

Chapter 1572

After the sun set behind the mountains, the temperature began to drop. Salvador had been carried up the mountain, but now, he was carrying Connor on his back as they made their way back into the estate.

Connor had his arms tightly wrapped around Salvador's thin shoulders, and he couldn't stop the tears from falling. This was a scene he had never even dared to dream of. Not only had he never imagined being carried by his father, but even something as simple as having his father gently pat his head had always seemed like an impossible wish.

But his father was so thin; there was no flesh on his back at all. How had he become so frail?

Carissa and the others waited outside the gates. Not even Galen had been allowed in. Only Salvador's most loyal attendants, those who had carried the litter, were permitted to enter. The others, of course, were kept away from Connor. They all believed that Salvador had come to Eldermere Keep solely to recover from his illness.

The estate itself was full of hidden beauty. From the outside, it appeared to be simple, but going inside revealed a maze of separate courtyards. Each was filled with fragrant flowers, their sweet scent filling the air.

Salvador carried Connor back to his own quarters. It was a modest suite with a main room, a smaller side room, and additional chambers. Most of the furniture was made of cherry wood, lending the space a serene and elegant atmosphere.

The small sitting room had two large windows that opened wide, one of which was propped open now, perfectly framing the view of the garden outside. Below the window, a chair was placed where one could sit and

enjoy the peaceful scenery.

Unable to contain his thoughts, Salvador asked whatever came to mind, eager to understand everything about his son's time here. However, when it came to the part about his recovery, he hesitated to ask.

Connor asked about everyone he could think of—his grandmother, Ryan, his younger brothers, his sister, and even Lydia. Everyone except for his mother.

Salvador had no intention of hiding anything from Connor. Now that they had been reunited, the king felt it was better to tell his son everything, rather than have him hear about it from someone else later.

"Why haven't you asked about your mother?" Salvador asked.

Connor tugged the thin blanket up a little, his gaze lowered. After a long pause, he spoke with great sorrow, saying, "I think... perhaps she's gone. I've dreamed of her... hanging herself. I've dreamed about it several times."

Salvador froze in shock. "You've dreamed of her hanging herself... multiple times?"

"Yes." Connor looked up at his father with reddened eyes. "So, is it true?"

Salvador hadn't expected him to dream of such things. Was there some kind of bond between mother and son?

He slowly nodded. "Yes, it's true. She... took her own life."

At those words, Connor's head dropped and he began to sob quietly. After having the dream, he had asked a local fortune teller to cast a divination, and the result had been a clear omen—the crown had ascended to the

heavens.

"If you're sad, just cry. I won't say anything," Salvador said softly, gently stroking his son's head.


"I've cried already, many times... but not anymore." Connor took a deep breath, trying to control his emotions, but his eyes and the tip of his nose were still red. "Is it true that Mom... really took her own life? She must have missed me so much. It's my fault... I wasn't a good son."

Salvador sighed heavily. "A mother never stops missing her child. Yes, she took her own life, but she had been very ill. The pain was too much for her. For her, death was a release."

Connor thought back to when he had first been injured, to the unbearable pain that had once wracked his body. He could still remember how it had felt, that crushing agony that seemed to never end. In those days, he had even wished for death, believing it would bring peace.

He had survived, but the memory of those days was something he would never forget.

"Pain is unbearable, yes," Connor said quietly, looking up at his father. "Dad, are you truly better?"

Having suffered himself and studied medicine, Connor could see from Salvador's expression that he had come here in poor health. 


Salvador looked at his son. Connor seemed to have grown, though his face was still quite youthful. But his eyes and expression looked much more mature now.

After a long pause, Salvador softly said, "I managed to come here, but I may not make it back after this. My health is failing. I came to see you

because I missed you. If I hadn't, we may never have got another chance to see each other."

Connor stared at him in shock, tears streaming down his face. He suddenly lunged forward, burying his face in his father's chest as he cried out, "Dad, don't go back! Stay here! The physicians here can cure anything. Didn't they fix me when I was broken? I don't want you to die."

Salvador gently patted his back, forcing a small smile. "Silly child, Healer Dalton, who is a Miracle Healer, has been looking after me. He says I've endured all the trials in this life. It's time for me to return to the heavens, to live as a true griffin among the gods."

Connor had always been a boy who cried easily, but had been keeping himself in check. Hearing that his father was on the brink of death, he couldn't hold back any longer and broke down, crying uncontrollably in his father's arms. 

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