

Awakening Love: Reborn to Be His Duchess Novel

12:03 Wed, Jul 29 Awakening Love: Reborn to Be His Duchess Chapter 791 Unforgiving Blood

Then the second, the third, the tenth; the clattering of dropped weapons echoed across the courtyard one after another. The brutal clash on Oracle Peak had finally ground to a halt. Enduring a world of torment, Ronan squeezed his eyes shut in defeat. Ignoring him, Cassian looked at the disarmed assassins and let out a dark chuckle. "Now that you've dropped your weapons... aren't you defenseless?" Ronan froze in absolute horror.

The assassins realized it at the exact same time, a cold wave of dread crashing over them. Panicking at the impending danger, they scrambled to dive for their discarded blades. But Cassian had no intention of giving them a second chance. "Kill them all!" Upon his command, the shadow guards struck in perfect unison.

Dozens of blades flashed like silver lightning, slicing through the air in the blink of an eye; bloodcurdling screams echoed across Oracle Peak before dying out into absolute, dead silence. Over a hundred assassins lay slaughtered across the courtyard, the only one left breathing being Ronan, still dangling from Cassian's grip. Cassian drawled, "Nordians... always so easy to fool." Standing nearby, Valessa heard the comment and frowned deeply. When I was younger, I got played by him too... Cassian was already dragging Ronan by the collar, walking toward Elowen.

Ronan's body scraped across the stone tiles, leaving a thick, horrifying trail of blood in his wake. Stopping right in front of Elowen, Cassian dumped Ronan onto the ground without a shred of grace. Ronan slammed into the dirt, blood gushing from his severed shoulder once more and

12:03 Wed, Jul 29 Chapter 791 Unforgiving Blood expanding into a dark crimson puddle. NG

Without sparing the prisoner a single glance, Cassian looked at Elowen, eager for praise. "El The man you wanted." Elowen nodded, crouching down to face Ronan. "Where is Flowira?"

Where did you hide he Lying on the ground, his chest heaving, Ronan actually smiled at the question. "Oracle, instead of wasting your breath on Flowira, you should probably be worrying about your Duke." Elowen froze. Ronan's voice was weak and raspy, but he laughed darkly. "He inhaled a lethal toxin. He's already standing at death's door." Elowen's head snapped up to look at Cassian. He was currently wiping his sword; thick, sticky blood clung to the steel, refusing to flick off, he was using a rag to scrub it clean.

She noticed his face was pale as death, as if a thin, sickly gray veil had been draped over his features. She frowned deeply. Catching her reaction, Ronan's smirk widened. "Without the antidote, he won't survive seven days. In exactly seven days, he'll bleed out from his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth, dying in unimaginable agony until his face is unrecognizable." Elowen's frown turned into a furious scowl. Ronan scoffed. "But then again, maybe you don't even want to save him. Now that you're in Nordia, you're the Oracle. The King will treat you like royalty. Who needs the Duke?"

There are plenty of other men. Younger, far more eager to please a woman..." He didn't get to finish. Out of patience, Cassian backhanded him across the face. The strike was not a full-force blow, but the angle was brutally precise. He didn't slap his cheek; he slapped his mouth, the heel of his palm smashing perfectly into Ronan's lips. Ronan's lips slammed against his teeth, splitting the skin in a flash, and blood poured down his chin. 12:03 Wed, Jul 29 Chapter 791 Unforgiving Blood chin. "I might have seven days left to live," Cassian said, glaring down at him.

"But if you don't learn how to guard your tongue, you won't survive the night." Spitting out a mouthful of blood, Ronan kept his mouth shut. "Come here, Ella." Cassian reached his hand out to her. Elowen placed her hand in his, letting him pull her up. Valessa marched over, stopping right in front of Ronan and glaring down at him. "If you tell where Flowira is, we'll spare your life. And we'll keep tonight's little stunt a secret from your father, the Archduke." Looking up at her, Ronan started laughing. "My right arm is gone.

Even if my father remains blind to tonight's events, he's going to tear this country apart trying to find out who mutilated me." He paused, shifting his gaze from Valessa to his bloody stump.

"You know exactly how my father operates, Princess Royal. He married countless women, yet they only gave him daughters. I am his one and only son. His entire plan was for me to inherit his empire-the leadership of House Harrow, the title of Archduke, and his endless fortune and military might. Looking back up at Valessa, his eyes turned icy. "But you just severed my arm.

How can a crippled man lead House Harrow? This isn't going to simply blow over. Even if I say nothing, my father will investigate. Even if I cover for you, he has countless ways to unearth the truth. You really think sparing my life and keeping your mouths shut means this never happened? You're too naive." The agony from his severed arm and busted lips was becoming unbearable; he paused, sucked in a sharp breath to suppress the pain, and continued. "The reason I'm telling you this, Your Highness, is to make one thing crystal clear. You can't threaten me.

If I feared death, I wouldn't have climbed Oracle Peak to hunt down the Oracle tonight. The moment I stepped foot on this mountain, I accepted the absolute extremes-I either win, or I lose everything. Slay me right now, and I still wouldn't flinch." 19.1K 12:03 Wed, Jul 29 Awakening Love: Reborn to Be His Duchess

92 Chapter 792 A Grandfather's Instinct Fin His lips curled into a vicious smirk. "But with the Duke poisoned... you're the ones who will have to beg me." The freezing mountain wind howled, whipping his robes around him with the fury of a tempest. Listening to the exchange, Elowen scrutinized Cassian's face. Her eyes traced from his brow to his lips, and finally to his neck. He looked terrible, his lips drained of color. These were the undeniable symptoms of severe poisoning. Elowen spoke up. "Cassian, give me your hand." Valessa looked at her in surprise.

"You know the healing arts?" Elowen hummed in agreement. "I learned a little bit from my grandfather when I was young Sheathing his sword, Cassian tossed it to a shadow guard and stepped forward, offering his hand palm up so she could take his pulse. Elowen gripped his wrist with one hand and pressed three fingers from her other hand against his pulse point; pressing down slightly, she felt the violent throbbing beneath his skin. It was terrifyingly fast; the pulse was superficial, rapid, and erratic-like something was boiling churning, and burning straight through his veins.

Elowen's face went paper-white. Knowing there would be an ambush when they ascended Oracle Peak for Flowira, she had detoured out of the city to find Anson, bringing both guards along, while dispatching her falco to Cassian, telling him to rush ahead with his shadow guards to back her up. Elowen was the one who called Cassian here, and Elowen was the one who told him to strike down the leader first. Cassian had been poisoned solely because of her. A crushing wave of guilt threatened to drown her. Cassian sighed softly, his voice tender as he tried to comfort her. "I'm fine, Ella.

I held my breath the second the powder hit my face, so I barely inhaled any of it. He's just trying to scare 12:03 Wed, Jul 29 Chapter 792 A Grandfather's Instinct you." Lying on the ground, Ronan watched them and chimed in like a ghost. "The powder is lethal contact as well, Your Grace. The second it touches your skin, it seeps into your organs. You inhaled a portion, and your skin absorbed the rest; combined, it's more than enough to put in the grave." Standing nearby, Valessa noticed Elowen's panic and stepped in.

"Once we get back to my estate, we'll summon a real physician to check his pulse. We'll know if it's serious, so there's reason to stand around listening to his garbage." Turning away, she barked orders to her guards. "Leave a few men to clear the bodies. The rest of you, grab Ronan and Darius and head down the mountain!" Ronan still had the energy to run his mouth, and though Darius was critically injured, he was still breathing. Both of them had to be dragged back to the Princess Royal's manor for interrogation. Cassian reached his hand out to Elowen. "Come on, Ella.

Let's head down." Elowen gave a muffled hum of agreement and took his hand. As two guards hoisted Ronan off the ground, he turned his head and saw their intertwined hands, suddenly laughing. "You two better enjoy walking together while you can, because pretty soon, you won't ever get the chance again." Elowen snapped her head around, glaring dead at Ronan. Gritting her teeth, she demanded, "What exactly do you want?!" Ronan stared right back at her. "Originally, I wanted to capture you, but since that's off the table... I don't want anything now.

I just want to drag someone to hell with me, and taking the Duke down is the absolute ultimate prize." Watching this unfold from the sidelines, Valessa's frown deepened until she finally snapped, stepping forward and delivering a merciless kick directly to Ronan's severed stump. Blindsided, Ronan convulsed in sheer agony; the veins on his forehead bulged dangerously

before the pain overwhelmed his brain, forcing him to pass out. Feeling a fraction better, Valessa ordered coldly, "Throw him in the cells back at the manor!" Just then, a shadow guard stepped forward, his voice full of reverence.

"Your Grace. Cassian looked at him. 12:03 Wed, Jul 29 Chapter 792 A Grandfather's Instinct 5

The shadow guard kept his head bowed, dropping his voice lower. "Someone else is coming the mountain." "Who?" Cassian was genuinely surprised; Did Ronan actually have more backup? The shadow guard hesitated for a second. "An old man." Cassian frowned. "An old man?" Hearing this, Elowen looked up, her gaze shifting toward the mountain path in the distance. There really was a figure walking toward the palace; finding the silhouette incredibly familiar: Elowen's heart began to race.

Catching her reaction, Cassian asked softly, "Ella, do you know him?" Elowen muttered quietly, "I'm not entirely sure... but he looks exactly like my grandfather." Cassian froze. "Your grandfather?" Valessa looked over too, squinting into the dark. "I think it's him as well." Cassian turned to the shadow guard. "Go escort him here at once." The guard was about to move when Cassian stopped him. "Wait." The guard turned back.

Cassian said, "I will go escort him in person." If this truly was Ella's grandfather, he was practically her only living relative in the world besides him and their children; Ella talked about him all the time, mentioning how kind he was to her. As her husband, Cassian absolutely had to treat her grandfather with the utmost respect. Madeline A romance author who writes heartfelt love stories filled with unforgettable characters, emotional journeys, and happily-ever-afters.

12:46 Thu, Jul 30 Awakening Love: Reborn to Be His Duchess Chapter 793 Bloodlines And Pulse Lines Cassian squeezed Elowen's fingers. "I'll go check. Ella, what is your grandfather's name?" 70 Finished "His surname is Wynne," Elowen replied. "His given name is Noah, and his chosen name is Elias." Cassian paused. Noah Wynne. That name sounded oddly familiar. But for the life of him, he couldn't quite put his finger on where he had heard it before. "Alright. Got it." With that, Cassian turned and walked toward the mountain path. Meanwhile.

The moment Noah reached the halfway point of the mountain, he heard the sounds of slaughter and smelled the overpowering stench of blood; he knew a brutal battle was raging at the summit. Reaching the top, he saw exactly what he expected-weapons and corpses scattered everywhere. Looking up, he spotted a man striding purposefully toward him. Noah didn't stop walking, but his right hand slipped under the radar into his sleeve. As a master physician, he was also a master of poisons. As he aged and his physical strength waned, he relied more on poisons for self-defense.

Hidden in his sleeve was a packet of silver needles; they were thin, but a single prick from one carried enough toxin to drop a full-grown man dead in seconds. Pinching the end of a needle between his fingers, he applied just a fraction of pressure, coiling himself to strike at a moment's notice. If the man showed a sliver of murderous intent, he would not hesitate to bury the needle straight into his throat. The two men closed the distance, stopping less than five paces apart. Noah noticed the chemical burns scarring the man's face from the toxic powder in a flash.

12:46 Thu, Jul 30 Chapter 793 Bloodlines And Pulse Lines AG 70 Finished This kid has been poisoned. The man showed zero hostility, taking the initiative to ask with deep reverence, "May I ask your name, sir?" Anywhere else, Noah kept his identity a strict secret. But here on Oracle

Peak, he refused to hide who he was. "Noah Wynne." The man's expression cleared in recognition, his posture growing even more reverent as he folded his hands and delivered a flawless Avenloran bow-the exact gesture a younger generation uses to honor an elder.

He addressed him clearly, "Grandfather." Noah's eyes widened in confusion. The fingers gripping the silver needle twitched. He did have a young grandson, but the boy had died in battle years ago. Even if his grandson had somehow survived, he would not look like this. While Noah was baffled, the man spoke again. "I am Ella's husband." Hearing the name Ella was like a warm spring breeze melting through winter ice. Noah's fingers released the silver needle.

His eyes widening, he scrutinized the man from head to toe before asking, "You are Avenlor's Duke of Duskmoor?" Cassian offered a slight nod, his demeanor respectful and natural. "I am." Noah nodded, his gaze lingering on Cassian for another second, sweeping over his cheeks and lips. "To take a hit from a poison that lethal and still be standing here talking... you have a phenomenal constitution." Cassian blinked in surprise, then smiled and bowed again. "You flatter me, Grandfather. Noah didn't look at him again. If he was Ella's husband, that meant Ella was here too.

Noah lifted his gaze toward the palace he had not seen in years. 12:46 Thu, Jul 30 Chapter 793 Bloodlines And Pulse Lines The thunder had rolled away, and the moonlight was still dim. But Noah spotted her silhouette in the blink of an eye. 70 Finished Truth be told, since Ella turned ten, she had never returned to Falkriver; sometimes, he could only picture what she looked like in his dreams. But Ella looked like her mother, and she looked like her grandmother. One look was all it took for Noah to recognize her completely. Staring at Elowen standing by the palace doors, his eyes glowed.

After a long moment, he pulled his gaze away. "Let's go. Take me to see her." Cassian stepped aside, offering a polite gesture. "After you." Noah began walking toward Elowen. His pace was not fast, but every single step was incredibly steady. Perhaps because he was finally about to see his beloved little granddaughter after so many years, he felt like his feet were planted on solid ground, yet floating on clouds. Elowen stood perfectly still, watching him walk closer and closer.

The closer he got, the sharper her memories of her grandfather became, flawlessly merging with the face of the old man standing in front of her. It really was her grandfather. Elowen's eyes welled up with tears. Stopping in front of her, Noah offered a warm, tender smile. "Ella..." The exact second Noah spoke, Elowen closed the distance in three strides and threw herself into his arms. "Grandfather! I missed you so much!" Hugging Elowen tight, Noah gently patted her back, over and over again. A flood of memories rushed back to him. He and his wife only ever had one daughter.

12:46 Thu, Jul 30 Chapter 793 Bloodlines And Pulse Lines G70 (70 Finished Perhaps because they were so far from the harsh north, his wife's health had always been fragile after giving birth. So, aside from the wet nurses and maids, he was the one who held their daughter the most. As she grew older and understood the boundaries between men and women, she hugged him less and less. Until she fell in love with that Avenloran boy named Hale, begging him without end in hopes. he would give his blessing.

At first, he refused, thinking Hale was just a rough, uncultured brute who didn't know the first thing about cherishing a woman. He figured the only reason the boy was hovering around his precious daughter was because he had ulterior motives. It was not until he heard that Hale was

sending gold, jewelry, and all sorts of delicacies every single day-and had laid bare his family's exact headcount, fortune, lands, and businesses-that he finally saw the boy's sincerity.

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Chapter 794 The Toll Of Toxin Noah finally relented. Overjoyed that day, his daughter ran over and threw her arms around him. X70 Finish At the time, he was surprised, but also secretly annoyed; she never hugs me anymore, but she'll hug me for some boy with a different last name? So he didn't fully appreciate the embrace in the moment. Back then, Noah had no idea that it would be the very last hug he ever shared with his daughter. Until the day she died, she never hugged him again. Instead, the one he held the most was his little granddaughter.

He remembered that day perfectly; the sun was shining brilliantly. Standing at the courtyard gate, he watched his daughter walking toward him, cradling the baby, the sunlight washing over them and outlining them in a breathtaking golden halo. He took the baby into his arms; his little granddaughter, less than a year old, wrapped snugly in a blanket-a tiny, perfect little bundle, eyes squeezed shut, sleeping soundly.

Holding her, he felt like he was cradling the most precious treasure in the world; he was terrified of dropping her if he held too loosely, but terrified of crushing her if he squeezed too tight, not even daring to draw a single breath. Inheriting the sturdy Hale constitution, Ella was tough from day one, delightfully chubby and incredibly adorable. But Ella was also an absolute master at acting innocent; whenever she got in trouble and realized acting cute with her mother was not working, she immediately ran to her grandfather.

Snuggling into Noah's arms, she would look up at him with massive, pitiful eyes and say, "Grandfather, save me!" And Noah's heart melted every single time. Now, that soft, affectionate little girl had grown up into a stunning young woman. Standing right in front of him, throwing herself into his arms and calling him "Grandfather," telling him how much she missed him.

12:46 Thu, Jul 30 Chapter 794 The Toll Of Toxin Noah's heart was overflowing with gratitude and pure joy. "Grandfather." Finigh After a long time, Elowen lifted her head from Noah's chest.

"I saw Grandmother's tombstone in the palace courtyard." Noah nodded softly. "When your grandmother passed, I rushed to Kingsport, collected her remains, and buried her here on Oracle Peak. I carved that tombstone myself." Elowen was just about to ask what exactly happened back then, but before she could open her mouth, a heavy, sickening thud echoed beside them. A dull thud struck the earth. Elowen's body went completely rigid; letting go of Noah, she spun around.

Cassian had dropped to one knee, one hand braced heavily against the dirt, the other clutching tightly at his chest; his head was bowed, and his face was pale as a ghost, completely drained of all color. He shot Elowen one final look before collapsing, slamming hard into the ground.

"Cassian!" Elowen screamed, sprinting over and dropping to her knees beside him, cradling his face in her hands in a blind panic. His skin was burning up, radiating an unnatural, terrifying heat. Noah hurried over, crouching down beside Cassian and pressing his fingers to Cassian's pulse.

Looking up at him with bloodshot, tear-filled eyes, Elowen pleaded, "Grandfather?" Noah didn't answer right away; he kept his fingers on Cassian's pulse for a long moment, then gently peeled back Cassian's eyelid to check his pupils. "He's definitely poisoned, and it's a vicious one."

Elowen pulled Cassian tighter into her arms, staring desperately at Noah. "Grandfather, you have to save him." Noah let out a soft chuckle. "Of course I will.

But this toxin is incredibly rare; it's going to take me a few days to fully neutralize it." "As long as you can cure him." 2/4 12:46 Thu, Jul 30 Chapter 794 The Toll Of Toxin Feeling a massive wave of relief wash over her, Elowen gently stroked Cassian's cheek. "Oracle." Valessa stepped forward. "We need to get off this mountain." Finish With Cassian unconscious, a squad of shadow guards waiting, and Ávenlor's massive royal envoy stationed outside the city... Elowen had to take total command of the entire situation.

However, she didn't show an ounce of panic, nor did she find the task daunting; she had orchestrated massive operations like this countless times before. Looking at Valessa, Elowen ordered smoothly, "Your Highness, take your guards, grab Darius and Ronan, and head down the mountain first. Return to your manor, summon the absolute best physicians to keep them alive, and lock them down under maximum security." Valessa took a step closer. "What about you?" Elowen replied, "Avenlor's royal envoy is arriving in Kingsport first thing tomorrow morning.

The Duke and I must be there to receive them." Valessa understood completely. She shot Noah one last, lingering look; there were a million things she wanted to say, but there was simply no time. Before leaving, she offered a crucial warning. "By the way, the official assigned to welcome the Avenloran Duke and Duchess tomorrow is Archduke Malkor. He volunteered, claiming he wanted to properly host the Duke after such a long journey. The King couldn't refuse without causing a scene, so he approved it." Elowen nodded sharply.

"Understood." "As for your servant, I'll keep him at my manor for now." "Perfect." With the plan set, Valessa led her guards down the mountain. Elowen then commanded the Duskmoor shadow

guards; Anson hoisted Cassian onto his back. and the rest of the squad followed Valessa's trail down Oracle Peak. At the foot of the mountain sat a carriage Cassian had prepared in advance; inside, a charcoal brazier burned warmly, and the seats were piled high with soft blankets.

3/4 12:46 Thu, Jul 30 Chapter 794 The Toll Of Toxin ୫୮ Finishe A shadow guard murmured to Elowen, "The Duke explicitly prepared this for you, Your Grace He said you'd be much more comfortable riding back after finishing your business." Elowen sighed softly with a heavy heart, Cassian is always far too thoughtful. Anson carefully laid Cassian inside, and the convoy rolled out, heading straight for the outskir of the city. Madeline A romance author who writes heartfelt love stories filled with unforgettable characters, emotional journeys, and happily-ever-afters.

16:17 Fri, Jul 31 Awakening Love: Reborn to Be His Duchess Chapter 795 A Convergence Of Fates Noah and Elowen shared a carriage. #Finished Along the journey, Noah administered treatment to Cassian, locking down the venom's spread through his veins. Watching the medicine bottles in his hands, Elowen remembered something and said, "Grandfather, when I washed up in Willow Ridge, I heard tales of a Doctor Wren. They said his healing arts were legendary-that he could cure any disease and neutralize any poison.

When I finally reached the city, I went out of my way to find him, hoping to see exactly what kind of miracle worker this Doctor Wren was." She let out a heavy sigh. "It's a pity, though. By the time I reached the clinic, Doctor Wren had already departed. The doors were left wide open, and on the table sat a few vials adorned with twinleaf patterns. The moment I saw them, I knew this mysterious Doctor Wren was indeed my grandfather." Noah chuckled. "It was pure

coincidence. The anniversary of your grandmother's passing is approaching, so I set out for Kingsport.

I make the journey every single year; I cannot bear the thought of leaving her lonely and forgotten." After inserting the silver needles, Noah paused to observe Cassian's condition for a moment. He cast a glance at Elowen, asking, "What about you? How did you end up traveling from Willow Ridge to Kingsport?" Elowen flashed a bright smile. "Well, Prince Zachary has been drafting consorts across Nordia, hasn't he? I got incredibly lucky and slipped into the ranks as a consort.

I was fed well, served hand and foot, and rode in a carriage all the way to Kingsport in absolute comfort." Recalling the journey, she continued, "Speaking of which, there was another girl traveling north with me named Maya. She's also from Willow Ridge, so you might actually know her, Grandfather. However, she managed to escape right before we entered Kingsport. She has a fiancé who trailed our convoy the entire way. I wonder how they're faring now." Noah raised an eyebrow. "What a coincidence.

Maya and her fiancé escaped the city, but with the guards hot on their heels, her fiancé sustained critical injuries. I happened to save him. Right now, they should be resting in the Shrine of the Oracle at the foot of Oracle Peak." Elowen's eyes widened in awe as she murmured. "The world truly is full of remarkable coincidences..." The carriage rolled steadily onward; ten miles outside the city, the flickering glow of campfires finally pierced the darkness. 16:17 Fri, Jul 31 Chapter 795 A Convergence Of Fates It was the Avenloran royal envoy.

As the carriage halted before the camp, Elowen lifted the blinds to see Bran rushing over. "Your Grace!" Bran's face was alight with pure joy, though his voice trembled with emotion. Elowen smiled. "It's been a while, Bran." 74 Finished Bran's eyes turned red in an instant. "You've finally returned! You have no idea... during the time you were missing, His Grace missed you so deeply it nearly broke him..." He paused, a sudden realization hitting him. "Where is His Grace?" Elowen's expression grew solemn. "His health has taken a serious hit." Bran went on high alert at once.

"How could this happen?!" Elowen gave him a brief rundown of the brutal clash on Oracle Peak tonight. Hearing that Cassian had been poisoned, Bran's face drained of color. "Will His Grace survive this? The last time he marched to war, he was poisoned and remained comatose for days..." Elowen forced a reassuring smile to calm him. "He will be fine. My grandfather will cure him." Bran was stunned. "Your Grace's... grandfather?" Elowen nodded. "Do you remember Doctor Dray? He was my grandfather's disciple.

If Doctor Dray is hailed as a miracle worker, you can imagine how exceptional my grandfather's healing arts must be." Bran finally exhaled a massive sigh of relief. Elowen instructed, "For now, have the men carry His Grace into the tent so my grandfather can begin the acupuncture to purge the venom." Bran waved over several elite soldiers without delay, and they carried Cassian out of the carriage with utmost care, settling him in the largest tent at the center of the camp. The tent was lit, bathed in a warm, golden glow.

Elowen followed them inside and sat by the bed, watching as Cassian was settled and covered with a thick blanket. His breathing remained frighteningly shallow; she reached out and pressed her hand to his forehead. 2/3 16:17 Fri, Jul 31 Chapter 795 A Convergence Of Fates He was still

burning up. 74 Finished Noah entered the tent, setting his medical kit on the small table beside the bed. Opening the lid, he retrieved several silver needles, sterilized them over a flame, and inserted them into the crown of Cassian's head with absolute precision.

After observing Cassian's reaction for a moment, Noah frowned. "Ella, you need to be prepared for this. He might not wake up by tomorrow morning." Elowen simply nodded, her demeanor entirely composed. "I understand." Noah looked at her, feeling a sudden wave of surprise. The little girl who always used to whine and act innocent had grown into someone so remarkably stoic over the years. Noah didn't feel an overwhelming sense of pride; he just couldn't help but think about how much she must have suffered to build such an unbreakable facade.

"Bran." Before Noah could ask anything, Elowen stood up. "My grandfather needs to continue the treatment. Let's step outside; I have a few questions for you." Bran acknowledged the order. Once outside the tent, Elowen asked, "During my absence, has everyone been holding up well?" Bran let out a heavy sigh. "I won't even mention His Grace. With you gone, he hasn't cracked a single smile.

Little Elara is absolutely convinced she's the reason you went missing; she's been drowning in guilt and sorrow, barely eating anything, let alone the young Lord and Lady..." E 19.3K 3 3/3 1

Awakening Love: Reborn to Be His Duchess Chapter 796 A Mother's Touch Elowen turned her head. "How are the children?" 74 Finished Before Bran could even formulate a response, a wet nurse came sprinting toward them from a short distance away. "Your Grace! Your Grace!" Reaching Elowen, she didn't even pause to catch her breath, words tumbling out in a frantic rush.

"Thank the heavens you're back! The young Lord and Lady woke up and have been crying hysterically; we've tried everything, but nothing will soothe them!

I knew something felt off and was terrified something had happened to them, so I came looking for Deputy Commander Bran. But seeing you here... I understand now! They must have sensed their mother was close, which is why they're throwing such a fit!" Elowen's heart lurched, and she broke into a brisk walk. "Take me to them!" Her son and daughter had been settled in a smaller tent nearby. As Elowen pushed the flap aside, the piercing wails struck her ears with full force.

The wet nurse was pacing the floor with Emily in her arms, humming a lullaby, but Emily's cries didn't falter for a single second. Her tiny face was flushed bright red as she sobbed until she was gasping for air. On the adjacent bed, Caius was also crying; he wasn't wailing, but his little lips quivered pitifully as tears streamed down his face. The moment the wet nurse spotted Elowen, her eyes lit up with sheer relief. "Your Grace! You've finally returned! They've been crying non-stop and refusing to drink their milk..." "It's alright. I'm here now. Give her to me." Elowen stepped forward.

Through her blurry, tear-filled eyes, Emily caught sight of Elowen, and her wailing instantly cut in half. Elowen took Emily from the wet nurse; the exact second the tiny body nestled into her embrace, the crying vanished completely. Resting against Elowen's chest, Emily still hiccuped from crying too long, burying her little face into Elowen's collar and clutching the fabric with all her might. An unimaginable wave of tenderness washed over Elowen. Cradling Emily, she walked over to 1/3 16:17 Fri, Jul 31 Chapter 796 A Mother's Touch the bed and sat down beside Caius.

74 Finished Holding Emily securely with one arm, she scooped Caius up with the other. With both children nestled securely against her, their crying ceased entirely. The broken, ragged hiccups gradually smoothed out, transforming into the steady, peaceful rhythm of deep sleep. They had fallen asleep right in Elowen's arms. Standing off to the side, the wet nurse watched the scene unfold, her eyes turning red. Hastily wiping her tears with her sleeve, she slipped out without a sound, letting the tent flap fall shut behind her. Silence reclaimed the tent.

Elowen looked down at the flushed, tear-stained faces of her children, feeling their tiny hands still gripping her collar. A profound, aching void in her heart was instantly filled to the brim. Just then, Mira pushed the tent flap aside and walked in. Knowing the children had been crying relentlessly, she had brought their favorite toys to try and comfort them. The second she saw Elowen, her eyes flooded with tears. "Your Grace! You... you... you're back!" Elowen smiled warmly. "Yes, I'm back." Mira couldn't hold back her sobs, tears cascading down her cheeks. "I knew it!

I knew you'd return to us safely!" Elowen laughed, trying to comfort her. "Don't cry. Isn't my return a cause for celebration?" Mira nodded with vigor, wiping the tears away with the back of her hand. Looking at the children sleeping peacefully in Elowen's arms, Mira whispered in awe, "The young Lord and Lady are exactly like His Grace... they absolutely cannot live without you." Elowen smiled and shook her head. "It's not the same. "When Caius and Emily grow up, they'll find people they love and dreams they want to chase. Even if they leave my side, they'll be perfectly fine.

"But His Grace is different. "He truly cannot survive a single day in this life without me."

Though, in truth, Elowen felt the exact same way about him. After a brief pause, Elowen said,

"Mira, go fetch Bran. We are entering Kingsport at first light 2/3 16:17 Fri, Jul 31 Chapter 796 A Mother's Touch tomorrow, and there are several matters I must arrange in advance." 74 Finished Mira acknowledged the order, scrubbing the last of the tears from her face before slipping out of the tent. Bran entered shortly after, his footsteps noticeably lighter than before.

Stopping before the bed, he bowed his head and delivered a flawless, respectful salute. "Your Grace." Elowen looked up, her voice flat and commanding. "We march into Kingsport at dawn. We will deploy exactly on schedule. You will lead the vanguard, and Anson will take the rearguard. The shadow guards are to scatter along the flanks-don't let them cluster, and ensure they remain completely unseen. "The official receiving us in Nordia is Archduke Malkor. Whatever he asks, you remain silent. Whatever he says, you ignore. Whatever he offers, you refuse. I will address all his inquiries in person.

"The children's carriage will follow directly behind mine, accompanied by the wet nurses and Mira. No one is permitted to lift the blinds, and no one is allowed to approach. If anyone asks, simply state that the children are too young and easily frightened by strangers, making them unfit to receive guests." Bran committed every detail to memory. After a pause, he asked, "By the way, Your Grace... if His Grace does not make an appearance tomorrow, won't it arouse suspicion?

Won't Archduke Malkor view it as a blatant disrespect toward Nordia?" In his sleep, Caius rolled over, his tiny foot giving a weak kick that landed right on Elowen's stomach. The impact was feather-light, but it still made Elowen's lips curl into a fond smile. Looking down, she wrapped her hand around that tiny foot; it was so small it barely filled her palm. 3/3

ke Malkor will not dare to make a reckless move." any words as his strength permits. As long
 Once he Bran exhaled a massive sigh of relief, his heart overflowing with profound admiration.
 The last time His Grace was critically wounded and fell into a coma, they didn't have a Lady like
 her by their side. The commanding officers were all brawn and no brains. They huddled together,
 muttering without end, completely clueless on how to proceed. Without a leader, they had been
 on the absolute brink of total collapse. Now, His Grace had slipped into another coma.

But this time, the Lady was standing right beside them. She was a pillar of calm, calculating
 every single detail with flawless precision. Bran bowed to Elowen once more. "Understood,
 Your Grace. The royal envoy will deploy exactly on schedule tomorrow morning. You have my
 word." Elowen offered him a warm smile. "You've worked incredibly hard these past few days,
 Bran." Bran rubbed the back of his head, looking a bit sheepish. "It's nothing more than my duty,
 Your Grace." "Then... I shall take my leave." نالس Elowen gave a soft hum of acknowledgment.
 Bran lifted the flap and stepped out.

Silence reclaimed the tent once more. The candlelight flickered, casting swaying shadows across
 the canvas walls. The tent flap was pushed aside again, and Noah strode in. His graying hair was
 disheveled, and a few dark crimson stains marred his robes, but his eyes were sharp and his steps
 remained perfectly steady. Approaching the bed, he lowered his gaze to the two children resting
 in Elowen's arms. His eyes shifted from Caius's tiny face to Emily's, and then to the small hand
 Caius had damped over Elowen's collar. "Are these my great-grandchildren? Elowen nodded.

"This is the older brother, Caius; we call him Phoenix. And this is his little sister, Emily. Her
 nickname is Poppy" Sitting on the edge of the bed, Noah reached out and brushed his fingers

against Caius's tiny hand with great care. Caius stirred in his sleep, his little hand grasping blindly until it wrapped securely around one of Noah's fingers, refusing to let go. Noah's hand froze. Looking down at that tiny hand gripping his finger, his eyes grew undeniably misty. "Just like you when you were little." Noah spoke in a hushed tone, a fond smile pulling at his lips.

"You were exactly the same. Even asleep, you had to be holding onto something. You'd grab my finger and absolutely refuse to let go; the second I pulled it away, you'd burst into tears." Elowen let out a soft laugh. "By the way." Elowen transitioned to business. "Grandfather, I need Cassian to wake up for a short while tomorrow." Noah's finger was still trapped in Caius's tiny grip; without pulling away, he hummed in agreement. "It can be done." He added, "But his time will be incredibly limited. Two hours. Three at the absolute most.

He cannot speak at length, he cannot afford to get agitated, and he absolutely cannot engage in combat. The exact second his time is up, he must return to bed." Elowen nodded, acting as if she had anticipated this exact diagnosis from the start. Her gaze drifted from Noah's face to the tent flap. "Then two hours it is. That will be more than enough" Noah watched her intently for a long moment before asking, "Ella, have you ever asked about what happened to your grandmother?" Elowen turned her head.

"Princess Valessa only mentioned that my grandmother died trying to save her, but I haven't had the chance to ask for the exact details yet." Noah smiled warmly at her. "Would you like to hear the story now?" Elowen returned the smile. "I would." Taking a seat beside Elowen, Noah slowly began to recount the past. The current Archduke Maker is the ninth son of his generation. His eldest brother, Kael, was the previous King of Nordia, This Kael was utterly obsessed with your grandmother.

He refused to marry until he was twenty for her sake—a rarity among Norlian royalty" of a certain Duke. "However, your grandmother was the Oracle, possessing a status even higher than the King. Without her consent, Kael could never lay a finger on her. But Kael was exceptionally stubborn and refused to back down. He resorted to every despicable tactic imaginable to drag the Oracle off her pedestal. "At the time, a brutal plague swept through Nordia, claiming countless lives. Kael was the one orchestrating it behind the scenes.

He wanted to engineer a disease your grandmother couldn't cure, aiming to shatter the people's faith in their Oracle. "But he never anticipated my arrival in Nordia. My healing arts were far too advanced, and I eradicated the plague in record time. Initially, your grandmother and I clashed constantly, but spending day and night together, a deep bond formed between us. Furthermore, I was undeniably handsome in my youth, and your grandmother was still a young maiden; it was practically impossible for her not to fall for me.

"During those days, we saved lives together, developed remedies together, and eventually, your grandmother fell madly in love with me." 19.4K li 12:38 pm T W Awakening Love: Reborn to Be His Duchess

Chapter 798 The Buried Truth Elowen tilted her head, "So, who confessed first?" Without missing a beat, Noah replied, "I did, naturally." Elowen froze. Right. So we know exactly who fell madly in love first. Finished Noah continued, "But because of our relationship, Kael's hatred for both your grandmother and me grew exponentially. He ordered several assassinations on my life. While they all failed miserably, they became incredibly tiresome. So, I simply took your

grandmother, left Nordia entirely, and returned to Falkriver. "We lived several peaceful years in Falkriver.

It was during that time your mother was born." Curious, Elowen asked, "Grandfather, did Kael never try to send assassins after you in Falkriver?" Noah laughed at the thought. "Send assassins to Falkriver? At that time, all twelve provinces of Falkriver belonged to me. His men couldn't even catch a glimpse of my shadow, let alone assassinate me." Elowen blinked, her mind momentarily short-circuiting. "All twelve provinces... of Falkriver?" Noah glanced at her, suddenly realizing his omission. "Ah, I suppose I always forgot to mention that part. Falkriver hasn't always been Avenloran territory.

Those twelve provinces originally belonged to the Sunspire Empire, ruled by the Wynne royal family. I was the final Sunspire King." Elowen's eyes widened in sheer shock. "How did I not know a single word of this?!" Noah drawled, "Because the twelve provinces were annexed into Avenlor when your mother was still a teenager. The Avenloran King at the time wasn't the current one, and your husband, Cassian, hadn't ever been born yet. By the time you came into the world, it was ancient history. During my reign. I paid little attention to court politics, preferring to delve into the medical arts.

After handing the Empire over to Avenlor, I directly converted the former royal palace into an academy for teaching and practicing medicine." Elowen finally connected the dots. "No wonder I always thought your estate was so incredibly massive when I was little. I thought it was just because I was small, but it turns out your estate was literally a palace. This revelation unlocked even more childhood memories. "And no wonder you didn't even blink before gifting me an entire landscape of mountains and rivers for my birthday.

Looking back on it now, an ordinary person definitely couldn't afford a gift like that." Noah smiled softly. Elowen muttered quietly, "But with the war raging in the Southwest right now, I wonder if my Lake Azure has been caught in the crossfire." Noah remained perfectly calm. "Your Lake Azure is perfectly safe." 12:38 pm TW Chapter 798 The Buried Truth "How can you be so certain?" "The ones commanding the war in the Southwest are your two youngest uncles- the boys I adopted in my youth. Don't you remember them?"

They absolutely adored you when you were little, and they've kept you in their thoughts ever since. How could they ever bear to scorch your Lake Azure? Besides, the conflict is centered around the iron mines, which are miles away from your lake. The fires of war won't reach it." Elowen needed a long moment to process everything. So the grand, geopolitical conflicts of the realm... were basically just family drama? Sometimes, she seriously wondered if she was living inside a novel where she was the undisputed, shining protagonist...

After exchanging a few more words, Noah steered the conversation back to the past. "Returning to Kael. Ever since your grandmother left Nordia with me, Kael's temper grew increasingly volatile, and he began brutally oppressing innocent civilians. The entire nation of Nordia was drowning in misery and resentment. Your grandmother couldn't turn a blind eye to the suffering of her people, and she ultimately chose to return." Noah's voice faltered. "We fought constantly over that decision. I desperately tried to stop her from going back, but she simply couldn't let it go."

In the end, we parted on terrible terms. I was still young and blinded by anger, so I didn't accompany her back to Nordia." He closed his eyes. When he spoke again, his voice was thick with raw, aching regret. "That is the single greatest regret of my entire life." Elowen didn't utter a

word to interrupt him. "When your grandmother returned, Valessa's father and brother were leading House Borealis in an open rebellion against Kael. Your grandmother chose to stand with House Borealis, declaring that Kael was no longer fit to rule Nordia.

"At the time, Valessa was still very young, but she was the absolute favorite child of House Borealis. So Kael meticulously plotted his revenge and targeted her. "He kidnapped Valessa and deliberately leaked the information to your grandmother. It was an open, blatant trap. Your grandmother knew perfectly well it was a lethal snare, yet she had absolutely no choice but to walk right into it. "To save Valessa, your grandmother was struck down by Kael's arrows." Noah fell silent for a long time. Elowen sat quietly, her thoughts drifting back to the events of tonight.

Valessa was exactly the same. Knowing full well that marching up Oracle Peak tonight was a near-certain death sentence, she still charged forward without a shred of hesitation.

Chapter 799 A Vow Of Protection Finis She likely held onto the profound gratitude of the Oracle's sacrifice , living in perpetual guilt and constantly seeking a way to repay that monumental debt . And Valessa's unwavering bias and protection toward Elowen were undoubtedly driven by the same life - saving grace from her grandmother. After a long silence , Noah finally found his voice again .

" By the time the news reached me , Kael had already sealed her body in an ice coffin for several months ." Noah frowned in deep disgust , entirely unwilling to discuss Kael's twisted obsession with preserving Ulana's corpse . He simply said , " I stormed into Nordia , snatched your grandmother's body right out of Kael's palace , and buried her on Oracle Peak . " " Kael never

knew the truth . I told him I had burned your grandmother's body to ashes and scattered them into the Great River .

" After that , Kael descended into absolute madness , his atrocities escalating until he finally incited a nationwide rebellion . He met his end at the hands of House Borealis . Because his brothers and sons were nothing but incompetent cowards , House Borealis effortlessly claimed the throne . " The tent fell into a deep , heavy silence . Elowen whispered , " Grandfather , I wish I could have met my grandmother , just once . " She would have absolutely loved me . Noah smiled warmly . " Your grandmother would have cherished you beyond words . " After a brief pause , he stood up .

" Alright , the story is over . Dawn is breaking ; you need to get some rest . " Elowen nodded in obedience . " Ella , in the years I haven't been by your side , you must have endured an unimaginable amount of hardship . " Before leaving , Noah lowered his voice to deliver a fierce , solemn vow . " From today onward , your grandfather will stand guard right beside you . I will never let anyone wrong you ever again . Tomorrow , you execute your plans exactly as you see fit . I will be here to back you up against anything .

" 1/3 13:58 Mon , Aug 3 Chapter 799 A Vow Of Protection Finish Elowen's eyes burned with unshed tears , and she nodded with absolute conviction . " I will . " The next morning , the first light of dawn broke across the horizon . Elowen dressed in her formal Duchess attire and went straight to check on Cassian . He had been settled into the carriage , leaning heavily against the plush cushions . His eyes wer half - open , his face etched with deep exhaustion .

Standing guard beside him , Noah told Elowen , " His foundation is incredibly strong , and he recovered far better overnight than I ever anticipated . If we force him to awaken today , I estimate he can endure for up to four hours . " Elowen sighed . " It's all thanks to your impeccable care , Grandfather . " Noah shook his head . " The credit isn't mine ; it's his . Although he was comatose , he remained entirely aware of everything happening around him . He was terrified of leaving you to face the wolves alone , so he forced his own body to recover through sheer , terrifying willpower .

" For a long moment , Elowen was completely lost for words . Finally , she gently stroked Cassian's cheek before turning around to issue the order to Bran . " Deploy . " Bran acknowledged the command and moved out to rally the troops . The carriage jerked into motion , and the grand Avenloran envoy began its steady , imposing march toward Kingsport . At the gates of Kingsport , Archduke Malkor was already waiting . He was a man in his late forties or early fifties , his frame carrying the undeniable weight of excess indulgence .

Lounging lazily in a plush chair , he was draped in opulent robes of deep purple silk intricately embroidered with gold thread , a massive ruby ring gleaming ostentatiously on his finger . Two stunning concubines stood at his flanks . One stood by his side , expertly massaging his shoulders , while the other crouched low , tending to the burning charcoal brazier in front of him . Utterly bored , Malkor lazily raised a hand , casually groping the concubine's chest .

Whenever his grip turned too bruising , the concubine's shoulders would involuntarily tremble , yet she didn't dare to knit her brows in pain . 2/3 13:58 Mon , Aug 3 Chapter 799 A Vow Of Protection Suddenly , he stopped , clicking his tongue in blatant annoyance . Finished The concubine massaging his shoulders instantly understood the cue . She dropped to her knees ,

allowing Malkor to grope her with far greater ease . Satisfied , Malkor's brow smoothed out . He turned to the attendant standing nearby and asked , " Where is my heir ? I haven't laid eyes on him since last night .

" The attendant was a lean , middle - aged man with a perpetually sycophantic smile plastered across his face , his back slightly hunched in submission . Hearing the Archduke's inquiry , he quickly shuffled closer and lowered his voice . " The young Lord mentioned he was heading out to capture a breathtaking beauty . He didn't specify who the beauty was , but it's highly likely he intends to present her as a grand surprise for Your Grace . " Recalling the details , he added , " However , the young Lord did mention he was heading to Oracle Peak .

He also instructed me that if he has not returned by the time the royal banquet commences in the palace today , it means he has failed . " Malkor frowned slightly . His illegitimate son , Ronan , had only been brought back to the estate in his twenties ; Malkor had long since forgotten which woman had actually given birth to him . But at the end of the day , he was his one and only son . Ronan had originally been betrothed to Flowira . However , Malkor had openly declared his disdain for the Princess ; if Ronan insisted on marrying her , Malkor would never acknowledge the union .

Without a second thought , Ronan immediately severed all ties with Flowira . Whenever Malkor entrusted him with a task , Ronan executed it flawlessly , leaving no loose ends . Eventually , when Ronan began taking the initiative to handle matters on his own , Malkor simply gave him full reign . Initially , he would ask a few questions to keep tabs on him , but over time , he couldn't even be bothered to ask anymore . 20.1K

Chapter 800 A Dangerous Greeting ㄱ Finished Since Ronan was poised to inherit the Archduke's title anyway , Malkor figured his son would never betray him , so he generally let the boy do as he pleased . Going to Oracle Peak to catch a beauty ? At a time like this ? Malkor's head pounded . Too lazy to care , he waved a hand . " Forget it . " The attendant smiled . His sharp eyes caught shadows moving on the distant road . His smile stretched wide . " Your Grace . They're here . " Malkor looked up . The convoy was closing in . The Avenloran royal envoy had arrived .

Malkor released his grip on the concubine . " Get out . " They didn't dare breathe a word . Hurrying away , they only fixed their messy collars once out of sight . Moments later , the massive convoy halted at the gates . Malkor stepped forward . The carriage settled . A guard stepped up , lifted the heavy blind , and moved aside . A pale , slender hand slipped past the curtain . It rested on the guard's arm . She wore the majestic robes of a first - rank Avenloran Duchess . Her hair was swept into a towering updo .

A faint dusting of powder , brows sweeping like distant mountains , lips painted crimson red . A beauty beyond words . Malkor stared . His eyes glazed over with pure lust . He loved women . He had seen countless beauties . Nordinian women had high bridges and deep - set eyes . Sharp , fiery , aggressive . He had seen Avenloran women too . Mostly gentle and subdued . But this woman was entirely different . Not quite Nordinian , not quite Avenloran . A perfect , breathtaking clash of both worlds . 1/3 13:58 Mon , Aug 3 Chapter 800 A Dangerous Greeting \ 3 Finished Malkor stared unblinking .

His attendant's words echoed in his mind . Ronan went to Oracle Peak to catch a beauty . Was he hunting her ? But here she stood . Did Ronan fail ? Malkor spoke in Avenloran . Rough , thick

with a grating Nordan accent . " You must be the Duchess of Duskmoor . " His leering gaze was offensive . Elowen didn't let it show . She offered a slight nod , a smile playing on her lips . " And Avenlor's first - rank Lady of Grace and Virtue , bestowed by the King himself . " Malkor laughed . " Lady of Grace and Virtue . Right . " He peered past her at the opulent carriage . " Where is the Duke ?

Not traveling with you ? " Elowen spoke with effortless grace . " When your Prince and Princess visited Avenlor , the Duke of Duskmoor greeted them at the gates . In Avenlor , the King holds supreme power . Second only to him is the Duke - the King's blood brother , the God of War . His Majesty sent the Duke out of pure respect for Nordia . " She paused , sweeping a look around the area . " Yet here we are in your country , greeted by an Archduke . It's not that I think you lack nobility . But you aren't the King's brother . You hold zero remarkable military achievements .

If you're here to greet me - a mere Duchess who writes novels - that's fine . But to welcome the Duke of Duskmoor ? You fall entirely short . " Elowen locked eyes with Malkor . Her smirk deepened . Her words were a blatant slap to the face . An incredibly dangerous move . But right now , taking this risk was her only play . The attendants who understood Avenloran exchanged panicked , awkward glances . Malkor remained silent for a long moment . His gaze turned dark and complex . He had heard the rumors . This Avenloran Duchess was the descendant of Oracle Ulana .

He just never expected her to have such a venomous tongue ! Despite the suffocating tension , Elowen stood the picture of elegant composure . Factually , she wasn't wrong . Cassian stood at the absolute zenith of power in Avenlor . Every ounce of his glory was carved out in blood and

steel . 2/3 Chapter 800 A Dangerous Greeting ๑๑ ๓ Finishe Malkor was just born to the right mother . He had zero real achievements . He was absolutely unworthy of matching Cassian . Officially , they were Avenloran royal envoys . The exact same scale as the Nordan visit . Archduke Malkor welcoming Elowen ?

Barely passable . But welcoming Cassian ? Not even close . Besides , her identity as the Oracle was still a secret . If exposed , Malkor wouldn't even have the right to look her in the eye . That absolute superiority was what gave Elowen such lethal audacity . After a heavy silence , a smile crawled back onto Malkor's face . " The Duchess makes a fair point He stepped aside , clearing the path . " The Duke must be exhausted . He should rest in the carriage . After you . " Elowen smiled in satisfaction . Right before they moved , Malkor offered a parting warning .

" The King is hosting a welcoming banquet in the palace . Both the Duke and Duchess must attend . " At the banquet , you'll get all the respect you desire . So make sure the Duke shows his face . " 20.1K [1 4 3/3