

Chapter 2880 The New Princess Consort Is Actually Arabella Yarwood

Inside The Palace Of Montiria

At this moment, the new Princess Consort, who was at the center of attention, knelt on the ground and patiently massaged King Gawain I's feet.

If Matthew were to see her again, he would instantly recognize her. This woman was none other than Arabella Yarwood, the sole descendant of the Hulwin Yarwood Family, who had once leaped into the sea to escape.

"Ah, such tasks should be left to the servants. Why do you need to exert yourself so much?" King Gawain I said with a pained expression while looking at the Princess Consort, who was sweating heavily.

In terms of beauty, any woman from the royal harem, even the older Queen Consorts, could outshine her by far. What moved King Gawain I was her unwavering devotion to him.

When they first met, she was an apprentice to the royal physician. The moment she heard that the blood stasis in his lower limbs needed to be released, she knelt down without hesitation and sucked the blood stasis out with her mouth.

This act of humility not only touched King Gawain I's heart but also made him disregard the advice of his ministers and princes, who were urging him to abandon his plan of making her his consort due to her unknown origins.

She was a woman brought back from the sea by Prince Gadel with an unknown background. Thus, how could she be deserving of such an honor?

But he still went against all objections and proclaimed Arabella as his Princess Consort.

Arabella wiped the sweat from her forehead, looked up at him, and then gave a sweet smile.

"It's alright. Those servants are clumsy, and I don't trust them." After complaining, she resumed her massage.

"Your Majesty, you need to improve your blood circulation. Only then can you recover faster."

King Gawain I gazed into her gentle eyes, and warmth surged in his heart. However, not long after, he suppressed his smile and let out a deep sigh.

"Ah, it's hopeless. I know my own body. I'm on the brink of death, and my days are numbered."

Arabella looked up at him with a resentful expression. "Humph, stop talking nonsense! This country's vast territory still needs you to grow stronger. You can't say such unlucky things."

King Gawain I's brows eased, and the solemnity on his face lifted. This youthful demeanor of a wife was especially enchanting to him.

"Come, sit by my side."

Puzzled, Arabella Yarwood gracefully turned her alluring figure and obediently took a seat.

"Ah, this country, this kingdom. Perhaps you are the only one who truly hopes that I can live a few more years."

"Your Majesty, how can that be possible? You have so many outstanding princes and capable ministers. They all hope that you will live a long life, no, live forever."

"Hahaha!"

King Gawain laughed heartily while holding her slender waist.

"They? Hehe, it's already quite good that they don't wish for my early demise."

His laughter was tinged with a hint of cold determination, but it vanished as quickly as it appeared.

As a king, he was familiar with the ruthlessness and cold-blooded nature of the royal court better than anyone. He vividly remembered how he had ascended to the throne, stepping over the bodies of thousands. Which king in history hadn't climbed to the top over countless bodies?

He took a deep breath to calm his emotions and asked, "My Love, speaking of this, who do you think among all the princes is most suitable to succeed to my throne?"

Arabella was taken aback, but she managed to control her panic and gave a slight smile.

"From a personal standpoint, I naturally hope that Prince Gadel will succeed. After all, he saved my life.

"But the affairs of the state affect millions of people, and there are too many responsibilities a king must handle. So, from a national perspective, I can only say that I don't know.

"Why don't you introduce me to them, Your Majesty, and then I can offer you some advice?"

After saying this, she playfully stuck out her tongue.