

K Lover 124

Chapter 124: Royals In A Frenzy

The servants had only just arrived to prepare Caius for the day when Lord Maximus knocked on his door. He was let in, and Caius rose from the long chair to see the issue. If the Lord had appeared any later, he would have already been in the bathroom, as the servants had his bath ready and had set aside his clothes for the day.

"Lord Maximus," Caius said with feigned shock. "It isn't every day you grace my chambers. To what do I owe the pleasure so early in the morning? The sun has barely risen."

Maximus narrowed his eyes. The crown prince knew exactly why he was here—his extra cheeriness was more than enough indication. Caius wasn't known for his niceness. Besides, Maximus could clearly see the look in his eyes; he was very entertained.

"Your Highness, the King has requested your presence now!" Maximus said with a small bow.

Though the King's orders were absolute, he had to be respectful to Caius as the next King. Maximus neither approved nor disapproved of Caius. He didn't think there was such a thing as a good or a bad king; there was simply the king, and it was his job to swear fealty to the one on the throne.

Caius shook his head. "I am sure the King can wait for a few moments. As you can see, I am just about to wash off. I shall see my father when I am done."

Maximus tried not to wince. Whenever the crown prince referred to the King as his father, it wasn't a good sign. Maximus didn't understand why the crown prince would raid the masked auction, but something told him it might have something to do with the woman who had the royals in a frenzy.

"I'm afraid that won't be possible. The King has requested your presence now and has instructed that I do not leave here without you."

"Hmm," Caius said. He didn't like the Lord's tone. Lord Maximus was stubborn and known for carrying out the King's orders to the letter. Trying to get his way was not going to be possible, but Caius was determined not to lose the upper hand in this.

"Alright," Caius said, tying the sash around his waist as he started walking toward the door.

"Your Highness," Maximus said with a clear look of disapproval. "You don't intend to appear in front of the King in that attire, right?"

Caius glanced down. "I don't see what is wrong, Lord Maximus. Besides, if the King won't give me the chance to wash up, I doubt he would mind how I show up." Caius was already walking out the door as he spoke, not giving Maximus the time to counter his words.

Lord Maximus looked at the crown prince, then shrugged. His orders had nothing to do with the crown prince's choice of clothing. He was simply asked to bring him to the west wing—to the King's bedchambers—and that was what he intended to do.

The walk to the King's chambers felt quiet and long. Servants cleared the path as they made their way through the halls. Unlit torches lined the walls; there was no longer any need for them in the sunlight. The tall, arched windows flooded the halls with light, their draperies tied to the sides with tassels.

Caius didn't need to slow down as he approached the King's chambers for the door to be opened. He walked in without hesitation, his sash coming undone, but he didn't bother to tighten it.

Caius enjoyed the look of horror on the King's face a little too much as he strode in. The King's eyes twitched, and he looked like he might have a convulsion. He opened his mouth to speak, but Caius was quick to cut him off.

"Your Majesty," he greeted with a bow. "You asked for me?" Caius asked, the mockery clear in his voice.

"You stupid son of mine!" King Gaius called, pointing at his son. His face flushed as he started to cough.

Caius slowly raised his head and found himself a seat, facing his father. At this point, the sash was completely undone, and he sat in front of the King with his chest in full view.

"Do you have no respect for your father?" Gaius was asking, even as the physicians tried to calm him down. The anger was making him cough more, and Caius was completely unbothered.

"What do you mean, Father?" Caius asked with a raised brow. "I came here as soon as you called."

"To show yourself to me like—khek!" The rest of the King's words seized as he loudly coughed.

"Your Majesty," the physicians called, fright clearly written on their faces. "Please calm down."

Caius sighed and started to rise to his feet. "Perhaps this isn't a good time. I shall return when the King is in a more conducive state to receive visitors."

"You will sit!" King Gaius yelled, his voice clear and his eyes bloodshot.

Caius paused for a second as though daring the King. He locked eyes with his father as he stood. Eventually, he gave in and sat back down.

"Have you lost your mind?" Gaius asked.

Caius looked around, then pointed to himself. "I?" He smirked and shook his head. "No."

"No?" King Gaius asked in disbelief.

Caius found this a little ironic. Did his father expect him to agree to being crazy?

"What were you thinking?" King Gaius asked, then burst into coughs.

Caius had no intention of responding to this, so he kept quiet. The King still wasn't saying anything—just asking vague questions. Caius knew better than to give in first.

"Let the prisoners go," Gaius stated. "You had no business conducting a raid without asking me."

Caius narrowed his eyes as he stared at his father. "No," he simply replied.

"No?" Gaius tilted his head to the side. "I don't need to ask you. Maximus, let the prisoners go!"

"Yes, Your Majesty," Lord Maximus said with a bow.

"Do that, and I'll just do another raid," Caius casually said.