

The festival of prism lights

For Lara's contest

[Taking part before evens of fifth season.]

Neveareth at planet Tintalle laid at the far end of the magical dimension. Cut widely with numerous rives and streams and covered with colourful meadows and tall woods well reflected the nature and look of its native inhabitants. The place as the whole planet, although beautiful and relaxing, due to its location, was not a touristy destination. Apart from once a year, when Neveareth turned into a perfect spot to observe magnificent spectacle of celestial prism lights. This rare, even for Magix, phenomena which turned night sky into a rainbow of most unimaginable colours. According to popular belief, one who dream or see with a closed eyes the colour, that shall then appear on sky, will receive good fortune, power and health for the rest of his, or her life. That is why each year hundreds of people gathered at Neveareth, even a week before, just to observe it. Well maybe not each, as this year it was raining for two weeks without shortest break and nothing forecast the weather to change.

"I cannot believe we're wasting our spring break to get our outfits to get entirely soaked!" Lamented lovely blond girl trying to wring out her short dress. "I told you we should go to some of the glamours summer resorts, then we would be now sunbathing!"

"Well it's not usual one, so don't blame us Stel" Replied equally irritated Musa. She herself had boots so wet, that she could swear she was walking in shallow stream. "It's not like it was entirely our idea, remember?!"

"Maybe it will change soon." Soft conciliatory voice turned to them both. Although normally girls stuck together and managed to avoid fights, this time they were all tired as nothing of their plans turned the way the wanted and now they were walking for two hours with their luggage (and in case of some it was a quantity of small lorry to hold it in) uphill very... fluid route, that's why Flora tried to keep the team spirit and smiled encouragingly to the rest.

"Not according to my calculation, or the forecast." Informative and surprised strong tone of Tecna's voice suggested that she was the one, who was not worried about the conditions and the turns of the trip so far, yet even she looked at the sky cloudy sky with less than a little hope. In some strange way that actually calmed down Stella and Musa, who decided to look up to their friend at this time and continued their walk with more vivid manner. Which they luckily did not have to keep for long time. as the small. wooden hotel rose before their eyes. Although simple at first it was very elegant building with few very finely done details. All of them felt much happier when they crossed the threshold. All, but one. Layla turned once more to the outside and gazed into the clouds.

"I don't like that, there's been raining for so long, soon the river banks won't be able hold all the water. I sense danger." She whispered quietly looking around on surrounding them forest and large mud puddles. She could sense the water falling and running and she had disturbing feeling, that it was not natural situation.

"Cheer up!" Redhead hugged her athletic friend, with bright smile. "You know that local officials are doing everything to prevent flood and they said that there is no such risk. Come one, let's get some rest. We well deserve it!"

Trying to look convinced princess of Tides smiled faintly as they entered the lobby, hoping to find some dry space and warm beds.

Spacious, yet normally gelid cave was now filled with warm orange and dark flames. Sophisticated tapestry was decorating the walls and soft, deep in colours carpet was laying on the ground. In comfortable armchairs of oak tree three sisters were sitting and considering their options.

“Worst case we can always use *Nubes Sagittarunt* spell and catch the light for ourselves.” Said slim woman with long dark hair falling loosely on her back.

“Worst case! This spell need four hours preparation and may not last for enough of time, and the time is what we need!” Cold blue eyes closed dangerously as equally cold voice rang in the cave. “I told You, only once in fifty years Tintalian moon appears in the middle of Arachne constellation in day of prism lights, and it's the only chance in fifty years to absorb all this power into our crystals, and nothing can go wrong!” Long fingers tighten on armchair.

Even though she was boiling with emotions, nothing of her body language showed that, making her look cool, if not chilling. In fact all about her brought to mind an image of an icicle. She was tall and pale, her long nails were of cold shade of blue and her almost floor length hair, put in high ponytail, of fresh snow colour.

“So do You have any other suggestions?” Replied again the first, much unsatisfied with her sister's opinion.

“*Nihilum Abyssus*” Iced-blond said with superiority, smirking as she would just throw a challenge at the others and won it already.

“This is very dangerous, not to mention we will be exhausted afterwards!” The slim dark-head tried to maintain her voice, not to show how irritated she was at the idea and the fact, it was not her.

“And it won't work” Suddenly added with frustration the third of them. She was the only with shorter hair, just reaching her arms, she was also bit more curvy. “I told You it's not a natural storm.”

“Other way you'd be able to handle it, would you dear sister.” Smiled viciously the beautiful pale woman.

“Or maybe you just got out of form sister?” Asked the first with poorly pretended care and the both of long haired witches laughed.

“Oh bite me.” Said the third raising from her chair and going to the cave entrance.

“Wai...”

“Oh let her go Darcy, maybe that way she'll come with some good idea.” Said icy watching her sister leaving their cozy lodgings.

Another thunder shook the air, bringing after it equally heavy silence, which lasting just for a small part of the second. Then the rain started to play its melodies onto the rooftop again. Layla couldn't sleep, in her mind she tried to count the water drops she heard, but instead of peace, it only brought more fear to her. Finally unable to stay laying any longer she sat and looked around the room. An intense voice inside her kept up whispering that it was all not right and she didn't know how to silent it, so instead of that she started to listen.

The girl dressed up quickly and opened the window in search for quick, yet safe, way to the ground. In the moment of sudden brightness caused by another lighting, she spotted the path and carefully climbed down.

Although power of the transformation could help her sense the threat better, flying in those conditions were impossible, also soaked up wings would not make her move faster, so all that left was to close her eyes and listen to the power inside leading her towards whatever source of the trouble. After few moments the inner warmth formed a vision in her head leading her

not to High Cliff, or any pic, but down, into the Sleepy Valley.

Stormy looked steadily at serpent like lightning tearing in two dark, heavy heavens. Her short, curly hair was already wet, reminding even more a raining cloud, but she could care less. Summoning all the storm powers onto her, the witch was able to find a subtle thread of magic carefully woven into the skies, so that nobody could sense it. Nobody, apart one with storm gift, that is.

Once she caught the line, she started to carefully extract the information about its weaver and the method it was tangled. The woman had to admit it was very neat and sophisticated magic, yet not perfect. She could already say, that whoever was behind it, was not of her power, although could mimic it pretty well. It was impossible to say what race was the make, was it male or female, and what's their name, although it was possible to trace the person. Stormy focused and after moment she felt weightless. With the thread of magic in her hand she levitated straight to the storm searching for the lead of whoever was responsible.

'The route was definitely more muddy and way more slippy than it should.' Though Layla, as she finally managed to stand on her feet. "But at least the way now the hill was shorter than I expected." Though filth in hair and on whole clothing, the girl had a strong feelings it was for the good and that she was coming close to solving the mystery. She made few steps toward the glade and then...

"Ouch!" two female voice yelled pretty loudly.

"Oh, on the blackest pages of Grimoire Maledicam! I'll get that spell-maker!" snarled curly hair woman.

"But could you, please, get of me first." Said the voice from under. Witch jumped and her feet surprised and Layla, this time entirely in mud put herself up.

"What are You doing here little fairy, you don't want to catch cold do you?" With mocking and patronizing voiced Stormy observes as princess of Tides weeps the dirt from her eyes.

"You witches! I should knew it's your work that weather!" Yelled Layla pointing her finger at blue eyed woman.

"Thanks for the complement, but this time no." Replied the Trix as she tried to move towards the glade.

"Like I believe You!" Fairy immediately moved the same direction not taking her eyes of her opponent.

"Like I care!" Said the witch and she shut up right after realizing the the whole discussion sounded as a quarrel of seven years old. "Listen I don't care what you think, but that situation bugs me as well as you, as I hate when someone tries to play with my domain, so get of my way!" Stormy speed up her moves and left troubled fairy few steps away. Layla stood for a moment considering the spoken words, when, as in slow motion, she noticed hit by thunder branch falling down.

"Watch out!" She screamed as she jumped and pushed Stormy, landing few inches from smoking wood.

"Why did you do that?" Asked the witch equally amazed, scare, thankful, as angry for being now entirely filthy.

"Cause I believe you." Layla decided that if she won't use some cleaning spell now, after third time of befriending the wet ground so dearly, she wouldn't be able to save the clothes later with whatever method. She turned to Stormy and two pairs of blue eyed gazed into each other for few moment.

"So what are we doing? And don't say you don't need me, cause as far as I know you witches

are not very good with light sigils” Layla pointed her head set of sigils on small rock just before them.

“No, indeed we are not.” Stormy turned her attention to the stone. If it wasn't by the strange series of events, the two of them would never find it, totally in the middle of nowhere, not even in the centre of this forgotten valley. She could feel it was the same power as the one, that woven the complex rain spell. It was hard not to admit, that whoever that was, was very skilled and comprehensive.

“Fine, let's work together, but only this one time.”

“Works for me, now move a bit so I can untie those.” Fairy pointed one more to the sigils. In Alfea they were taught only the most common and useful, but as a princess of Tides, she'd seen also the rest of used many times. Still without her wings she could not do much.

With a bit of fairy dust and delicate energy work each of the sigils lighted up revealing its purpose and opening a little cave entrance.

“ I think that's the kindest invitation we can get.” Said Layla and both females entered.

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Inside of the cave turned to be dry and long corridor. Several times it opened to small chambers, each furnished and equipped in various tools and devices. When passing the first one they decided to explore it, and so they did with every nest, searching for some clue, as who could use it and to what purpose. They were deeply surprised to see examples of many different kinds of magic starting from very dark, blood one, ending on celestial. Some of them dealt with illusion, reversing the light into darkness, or dark into light, solid in fluid and other way round, other were about increasing one's awareness the higher spheres, or one's power, or about transferring energy from one object to another.

“Looks like total mumbo-jumbo to me.” Said discouraged Layla after putting down old Solarian lore book. Stormy closed her eyes slightly and unconsciously put her thumb up to mouth, considering all that they gathered so far. It was ninth room and from the little reconnaissance done by athletic princess, it seemed to be the last before the grand chamber, and if so far they have not met anyone, it was very probably that they will there. It was very likely the last moment to think about it all in some kind of peace and time comfort. A buzzing thought appeared in witches mind, but as irritating, humming fly, so this thought avoided catching.

“What we have so far?” She turned to the fairy. Layla stood for a moment.

“In first chamber, there were publications on star influences and also Bealian University books on higher incantations for celestial energy and balance.

Second room was filled with informations, maps and prospects on Neveareth phenomena.

Third place, we found standard magical knowledge about weather and weather spells from almost all magic school, also many rare and difficult ones.

In fourth hall, there was a table and shelf with texts about fair transformations, ways their increases the power, and personal growth each fairy needs to experience in order to receive them, and personally I wish we had those in Alfea...

At fifth chamber, we noticed scrolls on elven and elochian curing, by changing sickness into health and generally spells for reversing opposites.

Sixth was made for you, since it was all about witches ways and methods of extracting powers.”

“Exactly extracting, not stealing, it's not like all we want to do is take your little, sparkling winx out.” Cut in the short hair woman, who greatly understood, that those techniques were not evil by nature and could even save ones life.

“Seventh cave was most disturbing.” Continued the fairy.

“Yes it was filled with informations about blood magic, draining power and life force, turning existence into void, dark even for witches.” Stormy’s expression clouded and tensed.

“Eight was about higher planes geography and spheric models. Ninth is full of sigils, runes and glyphs that stabilize spells and rituals.” She continued with very focused eyes.

“Not only some of them are representing elemental plains and calling in their powers, others are protecting and enhancing. Layla carefully analysed several of hanged pictures.

“Still what does it give us, they are all from different schools and it’s impossible that even a small group could use them all.”

“You think so?” Witch’s voice was detached. “ I think it’s one person, very skilled and dangerous. Remember the clouds were bounded by witches enchantment, doors guarded by light magic of elves and fairies, first trap used wizards spell. If there were more people, we would hear them, or came across them. So far we were lucky to know each of the used magic, but You see how much there is here.”

“You realize that what you’re saying is ridiculous. I mean to use all those magic as they are the person would need to be Shade, and there were no Shades born in Magix for thousands of years!”

In last second the fairy of weaves lower down her voice, so it wouldn’t crush on walls and spread further.

“What I’m sure is that the cloud spell was witches-like, not made by a witch.” Replied coldly Stormy. “I haven’t got out of form.” She added quietly. If her look was worried, then princess of Tides was horrified.

“But the Shades, they can create new spells, new magic out of the old, do you think...”

“No, not create magic, blend together and construct new rituals and enchantments.”

They both stood for moment in dim light of the room, thinking about who they may face and what would they face. They had the puzzle pieces, but they still couldn’t see the picture. What terrible construct can be made out of those elements?

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Quietly as they could, they entered the grand chamber. Soon their realized the space was separated in two parts. The one both women were in seemed empty and was neither storage room, not working space. Several stone tables were filled with papers and tool, most of which sharp, few other were empty, in not to count the chains and shackles. Urns filled with wizard’s ashes, fairy dust, and sands of dozen colours, pots with boiling liquids, herbs and feathers.

“I guess Stella would make a whole lecture on home décor, if she saw that.” Whispered Layla feeling very uncomfortable with what she had in front of her eyes.

“Although that’s a witches dream.” Stormy at some point could decided if she was more envious, amazed or scared to test it from wrong perspective. They moved forward and soon discovered, that the further part of the chamber was actually large, open air garden. Green and violet grass was gently moving by the wind, thin branches of blooming trees were staying in one rhythm, shaking fragile petals on the ground. Night flowers opened and filled the air with their sweet scents.

“Look!” Fairy pointed the sky. It was crystal clear, without smallest cloud, but with myriads of shining stars.

“Indeed beautiful.” Answered high voice. Strange, slim figure was standing next to them between orange tress. Neither male or female, but with beautiful features. Dark, silk robe was revealed

no shape and harmonized with the colour of the night, brighten with elegant golden rings and pendant adorn the pale, bluish skin. It seemed that the starry heavens that should be the place of dwelling for such marvellous creature, not the tough and crude chambers of the cave. The being seemed so delicate and bright and yet both witch and fairy knew it was just an illusion.

"I'm glad you came, soon the dance of prism lights starts and I'd be more than welcome for your participation in the humble celebration I planned for that night." And before any of them could say a word, most likely a power word of transformation or a spell, they were silenced and immobile. Then against their will muscles started to contract and they walked back to the working space and laid themselves on the empty tables.

"Don't worry it won't last long. Said the Shade closing shackles at Layla's wrists. "I'll need a bit of your blood, not enough to kill, don't worry, and there can't be any spell working at your body, at that moment. The being turned to one of the stone altars with blades and returned to the fairy with small, bronze razor and bronze bowl.

"So what, are you now going to tell us all about your great plan and destruction it shall bring?" Anger started to pulse inside the weave princess, replacing the fear and filling her with need of confrontation.

"Why would I?" Asked the Being politely while cutting fairy's skin just second after the enchantment was lifted.

"Because you all always praise your wicked genius!" The sound of snort came from the other part of the room, but as the blood flowed Layla could feel the magical courage and fury.

"It would be nice to discuss it with another living person, but I noticed that people are not enough comprehensive to understand the subtlety of various magic approaches, nor see the parallels and potentials." Shade nodded sadly and moved to Stormy, who getting Layla's attitude.

"And You need our blood for the ritual? I must say bold plan, but still only fool would call upon the darkness of blood magic!"

"I could not agree more Lady Witch." Bowed the pale creature after collecting a little of ruby liquid from woman's wrist. "The blood is to protect you, other way you could be injured, or killed when the festival starts. The flowing magic could sweep you from the surface.

As I said, it's nice to have companions." With those words Shade turned back and went to the hidden garden.

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The cuts were not deep and soon the wounds on both woman closed. Despite all the force the chocolate haired girl put into her moves, into jerking and pulling, stretching and twitching, the chain remained solid and unimpressed.

"Unimpressive" Said the witch from the other part of the room. "From all the possibilities, you choose the physical strength."

"I thought, that the shackles will be enchanted, so what point. Without the fairy dust I'm not able to break it and in current situation I can't transform." Replied Layla last time yanking the chain.

"I don't have to transform, but from what I could read so far my magic won't be enough to break through it." Stormy's voice was emotionless. 'Strange thing.' She thought, but it seemed that from entire time the magical storm lasted, her mind stayed calm and clear.

"But as you remember extracting magic is the witches' thing, so if you lend me a bit of it..."

"How?" Layla turned her eyes on the woman, not exactly did she trust her. After all Trix tried to rob Bloom of her Dragon Flame and endless times did they compete with winx for various

energy sources.

“Just focus on your power, let it vibrate in you and if possible try to reach out with it.” Then they both closed their eyes. A soft murmur of magic filled the space. The vibration it brought forth responded with waves of power inside the fairy of shifting tides. It wasn't scary, or painful at all, though for sure strange and a bit itchy. Stormy did not need a large amount of the energy, and frankly it was better to use just a little, if they soon would confront the Shade. Luckily at some level her and fairy power were of the same base, same source, so it was easy to interweave them. She closed her hand turning long fingers towards the shackles and gently pushed. The chains opened and fell down with a metallic, cold noise. She then freed her legs and rushed towards the fairy.

“We still don't know what is the Shade up to.” Wrists seemed sore a wee bit as Layla rubbed them. “How about going there and asking?”

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“Yo, Shade!” Princess of Tides were known for her strong voice and it indeed filled the silence as two women entered the garden. She hoped it would be loud and surprising enough to distract the being and ruin the soft incantation. “I don't know what your plans are, but they end here!”

The response came only after the last tone of invocation silenced.

“I do not wish to fight with You.”

“But You just happen to wish the doom of all.” Fairy of weaves was still moving closer.

“Doom no.” Calm as always voice started. “I just wish to end all magic, so no one more would suffer for having a different kind of it.” Shade turned the wonderful silver eyes on young women, eyes that were filled with sorrow.

“Are you out of your mind!” Yelled the Stormy in anger, “Being like me and her can deal with that, but what about others, whose essence of life is magic! Have you thought about that! They are going to die you idiot!” You may say witches are not the most emphatic beings, but nevertheless even they rarely break the balance. Sure many of them are power seeking, yet they simply know that decay is necessary for growth and sickness, or hurt in getting immune, but nothing comes from abyss.

There was something about Shade's expression that made Stormy and Layla realize.

“The elochian magic!” They both shouted.

“Yes, the power of transferring opposites, that way every magical being will be just more... earthish. No one will die and the prosecution will end.” Nodded the being.

“Little update, we restored the magic on Earth!” Big blue eyes of the fairy pierced the silver ones. “And what do You mean about the prosecution?” She put her hand firmly on her hip.

“You don't know?” Asked the Shade, then continued before either of the women could reply. “What?”

“You don't know what is being done to all of my kin?” It seemed the surprise and disbelief were equal on both sides.

“No shade was born in last thousand years.” Finally answered the witch.

“No, that's not the truth, we are born from time to time in various races, since our power is not blood passed, but every time such a Moon Albino is born, the child is taken away, supposedly to an isolated realm, but in fact killed. That is what the '189 Balance Act' says, and the act was signed by all realms in magical dimensions!” Layla's face turned pale, she recalled one scene,

in her mind, when she was no more than six years old, when she was an infant brought to her father. The little bay boy reminded her of a shine pearl and surprisingly was already smiling sweetly at the king.

“We signed the Balance Act, take it away and do as it says.” The girl was surprised her daddy could sound that dour, and though frighten a bit by that, she came and ask what was that Act, the only reply that she got was “The burden you will learn to bear in future.” The fairy couldn't breath, she felt as she was to fall don, as the whole world would be slipping away and falling into piece. “Why?” She whispered almost choking.

“Because we are thread to natural order. We don't have power in terms of other beings, but can learn any and blend them together, creating things, others can't deal with, nor understand.” The silence that fell after cut be cut with a knife.

“Who what a bleh.” Said finally Stormy.”Bunch of scared idiots making other get their hands dirty. But do you really think it will change your situation? Superstitions don't go by logic, you know. And by the way, how did your survived?” Little knew more about destruction than her, after all she was the Trix, but even for her the news was outrageous.

“I was born on Sparks, when it was still wasteland, no one looked for any forms of life there, so no one looked for Shades either. Later on, with the little of magic skills, I started to travel between dimensions, collecting knowledge and finally I found this cave.”

“Then you're about my age.” Said Layla. She was still shaking and desperately trying to find some words, which would proven the story is a lie, or something that could help change it.

“Sorry I didn't think that.”

“Yes I know, the interdenominational travels and different time speed at some places probably added me some years.” Shade smiled faintly. “Anyway the rite is almost done and when the Prism Light spectacle starts, it will all end! But I'm so glad I have someone with me for that moment!” It was strange for fairy and witch to see the amount of excitement and innocence in their strange host moves, eyes, and hear it in the voice.

“But You can't do that!” To Layla it all did not look as exciting, not good in anyway. “There must be another way to change the situation.”

“Exactly” Agreed the witch. “With your skills and power, you can change them all-in your slaves. If You want me and my sisters can help you in that.” Shade although listing started to light candles one by one and activating glyphs. Snarling at Stormy something like 'you're not helping', fairy jumped at Shade.

“No I can't let you!” she yelled as she caught the delicate arms of the being. Their eyes met for a second, 'there is no other way' she heard Shade whispering and huge, magical wind weave flew the girl into the wall at the opposite side of the place.

The impact was huge and she almost lost her conscious. Pain blind her and it took her seconds to realize, she was already laying on the ground, and it was the grass she was feeling. Moments later, same sound filled the air and with lots of trouble Layla realized that it was Stormy laying next to her. Apparently the witch tried to attack right after the fairy. Terrible humming in her head and the fact she felt very woozy, made it almost impossible for the girl to stand up, but she did.

“No You don't understand!” Layla yelled almost losing her balance. “I'm the crown princess of Tided and I know some other princesses and princes and I can...” Pause, catching her breath. “I can change it!” The pounding again increased. “ I can change the law! I did know noting about it and I'm sure neither did my friends, but we... we will not allow that cruelty to last

any more. I promise, no, I swear n my life!” The vision returned and fairy realized it was the gift of courage, that made her stand and talk and was now reaching the Shade, who stood frozen and thought about the words.

“Its now or never.” Whispered Stormy raining her senses. In a flash she turned from her knees and fairy revealed her true enchantix form. Lead by strange hunch and maybe the unity of their powers they hold their hands and allowed the magic to do the rest, vanquishing the runes and sigils, blowing off the candles and untangling the enchantment threads. Never in their lives did they feel so powerful as in that very moment filled with each other energy. Light and darkness mixed and everything was filled with the impression of water. Then came silence. Falling on the grass, both of them were exhausted.

“I guess that's why they don't train fairies and witches together.” Stormy shook her head as she returned on both feet.

“You did it! You broke my magic!” Layla was sure that it's due to hitting the ground twice in such short period, that she heard happiness and in Shade's voice. Yet no, it was there!

“Yeah and I know how You brought that rain. Witches' spells, illusion and reversing opposites-wet from dryness!” Pride that Stormy took in that discovery was only lowered by the absence of her sister to witness that.

“Almost, opposites two, but also changing humidity into falling water.” Smiled Shade correcting the young woman. “For a moment You too annihilated all magic, while reversing my ...”

Whatever words came then were drown into tremendous, deep noise. They all looked around.

“What is that?” Wondered the witch.

“The water from humidity.” Layla jumped on her feet alarmed. “If we really stopped magic from working, we just released it, as all dams were magical!”

“And now it is going down the hill the Low Cliffs.” Shade focused on listening and started to build a map of terrain and situation in her mind.

'To our cave and my sisters' Thought Stormy.

“Let's go!” Layla turned to the witch before she could form that commend.

“Yeah, I doubt there are many other with powers as ours!” Woman nodded and they both flew up.

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From high it was easy to see how terrible the situation was. Released water was spreading everywhere, using streets and routes and riverbeds. Few huge streams rushed forward the town and little hamlets around, while rest formed a wide weave spreading through crops. Elaine's Brook, now looking more like Earth Amazon river flew straight towards Low Cliff.

“First lets guide the water into one current!” Commanded Layla. The clods were still on, but luckily the rain stopped, so she could fly as fast as ever.

“Then what!?” Yelled unsatisfied with the idea Stormy.

“Guide the water through the Sleepy Valley and then through the Stone Kinds Passage to the Sea. It's solid rock beneath, so the water won't sink in and animals will have time to run away.” They heard a voice speaking directly to their ears.

”But where's...” And before the sentence needed, fairy and the witch sensed the track as marked in their minds.

“Thanks Shade!” Screamed Layla as she flew up to the East. It took them a while, but the importance of the mission and gift of courage made them work most effectively

they could. Water bended to Stormy's will and weaves made by fairy navigated the rest of water. With coordination from Shade, both main currents met at Sleepy Valley and fell through the forgotten Passage right into the sea. Neveareth was saved.

"Wow that was pretty amazing!" Said Layla as she landed before the Shade in front of cave entrance.

"And tiring as well." Stormy leaned against a tree trying to catch her breath.

"I know I think I almost blacked out." Admitted the fairy as Shade pointed her finger up into the sky.

"Look" She whispered. The sky cleared in the meantime proudly revealing all its starry adornment and just as the girls gathered it started.

Shines and colour shades took place of regular grey-blue of the night. Vibrating or pastels hues twinkled or flashed high above. All three stood in awe, and it seemed that there was nothing more splendid than the spectacle they observed. Hearts beating with wonder and tranquil happiness and in one moment it happened.

"I've seen that colour before!" Exclaimed Shade.

"Me too!" Both witch and fairy realized that in same moment. Tears came from silver eyes.

"Thank you! Thank you for teaching me the most powerful magic of all and for letting me not to be alone, at least for this little."

"What are you talking about? What most powerful magic?" It seemed for Layla that she was meant to be constantly surprised that day.

"Then, when I could see everything in my mind and contact you in yours, it was by the only magic I was not capable of using before. The most powerful magic, is one based on love, love to the world and love to the friends. Before I was always alone, so thank you!"

Fairy hugged the poor crying thing and whispered "Now you don't have to be alone."

But before she could say anything more a noise came from the distance and familiar voices screamed princess's name.

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"I guess I'll be going." Said Stormy looking on the other two. "Nice adventure, but if ever mention me being here, you will regret it!" The sound of shaken leaves caught Shade's and Layla's attention and when they turned their heads back to the witch, she was already gone.

"Oh goodness! We finally found you!" Stella moved from the bushes to the clearing with an expression as she would be the one doing the worst job and saving the day.

"We were so worried!" Flora's caring voice surrounded them before the Nature fairy even appeared.

"Exactly and what are you doing here?" Navy-blue hair danced in the air as its owner marched energetically.

"Luckily we had my tracking dive." Next came fairy of technology.

"Yes without it and Floras spell it would be hard to find you!" Bloom closed the circle.

All of them although tired, looked very relieved as they gathered around Layla and Shade.

"Hey aren't you Shade by accident?" Stella bent towards the beautiful creature.

"She is, and that's what I want to talk about with You." Layla turned to her friends and began the story.

"You're late" Said irritated voice. The slim, snow-blond witch sent her sister disapproving look. "You should be thankful I cleared the sky, other way you would need to use your ridiculous *Nihilum Abyssus* spell, dear sister." Stormy walked in with her head high and aura of power she was rarely surrounded with. This made the other two to swallow their comments and the Trix started the magic. Rhythmical, murmuring chant filled the air with strange electricity and soon all that existed within the circle were the witches, their Vacuums and the celestial bodies above them.

Stars and crystals shone with same light and soon it was over. Each of women carefully extracted gathered magic from containers and transferred it into their own bodies.

"Now, finally we removed the limitations of using only witches magic and should be soon able to experience the most powerful kinds of it." Icy's eyes shone coldly with triumph, also Darcy was enjoying the moment profoundly, only Stormy moved a bit from them and whispered to herself.

"Hope one of the won't be love."

Winx looked as shocked by the lightning, when Layla ended her relation about '189 Balance Act'.

"Of course we will do something about it!" Shouted out the fairy light, moved the most, as probably she could best relate after being once turned into a monster in her own castle.

"And if anyone would like to hurt you!" She rose her hand into the air in a threat.

And they all agreed, starting already texting all they could about the Act. They were sure soon there will be a large meeting of all their friends and Alfea students, where all could be discussed and further steps should be planned.

"How luckily you both met and luckily the weather changed." Flora looked up on the marvellous lights which now turned from unearthed aquamarine to deepest and richest orange ever.

"About that..." Shade started, but before she could say a word more Layla interrupted.

"It's all thank to her!" All eyes turned onto the Shade, who tried to say, that it's not true, but fairy of weaves quickly added. "And she also saved us from the flood.

Without your it would not work!"

"I say hip hip hooray for the Shade!" Said Musa and they all applauded. Then, suddenly, it hit the princess of the Tides.

"Shade isn't your name, is it?" She asked the being. "No." The reply came.

"My name is Varda."