

THE TRIAD TOUR

AKSHITA GAUTAM



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please contact:

BLUEROSE PUBLISHERS

www.BlueRoseONE.com

info@bluerosepublishers.com

+91 8882 898 898

+4407342408967

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Author's Note

I started writing this book after I heard about the Pahalgam attack. I realized that wars and fights happen because we often don't understand one another.

It is not that both sides are wrong; it's that we don't take the time to understand each other's point of view

In this book, I tried to show how we can come together if we show a little effort to understand one another. While writing, I asked myself many questions: "Will people like this book?" "What if they don't like it?"

As I reached the end of the book, I realized that I didn't care as much about what people thought. This book has been like a painting. At first, it might not catch your attention, but when it is finished, you see how much it reflects who you are.

No journey should be taken alone, and I had many people cheering me on. I want to thank my parents, Mumma and

Papa, for always encouraging me to try new things and for teaching me to never back down. You are the most important people in my life. You have supported me in writing this book, and you have also taught me how to truly enjoy life.

I also want to thank Piyush Chachu. You have helped me a lot by teaching me how to turn my thoughts into words.

Thank you, Kanha! You have been a light in my darkest moments. Even if I may seem rude at times, I hope you know how much I care for you.

Sweta Aunty, you have always inspired me. Your strength and calm nature have made me admire you greatly.

I also want to extend my heartfelt thanks to the publisher for believing in this project. Your support and guidance made it possible for my thoughts to reach more readers. I am grateful for your efforts in bringing this book to life.

Finally, thank you to you, the reader. I appreciate everyone who gave me a chance to share my thoughts in this magical world. It is a huge compliment that you took the time to read my book.

I hope you enjoy reading it to the fullest!

~Akshita Gautam

Chapter 1

“Are you ready yet, Sophia?” Mrs. Walters called from the kitchen, where the delightful smell of fresh coffee and toasted bread filled the air.

“Yes, Mum, I’m almost ready! Just looking for my sneakers!” came Sophia’s reply from her room, which was adorned with colorful posters of her favorite pop stars and scattered trinkets that sparkled in the morning light.

Just then, the door swung open, and in strode Taylor, a lively girl of eleven with bright blue eyes that shone with mischief. “Where’s Sophia? Is she still not ready?” she asked, glancing at the staircase with an eager expression.

With a burst of energy, Sophia raced down the stairs, her sneakers pattering against the polished wood. “I’m ready, I’m ready! Just a second!” she called breathlessly, her cheeks flushed with excitement.

“I guess she is ready!” Mrs. Walters said with a warm smile, her eyes crinkling cheerfully. “Now, remember to be safe and look after each other, girls.”

“Oh, we’ll be just fine, Mum!” Sophia replied confidently, her grin broadening. She turned to Taylor and asked, “Is Amelia coming with us today?”

Taylor’s face grew a little cloudy. “I don’t think so. I didn’t see her,” she said, her disappointment evident. At that moment, the door burst open dramatically, and in dashed Amelia, a striking girl of twelve with flowing dark hair, looking slightly breathless.

“I’m so sorry that I’m late! I didn’t want to miss anything,” Amelia exclaimed, her voice bubbling with urgency. “Good morning, Mr. and Mrs. Walters. I hope everything’s alright!” She paused to catch her breath, cheeks red from her sprint.

“Did you see my dad somewhere?” Sophia teased, scanning the room decorated with vibrant art and family pictures.

“You might need glasses, Sophia! Your dad is right there,” Amelia laughed, playfully pointing at Mr. Walters.

“Good morning, everyone!” Mr. Walters greeted them with a friendly wave, a newspaper tucked under his arm. “Guess you thought I was just a ghost, huh?” he chuckled, raising an eyebrow at Sophia.

“Nope, not at all!” she countered, her eyes wide with surprise.

“Alright, girls, it’s getting late for school,” Mrs. Walters said gently, urging the girls. “Have fun today, especially since school is closing tomorrow.”

As if sharing a secret plan, Amelia and Sophia exchanged delighted smiles, brimming with mischief.

“Oh, of course! Such great luck to get to deal with Becky and Ulyssia again,” Taylor added, her tone dripping with sarcasm, clearly unhappy with the prospect of encountering those two.

“I think we should hurry before Taylor gets too grumpy. Bye for now!” Amelia suggested brightly, nudging her friends toward the door.

“Bye!” echoed Sophia and Taylor in unison, their spirits high as they stepped out to greet the day.

The three girls raced out of the house, their laughter ringing in the air like music, their hearts pounding with the thrill of the day ahead. They dodged many people and dropped a book or two on the way, which they picked up hastily. They reached their classroom just seconds before the teacher entered, breathless but exhilarated.

“Good morning, children,” said the substitute, her voice authoritative yet warm. “Your regular teacher is absent, so

I will be taking your class today. Oh, and by the way, I'm Aaliyah." She smiled, her presence immediately calming the room.

"Good morning, everyone," said the substitute teacher, sounding both firm and friendly. "Your usual teacher is not here today, so I will teach your class. My name is Aaliyah." She smiled, calming the room.

As classes began, time seemed to fly. The girls didn't seem to notice how fast their classes ended. They learned some algebra, did some practicing for rehearsal in the drama club for the play 'Little Women', and Lord knows what else.

Soon, it was recess. The girls felt uneasy as they faced the two meanest girls at school, known for bullying others, who used this time as their period of reign. As they walked into the school playground, they took every step cautiously, not wishing to attract the bullies' attention. Sophia, Amelia, and Taylor dreaded these moments, especially Taylor, who still remembered being pushed down the stairs by them last year. She often relayed that moment again and again. In her mind, those two were more devilish than the devil himself. That incident had kept her from playing with her friends for weeks.

They observed the mean girls. They were picking on a younger kid. They were about to intervene when a teacher

saw the child and gave a warning to the mean girls. They let out a sigh of relief and ran off to the swings.

They saw the meanies walking up to them and began to feel uneasy. They looked at them with disgusted faces. The mean girls walked up to Amelia and wished her a happy birthday, leaving everyone shocked. Everyone knew how friendly Amelia was, always trying to be kind to others, but it was unexpected coming from Becky and Ulyssia. Taylor, remembering her tragic fate, backed off a little but was still standing beside her friends.

Suddenly, Amelia burst out laughing. “My birthday is tomorrow, dummies!” she said, trying to contain her giggles. Taylor and Sophia joined in, laughter filling the playground.

Sophia joked, “Amelia, your birthday was last week! You're late, again!” The girls shared a moment of joy, lightening the mood around them.

Becky tossed her hair and smirked. “What a failure you are! You can't even remember your own birthday!” Ulyssia added, “I wonder how you get those good grades. Your dad must have lots of money.”

Amelia frowned, clearly annoyed. She replied confidently, “How do you manage to pass your classes? Maybe it's because your fathers are well-off too. And Ulyssia, are you

still supposed to be best friends with her? That explains a lot.”

Embarrassed, the meanies ran off from the scene. They crept into a corner of the storeroom. As they sat down, they took out all their anger on the equipment. Becky exclaimed, "Remember how we used to be friends? It's all because of those three that the school hates us,"

"I couldn't agree more! If those three hadn't entered their names into the register that day, everyone would have been worshipping us!"

As the two continued to say bad things about the three friends, they never realized that the janitor was ready to pounce on them for dirtying the entire room.

The two ran out of there faster than cheetahs. The three walked past and turned behind to witness the two. Oh, how they laughed! It must have been a good lesson for the meanies.

After the bell rang, signaling the end of recess, they walked home. The sun hung low in the sky, casting long shadows as they made their way. Once home, they excitedly pulled out their journals, ready to write down their plans and dreams.

Amelia wrote, "Tonight, we are looking forward to having fun with our families! Sophia's family is bringing a variety of snacks, and Taylor's family will bring drinks and other

treats. We will provide games that promise lots of laughter.”
Her pen moved quickly across the page.

Amelia's excitement was contagious. Taylor and Sophia shared in her joy, their faces lighting up as they joked and laughed together. The evening was filled with giggles and happy shouts, creating a warm, joyful atmosphere. It was a perfect day, where their friendship made everything feel safe and happy, leaving a lasting sense of contentment.

Chapter 2

“Taylor, get up or you won’t be able to go out with your friends!” called Mrs. Addams from the bottom of the stairs.

“Sure thing, Mom, coming!” shouted Taylor from her room, filled with posters of her favorite bands. She quickly jumped out of bed and searched for the perfect outfit. With excitement, she rushed down the stairs. “Don’t doubt my punctuality, Mom! And yes, I finished my work and a quarter of my first assignment!” she said with a proud grin.

“Me? Doubt you? That sounds like something from a kid’s wild imagination,” her mother laughed playfully.

Just then, Amelia peeked inside with a bright smile. “I agree with you, Mrs. Addams,” she said as she entered the living room. “I came to pick you up, Taylor. Are you ready for our adventure today?”

“Yes, let’s go! Bye, Mom!” Taylor replied, bubbling with enthusiasm.

“Bye, darling! Have fun, but be safe!” Mrs. Addams called after them, mixing warmth with a bit of concern.

As Taylor and Amelia stepped outside, the crisp morning air embraced them. The sun shone brightly, lighting up the neighborhood. They soon saw Sophia waiting at the end of the driveway, happily waving at them.

“So, are you two ready?” Sophia asked, her eyes shining with excitement.

“Yes! Can we hurry, please?” Taylor answered, practically bouncing on her toes as they set off.

The trio raced towards the nearby park, their laughter filling the air. The park was lively—children played, dogs chased balls, and couples strolled. They spread out on the green grass, playing games that made them laugh and filled their hearts with joy. Taylor spun around, adding laughter to each joke and game. They played until they were exhausted, feeling joy from being together. Their legs pounded against the ground as they played tag.

Taylor took out a few treats from her pocket, and they ran over to a sweet couple with a few puppies. They fed the puppies while the couple laughed at how dramatic the puppies were. Then, they gathered all the other kids to play.

They sat on a bench in a silent corner. As they gasped for air, Amelia remembered a project. She quickly reminded the other two, and they sat discussing what to do.

As the sun began to set, the atmosphere changed suddenly. A dark cloud rolled in, covering the blue sky. Confusion replaced their laughter as a loud crack echoed, followed by a loud explosion that shook the ground like an earthquake.

The sound came from their neighborhood, and fear filled their hearts. The once-happy park now had a heavy tension. Smoke began to rise towards them. Taylor and her friends stood still, eyes wide with shock, not knowing what to do. The smoke thickened, and they exchanged worried looks, their fun day falling apart, leaving only uncertainty.

Suddenly, Taylor and Sophia broke into loud cries, their voices echoing in the tense air. Amelia held them close, trying to comfort them amid the chaos. In that loud moment, they shared a deep silence—a silence filled with pain and sorrow that felt heavy on their hearts.

Out of nowhere, darkness surrounded them, as if a thick fog covered their view. In that darkness, they felt like they were falling into an endless space.

Was this really the end?

Chapter 3

Amelia opened her eyes and gasped as she looked around. She found herself in a beautiful place filled with the sweet scent of blooming roses, their petals shining like quartz. The sunlight shone softly as if blessing the people there. Children laughed and played nearby, while animals joined in the joyful scene. Older people chatted, adding warmth and comfort to the atmosphere. The beauty of this place filled Amelia with happiness and peace.

When she turned to look behind her, relief washed over her as she saw her friends, Taylor and Sophia, waking up. In the distance, a magnificent gate sparkled like gold, decorated with lovely flowers swaying in the breeze. It looked just like the heavenly gates Amelia had drawn in her notebook; now it was real.

“Amelia, where are we?” Taylor asked, still asleep. “I wonder that too. But if this is a dream, I don't want to ever wake up,”

Sophia added, rubbing her eyes and gazing around in wonder.

“I can’t say for sure,” Amelia replied, filled with awe. “But it feels as beautiful as heaven.”

The three friends stood together, taking in the amazing beauty around them. “It really is stunning,” Amelia said, feeling a sense of adventure. “Let’s find someone who can tell us where we are.”

Just then, a sweet voice floated to them from behind. “No need for that. You are in heaven.”

The trio turned to see a stunning figure. A lady with fluffy, white wings stood before them, like clouds in a blue sky. They were speechless, mesmerized by her beauty. Their eyes sparkled with curiosity.

“Are you an angel?” Sophia finally asked, her eyes wide. Panic crept in as she added, “Wait, are we dead?!” The sparkle in her eyes faded, replaced by worry.

“The answer... well, you are in Heaven. That is what I can tell you,” the angel said kindly, her voice calm and soothing. “But there’s nothing to worry about—your parents are here too. They are excited to see you, along with God.” She gracefully pointed to an extraordinary chariot.

The chariot sparkled with gold and silver, catching the sunlight in many ways. Each gem was placed carefully,

creating a stunning show. Flowers and vines hung down, adding nature's beauty to this work of art.

"Let's go! I want to meet my parents and ride in that chariot!" Taylor exclaimed, bouncing on her heels with excitement.

However, Amelia felt unsure and pulled her friends aside to whisper. "How do we know this isn't a trap?" she asked, anxiety creeping into her voice. "What if we're not dead but just in a pretty place? We shouldn't trust someone we just met, right?"

"I understand your worries, Amelia," the angel said, her voice comforting. "You have nothing to fear."

Amelia's surprise grew. "How do you know my name?" she asked, confused. "I mean, I know about mind reading, but guessing my name when I wasn't even thinking about it... That's strange."

"I told you, I am an angel. My name is Beatrice, by the way. Now, shall we go?" she encouraged gently, sounding a little urgent.

Feeling a shift in her heart, Amelia chose to trust Beatrice. With newfound courage, she nodded and followed the angel. The girls walked beside her and climbed into the shining chariot. As they settled in, they noticed other children nearby, eyes wide with excitement, asking for a ride.

They welcomed the children, telling them to stay in their spots. Most agreed, thrilled, except for a young girl—Taylor’s neighbor—who hesitated. She said she wouldn’t join if it meant waiting. Eventually, as the other children climbed aboard, she agreed to come along as long as she could sit quietly, curiosity winning over her fear.

As the golden sun set, everyone waved goodbye to their parents, feeling a mix of emotions. Then, with a gentle start, the chariot moved, gliding smoothly through the sky. Soon, the girls were high above the Earth, dancing among the clouds and feeling the wind rush past like a joyful friend.

Before long, they arrived at the Holy Garden, a lush paradise filled with bright flowers and the sweet smell of blooming plants. To their amazement, they saw their parents waiting for them patiently. As they rejoiced with their families, someone came to visit them. He looked so peaceful, so peaceful like he was a king. Yet his hands were scarred like a shepherd’s. He approached them slowly. He put his hands forward. The girls looked at him questioningly. He smiled and said

“ I am the Lord.”

“What?” said the three in unison. He laughed at their startled reactions. He bent down to their level, eyes locking with theirs. “ I needed your help.”

“Why would you need our help?” asked Sophia, standing in front of her friend as if to protect them.

“ Because you can do it.” He paused, eyes full of hope. “I want you to go to another world, understand the circumstances, and make things right. A very special world.”

The three stood there in silence wondering what to say. “Do you want to go?” The Lord asked The three exchanged a few looks, as if they could talk with eyes.

“ We will” said the three together in a harmony.

The Lord smiled and gave them lockets and a few pieces of papers.

“If you have any problems, just write on this paper. It will show you the way. Keep it in your lockets. You can use these lockets to connect with us here.”

The three happily took their lockets, showing each other their unique designs. “When do we leave?” asked Amelia.

“Do you want to leave now?” asked the Lord.

The three looked t each other again, and then, at their parents. Their parents nodded, signalling for them to say yes.

Amelia turned, facing bck to the Lord, “Yes, we do.”

The Lord smiled and signalled towards Beatrice. They silently followed, their hearts ready to erupt with

excitement. Beatrice stopped in a silent room, lighted by candles. Beatrice put her hand forward, "Take my hand". The three obeyed silently. As soon as they did, they felt like they were falling again, into a pit. But this time? It was glowing, like hope had returned.

Chapter 4

As they fell through the glowing pit, they felt a warm sensation surround them. They landed softly on a patch of bright green grass. When they opened their eyes, they saw they were in a beautiful, dense forest. Sunlight mixed with shadows creates a magical scene.

They stood up slowly, feeling a mix of excitement and fear. They began to explore the thick trees, but they couldn't find a way out. Anxiety crept in like a shadow. Then, a memory surfaced—the mysterious piece of paper.

They opened Taylor's locket and carefully tore the paper, their hearts racing. They wrote:

How do we find our way out of this forest?

Almost immediately, the words changed into a response:

Look for the river and follow it.

With renewed determination, they searched their surroundings until they found a beautiful river. The water

sparkled in the sunlight, revealing fish swimming beneath the surface. Knowing they had a long journey ahead, they decided to rest for the night in a nearby cave for safety.

In the morning, they woke to a loud crash—a tree had fallen nearby. They were relieved it missed their cave.

Eager to begin their adventure, they foraged for food and water. They saw fruits hanging from branches and found an old water pouch among the roots. Amelia cleaned the pouch and filled it with fresh, cool water from the river. Meanwhile, Sophia looked for something to collect the fruits, and Taylor searched for other treasures.

As the sun rose, they started walking. They stepped carefully over fallen leaves and twigs. Suddenly, they found a rabbit caught in a hunter's trap. They gently freed it and watched as it hopped away into the bushes. To their surprise, the rabbit climbed into Amelia's arms, not wanting to leave her embrace.

The girls decided to take the rabbit with them. As they walked, they playfully debated whether their new friend was a boy or a girl, while the rabbit snuggled in Amelia's arms, falling asleep.

As evening approached, they chose a soft patch of grass to rest. They shared the fruits they had gathered, enjoying each bite like a feast.

When the sun set, they noticed a soft glow coming from the rabbit. The light wrapped around them warmly, casting moving shadows on the trees. When the glow faded, they gasped in amazement. A beautiful girl appeared, wearing a flowing gown that sparkled like stars. A delicate tiara rested on her head, shining with jewels.

The girls were speechless as the girl laughed like tinkling chimes. "I'm sorry if I startled you," she said, her voice smooth and musical.

"Oh no, we're just surprised," Amelia stammered, realizing her friends were too stunned to respond.

"I am Beatrice, princess of Eularis. I have been lost while searching for my sisters in this forest. They died just days ago, and the king who caused their death cursed me to roam the forest as a rabbit during the day. Days ago, I had a vision telling me that girls who look like my sisters would help save the land. I believe you three are those girls," Beatrice explained, showing them a locket that looked like theirs, tying their fates together.

A gentle voice echoed through the quiet forest.

"Girls, I am Beatrice, the angel you met here. I also forgot to mention that she will help you on your journey," the voice said with warmth.

“Wow! An angel with the same name as me! This is truly the best day of my life,” the princess exclaimed, her eyes shining with joy.

As night fell and stars twinkled above, the girls gathered to share stories about their lives on Earth. They animatedly talked about their school experiences and shared funny stories about Becky and Ulyssia.

“Did you know...?”

Chapter 5

The girls walked beside the princess, excited for their adventure. After traveling all day, they reached the beautiful Kingdom of Eularis. Colorful banners waved in the gentle breeze, but a sadness hung over the townspeople, who missed their beloved princesses.

When the townsfolk saw the girls, silence fell over the busy city, bringing whispers. Even the children, who had been laughing and playing, stopped and stepped aside. The whispers faded into warm smiles as hope returned to the people's eyes.

Guards in shining armor rushed to them, standing tall and bowing deeply. The girls shared surprised glances, but Beatrice, calm and composed, signaled for them to be quiet and follow her lead.

They climbed into a fancy carriage with golden details shining in the sunlight. Soon, a man in his forties entered the carriage and sat across from the girls. "How are you,

General?” asked Beatrice with curiosity. “Fine, Your Highness,” he replied respectfully, though concern was clear in his voice.

“They can’t remember anything,” Beatrice said, her forehead creased with worry. “That’s troubling. If they forget, how will we teach them? It takes time and patience,” the general said, his voice heavy with responsibility. The girls felt a weight of purpose as their mission began to unfold.

“I don’t think they even remember they are princesses,” Beatrice added, her concern growing. “That worries me even more. They loved me, so maybe I should talk to them at night.” Her eyes shone with determination as she shared her plan.

The general nodded in agreement, recognizing the importance of her words. Inside the carriage, the three girls leaned against their seats, looking bored but curious. They stared out of the carved windows, taking in the blurred scenery, since Beatrice had told them not to talk during the journey.

As night fell, painting the sky in shades of navy blue and purple, the carriage stopped in front of a large castle. Its tall towers reached high into the evening sky, looking like something from a fairytale. Vibrant flags flew from the towers, but the girls couldn’t see the symbols clearly.

Climbing vines of roses and lilies wrapped around the castle walls, adding to its beauty.

Suddenly, they saw a tall man and a graceful woman walking toward them, surrounded by soldiers. As they approached, Beatrice and the general bowed their heads in respect. The girls were curious when they realized it was the king and queen. The king stood tall and strong, like the heroic kings in stories, but the girls could hardly think straight in the moment.

“Good evening, Father,” Beatrice said calmly. The king replied warmly and then looked at the three girls. “Do you remember who I am? The king?” he asked, his authoritative voice filled with expectation. The girls could only stare back, confusion on their faces.

“Perhaps you remember me?” the queen added, her voice soothing like a lullaby. “Your mother? The queen?” She was beautiful and reminded them of Beatrice, their new family, but the girls still looked confused and lost, like little children trying to understand something complex.

“Maybe they don’t remember, but it’s important they remember me,” Beatrice said proudly, looking at her companions. The other girls exchanged puzzled glances, a mix of confusion and curiosity about what was happening.

The king looked at Beatrice, searching for confirmation. Beatrice met his gaze confidently, her expression steady.

Meanwhile, the queen and everyone else noticed the rising tension between the king and his daughter. To ease the uncertainty, the queen cheerfully suggested, "If they can't recall anything, perhaps we should try to jog their memories. Beatrice, do you have an idea?"

"Beatrice replied, "Yes, Mother. I'll speak with them tonight after dinner." She shifted her focus from her father back to her mother. The Three exchanged confused looks, hoping to find someone who understood their surprise, but everyone around them seemed used to these unusual events.

"Let's go inside for dinner," the king said warmly, gesturing toward the grand entrance. He embraced The Three, and though they hesitated, still surprised by Beatrice's calmness, they awkwardly hugged the king and queen. The royal couple looked happy to see their daughters, undeterred by the awkwardness.

The girls followed the king and queen, their curiosity about Beatrice keeping them momentarily quiet. The gates ahead were huge, standing tall like ancient guards made for giants, their beautiful designs shining as the light faded. As they sat around the lavish dining table, a delicious feast awaited them, with rich aromas filling the air. Each bite felt like a treat, with flavors dancing on their tongues and laughter mixing with the elegant setting.

They enjoyed a hearty spread of eggs, tender potatoes, crispy fish, and chips—anything you might find in an English meal. The food was plentiful and bursting with taste, each bite better than the last. They ate as if they had never tasted something so good before.

As they finished their meal, a noise from outside broke the calm. Everyone turned to the king and queen, looking for their reactions. The royal couple stayed composed, but Beatrice wore a playful grin, hinting at laughter to come.

The doors swung open to reveal a boy about Beatrice's age. He confidently walked in but stumbled and fell hard to the floor with a loud thud. The king teased, "If you fall again, I might just marry you to the floor." Beatrice laughed freely, her joy erupting.

The boy quickly got up, brushing the dust from his fancy clothes that glowed in the candlelight. He gave the trio a mock scowl. "There you are, little troublemakers. If any of you leave this castle without my permission, you'll see how annoying a big brother can be."

"Sorry for being late to dinner, Mom and Dad," he said charmingly, trying to win over the king and queen. They exchanged a knowing look and nodded. As he approached the table, he glanced at Beatrice with a playful face.

"This is my brother, your brother," Beatrice said, pointing to the boy. "His name is Benjamin."

With that, the room filled with the lively energy of family and fun.

“I’m their brother, of course, they know me. It’s not like they’ve forgotten everything,” Benjamin said coolly. When everyone stared at him, he turned to the ministers and guards, hoping someone would agree with him, but their expressions showed they didn’t remember him.

“But it’s important to mention that they remembered me, their sister, and their names, just not their last names,” Beatrice said, happy that no one knew they were strangers. She enjoyed the fact that everyone believed she was their sister. Meanwhile, the royals quietly savored their shepherd’s pie.

Benjamin looked towards them, eyes popping out like a ball, “ So you don’t remember me, huh? How do I get you devils to remember who I am?” said Benjamin, trying to act smart. “I’ll talk to them tonight, Benjamin. Oh, and have you finished the essay? You have to submit it tomorrow, you know, the one regarding political matters. The one you needed the general to help with,” said Beatrice with a smirk on her face.

The general looked at them, confused. “ Your Highness, why didn’t you tell me you had an essay?” said the general, still figuring things out.

The king and queen looked at Benjamin and shook their heads in disappointment. Benjamin shot Beatrice a look-sharp and with a clear message: 'Do this again and see what happens.

Beatrice met their surprised looks with a confident nod and said softly, "Thanks for the recommendation." Feeling the growing tension, Amelia quickly spoke up, her voice shaking a bit, "Hey, we've all finished our dinner, and it will take a while for our 'brother' to eat. It will also take us some time to remember everything. Why don't we leave?"

Taylor and Sophia looked at each other in confusion. Amelia usually spoke clearly, even in front of large crowds. She remained calm around many people, yet now she stumbled over her words. As they pushed their chairs back, they stood up, trying to stay calm while the rest of the group continued to enjoy Benjamin's meal.

Beatrice signaled for them to come inside, her voice firm but welcoming. She insisted they needed time to talk without interruption. When her parents moved towards the door, she gently asked, "Let my sisters have their moment." Her parents exchanged knowing looks and agreed, wishing everyone a good night as they left, closing the door behind them.

Once they settled in a cozy corner of the living room, Beatrice told them to take a seat. "I know you have many

questions, but just wait,” she said, sitting down with a deep breath.

Taylor, her eyes wide, was the first to share her many thoughts. “We have so many questions! Who are these people? How should we act? What do we need to do? Are there people we should avoid? What are our names? What—”

“Okay, everyone, calm down and take a breath,” Beatrice said, trying to soothe the tension in the room.

“Calm down?! How can we calm down when we didn’t see any of this coming?” Sophia replied, struggling to keep her emotions in check. The uncertainty hung heavily in the air, making everyone anxious.

“Can everyone be quiet and let me listen?” Amelia snapped, her voice sharp as she glared at the room. The two girls fell silent, shifting uncomfortably. Beatrice, feeling exasperated but staying calm, shook her head and sighed. “Let’s start this story.”

“The king and queen are your parents,” Beatrice said, changing her tone to serious. “I am your sister, and Benjamin is your brother. Your parents are King Lewis Eularis the 3rd and Queen Eliana Eularis the 2nd.”

Sophia, looking shocked and resigned, sank back onto her bed. “So I’m not Sophia Walters anymore?” she whispered.

“No, and I think that’s unfortunate for you,” Beatrice replied with a wry smile. “But your personalities are perfect for this role. You will start school the day after tomorrow. And be careful—There’s this boy named Phillip Halevirion. He is the enemy’s son.”

Feeling tired, Sophia lazily asked, “Who do we have to beat up?” and then with a burst of energy, “We’ll thrash out foes?!” she exclaimed dramatically.

“Oh, just Philip’s father,” Beatrice answered casually, distracted as she started painting her nails blue.

“Wow! That’s such an interesting answer,” Taylor said, her voice sarcastic and irritated. Amelia gave her a pointed look. “We want the man’s name, you dimwit! We know he’s Philip’s father.”

“Oh! His name is Edmund Halevirion the 3rd. He’s a bit crazy, but anyway,” Beatrice replied, raising her eyebrows in mock concern. “His wife’s name is Lydia Halevirion. That’s all you need to know.”

As Amelia listened, she felt a chill. The idea that people could use magic, like they did before the real princesses disappeared, made her heart race. She looked at Beatrice, her face pale with worry about what they had been talking about.

“Hey, don’t people here have magic?” Amelia asked, her eyes wide in curiosity.

“Yes, they do. But they only start practicing magic when they turn fifteen. Since you’re all just twelve, there’s nothing to worry about,” Beatrice replied calmly while painting her nails a shiny blue. “Now it’s getting late, and I bet you’re feeling sleepy. Let me show you to your rooms,” she said as she got up from her comfortable bed.

When they opened the heavy oak door, they entered a bright corridor filled with warm light. Benjamin walked by with confidence, his gait playful. He paused for a moment, shot them a skeptical look, and smiled slightly before continuing on his way. “Look at him, acting like he’s on a runway,” Taylor said, laughing as they teased him. Their laughter echoed in the hall, making Benjamin blush when he heard their jokes.

Beatrice led the way to their rooms with a mix of elegance and confidence. She smiled warmly, making them feel welcome. When they entered their bedrooms, they saw large, colorful portraits of themselves that captured their youthful spirit. Each room had a luxurious vanity and a hidden door that opened to a large wardrobe filled with beautiful dresses in every color.

The bedrooms were spacious and inviting, featuring plush beds that felt like clouds. As they settled into the silky

sheets, the calming scent of lavender surrounded them. Amelia's room had delicate purple irises, Sophia's featured bold gladiolus flowers, and Taylor's was bright with cheerful sunflowers, creating a peaceful atmosphere.

They took time to explore their beautiful surroundings before relaxing into their soft beds. Soon, they drifted off to sleep, feeling warm and dreaming of the exciting magic that lay ahead.

Chapter 6

“Good morning! Wake up, sleepyhead!” Amelia's cheerful voice broke through Sophia's sleep as she stirred under her warm blankets. The sunlight shone through the window, brightening the room and showing her friends around her. “Beatrice says we have to hurry, or we'll be late for school!” Amelia looked excited and urgent.

Still dazed, Sophia glanced at the colorful outfits hanging in the closet. “Put on the second dress on the third shelf,” Amelia said, pointing to a delicate lace dress and handing her a badge that said ‘Institute of Learning For Higher Classes And Royalty.’ Confusion filled Sophia's mind; she was used to waking up to her mother gently splashing water on her, not the loud energy of her friends.

Good morning. Are you two ready?” Sophia said, her voice still sleepy as she tried to wake up.

“Yes, we are! You should hurry before it's too late. The clock is ticking!” Taylor said eagerly. “Okay, I'm coming!” Sophia

replied, dragging herself out of bed and walking to the closet slowly.

“Just so you know, Beatrice said breakfast will be served at seven. It’s six already, so you’d better hurry!” Amelia said in a teasing yet firm tone.

“You sound just like my mother! I’m really tired and I still can’t sleep well.” Sophia pouted, feeling frustrated but also affectionate towards her friends. “Now get out of here!”

With a laugh, Taylor and Amelia ran out of the room like scared rabbits. Their footsteps echoed in the hallway as they hurried to Benjamin. Out of breath and flushed, they quickly handed him something and whispered before they dashed away, leaving Sophia to deal with the morning chaos alone.

Benjamin slowly opened his hands to show a shiny ring resting in his palm. He didn’t recognize it, since his sisters always showed him the jewelry they wanted to wear before getting it. This was a rule they all followed. Curious, Benjamin looked closely at the ring, wondering where his sisters had found such a piece.

In an instant, Sophia came barreling toward him, colliding with his stomach like a small whirlwind. The unexpected impact caused Benjamin to let out a yelp, similar to that of a startled child. “Wow, I don’t even recall everything you’ve done, and you dare try to take things from me? Do you know what this means? You’d better watch your back, mister

prince, or you'll soon discover just how fierce I can be.” Sophia glared fiercely into his eyes. “Now scurry away before I kick your head off,” she commanded, snatching the ring from his grasp and watching with a smirk as Benjamin scampered off. She turned away, striding confidently, her posture radiating authority.

Sophia quickly got ready for the day. She searched her room for her badge, feeling anxious as time passed. After a long search, she found it on a colorful rack with other badges. Relief washed over her as she took it and pinned it on her clothes. She noticed the bright gladiolus flowers on her vanity and chose one to tuck into her hair for a touch of elegance. A quick look at the clock showed it was a quarter to seven, and she felt a rush of urgency.

In a hurry, she put on her eye-catching red heels with delicate black lace and hurried out the door. She walked briskly through the halls and arrived as the last guests entered the grand dining hall. “Good morning, Your Majesty,” she greeted the King and Queen with a warm smile, which they returned. She saw her siblings at the long dining table, and they signalled for her to join them.

She sat down gracefully, the chair creaking softly as everyone began to pray to the Lord. After the prayer, the room changed as people started serving themselves, the sound of cutlery mingling with the chatter. Beatrice glanced

at her three companions, who had wide eyes and unspoken questions. However, her look urged them to focus on their plates. Benjamin appeared calm but felt jealousy rising inside him. Watching his sisters enjoy time with Beatrice hurt him; it seemed they were experiencing a happiness he felt he could never have.

After breakfast, the girls eagerly climbed into the fancy carriage heading to school. Benjamin decided to join them, which surprised the King and Queen since he usually protested when they suggested he go along. They exchanged curious looks but agreed to this change. The girls exchanged bewildered glances as Benjamin climbed aboard, a smug grin on his face, as if he had a secret plan.

Once they said goodbye to the King and Queen, the carriage jolted forward with a crack of the coachman's whip, and the horses began to gallop. They raced past the castle gates, moving faster and faster. The three siblings held tightly to each other, feeling excitement as the horses suddenly lifted off the ground and floated into the air. In moments, the carriage soared above the treetops and rooftops, gliding through the sky. Giddy with joy, they embraced, laughter escaping their lips as they enjoyed this amazing ride.

Before long, they arrived at a large building. Though it was smaller than their royal castle, it stood impressively before them. The building had deep red bricks and black accents,

dominated by a huge clock above the grand entrance. Below the clock, an ornate sign showed the name of the school, shining in the sunlight. Luxuriant rose bushes surrounded the structure, swaying gently in the breeze, filling the air with their sweet scent. Nearby, a serene lake sparkled in the sunlight. Taylor, however, seemed unimpressed. She muttered that the place looked rather dull, contrasting sharply with the enchanting scene around them.

The carriage descended gracefully onto the platform, its wheels creaking softly as it came to a halt. Benjamin leaped down with an air of confidence, while the girls carefully descended, clutching their elegant dresses to prevent them from dragging on the ground. They glanced around, their eyes widening as they spotted a boy dismounting from a stunningly white Pegasus, its wings shimmering in the sunlight. Amelia, her voice barely a whisper, turned to Beatrice and asked, "Is this Philip?" Beatrice nodded, her expression a mix of curiosity and apprehension.

Philip, who looked to be about the same age as Benjamin, suddenly turned his sharp gaze on the two of them. As he approached, his stern features made Beatrice and Benjamin feel quite uneasy. They exchanged glances, a silent understanding passing between them. After a brief pause, Benjamin confidently signaled for the girls to follow him, leading the way with a determined stride. They trod softly behind him, aware of the many curious eyes watching them

from the gathering crowd, their colorful dresses swirling around like a lively breeze.

“Back off or face the consequences!” Benjamin declared, his voice ringing out clearly above the murmur of the crowd. The onlookers paused, expressions shifting to one of fear as they slowly retreated, creating a protective space around the three friends. Witnessing their startled faces gave the siblings a new realization: their new family was quite powerful. Clutching each other’s hands tightly, they approached the grand entrance of an impressive building, nerves fluttering in their stomachs.

Upon entering, they found themselves in an impressive space filled with history. The walls were adorned with splendid paintings, intriguing artifacts, and framed photographs of royal families—the very ones Amelia had been studying just the night before. As they walked down the long, polished marble corridor, their footsteps echoed softly, guiding them toward two enormous portraits at the end. One depicted their family, radiant and noble, while the other displayed Philip’s esteemed lineage, rich with the stories of the past.

Amelia was curious and tugged on Benjamin’s sleeve. She asked, “Why are our family portrait and Philip’s hanging here?” Before Benjamin could answer, a rough voice came from behind them. “What happened to Miss Know-It-All?

Can't remember anything? Are you going to say you lost your memory?" Philip mocked, laughing at the disapproving looks from the crowd.

"Maybe you should read the notice on the board outside before making comments about my sisters," Beatrice replied sharply. "Or is reading simple words too hard for you?"

Philip was caught off guard by her quick response, and his cheeks turned red with embarrassment. Trying to escape the awkwardness, he tripped and fell to the ground. The crowd burst into laughter, echoing down the hallway. Embarrassed, he quickly got up and ran away, his face still red. Once he was gone, the remaining students assured Beatrice and her friends that the girls could find their way to class alone. The girls then left, feeling free and independent.

The day passed quickly for Beatrice, Taylor, and Sophia as they made new friends and learned about their family's history. Many students approached them, eager to befriend them, and they happily accepted. They moved through their classes with a mix of wonder and confusion, enjoying the atmosphere while struggling to understand the details. Beatrice's early observations about their personalities proved to be accurate. They did okay in school, but Taylor

and Sophia found the etiquette classes challenging and focused hard on learning.

During a study session in the library, they leaned over old books filled with family stories, hoping to uncover more about who they were. They noticed Phillip hiding in the background, looking frustrated, surrounded by his friends who seemed to enjoy his anger. While studying, they discovered that the most powerful families had their portraits displayed in the central gallery, showcasing their status and legacy.

When the break finally started, they headed to the playground, laughing as they swung on the swings. Just then, Beatrice arrived with another beautiful girl, whose presence seemed to brighten the area. The two girls looked very different. Beatrice had pale skin that shimmered like ivory, while her friend had warm, radiant beige skin. Beatrice had striking blue eyes and flowing blonde hair, giving her a cool appeal, while her friend had long, chestnut hair and peaceful green eyes, representing a softer, earthy beauty. Despite their differences, they both shared a unique charm.

They walked toward the trio, their laughter bubbling between them. When they stopped, Beatrice happily called out to the girls. At the sound of her voice, the three girls quickly left their swings, their laughter turning into excited

whispers as they rushed to Beatrice. Beatrice's friend smiled widely, her smile growing with each step toward them.

"Let me introduce you," Beatrice said, using a graceful motion. "This is my best friend, Lady Celine. Celine, you already know the girls and the little problem they're in. And girls," she said, glancing at the wall clock, "why are you still here? Your break ends in five minutes. You should get going!"

The three friends looked at the clock with worry. Beatrice was right; they wanted to leave, but Benjamin interrupted them with a quirky smile.

"You two can go, but Sophia, stay here," he said playfully. The two girls acted like they were hurrying away but quickly hid behind a big oak tree, giggling softly. Benjamin motioned for Sophia to come closer, raising his eyebrows in curiosity as he pointed to the sparkling ring in her hand. "Where did you find that? Why didn't you show it to me?"

Sophia felt nervous, and her heart raced thinking of an answer that would send her idiotic brother away. Just as she was about to answer, Beatrice sensed the tension and confidently approached Benjamin.

"I gave her that ring," Beatrice said, her voice steady. "We went into the jewelry room yesterday, and she was so tired that she forgot to show it to you. Do you have a problem

with that?” Beatrice looked at Sophia, who nodded and smiled.

“Now, you two should hurry back to class,” Beatrice said, making the mood lighter. Sophia quickly ran away, with her new siblings following her closely.

The rest of the day was ordinary, filled with sunshine and chatter. However, the trio felt that Phillip was still upset with them. He looked at them with a mix of disdain and amusement, sticking out his tongue and giving them smug grins along with scornful glares.

In the castle, the day seemed ordinary. Sunlight filled the tall windows, making golden patterns on the stone floor. Sophia, Taylor, and Beatrice shared laughter that gently echoed in the big halls. They looked happy, their smiles showing a brief moment of peace. However, Amelia felt a deep longing beneath their calm faces. She sensed that their lives needed some excitement and adventure that was missing.

Beatrice laughed off the idea, but she knew inside that they all wanted something more thrilling. While her friends focused on everyday tasks, Amelia—who often thought deeply—couldn't shake the feeling that they were meant for greater things.

As the castle fell silent and night began, Amelia lay awake, her thoughts focused on Phillip. She had only heard rumors

about him—people said he came from a powerful family and might be the heir to the throne. This made her curious but also cautious. She wondered what adventures or troubles his arrival might bring to their otherwise steady lives.

Her mind filled with images of battles and conflict, and the idea of war haunted her dreams like a dark shadow. What if chaos came? How would it affect their lives? The uncertainty troubled her, and she realized that being careful was important in the face of the unknown. As she finally closed her eyes to sleep, the mix of excitement and worry kept her restless in a world that could change in an instant.

Chapter 7

On a sunny holiday, the girls ran into their brother's room, playfully pulling him from his cozy spot. They argued about what game to play, each sibling wanting their favorite option. But Benjamin interrupted with an exciting idea: a ride on the beautiful horses. "It'll be a great adventure, much better than staying inside," he said, his eyes shining with excitement. The thought of wide open fields and riding horses made everyone eager to join in.

After they all agreed, they rushed to their rooms to get their riding gear, feeling excited. However, the three younger siblings faced a problem; they didn't know where the stables were. They felt embarrassed and exchanged looks, not wanting to admit they didn't know. With a silent agreement, they hurried off to get ready, leaving their safe space behind.

After some time, the three came out of their rooms, only to find the castle quiet. Their older siblings had already left, making the long halls feel empty. Sunlight streamed

through the big windows, casting long shadows across the shiny stone floors. Holding each other's hands tightly, the three took cautious steps into the castle's confusing hallways. The grand rooms, with their fancy walls and high ceilings, seemed less scary in the soft light, but the silence made the place feel a bit spooky.

Without a map, they wandered through the large estate, their hearts racing with every echo of their footsteps. The castle was both grand and mysterious, revealing its secrets as they explored, unaware of the adventure waiting for them outside.

As they continued, their conversation faded. They suddenly saw Lady Celine, who appeared like a vision. Their surprise matched the bright colors of the landscape. Before they could ask anything, she opened an elegant invitation from Beatrice, inviting them to join her.

Taylor, looking urgent, leaned closer to Celine. "Do you know where the stables are? We promised our siblings we'd meet them, but we got lost. Please keep this to yourself. We don't want to admit our little mistake," she said, her eyes showing hope and embarrassment. Celine paused for a moment, then quickly gestured for the girls to follow her.

Amelia raised an eyebrow, sensing the theatricality of the moment, while Sophia cast a knowing glance, silently agreeing. But Taylor and Celine were already moving

forward, their destination set as they ventured toward the stables.

Soon, they stepped into a large meadow with tall trees standing every few meters. The leaves rustled softly in the breeze, and the air smelled sweet with wildflowers, which bloomed brightly in the sunlight.

As they looked around a bend, they saw their siblings talking with the general. The siblings looked impatient and worried. They recognized the rough path ahead, which twisted through groups of trees and thick bushes. From a distance, the area seemed to have fewer trees, but the magic of this place kept them curious.

Hurrying along, their excitement and determination made their hearts race. Finally, they reached the stables, where their strong and beautiful horses waited. The horses recognized them immediately and galloped over, their powerful legs pounding the ground.

As the horses stopped in front of them, Celine stepped forward. She felt a strong affection for her friend and was excited about the adventure ahead.

The day passed by like a breeze. By evening, they were tired, but in a pleasant way. This tiredness was not from strain but from engagement. As the night's dark veil fell on the lands, the three girls, now sisters, drifted off to a world of dreams.

Chapter 8

It had been about a month since we arrived at this beautiful palace, and we still didn't know how to defeat the bad forces outside. "When are we going to escape this place, Beatrice?" Taylor asked, sounding tired and a bit desperate.

"I'm not sure," Beatrice answered, looking concerned as she went through her collection of shiny jewelry, each piece sparkling like stars. "But tonight seems promising. We have a ball to celebrate our father's tenth Coronation Anniversary. All royal families and dukes will be there, including those related to Phillip. This evening will be exciting, especially since our father will reunite with Phillip after a long time apart." She paused, her eyes bright with mischief as she picked an especially fancy necklace. "I suggest you three check your new gowns and find stunning accessories to match."

Excited, the three friends followed her advice and started choosing their outfits. They spent the afternoon looking

through the fabric-filled rooms, twirling in front of mirrors, and laughing over their looks. When the time came, they went down the grand staircase, their hearts racing with excitement.

The grand hall was a stunning place for the ceremony. Colorful flowers filled every corner, creating a vibrant background against the elegant drapery. The air smelled sweet from the flowers, mixed with hints of polished wood and candle wax. Large chandeliers with shining crystals hung from the high ceiling, casting a warm golden light over the polished marble floors, which sparkled with each flicker of light.

Every detail of the setting showed a strong sense of style and elegance. As guests arrived, the energy in the room grew with excitement. Each person looked beautiful, wearing luxurious fabrics that flowed as they walked. Their outfits sparkled with stunning jewels—brilliant diamonds, bright emeralds, and deep sapphires—that reflected light in dazzling ways. This hall promised a night of beauty and unforgettable moments.

A beautiful melody filled the air, inviting everyone to dance joyfully.

As the last notes faded, the guests settled into their chairs, feeling relieved from the effort of dancing. Behind the curtains, a new group of dancers appeared, moving

gracefully to a lively tune. Their colorful costumes sparkled in the candlelight, creating an exciting and joyful scene. However, as the evening went on, the atmosphere changed. The next performance was quieter but still very beautiful. The guests smiled and enjoyed the art, but three people noticed something was off. Amelia felt uneasy, sensing something hidden beneath the calm surface.

Underneath the polite behavior, tensions built up like a pot about to boil. At the head of the long table, King Lewis the Third stood up, his tall figure casting a long shadow. With a serious look, his cold eyes scanned the room, instantly quieting the lively conversations. He raised his ornate goblet filled with deep red wine, its color shining in the light.

“To peace and prosperity,” he announced, his voice steady and sharp. “And to the lands that thrive under wise rulers. May no king overstep his bounds... nor forget the borders drawn in the blood of the fallen.” His words held a threat aimed directly at King Edmund.

Across the hall, King Edmund the Third—broad and wearing a rich red cloak—froze mid-sip. He placed his goblet down with a loud clink, the sound echoing through the hall like a warning, signaling a change in the mood.

“Wise hands indeed,” Edmund said, narrowing his eyes in the dim light of the grand hall. “But tell me, Lewis—how wise is the hand that agrees to treaties it intends to

manipulate? A simple road, crossed by your jealousy, has turned into a battleground for our words.”

A deep silence filled the hall, making the shadows stretch as if caught mid-dance. The musicians continued playing, but the melody stumbled, as if pushed by an unseen force. Even the flickering candles seemed to dim in the tense atmosphere.

Lewis smiled subtly, almost playfully. “You call it a road. I see it as a shadow blocking something that is not yours. Are we to celebrate lies, then?”

Edmund took measured steps forward, his voice rising with passion. “It’s better to accept lies than to hide fear behind a mask of politeness. If your roads frighten the king, it’s not the borders that weigh down the situation, but your own weakness.”

Gasps erupted like glass breaking in a quiet room, each filled with disbelief.

Queen Eliana stood up halfway from her seat, her voice caught in her throat. She wanted to intervene and calm the growing storm, but the conflict was already raging.

Lewis turned slowly and raised a gloved hand to quiet the noise. Trumpets blared, announcing his command. The large, old oak doors creaked open, and a herald stepped in, holding an unfurled scroll.

“By order of Lewis the Third, King of Eularis,” the herald said, his voice echoing in the hall, “we declare war on the Kingdom of Halevirion for insulting the crown.”

The crowd gasped in shock, as if a cold wind had blown through. Gowns swirled as people stepped back, their faces pale and frightened.

But Edmund stood firm. In a sudden act of defiance, he threw his goblet to the marble floor, where it shattered into many pieces that sparkled like stars.

“You bring war to a ball, Lewis,” he said, his voice full of contempt. “May history remember your cowardice... and may your throne shake under the weight of your sins.” The atmosphere changed from the smooth sounds of diplomacy to a heavy silence that filled the room. The dance was over.

In the grand palace, where golden chandeliers cast flickering shadows on the marble floors and silk curtains whispered in the draft, the drums of war began to sound, echoing softly through the halls.

The ____ family stood up quickly, looking both determined and shocked, before they left the room. The other guests, still affected by the earlier argument, got up slowly and bowed their heads. They quietly said their goodbyes and well wishes to the king, their voices barely heard over the thick tension in the air.

As the night went on, Taylor felt restless. She tossed and turned under the tangled sheets of her bed. The events of the evening weighed heavily on her mind, playing over and over like a song that wouldn't stop. Shadows moved around her room, and the soft sound of wind outside made her even more anxious. Each tick of the clock stretched the minutes into hours as she struggled with her thoughts, hoping for some peace. Finally, after what felt like a long time, her eyelids grew heavy, and she fell into a light sleep, her worries momentarily fading into her dreams.

Chapter 9

The next morning, the sun slowly rose, casting a faint light on soldiers getting ready for battle. The air was full of tension, marked by the sound of swords clashing as warriors practiced their skills. Everywhere—from the grand palace to busy villages and large cities—people felt anxious. Fear hung heavily over everyone as they braced for what might happen.

Benjamin trained hard with the king, surrounded by ministers and the commanding general. Each person's face showed the burden of their important roles. Nearby, Beatrice and the queen were deep in serious conversation, their faces showing worry and determination.

As they walked through the charged atmosphere, their hearts ached at the sight of sad children, reminding them of past losses. Feeling a strong sense of compassion, they hurried toward their mother and sister, kneeling next to them in a moment of shared sadness.

“Are we going to die?” Taylor asked, her voice shaking with fear, her innocence clear against the looming conflict.

“Honor, don’t talk like that,” the queen said softly, embracing the young girl. “We’ll be fine. Nothing will happen to our family, our people, or us. Everything will be alright.” Her comforting words filled the air, offering hope during a time of uncertainty.

The king and Benjamin soon joined the family, and they fell into a heavy silence. In that quiet moment, they shared a deep bond of love that brought warmth despite the fear around them. Together, they found comfort, reminding each other they could face anything together.

The general entered the dimly lit room, holding a scroll that felt heavy. “Your Highness, may I read this letter to you?” he asked, his voice steady but concerned.

“Go ahead,” the king replied, worry marking his face. “What does it say?”

“Your Highness, it is from King Edmund,” the general began, sounding serious. “It says that the war will start in two weeks at the border of the harsh desert of Ismondia.”

The king’s shoulders drooped, weighed down by the news. “Alright. General, please tell everyone to spend the next week with their families. They deserve this time together, including you.”

“As you wish, my king,” the general said, bowing deeply, feeling the heaviness of the coming conflict. It was a sad day, with laughter and noise missing from the castle. That night, the usual sounds of children at dinner faded into silence. One by one, they went to their rooms, covered by the quiet that now filled the castle.

As Sophia closed her door, the sound of the latch echoed in the quiet room. She sat on her bed, her mind racing with thoughts. She remembered her mother’s comforting words, like a flickering candle in the dark. With a soft sigh, she said to herself, “I hope everything will be okay.” Soon, her thoughts drifted, and she fell asleep, hoping for a better tomorrow.

A week passed quickly, the days blending in a haze of urgency and worry. As the day for preparations approached, the group sprang into action, providing water and food to those looking for comfort amidst the chaos. Their siblings huddled together, planning and practicing with determination, the air thick with tension. The atmosphere was heavy, filled with a sense of unease.

During this busy week, Amelia watched the general closely, her eyes following him with curiosity and concern. Despite her efforts to dismiss her growing suspicions, she couldn't shake the feeling that something was wrong, an intuition she couldn't explain.

On the final day, the King and Benjamin stood quietly, surrounded by tired kinsmen, preparing to face the reality of war. The sun was low in the sky, casting long shadows over the troubled town, where the sad faces of the people lingered like a haunting memory. Their whispers of hope mixed with the heavy air, highlighting the weight of their fears as they said tearful goodbyes. Dressed in dull armor that seemed to absorb the fading light, the king and his men looked into the vast desert ahead—a harsh stretch of sand that mirrored their uncertainty. With heavy hearts, they took their last steps away from loved ones, the hope of returning feeling distant against the looming threat of battle. The promise of glory felt overshadowed by fear as they marched into the unknown, leaving behind a world that seemed to hold its breath in sadness.

Sophia, usually full of fire, had fallen quiet since sunrise. Her sharp wit, normally bright, was now covered by deep grief. Days ago, she had faced the king, passionately pleading for peace and the gift of time. But in the end, the decision was final.

Now, she stood beside her sisters and their mother, surrounded by a stillness as thick as the morning air.

Their brother gave them a look—a mix of playful teasing and gentle affection—the same look he always had, a connection of shared memories and strong bonds.

The king got on his horse, with the crown prince closely behind. Suddenly, the atmosphere changed. The sound of the royal guards' hoofbeats echoed on the cobblestone streets, stirring up dust in the golden light like an approaching storm. This noise filled the peaceful morning, leaving a heavy silence afterward.

The queen stood tall and firm, looking toward the distant horizon, as if hoping to find answers there. The sisters stood beside her, still and silent, wishing for a world that felt out of reach. Behind them, the palace stood grand and beautiful, but inside, it felt empty and lacked hope.

When the last rider disappeared from view, silence spread over the land. This silence felt heavy and uncomfortable, like a thick fog settling in. It was a silence that brought a sense of impatience and anticipation.

Day after day, they waited anxiously for news—a single message to break the quiet. But as the weeks went by, hope began to fade like autumn leaves. They received no news about the riders or whether they reached their destination. They had no information about their survival, food, or water. This lack of news made them uneasy, filling them with unanswered questions and deep fear in their hearts.

As the days turned into weeks and then months, they felt anxious and uncertain about the future. Time seemed to drag on, with each moment heavy with worry. During this

time, their instructors taught them how to ride horses, with the sound of hooves ringing in the training yard, and the clash of swords during their combat practice. Every session left them with bruises and scrapes, reminders of their hard work to improve their skills. Yet, despite the pain and sweat, one thought motivated them: they were preparing for a war that would change everything.

Chapter 10

After waiting many months, the girls finally received a long-awaited message. This message called them to join their allies in a fight. They felt excitement but also disappointment because they wanted a letter that showed how much their father missed them, filled with warmth and love.

After talking with the queen, the three girls hesitated briefly before following Beatrice into a dark chamber. The room was very dark, but in the center floated a beautiful blue orb that glowed softly. The light moved gently on the walls, creating intricate shadows that seemed to share secrets. This filled the girls with a sense of mystery and anticipation.

"Amelia, can you write a scroll for me in your best handwriting? Would you three like to join the queen and me on this journey?" Beatrice asked.

"Yes, please!" they answered together, excitement shining in their eyes. Amelia ran off to get a blank scroll and a pen, while the others waited eagerly for her return.

She came back quickly, her face determined as she nodded. This was a signal for Beatrice to start telling her what to write. Beatrice had a playful look as she asked Amelia to write a letter that would reach its destination. "And make sure to ask about the well-being of our brave army, as well as the king and prince," she said, sounding sincerely concerned. Amelia got to work right away, her quill moving swiftly across the parchment, crafting each word beautifully.

Once finished, Beatrice snatched the scroll and read it aloud, her voice laced with a playful pride. "You truly are my sister. Your penmanship rivals my own, and the speed with which you composed this is impressive!" With a knowing smile, she applied her seal to the parchment and murmured an incantation under her breath. In a breathtaking moment, she approached the shimmering orb nearby, and with a flick of her wrist, the scroll vanished into thin air, leaving behind an air of mystery.

The three friends exchanged bewildered glances, their eyes wide with curiosity.

"Don't look so shocked. It's merely a simple transportation spell," Beatrice remarked, noting their astonishment. "If you

choose to remain here, you'll eventually find it essential to master these kinds of magic.

Sophia, filled with excitement, asked eagerly, "What's next? Do we need to do anything else?"

Beatrice shook her head and reassured her. "No, everything is ready. You should focus on practicing. I hope you'll be prepared for what comes next, but I'm sure you won't be sent to fight."

For many days, they practiced hard, feeling like their lives depended on it. As the sun set, they got ready to head to the desert's edge. With heavy hearts, they said goodbye to their mother, the queen, and set off with their sister toward the battlefield.

Inside the small carriage, tension filled the air as they debated, while the wheels clattered over the cobblestones.

"I think war could help you reach your goals," Beatrice said, her determination clear.

"I'm not so sure," Amelia replied, looking concerned. "God wants peace for everyone, so maybe we should stop this fight."

Their conversation grew heated, full of passionate opinions. Meanwhile, Sophia and Taylor, lulled by the movement of the carriage, fell asleep, waking only to the occasional bump.

When night came, Sophia and Taylor woke up and started laughing and chatting, refusing to let Beatrice and Amelia rest. When Amelia had had enough noise, she punched them both on the head. The two friends giggled quietly, careful not to disturb Amelia and Beatrice as they slept.

As dawn broke, a warm light spread across the horizon. They woke up to learn that their final destination was only a few hours away. The excitement filled the air, but the hours felt long, each moment marked by a deep stillness. This time, the quiet wasn't filled with secrets or shared joy; instead, it was full of boredom. The only sound was the wheels turning and the soldiers marching.

They soon reached the grand camp and were met with kind smiles from the king, who showed both authority and warmth. The trio was eager to find Benjamin, so they stepped out of the decorated tent and into the busy camp. Meanwhile, Beatrice talked animatedly with her father, using lively gestures to share her thoughts.

As they explored the lively camp, they asked about Benjamin, but everyone responded with puzzled looks and light laughter. Their curiosity grew, and they searched every corner of the camp, but their hopes began to fade as they still found no sign of him.

Time passed, and a strange pattern appeared: whenever they asked about Benjamin, the people they spoke to exchanged

playful smiles. Curious, they changed their approach and started to observe closely. With each question, they noticed the same coy reactions, so they turned away and looked for answers elsewhere.

After several amusing but unsuccessful attempts, they finally spotted a familiar figure sneaking between tents. It was Benjamin, trying to sneak up on them with a playful smile. Laughing, they chased after him, their fun pursuit echoing through the camp. Just as they caught up to him, Beatrice arrived, joining in their joyful scene. Laughter filled the air, creating a warm reunion.

Chapter 11

The morning sun filled Amelia's tent with warm light. As she woke up and quickly got dressed, she heard soldiers gathering outside. Feeling anxious, she rushed out to find her father among them.

"Are you going to the battlefield already?" she asked, worried but eager.

"Yes, my dear," the king said calmly. "But I promise I will be back by evening."

Amelia nodded reluctantly and let go of his sleeve as he joined the other armored men. Throughout the day, from early morning to late evening, they practiced and studied hard for their preparations. Meanwhile, Benjamin, who had a fresh injury, stayed behind with the girls and remained in good spirits.

As the sun set, filling the sky with reds and golds, their father returned. He looked tired, and the siblings shared

looks, silently agreeing to let him rest. One by one, the older siblings went to their tents for peace.

However, three adventurous sisters felt a rush of excitement. They wanted to explore the most desolate place they could find, seeking adventure and freedom. With brave hearts, they stepped out into the dimming light, ready for whatever came next.

They began to tiptoe into the night, hoping for adventure. When they turned a corner, they ran into the general.

"Fancy seeing you here, general," said Sophia nervously.

"I could say the same for you three," the general replied with a serious face. "But...", he continued with a smile, "I want you to taste something. My wife made this drink, and I thought you would like to try it." He held out a water pouch in his hand.

The three of them exchanged glances before taking a sip. "It tastes a little strange, but I think it's nice," Taylor said. They all yawned and soon felt their eyes growing heavy. Before they knew it, they had fallen asleep right there.

Chapter 12

Taylor woke up first, feeling confused by her surroundings. The place didn't look like the tents at their camp. She realized she wasn't tied to a chair at home, either. As she tried to understand what was happening, Amelia and Sophia also woke up.

"Good morning!" Amelia said cheerfully, still half asleep and unaware of where they were.

"Mmph," Sophia muttered, appearing to have slept well. But then she looked around, her eyes wide with alarm. "Where in the whole wide world are we?" she shouted.

Sophia's loud voice startled Amelia fully awake. She scanned the area and let out a terrified scream. Taylor was frightened, too, and joined in the screaming. The three girls panicked and cried out for help.

Then, a familiar figure walked in. "How about you don't shout so much? That would be better for my ears," said Phillip, looking amused.

"It's Phillip!" Taylor exclaimed, surprised to see him. The other two shouted, while Taylor just sat there, speechless.

"How do your siblings put up with you? Good heavens!" Phillip said, surprised by Taylor's comment and all the shouting. "I've never felt sorry for your family before."

"Hey! Our family loves us! You can't say that!" Sophia yelled in anger.

"You know what? You both should learn something from your sister, Amelia, right?" Phillip said, looking down at them. "But don't think that means I'll forgive you for what you did!"

"Me? What did I do that was so bad?" Amelia asked, defending herself. "I don't remember a thing. Did you forget the notice? Or can't you read?"

The argument continued for hours, filled with heated words and frustration. Finally, Phillip left with a red face, leaving the girls confused about what had just happened.

"Ugh, so much pride," Taylor complained. "If I weren't tied to this chair, I would have smashed that jerk's face." The others agreed, because well, it was true, at least at that time.

“God, how I wish I could just... pick up something heavy and smash Phillip’s face.” said Sophia

"But instead of focusing on that, we should think about how to escape and save ourselves," Amelia suggested, trying to change the topic to getting out of the black tent.

Taylor and Sophia agreed. "We need to sneak out of this tent and the base and find our way back home," Amelia said. "It's our only plan, but first, we need something sharp to free ourselves from these chairs."

Taylor smiled a proud smile and reached into her pocket. She took out a small blade. "I don't know how I should really use it, but I think this is good enough."

Sophia somehow freed her hand and put it forward, signalling for Taylor to give it to her. Taylor smiled and passed the knife with some struggle. In just a few minutes, everyone was set free. Amelia and Sophia felt proud of Taylor. They quietly left the tent and walked away without being seen. As they approached the battlegrounds, soldiers ran toward them from both sides—one group was their own and the other was the enemy's. With the soldiers were the heirs and kings. Lewis was there, and Beatrice was with him, too.

The three had enough brains to rush forward towards their own kin. King Edmund shouted, "Wait, you three! I'll catch you!"

The three had already reached their family by then and turned around, scared and worried after hearing the harsh voice.

"What is your problem, Edmund?!" shot King Lewis. "Why have you changed so much? You used to be so happy, and we... well, we were such great friends! What did I do to lose my dear friend like this?"

Phillip, Benjamin, Beatrice, and all present there were perplexed. How could two enemies, ones that hated each other to the core, be good friends? There was only one person not shocked: the old minister who had been there for a long time. The three knew him, but he was very quiet, so they mostly left him. It was a situation where only a few understood what was truly happening.

"Why?!" Edmund asked, pausing. "Why? You know, right?"

"No, I don't," Lewis replied. The two kings stood in silence, unsure. Instead of a dramatic moment, the scene felt awkward with confused kings and their laughing kids around them. The old minister sighed in disappointment, like a mother watching her children argue.

"Why DO we hate each other?" Lewis asked, trying to make sense of it all. Everyone else nearby was laughing loudly.

"I don't know," Edmund admitted.

"Well, I guess I stopped talking to you because my family pushed me to," Lewis said.

"My family did the same," Edmund replied.

"So, we let our friendship fade because of our families?" Lewis asked.

"My family told me so as you said a few jokes that offended me," Edmund said.

Lewis gave a look which told he could relate well.

"Here's what we'll do. Take the kids home and let them get a good night's sleep. We can talk in the morning." Edmund turned to leave, and Lewis agreed, both appearing calm. But inside, they were both excited about what tomorrow might hold.

The next morning, the sun rose gently, warming the campsite. The trio woke up feeling refreshed, as if they had a new beginning. The camp was quieter than usual, with no sounds of busy activity or distant battles.

They set out to find their siblings and quickly located them. As they entered the tent, ready to share their good feelings about the morning, they stopped in shock. Phillip was there. What was he doing here? They all wondered. He seemed to be getting along well with their siblings. How did this happen? Why was he here?

The three girls gasped softly, but together they sounded like one loud gasp. The others turned to see three confused little girls, their faces showing pure bewilderment. Their expressions were so funny that everyone around burst into laughter.

Beatrice signaled for the girls to follow her. They obeyed, shooting annoyed looks at Phillip as they walked behind her.

"Why is Phillip here?!" Taylor asked, practically jumping at Beatrice. Beatrice laughed, her usual cheerful laugh. She calmed the girls down and explained what had happened.

The kings had talked privately for a while with the old minister. They had made peace between their kingdoms and themselves. No one knew what they discussed except the minister and the kings. The girls were so happy to hear this news that they began jumping with joy.

Suddenly, Amelia stopped and thought for a moment. "So there isn't going to be a battle today, is there?" she asked. The other girls looked at Beatrice with curious faces. Beatrice laughed at their question.

"Oh, that's the part! That's the important part," she said, almost falling off her chair.

"What is?" the three girls asked together.

"You three woke up in the afternoon, so there is no way there would be a battle announcement right now," Beatrice said

while laughing at their disappointed expressions as they began to understand the situation.

The day ended with them and the boys having fun, playing in the mud, and getting scolded by both kings. They wrapped up the sweet day with some tasty sweets, because why not?

Chapter 13

After a few weeks, they reached home. They entered the castle feeling excited and happy. The tall stone walls echoed their laughter, and sunlight shone through the colorful stained glass windows, brightening the space. Every step filled them with a sense of adventure and freedom.

As they explored the large halls, they felt grateful for their new friend. He had many stories and brought joy to their journey. They shared jokes and secrets, discovering the castle's hidden spots together.

Their growing friendship made the atmosphere feel lighter. They laughed at silly moments and admired the castle's old treasures, creating lasting memories. Together, they felt like they truly belonged. In that beautiful place, with their friend beside them, they felt very free and very happy. They had expected Phillip to be mean and perhaps even arrogant, but he turned out to be a great brother.

The two castles were filled with sounds of laughter and play. The boys would sometimes go off with their fathers for adventures, while the girls enjoyed painting their nails with pretty colors together.

Phillip was not an only child. He had two lively twin sisters and an older brother. Only Phillip attended the school because his sisters were not old enough yet, and his brother had already graduated. His brother spent most of his time in the library reading, but was always available to talk or help.

The two kings used to be good friends and had become friends again. The queens, however, had not talked much since their school days. Still, they seemed to have an understanding friendship. The children loved it when the families gathered because lively debates often broke out among the adults.

For a while, the trio had been in touch with their parents in Heaven using special magic. Only Beatrice knew about it. They made sure to keep their magical papers supplied since they used them often.

Months passed, and the worries of war faded. One day, while sitting alone in the big library filled with books, the trio saw the angel Beatrice. She asked, "Would you like to return to Heaven, or do you prefer to stay here?"

Amelia spoke for the group and said, "We think we should stay. This is our home now. We want to live life to the fullest here."

The angel smiled brightly. "As you wish. Goodbye!"

"Goodbye!" the three said together. The angel disappeared, and the door opened to reveal their friends and siblings.

"Why was there such a bright light? What spell did you cast?" asked Phillip's brother.

"There was no light! Just accept it!" shouted Phillip, hoping to win the argument with his clever brother.

The trio convinced everyone that there was no light at all, suggesting that Phillip's brother might have imagined it. Afterward, Phillip's brother settled in a corner, watching the younger children argue and play.

The general was searched for high and low while his wife and children eagerly awaited news. Although the entire country celebrated the new surroundings, the general's family cried every night, longing for his return. They knew he was a despicable traitor, but whenever asked for details, they remained tight-lipped.

All of this was happening without Lewis's knowledge. Benjamin was also unaware of the investigation. It had been initiated by King Edmund, so he saw no reason to inform

them. The others knew but were hesitant to discuss such a traitor in the presence of the king.

Eventually, the investigation was shut down due to a lack of results. This brought relief to many, as they no longer had to deal with random people asking them strange questions.

At school, everyone was amazed to see the former enemies getting along. Each time they walked by, people's jaws dropped in disbelief. Teachers, students, and even royal parents who came to pick up their children were all confused by this surprising change. The air was filled with curiosity and wonder. In a place where princesses share gossip, how could we not tell the legendary story of two lost friends who became friends again?

In the streets of both kingdoms, old friends reunited after being separated for a long time due to political affairs. The two kingdoms were known to be beautiful. Now with such hope and happiness lingering in the air, how could a place not feel... perfect?

Epilogue

It had been a few weeks since everything calmed down. People had returned to their daily lives, and many seemed happier. Outside the two royal families, life appeared normal. However, inside those families, tension was still brewing just beneath the surface.

Lewis had been listening to conversations around him. He overheard some people discussing the general's investigation. Curious and a bit worried, he walked into the room where others were gathered to ask about it. When he did, everyone looked surprised.

After a long discussion about what was happening, Lewis put down his cup and looked around the room. Benjamin sat across from him, his legs crossed, waiting patiently for someone to speak. Both Lewis and Benjamin looked slightly disappointed, but there was still a hint of a smile on their faces, showing they were hoping for the best.

Suddenly, laughter erupted from Lewis and Benjamin, filling the room and breaking the heavy silence. Just then, a reporter walked in and bowed respectfully. Lewis waved his hand, signaling for the man to stand up.

"Good day, your honors. I have some news for you," the reporter announced with a serious expression.

"Please, go on," Lewis replied, leaning in with interest.

"Your honor, the general's family is missing," the reporter said, his voice firm.

"They probably just went somewhere. There's nothing to worry about," Lewis said, trying to sound calm and reassuring.

"They have been missing for a few days. Neighbors reported that they took all of their supplies when they left," the reporter insisted, concern creeping into his voice.

"Don't worry about it right now. We'll talk more about it later," Lewis assured him.

"Yes, your honor," the reporter said, looking a bit relieved as he turned to leave. Once the door closed behind him, all of them began discussing what had happened and whether they should move to another base.

A heavy silence fell over the room as they thought about everything. Finally, Edmund broke the quiet, eager to share his thoughts.

"You know what surprises me?" he asked, raising an eyebrow.

"What is it?" Lewis replied, a playful smirk appearing on his face. Benjamin looked like a younger version of his father. Meanwhile, Taylor couldn't help but admire her father's good looks while thinking how much of a monkey her brother looked like.

"How brave you are and how weak your general is," said Edmund, shaking his head slightly at the thought.

"Thank you, friend. But I must question your choice to investigate the general," Lewis replied, his voice more serious now.

"Why shouldn't I? He has betrayed you. We need to find him and punish him for what he did," Edmund urged, his tone filled with determination.

"He helped to kidnap my girls, didn't he?" Lewis argued, his expression darkening.

"Yes. That is exactly why he needs to be punished," Edmund replied firmly.

Lewis exchanged a quick smile with Benjamin, and they both burst into laughter. Their light-heartedness confused everyone else in the room, who were trying to understand the situation.

"Oh, you all. How can you create such wild stories?" Lewis said, chuckling to himself.

Benjamin joined in with laughter, making the group feel even more puzzled. After a moment, Amelia turned to her father, looking very confused.

"What do you mean by 'story'?" she asked, her voice a mix of curiosity and concern.

"Amelia, only highly trained sorcerors can use transformation magic. And besides, the general passed away two days before you arrived," Benjamin explained gently, trying to help her understand.

Everyone gasped, their faces reflecting shock and disbelief. As they processed this news, Lewis and Benjamin began to realize how serious the situation was.

The people in the room felt uneasy, full of questions that had no answers. They sat in silence, staring at one another, each trying to make sense of what they had just learned, with three pairs of eyes still struggling to throw away the veil of confusion and worry.

To be continued...