

## K Lover 107

### Chapter 107: End Of Breakfast

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

Caius wanted to say there was no way that man was his father, but he didn't want the issue to escalate further than it already had. The point of it was to tell his mother to stay away from Rose and let her know her petty plans wouldn't work—he wouldn't allow it. Hopefully, she got the idea. If she didn't, it would not be a good idea for her to keep trying.

"Mother," he said, his tone still. "Your food is getting cold."

Her eyes widened and her face reddened as she swelled. It looked like she might explode in anger, but Caius didn't care. He hadn't cared in a long time, and it certainly wouldn't change now.

Queen Violeta picked up the fork and stabbed the piece of meat as if it were the reason for her anger. She was furious. Her son had never spoken to her in such a manner all his life, and now a whore shows up, and she gets nothing but threats.

The rest of the meal was pretty quiet and awkward, with the Queen brooding the entire time. At the end of breakfast, Caius was quick to leave the dining room. Rylen followed after him, and Caius didn't like this at all. From the way he walked, Caius could tell this was going to be a conversation he wouldn't like.

"Your Grace," Rylen called as he walked in step with him.

"Clear all my schedule for the day," Caius said immediately before Rylen could state the reason for starting a conversation. This would make him forget what had just happened in the dining hall.

Rylen was immediately taken aback. "You can't, Your Grace. We are to have a meeting with the Duke of Futherfield, and because of how severe the issue is, he is making the journey to Hearthgale even though it's dangerous to move around."

"You can attend it without me, or better still, let the Duke get some rest for today. Fill him with wine, food, and ale. Lord Leopold isn't one to shy away from a good time. We can reschedule the meeting for tomorrow." He walked briskly as he spoke, heading toward his private study.

"Your Grace, we can't. Tomorrow we address the council and discuss measures we are taking about the severe issue. We can't address the council without first speaking to Lord Leopold. You must understand, Your Grace."

Caius understood what issue Rylen meant. Futherfield was having bandit problems, and they had reasons to believe it might be the kingdom of Galdoris behind it. This was the same kingdom that attacked Redhill. However, there was no proof as of yet. He knew the council was worried it might turn out to be another Redhill case.

The grievance between Velmount and Galdoris went as far back as his grandmother. Ever since then, they had been at odds, and neither side had tried to hide it. However, other than the Redhill incident, there had not been a direct confrontation.

The rumors swirling during the attack on Redhill were that the crown prince was weak and only cared about chasing skirts. He knew Redhill had been attacked to test Velmount's military strength, and he wasted no time in letting them know Velmount was not to be messed with.

However, Caius didn't buy that Galdoris was the reason behind this series of attacks. He suspected it was a completely different kingdom this time. He would not be surprised—his father didn't send him there at the age of sixteen, having him spend three years there, for nothing. This had the smell of King Vodnik written all over it.

"I do understand, Rylen," Caius replied. "Don't make it sound like it's completely impossible. We can speak to the Lord in the morning and have the council meeting moved to noon or better still, evening. There is still enough time to send out letters about this change."

Caius knew better than to rush. If he panicked, things might go sideways. Right now, planning how to rid themselves of the bandits was the best approach—but before that, he had an even more important thing to deal with.

"Yes, Your Grace," Rylen said dejectedly. "However, I can't begin to comprehend what could be far more important than this."

"Did you find it?" Caius interrupted, standing in front of his private study as a guard opened the door for him.

"What?" Rylen asked, genuinely confused.

Caius walked in, and Rylen followed after him. He walked to his seat and dropped down, and it wasn't until Rylen sat down that he finally spoke.

"The information I need on the masked auction," Caius stated, leaning back in his seat, the opened window shining against his back.

"Oh, I've made the necessary inquiries as you requested, Your Grace. I should get full information soon enough—enough to know who is in charge of the auction. I know another is coming up soon. I will have to get someone to infiltrate it to find even more information."

"No," Caius said. "For the next auction, send guards to lock it down, confiscate everything, and free the slaves. We'll find out who is in charge that way. Asking the King will be easier, but he will not humor me until there is something to lose. Let's see if the masked auction is part of it."

"You think your father is part of the masked auction?" Rylen asked.

"Of course not. He's probably letting a lord have his hobby to keep him on his side. As soon as it crashes because of me, I'm sure we'll hear something soon." Caius grinned. He had never cared for the masked auction before—he didn't even know it was more than exotic animals and probably never would have. However, things have changed now.

As if on cue, a knock rang out. Rylen glanced at the door and then at Caius, who didn't say anything. Rather, he watched as the door opened, revealing Henry and his niece Martha.

They were right on time.