

Love's Unexpected Awakening: Elowen's Choice Novel Chapter 31: Chapter 31 - Read Free English Romance Novel

Bed ? Chapter 31 They Share a Bed ? Having said that , Alaric brushed past Elowen and strode into the inner chamber . Inside , Cassian lay motionless on the bed . Since childhood , Alaric had revered this uncle , a respect that even surpassed what he felt for his own father , Theodric . Only now , with his uncle unconscious , did he dare to look at him so boldly . His gaze lingered on Cassian's face for a moment , then suddenly , he noticed something amiss with the bed . +20 Free Come On the inner side of the bed , next to his uncle , a small space was vacant , occupied by a pillow .

The bedsheet there bore faint creases . It was obvious someone had slept there . Alaric's heart gave a violent jolt . Could it be Elowen truly shares a bed with Uncle at night ? Elowen was about to follow him in when Bran and Cora approached . Seeing Cora's hesitant expression , Elowen guessed something had happened at the Manor . In no rush to enter , she signaled to Bran with her eyes . Understanding her meaning , Bran walked into the inner chamber . Weighed down by his thoughts , Alaric heard Bran's praise .

" Your Highness is truly filial , coming to pay your respects the moment you heard His Grace had regained consciousness . It's a pity he has not fully recovered ; he was only awake for a short while . " Preoccupied , Alaric showed no reaction to the compliment . Frowning , he abruptly asked , " Does Elowen sleep beside my uncle every day ? " Bran chuckled , somewhat amused , " What kind of question is that , Your Highness ? His Grace and Her Grace are lawfully wedded . Isn't it perfectly normal for them to share a bed ? " Alaric was half - convinced .

" But I just saw a bed set up in the adjacent room ... " " That was me , acting on my own . " Bran scratched his head . " I thought Her Grace might find His Grace an inconvenience . But she said marrying him was her heartfelt wish , and she could not be happier . " Heartfelt wish . Could not be happier . Those words scraped at Alaric's nerves . Bran eyed him . " However ... " Alaric's interest piqued . He lifted his eyes , expecting a turn in the story . 1/3 L 12:07 pm ppp . ** 20 Free Coins Chapter 31 They Share a Bed ?

Unexpectedly , Bran said earnestly , " Your Highness , you shouldn't have addressed Her Grace by her given name . You ought to show respect , calling her ' Aunt .' She is kind and gentle , and may not hold it against you , but if His Grace were to learn of it , he would surely be displeased . " Alaric gritted his teeth . " What ? Would Uncle actually take her side ? " if he recalled correctly , his uncle had a beloved woman in his heart - it certainly couldn't be Elowen . What man would favor a woman like her , who lacked grace and was full of schemes ?

This marriage was merely Elowen's doing , taking advantage of Cassian's coma and the King's guilt towards the Hales to force it through . Upon earning the truth , his uncle should despise her , should want her gone ! Yet Bran spoke with grave seriousness , " Your Highness , you have no idea ! His Grace treats Her Grace exceedingly well ! The first time he woke , he called for no one else he rested in her arms . They were most affectionate ! The second time , His Grace personally commanded that the entire household's stewardship be handed to her .

In my humble view , His Grace is deeply satisfied with his bride . He's not fully conscious yet , but once he is , he'll doubtless dote on her beyond measure ... " If anyone else had said this , Alaric would have dismissed it as lies meant to provoke him . But this was Bran . A fool , and blindly loyal to Cassian . He wouldn't lie . So it's true ? Uncle truly treats her well ? He doesn't loathe her ? He doesn't want her gone ? A complex storm of emotions raged inside Alaric , his face turning ashen . Bran continued speaking at length , but Alaric heard none of it .

He hardly remembered how he left the room . He only recalled seeing Elowen in the outer chamber , his expression cold and hard . Through clenched teeth , he warned , " Elowen , don't you dare regret this . " Refusing to look at her again , he turned and strode away without a backward glance . Elowen got barked at for no reason and honestly thought Alaric was out of his damn mind . She shrugged it off and turned back to Cora to resume their conversation . " You were saying , Vivian keeps complaining of headaches or that her things aren't packed , stubbornly refusing to leave ? Fine .

In a bit , take two guards over and stuff her straight into the carriage ... " Meanwhile , outside , Alaric headed for his carriage to return to the palace . Before he reached it , a slender , graceful figure approached . She moved with elegant steps , then curtsied before him . " Greetings , Your Highness . May you be well . " Her voice was sweet , her eyes limpid pools that seemed to hold a captivating hook . 2/3 12:07 pm Ppp Chapter 31 They Share a Bed ? +20 Free Coins She was undoubtedly a beauty .

Yet Alaric , Crown Prince of Avenlor , had seen countless beauties and encountered every ploy imaginable . He remained utterly unmoved , his face an impassive mask . For the first time , Vivian felt a flicker of doubt about her own charms . She bit her lower lip softly and dared to take a step forward . " Your Highness , a moment please ! " A touch of impatience colored Alaric's tone . " What is it ? " Vivian offered an ingratiating smile . I am the eldest daughter of General Aldric , and Duke of Duskmoor's cousin . " Alaric sneered , " You ? " Vivian faltered . " Pardon ?

" Alaric coldly tossed the words over his shoulder as he walked away . " You've been married before . Stop pretending to be an unmarried maiden . " 3/3 Cedella Cedella is a passionate storyteller known for her bold romantic and spicy novels that keep readers hooked from the very first chapter. With a flair for crafting emotionally intense plots and unforgettable characters, she blends love, desire, and drama into every story she writes. Cedella's storytelling style is immersive and addictive-perfect for fans of heated romances and heart-pounding twists.

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Chapter 32 A New Form of Stimulation Chapter 32 A New Form of Stimulation He turned and left without another word . Vivian felt as if a bucket of ice water had been dumped over her head . Her entire body went cold . +20 Free Coins After a long moment , she mustered the strength to chase after him . " Your Highness , I have something urgent to report . It concerns the Duchess of

Duskmoor ! " Alaric's foot was already on the carriage step . At those last three words , his movement froze mid - air . He turned his head , his gaze locking onto her . " The Duchess of Duskmoor ?

" His voice dropped low , edged with a possessiveness he probably didn't even notice . Vivian caught her breath . She'd gambled right ! Suppressing her frantic heartbeat , she drew closer . " Your Highness , please follow me . " A short while later , Alaric stood by the stable door , watching a boy in the distance . The lad wore a pained expression , reluctantly gathering armfuls of hay to feed the horses , muttering curses under his breath . " That boy ruined a rare , expensive quill , " Vivian explained in a hushed tone . " By rights , he should have been flogged to death .

But the Duchess took pity on him . She made an exception and kept him on . At first , I merely thought her kind - hearted . But after seeing Your Highness today , I realized her motives might not be so pure . This is serious . I didn't dare hide it from you . " With these words , Vivian neatly absolved herself of all responsibility . As she spoke , she sneaked a look at the Crown Prince's face . She figured he'd blow up and scold the Duchess of Duskmoor . That would at least vent some of her anger . To her surprise , he showed no anger .

Instead , a faint , knowing smile curved his lips , his eyes holding a glint of knowing pleasure , as if to say , " I knew it . " Vivian was stunned . Even as the Crown Prince departed , and even when Cora arrived with guards to bundle her into a carriage and send her away , she still couldn't fathom what that expression had meant . With the bangle snatched by Alaric , Elowen still needed to prepare a birthday gift for Maerwyn . However , after mid - month , having taken over the management of all Duskmoor Manor affairs , she was swamped from dawn till dusk .

There was no time for another outing . After some thought , she asked Edith for help with the selection . Edith had served in the palace . Her taste was a sure thing . Since witnessing Edith's formidable slap , Mira had become her fervent admirer and formally asked to learn from her . 1/3 12:08 pm ppp . +20 Free Coins Chapter 32 A New Form of Stimulation Elowen , understanding her maid's desire , arranged for her to accompany Edith . Edith had no objections , and Mira was thrilled . The day was particularly hot , so Elowen told them to wait until the sun had set before heading out .

She herself remained in the chamber , sorting through the account books . Bran entered with a washbasin and bowed . " Your Grace . " Elowen didn't look up at first . " Come to tend to Cassian again ? " Bran chuckled . Elowen was about to tell him to go ahead when a crucial memory struck her . Her head snapped up . " Wait ! " Last night , driven by curiosity about that prominence , she had tugged Cassian's robe aside . Later , overwhelmed by embarrassment , she had simply hidden under her own covers to sleep . She hadn't fixed his clothing !

Bran , knowing nothing of this , stopped and turned . " What is it , Your Grace ? " Elowen feigned calm . " The task of washing him might be better left to me . " Bran blinked . " You ? " He grew flustered . " Have I done something wrong ? " It's not that you did anything wrong ; it's that I did . She couldn't very well say that . Putting down her quill , she looked up . " You've done perfectly well . It's just ... I am his wife now . He is my husband . Such intimate matters are more fitting for me to handle . " Bran protested , " That won't do ! You are the Duchess , a noble lady .

This chore is best left to a servant like me ! " Seeing she couldn't persuade him , Elowen grew increasingly anxious . But desperation breeds ingenuity . A sudden inspiration flashed in her mind Didn't the royal physician say that if Cassian received regular stimulation , it might help him

wake ? " " He did ... " " Think about it . You always wash him . He's grown accustomed to it ; it's no longer a stimulus . If I do it today , wouldn't that be a new form of stimulation ? " Bran's eyes widened slightly . " That's true ! How clever you are , Your Grace ! " Elowen forced a laugh .

" Ha , yeah . " The matter settled . Bran placed the basin and cloth on the bedside table . As he left , he very tactfully closed the door behind him . Silence descended upon the room . A nervous tension slowly seeped into every part of Elowen . She took several deep breaths , steeling herself , then stood and walked to Cassian's bedside 2/3 12:08 pm Ppp . Chapter 32 A New Form of Stimulation The basin and cloth were ready . Elowen knelt , dipping the cloth into the water and wringing it out . Clutching the damp cloth , she sat on the edge of the bed . The light had been dim last night .

After that one fleeting glance , she had whipped her head away . But the sight had been so arresting that the impression was seared into her memory . Now , up close , the memory flooded back . +20 Free Coins Elowen's cheeks burned . Her heart pounded like a war drum . With a trembling hand , she reached to pull back the covers over Cassian . Too timid to look , she squeezed her eyes shut , groping blindly . But seeing nothing meant she couldn't tell if the covers were pulled back or where exactly they were . She huffed and slit her eyes open to the thinnest line .

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Chapter 33 Awakening So she saw it anyway . It was daylight , and everything was painfully clear . Elowen was drowning in shame , stunned to her core . She muttered under her breath , " It ... it really won't burst ? " Before the words fully left her lips , she was startled by a low , hoarse chuckle . It sounded as if someone had been holding it back for a long , long time and finally failed . That voice ... Elowen's heart already knew the answer , but she didn't dare turn to confirm it . Shame consumed her .

+20 Free Coins From Cassian's perspective , the entire side of Elowen's face was flushed a deep crimson , the rosy hue spreading down her pale neck . If one glimpse scares her this bad , how's she going to handle the wedding night ? Not that he was faring much better . Being stared at like that , he felt like he might blow . He swallowed , his throat dry . " Thirsty , " he rasped . " ... I'll get you water . " Elowen scrambled to her feet , flustered , and hurried to the table to pour a cup . When she returned to the bedside , Cassian had propped himself up .

His clothing was now decently arranged , the covers drawn over him . The worst of Elowen's blush had receded somewhat . She silently handed him the cup . Cassian took it , his tone carefully

neutral . " Were you about to wash me ? " His voice gave nothing away .. Elowen clutched the damp cloth still in her hand , her eyes fixed on a point on the wall as she nodded . Cassian noted , " I recall Bran usually handles that . " A faint pink returned to Elowen's cheeks . " I discussed it with Bran , " she murmured . " The royal physician said you needed stimulation . That it might help you wake .

I thought if I did it , maybe it would work . " A lucky guess , but it did . Cassian inclined his head . " Thoughtful of you . " Elowen secretly let out a breath of relief . Cassian took a sip of water , then seemed to remember something . " But what's with my clothes ? " 1/3 12:08 pm ppp . Chapter 33 Awakening Elowen's face burned anew ! She wanted the or to open up and swallow her whole ! +20 Free Coins She wanted to pack her bags this instant and flee this manor , never to return ! But ... She remembered Cassian saying last time that he couldn't hear anything while unconscious .

That meant he'd had no awareness . Right . Inspiration , born of sheer desperation , struck . She bit her lip and flatly denied it . " I don't know . " She dared a quick glance at him . He was watching her , a thoughtful look in his eyes . Summoning every ounce of audacity , she ventured , " Could ... could it have been Bran ? " Cassian was stunned . Elowen adopted an expression of understanding . " Though it was rather rude of him , I'm sure he meant well , my lord . Perhaps it's best not to question him . It might ... make things awkward for everyone .

" Cassian studied her for a long moment . " You're exceptionally ... considerate . " Elowen forced a laugh . " Just ... just doing my duty . " She gathered her courage . " My lord , more water ? " She gestured to his cup . " Shall I fetch another ? " Cassian didn't call her bluff . He simply nodded . " Then , may I have your cup ? " As she spoke , Elowen took two steps closer . He was sitting up , holding the cup in his lap , not offering it up . She had to lean in to take it . Cassian's gaze settled on her face . The proximity granted him a clearer view .

Her skin , usually pale and translucent like a peeled hard - boiled egg , was now flushed . A warm , thick blush , like the glow of dawn upon snow . Quite lovely . So he suddenly asked , " When I first woke , I thought I heard you say something about ... bursting ... " Elowen's fingers twitched . Cassian's lips quirked in a faint , teasing smile as he looked at her . " What did you mean ? " Elowen's shame returned tenfold . She flushed from head to toe , resembling a lobster tossed onto a fire . 2/3 12:08 pm ppp . Chapter 33 Awakening Cassian's smile grew more pronounced .

Even prettier +20 Free Coins This time , Elowen's mind went completely blank . No plausible explanation surfaced . She fumbled for words , her mouth opening and closing soundlessly . Cassian enjoyed the sight for a satisfyingly long moment before finally showing mercy . " Perhaps I misheard . " He placed the cup in her hand , his voice softening , gentle as one speaking to a child . " Go on , fetch some more water . " Elowen felt as if she'd been granted a pardon . She snatched the cup and practically fled .

While pouring the water , she pressed the cool back of her hand against her cheek , willing her temperature to drop . Returning to the bedside with the fresh cup , her eyes lingered on the washbasin on the floor . He still hadn't been washed ... " Have them bring hot water . I'm going to bathe , " Cassian said . " Alright , " Elowen agreed , relieved . She remembered something else . " Shall I send for the royal physician ? " Cassian shook his head . " Not yet . " Elowen frowned with concern . " What if you fall unconscious again ? " Cassian raised a brow . " That depends . Are you available ?

" " Me ... ? " " If you are free , you could assist me . If you're too busy , I suppose I'll have to manage alone . If you hear a crash , then you can call for help ." He made it sound so pitiful . Elowen's heart softened . She bit her lip . " Perhaps Bran and I could both assist you ? " 3/3 Cedella Cedella is a passionate storyteller known for her bold romantic and spicy novels that keep readers hooked from the very first chapter. With a flair for crafting emotionally intense plots and unforgettable characters, she blends love, desire, and drama into every story she writes.

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Chapter 34 The Bath +20 Free Coins Cassian replied , unhurried , " Didn't you just say that Bran was the one who secretly lifted my robe ? It seems he harbors inappropriate thoughts . No way I'm letting him help with the bath . Guess it'll be just you . Sorry to make you handle it alone . " Elowen froze . I brought this upon myself . I have no one to blame . " Go on , " Cassian urged gently , sitting on the edge of the bed . " Tell Bran to prepare hot water . " Elowen murmured a quiet assent and walked out slowly . Bran had been waiting just outside . He hurried forward at the sight of her .

" Your Grace , is the washing done ? I'll fetch the basin- " Elowen stopped him . " Prepare some hot water , please . Cassian's awake . " Bran stared , then his face broke into a wide , disbelieving grin . " Awake ? " Elowen nodded . " He says he wants a bath . " " Wonderful ! Wonderful ! " Overjoyed , Bran rushed off to carry out the order . Soon , he returned with servants hauling bucket after bucket of steaming water . They poured it into the large oak tub in the adjoining bathing chamber . Beaming , Bran darted to the bedside to speak with Cassian .

Elowen sat to the side , idly watching the commotion , when she heard Cassian's voice call , " My love . " It took her a moment to register . Then came the sound of wooden wheels rolling across the floor . Someone crooked a finger and rapped it , not too gently , on the table beside her . Elowen finally looked up . " ... My lord ? Is something wrong ? " Cassian sat in a wheelchair , his gaze level with hers . " I called for you . You didn't hear . " Belatedly , Elowen realized those calls of " my love " had been for her . " It's my first time being called that by someone else .

I'm not used to it yet . My apologies . " She meant it sincerely , which made Cassian's slight frown all the more puzzling . " By someone else , " he repeated , the words deliberate and slow . " Ah ... " Elowen began to explain , but Cassian let out a soft , humorless laugh . His deep eyes were unreadable . The sound sent a shiver down Elowen's spine . She lowered her gaze to the wheelchair beneath him . In her past life , Cassian had woken years later . When she'd seen him , he was in a wheelchair , his face haggard with pain . 1/3 12:08 pm ppp .

Chapter 34 The Bath +20 Free Coins Now , he had awoken much earlier . But why was he still confined to a chair ? " Let's go ," Cassian said . Bran pushed the wheelchair toward the bathing chamber . Elowen twisted her fingers together , then followed . The bath chamber was a small , square space . A large wooden tub stood in the center , now filled with steaming water that misted the air . A folding screen partitioned the room , providing a place to hang clothes and a modicum of privacy . Bran wheeled Cassian right up to the tub before bowing and leaving . Elowen entered a beat later .

Against the screen , she saw the clear silhouette of a man - tall , straight - backed , the line of his shoulders and neck speaking of lean strength . After a moment , Cassian turned his head . Even through the screen , his gaze felt tangible , settling heavily on Elowen . The pressure was immediate . " Not coming over ? " Cassian asked . " C - coming ... " Heart fluttering , Elowen steeled herself and walked around the screen . " Shall we start with the clothes ? " Cassian's voice was low , slightly hoarse , the words seeming to curl directly into her ear . A tingle ran down her spine .

Her heart skipped a beat . Truth was , this was Elowen's first time undressing a man . In her past life , married to Alaric , she had suffered years of cold neglect . Once , Alaric had come home unusually drunk . The Queen had been planning to take a second wife for him , a concubine . Elowen , desperate , had decided her only chance was to truly become his wife - to share his bed , hopefully bear his child . Her thinking had been simple then - a child might bind his heart to her , make her life more bearable . And that night , he was drunk . She had thought it the perfect opportunity .

In truth , she knew nothing of what to do . She only knew that husbands and wives entered their chambers together at night , removed their clothes , blew out the candles , and lay together until morning . Do that enough , and a child would come . 2/3 12:08 pm ppp . Chapter 34 The Bath That was the extent of her knowledge . So , she had slipped into Alaric's room . He lay on his back , eyes shut tight , a frown etched between his brows . Summoning all her courage , she had reached to unlace his tunic . The moment her fingers touched him , his eyes flew open .

Caught in the act , Elowen had blushed crimson . " I ... " She had meant to say something soft , to remind him they were husband and wife . But Alaric's gaze had been pure ice . Without a word , he had shoved her away with brutal force . +20 Free Coins Elowen had crashed to the floor , the rough stone scraping the skin from her palms . Tears of pain had sprung to her eyes , only to be burned away by his cruel words , exploding in her ears : " Disgusting ! Get out ! " Now , Elowen's fingers hovered over the fastenings of Cassian's belt . The memory , sharp and cold , made her hesitate .

She bit her lip . " My lord , would you find this ... disgusting ? " After all , they say you have a woman you love . 3/3 Cedella Cedella is a passionate storyteller known for her bold romantic and spicy novels that keep readers hooked from the very first chapter. With a flair for crafting emotionally intense plots and unforgettable characters, she blends love, desire, and drama into every story she writes. Cedella's storytelling style is immersive and addictive-perfect for fans of heated romances and heart-pounding twists.

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Chapter 35 Disgusting Chapter 35 Disgusting This position as Duchess of Duskmoor - Elowen had , in a way , seized it . Just as Alaric had found her desperate plea for marriage utterly disgusting , wouldn't Cassian feel the same ? Wouldn't he ? But Cassian didn't speak for a long moment . Elowen looked down , seeing his brow furrow , his expression turning cool . " Then leave ." A bleak chill settled in her heart . Of course . Disgusting . She withdrew her hand . " Then ... I'll leave you alone ... " Cassian's voice was flat .

" I can manage ." Elowen remembered her father and brother after their severe injuries . They hadn't wanted help either . A broken left arm ? They'd use their teeth to help the right hand dress . A shattered right leg ? They'd hop on the left . She understood Cassian's pride . Still , she whispered , " I ... I'll just sit by the screen . If you need anything , just call ." Cassian gave a noncommittal grunt . Elowen walked over , fetched a small stool , and sat down . From behind the screen came the soft rustle of fabric - Cassian removing his clothes .

The wheelchair creaked , then came the sound of water sloshing as he presumably hoisted himself into the tub . Elowen didn't turn her head , but her cheeks remained warm . Her mind wandered . When will he ask for an annulment ? Once the woman he loves is willing to marry him , I suppose . Once that happens , without the protection of Duskmoor Manor , I'll need a new plan On the other side of the screen , Cassian sat in the bath , his gaze fixed on the screen . The light from the oil lamp cast a faint , diffused glow , outlining Elowen's silhouette .

She sat on the little stool , elbows on her knees , chin propped in her hands . She looked like a small creature in a new place , instinctively curling into a corner . She hadn't moved for a long time , lost in thought . His mind returned to her earlier words . Disgusting . +20 Free Coins 1/3 12:08 pm PPP Chapter 35 Disgusting Did she find him disgusting ? Or was it the act between husband and wife itself ? Would she feel the same revulsion if it were Alaric ? A frown creased Cassian's brow . He closed his eyes . Elowen rested her head in her hands , unaware of how much time had passed .

The room's temperature had dropped noticeably , yet there was no sound from behind the screen . " My lord ? " she called out tentatively . From beyond the screen , Cassian leaned against the tub's edge , unmoving , unresponsive . A sudden , cold dread shot through Elowen . Did something happen to him ? She leapt to her feet . Water had spilled onto the floor by the tub . She saw it , but her steps were too hurried , her injured knee unsteady . As she neared the tub , her foot slipped . She lost her balance , pitching forward . " Ah- ! " +20 Free Coins A gasp escaped her .

She braced for a painful impact with the hard wooden edge . She instinctively squeezed her eyes shut , but heard a loud splash instead . A wave of cool , damp air washed over her . A strong hand shot out , gripping her arm firmly . Instead of crashing into the tub , she tumbled into a wet , hard embrace . Her heart hammered . Her lashes fluttered as she prepared to open her eyes and stammer her thanks . But a broad , calloused palm gently covered them before she could . Cassian's voice came from above , close . " I'm not dressed . Keep your eyes closed . " He had acted swiftly .

Elowen saw nothing . Somehow , this made her even more flustered than if she had . " Alright ... " she breathed . Cassian's palm remained over her eyes . He could feel the frantic fluttering of her lashes against his skin , a light , ticklish sensation . He glanced down at himself beneath the water . His throat moved as he swallowed . " ... Wait for me outside . " Elowen hesitated . " Leave you here alone ? " Getting out of the tub , drying , dressing ... with his legs impaired , it would be a struggle . " I'm not an invalid , " Cassian stated , his words clipped .

2/3 12:08 pm PPP Chapter 35 Disgusting +20 Free Coins Elowen froze . Her brother had lost his left arm in a skirmish . Afterwards , both at home and in the barracks , everyone tried to stop him from doing things , urging him to rest . Young then , Elowen hadn't understood why her brother was always so unhappy . Isn't it nice not have to work ? Now , she suddenly understood . He had been unhappy because they treated him like an " invalid . " She said nothing more , simply murmured a quiet , " Alright , " and prepared to leave .

She lifted her hand , intending to grasp the rim of the tub to steady herself. But blinded , her fingers landed on Cassian's arm instead . He was well - built . Even after his long slumber , his muscles remained firm . Her hand closed over the hard swell of his bicep , taut from the effort of holding her . Her heart gave a violent , sudden leap . Once outside the bathing chamber , the memory of that touch lingered in her palm . It was embarrassing to admit , but ... it had felt rather nice . She sat in a chair , staring down at her hand , her ears still burning .

Not long after , she heard the sound of wooden wheels . Turning , she saw Cassian emerge , fully dressed and seated in his wheelchair . His face was devastatingly handsome , yet utterly expressionless , his features as sharp and cold as a honed blade . 3/3 Cedella Cedella is a passionate storyteller known for her bold romantic and spicy novels that keep readers hooked from the very first chapter. With a flair for crafting emotionally intense plots and unforgettable characters, she blends love, desire, and drama into every story she writes.

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Chapter 36 A Feast His hair was still damp , barely toweled , hanging loose over his shoulders , droplets tracing paths down his neck . The moisture on his face lent his sharp features a hint of softness . Elowen looked at him , then remembered the feel of the muscle in his arm . +20 Free Coins She couldn't understand it . A man like Cassian - noble , handsome , with a physique like that - how could any woman not want him ? Does he have some terrible secret ? An unspeakable quirk ? " What are you thinking ? " Cassian's gaze settled on her face .

Elowen could hardly say , " I'm wondering if you have a bizarre fetish . " She offered a gentle smile instead . " I was thinking if you're hungry . Would you like something to eat ? " Surely , a meal

couldn't be considered " disgusting . " Cassian recalled the conversations he'd overheard while unconscious . Her cooking , it seemed , was exceptional . He didn't refuse . " Yes . " " Do you have any favorites ? Or anything you don't eat ? " Elowen asked , considerate as always . " I'm easy . You decide , " Cassian said . " Alright . " She nodded and left the room .

Bran , who had been waiting outside , entered to take her place . Cassian wore only a thin layer of underclothes . Bran fetched a heavier tunic and began helping him dress . " How has the Manor been these past days ? " Cassian asked , his voice measured . Bran , adjusting the garment , replied , " Everything's been running smoothly , Your Grace . Her Grace is truly clever ! Lady Marwen tried to play sick , holding onto the keys and account books . But Her Grace found a way . She had them back in no time . " Her Grace's got a good head on her shoulders and a kind heart .

She raised the monthly wages for the servants and kitchen hands . Even arranged for chilled pea soup for them every afternoon ... Lately , I hear folks whispering . They say since she arrived , life's gotten better . They call her the Manor's ' lucky star . " " Lucky star . A faint smile touched Cassian's lips . An interesting turn of phrase . " Oh , and word of your waking reached the palace . The Crown Prince was sent to visit , " Bran added . 1/3 12:08 pm ppp . Chapter 36 A Feast +20 Free Coins Cassian's head turned sharply . " The Crown Prince was here ? Who received him ?

" " Her Grace , of course . " Cassian's brow furrowed . " But she didn't give him an inch of ground , " Bran said , chuckling . He recounted the exchange between Elowen and Alaric from the other day . Cassian listened , his gaze deep and thoughtful . His fingers tapped a slow rhythm on the arm of his wheelchair . Bran leaned in . " His Highness stormed out , puffed up like a bull . I made sure to sing Her Grace's praises , said you like her and mean to treat her well . " Cassian raised a brow . " You've learned a thing or two over the years .

" Bran chuckled , " Sticking by your side , I had to pick up a trick or two . " Cassian acknowledged this with a slight nod , then changed the subject . " What of the army ? " Bran's smile vanished , replaced by a weary sigh . " Since you've been gone , the commanders can't agree on anything . Brawls among the ranks are common . And I've heard rumors that the clans to the north and west , hearing you're lying unconscious , are itching to make a move . " Cassian considered this for a moment . " Send word . A council of all commanding officers , three days from now , at the Northern Garrison .

Mandatory attendance . " " Yes , Your Grace ! " Not long after Bran finished helping him dress , Elowen returned , directing servants bearing trays of food . The rich , savory aroma reached Cassian even from across the room , The servants laid out the dishes . Elowen stood by , explaining , " These are spiced meatballs in broth . This is a ham hock and root vegetable stew . This is almond custard . And this , " she pointed to a small , creamy - looking dish , " is a sweetened walnut and honey paste . For after the meal , to cleanse the palate .

" Cassian sampled each one , his eyes growing progressively brighter with appreciation . It was , indeed , exquisite . No wonder her maid , Mira , was always raving about it . Cassian , a man of simple tastes , found himself taking several extra bites . He remembered hearing that Elowen learned to cook from her aunt , Isobel . He also recalled hearing that she used to send her best dishes to the Crown Prince's Wing . So Alaric had tasted these flavors long ago . Lucky bastard . 2/3 12:08 pm Ppp . Chapter 36 A Feast The thought made Cassian chew with a little more force .

" Oh , my lord , " Elowen remembered something . " Yes ? " Cassian didn't look up from his stew . +20 Free Coins " Princess Maerwyn's birthday is in three days . There will be a banquet at the

palace . The invitation arrived at the Manor some time ago . You were still unconscious , so I took the liberty of accepting it ... " " You are the Duchess . Accepting invitations is part of your duties . There is no ' liberty ' involved . " Elowen relaxed slightly . " Will you be attending , then ? " Cassian took a sip of the warm broth .

" I have business that day ." Elowen's face fell , just a little . Cassian paused , then added , " But if I finish in time , I will join you as soon as I can . " 3/3 Cedella Cedella is a passionate storyteller known for her bold romantic and spicy novels that keep readers hooked from the very first chapter. With a flair for crafting emotionally intense plots and unforgettable characters, she blends love, desire, and drama into every story she writes. Cedella's storytelling style is immersive and addictive-perfect for fans of heated romances and heart-pounding twists.

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Love's Unexpected Awakening: Elowen's Choice Novel Chapter 37: Chapter 37 - Read Free English Romance Novel

Chapter 37 Share a Meal Chapter 37 Share a Meal Elowen opened her mouth , then shut it . In her last life , something went down at Maerwyn's birthday banquet . Having lived through it once , Elowen had no desire to repeat the experience . Now that Cassian was awake , his presence by her side would make all the difference . But he had business that day . His business probably mattered way more than hers . That he tolerated her occupying the position of Duchess was generosity enough . To demand more would be to invite his annoyance - a lesson learned all too well from her marriage to Alaric .

So , she swallowed the words and simply nodded , her expression yielding . " Alright . " She turned to leave . " Wait . " Cassian's voice stopped her . Puzzled , she looked back . " Is a dish not to your liking ? " Cassian raised a brow . " Did you snack in the kitchen ? " Elowen blinked , then quickly denied it . " Of course not ! " +20 Free Coins A faint amusement touched his eyes . " Then you worked hard to prepare this feast , yet you stand there watching me eat ? Won't you join me ? " Elowen stared , taken aback . He's inviting me to eat with him . Alaric had never done such a thing .

Sometimes , in a foul mood , he'd return to his wing and snap at her , " What use are you as a wife if you can't even cook a proper meal ? " She'd rush to the kitchen . She'd memorized his preferences - his fondness for subtly sweet flavors , his aversion to overly spicy food that made him break out in rashes . If the meal displeased him , his mood would sour further . He might not speak to her for days . So every time she cooked for him , it was with trembling hands and meticulous care , often emerging from the kitchen sweaty and exhausted .

And while he ate , she would stand nearby , serving him refilling his plate , ladling his soup . " This ham is too salty ." 1/3 Chapter 37 Share a Meal " This stew is undercooked ." She'd listen intently , whispering apologies , " Got it . I'll do better next time . " They had never once shared a meal at the same table . And now , Cassian was inviting her to do just that . " It's dull eating alone . Join me

, " he said . Ah . Because it's dull . Elowen nodded , understanding that sentiment all too well . After her family was gone , she , too , had found meals lonely and tedious .

She sat down . From Cassian's vantage point , he saw her quiet profile . A Her gaze remained fixed on the dishes , her lashes lowered , effectively shielding whatever emotion lay beneath . She seemed preoccupied , but since she offered nothing , he didn't press . They ate the rest of the meal in a companionable , if silent , peace , the only sounds the soft clink of cutlery against porcelain . As they finished and dusk began to settle , Elowen sipped from a cup of water , a crucial realization suddenly dawning . Cassian is awake ! She had been sharing his bed all this time .

But now he was conscious ... While he was unconscious , it had been marginally acceptable . But now ... Elowen couldn't quite imagine it . Cassian watched her hold the cup without drinking , her face twisted between tangled and worried . Honestly , it was a sight . He thought for a moment , a smile tugging at his mouth . " Elowen . " Distracted , she looked up . " Y - yes ? " He asked , perfectly aware of the answer , " While I was unconscious , where did you sleep ? " A blush crept up her neck . " I ... slept beside you , " Cassian made a noncommittal sound . Elowen bit her lip .

" My lord , if you find that inappropriate , Bran set up a cot in the adjoining room . I can sleep there ... " Cassian shook his head . " You'll stay here . " +20 Free Coins 2/3 Chapter 37 Share a Meal Elowen blinked , her fingers tightening around the cup . Cassian , having bathed earlier , was already in bed when Elowen finished her own preparations . He sat propped against the headboard , a book in his right hand , fully focused . She approached slowly , stopping by the bedside . " My lord , I'm ... coming in . " Without looking up from his ledger , he murmured , " Take your time .

" Then , a fraction of a second later , his brow furrowed slightly . " I'm coming in . " " Take your time . " The exchange sounded utterly absurd out of context. He glanced at Elowen , but she showed no reaction . She simply removed her slippers , climbed carefully onto the bed , minding his legs , and slipped under her own covers on the inner side . She pulled the blanket up to her chin , leaving only her small face visible , framed by strands of hair that fell across her flushed cheeks . Suddenly , Cassian realized he couldn't focus on the book anymore .

But putting it down now might make her nervous ... " My lord .. " Elowen's soft voice broke the quiet . His gaze returned to her face . She seemed to wrestle with herself before gathering her courage . " Could I ... could I borrow two of your guards to accompany me to Princess Maerwyn's banquet ? " 3/3 Cedella Cedella is a passionate storyteller known for her bold romantic and spicy novels that keep readers hooked from the very first chapter. With a flair for crafting emotionally intense plots and unforgettable characters, she blends love, desire, and drama into every story she writes.

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Love's Unexpected Awakening: Elowen's Choice Novel Chapter 38: Chapter 38 - Read Free English Romance Novel

Chapter 38 The Princess ' Banquet Cassian frowned , an expression that looked almost like displeasure . Instinctively , Elowen shrank a little further under her blanket . If it doesn't work , then forget it ... it's really not- " " You don't need to tiptoe around me , " Cassian said . Elowen blinked , confused . " I entrusted the stewardship of this household to you . That means you have the authority to command its guards . There's no need to seek my permission for such things . Take as many as you wish , wherever you wish . Asking for approval over such minor matters understand ?

" makes it seem as if I'm keeping you under my thumb . " His gaze remained fixed on her . " Do you Elowen nodded slowly . " I understand . " Her voice was a soft promise . " My lord , you can rest assured . In public , I'll conduct myself with confidence . Even before the King , I'll speak of your trust and generosity ." Cassian felt his jaw tighten slightly . I don't think she fully grasps it . But Elowen was already succumbing to exhaustion . A yawn escaped her , her words growing faint . " Oh , and don't worry - the gift for Princess Maerwyn is ready .

I'll present it in Duskmoor Manor's name ... " Her sentence trailed off as sleep claimed her . It was no wonder . She had been busy all day . Cassian didn't disturb her . He set his book aside and , with a wave of his hand , extinguished the bedside candle . News of Cassian's recovery wasn't widely broadcast , kept even from the residents of Rose Hall . For the next two days , Elowen prepared him two elaborate , nourishing meals daily , along with medicinal broths . The care paid off .

By the third day , the color had returned to Cassian's face , and some strength seemed to have seeped back into his frame . Soon , Maerwyn's birthday arrived . Before leaving , Elowen gave Cassian final instructions . " Drink this broth before you leave , my lord . It might rain later , so take the oiled canvas cloak . " Cassian nodded . " Alright . " Elowen thought for a moment , then added , " If there are any special delicacies at the banquet , I'll bring some back for you . " Something in Cassian's chest softened . " ... Alright .

" Elowen departed , 1/3 +20 Free Coins Chapter 38 The Princess ' Banquet Nervousness still fluttered within her , but the sight of the two guards - handpicked by Cassian for her protection - eased it somewhat . She settled into the carriage bound for the palace . As the carriage approached the palace gates , the sounds of a bustling crowd filtered through the curtains . Maerwyn , beloved by the King and Queen , was celebrating not just her birthday , but her formal debut into society . The guest list included royals , high nobles , and powerful officials .

Rumor had it all , but the central ceremonial gate was open to accommodate the influx . The Duskmoor carriage approached the southwestern gate , already a scene of congested activity . The gate could only admit one carriage at a time , leading to a long , slow - moving queue . Elowen peered out and instructed the coachman , " We have time . No need to rush or jostle . Just follow the line . " To the guards , she said , " Only intervene if absolutely necessary . " She didn't want to give anyone reason to accuse them of throwing their weight around .

Cassian already held immense power and faced no shortage of envious, plotting enemies. She had no wish to put them back in the crosshairs. The summer heat was oppressive. Even the well-ventilated, high-quality carriage grew stuffy after a while. Fine beads of sweat formed on Elowen's nose and brow. She said nothing, simply fanning herself with her hand. Finally, the carriage lurched forward - their turn to enter. They were halfway through the gate when the coachman outside let out a sharp, "Whoa!" The carriage jerked to a sudden halt.

Unprepared, Elowen was thrown forward, her forehead striking the wooden frame with a dull thud. "What happened?" she asked, rubbing her temple. "Your Grace!" the coachman called back, indignation clear in his voice. "Someone cut the line!" Elowen heard his heated exchange. "Can't you see we're already moving? Charging in like that - if I hadn't reined in, we'd have collided and blocked the whole path!" A haughty, dismissive voice retorted, "The road is for everyone! Your carriage was crawling. Don't blame us for your sluggishness."

"If everyone moved at your pace, we'd be here till midnight!" Elowen pushed the carriage door open and stepped out, slightly taken aback. She recognized the other carriage's design. It belonged to the Garrett family. The head of the Garrett family now was Galen Garrett. Once a low-born advisor to her father, he'd been steadily promoted under her father's patronage. After her father's death, Galen had been appointed Lord Chancellor, a position of significant influence with the King.

2/3 Chapter 38 The Princess' Banquet The Garrett family's star had risen swiftly in Vanelle's social circles. The door of the Garrett carriage opened as well. Elowen found herself looking at a face she knew all too well. Daphne Garrett - Galen's second daughter, a year older than Elowen. +20 Free Coins In the past, Daphne had often trailed behind Elowen, calling her "Lady Elowen." When Elowen sneaked out to wander the markets with Alaric, it was Daphne who covered for her.

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Chapter 39 The Gate +20 Free Coins Now, they stood on equal footing - no, the Garretts had the advantage. Their family thrived, their influence growing with the King's favor, while Elowen's father and brothers were moldering in their graves, their names fading from memory with each passing year. In her past life, it was Daphne who had entered the Crown Prince's Wing as Alaric's concubine. Her fortune had far outstripped Elowen's. Daphne had shared his bed on their wedding night. Whispers among the servants spoke of Alaric calling for a bath twice, a sign of his ardent favor.

Elowen, thinking their long friendship would provide companionship and support, had been naively hopeful. But Daphne, while addressing Elowen with a veneer of respect, had acted very differently. Because of her, the rift between Elowen and Alaric had widened into a chasm. The servants of the Wing, sensing the shift in power, had gravitated towards Daphne, gradually

ignoring Elowen until , at times , she couldn't even get a cup of water . Now seeing Elowen , Daphne lifted a brow , crimson lips curving . " Elowen . What a surprise . It's been an age .

" Elowen's fingers tightened instinctively , her face paling slightly . Daphne noted her pallor but attributed it to the hardships of being wed to a crippled duke . She didn't dwell on it . With a light laugh , she added , " Now , be a dear and have your coachman back up . I need to go first . " Under normal circumstances , Elowen might have yielded . It was a minor delay . But not today . Not just because of the past hurts , but because now she represented the honor of both Duskmoor Manor and Hale Manor . Her expression remained placid . " There is an order to things .

My carriage has been waiting for its turn . Yours arrived later . Why should you take my place ? " A flicker of annoyance crossed Daphne's face . Their standoff blocked the gate , drawing impatient mutters from the carriages behind . " How much longer ? " " Why have we stopped ? " " What's the hold - up ? " A figure with a notoriously short temper jumped down from his carriage and strode forward . " What the hell is going on here ? " Elowen recognized him - Piers Leofric , only son of the Duke of Falconcrest . Duke of Falconcrest's military honors rivaled the Hales ' .

He still served in court and held real power . Piers , the pampered only heir , feared nothing and no one , not even the Crown Prince himself . 1/2 +20 Free Com Chapter 39 The Gate Rumor had it that the only person who'd ever bested him was Cassian , the details of that encounter being murky . The young man , barely twenty with handsome , stormy features , glared at them . " There's a damn line ! Either move or get out of the way ! " Daphne bit her lip , turning to Elowen with a performative sigh . " Elowen , I know you're upset with me , but look at all these people waiting .

Love's Unexpected Awakening: Elowen's Choice Novel Chapter 40: Chapter 40 - Read Free English Romance Novel

Chapter 40 The Truth Prevails Chapter 40 The Truth Prevails Don't trouble the Crown Prince . Don't anger the Crown Prince . In her past life , that mantra had made Elowen swallow every insult , bury every grievance . But not anymore . +20 Free Coins Piers was looking at Daphne with a mix of pity and frustration . " You're too soft ! That's why people walk all over you ! Just leave this to- " Daphne , " Elowen's voice cut through , clear and cold . " Are you absolutely certain you were here first , and I cut in ? " Daphne faltered , surprised by the direct challenge . Piers whirled on Elowen .

" Why would she lie ? " " And why are you so sure she wouldn't ? " Elowen retorted . " Did you see it happen ? " Piers was stumped . He'd been too far back in the throng to see the initial sequence . " Elowen , really , it's fine , " Daphne interjected hastily , adopting a conciliatory tone . " You go ahead . It doesn't matter . Let's just forget this whole thing " She made to retreat into her carriage , signaling her coachman to leave . " Stop ! " Elowen's voice rang out , sharper this time . " You don't get to sling mud and just walk away !

" The two Duskmoor guards , alert to her tone , moved swiftly to block the Garrett carriage's path . Panic flickered in Daphne's eyes . " Elowen , please ... the Crown Prince- " " What of the Crown Prince ? " Elowen cut her off , her gaze icy . " I'm married to the Duke of Duskmoor . That makes me his elder . He should address me with respect . Am I to fear offending him ? Even if he were

here now , this matter would still need to be settled properly ! " Daphne stared , dumbfounded . Elowen has lost her mind . Didn't she adore the Crown Prince most ?

How can she risk his anger , risk being seen as an unruly shrew ? But the undeniable fact remained - Elowen was in the right . Flustered and fearful , Daphne turned tear - filled eyes to Piers , pleading silently for his continued defense . But Piers wasn't looking at her . Elowen's voice was crisp and unyielding . " I arrived first . I waited in line for at least fifteen minutes . The Garrett carriage arrived later 1/3 12:09 pm PPP . +20 Free Coins Chapter 40 The Truth Prevails and insisted on pushing ahead . " She gestured to her own face . " See ?

My face is flushed from the heat and the wait . Lady Daphne , however , looks perfectly composed , not a hair out of place . " Piers looked from Elowen's flushed , slightly sweaty brow to Daphne's immaculate appearance . The evidence was plain . " Furthermore , " Elowen continued , her words landing with deliberate weight , " the carriages behind mine are still here . The gate guards are right there . Lord Piers , why don't you ask them who cut in line ? " Murmurs rose from the crowd behind them . " That's right , the Duskmoor carriage was ahead , waiting properly !

" " It was definitely the Garrett carriage that pushed in ! " The comments reached Piers clearly . The anger drained from his face , replaced by chagrin and embarrassment . He couldn't meet Elowen's eyes . " I ... I was mistaken . My apologies . " To his credit , he admitted his error without hesitation . Elowen regarded him . " Then you know what must happen now ? " Piers blinked , genuinely confused . " What ? " " Earlier , " Elowen said , each word precise , " you accused me of cutting in and bullying . You demanded I apologize to her and wait until last . Now the truth is clear .

She is the one who cut the line and slandered me . Should she not apologize ? Should there not be consequences ? " A light dawned in Piers ' eyes . He smacked his thigh . " You're right ! " Upon hearing this , Daphne burst into tears . " Elowen , I was inside the carriage . I didn't see what happened . It was all the coachman's fault ..." Her delicate hand gestured towards the coachman . The man , understanding his role , immediately dropped to his knees , kowtowing on the cobblestones . Daphne's voice trembled with sobs . " Elowen , I can apologize . If you're still angry , I ...

I can kneel and beg your forgiveness too ... " A wave of sympathy rippled through some onlookers . " Come now , that's enough . " " She didn't mean it . No need to be so harsh . " " Just clear the air . She's just a gentlewoman . " " It's just a queue . A small thing . Look how upset she is ... " Elowen's brow furrowed . It wasn't so much anger she felt , but a weary recognition . This was the way of the world for so many - easy indifference until the trouble was their own . 2/3 12:09 pm ppp . Chapter 40 The Truth Prevails +20 Free Coins " Silence ! " Piers ' roar cut through the murmurs .

Everyone knew the Falconcrest heir's temperament . His status commanded respect , and his current fury ensured immediate compliance . The crowd fell quiet . Piers ' face was stern . " Since when do tears make you right ? Cutting in is cutting in . Slander is slander . If a few sobs could wipe the slate clean , why would the King bother with prisons ? A murderer could just cry and walk free ! " 3/3 Cedella Cedella is a passionate storyteller known for her bold romantic and spicy novels that keep readers hooked from the very first chapter.

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