

## K Lover 122

### Chapter 122: Next Measure

Caius was late to arrive at the assembly hall for the meeting, and this was a deliberate act—his reasoning being that he wanted to give the Lords time to bicker among themselves, as that would reduce the bickering when he arrived.

Prince Rylen had tried to convince him that this wasn't such a good idea and that the faster they could get to the meeting, the faster they could discuss the issues. Caius didn't believe that. He was willing to do whatever he could to see the Lords less.

"Your Highness," echoed through the space as Caius walked in with Rylen behind him. His eyes scanned the lords in attendance.

Caius didn't say anything, nor did he acknowledge their greetings as he walked to his seat. He sat down, sitting leisurely as he stared at the Lords. Even though he was the one seated, it felt to them as though he was staring down at them.

"Your Highness," Lord Leopold said with a sneaky smile, "I guess even you had a hard time waking up this morning. I apologize for keeping you up so late."

Caius met the Lord's clear eyes. It was clear what he was trying to do. Lord Leopold was trying to shift the blame onto himself and prevent the rest of the Lords from complaining about how late Caius had arrived.

The only reason Caius didn't hate this tactic was because he didn't want them to waste unnecessary time complaining about why he had just arrived.

"I have given as many details as I can to the Lords. A summary, if you'd say—"

"This has gone on for too long," Lord Charles yelled out, interrupting the rest of Lord Leopold's words. His palms hit the table with a loud sound.

Caius's attention shifted. Lord Charles was one of the difficult Lords. He was of the younger generation and had more energy than Caius could condone. His old father, however, had a decent influence over Velmount, and it was this the son rode on. Caius couldn't stand him most time.

"I agree," Lord Nicholas supported.

"Thank you, Lord Nicholas," Charles said. "We have only been reacting to Galdoris's moves. It's time we make a move ourselves."

"Yes. We have allowed Galdoris to not only grow wings but become confident enough to fly in our fields," another Lord said.

"Just because the late Queen was partly from Galdoris doesn't mean we should condone their behavior."

"That is why this has gone on for so long," Lord Charles added. "This is why Redhill was attacked."

No one was more familiar with the story concerning his grandmother than Caius was. He also knew how this had affected his father. It wouldn't have been a big deal, and perhaps their relationship with Galdoris would have been decent if his grandmother hadn't chosen to marry his grandfather instead.

Everyone knew that Galdoris never forgave this, even though it was about half a century ago. Caius thought it was too long and too stupid a time to hold a grudge.

However, them raising their heads now to start chaos was something he didn't understand—but he could guess it might have to do with his father's failing health.

The Lords were still ranting among themselves, all of them voting that they attack Galdoris. Caius listened for the most part, then drowned them out as he stared into space, his thoughts of nothing in particular.

"Your Highness," a voice drew his attention. "You cannot remain silent on this."

"Your silence is the reason why Furtherfield was attacked. We cannot let this go on any longer. I say we go after Galdoris."

"Your Highness," Lord Nicholas stated. "All of us have voted in favor of preparing the knights and soldiers for war. Only when we show the people of Galdoris that we are a force to be reckoned with will they stop their petty attacks."

Most of the Lords were speaking, including Leopold. Only a few Lords kept quiet—one being the current Marquis of Haiyes, Lord Elrod. Caius hadn't thought he would be able to attend the meeting. However, Caius knew the reason for his silence.

"Your Highness," Charles called, his voice insistent.

Caius found him annoying. "We cannot attack Galdoris. The King does not want that, and as much as I hate to agree with my father, I do agree this is the best move."

Caius had never hidden his hatred for the King, so none of the Lords reacted to his statement about him.

"So, are we just going to fold our hands and let them take us for fools?" Lord Charles asked.

"A fool?" Caius asked and laughed. "You are being a little preposterous, Lord Charles. No one is taking us for fools—they would know better. That's why all we have gotten are petty attacks. They know better than to come at us with their full force."

"What about Redhill, Your Highness? Didn't they come with full force, and didn't we lose a lot of lives in Redhill?"

"It is unfortunate what happened with Redhill, but did we not get it back? Didn't they retreat? Did they try anything more direct? It is clear what they want. A war. But they are too chicken to start one with us. They would rather we play that card so they can have reasons to seek help from neighboring kingdoms that are on rocky terms with us. We shan't allow that!"

Charles jerked at Caius's response. "I understand, Your Highness, but we cannot let this continue. We are not scared to start a war. Velmount's forces will take out anyone that dares go after us."

Caius narrowed his eyes. It was easy for someone who didn't know the first thing about war to say that. As much as he was sure of Velmount's battle forces, Caius knew better.

"That is why we need to deal with Galdoris now!" Charles was still speaking. "We can't fold our hands and keep letting them do as they like."

"Nobody is folding their hands. Knights and guards will be distributed accordingly to rid Furtherfield of these vermin."

"And if that doesn't work, Your Highness?" It was a different Lord who asked.

Caius smirked and turned his attention to Rylen. He didn't think the guards would fail, but peradventure they did, he already had plans himself.

"His Highness would go himself," Prince Rylen said, standing to his feet.

Gasps ensued in the hall, and each Lord turned to one another, whispering. Rylen gave them some time to digest the news before he started speaking again.

"His Highness had already decided as soon as Lord Leopold arrived last night, that if the next measure doesn't work, he shall make the journey to Furtherfield and end the bandits' terror forever."

No one had a single counter to this, and the smile on Caius's face widened. They all knew there was no one better than him, and if he said he would handle it, they had no option but to trust him.

"When will the men be sent out?" Lord Charles asked.

Caius almost laughed at the quick change. He already knew how the meeting would go even before he came—that was why he didn't want to arrive earlier.

"In a few days," Prince Rylen said. "As soon as we can assign who will be accompanying the Lord and how many guards, they will set out for Furtherfield immediately."

Caius knew his work here was done. All that would be left would be Prince Rylen answering the same questions in different manners. There was nothing else to say.

Caius tried to listen, but his thoughts kept drifting to the redhead who was only two doors away from him. He couldn't wait for all this to be over. There were only about two nights before the attack on the masked auction.

Caius's smile broadened. He expected to be summoned, and this was the first time he was looking forward to it. Maybe the next six days before he could lie with her again wouldn't be so boring.

Caius stood up without warning, startling the Lords who were still asking Rylen questions. "Gentlemen," he said and started for the door.

"Your Highness," the Lords called in horror as they noticed he had no intention to add to that—he was simply leaving.

"Please, excuse me," Rylen said with a bow and retreated out of the room.

"How can the crown prince just leave like that? We haven't even finished."

"Aren't you happy he just walked out?" one of them asked.

"The last time, he called his whore to get rid of us—asking her to appear in the assembly hall in front of the Lords. And as the rumors go, whatever you think happened, happened."

"Ugh!" a few of the Lords cried, taking their hands off the table.

Rylen shook his head as he rushed after Caius. He had thought they were making some progress, but it looked like it would keep ending like this each time. Caius would always find some way to piss off the Lords.