

Awakening Love: Reborn to Be His Duchess Novel

Chapter 801 A Game Of Shadows Elowen caught the blatant threat . Her expression didn't shift an inch . " Naturally . " Fin Pausing for a heartbeat , Elowen smirked . She fired a ruthless shot right back . " By the way . I you have a very obedient son . I trust the young Lord will be at the banquet tonight ? " Malkor froze dead in his tracks . Elowen was already back inside the carriage . Her cool voice rang out . " Move out ! " The Avenloran convoy rolled into Kingsport . Heavy wooden wheels ground against the bluestone streets . A deep , resonant rumble echoed through the air .

Outside the gates , Malkor stood rooted to the spot . The wind whipped the hem of his deep purple robes . The gold thread glinted with a cold , metallic sheen . He didn't turn around . He didn't dismiss his men . He just narrowed his eyes , watching the convoy vanish into the distance . His attendant took a hesitant step forward . " Your Grace ... " Malkor raised a hand , silencing him in a flash . The attendant snapped his mouth shut . Once the convoy was completely out of sight , the smile on Malkor's face dissolved into nothingness . He turned around .

His face was terrifyingly dark , his eyes dripping with pure venom . " Find my son . " The attendant blinked in shock . " Do you mean ... " Malkor shot him an ice - cold glare . " Are you really that dense ? " 1/4 13:58 Mon , Aug 3 Chapter 801 A Game Of Shadows 26 Finishe A chill shot down the attendant's spine . He bowed his head at once . Malkor rubbed the massive ruby ring on his finger . He pressed down so hard his knuckles turned white . " She just asked me if my son would be at the banquet tonight ...

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" He hissed , " What a spectacular Avenloran Duchess ." Cold sweat beaded on the attendant's forehead . " You think the young Lord has fallen into their hands ? " " She wouldn't have asked otherwise . " Malkor clenched his fist with brutal force . " Ronan went to Oracle Peak last night . Today , the Duchess waltzes into Kingsport unscathed and humiliates me in public . She's not just reckless . She's holding a trump card . " The attendant didn't dare breathe a word . Malkor's voice dropped into a dangerous growl . " And the card she's holding is my son .

" The wind howled through the gatehouse , violently snapping the banners . The attendant ventured with caution , " I wonder what state the young Lord is in ... " Malkor snapped his head around . His glare was as lethal as a blade . " No matter what , he is my one and only son . " He had wives and concubines . He had fathered sons before . But within the treacherous walls of his estate , not a single one survived . He was surrounded only by daughters . Until he found out he had an illegitimate son . Brought back in his twenties . Ruthless , obedient , and strikingly similar to him .

Malkor didn't care about the boy's mother . He didn't care about his past hardships . But he cared about his heir . 211 13:58 Mon , Aug 3 Chapter 801 A Game Of Shadows GE Finished " I don't care if she's a Duchess . " Malkor enunciated every syllable . " Even if the Avenloran King were standing here , anyone who touches my son will face my absolute wrath ! " " I'll send men at once , " the attendant said in a rush . " Oracle Peak , the Princess Royal's manor , the palace , the inn - tear them all apart ! " Malkor stared into the heart of Kingsport . His eyes burned with predatory malice .

The attendant acknowledged the order . " Don't touch the Duchess for now . The King is waiting for the banquet . If they die in the city , the King will investigate . But if they lose their

composure at the banquet ... that's a different story . " The attendant understood perfectly .

Malkor narrowed his eyes . " She has a venomous tongue , doesn't she ? Tonight , we'll see if she can keep that arrogant composure in front of all Nordan nobility . " Meanwhile , Elowen's convoy arrived at the designated inn . Situated just southeast of the palace . Three courtyards deep .

Solemn on the outside , but inside , every corner reeked of being meticulously scrutinized . The Nordan official smiled with deep reverence . He spoke flawless Avenloran , claiming the King had the place scrubbed clean for their comfort . Elowen listened with a polite smile . Her eyes swept the surroundings without missing a detail . The guards at the entrance were doubled . The attendants kept their heads bowed , but the toes of their boots pointed toward the inner courtyard . The inn wasn't just staffed by the King's men . Malkor's spies were embedded here too .

But as official envoys , staying here was standard protocol . Anson took the lead , inspecting the premium suites on the second floor . Bran directed the elite soldiers to settle the entourage in the flanking yards . Relaxed on the 3/4 13:58 Mon , Aug 3 Chapter 801 A Game Of Shadows outside , tight on the inside . They locked down every access point to the main suite . ❧ **

802 A Message Delivered Elowen was in no rush to rest . She planned to send Anson to the Princess Royal's manor to check on Ronan and Darius . Just as she called Anson over , a soldier hurried in and bowed . " Your Grace , someone at the is requesting an audience . " Elowen looked up . " Who ? " " Roderic . The Nordan envoy who went to Avenlor . " Elowen's fingers paused . He arrived much faster than she anticipated . She gave a slight nod . " Show him in . "

Moments later , Roderic was escorted inside . Stepping through the gate , he offered a deep bow from a distance .

" I had the honor of meeti Your Graces in Avenlor . Now that you are here , I have come to pay my respects ." His voice was perfectly modulated . Loud enough for every attendant in the yard to hear . Elowen descended the steps with unhurried grace , a pleasant smile on her face . " It truly has been a long time , Envoy Roderic ." She stopped beneath the walkway , making casual small talk . " I trust the Prince and Princess ar faring well ? " Roderic's smile widened . " They are in excellent health . Prince Zachary even hosted a consort selection recently .

Rumor has it he found several young women who caught his eye . " Elowen's lips curved in response . She was literally at that selection . But she was acting now . She let a look of pleased surprise wash over her face . " That is wonderful news . " Pausing , she added , " His Grace is resting inside . Why not step in and greet him ? " 1/3 Chapter 802 A Message Delivered Roderic clasped his hands together . " It would be an absolute honor . " The two walked up to the second floor . Anson stood guard at the stairs . Mira pushed open the door to the premium suite .

Finishe The brazier crackled warmly . A decorative screen shielded the inner chamber . The outer room was spotless . A faint medicinal fragrance drifted from the incense burner . Roderic stepped inside . The door closed with a solid thud . Mira secured the latch . Outside , Bran and his men locked down the corridor . Only Elowen and Roderic remained in the room . Elowen's warm smile faded . " We can speak freely here . No one can hear us . " Roderic offered a deeply respectful bow . " You are remarkably cautious , Your Grace .

" He continued , " The Princess Royal warned that Malkor planted spies here . She knew you might not grasp the treacherous currents of Kingsport yet , so she sent me . " This was exactly what Elowen needed . Valessa understood her perfectly . Elowen seized the opening . " How is the situation at the Princess Royal's manor ? " Roderic replied , " Ronan's wounds have been treated , but he's still unconscious . The physicians say he suffered a severe blow to the back of the head . When he'll wake up is entirely uncertain . " Elowen frowned slightly . Ronan couldn't die . At least , not yet .

Keeping him alive was the sharpest blade to keep Malkor in check . If he died , Malkor would have nothing but unhinged fury . No one could predict what an Archduke would do after losing his only son . Elowen asked , " And Darius ? " " Commander Darius has awakened . " 160
Chapter 802 A Message Delivered Roderic paused . " However , he has lost his voice completely . " Elowen looked up . Finished Roderic explained , " The Princess interrogated him . The wound on his neck was too deep . He severed his vocal cords when he threw himself on the blade .

The physicians say he will never speak another word . " Elowen fell silent . Last night , Darius had zero chance of winning . Yet he threw himself onto the blade with every ounce of his remaining strength . He wasn't seeking death . He was making sure she couldn't take him alive for questioning . His loyalty to Malkor and Ronan was terrifying . Roderic brought up another point . " I heard Your Grace dealt a devastating blow to the Archduke at the gates . " Elowen's expression remained flat . " His son drew a blade against me . Malkor isn't blind to my identity .

Striking first simply offered me some immediate satisfaction . " Roderic looked at her with genuine admiration . " You are truly one of a kind , Your Grace . " Adopting a serious tone , he added , " The Princess Royal also sent me with a critical warning . " Elowen looked at him . "

Enlighten me ." " The Archduke will tear the city apart searching for his son . Ronan is imprisoned in the manor , but Malkor has spent decades building his power base here . He definitely has spies hidden within the Princess Royal's walls . Uncovering the truth is just a matter of time . " Elowen nodded .

" And when he does , his fury won't necessarily be directed at the Princess ." Roderic agreed . " The Princess is of royal blood . But you are foreign envoys . Malkor can't attack you openly , but he will absolutely try to corner you at the banquet tonight ." Elowen asked smoothly , " How will he try to corner us ? " 13:58 Mon , Aug 3 Chapter 802 A Message Delivered Roderic paused . " However , he has lost his voice completely . " Elowen looked up . G (18 Finished Roderic explained , " The Princess interrogated him . The wound on his neck was too deep .

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Awakening Love : Reborn to Be His Duchess Chapter 803 Painted Vigor Finished Roderic considered this . " The Archduke is incredibly vain . Since you publicly declared him unworthy of greeting the Duke , he will undoubtedly use tonight's banquet to force His Grace into the spotlight . " If His Grace doesn't show , he'll spin it as Avenlor disrespecting the Nordan King . If His Grace does appear , he'll use every trick in the book to test his physical condition . " Toasts , rigorous formalities , or even a spar under the guise of Nordan warrior traditions .

Everything is on the table ." Elowen's eyes darkened . Roderic continued , " Furthermore , you must tread carefully regarding your own identity . " He didn't explicitly utter the word " Oracle " , stopping just short . But her identity was practically an open secret among the elite . Elowen cast him a sideways glance . " Where does the King stand ? " Roderic answered without hesitation . " His Majesty is thrilled by your arrival and hopes to ease the tension between our nations . However , House Harrow's influence is staggering .

The King is often forced to make concessions ." As he spoke , he stood up and delivered a profound , solemn bow . " I sincerely hope Your Graces can understand His Majesty's difficult

position ." Elowen didn't respond at once . She understood the subtext perfectly . The King welcomed them , but his shield wasn't absolute . If Malkor launched a public attack , the King would likely only try to defuse it rather than outright condemn him . Elowen's expression remained perfectly composed . " Understood . I will keep that in mind .

" Roderic hesitated before asking , " The Princess Royal is also / deeply concerned about His Grace's injuries ... " Elowen offered a reassuring smile . " The journey was arduous . But since the King is hosting a banquet , he will naturally be in attendance ." Catching her meaning , Roderic nodded . " In that case , I shall return and report back . " Elowen said , " Convey my deepest gratitude to the Princess Royal . " Roderic bowed . " It will be done ." O 1,3 Chapter 803 Painted Vigor He maintained his affable smile as he left .

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Finished Descending the stairs , he deliberately chatted with the Nordin officials , remarking that the Duke's legendary aura remained imposing , though the journey had left him fatigued . Those words would spread like wildfire , reaching Malkor's ears in no time . Once Roderic was gone , Mira slipped back in . " Your Grace , he has left ." Elowen gave a brief nod , heading toward the inner chamber . Pushing open the doors , a faint , soothing medicinal scent washed over her . Cassian lay quietly on the bed . He was dressed in his formal Avenloran royal attire .

Pitch - black robes embroidered with dark - gold / serpents . Looking solely at his clothes , he remained the awe - inspiring Duke of Duskmoor . But his face was terrifyingly pale. Sitting on the edge of the bed , Elowen reached out to check his forehead . The vicious fever had broken , but he remained deep in a coma . Watching him , Elowen's mind drifted back to her early days in his manor . He had been in a prolonged coma back then , too . However , slipping into a coma in Avenlor was nowhere near as treacherous as being unconscious in Nordia .

Turning away , Elowen retrieved a small container of rouge from her vanity . It was her own personal rouge , a delicate and entirely natural shade . Dabbing a tiny amount onto her fingertip , she leaned over and gently traced it across Cassian's lips , before blending a hint of color onto his cheeks . Cassian's features were naturally sharp and imposing . Even when silent , he radiated a suffocating authority . But ravaged by poison , his complexion was disastrously poor . Without a bit of cover - up , anyone would spot his vulnerability .

As the rouge settled onto his skin , that deathly pale face finally regained a semblance of vitality . Looking at her handiwork , Elowen sincerely thought to herself that her husband truly possessed a breathtakingly handsome face . But there was no time to admire him . She quickly reined in her emotions and called out , " Bran . " Bran entered from the outer room . " Your Grace . " " You and Anson will accompany me into the palace tonight . " Bran acknowledged the order without delay . 2/3 Chapter 803 Painted Vigor Standing faithfully by her side , Anson replied , " Understood .

" Elowen continued , " Mira and Cora will also come with me . Finished " Cora , you have a sharp eye . Once we're inside the palace , scrutinize every dish and cup of wine brought to our table . Pay absolute attention to whatever is placed before His Grace . If it hasn't passed through your hands , no one is allowed to touch it . " Both Mira and Cora voiced their compliance . Just as she finished , hurried footsteps echoed from the corridor . The steps sounded frantic , finally halting right outside the door . A rapid succession of knocks immediately followed . Mira stepped up to the door .

" Who is it ? Is something the matter ? " A timid , soft voice belonging to a young girl drifted through the wood . " It's me , Elara . I've come to thank Her Grace for saving my life . " Elowen's

brow twitched . Ever since reuniting with the convoy , she had been swamped . She hadn't had a proper moment to speak with Elara . Mira looked back at Elowen for instruction . Elowen gave a slight nod . " Let her in . " Mira pulled the door open . Elowen looked up . Elara stood in the doorway , wrapped in a pale apricot cloak . Her face was pale , bitten by the harsh northern winds .

Back in Avenlor , she had been radiant and delightfully naive . Even when she made a mistake , it was wrapped in a spoiled , innocent charm . 20.2K 4

Chapter 804 Tears Of Regret But looking at her now , she had visibly withered away . Finishen With her cheeks hollowed out , her eyes appeared massive . Her eyelids were flushed crimson , as if she had just finished a brutal crying session . Stepping into the room , she cast a hesitant glance at Elowen . Her nose instantly turned bright red . " Your Grace ... you've lost so much weight ... " Before she could even finish her sentence , the tears broke free , streaming relentlessly down her face . Elowen blinked in mild surprise . Cora let out a heavy sigh .

" Why are you crying again , Miss Elara ? While Her Grace was missing , you sobbed multiple times a day . You're going to cry yourself completely blind . " Hearing this , Elara actually started crying even harder . She raised her hands to wipe the tears , but they just kept falling faster . Finally giving up , she hung her head , her delicate shoulders shaking with silent sobs . " I didn't mean to ... I , I just can't help it . Watching her for a moment . Elowen waved her over . Her voice was incredibly gentle . " Come here , Elara . " Crying a river , Elara slowly shuffled over to Elowen .

Pulling out a handkerchief , Elowen personally wiped the tear tracks from the girl's face . The poor thing was crying so hard her eyelashes were clumped together , and her nose was cherry - red . She looked absolutely pathetic .. Elowen said softly , " You feel guilty because I fell into the river trying to save you , don't you ? " Elara nodded frantically . Elowen continued , " And because I'm the author of your favorite novel , you've convinced yourself that you should have been the one to drown . Isn't that right ? " Elara stared at her blankly , massive tears clinging to her eyelashes .

A second later , her dam completely broke . She let out a loud , agonizing wail . " It's all my fault ... If I hadn't been sitting in that carriage ... you never would have fallen in ... I kept thinking that if you actually died , I would never forgive myself ... " She was sobbing so hard she could barely breathe . " I was so awful to you before ... I hated you , and I wanted you to stay away from His Grace ... but you still risked your life ... Why did you save me , Your Grace ? " DO OL I O 173 Chapter 804 Tears Of Regret Instead of answering with words , Elowen simply opened her arms .

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Finished Elara froze in shock . But Elowen's expression was so incredibly tender , her heart completely shattered . Throwing all rules out the window , she threw herself into Elowen's arms and bawled her eyes out . She cried with absolute desperation . All the terror , guilt , and crushing self - blame she had buried deep inside finally found a release valve . Elowen didn't try to shush her . She just held Elara , letting the girl cry it all out . By the time the sobbing finally subsided , Elara was completely drained of all energy . Elowen's handkerchief was soaked through .

It looked like she could wring water right out of it . Grabbing a fresh handkerchief , Elowen wiped the remaining tears from Elara's face . " Alright , no more crying . If you keep this up , you really are going to go blind . " Elara hiccuped pitifully . " If I go blind , it's exactly what I deserve . " Elowen laughed , genuinely amused . " Well , if you go blind , how are you going to read my new novel ? " Elara froze completely . With tears still pooling in her eyes , that single sentence hooked her attention entirely . " Are you going to write a new novel . Your Grace ?

" Seeing that Elara was finally willing to be distracted , Elowen deliberately drew out her answer . " Maybe I will . Maybe I won't . " Elara blinked her massive , watery eyes . Elowen's tone softened significantly . " Elara , I saved you because I believed it was the right thing to do . You were the one trapped in that carriage , so I saved you . If it had been anyone else , I would have done the exact -same thing . I didn't save your life so you could spend the rest of yours suffocating in guilt ." Elara stared at her , completely dumbfounded .

Elowen gently tucked a stray strand of hair behind the girl's ear . " The fact that you've been crying non - stop proves you're grateful . I know you want to repay the debt , and that's a beautiful trait . But everyone's choices dictate their own destiny . Choosing to save you was my choice . It was never your fault . " Besides , although I fell into the river , I only suffered a few minor scrapes . I'm completely healed now . Even though I got separated from the convoy , I didn't suffer any real hardships . In fact , I actually ended up reuniting with my grandfather .

" Elara's eyes widened in awe . " Your grandfather ? " Elowen nodded . " Yes . You see ? Sometimes , what looks like an absolute disaster isn't entirely a curse . If I hadn't fallen in , I might not have seen him for years ." Elara listened , still processing everything through her

youthful innocence . The only thing she truly understood was that Elowen wasn't blaming her at all .

213 Chapter 804 Tears Of Regret Finished The crushing weight she had been carrying on her chest for weeks finally seemed to lift just a fraction / But a second later , she muttered quietly , " But I really was awful to you before ." Elowen looked at her Elara sniffled , her eyes turning red all over again . " I hated you . I wanted to drive you away so I could be with His Grace . The more I think about it , the more I realize I'm actually a really terrible person . "

c 805

Elowen chuckled. "You were just a child back then, a bit clueless, but you didn't cause any real harm. You've changed for the better since then, so we're good." Elara, still in a daze, stared at her. Elowen continued, "Plus, you didn't steal the Duke. He is still my husband." Elara froze, then a tearful smile spread across her face. Feeling a bit embarrassed after laughing, she wiped her eyes with her sleeve and murmured, "You're too kind, Your Grace." She glanced towards the inner room, lowering her voice.

"My family mentioned the Duke is unconscious. You're heading to the palace soon. Will everything be alright?" Elowen beamed brightly. "As long as I'm here, everything will be fine." She said this with calm assurance. Elara nodded firmly. She's right. With the Duchess by her side, everything would be a breeze. Suddenly, a thought crossed Elara's mind. "Oh, Your Grace, now that we're in Kingsport, does that mean I might get to see..." Her cheeks blushed a shade of pink. From crying a moment ago, she now resembled a shy schoolgirl.

She hesitated before whispering, "...Princess Flowira?" Elowen paused briefly. Flowira was currently missing, but there was no need to burden Elara with that information at that moment. She simply patted the girl's head. "Once we get through this, I'll take you to see her." Elara's eyes sparkled. "Really?" Elowen responded, "Have I ever lied to you?" Elara's heart swelled with gratitude, noticing Mira preparing for the palace, she took the cue to leave. She curtsied deeply. "Your Grace, I owe you everything. I'll remember this forever." and exited the room.

The door clicked shut, enveloping the room in silence. Mira commented, "Miss Elara has matured a great deal." Elowen glanced towards the inner room. "Everyone grows up." The time for the welcome banquet arrived swiftly. A palace page arrived, announcing that the King's feast was ready for the Duke and Duchess of Duskmoor. Mira and Cora assisted Elowen in donning her formal attire. Layers of elegant Duchess robes, a jade belt cinching her waist, and golden pearl pins adorning her hair. Already stunning, this majestic ensemble added a powerful, unapproachable aura to her appearance.

Anson and Bran stood guard by the door in their protective armor, their expressions stoic. The group departed promptly, heading straight to the royal palace. Nordian cavalry led the way, with Avenloran elite troops at the rear. Spectators from Kingsport lined the streets, eager to catch a glimpse of the renowned God of War and the rumored stunning Duchess. However, the carriage blinds remained closed, shielding them from prying eyes. As they neared the palace gates, security measures intensified.

The towering black stone walls of the palace loomed cold and forbidding in the twilight. The carriage halted outside the gates. Elowen recognized a familiar voice outside, dripping with malice. "Lady Elowen." It was Archduke Malkor. Elowen lifted a corner of the blind to peek

outside. Malkor, now clad in a more lavish robe with a gold-trimmed curved blade at his side, stood by the gates with attendants and Nordian nobles. He had positioned himself there intentionally. Seeing only Elowen, Malkor's sneer deepened. "Just the Duchess?

Has the journey exhausted the Duke to the point where he's skipping his own celebration?" The Nordian attendants avoided eye contact. The trades had not gone as planned, but Malkor was determined to handle the situation smoothly, even if the deals were complicated. An injury severe enough to incapacitate the Duke was a stroke of luck for Malkor. With that thought in mind, he inquired, "What's for dinner?" Malkor chuckled, drawing out his words, "I assumed the Duke was feeling unwell and couldn't join us at the table."

Chapter 806 The God Of War A chill flashed in Elowen's eyes. Malkor kept going. "A real shame. I was itching to size up the Avenloran Duke. "Word is he was a terror on the battlefield. But here in Nordia, he hides in a carriage. Does Avenlor's Gud of War know what fear tastes like?" Elowen kept her mouth shut. Right then, a soft laugh drifted from the carriage. The smirk on Malkor's face turned to stone. A long hand pushed the blind aside, revealing Cassian right next to Elowen. The pitch-black royal robes made his sharp features pop. Zero signs of sickness on his face.

The rogue grin on his lips and cheeks just added to his cool, untouchable swagger. Leaning on the carriage frame, he looked lazy, but his glare cut into Malkor like a knife. Pure, crushing dominance. "Were you itching to see me?" Malkor's pupils shrank a fraction. Cassian's lips curled. "Or did you want a bedtime story on how I beat your brothers and uncles into the dirt?"

Dead silence dropped over the gates. A brutal slap to the face. Way sharper than Elowen's trash talk at the city gates. Color drained from the faces of the Nordan nobles.

Back during the border bloodbaths, House Harrow held the throne. Two of Malkor's brothers and an uncle got butchered in that war. The mastermind behind that slaughter? Cassian. Cassian stomped right on Malkor's rawest nerve. Malkor's face twitched in fury. He glared at Cassian, ready to draw blood on the spot. But they were at the palace gates. Envoys watching, the King waiting. His hands were tied. Swallowing the bile, Malkor forced a ghastly smile. "You've got some nerve, Your Grace." Cassian didn't miss a beat. "Not bad.

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But I can't top an Archduke whose son goes missing, yet he still has the time to play doorman."

Malkor's face turned to thunder. Thu, Anh Đ Chapter 906 The God of War That line wiped the color off his attendants faces. Swing by his side, Elowen's eyelashes fluttered. Malkor hissed, "I don't catch your drift. Cassian shrugged. "Don't sweat it. You are getting up there in years. Failing to understand plain words is expected." Choking on his rage, Malkor changed gears, his voice freezing. "Since you are here, step inside. His Majes and the nobles are waiting. Your Graces. After you.

He stepped aside. Without a second glance, Cassian and Elowen walked shoulder-to-shoulder through the gates. Upbeat banquet tunes drifted from the distance, failing to drown out the murderous tension in the shadows. Trailing behind, Malkor shot daggers at their backs. The attendant crept up, whispering, "Your Grace, he doesn't look as messed up as the rumors say..." Malkor scoffed. "He's bluffing The attendant blinked. Malkor watched Cassian's footwork. "If he was fine, he wouldn't have waited till the last second to show and he wouldn't use the Duchess as a shield.

He is running on fumes." A vicious spark flared back in his eyes. "If he wants to play tough, tonight we'll see exactly when he snaps!" The massive hall doors stood wide open, blazing like noon. Nordian palaces were a whole different beast from Avenlor's. Avenlor was all about symmetry and swagger, hiding layers of red tape in painted beams and gold tiles. Nordia went for raw grit. Black stone pillars wrapped in gold wolf bands, walls decked out with curved blades, bows, and animal skins. Torches burned hot, casting sharp light on every face in the room.

When Cassian and Elowen walked in, the rowdy hall went dead silent. Nordian royals and big shots turned their heads. Probing stares, jaw-dropping shock, and naked hostility. Cassian in pitch-black robes, looking icy and lethal. Elowen by his side, gold and pearls dripping from her dress, radiating pristine elegance. 213 Thu, Dung Crater B6 The 00 01 VI Their entrance alone crushed the vibe of every noble in the room The Nordian King stood up from his throne. Getting up there in years with silver at his temples, but built like a tank.

Deep brows, eyes carrying a brain calculating weight "Duke of Duskmoor. Lady of Grace and Virtue The King raised his cup with a laugh. "You've traveled a long road. Tonight's feast is to wash the dust off and the Avenloran crew. The crowd raised their cups. Cassian led Elowen forward, giving a curt nod. "Too kind, Your Majesty Elowen dropped a flawless curtsy When the King's eyes hit her, his face softened. "Get them a seat. Pages hustled them to their table. Top spot on the left, spitting distance from the throne. By the book, a solid setup.

But in Nordia, this was the King publicly putting them on a sky-high pedestal. 20.2K 4 312 19:46 Thu, Aug Awakening Love Reborn to Be His Duchess

Chapter 807 A Toast Written In Blood Malkor walked into this exact scene. Shadows pooled in his eyes. He took his seat, grabbed a cup, and threw a plastic smile. "Your Majesty, I'm throwing out the red carpet today." The King shot him a flat look. "The Duke is a royal guest. Red carpet is standard. Malkor kept the smile. "Royal guests get toasts. I hear Avenlorans are big on rules. Since it is a welcoming banquet, the Duke needs to knock back a few rounds. Let us see the swagger of the God of War. On cue, a noble behind him jumped up. Built like a brick house with a scruffy beard.

He hoisted a bowl. "D*mn right! Nordians respect heroes. The Duke gave us hell on the battlefield. Drink these three bowls, and we wipe the slate clean!" Big talk, but those three bowls were the size of soup pots. The peanut gallery started howling. "Chug!" "Don't you're a hero!" "Is scared of some booze?" e a statue, barking in Nordin. Elowen caught the drift. She looked down at Cassian's hand under the table. s popping, pressing against his knee. ody else noticed, but she was close. His fingers were turning into ice. t as she went to speak, Cassian looked up. le locked onto the noble.

"I don't hash out old grudge with losers." The guy's face hit a brick wall. Cassian kept going. "I guts to drink with The cheerin The gu "Are Cas Batu Tribe lost seven camps in three days. You didn't have the wyou've got the spine to push booze at a banquet." opping on the hand holding the bowl. ordian muscle?" ere real muscle, you'd have died in the dirt, not flexing a wine bowl here." hed the bowl on the table. 14:26 Thu, Aug 6 Chapter 807 A Toast Written In Blood Booze flew everywhere. The tension spiked. Elowen looked up, speaking Avenloran with pure chill.

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"This gentleman just said Nordians respect heroes, and three bowls wipes the slate clean." She eyed the bowls. "But word on the street is a real Nordin hero downs three bowls first to prove

he's legit." A protocol guy translated her jab. The noble blinked in shock. A smirk crept onto Elowen's lips. "What? You want a toast from my husband without putting in the bare minimum?" A few snickers echoed around them. The guy's face got even uglier. Nordia actually had that rule, but the snobs stopped using it ages ago.

For an Avenloran Duchess to pull that out of thin air left him scrambling for a comeback. Malkor hissed, "The Duchess knows her Nordian trivia." Elowen looked at him. "When in Nordia. Now that I am here, I adapt. I wouldn't want to act like the Archduke, throwing tantrums at the palace gates because you don't know basic manners." Malkor's eyes turned to glaciers. Cassian shot her a look, his lips twitching into a smirk. That tiny grin took the edge right off his freezing aura. Backed into a corner, the noble had to drink or look like a coward.

Gritting his teeth, he grabbed the first bowl and chugged it. By bowl two, he was turning pink. On bowl three, his throat worked overtime. Booze spilled down his beard, pulling a few laughs from the peanut gallery. Elowen waited for him to finish before drawling, "Top-notch sincerity, sir." The guy hissed, "Duke's turn, right?" Before Cassian could speak, Elowen grabbed her gold cup. "My husband is nursing old wounds. The doctors back home put him on a strict no-booze diet." The hall went quiet again. 2/3 Thu, hay Chapter By A foast Vitten in Blood Malkos jumped on it with a sneer.

"Old wounds? Didn't you just swear at the gates that the Duke wa u perfect shape Elowen met his gaze, cold as ice. "Did you forget exactly where he got hit? Malkor froze Elowen fired away. "Holding the line for Avenlor, he took an arrow to the chest, then led a thirty-mile chase to boot your ironclad riders back to the badlands. The whole world knows this. You bringing it up now you think Nordia's beating wasn't humiliating enough? Do you want to force the entire room to

relive tha nightmare? Pin drop silence. Malkor turned a bruised purple. The drinking noble lost his voice completely.

Cassian hid his smirk. "My wife hits the nail on the head." Holding the gold cup, Elowen turned to the King. "But since His Majesty threw this banquet, we can't be total buzzkills. I'll take this round for my husband." 20.2K 1 3 14:46 Thu, Aug 6 Awakening Love: Reborn to Be His Duchess

Chapter 808 A King's Gambit The King stared at her. A second later, he laughed. "Perfect." He raised his cup. "To the Duchess." Elowen knocked it back in one shot. Crisp and clean. She sat down, pearls chiming, zero sweat on her brow. The nobles looking for a circus act changed their tune. They thought she was just a pretty face with some medical tricks. Now they knew she wasn't a pushover. With the drama on pause, the party kicked off. The music swelled. A dancer spun with blades. Looked normal, but she kept inching closer to Elowen's table.

Without looking up, Cassian flicked a jade bead right into the hilt of her blade. The blade flew out of her hand, burying itself into a pillar with a loud hum. The dancer went pale and dropped to her knees. Cassian drawled, "Nordian dancers are in a bigger rush to kill than actual assassins." The King's face went dark. "Guards!" Soldiers rushed in. "Drag her to the dungeon and crack her open!" "Yes, Your Majesty!" They hauled the dancer out. The music fired back up, but the vibe was totally shot. Cassian sat like a rock. Only Elowen knew his hand under the table was turning to ice.

As the party wrapped, the King stood up. "That's a wrap. The Duke and Duchess had a long trip, but I need a quick word in private." Malkor's head snapped up. "Your Majesty!" 14:46 Thu, Aug 6 Chapter 808 A King's Gambit The King looked at him. "Got a problem, Archduke?" Malkor forced a smile. "Just worried about your stamina." The King didn't blink. "I'm not so washed up that I can't talk to my guests." Malkor bowed his head. "My mistake." Cassian and Elowen followed the King out. Walking past Malkor, Elowen felt his snake-like glare digging into her back. She didn't look back.

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The side hall was right behind the main room, way quieter than the party zone. Once the staff cleared out, it was just the King, Cassian, and Elowen. The King cut the crap. "Duchess, Oracle Ulana's anniversary is coming up. Nordia has been missing an Oracle for way too long. I'm bringing the title back, starting with a massive Oracle Ceremony." Elowen looked up. Standing by the window with his hands behind his back, his voice dropped. "Ulana was our last Oracle. Throwing a massive event for her is the bare minimum." The candles flickered. The King turned to Elowen.

"As her only living heir with the blood running in your veins, you've got the golden ticket to take the throne." Cassian's eyes turned to ice. Elowen kept quiet. Reading her silence, he added, "I know this is a rush. You're Avenloran born and bred, plus you're the Duchess. I won't twist your arm for an answer tonight." He grabbed a parchment roll and tossed it in front of her. "Go public as the new Oracle, and I'll hand over a mega-mansion, three hundred staff, five hundred elite, guards, ten thousand heads of livestock, and a thousand warhorses.

Plus an annual paycheck of five hundred gold and five thousand silver, with endless meds and furs on the house." He paused, getting dead serious. "The Oracle answers to zero nobles. Nobody

except me can question, lock up, or cross you. You get a free pass between Avenlor and Nordia, Duke included. No tribe will block your path." Elowen stared at the parchment, hands to herself. "As for your kids, I'll toss in a Royal Guest Token. They get the royal treatment in Nordia. In a pinch, they can summon royal relay troops for backup." 2/3 14:46.

Thu, Aug 6 Chapter 808 A King's Gambit A hell of a payout. But Elowen knew everything had a price tag. He didn't want her. He wanted the Ulana bloodline-a mascot to rally the Oracle Peak crew and put a lessto on Malkor's gang. Cassian broke the silence. That's a fat payout. What's the catch? The King shot him a look. "Straight shooter," Cassian shrugged. "We don't deal in hot air." The Kin didn't flinch. "I need the Duchess to show up at the Oracle Ceremony on Ulana's anniversary" Elowe dup. "Just show up?" bis plan A. But just outing yourself as the heir works too.

I sent Flowira to Avenlor with the I'm guessing you've got it." the gold seal, Elowen asked, "Trying to use me to muscle Oracle Peak?" aused before dropping the unexpected. "Bigger than that." 3/3

Fir Chapter 809 The Lion And The Serpent Malkor was calling the shots, Valessa got poisoned, Flowira was missing, and Oracle Peak wa warzone. The King needed a wild card to flip the board. Elowen rolled up at the perfect time. With that Oracle blood, she was the ultimate weapon. But Elowen wasn't biting right away. "Big stakes. I need time to chew on it." The King saw that coming. "Fair enough. Three days. Once you figure it out, just walk into th palace. My door is open." By the time they walked out, it was pitch-black. The brutal winter wind smacked them in the face.

Elowen felt Cassian stumble. She grabbed him in a panic. "Cassian..." "I'm good." He locked onto her wrist, flashing a chill smile and dropping his voice. "Let's get out of here first." Nordan guards were still hovering nearby. Elowen hummed, keeping him propped up as they kept moving. His palm was turning to ice, and his breathing was getting ragged. Throwing that bead and sparring with the King drained the gas tank completely. But you couldn't tell by looking at his face. Rounding the corner, someone blocked their path. "Lady Elowen." Elowen looked up. Lanterns flickered in the wind at the end of the hall. A guy in a snow-white fox coat. Seductive eyes, red lips. Leaning on the dark wall, he outshined the lanterns. Chapter 809 The Lion And The Serpent Prince Zachary. Just going by the face, he was prettier than the dancers at the party. But to Cassian, he was just a massive eyesore. Especially with how he stared at Elowen. The spark was blinding. Thirsty, pumped, and holding onto some sick delusion he refused to drop. "Lady Elowen." Zachary stepped up.

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"Long time no see." Finish Before Elowen could speak, Cassian—who was basically using her as a crutch—snapped straight. Elowen's fingers twitched. She knew he was running on fumes. But the second Zachary showed up, he found a reserve tank. Spine straight, eyes freezing. Zero sign of weakness. Elowen whispered, "Cassian." He squeezed her hand, telling her he had this, and locked onto Zachary. "Got business, Prince?" Zachary acted like he just noticed him, throwing a smirk. "I was talking to Lady Elowen. Why so defensive, Duke?" Cassian kept his chill. "She's my wife.

Being on guard around trash is in the job description." Zachary raised an eyebrow, laying down the bait. "She was. But now..." He left it hanging on purpose. Elowen caught the dirty implication. Cassian caught it too. He asked flatly, "So?" 2/4 Chapter 809 The Lion And The

Serpent Finis Zachary threw a cocky grin. "Nordia isn't choked by Avenloran rules. The Oracle is top dog. Keeping a few guys around for fun is standard play. Even a royal Prince wouldn't be a bad pic A profound, disbelieving silence fell over Elowen. She couldn't figure out if she wanted to scream or bust a gut laughing.

Cassian actually laughed. A dark, faint laugh. Elowen knew all hell was about to break loose. Well, the jealous husband it is. Right on cue, Cassian drawled, "So you're saying you want to be my wife's side piece?" Zachary didn't flinch. "If she nods." Cassian nodded. "A tragic pity." Zachary raised an eyebrow. "What is a pity?" "It is a pity my wife has flawless taste." Cassian kept it level, but every word was a knife. "She'd rather die alone than settle for garbage. When picking a guy, she wants brains, brawn, a towering build, and a killer face.

Exactly like me." He looked Zachary up and down. "As for you? Not ugly, but scrawny. Not her type. You skipped the welcoming feast tonight, which means the King thinks you're a total joke. Zero real power. "Word on the street is the King just picked out some bedmates for you, already crashing at your place..." Zachary panicked. "I haven't laid a finger on them!" Cassian looked down at him. "So you got strong-armed?" Zachary replied, "Obviously!" Cassian sneered. "Can't even control how many women crash your house. What a coward. Unlike me. I'm riding or dying for my wife.

If she didn't marry me, my estate would stay empty forever. Never let another woman through the door." The smile wiped clean off Zachary's face. The freezing wind whipped through the hall. 374 Chapter 809 The Lion And The Serpent Flickering lanterns lit up Cassian's flawless, icy profile. Elowen listened, riding a massive wave of pride. But she felt his fingers turning to ice, his breathing ripping way harder than before. 合 20.2K W

Chapter 810 A Fragile Respite Elowen's heart ached for Cassian's failing strength. Taking the initiative, she brought the clash of words to a swift end. "I appreciate the Prince's offer.

However, the banquet has been taxing, and I'm quite fatigued. The Duke and I shall return to the inn." Cassian gazed down at Elowen. The frost in his eyes thawed, replaced by a faint smirk.

Elowen murmured, "Let us depart." Cassian gave a hum of agreement. Brushing past Zachary, Cassian took his time to deliver one final, deliberate strike. "Did you hear that?

She has no need for you." Elowen halted her steps, fighting the urge to burst into exasperated laughter. Running on fumes, yet he still refused to spare a single drop of venom. They exited the palace gates and boarded the carriage. The moment the heavy blinds fell, every prying eye was shut out. Elowen helped Cassian to his seat. Seeing him still holding onto that flawless, unbothered facade, a soft laugh escaped her lips. Cassian lifted his gaze. "What is so amusing?" Elowen adjusted his cloak, her voice dropping to a whisper.

"I'm just laughing at how Avenlor's greatest Lord of Jealousy lives up to his reputation." Cassian cocked an eyebrow. "Lord of Jealousy?" Elowen nodded with absolute seriousness. "Judging by that display, anyone watching would assume Zachary was not asking to be my side piece, but had already forced his way into the Duskmoor Manor." Cassian scoffed. "He wouldn't dare." Elowen's smile widened. "Of course he wouldn't. Who would dare cross the threshold while the Duke stands guard?" Cassian stared at her for a long moment. His voice dropped to a hoarse whisper.

"Ella." "Yes?" 22 Chapter 810 A Fragile Respite "You are forbidden to want him." Elowen's heart skipped a beat. "I desire no one else. I only want you." Cassian's brow furrowed a fraction.

The next second, a heavy weight dropped onto her shoulder. His terrifying willpower shattered, and he collapsed limp against her chest. Finished The man who had traded lethal verbal blows with Zachary a moment prior now kept his squeezed shut, every drop of color drained from his face. eyes Fine beads of cold sweat dotted his forehead.

His breathing was so shallow it was drowned out by the grinding carriage wheels. Elowen let out a silent sigh, looking down at the man resting against her chest. His cheeks were cold as ice, his brows still knit tight in pain. She reached up to stroke his face, her heart aching with profound tenderness. The carriage raced back to the inn. When Anson and Bran saw Elowen supporting Cassian down the steps, their faces drained of color. "Keep your voices down," Elowen ordered.

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Understanding the stakes, the two men rushed forward to bear Cassian's weight, carrying him swift as a shadow into his chamber. Hearing the commotion, Noah hurried over with his outer robe thrown over his shoulders. The moment he saw Cassian's death-pale face, his brows locked into a severe scowl. "Grandfather, examine him," Elowen urged. Noah took a seat on the edge of the bed, pressing his fingers to Cassian's pulse. The room fell into absolute silence; the only sound was the faint crackle of the candlelight. Standing nearby, Elowen curled her fingers tight inside her sleeves.

A long moment later, Noah released Cassian's wrist and inspected the old wound on his chest. His grim expression eased. "His foundation remains intact. It is not a resurgence of the toxin." 21 Chapter 810 A Fragile Respite The suffocating tension gripping Elowen's heart snapped. Finisher Yet Noah's frown remained. "But his body cannot endure this level of abuse. Exhausting his vitality, aggravating his heart meridian, and enduring the freezing palace winds-it all combined to force this collapse. With a sound sleep tonight, he will wake by morning.

"Once he awakens, he must avoid combat for two days. He must not overexert his mind, he must not touch a drop of wine, and above all, he must stop playing the invincible hero." Elowen nodded. "I will make sure of it." She wiped the cold sweat from Cassian's brow and coaxed him into swallowing the medicine Noah prescribed. Even in his coma, Cassian seemed restless. His brows remained knit, and his fingers clamped down on her sleeve in a death grip. Elowen watched him for a long time before enveloping his hand in hers.

"I'm staying right here." As if he heard her promise, his rigid fingers began to relax. Once Cassian was settled, Elowen made her way to the rear courtyard. The charcoal braziers in the warm pavilion burned bright. Neither of the children had fallen asleep. The wet nurse paced the room with Emily in her arms. The little girl was exhausted, yet her large, tear-filled eyes refused to close. Caius lay on the small bed, clutching a tiny cloth tiger. Hearing the door creak, he snapped his head toward the sound.

He was only a few months old and couldn't speak, but the second he saw Elowen, his eyes lit up like stars. "Ah..." A tiny, soft sound escaped his lips, carrying an indescribable sense of grievance. Elowen's heart melted. She hurried over and scooped him into her arms. "Why is my little Phoenix still awake?" The wet nurse smiled. "The young Lord refused to sleep tonight.

It was as if he knew Your Chapter 810 A Fragile Respite Grace was returning late and insisted on waiting." Finished Caius tightened his tiny fists in Elowen's robes, pressing his soft cheek against her chest with two contented hums. On the other side of the room, hearing Elowen's voice, Emily began to squirm in the wet nurse's arms. Elowen had no choice but to hold Caius in one arm while accepting Emily with the other. The little girl was far clingier than her brother.

The moment she settled into Elowen's embrace, she buried her face deep into her mother's neck, her soft, chubby hands clutching Elowen's hair ribbon in a death grip. Elowen lowered her head, kissing Emily's forehead before pressing a kiss to Caius's cheek. "Mother is back." As if she understood, Emily babbled and nuzzled closer against her neck. Elowen's heart dissolved into a puddle of warmth. She stayed and played with them for a good while. It wasn't until both children surrendered to exhaustion, falling asleep secure in her arms, that she handed them back to the wet nurses.