

K Lover 120

Chapter 120: Unlike Her Role

"Why?" Caius asked and stood to his feet. He was done with the conversation.

"What do you mean, why?" Queen Violeta looked like she was about to throw a fit. "A mere p-peasant! She shouldn't—"

Caius yawned, interrupting whatever his mother wanted to say. He couldn't even fake his boredom with this conversation. He didn't know what his mother was driving at, but she should know it wouldn't work. He didn't understand why she was pushing it.

He was still angry that she wouldn't admit she was the one who tried to get Rose kidnapped, even though he had told her he understood why she did it.

It would have made things a little easier for him. His mother was easier to bend compared to his father, but when she wasn't bending, she was pissing him off—and that was exactly what was happening right now.

"She will remain in the East Wing," he said at the end of his yawn. "Whether you like it or not, the room won't change. Wouldn't you say it's a good thing? Surely no one would dare try such a terrible stunt right next to me. If Mother has nothing else to discuss, I will be on my way."

"You will choose a harlot over your own mother?" she asked darkly.

Caius almost grabbed his head in frustration. "That's rich," he said, hating that her words triggered a memory. However, he controlled himself and chose words he knew would appeal to her. "This is not what you think, Mother. Unlike her role, you will always be my mother."

Caius didn't want to make his mother feel better, and frankly, he would rather end this on a terrible note, but for reasons he couldn't explain, he didn't want to.

"Then if that is the case, you will do as I want."

Caius's eyes narrowed. Of course, his mother hadn't changed. She couldn't see past what she wanted. "No," Caius said and started walking to the door. It was either that or he would say something he wouldn't be pleased about. He had already lost one parent—he didn't want to lose the other.

When he got to the drawing room, Prince Rylen looked on the verge of collapse while Lord Leopold had a flushed face and a huge cup in his hand. It was clear they had been drinking. However, while Rylen looked like he was having a tough time, Leopold was just getting started.

"How did you convince my cousin to drink?" Caius asked as he took his seat, looking from one to the other.

"What do you mean? I didn't do anything," Lord Leopold replied immediately, but the grin on his face suggested otherwise.

"And you," Caius called. "All you had to do was keep him company, not get drunk. We both know you can't hold your wine."

"It felt wrong for Lord Leopold to drink alone," Rylen replied and made a gagging sound. He quickly covered his mouth with his hand.

Caius shook his head.

"Don't be a killjoy, Your Highness. Join the party."

Caius turned his attention to Rylen. This was the reason he didn't want to take the Lord seriously. Leopold never took anything seriously. However, Rylen looked to be fighting his own battles as he tried his best not to throw up.

"How is Lady Futherfield?" Caius asked. He knew there was nothing that made Leopold pay attention more than the mention of his wife.

"My wife is just wonderful. She truly wished she could accompany me on the journey, and to be honest, I hated that I had to leave her behind. But unfortunately, traveling with her through Futherfield was completely out of the question. She is safer in the manor."

Caius thought this was a bold statement to make, especially since the manor was attacked, but he didn't say that. And now that the Lord's attention was back on the manor, he knew he would get all he needed soon enough.

"The manor?" Caius asked with a raised brow. "I wouldn't say that with the recent attacks."

"Surely, Your Highness doesn't think I left the town without putting measures in place?" Leopold asked, his expression serious.

"I know you wouldn't leave your wife somewhere dangerous. However, I can only assume you have more information than when you sent the letter."

Leopold shook his head, bringing the cup to his lips. He took a big drink before he started to speak again. "The guards didn't find anything. There were footsteps leading through the castle and over the walls, but they led nowhere and we lost the tracks. I'm afraid, Your Highness, that I know no more than I did this morning."

Leopold stopped speaking and took another drink. "However, as you have said, I wouldn't leave my wife in the manor without making sure it was completely safe. I doubled the guards, and everyone is on high alert. We won't be caught off guard again. The guards are also watching the stables for any strange movements."

Caius narrowed his eyes, but he knew the Lord wouldn't seem so casual if he thought his manor being attacked was a cause for concern. Caius was almost grateful it was Lord Leopold—if it were anyone else, they would be on the brink of war.

"I understand, Lord Leopold. We shall discuss this issue further during the council meeting tomorrow."

Leopold grinned. "I haven't attended one in months. How is your father?" he asked, changing the subject.

Caius tried to keep his expression neutral. This was not the change of conversation he wanted. "Good," he said curtly and moved his fingers.

The servant holding the giant jug of wine understood immediately and was quick to pour out a drink for him. He twirled it before taking a drink, savoring the taste as it pooled in his mouth.

"The castle has fine wine, Your Highness," Leopold said and repeated Caius's actions.

"Drink as much as you'd like, Lord Leopold."

"Ah," Leopold yelled as he pulled the cup from his lips. "I intend to. Would it be too much if I asked to take some when I leave for Futherfield?"

"No," Caius replied. "You may take as many jugs as you'd like."

"Thank you, Your Highness."