Awakening Love Reborn to Be His Duchess

Chapter 847

Duchess

Staring at him, Cassian demanded, “What is today’s date?”

Pausing in momentary confusion over the sudden query, Bran faithfully reported the exact month and year!

Closing his eyes, Cassian realized he had truly returned to three years ago.

Victory had been claimed in the Northern Reaches, with the army marching home today; before depar camp, he was destined to suffer an ambush orchestrated by House Baker, struck by a poisoned arrow w Bran and his men would barely rescue him, leaving him in a prolonged coma while the Emperor arran an engagement banquet where Elowen would choose her groom.

Unsure if Elowen possessed her past memories or whether she would choose him, Cassian knew only or thing-he had to return immediately.

Throwing off the blanket, Cassian stepped straight out of bed.

Startled, Bran gasped, “My Lord, where are you going?”

“Second Left Garrison.”

Bran’s expression shifted, knowing the Second Left Garrison was House Baker’s faction embedded within the army.

Grasping his longsword, Cassian ordered, “Gather our men.”

Though baffled, Bran asked no further questions.

Moments later, Cassian stormed straight into the Second Left Garrison leading a dozen personal guards.

Inside the tent, several commanders conferred in hushed tones, “Strike once the Duke clears North Valley!

“Are the poisoned arrows ready?”

“Rest assured, a single hit is beyond divine cure.”

Before the words settled, the flap was thrown open, and looking/up to see Cassian standing at the entrance, their voices vanished as color drained from their faces.

“D-Duke Cassian? What brings you here?”

Stepping inside, Cassian offered neither interrogation nor opportunity for defense.

As the leader started to rise, Cassian’s sword left its scabbard, a cold gleam slicing a red thread across his throat as he collapsed with a heavy crash.

The remaining conspirators froze in utter terror.

Flie blade, Cassian commanded. “Kneel. if you value your lives.”

ith loud thuds.

One stammered in fear, “My Lord... your servant knows not what to confess.”

Cassian lunged his sword forward, sending the man sprawling onto his rear, the cold blade resting fl against his neck without piercing skin.

Cassian’s icy voice sounded overhead, “Confess how much House Baker paid you, and how they commanded you to ambush me at North Valley.”

The commander’s pupils shrank in terror.

Sheathing his sword, Cassian took a step back as wetness rapidly bloomed across the man’s trousers.

Ste back in disgust, Cassian ordered, “Haul them away.”

earby in a daze, Bran waited until the traitors were dragged off before whispering, “My Lord ow?”

s blade, Cassian replied, “I had a dream.”

od speechless. That dream was unnervingly detailed.

day, the Northern army embarked smoothly without ambushes or poison, allowing Cassian to retu to Vanelle.

Emperor personally led the court outside the city gates to welcome the victorious army.

the victory banquet, the Emperor beamed with delight, praising him repeatedly, “In quelling the Northern Reaches, the Duke of Duskmoor holds supreme merit; speak/whatever reward you desire, and shall be granted.”

Every eye fixed upon Cassian, knowing military command, fiefs, or gold would readily be granted.

Rising to his feet, Cassian declared, “I seek no grand reward, but begs Your Majesty for a decree of marriag

The Emperor paused his wine cup, “A marriage?”

Cassian stated, “I request to wed Elowen of House Hale.”

Silence blanketed the hall; Elowen’s childhood bond with Crown Prince Alaric was common knowledge in Vanelle, and the Emperor had intended to unite them at the upcoming banquet, so no one anticipated the cold, distant Duke requesting her hand in public.

Stunned for a second, the Emperor’s expression turned strange, “Cassian, since when did you...”

Unmoved, Cassian declared, “Your servant has long held affection for the daughter of House Hale, and taking her as iny wife leaves me with zero regrets in this life.

Sensing the unyield well, granted.”

Bowing his nd weighing his military triumph. the Emperor conceded. Very

Your Majesty.”

Unable to watch any longer, Noah scolded, “Cassian, if you keep draining yourself, you’ll collapse before wakes.”

Tucking Elowen’s blanket, Cassian replied, “I won’t.”

Noah scoffed, “Do you think you’re made of iron?”

Cassian stated calmly, “Iron is hardly as sturdy as I am,” gazing down at Elowen with conviction, “I told EI that the Duke of Duskmoor is invincible.”

One sunny afternoon, Cassian sat by the bed reading a home letter from Avenlor, sharing news with Elo item by item-that spring arrived in Vanelle and flowers bloomed at Stillwater Court; that fris gave birth a son, earning grand imperial rewards; and that Silverloom Exchange prospered, prompting Scarlet to expand despite her pregnancy, while Draven worried daily and planned to hand duties to his cousin.

Cassian shared countless updates before pausing at the end, holding Elowen’s hand as he whispered/Ella three months have passed, and the children and I miss you dearly.”

His tone bore no anger, only yearning that could no longer be hidden after endless days of waiting.

Spring wind blew past the window, carrying an apricot blossom through the gap to land beside Elowen’s pillow.

Reaching out to brush the petal away, the fingers within Cassian’s palm twitched softly.

Cassian froze instantly, refraining from looking up immediately, having suffered countless illusions over three months-wind moving her sleeve, his touch shifting her fingers, or sheer longing faking movement- all ending in quiet disappointment.

Yet a second later, the hand moved again, gently squeezing his fingers in return.