

### Chapter 1564

Spring rain was as precious as gold, even if the April showers came a little later than expected.

Salvador stood outside the royal study, looking at the lamps swaying in the rainy night. Everything around him felt like a dream, a mix of reality and illusion.

Rafael's figure had long disappeared into the rain, no longer visible. A bitter feeling stirred in the king's heart as he remembered how his brother had taken the medicine without hesitation, as if accepting the outcome without a second thought.

While Salvador felt a sense of relief, it was tinged with a deep discomfort. He had pushed his younger brother into this situation. 3

Rafael and Carissa were still young. Even without concubines, the couple could easily have three to five children in the future. But having taken the medicine, Rafael's line would end. Even if it could continue through adoption, it would never be the same as having a biological child. 1

How could Rafael not feel an ounce of regret?

As an older brother, Salvador felt immense sorrow and pity. But as a king, he could now feel a sense of relief. The conflicting emotions made him sigh softly. 1

"Is there a way to have it all? No matter what, things never go as smoothly as we hope."

His voice was quiet, lost in the sound of the rain. Even Derek, standing behind him, didn't hear.




As the months passed and seasons changed, the eighth day of December finally arrived, bringing with it the chill of winter. Households were preparing the traditional winter harvest stew, and Salvador was marrying his new queen.

Her name was Octavia Carter, the sister of Matthew, a deputy minister at the Supreme Court.

The Carter family was not particularly noble or renowned, though their ancestors had once been involved in trade. Octavia's grandfather had a deep love for books, and it was through his efforts that the family began to rise. While their foundation wasn't strong, it was only when Matthew was appointed deputy minister that the family began to flourish.

Salvador had looked into the family's background and found no signs of corruption or scandal. They seemed like a good fit for his needs.

19 years old this year, Octavia had never married, largely due to family matters that kept her occupied. 

Her mother, Elowen Loxley, was often ill and unable to manage the household. Matthew's wife had passed away years ago due to complications from childbirth, and he had not remarried since. As a result, all matters of the household, both big and small, fell to Octavia.

Despite her young age, she had already taken on the responsibility of managing her family, handling everything with great care and efficiency. With that in mind, Victoria had no concerns about leaving the harem affairs in her hands.

The New Year's Eve palace banquet was organized by the new queen herself.


A lot had happened that year, so Octavia kept the banquet modest but not lacking in elegance. Afterwards, she gathered the concubines and palace ladies for a private chat. She didn't carry herself like a queen, but there was an undeniable sense of authority about her. She paid special attention to Carissa, keeping her gaze respectful though she didn't speak any public praise.

For Carissa, this was the most comfortable palace banquet she'd attended since marrying into the royal family. There were no snide comments or sharp words. Even the concubines, who often had small quarrels behind the scenes, were on their best behavior tonight, creating a warm and pleasant atmosphere.

As they left, even Meredith commented on Octavia's thoughtfulness. She had noticed that the new queen was aware of her blood deficiency, and had served her ginger and cinnamon tea.

Thinking about the mountain herb and elderflower tea she had been served, Carissa felt that Octavia was indeed thoughtful. As a martial artist leading the Mystic Army, she often trained, and with the occasional falls and bumps, some bruises were inevitable.

With the arrival of the new year, Salvador decided to have Cecil stay with Octavia to develop a closer bond. At first, the prince resisted, not wanting anyone to take the place of his mother. Sylvia was his one and only mother, and that was that.

Octavia sensed his coldness and distance but wasn't upset. She simply said to him, "Officially, I am your mother, but in your heart, you can always hold onto Lady Sylvia as your mother. No one will ever love you as much as she did." 

Cecil's eyes filled with tears. "You've heard of my mother?"

"I have." Octavia crouched down to his level and gently held his shoulders. "She was a wonderful mother."

Her words touched Cecil deeply, and for the first time in a long while, he cried like a child. "I miss her... I've always missed her."

Octavia had the doors shut, giving him the space to cry without anyone watching.

[Comments](#)[Support](#)[Share](#)