

# Awakening Love: Reborn to Be His Duchess Novel

## We Had Something Real But Didn't Handle It Right

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Awakening+love: Reborn to Be His Duchess

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Cassian settled beside Elowen near the cradle before glancing down at the children, and his expression softened almost immediately.

“They look a lot better today.”

Elowen smiled slightly. “They do.”

Cassian rested one arm along the back of her chair before continuing in an easy voice. “His Majesty asked about Phoenix while I was at the palace today. He’d already heard about the fever and spent quite a while asking questions because he was worried. He originally wanted royal physicians sent over here, but I told him Hugh had already gotten the fever down and everything was under control. Before I left, I mentioned the children’s naming celebration coming up in a few days, and he immediately said he plans to attend himself. He said royal heirs deserve a proper celebration, especially after surviving something like this, and that a grand occasion would help drive away the bad fortune lingering around the household. Then he told us not to hold back on the preparations or worry about the expense.”

The smile lingering at Elowen’s lips deepened slightly.

The more magnificent the celebration, the more unquestionable the children’s status would become.

And more importantly, if Theodric personally attended Duskmoor Manor, then no matter what the Jones family might still be planning, they would be forced to think very carefully before making another move.

As for the people who had plotted against Phoenix...

They would repay that debt during the celebration.

Later that evening, Scarlet returned from Silverloom Exchange.

Elowen sat beneath the lamplight in the study reviewing account ledgers when Scarlet came to report on the day's business and the latest commissions accepted by the exchange.

Elowen set the ledger aside before motioning her closer with a smile. "The accounts can wait. Sit down for a minute and warm up first."

Scarlet obeyed and took the seat nearby while wrapping both hands around the silver cup of warmed spiced cider placed before her.

Elowen studied her quietly for a moment before finally asking, "How have things been with you and Draven lately?"

Scarlet lowered her eyes after taking a small sip, and faint color immediately rose to her cheeks. "Things have been good."

At that point, Elowen understood most of it already.

Earlier that day, Draven had deliberately sent word through Anson that he had helped her this time and might someday need her help in return.

Since the problem clearly was not with Scarlet herself, then the issue most likely involved Draven's

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parents.

The fact that he had quietly informed Elowen while intentionally keeping Scarlet unaware only proved how thoughtful he really was beneath the rough exterior. Silverloom Exchange already kept Scarlet overwhelmed enough as it was, and he clearly did not want her burdened further.

Fortunately, Elowen did not think the matter would be especially difficult to resolve, so she had no issue quietly helping him deal with things later.

Scarlet lifted her eyes curiously. “Why did Your Grace suddenly ask about him?”

Elowen smiled. “Because I’m the one who pushed the two of you together in the first place. Of course I care how things are going.”

After a brief pause, she added warmly, “Draven looks rough around the edges, but he’s more considerate than people realize. As long as the two of you are happy together, I can relax.”

Scarlet smiled shyly before nodding and continuing her report about the exchange.

Although she still recognized very few written words, her memory was astonishingly sharp, and she recalled every detail clearly enough to explain everything without missing a thing.

Over the next several days, all of Duskmoor Manor became increasingly busy.

The children’s naming celebration was already important on its own, but with Theodric personally attending, absolutely nothing could be handled carelessly.

Everything required preparation, from the banquet courses to the seating arrangements, from the decorations throughout the estate to the new uniforms prepared for the household attendants.

Fortunately, Elspeth and Marissa were both staying at Duskmoor Manor and helped tremendously with the arrangements, so Elowen herself never became overly exhausted despite the endless work.

The celebration was ultimately scheduled for the twenty-sixth day of April.

The weather that morning could not have been more perfect

Bright spring sunlight spilled across the estate while crimson banners and embroidered ribbons decorated the entrance to Duskmoor Manor from the outer gates all the way through the inner courtyards. Fresh carpets lined the stone pathways, and attendants dressed in newly tailored livery stood smiling outside to welcome arriving guests.

After rising early, Elowen allowed Mira and Cora to help prepare her for the day.

Today was no ordinary gathering.

Every detail needed to reflect the dignity of the Duchess of Duskmoor.

Mira carefully arranged her dark hair into an elegant noblewoman's style before fastening delicate gold ornaments and pearls throughout the layered braids, and although the adornments were lavish enough to suit her rank, they only enhanced Elowen's beauty rather than overwhelming it, leaving her appearance both regal and soft with the warmth of new motherhood still lingering beneath the formal grandeur.

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Her gown

had been prepared long beforehand, a rich crimson dress embroidered with gold thread using one of the finest luxury fabrics ever produced by Silverloom Exchange. Intricate floral patterns shimmered subtly through the material while the flowing skirts moved around her like rippling velvet whenever she walked.

A fitted belt accentuated her waist beautifully

Despite recently giving birth, Elowen's figure had recovered remarkably well, perhaps because of her youth and the attentive care she had received afterward, leaving her looking almost unchanged from before.

Once she finished dressing, Elowen crossed the room toward the cradle to check on the children.

Emily wore a tiny crimson outfit that perfectly matched the celebration, along with a soft embroidered cap that made her look even more delicate and adorable than usual

Caius wore matching colors beside her, and although the recent illness had left him slightly thinner, he looked much more energetic today, blinking curiously around the room while tiny bubbles formed at his lips.

After watching them for a moment, Elowen finally smiled softly.

“Alright,” she said. “Let’s go.”