

Forgotten Wife : Let the Traitors Kneel Down Novel

Chapter 471-472

****Freedom Wings**** Uzziel stopped looking at his cousin, who appeared confused. He understood her desire for freedom, for even if she hadn't realized it, he could see the chains she had bound herself with. She longed to be free, but she felt worthless. Uzziel wanted to help her break those chains, to voice his intentions. "I'll accompany you." "What?!" "I'll go with you on your journey. You know nothing about the world; it would be dangerous to travel alone." "You're in the same situation as I am. I don't know anything about the world either. I've only stayed in the palace." "You're mistaken."

If I leave the palace, I escape continually. Even when I visited Abuelo, I traveled to my homeland and even reached the borders of the elven kingdom." "I doubt your uncles will allow you to travel with me." "My priests are more liberal than you think."

Besides, they will soon return to their territory and will be safe on the moon plane." "That makes me uncomfortable." "Why are they leaving?" "Now that your father has returned and fully recovered, there's a need for stability." Meanwhile, Lissana was lost in her thoughts, trying to figure out how to tell her parents about her desire to travel when her mother called out to her. "Lissana, are you alright?" "Yes, why do you ask?" "I've called you several times, but you seem to be lost in thought."

Is something bothering you?" "No, I-" Lissana didn't know how to express to her parents that she wanted to leave the palace, that she didn't want to inherit the burdens of royalty, so she remained silent. Abril placed a hand on her shoulder and gently urged her, "Lissana, can you share what's troubling you?" After a long silence, Lissana finally spoke. "It's nothing. I'm just tired, so if you'll excuse me, I'd like to be alone for a bit." Lissana stood to leave, but Alessandro interjected. "What do you think is going on with her?" "I'm not sure."

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I'll talk to her later." Once the scene concluded, Abril made her way to Lissana's room. She found her daughter sitting on the balcony railing, looking lost in thought. Abril's heart sank at the sight. "Can we talk?" she asked softly. "Of course." Abril studied her daughter in silence for a moment, and Lissana began to feel uncomfortable under her mother's intense gaze. "What do you want to talk about?" Lissana asked. "About what you need to decide." "What?!" "You've been distant lately. I want to know what's going on." "It's nothing." "Lissana, don't hide your feelings."

You're not well." "I'm not hiding anything." "Of course you are. Ever since your father died, you've been repressing your emotions, tying yourself down when you should be reaching for the skies." Lissana was taken aback by how well her mother understood her. She wanted to

be honest, to reach for those skies her mother spoke of. "I want to travel, to see other places and be free from constraints, from rules, from appearances, and from feeling alone. But I don't want to abandon you. I don't want Dad to think I don't want to be with him now that he's back." "Your father would never think that.

He might not like the idea of you leaving home, but he wouldn't oppose your decision." "But..." "Lissana, I felt the same way once. There was a time when I thought this palace was my prison. That's why I want you to do whatever makes you feel free." "But I'm the hereditary princess." "Lissana, you've grown up too fast. We don't know what it means to take the throne at this moment. You've learned everything you need to know. Your father isn't a senile old man; you are ready for the throne.

If you decide you don't want it, you are free to choose your own path." Tears streamed down Lissana's cheeks. She had longed to hear those words, and it felt like a dream to finally listen to them. Lissana cried for a while, and her mother remained by her side, silent and supportive, waiting for her to calm down. When the tears finally subsided, Abril spoke again. "Talk to your priest; he will help you figure out what you want." "Thank you, Mom." "I would still like it if you delayed your trip a little.

Your priest and I want to get married again." "What?" Abril revealed the significance of the ring she wore. "The marriage bond lasts until one of us dies, so in a way, our marriage is null. We need to remarry to restore that bond." Lissana recalled her mother's words about feeling like a prisoner and asked, "Are you sure you want to marry again? I know how much you loved Dad, but if you want to come with me..." "I've felt this way for a while, but I'm not like that anymore. This is my place, my home. There's nowhere else I want to be than by his side.

I want to renew my vows, to unite my life with your father's again, to have a bond that is both my friend and his." "You would like to meet someone like that." "I'm sure that someday you will find that person who makes you feel complete." As her mother spoke, Lissana could only think of Tarik. The desire to see him again intensified, even though she knew not what the future held for them. Lissana approached the railing, embraced her mother, and said, "Thank you for your words, Mom.

If it weren't for you, I believe I would have made the wrong decision." "I know, and that's why I want you to always remember this: don't let anything limit you, nothing define you, nothing hold you back. Never allow your wings of freedom to be clipped by a single feather that weighs you down. You are free to be whoever you want to be; your life belongs solely to you." Until that moment, Lissana hadn't fully realized that she was bound by guilt and the pain of the past, which had become invisible shackles.

She had always looked away, yearning to fly, yet even at great heights, she felt unable to escape the place she was supposed to call home.

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A Flight Together When Abril returned home, Alessandro was already there, pacing the room in restless circles. "Is something wrong?" Abril asked, drawing a long sigh as she took a seat

on the bed, patting the space beside her, inviting him to join her. "Come here." "What's going on?" he replied, concern etched on his face. "Hmm... It's nothing serious, so change that worried expression," she reassured him, taking his hand in hers. "It's just that our little one wants to fly." "You know how to do it; I taught her. Have you forgotten?" he said, a hint of pride in his voice.

"I'll teach her again if necessary." "I'm not referring to that, Alessandro." Alessandro felt a pang of fear at her words, choosing to remain silent as she continued. "Lissana wants to leave the palace. She wants to take a trip to discover herself," Abril explained, her voice heavy with concern. "I doubt she thinks it means she doesn't want to be with you." "I just got back, but I couldn't be with my little one," he murmured. "I know, but she's not so little anymore, Alessandro.

If we don't let her go now, she may never ask us again, and we'll be tying her to this kingdom." Abril looked at him, sadness in her eyes. "To Lissana, this palace is a prison, not a home. It's not her obligation to stay here." Alessandro recalled that the palace had also felt like a prison for her at times. "Is it also a prison for you?" he asked softly. "No, this is not my prison. This is my home, where I can always return.

I want Lissana to talk to me about this because I believe it would be better for her if we let her go." "But I think it would be dangerous to let her travel alone." "For her or for others?" Abril countered, recalling how Lissana had once defeated the dark king on her own. "I know, but where will she go?" "Wherever she wishes. Just let her be free. I'm sure she'll communicate with us while she travels, as long as she's free to fly without restraints." "If you say it that way, it's impossible for me to deny her," Alessandro conceded, leaning forward to kiss her gently.

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"I'm glad to see that you understand," Abril replied, though her heart ached at the thought of their daughter venturing out into the world. That night, Alessandro couldn't sleep. Worry for Lissana gnawed at him, so he rose early and stepped out onto the balcony. As he watched the first rays of sunlight paint the sky in beautiful colors, he felt a longing to fly once more with his daughter, just as they had when she was a little girl. "She's grown up too fast," he murmured to himself.

With a sigh, Alessandro summoned his magic of wind and soared into the sky, trying to shake off the sadness that clung to him. Each time he flew, the feeling of liberation intoxicated him, allowing him to forget his worries, if only for a moment. When he returned to the palace, he spotted Lissana sitting atop one of the tallest towers. He hesitated for a moment, unsure whether to approach her, but ultimately decided to sit beside her. "Am I interrupting?" he asked gently. "Not at all," she replied, her gaze fixed on the clearing sky.

They sat in silence for a while, watching the clouds drift by, until Lissana finally broke the quiet. "Is Mama talking to you?" "Yes," he answered. "Is that what you think?" she pressed. "It doesn't bother me that you're leaving if that's what you're asking. I just feel a little sad because I haven't seen you for a while." "You probably shouldn't feel that way." "I don't want you to stay behind for my sake. I want you to leave for yourself. Just remember that I will

always be here for you, so when you've traveled your own path, come home." Lissana hugged him tightly.

"I will, I promise." "I'll be waiting for you with open arms, my little one." "I'm not so little anymore, Papa." "I know, but to me, you will always be my precious little girl, no matter how many sharp edges you acquire along the way." "You know I love you, right?" "Of course I know, and before you leave, I'd love for us to go for a ride, just like when you were a girl." "I would love that." Lissana jumped from the edge of the tower, calling out as she soared into the sky.

"Catch me!" Alessandro leaped after her, flying alongside her and reveling in the breathtaking views of the royal capital, bathed in the warm rays of a new dawn. That same afternoon, Uzziel came to see Lissana. She looked content and calm, as if she had finally shed her invisible restraints. "Have you talked to them?" he asked. "Yes," she replied, a smile lighting up her face.

"You look radiant, so I assume you received a positive answer." "Thanks for encouraging me to make the decision." "Family is important, and my offer to support you still stands." "Why do you want to accompany me?" "I told you yesterday; I don't want to spend my time with my priests on a honeymoon." "Are your uncles really leaving?" "Yes, if you tell your uncles tonight, that's a decision made." "Do you know when they're leaving?" "I believe it will be after your uncles renounce their marital vows. That's what they said when they decided.

When will you go?" "I'll leave too, after I renounce my vows." A shadow of sadness crossed Lissana's face, and Uzziel reassured her. "After renewing your vows, your uncles will be on their honeymoon. They'll be happy to have the palace to themselves." "Do you really believe that?" "Of course. Don't feel sad that we're all leaving the palace at the same time. They've been apart for so long. Now that your uncle has recovered, I'm sure they'd prefer to be alone together." "They're my parents! Don't say those things." "I'm just telling you the truth.

If I were in your place, I would want the same-to be alone with the woman I love without interruptions."