

Awakening Love: Reborn to Be His Duchess Novel

Chapter 811 Before leaving, Elowen tucked the blankets snugly around them, then stepped out of the warm pavilion into the freezing night wind. The tenderness in her eyes faded, replaced by a sharp, calculating clarity. Initially planning to go to the Princess Royal's manor, a sudden thought made her change course towards Noah's quarters instead.

Noah, sitting by the lantern and organizing his medical kit, greeted Elowen with a bright smile.

"Ella, are you heading out?" Elowen confirmed, "I need to visit the Princess Royal's manor."

Concerned about Darius's safety due to recent events, she explained to Noah the urgency of their mission. Impressed by her foresight, Noah agreed to accompany her.

The carriage hurried towards the heavily guarded manor where Valessa, looking exhausted yet resolute, personally received them. Elowen wasted no time and inquired about Darius. Valessa grimly informed her that Darius's attempts to end his own life had been thwarted, and he remained uncooperative. Noah praised Elowen's intuition, and the focus shifted to Ronan, who was unconscious and in critical condition.

Without hesitation, Valessa led them to Ronan's secluded chamber. Noah, after examining Ronan, decided it was the opportune moment to extract information despite Ronan's unconscious state. Using a delicate silver needle and a tiny bell, Noah initiated a method to elicit responses from Ronan's subconscious.

As the interrogation began, Ronan's responses hinted at dark secrets involving Flowira and the sinister intentions of Malkor. The revelation of the Crimson Lantern's significance added a new layer of complexity to the unfolding events. Noah's calm demeanor contrasted sharply with the

escalating tension in the room, setting the stage for further revelations and potential dangers ahead.

Awakening Love Reborn to Be His Duchess Chapter 812 The Gilded Cage Ronan's fingers convulsed in a violent spasm. Finisher "No... don't let "She will get "As long leave... as she does not step out of the Crimson Lantern... Father will not kill her..." Elowen's fingers curled into tight fists, Valessa's expression was terrifying, her eyes rimmed with furious red. "The Crimson Lantern Flowira is locked inside the Crimson Lantern!" Valessa ground the words out through her teeth, looking ready to rip Ronan limb from limb. He claimed he loved Flowira.

Flowira had given him nothing but her pure, unguarded heart. How dare he-how could be possibly endure-locking her inside that festering hellhole?! Elowen's voice cut through the rage, cold and authoritative. "We cannot act rash. The Crimson Lantern is swarming with royals and nobles. If we march soldiers in there right now, Malkor will be tipped off. Flowira is still in his clutches, and countless innocent women are trapped inside those walls." Valessa closed her eyes, forcing the boiling rage down. "Then what is our move?" Elowen turned to Noah.

"Grandfather, how long until Ronan wakes up?" Noah replied in a smooth tone. "Unless I allow it, he will remain asleep past dawn." Elowen nodded. "Keep him locked down, and keep a close eye on Darius. I will handle the Crimson Lantern in person." Valessa protested. "I'm coming with you." Elowen met her gaze. "You cannot show your face. You are the Princess Royal. The second you step anywhere near the Crimson Lantern, their guards will go on high alert." Valessa's fists trembled. Elowen continued, "I will send a scout first.

If we can extract Flowira without alerting Malkor's faction, that is our best play." Valessa's voice cracked. "If she is already..." "She is alive. Elowen cut her off, her tone leaving zero room for doubt I will bring her back." " 15:17 Sat, Aug 8 T. Chapter 812 The Guided Cage Valessa asked, "Who are you taking with you? Anson?" Elowen paused for a second. "Did I not bring a servant with me?" Valessa understood the implication. "Go. Bring Thomas here." Meanwhile, at the Crimson Lantern. The deeper the night grew, the more chaotic the brothel became.

Finished Rows of red lanterns hung beneath the sweeping eaves. The seductive melodies of string and flute drifted from the towering floors, mixing with the heavy stench of alcohol and cheap perfume, suffocating the entire street. Carriages pulled into the rear alley, their blinds drawn tight. Most of the men stepping out wore heavy veils or had attendants shielding their faces before slipping through the side doors. No one asked for their names, and absolutely no one dared to look.

Deep within the Crimson Lantern, on the third floor of the Moonlit Pavilion, Flowira sat in the easternmost private suite. She had been trapped there for days. It didn't look like a prison cell. Plush couches, a blazing brazier, exquisite pastries, and even her favorite milk wine were provided in abundance. Meals were delivered like clockwork, and maids arrived daily with fresh changes of clothes. Except for the heavy brass lock on the door and the iron bars welded over the windows, it was simply a magnificent, gilded cage. Ronan had not allowed anyone to torture her.

No one had even dared to raise their voice at her. But Flowira would rather take a knife to the gut than be caged like a prize bird. Standing by the window, she stared down at the flickering lights below. Over the past few days, she had memorized the guards' patrol routes and shift changes flawless. Every night at precisely a quarter to midnight, the two guards stationed in the eastern

corridor would slip away for a cup of hot wine. They were gone for exactly half an incense stick's time. The servant delivering the night's charcoal would pass through during that exact window.

And that servant carried the keys to the side gates. This was her one and only chance. Flowira looked down at the brutal, jagged lacerations on her wrist, carefully hidden beneath a silk ribbon. She had spent the last few days methodically grinding the iron bars down with her gold harpin
15:17 Sat, Aug 8) Chapter 812 The Gilded Cage The heavy footsteps outside her door finally faded away. Holding her breath, she walked to the table and picked up the bowl of scalding milk wine. Moments later, the charcoal servant pushed the door open.

"Miss, time to restock the coals." The exact second he bent down, Flowira hurled the hot wine directly into his face. The servant screamed in agony. Finis ec Flowira snatched the heavy bronze candlestick from the table and smashed it viciously into the back of his neck. The man groaned and collapsed to the floor. She rapidly stripped the keys from his belt, tore off his outer robe, and threw it over her own shoulders. Keeping her head bowed, she slipped out the door in a flash. The corridor was dimly lit.

The distant, seductive music and roaring laughter masked the sound of her frantic breathing. Flowira didn't dare to run. The more she panicked, the faster she would be caught. Hunching her shoulders to mimic the servant's slouch, she gripped the charcoal basket and kept moving. The first corner was clear. At the second corner, two guards stood with their backs to her, chatting. "Heard all hell broke loose on Oracle Peak." "Keep your mouth shut.

Don't you know the rules here?" "But I heard Commander Darius got snatched by the Princess Royal's crew..." "I said shut it!" Flowira's heart slammed against her ribs. Biting her tongue to force herself to stay calm, she walked past their backs. Just as she reached the top of the stairs, a

voice called out from behind. "Halt." Why are you heading that way?" 15:17 Sat, Aug 8 Chapter 812 The Gilded Cage Flowira didn't turn around. Finished Gripping the gold hairpin hidden in her sleeve, she dropped her voice into a raspy slur. "The east wing is running low.

Going to fetch more." "The east wing?" The guard sounded deeply suspicious. "Didn't they just get a restock?" 20.5K 2 1 15:17 Sat, Aug Awakening Love: Reborn to Be His Duchess

Chapter 813 The Blind Guide She couldn't afford to stall any longer. Flowira spun around with lightning speed, driving the gold hairpin viciously into the guard's neck The man let out a bloodcurdling scream. In an instant, the entire corridor erupted into chaos. "Someone is making a run for it!" "It is the girl from the Moonlit Pavilion!" "Grab her!" Dropping the charcoal basket, Flowira sprinted for her life. Frantic footsteps pounded behind her as torches flared to life one after another.

She practically smashed through the small door at the bottom of the stairs, tumbling into the hidden tunnels beneath the Crimson Lantern. The tunnel was freezing and damp, lit only by dim, sputtering oil lamps. Rows of heavy, locked doors line both sides of the stone walls. Faint, muffled sobbing drifted from behind some of the doors. Others were as silent as the grave. Flowira didn't dare to stop. The pursuers were closing the gap. Just as she rounded a sharp corner, she slammed violently into a slender figure. Both of them crashed to the stone floor.

The woman let out a muffled groan as the bamboo cane in her hands clattered away. Ignoring the burning pain shooting through her body, Flowira scrambled up to keep running, but froze the second she saw the woman's face. She was incredibly young. 'Perhaps sixteen or seventeen,

dressed in a plain white gown. Her features were delicate but deathly pale. But her eyes were completely vacant, the pupils coated in a thick, cloudy gray. She was entirely blind. A blind courtesan A profound chill swept through Flowira's veins.

While investigating the Crimson Lantern days ago, she had uncovered their darkest, most repulsive secret 15:17 Sat, Aug 8 1 Chapter 813 The Blind Guide They intentionally blinded perfectly healthy girls, specifically to serve high-ranking nobles who refused have their faces seen. The girl sitting before her was one of those victims. The girl scrambled backward, her voice trembling in absolute terror. "Who is there?" Flowira lowered her voice. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to run into you." The girl's panic eased slightly upon hearing a woman's voice.

But hearing the chaotic shouts echoing down the tunnel, she instantly understood. "You're funning away Flowira didn't answer. The girl suddenly grabbed Flowira's sleeve with desperate strength. "Are you the girl locked in the Moonl Pavilion?" Flowira was stunned. "You know about me?" The girl's lips trembled. "Rumors have been spreading for days. They locked a highly important girl in the Moonlit Pavilion, and no one is allowed near her. If you have a chance to escape, you need to run. Now." The heavy boots of the guards thundered closer.

Flowira snatched the bamboo cane from the floor and shoved it back into the girl's hands. "You are comin with me." The girl froze completely. "Me?" "Yes. I'm getting you out of here." Pulled to her feet, the girl stumbled forward. But there was absolutely no joy on her face-only a profound. crushing despair. "No." She violently yanked her hand free. Flowira demanded, "Why?!" Feeling along the damp stone wall, the girl whispered, "I cannot leave." "How do you know if you don't try?" The girl shook her head.

For is like us, the day we enter the Crimson Lantern is the day our lives end." Altbly faint, like a breeze could scatter it into nothingness Mery exit. People out there know our faces. We are blind; we cannot run far. Even if we 15:17 Sat, Aug 8) Chapter 813 The Blind Guide miraculously escape, we will just be dragged right back to hell." Flowira gritted her teeth. "I will protect you." The girl smiled. It was a hollow, lifeless smile devoid of any hope.

"Miss, escaping on your own is infinitely easier than dragging dead weight." The girl tilted her head, listening closely to the echoing tunnels. "They're almost here." Flus She reached out, tracing her fingers along the jagged edges of the stone bricks. Finding a hidden groove, pressed down firmly. A narrow wooden panel popped open without a sound. Behind it lay an even darker, impossibly cramped passageway. Flowira stared in absolute shock. The girl whispered rapidly, "Go through here. Keep your hand on the wall and keep moving forward. Whe you hear the sound of running water, turn right.

There is a back door used for liquor deliveries. The latch i broken; I heard the guards complaining about it a few days ago." Flowira stared at her. "You knew about this escape route the entire time?" The girl nodded. "Then why haven't you used it?" The girl turned her vacant, cloudy eyes toward Flowira and offered a bitter smile. She offered no explanation, simply pleading with profound sincerity, "Miss, if you truly make it out alive. promise me you will tell the world. Tell them about the countless innocent girls trapped in the Crimson Lantern.

You have to save them." The pursuers were practically on top of them. Flickering torchlight began dancing across the tunnel walls. The girl suddenly spun around. Tapping her bamboo cane heavily against the stone floor in the opposite direction, she velled, "She went this way!" 'Don't do this!' shoulder, offering one final, fleeting smile. 15:17 Sat, Aug 8 T Chapter 813 The Blind

Guide Flowira asked desperately. "What is your name?" The girl hesitated for a split second. The torches were nearly rounding the corner. She whispered, "Samantha." "I'm from Willow Ridge.

My name is Samantha Whitman." Finishi Flowira burned the name into her memory, turned, and threw herself into the narrow, hidden passage. The wooden panel clicked shut behind her. Right before the final sliver of light was snuffed out, she heard the furious guards storming up to Samantha "Where did she go?" "Did someone just run past here?" 20.5K 1 2 15:17 Sat, Aug

Awakening Love: Reborn to Be His Duchess Chapter 814 Cornered Prey Samantha's voice was utterly calm and detached. "I'm blind. Are you seriously asking me who I saw?" Finis The guard choked on his words, instantly flying into a rage. "Cease this insolence! What are you doing do here?" Leaning on her bamboo cane, Samantha replied with chilling indifference. "Just taking a stroll." "A stroll?" The guard sneered. "You think you have the right to wander around?"

Samantha remained silent for a long moment before letting out a soft, mocking laugh.

"If I cannot even take a walk, I will die of sheer boredom." Her voice remained light, but it dripped with icy sarcasm. "And when your esteemed guests arrive to be entertained, are you going to take my place in their beds?" The guard was rendered completely speechless. The blind courtesans were highly protected assets within the Crimson Lantern. They were neither ordinary maids nor standard dancers. The high-ranking nobles who guarded their anonymity fiercely demanded these specific girls. Because they couldn't see, they couldn't identify the men.

Because they couldn't escape, they could never leak the secrets whispered in the dark. Because of this undeniable value, even though the guard was boiling with rage, he didn't dare lay a finger on

her. Another guard pulled him back, lowering his voice. "Forget it. Don't waste time on a blind girl. The prize in the Moonlit Pavilion is what matters. If we lose her, our heads will roll." "The first guard spat viciously onto the stone floor. "Worthless trash!" Hidden behind the panel, Flowira didn't dare move a muscle, forcing her breathing to a near halt.

It wasn't until the heavy boots completely faded away that she finally let go of the wall. Her palms were drenched in cold sweat. 15:17 Sat, Aug 8 T Chapter 814 Cornered Prey The secret tunnel was far narrower and pitch-black than she had anticipated. The walls were slick with moisture; touching the stone sent a freezing chill straight to her bones. Relying entirely on Samantha's directions, she pressed herself against the wall and moved blindly forward. Hear the water, turn right. She repeated the instruction like a mantra in her mind. The guards were still tearing the brothel apart.

Faint, thundering footsteps echoed from the floors above, and muffled curses bled through the thick stone ceiling. Flowira didn't dare slow down. Finally, the faint trickle of running water reached her ears. Trailing her hand along the wall, she turned right and quickly hit a heavy wooden door. Just as Samantha promised, the latch was loose. Bracing her shoulder against the wood, she shoved with every ounce of strength she had left. With a loud creak, the door gave way. Freezing wind, thick with stinging snow, blasted her in the face.

Stumbling out of the darkness, Flowira realized she had spilled out into the rear alley of the Crimson Lantern. The alley was deep and suffocating, flanked by towering stone walls. The snow beneath her boots was churned into filthy, black sludge by endless carriage wheels. Behind her, the Crimson Lantern remained ablaze with light. The seductive music, roaring laughter, and clinking goblets blended into a sickening cacophony, echoing like a completely

different world. To Flowira, those sounds were nothing but pure, unadulterated filth. She sprinted toward the mouth of the alley.

But before she could take ten steps, frantic boots pounded the snow behind her. "The back door is open!" "She wen 15:17 Sat, Aug 8 Chapter 814 Cornered Prey Finist She forced her legs to move faster, but her body had already crossed its absolute limit. Black spots danced across her vision. The exit was right there. Just a few more steps, and she would be free. The glaring light of a torch swept across the brick wall behind her. Gritting her teeth, Flowira ripped the gold hairpin from her hair, spun around, and pressed her back agai the freezing stone. If she truly couldn't escape...

The guards were closing in fast. In that absolute split second of life or death, a hand shot out from the pitch-black shadows, wrapped around her waist, and violently yanked her into the darkness. Flowira's pupils shrank in terror, and she viciously drove the hairpin toward her attacker's throat. But the man anticipated the strike, effortlessly locking his fingers around her wrist. "Don't move." His voice was a deep, rumbling whisper. Flowira's entire body went rigid. The alley was pitch-black, allowing her to see only half of his profile.

A high nose bridge, deep-set eyes, and a sharp, unforgiving brow. For a fleeting second, she actually thought she was looking at Ronan again. Not an exact replica. But the sharp contours, the chilling, aggressive aura radiating from his scowl-he bore an undeniable resemblance to Ronan. Flowira's stomach churned violently, and absolute hostility flooded her eyes. She thrashed with all her might, but the man clamped her eyen tighter against his chest. "If you want to live, shut your mouth." The guards stormed into the alley.

In a flash, the man threw his heavy cloak completely over Flowira's head, pressing her face deep into his chest. He looked like a nobleman holding up a severely intoxicated woman. Busting their torches forward. 15:17 Sat, Aug 8) Chapter 814 Cornered Prey Finis "Who goes there?" The man didn't answer at once. He simply raised his eyes, his gaze freezing over. The torchlight illuminated his face, highlighting the lethal, suffocating coldness in his eyes. "Are you blind?" The guard froze in shock. The squad leader scowled, stepping forward.

"A girl escaped the Crimson Lantern tonight, and we are under strict orders to search everyone. The woman in your arms-tell her to lift her head." Flowira's body went completely stiff, her fingers tightening around the gold hairpin hidden in her sleeve. But the man acted as if he had not heard a word. He simply drawled, "Get out of my sight." The leader's face instantly twisted in fury. "You dare run your mouth at the Crimson Lantern? Do you have any idea whose territory you are standing on?" The man finally let out a dark laugh.

"When my mother, Aguna, was still breathing, even the warlords of House Harrow wouldn't dare speak to her in that tone. Now that she's dead, any stray dog thinks it can bark in my path." The guards' faces drained of all color in an instant. The other guards stared at him, their eyes wide with sudden, paralyzing dread. "Aguna?" 20.5K M 15:17 Sat, Aug 8 Awakening Love: Reborn to Be His DuchessV

Awakening Love Reborn to Be His Duchess Chapter 816: Unveiling The Dark

Valessa slammed her hand onto the table, causing the teacups to rattle. "Animals!" Finist Flowira continued, "I originally wanted to gather evidence and hand it over to His Majesty. As long as I could prove the Crimson Lantern was tied to the House of Harrow, I could tear open the Archduke's most hidden web."

"But Ronan found out. He didn't kill me, nor did he hand me over to Malkor. He just locked me in the Moonlit Pavilion." Flowira tugged at the corners of her mouth, wanting to laugh, but she couldn't. "He said as long as I didn't step outside, the Archduke wouldn't kill me."

"Does he even have the right to say that?" Valessa scoffed coldly. "If a young blind courtesan hadn't saved me, I wouldn't have escaped." Flowira looked up, emphasizing every word. "Aunt Valessa, the blind courtesans are the key to bringing down the Archduke."

Valessa looked at her. "The Crimson Lantern doesn't just serve ordinary nobles," Flowira explained. "If we can find the roster of the blind courtesans, the guest logs, and where these girls came from, the Archduke won't be able to just cut his losses and run so easily."

At that moment, Thomas, who had been standing in the corner, suddenly spoke up. "Do you all really want to take down the Archduke that badly?" Everyone turned to look at him. Only then did Flowira truly notice the man who had saved her. He stood in the shadows, half his face obscured, his expression hardened and unreadable. Flowira frowned. "Of course."

Thomas stared right at her. "Why?" Flowira was taken aback. "What do you mean, why?"

"Does the princess truly believe the Archduke is beyond redemption," Thomas asked, "or is it just because your fiancé dumped you for him, and you're holding a grudge?"

Flowira's face instantly went paper-white. Valessa's eyes turned icy. "Insolence!" The tension in the room spiked. Elowen quietly observed Flowira. The princess's eyes were cast downward, her lips trembling slightly. She did hate Ronan. She hated that he had promised to marry her and take her to see the snowy mountains at the end of the plains, only to ruthlessly toss her aside for his so-called father, even locking her up in the Crimson Lantern. The hatred burned her chest every time she thought about it.

But that didn't mean she investigated the brothel purely out of personal spite. "Do you know?" Flowira's voice shook slightly. She was about to say more, but Elowen cut him off first. "Shut it!" Thomas froze. Elowen glared at him, clearly displeased. "For a servant, you sure run your mouth a lot."

Thomas blinked in shock. "Aren't you trying to find your fiancée?" Elowen continued. "You're going to need the princess's help with the Crimson Lantern. She just narrowly escaped death. You'd better think carefully about what you should and shouldn't say. "Show that kind of disrespect again, and I'll sell you right back to Willow Ridge."

With Elowen putting her foot down, Thomas didn't dare say another word. He lowered his eyes and muttered, "I spoke out of turn." Elowen wasn't letting him off the hook. "How should you refer to yourself?" Thomas clenched his jaw and corrected himself. "This lowly servant spoke out of turn." Only then did Elowen look satisfied. She waved him off. "If you know you misspoke, then get out of here."

Obediently, Thomas kept his mouth shut and backed out of the room. The door clicked shut. Only Elowen, Valessa, and Flowira were left inside. The wind howled past Flowira couldn't the

window paper. "You never cease to amaze me, my lady," Fini. Then again, she managed to tame Avenlor's Duke of Duskmoor. No matter how thorny any other man is, they're not in front of her.

After a pause, Flowira remembered something important. Her expression grew serious as she asked, "By the way, my lady, what's the deal with that servant of yours?"

"I took him in when I was stranded in Willow Ridge. Why?"

"When he saved me earlier, he mentioned a name," Flowira said slowly. "Aguna. Those guards were about to search him, but the moment he dropped that name and flashed an old wolf-head jade pendant, they backed off completely." Beside them, Valessa's face changed drastically. Elowen raised an eyebrow.

"Is there a story behind this person?"

"Aguna was Nordia's old nobility," Valessa said grimly. "She was Malkor's first wife." Flowira separated her." During the House of Harrow's internal conflict years ago, Aguna and Malkor were he was never heard from again. Some say she died in the chaos, others say her enemies took her. Vanished, she was reportedly pregnant," Valessa added.

Flowira arched her chin, recalling Thomas's face. When she first met him, she only thought his sharp features and stony demeanor made him stand out from any folks in Willow Ridge. Then she saw Ronan, she felt there was a slight resemblance between the two. The familiarity wasn't glaringly obvious. Upon closer inspection, especially when they scowled, the contours of their brow bones and the bridges of their noses were practically cast from the same mold. Combined with the Crimson Lantern guards' fear of that wolf-head pendant, a certain truth was practically staring them in the face. "He might be Malkor's son too," Flowira whispered.

Chapter 817 Blood Ties And Broken Vows Valessa's expression was grim. "One Ronan is bad enough, now we have another." Hearing Ronan's name, Flowira cast her eyes downward.

Noticing her discomfort, Elowen spoke gently. "Focus on resting up first. We cannot rush the Crimson Lantern issue. Right now, their biggest fear isn't that you escaped, but that you'll tell the King about the blind courtesans. The more anxious they are, the more likely Malkor is to make a move. "Also, you have to return to the palace tonight." Flowira was taken aback.

Valessa paused for a second before realization dawned on her.. Lately, they had covered up Flowira's disappearance by claiming she was sick. That lie could hold up for a day or two, but not for weeks. Now that she was safe, the top priority was to let the palace know that Flowira was still under the royal court's wing, not in Malkor's clutches. Only then could the King plan the Oracle ceremony with peace of mind. And only then would the Crimson Lantern think twice before pulling any more stunts. "I'll escort her back personally," Valessa said. Relieved, Elowen stood up.

"Then I'll head back to the inn. Cassian is still unconscious; I shouldn't be gone too long. We'll discuss the Crimson Lantern in the morning." Valessa nodded. "Safe travels." When Elowen stepped outside, Thomas was still waiting under the corridor, his back stiff in the night air.

Hearing her footsteps, he turned and bowed his head. "My lady."/ Elowen threw him a glance.

"Come with me to the inn." Thomas didn't ask why; he merely murmured an agreement. On the ride back, the night was as thick as spilled ink. Elowen sat inside the carriage, while Thomas sat by the driver's seat.

The wheels crunched heavily over the packed snow. Flowen finally spoke. "Thomas." response.

15:17 Sat, Aug 8 Chapter 817 Blood Ties And Broken Vows T FITN Elowen lifted a corner of the curtain and asked bluntly, "Are you Malkor's son?" The silhouette on the driver's seat stiffened slightly. The cold wind whipped at the ends of Thomas's hair. After a long pause, he answered, "Yes." Elowen's expression didn't change. "Aguna is your mother?" "Yes." "You've known all along?" "I've known." Thomas's voice was very low. "My mother told me before she died.

She said my father was Malkor, the Archduke of Nordia. She also said that if I ever hit rock bottom, I could take that pendant and go find him "But you didn't go," Elowen observed. Thomas hummed in agreement, his tone muffled. "My mother waited for him for years. He never came looking for her. When she died, she was still clutching that pendant, saying he probably had his reasons." He suddenly let out a laugh dripping with sarcasm. "Later I found out he had all the power in the world. H wasn't short on wives, concubines, or men willing to die for him.

Her so-called 'reasons' were nothing but the fact that he never even thought about finding her." Elowen didn't interrupt. "I don't acknowledge him, and I have no intention of playing the dutiful son," Thomas continued. "Once I find Samantha, I'm taking her out of Kingsport and far away from Nordia." "Alright," Elowen said. Her blunt answer actually caught Thomas off guard. Elowen dropped the curtain, her tone aloof. "Since you don't acknowledge him, don't speak up in his defense ever again. Princess Flowira is back, and I'll have her help you find your fiancée." "Noted," Thomas said quietly.

"Good." A moment later, Thomas suddenly looked back. "Are you planning to wipe out the House of Harrow?" Leaning against the carriage wall, Elowen replied breezily, "Isn't that

obvious? Ask something people don't know. Thomas was He pre bless. determined to become Nordia's Oracle 15:17 Sat, Aug 8 Chapter 817 Blood Ties And Broken Vows Elowen chuckled. "Yep." * Finish She drawled lazily, "My first order of business as the Oracle will be to have your mouth stitched shut. Thomas froze. Elowen laughed. "Forget it. For Samantha's sake, I'll let you off the hook this time.

"Just focus on driving the carriage. If you slack off, see how I deal with you." Thomas didn't say another word. Inside the carriage, Elowen shifted into a more comfortable position, closed her eyes, and finally let a trace of exhaustion show. Meanwhile, at Valessa's manor. Valessa had arranged the personnel for the palace run. To avoid and wo Fro g attention, Flowira changed into a common maid's outfit, draped a thick cloak over hersel tely zero jewelry in her hair. she looked no different from any other maid in the estate. her pale face, Valessa spoke softly.

"Once you're inside, head straight to your chambers. I'll do th your father." added. before stepping out, she suddenly stopped in her tracks. Fat's wrong?" Valessa asked. wira's hands, hidden in her sleeves, slowly balled into fists. Aunt Valessa, I want to see Ronan." Valessa's face darkened. "Absolutely not." Flowira looked up. "Just one look." "Did you forget what he did to you?" Valessa demanded coldly. haven't forgotten." Flowira's eyes were slightly red, but her voice was very soft.

"It's exactly because I haven't forgotten that I need to see him one last time." After a long silence, Vale C "relented. I'll go with you? In the secre 15:17 Sat, Aug 81 Awakening Love: Reborn to Be His Duchess

Chapter 818: A Final Look

He lay on the bed, his face pale and his brows furrowed tightly, as if he was still trapped in a nightmare he couldn't escape. Flowira stood in the doorway, unable to step forward for a long time. That face was still exactly how she remembered it. Back in the royal court, he was just an ordinary guard tasked with watching the palace gates. Whenever she snuck out, he would sigh helplessly, yet still fetch a horse for her anyway. When it snowed in Kingsport during the winter, he would press roasted chestnuts into her hands and say, "Eat slowly, Princess. Don't burn yourself." Back then, she used to tease him for being so stiff. She would say, "Once we're married, you can't call me Princess anymore. What should I call you?" He would ask, and she would reply, "Call me Flowira." He thought about it for a long time, his ears turning red, before finally calling out softly that they were going to get married, leave all the bloodshed behind, and go see the snowy mountains at the edge of the kingdom. He lied and claimed he had lost his memory, and she even blamed herself for not fighting harder for them.

Only later did she slowly realize he never had amnesia; he had simply learned of his true lineage. Malkor's son. Avoiding any accidents, he was destined to inherit the Archduke's title and could perhaps even become the king of Nordia. Forced to choose between love and power, Ronan had unflinchingly chosen the latter. He had even personally locked her up in the Crimson Lantern. Flowira walked up to the bed, step by step. Seeming to sense something, his eyelashes fluttered slightly, though he didn't wake up.

Flowira looked down at him. A long time passed before she snapped out of her daze, only to find tears had already streaked down her entire face. Flowira raised a hand and wiped them away. She didn't voice a single accusation, nor did she bid him a final farewell. Because there was no need

anymore. Ronan couldn't hear her. And even if he could, she had no desire to speak to him. They had gone their separate ways, becoming bitter enemies locked in a fight to the death. From the dead branches of their deep love, only the sprouts of hatred had bloomed.

Flowira took a deep breath. Seeing the door, she said hoarsely, "Let's go, Valessa." Valessa turned around, adjusted Flowira's cloak, and without asking any questions, they walked out of the room.

In another scene, in the Crimson Lantern, a servant knelt in the center of the room, terrified, not daring to look up. His face was terrifyingly dark. "You all couldn't even keep an eye on a woman who's been locked up for months," Malkor's gaze turned glacial. "To quell your anger, Your Grace," the manager stammered, "The Moonlit Pavilion was constantly guarded. No one expected the Princess to injure the coal-delivery boy and escape through the secret passage. That passage was only known to a few blind courtesans inside... I've already ordered men to investigate..."

"A blind courtesan?" Malkor asked coldly. "One saw her sneaking around the back tower. I suspect she was the one who showed the Princess the way out."

"Where is she?" Malkor asked.

"She's already been captured," the manager hurriedly added. "It's just that with the chaos at the Crimson Lantern tonight, it's not a good time to make a scene. Madam Ursula said we'll deal with her once the heat dies down." Malkor said nothing, his eyes terrifyingly grim. Flowira had escaped. That was the biggest problem. If she had died in the Crimson Lantern, things would

actually be simpler. But since she made it back alive, she would drag the Crimson Lantern, the blind courtesans, and the entire House of Harrow into the light.

Instead, Ronan had gone behind his back—he hadn't killed Flowira, nor had he brought her to him, he had locked her away in the Moonlit Pavilion. His only son. It had taken so many years to finally track down this lost bloodline, and one of his own had made such a foolish mistake over a woman. One of his henchmen standing nearby spoke up softly. "Your Grace, the most pressing matter right now isn't punishing the Lantern's failure, but the fact that Lord Ronan is still at Princess Valessa's manor."

Malkor's eyes snapped open. The advisor continued, "Princess Valessa has already captured Darius and detained Lord Ronan. If Princess returns to the palace and tells the King about the Crimson Lantern, His Majesty will definitely use it against you, Your Grace."

Another henchman chimed in, "Not to mention, Avenlor's Lady Elowen is already in Kingsport. His Majesty summoned her and the Duke of Duskmoor privately tonight. I fear they were discussing the Oracle ceremony."

Malkor's eyes grew even colder. "I know." The King wanted to reign. He wanted to use the House of Harrow to revive divine authority and weaken the House of Duskmoor from Avenior. Once Elowen publicly revealed her identity at the ceremony, the Nordian royal court would have a perfectly legitimate excuse to purge the Crimson Lantern. Even more troublesome, Avenlor would be dragged into the mix.

Chapter 819 Rumors And Rescue Nordia and Avenlor had already established a cooperative relationship. If Elowen became the Oracle of Nordia, her dual identity as the Oracle and the Duchess of Duskinour would act like a rope, tying the Nordian royal court and Avenlor's Duskmoor Manor together. By then, the King's grip on House Harrow would tighten even further. And Avenlor would have the perfect excuse to interfere in Nordia's internal affairs. Maikor absolutely could not let that happen.

The advisor whispered, "Your Grace, if the Crimson Lantern's secrets are fully exposed, our House's years of planning will be destroyed in an instant. The heir will also become a living witness in the hands of the King and Princess Valessa." "Which is why we rescue Ronan," Malkor stated coldly. "Understood" "But Prince not the manor is heavily guarded," the advisor pointed out. "A brute-force attack is definitely" "What suggest?" Malkor asked, dreading for a moment. "With the Oracle ceremony approaching, His Majesty will surely focus attention on the preparations.

Lady Elowen has her hands full-she has to protect the Duke, the Crimson Lantern, and deal with her new status. We should strike first while they're divided." He rowed his eyes, stood with his hands behind his back under the lamplight, remaining silent for a long time. The advisor glanced at him and added, "As for Lord Ronan... Princess Valessa's manor is locked down tight. To try to snatch him by force, it will definitely alert His Majesty. I suggest we first scout their guard positions and look for an opening to strike." The henchman hesitated. "But what if Lord Ronan is already awake?

If he spills the beans about the Crimson Lantern..." Before he could finish, Malkor whipped his head around, his gaze freezing over. The henchman immediately dropped to his knees. "I misspoke!" The atmosphere in the room Malkor walked up to what were once Croze solid. From above, his voice trembling violently. "I was only worried that 15:17 Sat, Aug Chapter 819 Rumors

And Rescue Lord Ronan might be used against you if he falls under the Princess's control. "So," Malkor sneered, "you want me to kill my own son?" The man shuddered violently, not daring to make another peep.

Malkor raised a foot and kicked him hard in the shoulder. The henchman was sent sprawling across the floor, but he didn't even dare cry out in pain. He scrambled back up and immediately knelt back down. "He is my son," Malkor said, his voice bone-chilling. "He carries the bloodline of the House of Harrow, and he is my one and only heir." He articulated each word clearly. "Whoever dares to suggest abandoning him again will be the first one I Every room simultaneously bowed their heads, his eyes, forcing down the rage bubbling in his chest. at he didn't know Ronan was a fool.

ke of a single woman, he had dared to cover up the Crimson Lantern's secrets. He even locked her Moonlit Pavilion, leaving behind a living loose end that could turn around and bite House Harrow. matter how foolish, that was still his son-the proof of his continuing bloodline. heavens had granted him an heir so that House Harrow would not die out. cause of this, he would never let Ronan die in Princess Valessa's manor. Rescue Ronan first. Like I said, nothing can happen to him." The advisor bowed his head immediately.

"Yes, sir." Malkor continued, "Elowen has Cassian by her side, so we shouldn't rush our move on her just yet..." He paused. "Instead, spread the word. Make sure everyone in Kingsport knows that Avenlor's Duchess of Duskmoor is posing as the Oracle in an attempt to meddle with Nordia's royal authority. "As for the Crimson Lantern, relocate the ledgers and hide the blind courtesans. If Ursula dares to show even a single flaw, make sure she's silenced forever. "And regarding Princes Malkor's eyes d Everyon e the arrangements personally." d silently.

15:17 Sat, Aug 8) Chapter 819 Rumors And Rescue Several groups of men melted into the darkness, scattering throughout Kingsport. Some headed for the Crimson Lantern, while others made for the noble estates. Still others blended into the taverns and winehouses in the alleys, ready to blanket the entire city with the rumor of the "Wicked Woman from Avenlor faking her Oracle status" before dawn. When Elowen returned to the Royal Guesthouse, she first handed Thomas over to Anson to put him to work. Back in her room, Cassian was still fast asleep.

Noah was sitting by the side, tending to a medicine stove. Seeing her walk in, he looked up. "You're back?" Elowen nodded, murmured a yes, and walked softly over to the bed. Cassian's face was still pale, and his brows were slightly furrowed, as if he couldn't find peace even in his sleep. Elowen reached o The tight kno "Relax. he Elower S forehead. He didn't have a fever. lly loosened a little. ah reassured her. "Grandfather, couldn't you phrase that a little nicer?" corrected himself. "He's sleeping like a baby." isbelief. dn't hold it in and burst out laughing.

Elowen was in no rush to leave the inn. t Bran out to scout for news in Kingsport. Having followed Cassian for years, he both d and spoke the Nordan language perfectly. e of hours later, Bran returned to report to Elowen, "My lady, they're talking trash about us out Well, mostly about you." wen wasn't angry at all. Instead, she asked with great interest, "Oh? And what exactly are they saying?" 205 15:17 Sat, Aug Awakening Love Reborn to Be His Duchess

Chapter 820: Setting the Bait

Bran recounted everything he had overheard that day. His account came in hesitant stutters, lacking detail - a common slip of memory. Listening to him, Elowen couldn't help thinking of

Scarlet. "How I miss those days." Yet Bran was nothing if not thorough, allowing Elowen to piece together the full picture. Kingsport churned with chatter, many claiming the Duchess of Duskmoor was the Oracle's true heir. Most, however, sneered at the idea. They insisted she was a pawn, a scheme between the Khan and Avenlor to hijack the divine throne and crush the local lords.

Long before the Rite of the Oracle, unrest gripped the city. Whispers rippled through taverns and confectioneries alike. "A woman from Avenlor, claiming to be our Oracle?" "Sure, she holds a token, but who's to say it isn't counterfeit?" "Oracle Peak has been dead for decades, choked by mass graves. Reinstating the role now is just the court using foreign lapdogs against Archduke Malkor." Hearing this, Elowen saw right through the play. Bran looked over, asking, "My Lady, what's our move?" Elowen smiled faintly, "Simple."

"Leak word that Duke Cassian's old battle wounds flared up and he requires heavy medicine daily. We won't even need to say a word. Just toss the dregs outside where eyes are watching. They'll spread the story for us." Nearby, Noah raised an eyebrow, "You certainly know how to set a hook, girl." Elowen chuckled, "Malkor fears Cassian above all else. Once he thinks Cassian is bedridden, his guard drops, and his hand will be forced." Noah caught on, "You're baiting him into a trap?" "Precisely." Elowen added, "Malkor's already making moves, though he's still treading lightly. Believing Cassian is out of the fight makes him overconfident. That's when men make fatal missteps." She offered Noah a cheeky smile, "A lesson I picked up over the years - mostly from Cassian."

Sure enough, word of Cassian's failing health spread fast. It started with servants gossiping outside the apothecary, whispering that the Duke of Duskmoor hadn't woken all night. By

afternoon, the rumors grew wilder. Some swore he'd spat blood the moment he left the banquet, having merely put on a show. Others claimed his past victories over Nordia left him broken inside, that his grand entrance at the gate was a bluff, and he couldn't even lift a blade now. A few even claimed the mansion was brewing desperate tinctures while ordering a coffin in secret, hiding his death to save face. The wild stories soon reached Elowen's ears.

Bran sighed, "My Lady, this is getting ridiculous. Have these Nordians lost their minds?"

Elowen chuckled, "Sensational lies travel fastest. The wilder it gets, the better it serves us."

Anson returned with fresh intelligence on House Harrow. "Archduke Malkor dispatched three teams today: one to the Crimson Lantern, one to the noble and another to fan rumors in the taverns. The slander about you being a fake heir is escalating." Elowen nodded calmly. Anson continued, "His scouts are also probing Princess Valessa's guards, clearly planning to break through."

Elowen tapped her fingers against the table. "The Archduke certainly treasures his boy." She rested her chin in her hand, turning a smile toward Thomas, "If he knew his legitimate son was standing right here, imagine how much more he'd dote on you." Thomas paused before answering flatly, "I care nothing for his affection." Yet the veins on the back of his hands throbbed beneath the skin. Deep down, he still yearned for a father's warmth. Elowen noticed, choosing not to call him out. Turning back to Anson, she asked, "How many days until the Rite of the Oracle?" "Three days." Elowen pondered for a beat, "We visit Princess Valessa first thing tomorrow. Thomas comes along." Thomas bowed his head, "Understood."

The next morning, they arrived at Princess Valessa's residence, traveling in an unmarked carriage that slipped through the streets unnoticed. Valessa was already waiting. Exhaustion shadowed

her features after a single night, yet her gaze burned colder than ever. "I've heard the rumors spreading outside," Valessa stated. Unclasping her cloak, Elowen offered a light laugh, "Pay them no mind." Valessa's brow furrowed, "If this keeps up, a riot will erupt at the Rite of the Oracle."