

Awakening Love: Reborn to Be His Duchess Novel

Chapter 751 You Don't Have to Go Anymore The front door stood open Thomas stepped inside first , with Elower following close behind . Finished The clinic was small . A long table and a few chairs sat near the entrance , and dried herbs hung from the walls , filling the air with a bitter , clean sent . But the place was empty . Rows of medicine bottles were scattered across the table , varying in size but arranged with incredible neatness . Elowen casually picked one up and turned it over . When she saw the bottom , her pupils dilated . Etched into the base of the bottle was a twinleaf .

Right beside it was another mark - a tiny fingerprint . A child's fingerprint . Elowen's eyes slowly welled with tears . Dr. Wren really was her grandfather . 3 Thomas noticed her strange behavior . Frowning at her , he asked , " What's wrong with you ? " Elowen didn't answer . Instead , she turned on her heel and stroked out of the clinic . An old man with a white beard was sitting outside next door . Elowen approached him . " Excuse me , sir , why is there no one in Dr. Wren's clinic today ? " The old man was hard of hearing and didn't catch it at first .

Once Elowen repeated herself , he let out a slow , drawn - out , " Oh , Dr. Wren ? He left last night ." Elowen's brow furrowed . " Left ? Where did he go ? " The old man thought about it for a moment . " Said he was heading north to visit his wife . " At the mention of his wife , Elowen's eyes narrowed slightly . " What is going on ? " Thomas asked , completely bewildered as he followed her outside . Clutching the medicine bottle tightly , Elowen said , emphasizing every word , " We need to head north immediately . " Thomas stared at her , caught off guard . " North ? Where to ?

" " Kingsport ." Thomas frowned even deeper . " Weren't we going to see the city governor so you could join the prince's estate as a concubine ? Your leg isn't even healed yet . If Dr. Wren is gone , we can just find another doctor ... " " No , " Elowen cut him off . Thomas eyed her , his gaze filled with scrutiny and suspicion . 1 / 2:33 pm pppp . Chapter 75+ You Don't Have to Go Anymore Finished This woman had been acting strange ever since she set foot in the clinic .

Her reaction to those medicine bottles on the table wasn't that of a patient looking for a cure - it was more like someone reuniting with an old friend . On the carriage ride back to the Whitman house , Thomas finally hit his limit . " Who exactly is Dr. Wren to you ? " " The man who saved my life , " Elowen replied coldly . " If it weren't for him , I would have died years ago . " Thomas still wasn't buying it . " You know , a lot of what you say is hard to believe . " Elowen idly twirled the medicine bottle in her hand , her tone casual . " And you , Thomas , are far too paranoid .

If you never intended to believe me from the start , why bother asking ? And since you did ask , you really have no right to question my answer . " She paused , then added , " Besides , you're my servant now . A servant who questions his master is usually dragged out and beaten to death . " Thomas choked on his words . He wanted to fire back , but as his mouth opened , he realized he had absolutely nothing to say . She was right . He was the one who begged her to take him along , and he was the one who had promised to do whatever she said .

His jaw clenched tight , but in the end , he kept his mouth shut . Elowen nodded , thoroughly satisfied . By the time they returned to the Whitman house , noon had already passed . Betty sat in the shade by the kitchen door , her vacant eyes staring into nothingness , the tear stains on her face already dried . Emma crouched at her feet , occasionally glancing up at her before looking

back down , her small hand gently stroking the back of Betty's hand over and over . Ethan was nowhere to be found , likely off playing somewhere .

Robert sat on a stone bench with his head bowed , lost in thought . Hearing the carriage approach , Robert looked up . He blinked , momentarily startled to see Elowen and Thomas climbing down , as if he had only just remembered they had gone to town . " How did it go ? " Robert asked , his voice hoarse . " What did Dr. Wren say ? " " Dr. Wren wasn't there . He went up north . " Robert let out a faint murmur of acknowledgment , not pressing for details . Elowen walked into the center of the yard , her eyes sweeping over the place she had called home for the past few days .

Smoke was still rising from the kitchen chimney , and the porridge on the stove was likely burnt by now - Betty hadn't stepped foot in the kitchen since fainting this morning , and no one else had bothered to look after it . Emma's hair had come undone and was left unbraided , tossing wildly in the wind . Elowen averted her gaze . " Robert ," she said , " I'm leaving . " Robert looked up , stunned . " Leaving ? Where are you going ? " " Kingsport . I am going to be Prince Zachary's concubine . " 2/3 2:33 pm Pppp .

Chapter 754You Don't Have to Go Anymore Fimshed Robert opened his mouth , but it took a moment for his raspy voice to find the words . " Molly , you ... you don't have to go anymore . " Elowen looked at him askance . " Why ? " Robert lowered his head , rubbing his hands against his knees . " I'll tell you the truth . I ... the reason I wanted those fifty dollars was that I needed to go to Kingsport to find Samantha . She's over there , supposedly working as a maid . She sends money home regularly , but she never writes .

Betty and I have been sick with worry and wanted to go look for her , but we're too poor to even piece together the travel fare . " He swallowed hard and went on . " When I heard the recruiters

were choosing girls that day , I thought ... if I could just find a girl to send in , I'd get the fifty dollars , and then I could go to Kingsport to find Samantha . I knew it was a terrible thing to do , but I ... I was truly at my wits end . "

Chapter 752 Remember What I Told You Finished At this , his voice began to tremble . " But now that Samantha is gone , .. I have no reason to go to Kingsport , and I don't want that fifty dollars anymore . Molly , you don't have to go . Elowen listened quietly until he finished " Robert , I am going to Kingsport for my own reasons , " she said . " It has nothing to do with the fifty dollars . Robert looked up , completely caught off guard . " I will arrange for that fifty dollars to be delivered to you anyway , " Elowen continued , " as a thank you for taking care of me these past few days .

" Robert was stunned . Without looking back at him , Elowen turned and walked over to Betty , crouching down in front of her . Betty's gaze remained unfocused , her eyes as hollow and empty as a dried - up well . " Betty , " Elowen said softly , " I give you my word on one thing . " Betty's pupils stirred slightly . " If Samantha is alive , I will send her back to you . If she is no longer of this world , I will make sure her remains are returned home . " Tears instantly flooded Betty's eyes . She gripped Elowen's hand with desperate strength , her knuckles turning white . " Molly ... who ...

who are you ? " Elowen looked at her but didn't answer . Betty stared at her face for a long , quiet moment . A strange thought suddenly crossed her mind . This woman claimed to be a mere maid from General Dray's manor , but her demeanor , her poise , the way she spoke , and the way she looked at people - none of it belonged to a servant . She possessed an effortless

composure , as though she had seen everything the world had to offer . She was gentle , yet unyielding . There was something about her , something Betty couldn't quite articulate but could deeply feel .

It was an restrained command aura of authority . Not the coarse , brutal power wielded by men , but a quieter , more that compelled people to instinctively obey . Betty even found herself thinking that if this woman weren't a female , she might have suspected her of being General Dray himself . But Betty kept the thought to herself . " Molly , you ... you must take care of yourself ... " she whispered . Elowen patted the back of her hand and said warmly , " Don't worry , I know what I'm doing . " She then turned to Emma .

With her red eyes and flushed little nose , Emma looked like a frightened rabbit . Elowen smiled , reaching out to tuck the windblown strands of hair behind the girl's ear . She slipped a gold bangle off her own wrist and held it out to Emma . Emma's eyes widened , and she instinctively shook her head . " Molly , I can't take this . It's yours ... " " Take it . " Elowen pressed the gold bangle into Emma's hand , folding the little girl's fingers over it so she 2:33 pm P ppp . Chapter 752 Remember What i Told You Finished held it securely in her palm .

" This is a gift for you , so keep it safe . Whenever you look at it , think of me . And when you think of me , remember what I told you . " Elowen spoke deliberately , letting every word sink in . " Never dream of being anyone's little maid . Just be your own unique self . " Emma nodded vigorously Elowen smiled and pulled her into a brief hug . Releasing her , she stood up and walked back toward the carriage . Thomas had already hitched the horses and was waiting by the side . As Elowen approached , Thomas offered his arm .

She took it to steady herself as she climbed aboard and settled into the straw . " Let's go . " The carriage traveled for about two hours before arriving back in town . The magistrate's manor sat right in the center of town - a grand residence built of grey bricks and blue tiles . Though situated within Nordia's borders , the estate bore a heavy Avenlorian architectural influence . With two stone statues crouching at the entrance and copper studs pinning its crimson doors , it looked far more imposing than any of the surrounding buildings .

As Elowen approached the entrance , she noticed several carriages parked in the open square out front , packed with young girls . The oldest looked no more than seventeen or eighteen , while the youngest could only be thirteen or fourteen . Every single one of them looked deathly pale , keeping their heads low and shoulders hunched in despair . Nearby , a few local guards stood around , chatting idly to pass the time . " Do you think Mr. Crawford will be satisfied with this batch when they're sent up ? " " Satisfied ? Look at them . They're a sorry sight . Mr.

Crawford just shook his head and said that if he sent a bunch like this , Prince Zachary would have his head . " " What are we supposed to do then ? They have to be sent out tomorrow .

Where are we going to find anyone else on such short notice ? " As the two fretted , they looked up and caught sight of Elowen . Both guards froze . The quicker - witted one bolted upright and sprinted inside the manor . The other immediately broke into a broad , eager grin and rushed forward to greet her . " My lady , what brings you here ... ? " Elowen offered a polite smile .

" Excuse me , is the town magistrate in ? " The guard's eyes lit up . " Yes ! Yes , he is ! Please wait just a moment , I'll go inform him right away ! " Before the words could fully leave his mouth , a middle - aged man stepped through the doors . It was the magistrate himself , Edwin Crawford . Edwin wore a somewhat worn official robe paired with a gauze hat . He was a

slightly portly man with a round face and sharp , shrewd eyes . Stopping at the threshold , his gaze swept over the row of miserable- looking girls .

An expression of sheer exasperation clouded his face , and he was just about to snap at his 2:33 pm pppp . Chapter 752 - Remember What I Told You men when his eyes fell on Elowen .

1:02 pm TMA Awakening Love: Reborn to Be His Duchess AM Chapter 753 She Was Exactly The Type In an instant, his annoyance vanished. He froze on the spot, completely spellbound. Finished He had seen plenty of women in his life, but he had rarely encountered anyone who looked like this. No, that wasn't right-he had never seen anyone like her in his entire life. Elowen wore nothing but a faded, plain dress. She had no jewelry in her hair and wore no makeup on her face.

Yet just by standing there, she exuded an indescribable grace that made her simple, worn clothing look as elegant as the finest silk. It took Edwin a long moment to snap out of it. He hurried forward, stopping three paces away from Elowen, and bowed with cupped hands. His voice trembled slightly. "My lady, might I ask who you are?" "I am Robert's distant cousin," Elowen replied calmly. "I used to be a maid in General Dray's manor, but I was recently released from service and had nowhere to go. I heard Prince Zachary is recruiting concubines, and I was wondering if I might apply?" "Yes!

Absolutely!" Edwin was so thrilled he looked ready to leap for joy. "You are more than qualified!" He rubbed his hands together, spun around on his heel in excitement, and turned back to her with a beaming smile. "And what might your name be, my lady?" 2 Elowen had already settled on a name during the ride over, so she answered smoothly, "Molly." Edwin repeated the

name a couple of times, nodding enthusiastically. "A fine name, a beautiful name! Molly, you shall stay here at the manor for now.

We set out for Kingsport the day after tomorrow." "I have a servant with me named Thomas," Elowen added. "He is waiting outside and will be traveling with me." Edwin hesitated. "A servant? Is that entirely necessary... Elowen tilted her head slightly, a faint smile playing on her lips. "Mr. Crawford, do you feel someone with my appearance is unworthy of a servant?" Edwin blinked, waving his hands in a frantic panic. "Of course not! Far from it! With beauty like yours. Molly, you deserve eight or ten servants, let alone one!" He whirled around to order the nearby guards.

"Go, bring Molly's servant inside and get him settled in the servants' quarters." "Thank you," Elowen said smoothly. "In that case, please have your men deliver the fitil-dollar reward to Robert's house as well." Before Edwin could even think to object, she offered a sweet smile I appreciate your help, Mr. Crawford." Edwin stood there, speechless. She hadn't even given him a chance to say no "Where will be staying Flowen asked next "My legs are aching and I've been standing the long Edwin munediately barked at a nearby attendant Quickly show Molly to her quiNCES 16 ber every need!

The attendam bowed respectfully and led Flowen toward a wing me the car courty and 1:02 pm TMA Chapter 753 She Was Exactly The Type Finished Left standing in the square, Edwin watched her slender figure recede into the distance. He scratched the back of his head, a faint seed of doubt sprouting in his mind. The girl was undeniably stunning, but her poise, her demeanor, and the very way she carried on a conversation didn't seem like those of a maid at all.

What kind of servant possessed that level of sheer confidence? Still, Edwin was a naturally optimistic man, and he quickly rationalized it.

Didn't this prove she was exactly the type of woman cut out to be a royal consort? Common village girls grew weak in the knees and lost their words just looking at him-how could they ever hope to serve a prince? It took someone exactly like this-someone who had seen the world, who didn't startle, and who possessed real courage and wit-to catch the prince's eye. If she managed to win Prince Zachary's favor in the future, wouldn't he, as the man who recommended her, ride her coattails straight to the top? The more Edwin pictured it, the wider his grin stretched, practically reaching his ears.

He turned and began shouting orders left and right. "Go! Bring out that bolt of silk from the storehouse and have two dresses made for Molly! Get the finest tailor in town! And head to the market to buy some makeup-only the best quality! As for the kitchen, starting today, every single one of Molly's meals must have extra dishes, and I want the finest delicacies!" The attendants scurried off to fulfill his commands. Thomas was led into Edwin's manor and shown to the servants' quarters. His accommodation was separated from Elowen's by an entire courtyard.

It was a cramped, pitch-black little room containing nothing but a wooden plank bed and a battered table, without so much as a window to let in the light. Thomas couldn't care less about the dismal surroundings. He tossed his travel pack onto the bed, sat down on the hard planks, and closed his eyes to rest.

Chapter 754 A Small Favor Finished Through the walls, the distant chatter of the adjacent courtyard drifted in. He could hear Edwin barking orders at the servants to prepare dresses and

makeup, his tone so eager and attentive it sounded as though he were serving his own mother.

Thomas opened his eyes, a cold thought crossing his mind. That woman truly knows how to make the world revolve around her, no matter where she goes. She hadn't even been in the magistrate's manor for an hour, yet she already had Mr. Crawford treating her like royalty.

Thomas couldn't decide whether he should admire her or stay on his guard. He closed his eyes again and went back to resting. Over the next two days, Elowen stayed at Edwin's manor, quietly letting her leg heal. Edwin had sent over two dresses—one in lake blue, the other in a soft lotus-root pink. Both were tailored from the finest satin, boasting exquisite craftsmanship and an elegant, timeless cut. He had also tracked down a physician from somewhere, who re-bandaged her leg and prescribed a few doses of medicine. As a result, by the third day, Elowen was able to walk without a limp.

The recruiters arrived just as dawn was breaking that morning. Leading them was George Whitaker, a middle-aged man in his forties. George had already met Elowen, and completely captivated by her beauty, he treated her with the utmost deference. Today, he had come in person to escort her to the carriage. 'Molly, the weather has turned cold lately,' George said. 'We wouldn't want you catching a chill and being unable to properly attend to the prince, so we've placed a foot warmer and blankets inside the carriage just for you.' The north was indeed much colder.

Looking around, a layer of white frost still blanketed the ground, and every breath they exhaled turned into thick puffs of white mist. Elowen smiled. 'Thank you, Mr. Whitaker.' George smiled back. 'Think nothing of it. I only hope that once you win the prince's favor, you might say a few kind words on my behalf.' Of course,' Elowen nodded with a smile. George's grin widened. Oh

night Flowen added, remembering her companion "I have a servant traveling north with me Whack hes hardy enough that he won't need to share the carriage managing hum will still require your cilor!

4 hope it isn't too much trouble, Mr. Whitaker" Not at all George replied warmly Tris my absolute honor to put your mind at eas As she approached the carriage Flowen finally caught sight of the other selected gut and huge read on h for a moment "Her name is Maya George told her 1:02 pm Chapter 754A Small Favor AM The girl looked about sixteen or seventeen, with thick eyebrows, large eyes, and a somewhat dark complexion. Though far from a conventional beauty, her features were balanced and gave her a wholesome, fortunate took. Her expression, however, was completely numb and listless.

Finished Likely because of her sullen demeanor, George treated her with blatant disdain. "Some people are only here because their parents begged on their hands and knees to send them off as the prince's concubines," he scoffed, his face darkening. "I didn't force anyone! So drop the tragic, virtuous act." Maya remained silent, her fingers tightening into fists hidden inside her sleeves. Elowen had heard from the staff at Edwin's manor that Maya originally had a fiancé.

The two were deeply in love and on the verge of marriage, but her parents, blinded by greed for the fifty-dollar reward, had forced her into this anyway. George let out a cold laugh. "Since you want to be so stubborn, I suppose you don't mind the freezing wind or a grueling journey. Fine then. Walk at the back with the servants and guards!" Without another glance at Maya, he turned back to Elowen, his face instantly shifting into a deferential smile. "After you, Molly." Elowen's gaze swept over Maya, but she didn't move. Instead, she offered a polite smile. "Mr.

Whitaker, I have a small favor to ask." "Please, go ahead," George replied, all ears. Elowen sighed softly. "I'm someone who prefers company, and it's a long, exhausting journey to Kingsport. Sitting in that carriage all by myself is bound to get tedious. Why don't we let Maya ride with me?" George hesitated, clearly reluctant to agree. "Molly, you don't know what a wretched temper she has. When I sent someone to give her a coat earlier, she scratched his face open!

I'm afraid your kindness will be utterly wasted on an ungrateful wretch like her." He waved his hand dismissively, firmly adding, "Let her freeze out there! Only when she's cold and exhausted will she realize her place." Maya hung her head so low her chin practically dug into her collarbone. Elowen maintained her composed smile, her voice steady and unhurried. "From your perspective that makes perfect sense. But I really am all alone, and a solitary carriage ride is quite lonely. If Maya joins me we can talk and pass the time." She paused slightly.

"Besides, the royal palace in Kingsport is full of people who know exactly how to read a room. Prince Zachary holds an exalted position, and he is constantly surrounded by sycophants. He might very well grow weary of that. If he sees Maya, he might find her unique style refreshing and take a liking to her."

12:13 Sat, Jul 11 T d Awakening Love Reborn to Be His Duchess Chapter 755 Kill Two Birds With One Stone She looked at George, her se with these things." George's expression shifted, carrying a subtle, weightier meaning. "After all, you can never really tell He understood exactly what Elowen was getting at. Both of these girls were being sent to the prince as concubines. Who the prince would favor or ignore was entirely unpredictable; nothing was set in stone If he

pushed Maya too far today, and she happened to strike gold and win the prince's favor tomorrow, his own life would be miserable.

A thin sweat broke out across George's back. He stole a quick glance at Elowen. This Molly was truly something else. Her casual remarks had managed to kill two birds with one stone: she had protected Maya while leaving herself an out, all while subtly making him owe her a favor.

George's expression shifted through a succession of calculations. His gaze flicked between Elowen's smiling face and Maya's bowed head before he finally managed a laugh. "It's a long journey to Kingsport, Molly.

If you're going to be bored, Maya might as well ride with you to keep you company." He had gladly taken the exit Elowen offered him. Elowen offered a slight nod. "Thank you, Mr.

Whitaker." George waved a hand dismissively and tactfully stepped back, calling out to the other attendants to double-check the carriage and cargo. Maya remained rooted to the spot, her head still low. As Elowen walked past her, she paused briefly. "Let's go." Maya didn't budge. Elowen lowered her voice. "It's a long journey north.

If you catch a cold out there, wouldn't the people who cherish you be heartbroken to find out?"

Maya froze. Her eyes pooled with tears as she looked up at Elowen, but Elowen had already moved past her and climbed into the carriage. After a moment's hesitation, Maya finally followed her inside. Elowen took a look around the interior. Although supposedly prepared for the prince's prospective concubines, the carriage was pitifully crude. The walls were made of thin, pieced together wooden boards. and the canvas roof was worn white in several places.

There was indeed a foot warmer, and the charcoal inside was bruising brightly, but its meager heat was a joke in a carriage that let in the wind from every drafty corner. It couldn't even begin to compare to the carriage Elowen had ridden in just days before. For their journey north, Cassinn had specially ordered a brand-new carriage built for her. Its walls were insulated with cotton, the seats bed with three layers of quilts, and the stove burned premium silver-threaded charcoal that was 12:13 Sat, Jul 11 Chapter "b's Kill Two Birds With One Stone completely smokeless and odorless.

Even the window curtains were made of double-layered, thick satí, blocking out every stray breeze. Elowen wasn't one to complain, but in that moment, she terribly missed her Cassian. Keeping her thoughts to herself, she leaned back against the wooden wall and closed her eyes.. Sitting across from her, Maya stole a quick glance at her, then immediately looked back down/A moment later, she looked up again. Elowen's eyes were still closed, her long eyelashes casting small, far-shaped shadows against her cheeks. Maya wanted to say something, but the words wouldn't come.

She turned the thoughts over and over in her mind, yet ultimately said nothing at all. She silently lowered her head and stared at her own hands resting on her lap. They were rough, dark, and thick-jointed, with dirt embedded under her nails that no amount of washing could remove. Elowen's hands, by contrast, were fair, slender, and smooth, like delicately carved ivory. Feeling a sudden pang of shame, Maya tucked her hands deep into her sleeves. The rest of the ride passed in silence. It wasn't until two days later, when the caravan halted by a stream to rest, that Maya finally spoke.

While the attendants busied themselves fetching water and lighting fires, George had a bowl of hot soup and two sandwiches brought over to Elowen, as attentive as ever. Elowen accepted the food and leaned against a large boulder, sipping her soup slowly. Maya sat across from her and suddenly asked, "Why did you help me?" Elowen took another sip, looked up at her, and let out a soft laugh. "You're only asking me now, two days later? I've practically forgotten what I was even thinking back then." Maya blinked, staring at her in surprise.

Amused by her bewildered expression, Elowen smiled a little wider. She took another sip of her hot soup, her gaze drifting past Maya's shoulder toward something a short distance away. A young man in a dusty sheepskin jacket was crouching by the stream, feeding hay to the horses. He worked slowly and meticulously, offering the hay handful by handful, his eyes occasionally darting back toward the carriage. Maya followed her gaze, her fingers tightening instantly.

Elowen rested her chin on one hand, looking casually indifferent. "As for why I helped you...

I suppose I just felt that if you were left to freeze out there, it would break someone's heart."

Maya's face went completely pale. It took her a long moment just to squeeze out a single word.

"You..." Elowen shrugged. "It really is glaringly obvious." The man had been trailing them ever since they set off. Every time the caravan stopped to rest. Maya's first mediate glance in his direction. And as if wanting for instinct was to look for food or water it was to it that very look, the Four-would always raise his head at the exact moment meeting her eyes from across the distance.

Neither would say a word; they would just look at each other. 12:13 Sat, Jul 11 Awakening Love
Reborn to Be His Duchess

Chapter 756 Is It Really That Obvious? Finished Then, once the break ended and they were back in the carriage, Maya would curl up in the corner, burying her face in her knees as her shoulders trembled silently. Elowen figured that even Bran, as dense as he could be, would have easily figured it out. Meanwhile, on another road hundreds of miles away, Bran couldn't help letting out a loud sneeze. "Achoo!" He rubbed his nose, looking around suspiciously as he muttered, "Is someone talking trash about me?" He stole a glance at the man sitting a short distance away.

Cassian, dressed in a black, narrow-sleeved robe, was perched on a boulder, wiping his sword. Ever since Elowen vanished into the river, Cassian had been in a wretched mood. Not a hint of a smile had touched his face-except when they encountered assassins, at which point his lips would curve into a cold, lethal smirk. They had just finished a brutal skirmish. Cassian's bloodlust had been particularly intense, as if he were using the slaughter to vent his pent-up frustration and anxiety. Yet, despite the thick blood coating his blade.

his clothes remained impeccably clean, untainted by a single speck of grime. Now, with a blank expression, he was meticulously wiping the longsword clean. The sharp blade gleamed coldly in the sunlight. From where Bran stood, Cassian's profile was sharply defined, his high brow and chiseled features as handsome as a portrait. The problem was the sheer, suffocating aura of death radiating from him; he looked like a god of war, and no one dared step near him. That was, until Anson approached with hurried, urgent strides, unable to contain his excitement. "Your Grace!

The falcons we sent out have found Her Grace!" Cassian froze, his fingers twitching against the blade. The icy mask he had worn for so long finally cracked. It was like a spring breeze sweeping across a frozen lake, sending fissures rippling out from the center as something vibrant stirred beneath the melting ice. Cassian snapped his head up, light flooding back into his hollow

eyes. He leaned forward slightly. demanding, "Are you certain?" "The falcon returned once a few days ago," Anson explained, "but I wasn't entirely sure back then. I worried it had correctly identified Her Grace.

So, I kept sending it out over the last few days, and each time, it returned faster and faster. That's when I knew for certain it had found the Princess." During his time fighting in Nordia, Cassian had trained a flock of peregrine falcons. Originally used to scout enemy positions, he had now deployed them to search for Flowen. Anson's father was the very man who had tamed those birds, meaning Anson knew exactly how to communicate with them and direct them to search for Elowen's whereabouts. After days of silence, they finally had word.

Jet wished over Cassian, though his eyes grew uncontrollably rimmed with red. "The assassins few days didn't see Ella, which means they're bound to grow suspicious. Besides, she is telling it she is being mistreated." Anson. hic LOT ded in a low resonant voice. Anson, Take Two of our swiftest, T 12:13 Sat, Jul 11 d Chapter 756 Is It Really That Obvious? most agile shadow guards with you. Find Ella immediately and protect her at all costs. Keep a low profile. Do not trigger any alarms, and do not reveal your identities unless absolutely necessary. If she is in danger..

He paused, a dangerous light flashing across his eyes. "No matter who the adversary is, show no mercy. Kill them all Anson felt a chill run through him. He bowed deeply. "Understood!" Bran took in their entire conversation. Standing there watching Anson's retreating figure, he scratched the back of his head. He couldn't help but think that with Elowen's sharp wit and cleverness, she was far more likely to be the one doing the bullying. How could anyone mistreat her? Cassian was clearly letting his anxiety cloud his judgment.

Then again, the Duke loved the Duchess so deeply that he would fret if she lost even a single strand of hair, so of course, he couldn't rest easy. Bran could only pray that Anson would bring Elowen back as quickly as possible. Otherwise, he doubted Cassian would ever sunle again. ** Maya paled. "Is it really that obvious?" Elowen nodded, glancing briefly over at George a short distance away, but said nothing more. Once everyone finished resting, they packed up their belongings and prepared to set off again. Elowen climbed into the carriage first, with Maya following close behind.

Catching Maya by the wrist, Elowen drew her near and whispered in her ear. "Maya, the two of you are being so reckless. Even if I'm the only one who has noticed over the last couple of days, the others are bound to catch on soon. Besides, George knows you have a fiancé. He won't even need to ask to figure out exactly who that man following us north is. You have to find a chance to tell your fiancé to keep his distance. If you aught, you might get off safely, but he will likely be killed." Maya linched, the words striking a harsh chord. Yet deep down, she knew it was the absolute truth.

She looked at Elowen, tears welling in her eyes before finally spilling over and streaming down her cheeks. "I... I understand. Thank you..." Elower leased her grip and said softly. "Wipe your tears. Don't let anyone notice when we get out" Maya rodded, hastily wiping her face with her sleeve.

Awakening Love : Reborn to Be His Duchess Chapter 757 Has He Been Upset Lately ? By evening , the group arrived at a wayside station . 76 Finished Calling it a station was generous ; it was really just a courtyard enclosed by a few dilapidated mud - brick huts . Parts of the perimeter

wall had already collapsed , crudely patched up with bundles of brambles . The yard was overgrown with withered grass that rustled whenever the wind blew . George set his attendants to work clearing out the rooms , then personally escorted Elowen to a relatively clean one .

Elowen thanked him with a smile , stepped inside , and closed the door . Maya was staying right next door in a similarly small , mud - brick room . Later that night , the entire station fell silent . With winter setting in , there were no insects chirping , leaving only the relentless , howling wind . A faint sound woke Elowen from her sleep . She knew instantly that Maya was heading out . Sitting up quietly , she walked barefoot to the window and propped it open just a crack to look outside . The moonlight was piercingly bright .

She saw Maya slip out of the neighboring room , wrapped in a thin coat with her hair loose . Stepping quickly across the freezing ground , Maya hurried toward a corner of the courtyard . Near the base of the wall , a tall silhouette stepped fluidly out of the shadows . It was the broad - shouldered , sharp - featured man who had been feeding hay to the horses by the stream earlier that day . As Maya approached , the man opened his arms and pulled her gently into his embrace . Maya buried her face in his chest , her shoulders trembling . The man stroked her back with slow , tender motions .

They spoke in low , hushed tones . They were speaking Nordian , a language Elowen couldn't understand . However , she guessed Maya was repeating the warning she had given her earlier - telling him not to follow so closely , or they would risk being discovered . Watching them cling to each other in the dark , Elowen felt her own longing for Cassian deepen . Just as Elowen was about to look away and go back to sleep , a faint tap echoed through the

Chapter 57 Has He Been Upset Lately ? night air . A peregrine falcon had landed on her windowsill .

76 Finished In the moonlight , its deep blue - black feathers gleamed . Though small , the bird was sleekly built , and its round , bright eyes stared straight at her . Elowen's eyes widened slightly . She suddenly remembered a moment while recovering at the Whitman estate , when Emma had pointed to the sky and yelled about a massive eagle . Following Emma's gaze , Elowen had realized it was actually a peregrine falcon . Later , during her journey north with the recruiters , she had spotted them a few more times . She hadn't thought much of it then .

But now , one was sitting right on her windowsill . Elowen suddenly recalled Cassian telling her that during his military campaigns in the North , he used peregrines to scout enemy positions . Her heart stirred . Reaching out a hand , she tentatively stroked the bird's head . Instead of pulling away , the falcon tilted its head , nuzzling against her fingers , before turning its gaze toward the east . Elowen immediately followed its line of sight . Watery moonlight flooded the entire courtyard .

Near the base of the wall , Maya and her lover were still wrapped in each other's arms , whispering sweet nothings . Elowen looked past them , over the wall , and toward the distance . Suddenly , her heart skipped a beat . She recognized a familiar figure . Anson . Elowen slipped out of her room without a sound . She cut across the courtyard with light , careful steps , ensuring she didn't alert anyone in the station before gliding past the wall and into the shadows of the night . Seeing Elowen approach , Anson visibly relaxed . He bowed respectfully , just as he always did . " Your Grace .

" Behind him , two dark silhouettes offered silent bows as well . Elowen gestured for them to rise , immediately asking , " Where is Cassian ? Has he been upset lately ? " 73 15:41 Mon , Jul 13

Chapter 757 Has He Been Upset Lately ? Anson froze . Looking up , he studied Elowen's face , half - illuminated by the moonlight . 76 Finished He had to admit , the love between Cassian and Elowen was truly something to envy . They were constantly on each other's minds and understood one another perfectly .

Naturally , Anson knew better than anyone what kind of hell Cassian had been going through these past weeks - going without food or sleep , refusing to speak , his expression as cold as midwinter ice . Everyone had been walking on eggshells , terrified of crossing him . But Anson couldn't be too blunt about it . " Somewhat , " Anson said , choosing his words carefully . " No one has dared speak to His Grace lately . " A faint smile touched Elowen's lips . " With that temper of his , there is no helping it . " Pausing for a moment , she asked , " What about Caius and Emily ?

" Anson couldn't help but note that Elowen had only just gotten around to asking about the children . She really did put Cassian first . " Caius and Emily are being well looked after , " Anson replied . " Though before going to sleep at night , Caius always looks around , as if he's searching for someone . The wet nurse says he is likely looking for you , Your Grace . " Elowen's heart melted . She had always assumed Caius was too fond of sleeping to be particularly attached to her , but clearly , he still needed his mother . " His Grace used the falcon to track you down , " Anson continued .

" He sent me ahead to ensure your safe return to his side . " 16.9K

Chapter 758 Talk Less And Work More 76 Finished Elowen considered this . " The issue is that I am currently traveling north as Prince Zachary's concubine . If I suddenly vanish , it will cause chaos and inevitably raise alarms . If they hunt us down and we manage to hide , that's one thing . But if we can't shake them and get caught , I doubt we could fend them off . It's better to leave things as they are . Cassian and I are both heading to Nordia anyway . We can travel north separately and meet in Kingsport . " Anson nodded . " You make a good point , Your Grace .

" A soft smile touched Elowen's lips . " Send word to Cassian first . Otherwise , I doubt he'll get any sleep tonight . " " Understood . " Elowen looked past Anson , her eyes falling on the two shadow guards behind him . " As for you and your men , follow us from a distance . Keep out of sight . Don't get too close , but don't fall too far behind either . " " We will , Your Grace , " Anson replied . Without further delay , Elowen turned and headed back toward the station . The courtyard was as quiet as before .

Maya and her lover were gone , presumably having finished their conversation and slipped back to their respective quarters . Just as Elowen reached her door , a low scoff cut through the silence . She paused . Turning toward the shadows , she caught sight of Thomas's face in the faint moonlight . Far from panicking , Elowen simply raised an eyebrow as if to ask what he wanted . " Most people only have a tryst with one person , " Thomas muttered darkly . " You're out here meeting three ? Quite the appetite . " Elowen stared at him , bewildered .

Just then , approaching footsteps broke the tension . Maya was coming back . As she drew near , she suddenly noticed Thomas and froze , her face draining of color . Thomas shifted his gaze to Maya . " And here's the one who only meets one . " Elowen glanced at him , then gestured to Maya . " Go back to sleep . Ignore him . " Maya gave a weak nod and hurried into her room with

her head down . Thomas kept his eyes fixed on Elowen . " I'm becoming more and more curious about who you 1/3 15:41 Mon , Jul 13 Chapter 758 Talk Less And Work More really are . " : 76 Finished Elowen smiled .

" I am Prince Zachary's future concubine - your mistress . If you want to keep your job and find your Samantha , I suggest you talk less and work more . Understand ? " Thomas choked on his words , completely shut down . He should have known he wouldn't extract anything from this woman . Amused , Elowen turned , pushed her door open , and locked it securely behind her . When they set off the next morning , Maya was visibly exhausted , looking as though she hadn't slept a wink . Amused by her restless energy , Elowen spoke up . " If you have something on your mind , you can just ask me .

" Maya twisted her sleeves nervously . " Your servant ... he saw us , didn't he ? Is he ... is he going to say anything ? " " No , " Elowen replied flatly . Maya still looked uneasy , but Elowen deftly changed the subject . " Maya , do you speak Nordinian ? " Maya blinked in surprise . " How did you know ? " " I heard you talking to your fiancé , " Elowen said , a mischievous glint in her eye . Maya flushed instantly , a delicate pink creeping up her neck . She lowered her head and murmured , " My ... my mother is Nordinian , and my father is Avenlorian . I learned it from her when I was a child .

" " Perfect , " Elowen said warmly . " Then I'll trouble you to teach me some common , everyday Nordinian phrases from now on . " Maya looked up , her eyes filled with confusion . " Why ? " Elowen arched an eyebrow . " Consider it your payment for my silence . " Maya froze , completely unable to find a way out of the deal . That day , Maya began teaching Elowen Nordinian , starting with basic everyday words like " hello " and " eat . " Elowen caught on

remarkably fast and threw herself into the lessons . Astonished by her progress , Maya couldn't help but ask , " Have ...

have you studied this before ? " " Never ." 9/3 15:41 Mon , Jul 13 Chapter 758 Talk Less And Work More " Then how are you picking it up so quickly ? " 76 Finished Elowen figured it was likely because her maternal grandmother had been a Nordian Oracle , leaving a natural aptitude for the language running through her veins . Or perhaps it was because her husband , Cassian , spoke it flawlessly . Faced with Maya's bewilderment , however , Elowen simply tilted her head with a bright smile . " Maybe I'm just brilliant ? " Finding no argument for that , Maya let out a laugh .

After mastering common phrases in the morning , Elowen moved on to full sentences in the afternoon . She practiced lines like * Who are you ? Where are you from ? Where are you going ? * and * What is your name ? * Once she felt comfortable with the material , Elowen looked at Maya and said in Nordian , " Hello , my name is Molly Dray . " " You really are incredible , " Maya praised sincerely . " You sound like a native speaker . " She paused , leaning in a little closer . " Are you ... Is your last name really Dray ? " Elowen offered a knowing smile .

Instead of answering directly , she replied in Nordian , " That's a secret . " Over the next few days , the group continued their journey north . The weather grew progressively colder , and the early morning frost soon turned to sheets of thin ice . Elowen's Nordian became smoother by the day . By the fifth day , she and Maya could hold simple conversations . 16.9K

Chapter 759 The Iron Guard : 76 Finished Maya was utterly amazed , claiming she had never seen anyone master a language so rapidly . Thomas didn't miss a thing . Riding behind the

carriage , he caught the occasional drift of Nordian floating out from inside . The woman was learning Nordian . Thomas frowned . That afternoon , the group stopped by a river to rest . Elowen climbed down from the carriage and stretched her legs on the riverbank . Thomas came over and stood beside her . Staring down at his fragmented reflection in the water , he suddenly asked , " Why are you learning Nordian ?

" Elowen turned to face him . " I'm going to have to win over Prince Zachary eventually . Learning his language seems like the obvious place to start . " Thomas went silent . He felt like a fool for even imagining he could get a straight answer out of her . The woman was an absolute vault , as calculating as she was tight - lipped . If she didn't want to talk , you couldn't pry a word from her , even with a knife to her throat . And as for things she did want to say- Thomas realized she had never voluntarily shared a single detail about herself .

Deciding it wasn't worth the effort , he dropped the subject . By dusk on the seventh day , the group finally reached the last wayside station before Kingsport . This place was much larger than any of their previous stops , built with blue brick and grey tile , and surrounded by an intact perimeter wall . Two stone pillars stood at the entrance , carved with Nordian script that Elowen couldn't read ; she had only picked up some spoken phrases and remained completely illiterate in the language .

George ordered his attendants to drive the carriages into the courtyard , then arranged for Elowen to have one of the best rooms . Once inside , Elowen shut the door and sank onto the edge of the bed . Traveling for days on end had taken its toll ; even with the carriage , her body was thoroughly exhausted . She rubbed her stiff neck and rotated her wrists , trying to ease the

tension . Then , faintly from somewhere outside , she caught the sound of a horse neighing .
Elowen knit her brows in suspicion . Moving to the window , she pushed it open and looked out .

1/3 15:42 Mon , Jul 13 Chapter 759 The Iron Guard 76 Finished Beyond the station lay a dirt road flanked by an endless expanse of open wilderness . The sun was dipping below the western horizon , bleeding a vibrant , intense orange across the edge of the sky . Against this fiery backdrop , a contingent was advancing toward the station . It was a relatively small group - around twenty men - clad entirely in black armor that gleamed with a cold , metallic sheen under the fading sunlight . Leading them on a towering mount was a man in dark iron plate .

He rode bareheaded , his sharp , angular features fully exposed . Elowen's gaze lingered on his face for a split second before shifting to the banner fluttering above the ranks . It was a black flag embroidered with a golden wolf's head , its jaws snapped wide to reveal razor - sharp fangs . Elowen didn't recognize the crest , but she knew the armor . She had seen similar illustrations in Cassian's study , in texts detailing the military structures and uniform traits of the various Nordian factions . They were the Iron Guard .

They were an elite force answering directly to the Nordian royal court , responsible for securing and patrolling the perimeter of the capital . Elowen shut the window , turned , and stepped out of her room , calling for Thomas . He walked over , his face characteristically stiff . " What is it ? " " A detachment has arrived outside , " Elowen said evenly . " They look like the Iron Guard from Kingsport . " Thomas blinked in surprise . " What would the Iron Guard be doing out here ? " Elowen grew thoughtful .

The recruiters' journey north was a legitimate operation, properly approved and documented at every level. Even if the Iron Guard wanted to conduct an inspection, they would typically do so at the city gates, not at an isolated waypoint in the middle of nowhere. Unless they were searching for something. Or someone. A thin layer of cold sweat broke out across Elowen's back. "Get me some bathwater," she commanded quickly. "I need to bathe." Thomas stared at her, thoroughly bewildered. "Right now? A bath?"

"With an unknown contingent of the Iron Guard closing in, she wanted to take a bath now of all times?" Right now, "Elowen said, leaving absolutely no room for argument. 2/3 15:42 Mon, Jul 13 Chapter 759 The Iron Guard 76 Finished The conditioning of playing her servant must have run deep, because Thomas found himself unable to talk back. Gritting his teeth, he resigned himself to his fate and headed toward the kitchen to find hot water. Outside, the Iron Guard drew closer to the station. Two cavalymen spoke in hushed tones from atop their mounts.

"Darius, Cassian publicly announced that his wife isn't missing. Why is our master insisting we search everywhere for her anyway?" The cold-faced man leading the line replied, "Master received word yesterday that someone was trying to sell valuable Avenlorian jewelry. Tracking it back, they found out it was recovered from the river near where the Duke and his wife were ambushed. Master suspects Elowen fell into the river." "But if she's missing, wouldn't Cassian be looking for her? For all we know, he might have already brought her home."

"Darius spoke in a low, heavy voice." Master noted that as well. Cassian has been exceptionally brutal in combat lately, and his mood is foul. That means either Elowen is injured, or she hasn't been found yet. To leave nothing to chance, we have to account for both

possibilities . Cassian is bound to come to Kingsport , and his duchess will certainly find a way to meet him here . Setting an ambush near the city is our best shot at smoking her out .

Master made it perfectly clear : if we run into any remarkably beautiful woman with an unusual background , there's a high probability it's Elowen . " 16.9K

Chapter 760 Orders From Above While they were speaking , the cavalry arrived at the inn's entrance . The leading man swung down from his horse . 76 Finished George trotted out from the inn with a sycophantic smile . " Ah , the esteemed Iron Guard ! What brings you lords here tonight ? " Darius didn't spare him a single glance , his eyes sweeping past him to scan the interior . " Orders from above . We're doing a search . " " Orders from above , huh ? " George rubbed his hands together , bowing and scraping .

" But surely you know , my lords , we are simply escorts selecting consorts for the Prince . We only have two young women with us and no one suspicious . Perhaps ... you could let this slide ?

" Darius shot him a sideways glare . " Since they're meant for the Prince , it's better to be safe than sorry . If some sketchy woman ends up hurting him , you wouldn't be able to shoulder the blame , right ? " George's face stiffened , completely at a loss for a valid excuse to refuse . He could only step aside . " Then ... please come in , my lords . " The Iron Guard filed inside .

Half of the twenty men remained stationed outside , while the other ten followed their commander into the inn . George led the way , a fine layer of sweat breaking out on his forehead . The group first checked Maya's room , asked a few quick questions , and then backed out .

George continued to lead them down the hall . " Miss Dray is staying in this one . " She's from Willow Ridge , previously a maid at General Dray's manor at Emerald Pass . I saw how stunning

she was and brought her along . Look , my lord , this girl is an absolute beauty . The Prince will definitely dote on her .

How about ... we skip her room ? We wouldn't want to offend ... " Darius stopped in his tracks and turned to look at him . " An absolute beauty ? " George nodded eagerly . " Yes ..." 1/3 15:42 Mon , Jul 13 Chapter 760 Orders From Above The man let out a cold snort . " Then we definitely need to search it . " He waved his hand , his voice suddenly booming . " Open the door ! " But the room remained dead silent . 76 Finished His expression grew even darker and more menacing as he barked at his men . " Break it down ! " The guards smashed their way in .

Darius kicked the door with brute force , snapping the latch in half . Wood splinters flew as the heavy panels slammed against the wall . He stepped over the threshold , drawing the curved blade from his waist in one fluid motion . The nine Iron Guards behind him followed suit . Ten men , ten blades , ten flashes of cold steel , all pointed toward the depths of the room . The room was unlit , with only the moonlight and the glare of torches from the courtyard bleeding through the paper windows , casting pale , ghostly spots on the floor .

His eyes darted like a hawk's , sweeping through the shadows . Instead of seeing anything , he first heard the splashing of water . Stepping further inside , he was hit by warm , humid steam mixed with a faint , sweet fragrance . The scent coiled into his nostrils , making his throat inexplicably tight . Following the scent , he spotted a wooden screen standing at the far end of the room . The screen was old , its frame yellowed and its paper slightly wrinkled . But right now , that thin sheet of paper displayed the striking silhouette of a woman .

Smooth , rounded shoulders , a slender waist , and a breathtakingly graceful neckline . He stood rooted to the spot , his face instantly burning a bright red . Even though he froze , he completely forgot to give any orders . His highly - strung subordinates couldn't brake in time , clattering into him in a chaotic pile - up . The men clutched their noses and rubbed their foreheads , ready to complain . Looking up and following their boss's gaze to the silhouette on the screen , their faces flushed crimson one after another .

2/3 15:42 Mon , Jul 13 Chapter 760 Orders From Above 76 Finished The youngest of the bunch lost his grip on his blade , letting it hit the floor with a loud clang . That sharp noise startled the person behind the screen . The silhouette turned toward them , let out a panicked gasp , and quickly threw on a robe . The guards snapped out of their daze , scrambling to turn their backs . Elowen's voice trembled with feigned fear , though she tried to sound composed . " Lord Whitaker ... " George took two steps inside , stopping at a respectful distance .

" Miss Dray ." Her tone was still tinged with panic and confusion . " Why ... " She intentionally left her sentence hanging . After all , her current persona was an innocent , sheltered virgin . In such a sudden and compromising situation , some things were just too embarrassing to say out loud . " Don't be afraid , miss , " George replied . " These are the Iron Guards from Kingsport . They're just doing a routine inspection under orders . " Elowen gave a faint hum of acknowledgment . " Then ... please give me a moment to put my clothes on .

" 2/2 Sara