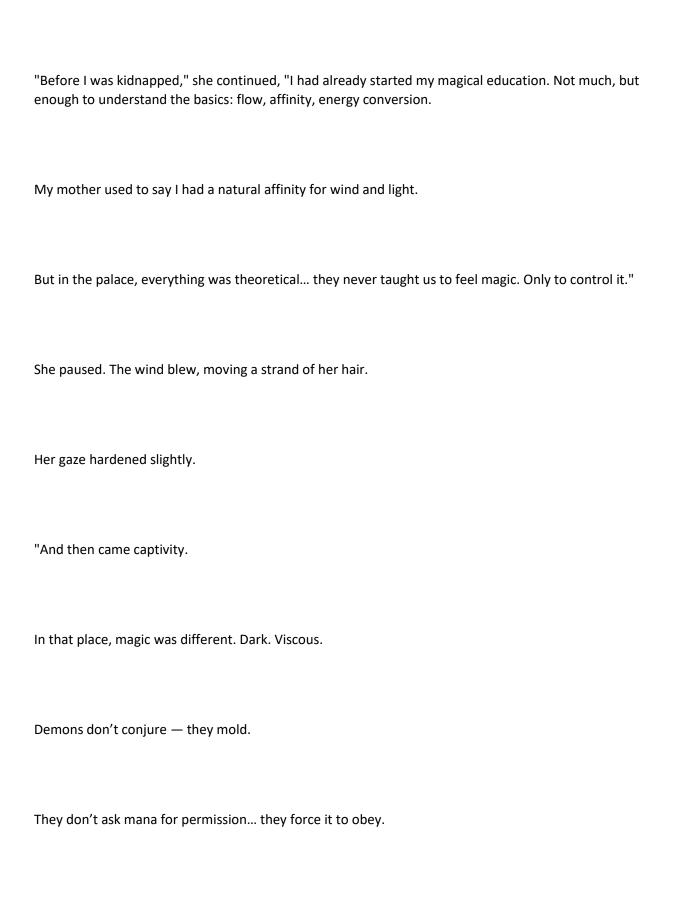
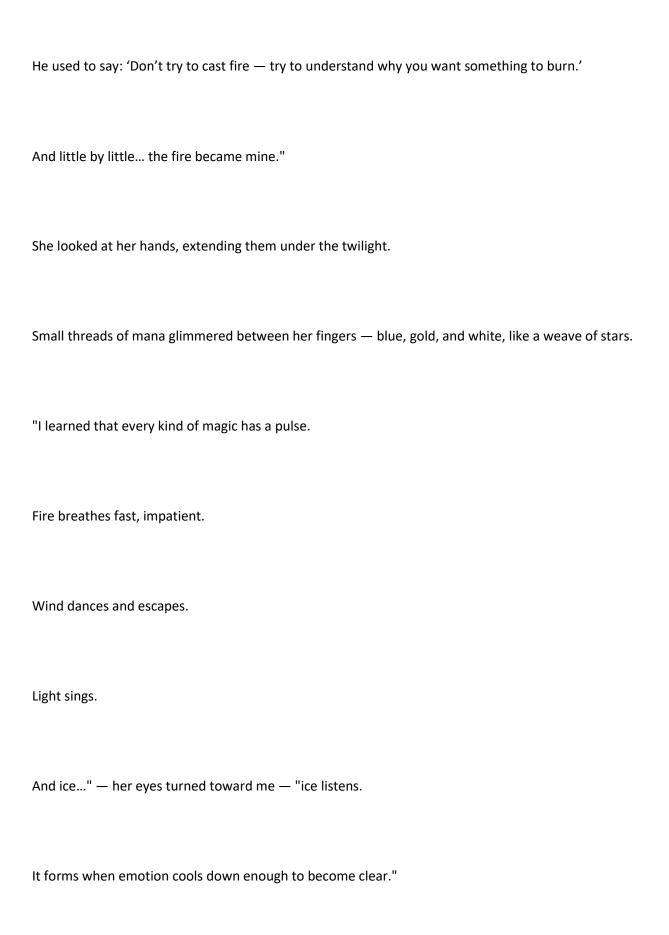
## Frozen Star 128

Chapter 128: A Past and Lights of Mana
[POV Liselotte]
The afternoon was slowly falling over Whirikal.
The sky, dyed a deep blue, began to fringe itself with golden threads. The snow of the training field reflected the last rays of the sun, and the steam of our breaths faded with every unspoken word.
It had been nearly an hour since we finished the fight.
Leah and I sat near the edge of the field, on a stone covered in frost.
Chloé slept a few meters away, her tail covering her snout, and Claire was watching from afar, sketching something in her notebook.
The silence between us was peaceful but full of thoughts.
Finally, I turned toward Leah.









I smiled, a bit fascinated.
"And yours? What does yours do?"
"My magic isn't of one single kind."
She closed her eyes. "It's a blend — fire, wind, a little light.
Not because I have more affinities but because I learned to harmonize them.
That's what Kaelen saw in me: not strength, but balance.
That mix the same one that saved me when I was captive."
Her voice softened.
"The demons made me understand chaos. Kaelen taught me balance.



Not for power, but to make sure none of what I lived ever happens again."
Her sincerity hurt, but it also inspired.
I stayed silent for a few seconds, thinking about my own struggles.
How I had felt the ice inside me as a burden, a weight I couldn't control.
And yet, Leah saw everything as something that could be understood, even the darkest parts.
"Leah," I said with a faint smile.
"Do you think I could learn that too that understanding of mana?"
She turned toward me with a warm look.
"Of course. In fact, you already are.

Your magic changes with your emotions, but not because it's out of control it's because it reflects what you feel honestly.
You just have to listen to it."
"Listen to it?"
"Yes."
She leaned a little closer. "Ice doesn't obey when you shout at it.
It does when it trusts you."
I couldn't help but laugh.
"That sounds like you're talking about Chloé."
Leah laughed too, softly.
"You're not that far off."

The sun finally disappeared.
The sky turned violet, and the first stars began to show on the horizon.
We stayed there a while longer, without speaking — only listening to the creak of the ice, the murmur of the wind, and the calm heartbeat of the magic around us.
For the first time in a long while, I felt like I understood my own power a little better.
Not as a burden but as a voice.
A voice that, like Leah, only needed to be heard.
Later, when we returned to the house, Leah stopped at the doorway and said to me:

"Lotte, do you know why you managed to make your ice move as if it were alive?"
"Why?"
She smiled, softly.
"Because, without realizing it, you gave it a purpose.
Ice responds to the desire to protect.
That's why it flows when you fight for someone else."
Her words stayed with me all night.
And as I lay down on my bed, staring at the ceiling lit by the faint glow of the fire, I thought that maybe the ice sleeping inside me wasn't as cold as I once believed.
It was only a promise still learning to be heard.