

## K Lover 106

### Chapter 106: Was It You?

The Queen grumpily let them prepare her for the day, but it was pretty clear to anyone that she was in a foul mood. She would nitpick at the littlest of things, almost slapping Lily at some point. Lily had immediately realized what was about to happen and had kowtowed, begging the Queen.

"Your Majesty, the Crown Prince is already in the dining room. You don't want to keep him waiting," A lady drew her attention.

She scoffed and turned away from Lily. "Carry on. I dare not be late."

"Yes, my lady."

Lily sighed in relief. This time around, she didn't try to check for the necklaces again and left it to the ladies-in-waiting. Her crime had been not finding the jewelry the Queen preferred on time. Her mind wandered to Edna. The Queen hadn't said anything, and she hoped that would be the last of it.

When the Queen was done, they had her hair up and necklaces around her neck. Lily thought they looked heavy. She also had on bracelets and a royal ring. Her dress was just as flamboyant, wild, and big—it could rival any wedding dress.

Queen Violeta looked at herself in the mirror. Satisfied, she quickly made her way out of her bedchambers with her ladies-in-waiting, leaving the maids to clean up the room.

She slowly made her way to the dining room. Her son didn't even stir as she walked through the doors. Only Rylen stood to his feet and gave her a generous bow. "Your Majesty."

"Prince Rylen," she called to him, walking closer. She gave him her palm and he kissed the back of it.

She turned to look at Caius, but he was pretending she wasn't standing right next to him.

"Caius, would it be too much to ask you to greet your mother good morning?"

Caius slowly lifted his head to look at her. "Good morning, Mother," he said stiffly and turned away from her immediately.

"Good morning, son," Queen Violeta replied in the same chirpy voice. "Did you sleep well?"

"Yes," Caius said coldly, hoping to end the conversation, but clearly, that wasn't going to happen.

"Wouldn't you ask me?"

Caius watched his mother go to her seat. He wouldn't say his relationship with his mother was anything close to the one he had with his father, but they weren't particularly close either. She enjoyed eating with him, but she never really sought him out at other times.

It used to bother him when he was younger when she wouldn't stop his father, but now Caius found that he was fine with it. He preferred it when she kept to herself, so her attitude right now irked him a little. However, this wasn't uncommon.

"Rylen didn't ask you either," he said.

"That's because I didn't ask him," she replied.

The servants started to move to serve breakfast as soon as the Queen was seated. Caius watched his mother carefully throughout this period, wondering if there was something odd, something unusual that would tell him what he needed to know.

However, she was still her usual chatty, unbearable self, so it was hard to notice if anything was amiss. He looked toward the ladies-in-waiting who were practically attached to his mother's hip, and none of their behavior gave anything away.

Caius waited until his mother picked up her first bite of food to ask the question he had decided to ask her since the moment he discovered someone must have orchestrated Rose's kidnapping.

"Did you have Rose kidnapped?" he asked. Caius didn't miss that this was the first time he had said her name out loud.

It wasn't shock or concern that passed across his mother's face—it was anger. It wasn't even brief enough for him to miss. It was clear for all to see. Rylen, on the other hand, had a shocked look on his face, and Caius half-expected him to call him out for suspecting his mother, but surprisingly, he just kept quiet and watched.

"Rose?" she asked, furrowing her brows as though her look of anger and contempt could pass off as confusion. "Who is that?"

Caius sighed and dug into his meal. "Don't play dumb, Mother. It's either you or the King, and I'm sure it isn't the King. If he had anything to do with this, I would never see her again. Was it you?"

"I can't believe you're accusing me of such an atrocity because of that whore. Your own mother! I didn't do anything!" she yelled and slammed her palms against the table.

Caius sighed, she had just claimed not to know Rose. "I'm not angry that you did it. I can guess why you'd do something like that and forgive you. You're my mother—you'd want to do what's best for me first. However, I'd rather not go the roundabout way of finding out who did it when I can just ask you. I will find out one way or another."

However, Queen Violeta had no plans of admitting it so easily. She was also very angry and felt insulted that the Crown Prince would confront her about a mere peasant, enough to demand a confession from her. It was disrespectful—and all because of a whore.

"I will not speak on this matter further. You will not disrespect me for a wench whose only appeal is between her legs."

"I was wrong, Mother," Caius said softly. He raised his eyes to her, but there was not a hint of apology on his face. "You say it wasn't you, and I can accept that. However, this is the first and last attempt anyone will make. It was my fault for not properly making sure she was safe. That won't happen again."

"She has bewitched you," Queen Violeta spat. "There is no reason why royal blood should mix with such vermin. Don't you think this has gone far enough?"

"Maybe. But it doesn't hurt anyone, does it?"

"It does! Are you trying to send your father to an early grave?" she asked.

Caius smiled. "If he was that easy to kill, he would have died before I was born."

"Caius!" Queen Violeta cried out. She looked on the verge of tears. "Why would you say something like that about your father?"