Awakening Love Reborn to Be His Duchess

Chapter 850

Later, Avenlor established diplomatic ties with Nordia, yet this time Cassian and Elowen traveled south to settle conflict instead of heading north; seeing Elowen accompany Cassian, her two fighting uncles c a ceasefire and reconciled on the spot.

Elowen expressed a wish to visit Lake Azure, making Cassian realize that across every life, their steps inevitably returned to Falkriver-the carefree realm of her childhood-a truth that brought him imme joy as he readily agreed.

Arriving in Falkriver on a pleasant day, Elowen stood beside Lake Azure for a long moment, feeling as though she had walked this shore with the man beside her in a forgotten dream.

Breeze swept down from green mountains, rippling the clear lake water and fluttering her skirt.

Looking back upon her recent years-Cassian returning from war to request her hand before the Emper granting her Ember, healing her leg, and establishing Silverloom Exchange-her life felt as if it had bypassed a brutal winter to step directly into spring.

Turning her head suddenly, Elowen asked, “Cassian... are you hiding something from me?”

Raising an eyebrow, Cassian asked, “Why do you ask?”

Narrowing her eyes, Elowen pressed, “You know my favorite dishes, knew I longed for Ember, knew Hugh Dray could heal my leg, and met Finn and Scarlet beforehand. At times I feel you know me better than I know myself.”

Making a bold guess, she added, “Cassian, did you stalk and spy on me in the past?”

Cassian broke into a low laugh, “I’m hardly that twisted.”

Still skeptical, Elowen asked, “Then how did you know?”

Before Cassian could reply, a servant jogged over from nearby, “My/Lady, my Lord, the two young masters have returned!”

Her attention caught instantly, Elowen gasped, “Uncles are back!”

Lifting her skirt, she hurried forward, pausing after a few steps to urge, “Cassian, hurry!”

Standing by the shores of Lake Azure, Cassian watched her wind-blown hair and vibrant, beaming smile, his heart turning entirely soft.

In this life, she endured no icy storms in the Crown Prince's Wing and suffered no death in despair-she knew nothing of her past agony, nor did she ever need to know.

Stepping toward her. Cassian called back, "Coming."

That evening, the Wynne Estate buzzed with lively feast once more; light-headed from a few cups of wine, Elowen wrapped her arms around Cassian's waist upon hitting the bed, drifting into peaceful slumber

Cassian suddenly heard clear bells chiming from afar, reminiscent of the golden bells under the shrine in Nordia, and opening his eyes, he spotted the golden seal beside the pillow, its fractured surface rippling with a faint dark-gold sheen.

Gazing at it for a long moment, Cassian leaned down to kiss Elowen's forehead.

Stirred by his movement, the person in his arms mumbled incoherently, "What is it?"

Holding her tighter, Cassian coaxed softly, "Nothing, sleep now, Ella."

Snuggling into his embrace, Elowen sank back into deep sleep.

With peace in his heart, Cassian closed his eyes as well.

Outside the window, green mountains stood silent while lake waters flowed without a sound.

No matter how many times fate restarted, or who remembered first and found the other, they would inevitably walk into each other's arms.

Love was never a fluke brought by rebirth.

Rebirth simply granted him the chance to love her sooner.

(The End)

You're all caught up with Awakening Love Reborn to Be His Duchess.