

# **Forgotten Wife : Let the Traitors Kneel Down Novel**

## **Chapter 451-460**

When they reached the dark king, Lissana felt a chill as she saw him holding his priest before him, a sword pressed to the man's throat. With the gates of Hades closed, the dark king was acutely aware of his disadvantage; he knew that if he killed the brothers of his brother and the young women who accompanied them, it would lead to nothing but chaos. He was looking for a human shield, someone who would be considered before he committed murder. Lissana noticed that her priest looked pale and weak, as if he had lost all his strength.

When he didn't attack the dark king, a cruel smile spread across the king's face. "I suppose this is a good choice. Let's see if he matters," the dark king taunted. Cira was of no consequence, and Cassiel was certainly willing to sacrifice his life, but he knew Lissana would never agree to sacrifice her priest to end the war. So, Cassiel remained still, unwilling to move. Lissana was silent, completely terrified. Alessandro glanced at Lissana, ignoring the monster behind him.

He felt the urgency to convey his final words, to make his daughter understand that despite not having raised her, he loved her deeply and would always want to be her father. "I love you," he said softly. "From the first moment I held you in my arms, Lissana... my little one, I feel I failed you. I wasn't there when you took your first steps. I missed all your birthdays, and I regret not spending more time with you." Tears began to roll down Lissana's cheeks. "Please, don't harm him," she pleaded with the dark king. Those were her only words, spoken in a guttural, trembling voice. "Please.

"Let me go, and I won't regret seeing you again." Lissana was willing to accept any deal if it meant saving her priest's life. She couldn't tear her gaze away from him, who shook his head in denial. "Why aren't you saying anything? Will you let me go, or do you want to see how I cut the throat of your precious priest before we continue the battle? I am most likely to win." Cassiel replied, "If you know you're going to win, why not fight against us?" "Because I don't like giving anything away." "Damn liar! You've trapped yourself with this hostage," Lissana shot back, her fear mounting.

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In that moment, she felt like a defenseless girl who needed her priest to save her, but it seemed her mother had not realized that her priest was trapped and lacked the strength to fight. Useless. Lissana possessed great power, but she had always been told that, had always believed it. Yet now, with her father's life in danger, all that power felt meaningless. Cassiel took a step forward, and the dark king tightened his grip on the sword, drawing a small line of blood. Seeing the blood flow from her priest, Lissana begged, her voice barely audible, "Don't do it!

"Don't kill my priest!" A cruel smile spread across the dark king's face. They weren't attacking, not because the man was a priest of one of his adversaries, but because he was the one who had caused the most trouble in battle. It didn't matter how many times he had been heroic; she used her magic to heal them. But at that moment, she seemed to have lost her will to fight. She was just a little girl who feared for her priest's life. "Cassiel, tell me which priest has promised you victory today. I don't believe it; luck is on my side," the dark king sneered.

Cassiel wanted to wipe the smile off the dark king's face with a fist. His gaze met Alessandro's, and that was the question. "Remember what you told the guardians? That they would never die. Was that true?" Cassiel understood what Alessandro meant, even though the dark king could have killed him in that moment. If he restored his body quickly, he could return his soul. "Yes." Alessandro looked at Lissana and said, "Don't cry, my girl. This is not the end." After saying those words, Alessandro moved violently, cutting his own throat, blood spilling forth in torrents.

Lissana didn't understand what had happened. Her father had cut his throat, and the light in his eyes faded. When the dark king saw that he was dead, he released the body. Cassiel seized the opportunity to attack and shouted at Lissana. "Heal your priest!" Lissana felt frozen, paralyzed as she approached her priest's lifeless body. She didn't understand what Cassiel wanted her to do, but he shook her until she reacted. "This is no time to freeze! Go and heal your priest!" Lissana sprang into action, running like a gazelle to where her priest lay, drenched in blood.

She used her power to close the wound, but while she healed his body, she couldn't bring him back to life. She cradled the bloody body of her priest as Cira and Cassiel faced off against the dark king. Lissana let out an ear-piercing scream, releasing all the pain she felt at that moment. She begged for him to return, for him not to leave her alone, for him to know that she needed him, that it had to end... but her priest's body remained inert, still warm, yet lifeless. She caressed his empty face, her fingers brushing against his still-open eyes. With delicate care, she sealed his eyes shut.

Leaning down, she placed a kiss on his blood-soaked forehead. When she raised her head, she locked eyes with the dark king, and at that moment, she vowed he would pay for what he had done.

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Lissana left the priest's office, her heart heavy with determination. She gripped the dagger at her waist, vowing to kill the dark king just as he had slain her own. Pain and rage surged within her; all she wanted was to obliterate him, to reduce him to ashes like a fallen leaf. She stood tall, casting one last glance at her priest. Then Cassiel screamed. Lissana turned to him. He was just a few meters away, sprawled on the ground, his wings torn and blood seeping from his wounds. Cira had placed herself in front of him, shielding him from the dark king's wrath.

In that moment, Lissana realized that the dark king was not weak; rather, the three of them together were stronger than when they stood apart. But she had abandoned the fight, fleeing toward her fallen priest. The dark king was poised to strike Cira, ready to unleash an attack

that would surely end her life. Lissana felt too cold and distant to reach her in time. At that moment, she knew she had lost her chance to turn the tide of battle. Daring to look back once more, she saw Abril rejoining the fray, holding back one of the monsters, flames dancing around her as she fought fiercely.

Her daggers moved with precision, severing the heads of their enemies. It seemed she had learned the most effective way to fight without wasting time. Lissana felt a surge of pride but also a pang of guilt for not being able to help. Everyone was giving their all, pouring every ounce of strength into the fight, and Lissana knew she had to do the same. Ignoring the chaos behind her, she focused on the enemy before her.

Gathering all the power she possessed, she concentrated it into the dagger of her priest—the ardent fire, the impetuous wind, the light that could pierce through the deepest darkness. She poured everything into that dagger, holding nothing back. This was her only chance; if she failed, it would mean the end. Her brothers trembled, aware that the fate of the world rested in her hands, in that dagger charged with power. Fear gripped her; she doubted whether she could succeed. The thought of dying or, worse, losing everyone because of her filled her with dread.

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But in that moment, amidst the cacophony of battle, she heard a profound silence. Suddenly, she found herself in a different realm, as if she had ascended to the heavens. Below her, the battlefield stretched out like a night sky, filled with stars, as if the chaos had been suspended. And then she heard a voice. "Do not fear, I am with you. I have promised victory to my son today. Trust me, my child; that dagger will end the darkness. Just have faith." Though Lissana could not see the source of the voice, she felt all her fear, anger, and pain dissipate, replaced by an inexplicable peace.

"Who are you?" she asked. "I am the one who is. I am the beginning and the end, the light that shines upon this world." Lissana thought that if anyone could be called God, it must be the owner of that voice. She had countless questions, but only one escaped her lips. "What must I do?" "Use it. Just trust me and let me guide you." With all her heart, Lissana wished to end the war. "I am your instrument. Use me as you will." As soon as she spoke, she was thrust back onto the battlefield. Time seemed to have paused, but the fight resumed as if she had never left. Yet she was changed.

Her brothers did not hesitate; they fought with renewed vigor, sensing her confidence. She was not alone; someone greater and stronger than the enemy stood beside her. "Stop." The dark king halted his advance, fixing his gaze on Lissana. He approached with a steady stride, dagger in hand. The dark king believed he had already won this battle, that victory was within his grasp. Cira knew they could not prevail. Cassiel struggled to rise, leaning on his arms, but he was too weak. He had lost too much blood, and it was only a matter of time before he succumbed to unconsciousness. "Don't come!"

Run!" Cira shouted, creating a wall of flames between herself and the dark king. But he brushed them aside with a single swipe, the force of it cracking ribs as he advanced. "I'm going to kill you," he said, his voice low. "Really?" Cira retorted, raising an eyebrow. "Because

I don't believe that's going to happen. Look at yourself. Your friends can't help you. You're alone. What can a little girl like you do against me?" "I will kill you, and I'm not alone.

You just haven't noticed." The dark king's expression faltered as he saw a faint sacred glow emanating from Lissana's body, and the smile slipped from his face. In an instant, he vanished, retreating into the shadows. Lissana pursued him, moving like an arrow across the battlefield, landing precisely among the ranks of the dark king's army, acutely aware of the monsters surrounding her. The dark king reappeared mere meters away, laughing at the sight of her standing defiantly, all the power contained within her small frame.

"Magnificent," he said, ordering his army to attack while he prepared to flee. Lissana's brothers fought valiantly, and she continued to gather her strength, standing firm. The dark king, surrounded by his own minions, brandished his sword. "You think you can face me with that little dagger?" he taunted. Lissana remained silent, refusing to rise to his provocations. The dark king lunged at her, but Lissana dodged, leaping backward. He attacked again, and she evaded once more. On the third strike, when he was close enough, she plunged her priest's dagger into his chest, gripping it tightly.

A brilliant, fiery power erupted from the dagger. The dark king struggled to break free, but Lissana held on, channeling all the energy that had gathered within her. Silver flames engulfed him, consuming him entirely until he was reduced to ashes, scattered by her wind across the battlefield. Amplifying her voice with her wind magic, she declared for all to hear that the dark king was dead.

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The dark king was dead, and the war was over. Yet the monsters continued to fight, determined to end everything and everyone. The last order of the dark king had been to attack Lissana, who found herself completely surrounded by the creatures. Her magic was exhausted; she had used the last of it to convey the message that the dark king was dead. With a trembling grip, she clutched her priest's dagger, wondering if he would meet his priest in the afterlife. Just then, one of the monsters lunged at her.

Lissana closed her eyes, wishing for a swift end, hoping that her death would be neither long nor painful. In that moment, she heard Tarik's voice. She opened her eyes to see him soaring above on his dragon, reaching out to her. Lissana took his hand, and together they ascended into the sky. "Thank you for coming for me," she said, her voice barely a whisper. "Are you alright?" he asked, concern etched on his face. Lissana shook her head, her heart heavy. "My father..." Her voice broke, and tears streamed down her cheeks.

Tarik, unsure of what had transpired, pulled her into a comforting embrace. "What happened, Lissana?" "My priest... he's dead." The words tumbled out, and she wept openly. Tarik held her tightly, leading her back to the camp. When they arrived, they found Cira cradling Alessandro's lifeless body. Beneath the dragon, Lissana approached her priest, who looked as if he were merely sleeping. She checked for his breath, for the beat of his heart, but there was nothing. He was gone. Tears filled her eyes, and despair washed over her.

Tarik could sense her grief through their bond, and though he longed to abandon everything to comfort her, he knew he had to stay strong. Even with the dark king defeated, the war was far from over. Tarik stepped closer, wrapping his arms around her for a moment. "I have to go back. I can feel it." Lissana understood. "Go and finish this, so we can return home." He wiped her tears away, pressing a gentle kiss to her forehead. "I will. Come back soon." With that, Tarik climbed onto Lissana's dragon, his expression resolute despite the weight of leaving her behind.

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He had to return to the battlefield, where the fighting raged on fiercely. As Liona mourned the dark king's death, she had hoped that, despite their wickedness, the monsters would not win this war. She never imagined she would die without being defeated. Gathering a significant portion of the monster army, she used a teleportation parchment to escape the battlefield before they could lose everything. Enora watched as part of the dark king's army vanished, a troubling sight, especially as some of the monsters began to abandon their ranks and scatter.

Abril brought her to where she needed to be. "Sister, it's time." Sophia continued to channel her magic through her daughter's body, even as she rode her horse, commanding the warriors around her to protect them while they gathered their strength for a final assault against the dark king's army. "Are you sure this is the moment?" Enora asked. "Yes, it is," Sophia affirmed. United, Enora and Sophia's families combined their powers, taking several minutes to gather their strength. Then, as one, they unleashed their magic against the dark king's forces.

Light erupted across the battlefield, banishing darkness and obliterating the monsters that belonged to it. The golden light surged forth, climbing the mounts of Vaizel, disappearing into the horizon. The majority of the enemy army was destroyed, leaving only the more resilient monsters, who, despite their strength, were weakened by the onslaught of light magic. Exhausted, Enora and Sophia fell to their knees, their powers nearly spent. They could not muster another attack, but they had bought enough time to continue fighting and heal some of their wounded.

Sophia rushed to where Cassian was, amidst the fairy army, using her magic to restore part of his strength so he could return to battle. Maya, connected to Cassian, felt the effects of the restoration as well. Though he had been defeated in the midst of battle, Cassian had kept them safe. Once restored, they returned to the fray against the remaining forces of the dark king, who were beginning to realize that victory was slipping from their grasp. Uzziel stood on the balcony of his room, gazing into the distance, wondering when they would return to their homes.

Suddenly, a loud crash echoed, as if something had violently struck the barrier protecting the city. He rushed down the stairs, eager to discover what was happening. Gabriel was already at the entrance, where one of the horsemen was announcing that they were under attack, though the barrier still held. "Who is attacking us?" Uzziel asked. The horseman hesitated, knowing Uzziel was just a boy. Gabriel pressed the same question, and the horseman finally replied. "Monsters are attacking.

They've breached the barrier, and though there are not many of them, I fear we may not be able to stop them." The battle was far from over. As the hills loomed in the distance, Gabriel remained resolute. "We must evacuate the city and bring everyone to the palace. Its walls will be easier to defend. The horsemen will handle this, while the magic users protect those closest to the barrier." Uzziel spoke up. "I will go with the magic users." Gabriel looked at him, concern etched on his face. "You cannot, Prince Uzziel. You must stay in the palace and remain safe." "I cannot do that.

I promised my mother I would protect the kingdom." "Uzziel, you must stay here," Gabriel insisted. "You cannot help them from the front lines." "I refuse to hide while the city is in danger!" Uzziel shouted, determination fueling his words. "I will keep the promise I made to my mother." With that, he dashed away. Gabriel chased after him but couldn't catch up. By the time he reached the courtyard, Uzziel had summoned a massive golem of earth, large enough for him to climb onto its shoulder, ready to join the fight. Gabriel turned to the horsemen trailing behind him.

"Make sure no one else does anything reckless."

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A New Dawn After organizing the horsemen, Gabriel sought out Uzziel, hoping he wouldn't get too caught up in something dangerous. When he reached the boy, he remained calm and immovable at the edge of the barrier, where monstrous creatures attacked violently to gain entry. It was a sight that would horrify anyone, but that thin thread of soil told Gabriel how to sharpen his defenses, as if ants were crawling from the shoulder of the stone golem he had created. With great trepidation, Gabriel approached Uzziel, who stood resolute. "Prince Uzziel, you must return to the palace.

It's too dangerous here." Uzziel didn't take his eyes off the barrier. "I'm not going to hide. I have to protect the city." "This isn't something a boy should even think about doing." "There are no adults to do it, so I have to. I promised my mother." "Prince, we must not fight against this horde of monsters. Please, run!" Liona launched a second attack, crashing loudly against the barrier, which seemed ready to give way. Uzziel looked at Gabriel and said, "Lord Gabriel, if you don't know how to fight, you should leave.

It's time to start." Gabriel hesitated for a moment, but then the barrier broke. The cavalrymen rushed in and dragged Gabriel away, while he shouted to Uzziel to flee. Uzziel remained steadfast, unafraid as the monsters surged toward him. He raised his arms slowly, and in that moment, the earth trembled. A wall of soil erupted between him and the monsters. With a commanding voice, he addressed the woman leading the creatures. "Sefiora, you should retreat and take your monsters with you." Liona stared at him in confusion. "You think I'll back down just because you ask politely?

Your walls won't stop me." "That's why I'm asking you to leave. I don't want to be forced to use my power. My mother wouldn't want me to use it against you." Liona laughed at the boy's words, responding with mockery. "I'd like to see your power, to see how you stop me. I believe that will be fun." Uzziel smiled, a radiant expression that he would never see again. He opened his arms and joined his hands. Branches and heavy roots erupted from the ground,

ensnaring the monsters. Some lunged directly at Liona, forcing her to leap back to avoid being caught.

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Her expression shifted entirely; she had underestimated the young prince, and that mistake would cost her dearly. Uzziel turned to the horsemen behind him. "You should attack the monsters now. I don't think I can kill them." The horsemen stood astonished at the display of power Uzziel wielded. They reacted when he spoke, climbing to the top of the wall he had created and launching arrows imbued with magical light. The monsters transformed into grotesque shapes as they crossed the barrier.

Liona watched in horror as her monsters were overwhelmed, and she began to attack the area that had interposed itself in her path. Uzziel saw that Liona had unleashed her full strength, branches and vines seeming to come alive as they lashed out toward her and the monsters that tried to protect her. A vast network of branches, roots, and entanglements surged in that place. Liona had thought that since the kingdom was often empty, she could wreak havoc without consequence. She never imagined that someone would possess enough power to defend the kingdom.

She tried to kill the boy with all her might, but he thwarted her efforts. He ended up trapping her in her own entanglements. As she lost her magic, she approached him with a triumphant smile. "I've trapped you." "Damn you, let me go!" Liona shouted. "I can't do that. You wanted to destroy the city, and that's not acceptable." Liona looked around, surrounded by branches, roots, and entanglements, as well as some earth golems that had appeared without her noticing. The city had been devastated, even if not by her hand.

"You've created a great disaster, boy." Uzziel gazed at the destruction around him. Though he hated to admit it, it was true; he had unleashed chaos. He was still young and lacked control over his powers, which was why his mother had always forbidden him from using them recklessly. He looked at Liona and said, "Um... I can't let you go. I think I'll hold you responsible for this disaster. I don't want to be punished until I'm seventy." Liona started to reply, but Uzziel used one of the vines to cover her mouth.

The knights continued to battle the monsters that had fallen, and he watched everything carefully. Even though the fight was fierce, he only intervened at critical moments when the horsemen were in trouble, not wanting to worsen the disaster he had already created. The battle against the king's army was dark and raged until dawn. When the first rays of sunlight broke over the horizon, what had once been a dark stain vanished completely.

As it was announced that the battle was over, many soldiers and mages fainted, the tension in their bodies dissipating like a desert octopus carried away by the wind. Though some remained alert, they struggled to believe that the battle had finally come to an end. Sophia, still in control of her daughter's body, approached her sister Enora. "My work here is finished. I must be strong." Enora felt a deep sadness as she watched her sister's spirit begin to leave once more, uncertain if she would return or if this would be the last time they would see each other.

Sophia took her sister's hand and said, "I fear something terrible for this girl. Please forgive me; I will never take your body again." "You didn't do anything wrong. You just wanted to save us. I'm sure she'll understand." "I'm not so sure. If I hadn't intervened, would you have..." "This battle wasn't over yet. Unleashing power at the wrong moment is like throwing a vase of water onto a raging fire. We defeated the dark king's army, and it was thanks to your guidance." Sophia felt less guilty with her sister's words and embraced her. "Thank you, sister." "Don't worry."

I'll explain everything that happened and why you did what you did."

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Pain is only for... Sophia understood that Abril might not grasp why she had been prevented from saving the man she loved. Yet, she knew that there were times when one must sacrifice what they hold most dear. Even if it pained her, she recognized that there was a rightness to it. Sophia was aware that her granddaughter was in that place, and she wanted to say goodbye to her before surrendering Abril's body. That would be the first and last time she could speak with her. "I wish to say goodbye to Lissana.

Besides, I believe it's better for Abril to be with her when she leaves me, if necessary." Enora didn't fully understand what her sister was referring to, but she could see the deep sadness and guilt in her eyes. "What did you say, Abril? Why does your face look so troubled?" "I stopped him from saving the man he loved." Enora thought her sister was apologizing for having taken their daughter's body with such force during the battle. She was astonished by the answer. "Love can be a terrible thing." "Perhaps the king of Cosset still lives," Sophia replied, shaking her head. "No, he is dead.

His spirit resides in the kingdom of the dead, to which I must return. I am safe with him." Enora understood why her sister felt so guilty. She tried to console her but struggled to find words that could redeem what they had done, even though they both believed that what had happened was necessary. "Wars always bring great pain. Not everyone can be saved. We have been given the power to save, to illuminate the darkness, but we are not omnipotent. Only the one who gives life can grant us that power." "It's true," Sophia said, her voice heavy with sorrow.

"But the pain of not saving them all still lingers. It hurts me still, knowing that this pain cannot accompany me. It will be my daughter who carries it. Somewhere I go, there will be no pain, no sadness, only peace for those who remain." Enora embraced her sister one last time, knowing that nothing she could say would change what lay ahead. Sophia returned to the camp, where soldiers moved about, tending to their duties and mourning Lissana. They announced the death of the king of Cosset, their faces marked with sorrow. They knew their king was dead and were in mourning.

As she approached her tent, Cira appeared before her. "Have you lost something in power?" Cira asked. Sophia sat down, contemplating whether she wanted her to heal her granddaughter. If Cira approached her, she would place her hand on her shoulder, but Cira held back. "I'm not the one who needs it." "Lissana is in need!" "She is fine; it's Cassiel who is not." Cira began to walk, and Sophia followed her to the tent where Cassiel lay. His back

was covered in blood, and his leg was twisted at an unnatural angle. "This is very serious," Cira said, trying to staunch the bleeding.

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"It won't stop." Sophia noticed several towels soaked with blood beside the bed. She approached and examined Cassiel. His wings had been torn from their roots, leaving gaping wounds. Cassiel was dying. Sophia placed her hand on his back, where the wounds were most severe. At that moment, the bleeding ceased, but she lacked the strength to fully heal him. She needed to mend his leg; otherwise, he would never walk again. Sophia spoke to Cassiel, doing what she could to stabilize him. He regained consciousness for a brief moment, letting out a howl of pain before slipping back into darkness.

"Go heal your leg," she urged. "This should be enough for now," Cira said, looking at her intently, as if something troubled her. "Is something wrong?" "Who are you?" Cira asked, her brow furrowing. "I'm surprised you noticed the difference." "You look like my sister, but you don't act like her." "You haven't spent much time with her. How do you know she doesn't act like herself?" "I've observed enough to notice that the way you walk, the way you act, even your expressions are distinct. It's something someone picks up on after a while."

So tell me, who are you?" "This is Abril's body, which has been rendered. If you're asking who I am, I am the mother of this girl." "And what is happening with Abril? Where is she?" "She is with me, though her consciousness is asleep. When she leaves her body, she will regain control." "Are you planning to return her?" "Yes, this is my daughter's life.

I don't intend to take it, only to help, though I'm not entirely sure I've done a good job." "The king of Cosset is dead; does she know?" "No, she doesn't." "But judging by your reaction, she must know." "I knew this would be very painful for her, which is why I thought it best for her to be with you when she wakes. Then they can console each other." Sophia moved toward the entrance of the tent and paused beside Cira. "I hope you don't continue to hate my wife. Bitterness poisons the heart, and that is what you feel." "Oh, I hated her when we were little girls.

I hated her when she was the eldest and everyone compared me to her. I hated that my priest threatened me with how I should feel about her if I wasn't compliant. But now, it doesn't really matter. I was never the one I should hate; it was the priest." "Your father was a good man, sweet and kind. The darkness within him is what changed him. So don't hate who he was; hate what was inside him." Cira fell silent, contemplating those words. Sophia placed a hand on her shoulder. "Remember my words: don't hate.

Just live and be happy." Sophia entered the tent of the king of Cosset, and there she found Lissana, who was in a wheelchair beside her father's body, crying bitterly over his death. Sophia approached and placed her hand on Lissana's shoulder. Lissana turned to see her mother's hand resting there. "Mother," she said, tears streaming down her cheeks. Her voice trembled as she spoke. "Father..." "I know," Sophia replied gently. Lissana wept like a small child in her mother's embrace, but as she realized she was the only one crying, she pulled away. "My father is dead!

But there are no tears on your face. Doesn't it hurt you?" "It pains me to see your suffering, and it pains me even more knowing that your mother will soon follow you." As she spoke, Lissana realized that even though this woman appeared to be her mother, she was different. "Who are you? What have you done to my mother?" "I haven't done anything to your mother. She is here with me, merely asleep. She must take her body, for she cannot hear me. I am your grandmother, just a part of me remains. This is still her body." Sophia stepped closer to Lissana, but the girl recoiled.

"I just wanted to see you one last time before I go." Sophia looked at Alessandro's body lying on the bed. "I hope you can be with your mother when you wake up, and don't blame her for anything." Sophia smiled at Lissana. "Precious warrior, your path doesn't end here. Before you face difficult times, never forget that you are not alone."

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Separation Sophia knew that her time to leave had come. She looked at Alessandro, her face moist with tears, and then at her granddaughter, who was equally distressed. "I was delighted that you were so pleased with me under the best circumstances, where there is not so much pain on average," she said softly. Lissana only wanted her mother at that moment, so she didn't respond to Sophia's words. Sophia gazed at her one last time and said, "I hope you find comfort elsewhere.

Goodbye, little one." After uttering those words, her eyes closed and remained shut for a moment before fluttering open again. Sophia's spirit was unstable; she fell away from Abril. Lissana approached cautiously. "Mother?" When Abril saw her daughter, she hugged her tightly and asked, "Are you well?" "I'm fine, Mother," Lissana replied, tears streaming down her cheeks. Abril embraced her as only a mother could and gently inquired, "What's wrong, my little one?" "It's Daddy." Abril recalled the last scene her eyes had witnessed: her husband in mortal danger, as he lay lifeless.

She wanted to ask what had happened, but fear gripped her heart. Instead, she asked how the war against the dark king had unfolded. Lissana could hear the tremor in her mother's voice, afraid to hear the answers. "The dark king is dead; he was killed." "Is that your father...?" Abril couldn't finish her question. At that moment, she noticed the marriage mark on her brother had vanished. Tears flowed freely from her eyes. Lissana hugged her mother with all her strength, for she understood the weight of their loss.

Abril knew that Lissana understood the reason she didn't want to continue the flight; seeing her lifeless body would force her to confront the harsh reality. Abril lay beside Alessandro, wishing everything was a nightmare from which she could awaken at any moment. But that moment never came. Cassian had heard the news that Alessandro had died in battle. Upon arriving at the camp, he went to confirm the truth with his own eyes. When he saw Alessandro lying in bed, and Abril and Lissana weeping inconsolably, he realized it was true; once again, he had lost the bond of his brothers.

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Cassian remained at a distance, unable to approach them, knowing that nothing he said would ease their pain. Cassiel entered the room and saw Lissana and Abril crying. "You don't have to cry! He will return." Abril lifted her gaze and fixed it on Cassiel. "What?!" "You are a guardian. Guardians do not die. So, except for the whole thing, he can come back." "Then bring him back!" "I can't do that here, not right now. He has been dead for more than a day.

We must take him to the forest of Harth." Abril looked at Alessandro, and Cassiel continued, "It must be done now." "How long will he be in this place?" Abril asked, not taking her eyes off her husband. "That's not exact. His body was healed by Lissana after dying just a few months ago..." "What?" "Or a few years. It's not very precise, but we must lift him soon. He will return." "I will go with you." "You can't do that. You have a kingdom to run. At this moment, you cannot leave your kingdom without a ruler.

Even if you are with him, you can do nothing but go to this place to preserve his body until it can be completely restored." "Is there nothing we can do to help him?" "Lissana healed him because she just died, but that was only superficial. This power is for the living; you cannot give life to a dead man. However, there is a tree in the forest of Harth that is connected to the sky. It can restore his body completely, allowing his soul to return. Think of my body at this moment as a broken vessel.

No matter how much magic is infused into it, it cannot retain anything; the vessel needs to be restored by the potter who created it." "Are you asking me to just wait?" "Yes, that's the only thing you can do right now." Cassiel called out to Kiara, who had little chance of returning, to help him take Alessandro to the forest of Harth. Cassiel glanced at Lissana, who looked truly upset with him. "Lissana, you can come if you want.

I believe you would do well to know this place." Lissana had seen her mother in despair; it was hard for her to continue as if nothing had happened when she had just lost her life companion. "I won't go. I will stay with my mother. In my kingdom, I am the hereditary princess; I have obligations to my realm." "If that is your decision, I respect it." Cassiel paused beside Alessandro's body and spoke to him. "I will stay for some time in the forest of Harth; you need me." "I just need you to return my husband to me and tell me when you'll be back.

I don't need anything but you." "If you are upset about Alessandro's death, know it wasn't my fault. He understood that this was the only way to end the dark king. Thanks to his sacrifice, we have won this war. Never forget that." "I never want to forget it." Abril looked at her left hand, where the mark of their marriage had once been. Her eyes filled with sadness; the perfect bond that united them had completely vanished. Abril took Alessandro's hand for the last time. Lissana hugged him, saying goodbye to her father, wishing in her heart that she could see him alive once more.

\*\*I Will Wait for You\*\* After Cassiel took Alessandro into the woods of Harth, the kings representing other kingdoms entered the store, hoping to speak with Abril. Lissana was upset with them; it wasn't the best moment for a meeting. She stepped outside to fetch them, but Abril placed a hand on her shoulder. "You should come out for a moment. I'll handle them," she said gently. "But, Mother-" "Don't worry. You'll be fine." Lissana emerged from the store, visibly annoyed.

Tarik noticed her and approached, guiding her to a quieter spot. "How are you holding up?" he asked softly.

When she heard Cassiel say that her priest could return from the dead, the pain that had torn at her heart eased slightly, though it had not vanished completely. She still did not know when she would get her priest back. "I'm better," she replied. Tarik looked at her, his expression conveying that he didn't expect her to appear strong in front of him. He was there to support her. Seeing the concern etched on Tarik's face, Lissana spoke up. "Cassiel said my father could return from among the dead if he's taken to the woods of Harth.

There's a tree there that can completely restore his body and return his soul to it." "I've been there. What Cassiel told you is true. I'm glad to hear your father's death isn't permanent, that you can recover your priest," Tarik reassured her. "I don't want to lose him," Lissana confessed. Tarik closed the distance between them, taking Lissana's hands in his. "You won't lose him. If Cassiel says he can bring him back from the dead, then it's true." "How are you?" she asked, shifting the focus. "I'm good.

The battle against the monsters of Queban was tough, but we managed to defeat the entire army of the dark king." "I'm glad it's over. I just want to go home." When Lissana mentioned the word 'home,' Tarik hesitated, wondering what place she considered her home, but he was afraid to ask directly. "I want to go back, too, to when everything was as it should be." Lissana knew that wouldn't happen. Even if the war had ended, nothing would be the same again. Tarik would return to the land of the fairies, while she would remain in the human kingdom.

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If they said their goodbyes, perhaps he would marry and start a family. The mere thought of separating from him broke her heart. "I hope we find happiness in the future," she whispered. Tarik embraced her tightly. "I'm sure we will." They held each other for a moment, lost in the warmth of their connection, until Maya appeared. They immediately pulled apart, as if caught doing something wrong. "Am I interrupting something?" Maya asked, arching an eyebrow. "Not at all, Aunt Maya. Tarik was just here to console me," Lissana replied quickly.

Maya felt a pang of regret every time she saw Tarik and Lissana together, partly because she saw herself reflected in them. She said nothing, simply placing her hands on Lissana's shoulders and speaking with warmth. "I know." "Are you not going to attend the meeting taking place at my mother's store?" Maya asked. "No, Cassian is there. He'll tell me what's discussed later. How are you, Lissana?" Though Lissana knew her priest would return, sadness still lingered over his death, and she couldn't shake the image of him dying from her mind.

"I'm fine," she replied, though her voice lacked conviction. Maya recognized that Lissana was not truly well; she had witnessed her priest's death with her own eyes. She pulled Lissana into a comforting embrace. "Everything will be alright, you'll see." "I know." "Lissana, you should return to Cosset first. Uzziel is alone in the palace. Even though a message was sent saying the war is over, he must be scared. Do you want to come back with me?" Lissana hesitated, not wanting to leave her mother alone in this moment of vulnerability. "I'd like some time with my mother.

She needs me." "I understand," Maya said. "I will leave when the meeting ends. I want to say goodbye to Cassian and the fairy queen," Tarik added. "Are you going back to the land of the fairies?" Maya asked. Tarik nodded. "We were just there for the children; it was the safest place for them. Now that everything is over, we will return to the human kingdom, where our home, our family, awaits." Maya's words were clear, as if she were stating that the fairy realm had never truly been her place. Tarik turned to Lissana, his eyes questioning. "Will you come back too?" Lissana didn't respond.

She didn't believe this was the right moment to answer, though deep down, Tarik should have known the truth. Maya spoke up. "I need to prepare for my trip. You two have a lot to discuss." Once Maya left, Tarik couldn't hold back his uncertainty any longer. "Do you even think about returning to the land of the fairies?" Lissana hesitated before answering. "I don't want to leave my mother alone. She's suffering." "But your father will return. At that moment, will you come back with me?" "How much time will pass before that happens? In the last years, time has worked differently.

When I can return, you might have forgotten me, and there's no guarantee I can do it." "We've always been told we cannot be together. I've resisted that idea, and I want to keep resisting it. You say you'll forget me, but I never will. Lissana, I don't care if I have to wait ten lifetimes; I believe it's worth it. What do you say?" Lissana wanted to say yes, but she knew it would be selfish. What if it took too long for her? "That wouldn't be fair to you.

Let's make a deal: if we find each other again someday and neither of us has found a partner, let's form one." "I will wait, so that when we meet again, I won't let you go."

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When the meeting ended, Lissana returned with her mother, and Alessandro asked, "Is that what you wanted?" "The war is over, but you probably still have some monsters lurking on Vaizel's mounts. Each kingdom will leave it to a few men to finish the cleanup." "Does that mean everyone goes to Iran?" "Some will start their return trip today; others will travel tomorrow morning." "And what will we do?" "We will return to the house." "Aunt Maya is coming back today. I believe she should wait for us?" "Traveling with a full army is much slower than doing it separately.

If your desire is to be ready, it will be better than going alone." "I see." "You can go back with them if you want." "No, I'm with you. We'll go home together." Abril hugged Lissana and said, "Thank you for being my friend." Lissana smiled at her mother, then went out to find Tarik. She wanted to say goodbye to him before he left. He was near his store, and when she saw him approaching, she hurried to meet him. "Do you know when you're going?" Tarik nodded.

"The queen had to leave today; the rest of us will leave tomorrow." "We will also go tomorrow." "I suppose I missed the chance to say goodbye." "I'll keep writing to you." "I will too." "I'll blow you away." A tear rolled down Lissana's cheek. Just days ago, she had to part from her priest, and now she would have to say goodbye to Tarik, who held a special place in her heart.

Tarik wiped her tears away with his thumb and said, "I will always carry you in my heart and wait patiently until we see each other again." "Tarik..." "If you told me it wouldn't happen, I'd still promise you this: I'll wait for you. I'm a fairy, and you know my words are true because I can't lie." "I know what I believe." The priests called for Tarik, and Lissana waved to them from a distance, knowing this was the moment to part. "Do you think we can see each other before you leave?" "I hope so, but if we don't, never forget that I'll be waiting for you." "I won't forget.

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I could never forget you." Tarik's priests called him again. He wished to give Lissana a kiss before saying goodbye, but he knew that would only cause problems, so he held back. Instead, he took her hand and said, "It's time, Lissana." "Ready," she replied. Lissana found herself staring as Tarik lingered, and when she could no longer see him, she returned to the store with her mother. Fay had taken Tarik to the store where he was established. He gazed at his wife for a long moment before finally speaking.

"Tarik, you know you shouldn't be with Lissana." Naiana intervened, saying, "Careful, Tarik was just saying goodbye to his friend. Don't be so hard on him." "The more time we spend together, the harder it will be to separate. I've told you this many times, Tarik." Tarik understood, but he preferred this pain to the regret of never having said goodbye. "That's true, Father, but I'd rather say goodbye properly for her and feel the pain of parting than regret it for the rest of my life. To me, that would be even worse." Naiana hugged her daughter, something Tarik found uncomfortable.

She had always treated him like a child, even though he felt he had outgrown that role. At fourteen, he must have looked like a baby in his mother's eyes. "You're right, my son, but you're only causing more pain." "Naiana." "What?! That's the truth, and you know it." Naiana fixed her gaze on Fay, as if to say, "If you say something, you'll regret it." Fay knew that irritating his wife was not a good idea, so he remained silent, focusing instead on organizing the soldiers under his command. Tarik looked at his mother and said, "Thanks, Mama." "You, Father, don't want to see her hurt.

That's why you're acting this way. Don't take my words the wrong way." "I know." "You and Lissana live in different worlds. Each of you is a hereditary prince of your kingdom. It's a bit complicated for you to be together, even though I don't believe it's impossible." "Is it true? Do you believe it? Everyone tells me it's impossible, that I shouldn't set my sights on her." "Though it's not impossible, it won't be easy either.

If you choose to be with her, you must be prepared for the obstacles that lie ahead." Naiana placed her hand on her husband's shoulder and continued, "At first, tasks always seem impossible. But when you laugh in the face of them, they become less daunting. The only impossibility in our lives is what we impose on ourselves." "I don't think Daddy understands what you're saying." "I don't think he does either, but we'll keep this conversation a secret." Barto appeared in the part of the camp where the army of the elven kingdom was stationed. He wanted to speak to Queen Enora before she left.

He needed to decide if he was truly in love with his wife. He didn't want to be just her lover; he wanted a serious relationship with her, but he knew they were still hiding their connection from the elven realms, and that could never last. Dantriel approached him and asked, "Do you need something?" "I wanted to talk to your queen." "My queen is tired; she won't welcome you." "Tell her I'm her daughter's friend. If she hears that, I'm sure she'll see me." "If I say so, you'll be leaving this camp, boy. It's best you go and keep this to yourself." "I won't. I won't hide."

If this is my last chance to speak with the elven queen, I won't lose it out of fear." "Are you not afraid of losing your life?" "I'm more afraid of losing the woman I love. That would be the same as her death." "Knowing that won't change anything. You should take a half-hearted trip and return to where you came from." "If you don't let me see your queen, I'll fight to reach her." Dantriel could see that there was no doubt in him. If he didn't allow him to see Enora, he would create a scene that would surely attract her attention. Dantriel had no choice but to accept the request.

"Fine, I'll announce you, but if she doesn't accept you, I hope you can leave without causing any trouble." "If she doesn't accept me, I will respect her decision. I won't insist further and won't cause any problems."

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A Difficult Choice Dantriel informed Barto that he would follow him only when he was completely convinced of what he was about to do. He felt as though he was on the verge of condemning that young man to death. "When you reach the store, let me know," he said. "Wait a moment; I'll ask the queen if she wants to receive you or kill you, because I believe the latter is more probable." Barto understood that the elven kingdom would be furious with him for having a relationship with their daughter, but that didn't matter. He knew the risk was worth it.

While he waited, he felt threatened and instinctively jumped to the side just as a spear struck the ground where he had been standing. "Damn you, disgrace!" the fairy queen shouted as she stormed out of the store. "How dare you lay your eyes on my daughter!" "Your Majesty, please listen to what I have to say. I love your daughter, and if she loves me too—" Enora lunged at Barto like an arrow, forcing him to dodge quickly, knowing he wouldn't be able to withstand a direct attack from the elven kingdom. "Let it go, you coward! Let her break up with you already!" she yelled.

"I can't allow that to happen. Kiara would be devastated." "Once she's dead, she'll forget you." At that moment, a portal opened. "I won't do it, Mother! If Barto dies, I die with him!" Kiara exclaimed, turning to face her mother as she stepped between them. "Stop, Mother! Barto is the man I love, the one I want to be with. I've felt this way for a long time, but I hid it because I knew you wouldn't approve." "I don't think I can accept this." "Mother, don't make me choose between you and him." "KIARA!" "Mother, I love you, and I want to be with you. I want to have a family with him.

If you don't accept it, you'll lose everything, and I'll fall into the human kingdom." "Don't say this, Kiara..." "Mommy, if you're scared of what might happen to me, I'll be fine. It's not the same as what happened to Aunt Sophia. Let me live my life with the person I want to be with, please."

"Whatever you want," Enora replied, her annoyance evident as she crossed her arms. Kiara glanced at Barto, a glimmer of hope in her eyes. "It went better than I expected." "Why did you do that?" Barto asked, surprised. "I couldn't keep hiding it.

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I wanted something serious with you, Kiara." "So did I, but I didn't want it to come to this. It was the moment." "With you, the moment is never right, Kiara. I've been waiting a long time for you to tell your mother. If you didn't decide to do it, you'd never have the courage." "I can't enter Arkala. This is my only chance to see your mother and tell her how I feel." Kiara placed her hand on Barto's cheek. "I feel like I've waited too long." Barto wrapped his arm around her waist. "Good. Now it doesn't matter.

Your mother knows, and she has accepted it." "My mother hasn't accepted our relationship. She's simply given up because she knows what I say is true. If she doesn't allow us to be together, I'll leave her behind." "I feel like you're making me choose between her and you, and that was never my intention." "Your intention was for my mother to kill you. She hates humans." "I'm only half-human; I'm a half-breed." "That matters little to her. For her, the union between two different clans is taboo. But I don't care about that.

I only care about you." Dantriel followed Enora, who had drained a bottle of wine in celebration of their victory and left the camp. Enora stopped on one of the sand dunes, sitting in the dirt as she gazed at the night sky, taking another swig from the bottle she had brought along. "Are you okay?" Dantriel asked, sitting beside her. "No, I'm furious! That damn coward..." Enora took a long drink, and Dantriel watched her with concern. "What?" he asked. "I'm not saying anything." "That's why I'm asking. It seems like you want to decide something." "I have nothing to decide.

I wouldn't dare do such a thing." "Kiara has gone mad. I should never have let her come to the human kingdom." "You couldn't keep her locked away forever." "I feel betrayed. I can't believe she chose this..." "She's in love. She's speaking from her heart." "But are there no men in our kingdom?

Why does she have to choose a human?" "He's not entirely human; he's part human." "That's even worse." "Do you think the princess will make the same mistakes as Sophie?" "I fear that it will happen." "Is that what you're thinking of doing?" "If it were up to me, I would kill that red-eyed boy." "But you won't, will you?" "You heard Kiara.

She chose him, and that's that!" "She didn't want to choose, but sometimes it's difficult to reason with you." "You're telling me, stubborn one." "I'm not saying that, but when it comes to humans, you become unreasonable." Enora leaned against Dantriel's shoulder, wrapping her arm around him. "It's just that I can't forget what happened with my sister. I fell in love with a human, and now she's dead. I don't want to lose my daughter, Dantriel." "If you continue refusing to accept this relationship, you'll be making the same mistakes of the past.

Don't miss this opportunity; you can even set your conditions." "My conditions?" "Yes. If you fear that this boy could harm Princess Kiara, having him around will be better so you can keep an eye

on him." "Um... I suppose you have a point." "Think carefully and then make a decision. You don't want to be driven by resentment and anger again." Enora kissed Dantriel and said, "Thank you." "You have nothing to thank me for, my queen. I'm only advising you." "Now I remember why I named you my advisor.

It wasn't just because of your pretty face, but also because you always help me see reason." "I'm glad you recognize that. Many think I'm only here for my looks." "Even if I don't say it sometimes, you know that's not true." "Yes, if you ever did, I wouldn't mind. I only want to be by your side. Even if I were just an ornament for you, I would happily stay by your side." "To me, you are more than an ornament. You are my friend, my lover, and my companion." "I know."

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That night, Enora didn't speak to Kiara. She spent the hours meditating on Dantriel's words, realizing he was right. If she didn't want to lose her daughter, she would have to accept her lover, even if she despised him. Kiara had given her heart to this human, and nothing Enora said would change that. The only thing she could do was set conditions to ensure her daughter wouldn't repeat the same mistakes as Sophia. The next day, Enora went to pick up Kiara at her store. "Mom, can we talk?" Kiara asked as she entered. "Of course. I came to find you so we could talk.

Let's go." Kiara was surprised by her mother's calm demeanor and wondered if she was up to something. "Aren't you bothered?" Kiara inquired. "I would be lying if I said I wasn't, but I doubt you'll change your mind." "Honestly, I love him, Mother. I knew you wouldn't like him. I knew you wouldn't give him a chance, so I decided to keep my relationship hidden from you." "It's true that I don't like him, and I don't think I can allow you to stay in the human world.

If he loves you the way you love him, and if he's willing to leave everything behind to be with you, then let me give him this opportunity to prove himself." "Are you serious?!" "Of course. If he wants to be with you, he must be willing to give up everything for you." "Are you really going to let me go to Arkala?!" "Yes, because I don't want to lose you, Kiara. I'll allow you to accompany us to Arkala, but if there's anything to regret, I will cast him out like a dog in my kingdom." Kiara jumped into her mother's arms. "That won't happen!

He would never regret me." "Let's hope it's as you say." Kiara kissed her mother on the cheek. "Thank you so much, Mom." "You still don't need to thank me. I won't accept it yet; it will take time for me to get to know him." "For me, this is enough." "We'll leave soon. You should go talk to him. He might not be willing to abandon everything for you." "I'm sure he will, because I know he loves me just as much as I love him." Kiara hurried to find Barto, leaving the store. When she found him, she exclaimed, "Thank you!" "Why are you thanking me, princess?" he asked, puzzled.

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"If you convinced my mother, I owe you one." Kiara ran to Barto and threw herself into his arms. "Kiara!" "My mother has approved of us being together!" "Is that true?!" "Yes, but there's one condition." "What condition?" "You must come to Arkala with us." "Will she really let me enter the elven kingdom?!" "Yes, she will." Barto looked astonished. "Will you come with me?"

Kiara asked eagerly. She was ready to leave everything behind for him, and Barto couldn't offer her anything less.

"I would go with you to the ends of the earth if you asked me to." Kiara kissed him and said, "By accepting, you've passed my mother's first test. She wanted to see if you were willing to leave everything for me." "I would leave it all for you.

Even if it doesn't happen, I still want you to know that I love you." "I don't think you'll see your family again soon." "Yes." "Are you sure about this?" "I'm sure my family won't understand." "I would love to say goodbye to your father, and you can do it." "Yesterday, I said goodbye to Maya and asked her to say farewell to my father." "Why?" "When I decided to talk to your mother, I was willing to risk everything, even my life." "You were a fool, and that doesn't make me happy." "It's always good for me." "You'll still have to earn my mother's favor and trust." "I'm aware of that and I'm prepared, because that is very important to you." "Thank you." "But we should say goodbye to Abril." "You're right." The two went to Abril's shop, where she was meeting with her generals.

When she saw them enter, she ended the meeting. "Sorry for interrupting," Barto said. "You don't have to worry. I'm done with them. But tell me, what brings you here?" Kiara replied, "We came to say goodbye. Soon we will leave." "You're going together? Don't you plan to return to your kingdom?" "I'll return to Arkala. Barto will help me." "Did your mother allow it?" "In a way, she has." Abril hugged Kiara and said, "I hope you are very happy, Kiara." "I hope you can recover what you have lost." A shadow of sadness crossed Abril's face. "I'm sure it's here.

I just hope it doesn't take too long." Abril looked at Barto and said, "Thank you for all your help. I will never forget what you've done for me, my family, and my kingdom. If you ever need anything, don't hesitate to ask. I will help in any way I can." "Thank you, and I would like to ask you something," Barto replied. "Could you take care of my sister and make sure she's safe with you?" Kiara asked. "Of course." One of the elven soldiers called for Kiara from outside the shop. Kiara gave Abril one last hug and said, "Thank you for everything.

If you ever need us, you know where to find us." "Thank you, Kiara." "I must go now; my mother will come to find me personally." "Have a good journey and a happy life." "Let's hope it stays that way." When Kiara and Barto left the shop, Cassian entered a little later. "Everyone's gone," he said. "We should also leave and return," Barto suggested. "Aby, are you okay?" Cassian asked. "Honestly, no, but I can't break down right now. Lissana and my kingdom need me." "I will support you in whatever you need." "Thank you, Cassian.

I need all the help I can get right now." "I believe Alessandro sacrificed himself knowing he would return." "After thinking about it all night, I believe that too, but that doesn't mean it doesn't hurt my heart." Abril looked at her left hand, where the mark of marriage had completely vanished. "I'm afraid Alessandro will return to find that I'm no longer here to be his wife." Cassian understood Abril's fears perfectly, as he too was on the verge of losing the woman he loved. He knew all too well that fear and doubt could easily overshadow love.