

Awakening Love Reborn to Be His Duchess (Elowen Hale)

Chapter 831

Looks fair-skinned enough, though I bet she can't tend a horse-she'd be better at tending you

Not understanding a single word, Elara wore a naive, innocent smile as she leaned close to whi Elowen, "My Lady, are they talking about you? Is it nice or mean? If it's mean, I'll go punch thei

Elowen felt a sudden stir in her chest.

Flowira spoke up then, "Miss Wrenner, they are speaking of you."

Elara blinked, "Huh? Me?" Noticing the malicious sneers on their faces at last, her expression sou

Flowira cast a side glance at her, a soft warmth flickering deep in her eyes before she raised her v "Guards."

An attendant stepped forward instantly.

a raised her hand, pointing directly at the laughing nobles. "These fools dared insult my hor lap their faces."

endants moved on command, pinning the nobles down as they tilted their heads up, crying

Highness, spare us!"

father serves in court!"

Standing beside Elara, Flowira remained distant, her tone slow and deliberate, "Strike."

A crisp barrage of hard slaps echoed across the field.

Elara was no fool, instantly grasping what had unfolded as she looked at the beaten nobles, then at Flo side profile, twisting her handkerchief while sighing in sorrow, Why couldn't she be a handsome lord instea

After parting reluctantly with Flowira, Elara composed herself slightly, rubbing her chin in thought, "Speaking of which, sornething feels odd."

Elowen glanced over with a soft hum, “What feels odd?”

Elara mulled it over, “Anyone permitted onto Oracle Peak today must hail from prominent houses, meaning they surely recognize Princess Valessa and the royal line. How dared they utter such crude word right before royalty? Weren’t they afraid of provoking the crown, or were they goaded into it? Even Princ ‘Flowira felt a little strange-slapping them over a few insults seems like an escalation...”

Elowen found herself impressed, realizing the girl was truly sharpening her mind.

The rift between House Borealis and House Harrow was common knowledge, meaning those nobles were goaded by Thornas, while Flowira understood the game and deliberately stepped into the trap to inflame the conflict.

Yet Elowen refrained from explaining, offering a light laugh instead, “Sweet Elara, reading too many Storybooks turns your head into wild theories.”

Spark Ignites

Elara shot her a look, sticking her tongue out, “So it was just my wild imagination after all...”

Before long, horns blared from four directions as the Khan arrived, prompting everyone to turn

Draped in black and gold royal robes with a blade at his waist, the Khan was trailed by House Bq ministers and the commander of the Royal Guard, scanning the grounds solemnly before giving light nod, which she returned with a bow.

With the Khan’s arrival, the rite commenced as priests ascended the stage, deep drums echoing 1 from beneath the earth while fire braziers burned around the altar, sending white smoke coiling mountainside as commoners knelt far beyond the base.

The Khan stepped onto the altar as the priest chanted ancient incantations aloud.

“The Oracle returns to the mountain, hear our prayers, divine gods.

“Sacred blood bathes the earth, pure winds clear the path.”

Taking the sacrificial blade, the Khan made a light incision across a white ox’s forehead, fresh blood dripping into bowl and blooming into dark crimson before the priest turned toward Elowen louder.

drumbeats

Elowen groused, stepping toward the altar as the wind fluttered her sleeves, drawing every eye to his eyes, their gazes crossing briefly in midair while he pressed the silver clasp | the final signal to launch the strike.

Elowen maintained a calm demeanor, continuing forward without a pause.

From the altar, a sharp whistle pierced the air from the mountain base, frightening a flock of birds from the western woods.

The Royal Guard commander's face turned pale instantly, shouting, "Protect the Khan!"

As the words settled, clashing blades broke out outside the sanctuary as commoners scattered in ming panic, guard soldiers suddenly turning their weapons against the Royal Guard while fire arrows rained down from the forest onto the banners, igniting flames that plunged the grounds into chaos.

Someone let out a terrified shriek, "It's House Harrow!"

"Archduke Malkor has rebelled!"

"Protect the Khan! Protect the Khan!"

The Khan's expression darkened without a hint of panic as Valessa drew her blade to shield Flowira and Zachary, while House Harrow members in the western seats drew their weapons simultaneously in a pre-planned strike, sending court nobles fleeing in horror.

Original Love Reborn to Be His Duchess

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Chapter 832

Chapter 832 The True Bloodline reflected off flashing steel, plunging all of Oracle Peak into total mayhem.

At the edge of the altar, Elowen shifted sideways to dodge a stray arrow that grazed her shoulder, embedding itself deep into a wooden pillar. As horse hooves thundered down the trail as Malkor finally appeared, clad in full armor and trailed by heavy brow guards, their black battle flag billowing in the wind like a storm cloud as he stared silently by at the Khan atop the altar.

own at him coldly, the Khan remanarked. Malkor, you have rebelled after ulterall is horse to a halt. Malkor's eyes bonent with gloom. Trebelled because you back backed me into a tripping my military command, ruin my brothel, cutting off my wealth, and using this rite use Harrow into the dirt, so endurinnar any further dishonors my ancestors. es clet out a cold sneer. "You dare call those se fitity crimes at the brothel ancestral glory tlorly?"

ace darkened, "History is written by mene vrors, and after today. House Borealis cease cases to exist his throne belonged to House Harrow trorum the start!"

s blade toward the altar, he bellowed, the Khan! Crown Archduke Malkor as our newnew ruler diers roared in unison, their shouts shahup the sturounding forest.

e Archduke as our new ruler!"

Antoiduke as our new ruler!"

50s crashed over the grounds like fierce waves in noble knees to water while arrows fedled:fed spring to tice, splashing fresh blood onto stoacrst steps washed clean only yesterday.

sssword iult tight, the Khan faced dire odds with tinted guards on hand while Harrow troops wns is outer perimeter, pushing the situation near ana tareaking point.

Latestntiment, Malkor turned his gaze to Thomas Rottening his tone. "Thomas, come here.

enesh House Harrow's banner amidst deafening was arcs. Whomas remained motionless in witho dily at ts eyes, sending an unnerving chill through As kurora took not of feigned coldness.

dients pricerent.

www.wandodetic trow. Thomas bypassed Maikor entwey rustet serah toward Flower.

To seu are you doinar bowral home unbuckled a command token from tubig harden to Mirabehand Wonka na western trail-farmw guards 4pin there in phat are antung the altar and atc can t capital remtureement are leger were deduced me to court last night, and the secret vault's location has been handed to the Royal Guard."

Though spoken softly, his voice carried clearly enough for everyone nearby to hear.

Malkor froze on the spot as a dead silence blanketed the area, making even the snap of burning f sound sharp.

Staring at him in utter disbelief, Malkor gasped, "What did you say?"

Turning to face him, Thomas called out lightly, “Father, didn’t you always want to know what my n Aguna said before she died?”

Rage and suspicion tangled wildly in Malkor’s eyes.

Word by word, Thomas stated, “She said if I ever met you, there was no need to avenge her, for a m you would inevitably perish by his own unchecked ambition.”

Malkor’s face drained of color instantly, “Impossible! She would never say that!”

Veins bulging at his temples, Malkor unsheathed his blade and roared, “Traitor! I’ll butcher you!” as h charged forward on horseback.

Yet the instant he moved, a heavy, prolonged horn blast sounded from the northern slope, tearing aw cloak of stealth.

Armored troops surged out from both sides of the forest-not Harrow soldiers, but the Royal Guard ly in wait at the mountain base for this exact moment.

Malkor’s face shifted dramatically, “How could this be?”

Standing atop the altar, the Khan spoke in a voice devoid of warmth, “Did you truly believe I brought of this small guard to the rite, or that I cleared the mass graves merely for worship? Malkor, I’ve waited for your rebellion for a long time.”

A violent shock hit Malkor’s heart as he snapped his gaze to Thomas, who remained entirely composed.

Malkor finally grasped the bitter truth-from the brothel to the blind girl, the ceremony, and the troop transfers, every step was a trap, and while his son was genuine, his loyalty never belonged to him, driving him right into this ambush.

Eyes bloodshot as if dripping blood, Malkor spat, “You dare betray House Harrow!”

Awakening Love Reborn to Be His Duchess (Elowen Hale)

Chapter 833

Thomas’s gaze turned icy. “When did House Harrow ever accept me? Your advisors mistrusted ine, the brothel guards spied on me, and elders treated ine nierely as a convenient legitimate pawn: through these years, House Harrow never searched for my mother or me, so I owe you neither affection pot gratitude.”

“My mother raised me, and Samanthra saved my life,” Thomas stepped forward with a grim countenance. dropping all titles, “Malkor, your brothel destroyed my Samantha, so between us lies no fatherly bond, onl bitter hatred.”

Maikor knit his brows, “Who is Samantha?” In a flash of insight, he gasped, “You mean... that blind courtesan?”

Thomas stayed silent, offering an implicit confirmation.

The truth struck Malkor like a thunderbolt-both Thomas and Ronan were foolishly blinded by love- prompting him to laugh in wild rage, “Brilliant! Absolutely brilliant! I’ve been a romantic all my life, yet both my sons turned out to be mindless fools!”

Elowen remarked indifferently, “The Archduke speaks out of turn.”

Malkor snapped his glare onto her.

Standing amid fire and wind, Elowen maintained her composure, “Cherishing someone isn’t foolishness, whereas a lover like you lacks a single soul who genuinely cares for you-be it sons or concubines, who among them truly loves you?”

Malkor’s eyes bulged with rage, “Elowen! It was you!”

Elowen offered a faint smile, “Mind your tongue-I am the Oracle.”

Before her voice faded, the Royal Guard closed in from both sides, forcing Harrow troops into a chaotic defense as they realized they were the hunted prey, their paths blocked by the Royal Guard ahead and Valessa’s ambush behind.

A veteran commander, Malkor quickly rallied his men, shouting, “Hold the line! Storm the altar! Kill the Khan, and victory is ours today!”

Hearing his command, Harrow soldiers regrouped, dozens of personal guards raising shields against falling arrows to force their way toward the altar while the Royal Guard formed a defensive wall, blades clashing as blood streamed down the stone steps.

Mounted on his horse, Malkor glared at the altar, realizing/reaching the Khan through Valessa, Zachary, and the dense Royal Guard line was nearly impossible.

Shifting his gaze, his eyes settled on Elowen-she designed this trap, turned Thomas against him, and handed brothel ledgers to court, acting as Duchess of Duskmoor and sole heir to Ulana Ogu, meaning crushing her would inflict an unbearable toll on both realms even if he failed to gain the throne!

Malkor’s gaze turned deadly cold as he leveled his blade at Elowen, bellowing, “Kill that woman! Ten thousand gold pieces and a noble title to whoever brings me Elowen’s head!”

Cop 133 Troppet. Flames

Surred by the massive reward, bloodlust flared in the guards' eyes as they pivoted away from tom Khan and surged toward the eastern side of the altar where Elowen stood.

Drawing his short blade, Anson stepped in front of Elowen, shouting. 'Protect the Duchess!

Avenior guards closed ranks immediately while Elowen stood her ground without retreating, hang anticipated Malkor targeting her, knowing this rite served as a dead-end snare for him once he mobsized his troops.

The Royal Guard lay in ambush on both sides of the forest, while the rear mountain path was blocked by Valessa. Even with their superior numbers, not a single Harrow soldier would leave Oracle Peak alive to lay

Just as the Royal Guard prepared a flank attack, a muffled explosion boomed from beneath the ruined shrine, vibrating the altar and shaking dust from stone crevices.

Elowen's expression shifted drastically as flames roared from behind the shrine a second later, crashing through the roof while thick smoke billowed into the air as lamp oil hidden underground spread through dug channels, encircling the altar in fire within moments.

Simultaneously, several flagstones before the shrine were thrust open from below as over a dozen black-clad assassins burst out of hidden tunnels, taking everyone off guard with this secret trap beneath the desolate shrine.

The Khan's face darkened instantly while Valessa slashed down an incoming assassin, demanding, "Why is there a secret passage beneath the shrine?"

Malkor burst into loud laughter, "House Borealis neglecting Oracle Peak for years gave House Harrow plenty of convenience!"

Over a decade ago, the abandoned mountain's mass graves became House Harrow's dumping ground for bodies and illegal goods-transporting dead courtesans, silenced servants, and compromised slaves under cover of night.

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Chapter 834

Under the guise of restoring the abandoned shrine, House Harrow dug tunnels beneath its foundation i hoard weapons, lamp oil, and ledgers, leaving the path hidden once the peak fell into ruin.

Though Elowen cleared the trail and mass graves, time constraints prevented digging up the whole mountain, leaving Marker with this final trump card.

Charging onto the altar, the assassins immediately shattered water barrels, letting water drain away as flames spread rapidly toward the rear hall.

Rescued courtesans from the brothel were kept there to testify against House Harrow after the rite. but being blind, they cowered in the corner, terrified by the clashing steel and roaring fire.

“Save them!” Elowen commanded instantly.

Anson gasped, “My Lady, Harrow soldiers are charging-we must evacuate now!”

“They’re blind,” Elowen grabbed Anson’s arm, her voice steady, “If the fire sweeps over, they won’t even know where to run, and we didn’t save them just to watch them burn!”

With that, she turned toward the side hall, leaving Anson no choice but to follow with his men.

Snatching a bow and quiver, Flowira dashed out from behind Valessa.

Valessa’s face changed, “Flowira, get back!”

“Aunt Valessa, I’m going to help them!”

Flowira kept moving while Zachary stepped up, “Aunt Valessa, I’ll guard her.”

Valessa didn’t bother calling out whether he aimed to protect his sister or impress the Oracle, as they plunged into the smoke to pull the blind women out.

As heat intensified, a burning beam crashed down, prompting Elowen to shove a woman aside while coughing from the thick smoke.

Seizing the opening, an assassin swung his blade at Elowen’s back before Anson could turn, but an arrow pierced the assassin’s throat in the nick of time.

Lowering her bow, Flowira let out a breath, “Oracle, take them and go!”

“Alright.”

Elowen guided the women out of the flames, only to find Harrow guards surrounding the eastern altar while Bran and Avenlor troops were cut off below, leaving Anson forced backward against two foes, Flowira running low on arrows, and Zachary pinned down protecting the women.

Standing outside the firelight, Malkor gloated, “Elowen, you goaded Thomas into rebellion and foresaw my troop transfers, yet failed to realize this shrine belonged to me all along.”

Wiping soot from her face, Elowen maintained her calm, “Your years of scheming haven’t been entirely useless after all.”

auter Red Pentue in the Stake

Malkor sneered. “Boasting at death’s door won’t save you while your guards are trapped and Cassian lies bedridden in a coma—do you honestly expect to escape alive?”

Glancing back at the flames sealing her exit and assassins closing in, Elowen admitted she overlooked the secret passage, unable to uncover every secret Malkor built over decades within her few days in Kingsport even though she thought she had prepared for any situation. This could be her mistake.

Though Anson could carve a path to escort her out alone, abandoning the blind women and fleeing commoners meant leaving them to perish in the flames.

Malkor raised his hand, “Kill her!”

From nearby, a clear voice barked, “Stop!”

It was Flowira’s voice, and looking over, two guards from Valessa’s manor emerged from the stone gallery holding a hostage.

Ronan.

Valessa had brought him to Oracle Peak beforehand to prevent Malkor from raiding her manor while it was left vulnerable, intending to use him as a witness against the brothel if needed.

Just moments ago, having loosed every arrow from her bow, Flowira slipped off into the rear stone chamber amid the chaos. Hauling Ronan out now was her move to force Malkor into retreat.

Flowira had her guards push Ronan onto the altar, where the firelight revealed Malkor standing below the mountain path.

“Father!” Ronan took a step forward, his chains clanking loudly.

Spotting him, Malkor's grip on his blade faltered for a second.

Clamping a hand onto Ronan's shoulder, Flowira held a dagger against his neck, shouting, "Malkor, order your men to stand down!"

Awakening Love Reborn to Be His Duchess

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Chapter 835

Malkor narrowed his eyes.

Flowira pressed on. "Advance another step toward the altar, and I'll end him!"

Ronan felt the cold blade pressed against his neck yet refrained from struggling, confident Malkor would save him since he valued his lineage above all and swore he was his sole heir.

Mountain winds whipped black battle flags as Malkor stared at Ronan in prolonged silence.

Flowira pressed the dagger slightly deeper, drawing a thin line of blood on Ronan's neck.

"Withdraw your forces!" she barked, "Or I'll end House Harrow's bloodline right now!"

Malkor's face turned stern, but his eyes drifted past Ronan to rest on Thomas beside Elowen-Aguna's legitimate son carrying the purest Harrow blood-whom he refused to give up even though he'd betrayed him, believing he could tame him once recaptured.

Hesitation evaporated from Malkor's gaze as he declared, "Ronan, you are a son of House Harrow, and a Harrow man never surrenders as a woman's hostage."

The certainty on Ronan's face froze while Flowira gasped in surprise.

Raising his curved blade toward Thomas, Malkor commanded coldly, "Reclaim Thomas! Execute Elowen!"

Color drained from Ronan's face, "Father..."

Ignoring him, a general beside Malkor hesitated, "My Lord, Heir Ronan is still on the altar-if we loose arrows..."

Malkor cut him off harshly, “I said, loose arrows!”

Dreading further wrath, the archers formed ranks and drew their bows, arrowheads gleaming cold in the firelight.

Ronan stared blankly at Malkor standing below the mountain path. How could he not understand now? Between a legitimate son born to a wedded wife and a b*stard, Malkor had made his choice regarding who mattered more.

So-called fatherly affection was built entirely on being “the sole option.” Once he was no longer the only one, he became nothing at all.

Ronan suddenly felt an overwhelming sense of irony. For Malkor’s sake, he had abandoned Flowira. To claim the title of the Archduke’s heir, he had feigned amnesia, pushing away the girl who loved him most.

He believed he had chosen power, a father, and a future that no one could ever strip away. Yet now, Flowira no longer wanted him, and his father had cast him aside as well.

Everything he had painstakingly pursued crumbled into absolute nothingness in a matter of a few short days.

“Loose arrows!” Malkor barked the order sternly.

Chapter 835 Sacrificial Shield

A shower of arrows surged into the sky all at once.

Anson’s expression shifted violently as he shouted, “Get down!”

Flowira instinctively yanked Ronan backward. Surrounding guards surged forward, raising their shields to intercept the volley. Arrows slammed against the wooden shields in a dense clattering metallic shower. Yet the altar was already plunged into chaos by the spreading flames, leaving very few guards able to raise their shields in time.

A stray arrow slipped through a narrow gap between the shields, flying straight toward Flowira, who was turning her head back toward Elowen’s direction, completely oblivious to the cold gleam closing in behind her.

Yet Ronan caught sight of it. In that split second, time seemed to grind to a halt.

He saw the arrowhead aimed right at Flowira’s back, and saw her side profile illuminated by the flickering firelight.

His mind flashed back to many years ago, when the very first snow fell upon Kingsport. Flowira stood outside the palace gates, holding a warm sack of roasted chestnuts, running toward him with a bright smile.

She had said, “Ronan, why are you waiting for me here again?”

Back then, he hadn’t even dared to look her in the eye, merely lowering his voice to say, “Careful, Your Highness, the snowy path is slippery.”

Later on, she told him that once they were married, he was forbidden from calling her “Your Highness” and had to call her Flo instead. He had believed he would have endless opportunities throughout his life to call her by that name.

But in the end, he had destroyed every single one of those chances with his own hands.

His body reacted faster than his mind. Ronan violently wrenched his hand free from Flowira’s grip, whirling around to wrap her tightly into his arms. The arrowhead pierced deep into flesh with a dull, sickening thud.

Flowira’s body went rigid. She heard a muffled groan escape Ronan’s throat as his weight slumped heavily against her.

Flowira instinctively reached out to brace him. Only then did she see clearly that a long arrow had driven deep into his back, its tip protruding through his chest, fresh blood rapidly soaking his robes red.

Flowira froze in shock. Earth-shattering battle cries still roared all around them, yet it was as though she had gone entirely deaf to the world.

Ronan collapsed into her arms. That face she was once so intimately familiar with was draining of blood bit by bit.

“You...” Flowira’s lips quivered, yet no words would come to her.

Ronan struggled to lift his eyelids. Flowira before his eyes appeared somewhat blurred, yet he could still clearly see that her eyes were rimmed red with tears. A sudden wave of deep contentment washed over him.

At the very least, in the end, she was finally willing to look at him once more.

“Flo...”

Awakening Love: Reboin to Be His Duchess