Love's Unexpected Awakening Elowen's Choice novel Chapter 121

Chapter 121 He Was in Danger

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Duke of Falconcrest paused for a moment, his brow furrowing.

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A man who had seen his share of grand spectacles, he wasn't panicked, but he knew today's events reeked of conspiracy. He only hoped not to be dragged into it.

He looked to Elowen. "Duchess Elowen, what do you think?"

He was seeking her opinion.

But Elowen herself couldn't make up her mind right away.

If Cassian is truly meeting his beloved, I certainly shouldn't intrude.

But Daphne had deliberately made a scene. To accept this humiliation silently in front of everyone would only make her a laughingstock.

After a moment's thought, Elowen glanced at Bran and suddenly sensed something was

wrong.

Bran was Cassian's lieutenant. If Cassian were meeting a sweetheart, he would leave his most trusted man outside to stand guard.

Yet Cassian had sent Bran directly to find her.

He hadn't given any specific instructions. Or perhaps, in that moment, there hadn't been time. He could only dispatch Bran hastily.

This meant Cassian wasn't meeting a lover.

He was... in some kind of danger.

Realization dawned. Elowen's expression hardened, and she rose swiftly to her feet.

“What are you going to do?” Daphne’s voice piped up nearby. “You’re not actually going to see who the Duke is with, are you?”

Elowen turned her face towards her.

Daphne feigned a sigh of pity. “If I may say, Your Grace, you shouldn’t go. The Duke might be in high spirits right now...”

Smack!

A slap cut off all further words.

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Daphne shricked, her head snapping to the side

Elowen enunciated each word clearly. “Daphne. If I discover today’s events are connected to you, that you framed the Duke, we will settle all our grievances-old and new-together.”

With that, she took a deep breath and turned back to the Duke of Falconcrest. “Your Lordship, where is the west wing? Please, lead the way!”

The Duke of Falconcrest studied her expression “You truly mean to go?”

Based on his experience, the Duke of Duskmoor was likely indeed with another woman right

now.

Without a second thought, Elowen said, “Yes!”

The Duke of Falconcrest sighed inwardly. Duchess Elowen is still too young, insisting on seeking out her own heartache!

But since she insisted, she couldn't blame him later.

He sighed audibly, "Very well. Please follow me."

Elowen followed the Duke of Falconcrest towards the west wing.

Kaelan followed closely without pause.

Alaric remained where he stood, a slight frown on his brow as he watched Elowen's retreating figure.

He had heard their entire conversation clearly.

If Uncle Cassian is truly dallying with another woman today, and Elowen sees it with her own eyes, this could be a good thing.

Hasn't she always said marrying him was her own choice, that she's happy?

Once she sees him with another, she'll realize I am the best man in the world.

She'll regret not choosing me at that banquet.

With this thought, Alaric strode forward.

"Your Highness..." Daphne called to him.

Alaric paused briefly and looked back.

The slap from Elowen had left a vivid red handprint on Daphne's cheek. Strands of hair fell

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disheveled against her face, her eyes pleading. "Your Highness, my face hurts."

Alaric gave a perfunctory "Hmm." "Then get some rest."

He turned to go.

Daphne hurriedly grabbed his sleeve. “Your Highness, won’t you stay with me?”

Alaric frowned impatiently. “What use is my staying? I’m not a physician.”

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Not waiting for her to say more, he shook her of “Falconcrest Manor has a physician. Go ask for yourself.”

He left without a backward glance, heading unmistakably in the direction of the west wing where Elowen had gone.

Daphne was left alone, staring at her empty hand, feeling the sting on her cheek, and the hatred in her eyes surged like a raging tide.

Elowen.

Elowen.

Always Elowen!

Elsewhere-

On the way, Bran briefed Elowen on the day’s events. “As soon as His Grace finished his duties at the camp, he took a carriage here. At the side gate, a servant stopped him. He said you were waiting for him in the west wing.”

Elowen glanced sideways. “A servant?”

“Yes. He also knew about Lady Daphne falling into the pond and blaming it on you.”

Elowen frowned. So, that servant had been following us earlier.

She nodded. “Can you remember what he looked like?”

Bran nodded firmly. “If I see him again, I’ll recognize him instantly.”

Elowen gave him a look of trust and approval before turning to the Duke of Falconcrest, “Your Lordship, today’s matter is extraordinary, didn’t bring many people and am not overly familiar with your manor. I hope you can assign additional hands to help secure the estate. No one-guest or servant-is to enter or leave.”