

Chapter 1573

Salvador had temporarily settled at Eldermere Keep. The place was filled with every kind of medicine, yet his illness had reached a point where no remedy could ease his suffering.

Still, staying there brought him peace. It was as if he had finally set down a heavy burden and could now live as an ordinary father. He spent each day with his son, sharing simple moments together.

Carissa was allowed to visit and spend some time with Connor. He asked her about Ryan, specifically inquiring whether he had made any new friends.

"Ryan has no other friends but you. He always thinks about you," she reassured with a smile, thinking the eldest prince might be jealous.

Connor was quiet for a long while, his expression tinged with guilt. Finally, with a deep sadness in his eyes, he softly said, "I have friends now, like Otto. Ryan should have his own friends too. I always think about him, but... I don't think I'll ever see him again." 1

Carissa gently patted his head and smiled. "The future is long. How can you say for sure you won't see him again?"

"Because the adults won't let us. They always have so many things to worry about, and are always afraid of something happening," Connor said with a sigh.

"One day, you'll be an adult too. When that time comes, you can make your own choices," Carissa replied.

"Yes, but life is long. Slowly, he will forget me. Even Otto will eventually leave Eldermere Keep, while I... will never leave this place," Connor

whispered quietly.

The eldest prince's life had changed completely since the accident. Everything had happened so suddenly, leaving him still unable to fully accept it. But he had learned to hide his worries, not wanting to burden the people around him.

Carissa watched Connor. Everyone had once hoped that he would grow up and understand things better. But now, seeing that he truly did understand only made her heart ache.

"If you hold each other in your hearts, you will never forget. No matter what happens, Ryan and Otto will always be your friends," she said.

She didn't know how to comfort a child, but knew that speaking firmly would make her words convincing.

Connor smiled. "I believe you, Aunt Carissa."

Five days later, Salvador knew he had to leave Eldermere Keep, no matter how difficult it was. The place had brought him comfort, and he wouldn't have minded dying there. But he couldn't let that happen. Even if he passed away, they would have to carry him down the mountain and declare he had died on the road.

At the moment of his departure, he held his son tightly in his arms, reluctant to let go. They stayed like that for a long while, neither wanting to break the embrace.

Connor held back his tears this time, even trying to comfort his father by saying, "I've been studying medicine every day. When I've learned enough, I'll be able to cure you."

"Good... good!" Salvador choked on his words, his voice thick with

emotion.

There were still blooming flowers everywhere throughout the journey back, but Salvador no longer had the heart to admire them. The world around him seemed dull and grey, just like the heaviness in his own heart.

As they traveled north from the southern lands, the weather grew colder. Salvador's cough worsened; he would cough uncontrollably through the night, unable to eat much or sleep properly.

When medicine could no longer hold back the illness, it spread rapidly. And with the weariness of the long journey, everyone feared he might not survive the trip back to the capital. Sebastian and Dorian did everything they could, trying their best to ease his pain and extend his life.

The people traveling with them had begun to cry in secret, their hope slowly fading. They had all believed that Eldermere Keep might hold the key to easing Salvador's suffering, but instead, they had found no cure there.

It seemed like a fruitless journey now. Perhaps if they had stayed in the capital, things might have been different.

Carissa had accompanied Derek several times to help with the medicine, watching as Salvador struggled to swallow it, then fight not to throw it up. He lay in bed, pale and lifeless, his face a picture of exhaustion. Every time, her heart ached for him.

But still, despite his suffering, Salvador insisted on continuing the journey, saying he wanted to reach the capital before he passed away.

Everyone knew that if he could make it back to the capital alive, those who had traveled with him would be spared from any blame. Known for his kindness, the king wouldn't want anyone to be harmed for accompanying him in his final days.

So, they pressed on, and on a day filled with heavy snow, they finally arrived in the capital and made it back to the palace.



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