

When I was born, a sage prophesied that I would be the cause of my father's death. Fearing this, my father abandoned me in a distant land, and years later, abducted me from my husband.

The world thinks my father a monster, but as his prisoner, I received better treatment than in any palace I lived in. Even one where I was queen.

He had discovered that the famed queen, who followed her husband into exile after he was deceived by his stepmother, was his long-abandoned daughter. Overwhelmed with guilt, he longed to make things right.

But why did he deceive me? Had he told me the truth, I would have been spared this day.

He came to me in the forest during our exile, disguised as a sage.

A few days before this incident, I had seen the most beautiful deer, and I wanted it for a pet. My husband, to please me, had gone in search of it.

My husband, the man who started a war for me. That should prove his love for me, shouldn't it? Yet why do I feel so betrayed by him today?

That day in the forest, he had been reluctant to leave me alone, but I was insistent.

"I will be fine, husband. Who is going to come into the forest? Go, catch me that deer."

"If this will make you happy, wife. You have shown great loyalty by coming with me, you could have remained in the palace." He pressed his lips together, staring into my eyes. When I flashed him our secret smile, he couldn't resist.

Before he left, he drew a protective border around the little shack we had built. "If you stay within these borders, wife, nothing will harm you," he said, and with a kiss upon my head, he left.

I kept busy within the boundaries, gathering wood and trying to light a fire.

No sooner had he disappeared into the trees, an old sage appeared begging for alms. I must have stepped outside the boundary, because the next thing I knew, I awoke in a fine room in a beautiful palace, with no memory of how I got there. It was there that I learnt my true identity and reunited with my father. He begged for my forgiveness, and I gave it.

My husband wasn't so forgiving.

When he returned from the hunt and found me gone, he scoured the land and sea, and so began the great war, in which he killed my captor. 'How dare anyone take what was his?'

Fate is cruel. I cannot mourn my father; I must rejoice in my husband's victory.

I shelter him from the truth. It would break his heart to learn that the man he killed was my father. Yet he breaks mine.

"Prove it to me," he demands, "Prove your virtue, your purity."

I'll go through fire, as he wants it; so, it will be.