

TALES OF FORGOTTEN FAE



BOOK 1

To
No
END

LEXY NIGHT



To
No
END

TALES OF FORGOTTEN FAE



BOOK 1

LEXY NIGHT

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, or persons, living or dead, is coincidental.

Copyright © 2025 by Lexy Night. All rights reserved, including the right to reproduce, distribute, or transmit in any form or by any means. No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including information storage and retrieval systems, without prior written permission from the author, except for the use of brief quotations in a book review or other noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law.

Edited by Noah Sky

Proofreading by Rachel Theus Cass

Book Cover Design by Krafigs Design

Illustrations and Font Design by Jade M Design

Map Art by ©Travis Hasenour/To the Moon and Back Design

Interior Design by ©Travis Hasenour/To the Moon and Back Design

ISBN: 979-8-9908638-0-4 (Paperback Edition)

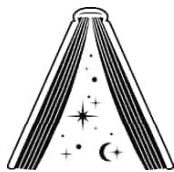
ISBN: 979-8-9908638-1-1 (eBook Edition)

Library of Congress Control Number: 2024918255

First Edition January 2025

Published in Overland Park, Kansas

Printed and bound in the United States of America



Under The Covers Publishing

www.lexynight.com

*For all the people who thought they knew someone...
It's not about what came before; it's about what comes next.*

*I hope to write about the women you admire, the friends you deserve,
and the kind of love you'd destroy kingdoms for.*

THE FAE REALMS OF

DEMIP





CONTENTS

[Front Cover](#)

[Title Page](#)

[Copyright](#)

[Map](#)

[Contents](#)

[Content Notes](#)

[Prologue](#)

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

[Chapter 12](#)

[Chapter 13](#)

[Chapter 14](#)

[Chapter 15](#)

[Chapter 16](#)

[Chapter 17](#)

[Chapter 18](#)

[Chapter 19](#)

[Chapter 20](#)

[Chapter 21](#)

[Chapter 22](#)

[Chapter 23](#)

[Chapter 24](#)

[Chapter 25](#)

[Chapter 26](#)

[Chapter 27](#)

[Chapter 28](#)

[Chapter 29](#)

[Chapter 30](#)

[Chapter 31](#)

[Chapter 32](#)

[Chapter 33](#)

[Chapter 34](#)

[Bonus Content](#)

[Pronunciation Guide](#)

[Acknowledgments](#)

[About the Author](#)



CONTENT NOTES

A pronunciation guide can be found by skipping to the back of the book.

This story contains adult themes and the mention of the following that may be concerning to some readers:

- Adult Murder (common theme)
- Attempted Sexual Assault (brief mentions)
- Branding (brief mentions)
- Consensual Nudity/Sexual Scenes (several fully described)
- Female on Male Violence (common theme in the form of training/battle)
- Infant Murder (very brief mention)
- Infertility (very brief mention)
- Language (infrequent)
- Male on Female Violence (common theme in the form of training/battle)
- Miscarriage (very brief mention)
- Self-Harm (brief theme in the form of training)
- Spousal/Child Abuse (brief mention)
- Classism (brief mentions)
- Torture (brief theme)
- Verbal Assault (brief scenes)
- Violence (common theme)
- War (reference to past, present and future)



PROLOGUE

Cambria - Northern Kingdom

For those who see the future, speak not of it, for fear of bending its many winding branches.

Excerpt, Tome of Sight, Ch. 1. Verse 4.

After hundreds of years of turmoil and senseless bloodshed, there had finally come a time for peace between Cambria, the kingdom in the north, and Artume, the southern kingdom. A feeling of normalcy had returned to the Fae people and all other creatures who resided in these territories. Ravaged lands had been restored, trade had resumed, and people began to prosper once more. Kingsguards dwindled in numbers and assumed the lowly duties of patrolling between the borders of the Riverlands. There was hope amongst the Fae, and once again, they began to grow their families with the belief that a new generation would inherit a better place than what came before.

But peace in the land of the long-lived was a fickle thing, and fear can be more dangerous than any assassin. It behaves like a blade in many ways; with guile and precision, puncturing the confident exterior and laying bare the viscera within. A knife, when it's at your throat, presents an undeniable reality. But fear is far more dangerous because, unlike the blade, its influence is masked by other emotions: greed, lust, aggression—fear can hide behind all of these, and it is far more lethal in the hearts of those who rule.

One night, a seedling of this immense power swept gently on the tides, gliding upon the black waves as they hurried toward shore. When it crashed into the rocky coastline, it clung to the gusts of the west winds, swirling up the craggy cliffs until another torrent of air carried it through an open window, where it found a sleeping host.

King Aeon I, son of Ciaran, ruler of Cambria, awoke suddenly, chest heaving, blinking his eyes furiously to shake off the horrors his dreams had unveiled. His wife, Queen Nyla, tried desperately to console her frantic husband as he gasped the words, “A vision...! A vision! A prophecy.” Sweat

slicked his brow and arms, his muscles finally unclenching as he awoke fully. "I must speak to Idris at dawn," he pleaded, wide-eyed, to his beloved. At the mention of the name, her skin paled and her features hardened. Her eyes met the king's with concern, knowing what would follow.



"You know I cannot tell you what I saw, or it may not come to pass. Anything I say could alter it," the king snarled.

He stood and pounded his fists on the long oak table, gripping the edge while dropping his head in frustration. The sound echoed across the stone archways of the High Council chambers. Idris, unfazed, looked intently at the king, silently awaiting his next words. For Idris did not often stand before this table, and whenever he did, it was him and the king alone. Idris was very old, yet you wouldn't know it from the sharp angles of his appearance. He had served Aeon, and his father before him. As spymaster, he was aloof, with no friends, kin, or lovers to speak of. In truth, Idris managed to fit in wherever he went. His silent manner and calculated presence allowed him to simply exist, blending in like ivy curling around a lattice. His contributions to the realm were crucial, providing the king with information about his enemies' movements.

Idris nodded, "My king, I understand. I will not press you, as your dream sight has never failed us. But what can you tell me so that I may serve?"

The king scanned the room nervously to be sure they were alone.

"Call the Order, demand an Offering, and light the Pyres of Ennae immediately," Aeon whispered.

Idris began to rub his hands nervously. "My liege, are you certain? Once we do this, it cannot be undone. The High families of the North will not give up their sons and daughters without suspicion!"

"You know I would not ask this of anyone if it were not dire. I'd give of my own brood were they of age to serve. May we never relive the horrors of our first king's sacrifice. I would never take lightly the families I ruin and the lives I take in the Offering," Aeon said penitently, sorrow beginning to fill the otherwise regal features of his handsome face.

"I am certain our time of peace is coming to an end, and we must be prepared. We must be the ones to gather intel and strike first. I need the Order reinstated." Aeon looked flatly at Idris, the silence between them palpable.

“My lord, the sky will dance with red this eve, though it gives me no pleasure. I shall summon the others to the Elorns, where they will train the Offering until they are ready. Then we will remind our Fae brethren in the South why peace is the only option.” He paused, looking away in contemplation, remembering how the winds of war always find a way of returning. And with those winds came opportunity. He locked eyes with the king and quieted his words, just above a whisper, “Remind them that they are only safe by your will, sire.”

That evening, the Pyres of Ennae were lit, and one by one the red smoke from the burning Gaia Wood spread from mountain top to mountain top, sprawling across the vast territories of Cambria. The enchantments bound to the wood ensured only the lords and ladies of the High Court could see the signal. To the outsiders, there was nothing, not even the faintest scent of fire and ash. Nothing to draw concern from them that anything was awry. Idris himself stood idly on the tower, using his powerful magic to light them, one by one, without so much as lifting a finger or alerting a single Kingsguard.

The Pyres of Ennae were a symbol, a message that had lain dormant for over two hundred years. That evening, the most respected, royal, and wealthy families of Aeon’s Court would know their king was calling—and they were to answer. In thirty days’ time, they would each deliver one son or daughter of conscription age to the Offering, and they would never see or hear from them again.



CHAPTER

1

I wandered the halls of our home aimlessly, tired from another monotonous day. Much of which I had spent riding the small expanse of our land beneath the sunlit sky, but never going beyond the boundaries of the estate. It wasn't usually allowed without an escort—unsafe, for someone like me. So, I'd ride along its outskirts longing to go beyond the walls. As my horse trotted beside the perimeter, I'd drag my fingertips along the stone walls, feeling the rough texture of the rock broken up by soft patches of moss. When I grew bored with that, I'd race my horse from one end to the other to feel the wind in my face, avoiding the gardens so that my mother wouldn't have my head.

When my parents called me into our library at such a late hour, I knew something was off. Especially since they turned my twin sister, Versa, away when she followed me in. My mother looked absolutely distraught, and my father's brow was locked in a furrow. He looked like he had been practicing whatever he was about to say for the past hour, and yet the right words could not find him.

"Cress—my darling, you know that with being a family of the High Court, we have enjoyed the luxuries and freedoms that come with those titles."

I nodded in acknowledgment.

"But there is also a price. One we hoped we would never have to pay. All these years of peace, we have gone about our lives, prospered in all the ways your mother and I dreamt. Yet, despite the innumerable and invaluable fortunes I have beheld, I hope you and your sister know that you're our most prized treasures."

Why did this sound like a goodbye speech? Were they sick? Had they planned to travel to faraway lands? I glanced at my mother, who was doing everything in her power to not let her traitorous watering eyes stain her beautiful rose-colored cheeks.

"In times of peace, the price seems like a—"

“Father spit it out, what is troubling you?” I chimed in, impatiently. I could no longer stand the looks on their faces.

My loving father sat up straight, drew his shoulders back, and took a deep breath. “In thirty days, we journey to Tinsilor Castle to deliver you to King Aeon. From that time forward, you will serve the king and his realm in whatever way he sees fit. You will not see us or anyone else you know again.”

And there it was. The truth, like a dull knife—what I had asked for. The answer to why my mother looked horrified and my father couldn’t bring himself to meet my gaze.

I should have been in shock, yelling in disbelief, or possibly crying. But that’s not me. In times of distress, I lean into my overly logical side and usually all I have is questions, endless questions.

But the ever-present bond between me and my twin sister was itching below the surface, and suddenly there was only one distinct question burning to be asked.

“What about Versa?”

The bobbing of my father’s throat told me everything I needed to know before he even spoke.

“We are only required to deliver one of you to King Aeon, and since your sister was recently betrothed, it did not make sense to go back on our word to that family.”

The words stung my father more than they did me. I already knew that if only one of us was required to go, there wasn’t a chance in three moons that Versa would be the one selected. She had recently been promised a most favorable match. One that was going to seal a relationship between families leading to years of wealth and prosperity. If I was being honest with myself, it didn’t make sense for Versa to go anyway. I hadn’t a clue what serving the king and the realm even meant, but despite appearances, Versa and I were very different.

We were both considered stunning by Fae standards, but Versa had a unique quality where she just...glowed. When we entered a room, people’s eyes settled on her, not me. She was more delicate in every way, from her dainty collarbones to her polite disposition; she’s what most would want from a young lady of a High Court family. Well-bred, well-behaved, stunning, and ripe to bring even more beautiful babies into the world.

I, on the other hand, shared a face with my sister, but I was sturdier in every sense of the word. I was strong, fast, curious, and in all ways unsettled and unrestrained. My mouth and intellect often got me in trouble, and I was most certainly not amenable to betrothals.

Despite all that, I still had ideas and plans for a future of my own—one that I was in control of. But now it seemed the king would dictate my path. And while maybe I could come to terms with that, it was that last part my father mentioned that began the stabbing ache in the depths of my chest.

I would never get to see or speak to my family again. To my other half, my twin. I think this was the part I struggled most to grasp, more so than being sent away to serve the realm.

I snapped myself out of the endless well of thoughts and turned to my mother. “What does that mean? Serve the king and the realm. What will I be doing that requires I never see you again?”

My mother looked at my father almost in anger, before she spoke, as if this was something she too wanted answers for.

“The Offering is a secret. Only the High Lords and Ladies pay the price with their children’s lives. Those with offspring who meet the age of conscription must answer the call with one daughter or son. No one but the families themselves will know who is offered...” My mother trailed off, trying to remain impassive.

My father attempted to fill in the gaps, still seeing the confusion washing across my face.

“The pain of your absence will not be our only suffering. We will not know where you are, what you’re doing, who you’re with”—his voice cracked as he struggled to choke out the remaining words—“or if you’re safe. It will torture your mother and me for the rest of our days. I don’t even know if Versa will be able to carry on, which is why...”

“Which is why she must not know the truth!” My mother finished sharply, sensing his inability to complete the sentence.

“Aren’t they going to notice all these sons and daughters of the High Court are missing? Notice *I’m* missing?” I asked incredulously.

“Each family will create an elaborate lie to account for their sons’ and daughters’ absences. Versa must not know the truth. It would absolutely break her. You two have been attached at the hip since your first namesake. She’d never be able to carry on not knowing if you’re okay.”

I leaped up from my armchair, “And it won’t break you?” I shouted at my mother.

“I’ve been broken since receiving word the Offering had been called, my strong-willed daughter... And the only solace I will have is the belief that whatever this is, wherever you’re going, it must be honorable. Important. It has to be. King Aeon is good and would never take the sons and daughters of the North on a whim. I choose to believe that being called upon isn’t a death

sentence, but an opportunity, and that your life and the lives of the other High Fae will not be given in vain.”

My father reached out to place his hand on top of hers. It was then I witnessed the tears streaming down her face, reflecting the light of the nearby fireplace.

“The Offering has not been called upon in over two hundred years, not since before the war ended. We’re told never to question it, but I can’t help but worry about what this forebodes for Cambria. And like your mother, I choose to believe if you are needed, there is a damn good reason my daughter is being taken from me.”

Now my father’s anger matched my mother’s from earlier, and I could feel his magic beginning to ripple in the warm air of the library. He rarely ever showed his abilities; it wasn’t proper, he’d say. While their concern was beginning to boil over, I was quickly becoming numb to my fate.

“So, what now?” I shrugged, disbelief and apathy deadening my tone.

“Your mother and I will determine the lie that your sister, family, and friends will be told. Then, in thirty days, we will deliver you to King Aeon as the Offering calls for,” my father explained.

I rose to my feet, itching to pace, to run or scream, a roaring need to unleash building inside of me. “And what am I supposed to do during that time while you two spin elaborate lies about my upcoming disappearance?”

My mother stood and grabbed my shoulders. “Oh Cress, you do whatever your heart desires while your life and your freedom is your own. Fate be damned,” she sighed.

She looked me dead in the eyes fiercely, holding a hand to my cheek with all the love a mother can offer. “No one can know what your fate holds once in the king’s hands. But you have our complete blessing to live the next thirty days selfishly. Unapologetically. Drink the nectar that is freedom while it’s within your grasp. I am only sorry that I cannot promise you that for the rest of your days, as you most certainly deserve. As we all deserve.”

My mother dropped her hand and squeezed my shoulders, embracing me. And that’s when she whispered the words that cut like daggers.

“But if you disappear, if you do not take your place in the Offering, Versa will be taken instead and there is nothing we can do.”

I don’t know if it was a threat or a plea, but it hurt in ways I refused to let myself feel fully. Versa had always been closer to my mother, whereas I was closer with my father. Though it was not the intent of her words, I couldn’t help but feel my mother would have never let her prized daughter be the one to go. However, through this entire ordeal, I wouldn’t let my parents see me

fall apart. No, I'd plaster on that same stoic face I'd wear anytime hurt and disappointment came for me.

Whether it was my failure to master footwork in sparring sessions at school, facing my loneliness in the background behind all the budding relationships of my fellow classmates, or the fact that Versa was the daughter worthy of a handsome betrothal; ultimately, I'm just the "Offering" to the king and the realm.

For all they knew, I was being sent away for slavery, slaughter, or worse. So, I swallowed the hurt deep down and hugged them both tightly. Nightfall was calling me, and I knew exactly where I wanted to be when I came apart at the seams.

The three moons of Demir were bright in the night sky, each of their crescents hugging the shoulder of the other. The garden path was illuminated with their moonlight, and I followed the trail to the nearby gazebo and tree swings.

Two swings, one for my sister and the other for me. This place, which I could come to whenever I wanted, now seemed much more meaningful. Only thirty days to soak in the people and places I loved. Thirty days to do whatever my heart desired. It's a funny thing to know what you want to do the next day or even one hundred years from now, but when your freedom is limited, those priorities change.

I kicked off my shoes and felt every blade of dewy grass tickle my ankles as I approached my swing and sat down. The cool breeze comforted me as I began to swing slowly, staying low to let my toes drag across the tough dirt below.

How does one even approach planning for their last days of freedom? It could take me thirty days alone just to make a list I felt good about. A list. That's what I needed. I was going to make a list of everything I wanted to do, see, or experience with what little time I had left. After all, my mother said to be as selfish as I wanted to be. It's not like I'd be around to experience the consequences. I swung underneath that tree for what seemed like hours, watching my shadow sway back and forth across the lawn.

Occasionally, I'd glance over at the empty swing next to me, trying to ignore the growing pain in my gut. The loss of Versa might be the most painful aspect of all of this. I continued to swing higher, faster, feeling the air rush all around me. My long dark locks were flying carelessly in the wind and I kept pushing back the stinging tears building in my eyes, the tightening of my chest. The never-ending barrage of thoughts overwhelmed me, deciding what I needed to experience in the days that lay ahead.

Beginning tomorrow morning, I couldn't waste a single second of what was left of my freedom. Higher and higher the swing flew until the list building in my head began to consume me. Now motivated to action, I tucked my legs underneath me and leaned back to maximize my momentum. The rush of adrenaline took over as I timed my dismount with the highest point of the arc and leaped, landing perfectly, gracefully, almost feline.

I stood, dusted off my hands on the sides of my emerald green dress, and began to embrace the dark feeling of my life being utterly out of control. There was one thing I had to do before the Offering, one thing that was undeniably happening; I was going to lose my maidenhead.



CHAPTER

2

It was the middle of the night by the time I returned to my room. Versa was sleeping soundly across the hall, and for that, I was thankful. I was never good at lying; even worse at lying to her. The only time we ever pulled off lies was when we were in on it together and out to mislead our parents. For as innocent as she came off to others, only I knew her secrets and occasional antics.

I had no idea what story my parents would tell her in the morning about my upcoming “disappearance.” I certainly didn’t want to spoil things by coming up with my own falsehood. I knew I wouldn’t be nearly creative enough to spin up something believable off the cuff, not with Versa’s eyes on me.

I glanced around my bedroom at the wall of trinkets that I’d collected from my father’s various travels. He’d always bring me back something so that we could share in his adventures. A way to learn about the people, the customs and the beautiful places beyond the sea. I noted the top few shelves consisting of a handful of unique instruments, none of which I could play, but all equally interesting to inspect and admire. My favorite was the golden flute with decorative mother-of-pearl embellishments.

To the right of the instruments were an arrangement of masks and dolls, each intricately painted in a beautiful array of colors that were beginning to fade from the sunlight glaring in through the giant windows. Each of the items made me nostalgic for my childhood, and what ordinarily wouldn’t have seemed long ago, suddenly felt so far away.

My collection of books was precious to me. I couldn’t fathom the thought of them covered in dust, and I hoped that after my disappearance they’d find a new home, someone to love and cherish them the way I had. I acknowledged how I had them meticulously arranged in an order that only

made sense to me. Row after row I scanned, remembering how quickly they overflowed my shelves and I had to beg Versa to let me move some of them into her room. Given the questionable content, I was too embarrassed to store them in our family library.

My room was already beginning to feel lonely and foreign. I hated that this simple change of direction in my life made me feel like a stranger in my own home, my own room. A home I had made memories in for 25 years, some of which were captured in paintings displayed throughout the gallery.

On every special occasion, my mother insisted that we sit for hours while some poor artist struggled to paint our family in a way that met her extremely high standards. Mother spent weeks planning our attire for these portrait sessions, trying her best to ensure that our outfits appeared cohesive. Not surprisingly, that same rationale gave her an excuse to pore over expensive and exotic fabrics, allowing her to commission new dresses to be made for all of us.

She constantly critiqued the artist, implying that our beauty had not been captured accurately enough, but what she really meant to say was *her* beauty. For all my mother's kindness, she was also vain. Rightfully so.

I'm glad to say my sister and I did inherit her looks, but we were both much humbler. If you glanced at the portraits quickly, it was clear that we were our father's daughters. His bloodline dominated all our major features. Our heads were crowned with long, dark brown hair—so dark, it was almost black—falling like tendrils well past our shoulders. We bore the same sparkling emerald eyes as him, and nearly translucent eggshell skin. Our father's cheeks, however, were always rosy, permanently sun-kissed from years at sea under the relentless sky.

However, the foundations of what made us considerably attractive Fae were our mother's perfect nose, pouty lips, sharply arched cheekbones, and deep-set eyes.

Some might have considered her intense burgundy hair color harsh, for it appeared like blood if you stared long enough. Her olive skin was that of her mother's, and all the females who came before in their family. At least from the paintings I've seen.

She was what most would refer to as intimidatingly beautiful. Her dark eyes were like endless pools of ink. If you stared into them for too long, you'd find yourself drowning. Sometimes, I'm convinced it was her eyes that first ensnared my father.

My mother is intense. My father, on the other hand, has a light-hearted and jovial exterior, but could be brutal when it came to matters of commerce.