even realizing it. The very doors that had once emboldened them had sapped their vital strength.

They had teleported countless times across the mountains, traversing the hellish lakes that now marred the landscape of Vaizel. Suddenly, they found themselves on the battlefield, where the army faced the dark king. A chilling roar shattered the air, stunning everyone present. As the monsters began to emerge, the dark king felt his power being severed, his very essence being torn away as if his entrails were being ripped from him. He had focused so intently on the battle that he had neglected the gates of Hades.

Directing his gaze toward the mountains, he knew he had to investigate what was happening at the gates. But Cassian would not allow him to pass; he would intercept him and cut him short. "Where do you think you're going? The battle isn't over; it's only just begun," Cassian taunted. "I'm tired of your foolish games, Cassian. I'll kill you right now," Alessandro retorted fiercely. Cassian brandished his golden spear defiantly. "I won't be the one to die today, brother. It will be you." With that, the dark king unleashed his fury, attacking without restraint.

The dark power surged toward them, crashing against the already fractured barrier as if it were made of fragile glass. Cira and Lissana exchanged glances, relieved they had avoided the brunt of the attack; had they not, they would have been reduced to mere shadows in that moment. Cassian appeared euphoric, as if he had long awaited this moment. He began to assault the dark king, his movements quickening, but still, they did not seem fast enough to bring an end to the confrontation.

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The dark king wielded his sword to block every thrust of Cassian's spear, the clash of their weapons echoing across the battlefield. Lissana and Cira realized that the battle had only just begun; everything prior had merely been a game to amuse the dark king. Both women joined the fray, though the dark king remained strong, fast, and powerful. Yet something had shifted. The violence escalated, but Cassian shielded them, parrying the dark king's attacks and granting them the chance to strike back. The dark king began to falter, and Cassian managed to draw blood on several occasions.

As night descended, the last rays of sunlight faded, and the dark king's desire for night grew; it would be enough to restore his power, especially since the oppressive cloud of darkness above them had dissipated completely. They thought they would surrender, that they would not die, but desperation surged within them. The dark king unfurled his black wings, and Cassian tried to prevent him from taking flight, but he failed. "We have to block the king's attack!" Lissana shouted, urgency lacing her voice.

After confirming that both women were ready, Cassian declared, "We must pursue him; we cannot let him escape." "Wait a moment," Lissana interjected, taking Cira's hand and infusing her with a surge of magic, banishing her fatigue and replenishing her strength. Then she grasped Cassian's hand, doing the same for him. "Now we can go." "Have we healed enough? Are you both well enough to fight?" Cassian asked, concern etched on his face. Lissana had been using her powers to alleviate their exhaustion, and now she felt perfectly capable. "Yes, I can continue fighting," she affirmed.

Cassian nodded, impressed. "Your power is incredible." With a shared resolve, Cassian led the way, with Lissana and Cira following closely, soaring over the battlefield on the winds of war. They soon spotted the human king, who was leading an army against the dark king, now held captive by his monstrous minions. Cassian was on the verge of collapse, and Alessandro had exhausted all his strength, unable to break free from the dark king's iron grip. Abril watched from the shore, desperate to reach them before the dark king could end Alessandro's life.

She was prepared to unleash all her power, regardless of the consequences, hoping it might turn the tide against the dark king's army. But then she heard her mother's voice in her mind, urging her to hold back. "Don't do it, Abril. This isn't the moment. Wait a little longer." "I can't wait any longer! I won't let my husband die!" Abril cried out, on the brink of releasing her power. Just as she was about to act, she suddenly lost consciousness.

Sophia regained control of Abril's body, seizing a horse and instead of charging toward Alessandro and the dark king, she rode toward her sister, Enora, who was deeply engaged in battle. Enora was

busy dispatching a monster, healing the fallen soldiers behind her when she noticed Abril approaching. "Why aren't you where you're supposed to be?" she asked, irritation creeping into her voice. "I need to talk to you, sister," Abril replied urgently. Enora recognized the shift in Abril's demeanor, realizing that Sophia had returned to take control of her body.

"I'm glad to see you, sister, but this isn't the best time for a chat," Enora said, her tone softening slightly. "True, but I can't afford to wait any longer," Abril insisted. "What's going on?" Enora pressed. "Don't continue using your power; you need to conserve it. We will need it soon," Abril warned. "There are many soldiers who need healing," Enora replied. "I only heal those on the brink of death, those who are beyond saving, sending them back to camp," she explained. "But..." Abril began, desperation creeping into her voice. "Trust me, Enora.

We will need every drop of light magic soon. I've seen it," Abril insisted. Enora understood that Sophia possessed the ability to foresee future events, and as her sister's words sank in, she knew the truth of what was to come.