Awakening Love Reborn to Be His Duchess

Chapter 846

Elowen blinked in mild confusion. Did I truly command such grand power?

Glancing at her sideways, Cassian asked, “Shall we depart?”

Elowen gave a soft nod, “Let’s go.”

The two settled back into the carriage, its window half-open as mountain winds fluttered the curtains the lake slowly dissolved into the distance.

Cassian asked with quiet amusement, “If they address you as Young Lady, does that make Poppy the I Young Lady?”

Elowen nodded, “Indeed, and Phoenix is the Little Master, since my brother was the Young Master bef him.”

Cassian broke into a low chuckle. Pausing for a beat as a thought struck him, he asked, “Back in Nordia did Flowira dodge that hidden crossbow bolt beforehand?”

Turning to face him with absolute gravity, Elowen asked with an air of mystery, “Cassian, do you believ person can live life a second time?”

Cassian answered without a fraction of hesitation, “I do.”

Tilting her head, Elowen asked, “You don’t ask why?”

“If you ask, it means it is real.”

Blinking her eyes, Elowen finally adopted a solemn expression, drawing a deep breath before stating, “I d once before.”

Cassian’s expression turned grave.

“In my past life, I married Alaric, believing that growing up together meant he would respect our bond ev without love. Yet he despised me, loathed me, and discarded me. I suffered terribly in the Crown Prince’s Wing–no physician was called when I fell ill, and no one spoke up when I endured grievances.

“He and his secondary consort, Daphne, deliberately abandoned me at Duskmoor Manor, intending for m to walk all the way back. Only you treated me with warmth, arranging a carriage for my return and even offering to share a meal with me.”

Listening to her words, the light in Cassian's eyes turned chillingly cold.

Elowen felt little sorrow now, for those days belonged to the past, and true love had healed every wound.

She pressed on, "Grandmother's soul fragment was preserved inside the Oracle's golden seal, allowing me to return to the day of the engagement banquet. When the Emperor asked whom I wished to marry. I refused Alaric, declaring instead that I wished to marry you."

At this point, a blush touched her cheeks, "So when I first married you, it wasn't out of affection, but simply because I refused to repeat my past tragedy. I reasoned that since you treated me well previously, staying by your side in this life would grant me sanctuary."

Cassian fell silent for a long moment.

Peering at him, Elowen asked, "Cassian, are you upset?"

Shaking his head, he replied, "I'm not upset; I'm simply thinking that you dread pain so terribly so th days in the Crown Prince's Wing must have been agonizingly bitter."

Elowen blinked in surprise-she had assumed Cassian would mind her past marriage to Alaric or that initial choice wasn't born of love, yet he merely grieved over her past suffering.

Elowen broke into a warm smile, "It's all in the past now-looking back, I can barely recall the pain or bitterness."

Yet Cassian's expression remained stern as he gently caressed her hand, "Ella, if only your grandmothe chosen me to return to the past instead."

Tilting her head, Elowen asked, "You?"

Cassian offered an affirmative hum, "Had I been reborn, you wouldn't have suffered a single drop of pai would have found you before you ever met Alaric, ensuring he never drew near you, while every soul in Vanelle who dared mistreat you or harm you in the Crown Prince's Wing would be erased before reachi your sight."

His tone stayed eerily calm, "Had it been my second chance, you would only need to wait to marry me, leaving everything else for me to resolve."

That evening, the old Wynne Estate buzzed with lively celebration as Elowen's two uncles returned.

Noah began by scolding them for their years of absence, before downing a few cups of wine and sharing emotional words with eyes rimmed red.

By the time the feast dispersed, late night had fallen, and exhausted from the journey, Elowen drifted off sleep shortly after returning to her room.

Lying beside her, Cassian gazed at her beneath the moonlight streaming through the window, her words in the carriage echoing repeatedly in his mind.

Closing his eyes, dark murderous intent lingered unyielding in his chest; if he could truly return... he woul forge Elowen's life pure and stainless from the very start, sparing her from agony or betrayal before recognizing true love, allowing her simply to be Elowen-a girl cherished in palm and raised in peaceful joy.

As the night deepened, a subtle flicker of golden light suddenly rippled across the seal resting on the desk.

Unseeing, Cassian closed his eyes and sank into deep slumber.

Upon seves again, Cassian reached out instinctively to embrace the person beside him, only to sian realized he lay not upon the soft bedding of the Wynne Estate, but on a patient surrounded by battle maps, armor, and a blood-stained longsword on the desk-his command tent.

Reacting instantly, Cassian barked, "Bran!"

Pushing aside the tent flap, Bran poked his head inside, "My Lord, you're awake?"

Cassian motioned, "Get in here."

Bran complied dutifully.