

K Lover 135

Chapter 135: Other Ways

"Perhaps," Caius said. "I asked that the maid you locked up be released."

Caius didn't even bother to ask anything about his mother. He didn't care for small talk. Besides, regardless of his approach, her reaction would still be the same—so why bother? The faster he could get to the reason why he was here, the faster it would be to convince her.

Queen Violeta looked confused, and she blinked as she tried to process what her son had just said. However, no matter how she spun it, it was still interpreted in the same manner. That whore!

The ones who reacted faster were her ladies-in-waiting. They gasped and whispered amongst themselves but immediately ceased their gossiping when they saw Caius staring their way.

"What are you talking about, son?" Queen Violeta asked, proud of herself for not exploding immediately. She wouldn't let that whore have that much control over her reaction.

"The maid you put in the dungeons," Caius slowly explained, as one would speak to a child. "I asked that she be let go."

"What? How dare you go against my orders?"

"It's not against your order, Mother. There had been some misunder—"

"That whore!" Queen Violeta pointed and rose to her feet. "You will pick a harlot over your own mother, Caius!"

Caius's hands twitched, but he kept them at his sides. He expected this, and it would have been easier to have the maid punished than to deal with his mother, but he was willing to do this for Rose. How would she show her gratitude when he saved the maid?

Caius had to force his thoughts back to the matter at hand. His mother was still a problem to deal with, and depending on her mood, she might decide to make this an even bigger problem than it needed to be—and Caius wanted to avoid that.

"Mother," Caius said softly and approached the woman with a smile. "I would never." He picked up one of her hands and held it between his palms.

"This is not the first time, Caius, and it looks like it won't be the last," she stated angrily. "I want the maid punished."

"Mother," Caius tried again. "Punishing the maid will give me a bad look. Do I not have a single command over a mere servant? You have several servants—I didn't think you'd miss one."

"Ordering the castle's servants to look after the wench, the whore peasant, is already a bad look in itself—and so is going against my orders."

Caius felt his eye twitch, but he forced the smile to stay in place. "Mother," he called. "You shan't let this go?"

Queen Violeta narrowed her eyes as she stared at her son. He sounded like this, but she knew he intended to do exactly as he wanted. If she tried to imprison the maid again, he would ask that she be released.

She was Queen, and the staff of the castle were completely under her—but Caius was the crown prince. She could override his orders, but she knew better than that. Still, Queen Violeta had no plans to take this willy-nilly. The whore had sunk her fangs too deep into her son and was milking him. She had to put an end to this affair.

Queen Violeta could no longer wait for the King to take action. At this point, even that wouldn't be enough. The whore had only been here for a few weeks, but in that time her son had accused her—and now this.

"I shall let it go," she said softly. The dungeons weren't the only way to punish the silly maid who had thought looking after the whore was better than obeying her Queen.

Queen Violeta would ask Edith to triple her chores and several other things. The maid would make up for all the time she spent with that whore—but more importantly, she needed to find a more permanent solution to this.

"Wonderful," Caius said and let go of his mother's hand—a little too fast.

He took a step away from her and bowed. "I will see you during breakfast, Mother." With that, he was gone.

"Your Majesty," the maids called in astonishment. "You agreed. At this point, you're letting the whore have her way."

Queen Violeta dropped to her seat. "What else am I to do?" she asked with a defeated look on her face. "My son will not listen to me."

"You should have refused!" the ladies stated.

"Now this whore will think she can get the crown prince to do whatever she wants."

Queen Violeta scoffed. "Just because I gave in to my son's request doesn't mean she has the upper hand in this. There are other ways to punish a disobedient maid."

"Your Majesty," the ladies-in-waiting called with perked-up ears. They were clearly interested in what the Queen was plotting.

"Worry not about the maid. I shall take care of it. For now, we have more pressing matters. The whore needs to leave."

"Yes!" they all agreed.

"I understand that she is fair to look at, and perhaps in some light she might be considered beautiful, but there are maidens in Velmount that are far more beautiful," Queen Violeta stated.

"Yes," the ladies echoed again. Their job was simple.

"What do you think?" Queen Violeta asked. "Something that would bring as many ladies as possible to the castle."

"A ball, Your Majesty!" they all screamed excitedly. "It has been a while since we had anything like that."

"Yes," Queen Violeta agreed. "A ball will be just right. Besides, no party was thrown to welcome the crown prince when he came back to the castle a few weeks ago. I can come up with an excuse as to why we have to do this. I am sure the King will give his approval."

The ladies nodded their approval, and Queen Violeta stood to her feet. Checking that nothing was out of place, she slowly made her way to the door—her destination the dining room. Her ladies-in-waiting were quick to follow after her.