

## K Lover 149

### Chapter 149: Prior Engagement

"What do you mean you're not joining us for lunch, Your Grace?" Rylen asked with clear confusion on his face as he and Caius walked out of his private study.

"Exactly that," Caius replied with no further explanation.

"That doesn't say anything. What excuse would I give to the Queen, Her Majesty?" he asked in horror.

"Tell her I have a prior engagement," he replied, annoyed that he had to explain himself.

"What prior engagement?" Rylen asked in disbelief. He was in charge of Caius's schedule for the day; he would know if the crown prince had a prior engagement.

"I don't see how that is any of your business," Caius replied.

"What? You're really not going to join us for lunch for this obscure engagement of yours?"

"I don't understand why you would insist on this," Caius said, shooting Rylen a glare as he walked next to him.

"I am not insisting," he replied. "I am merely curious, Your Grace. You don't suddenly decide not to join us for lunch. Your mother will not be pleased."

"I will make it for dinner," he said. There was a final tone to his voice.

"Yes, Your Grace. I shall relay your message to the Queen."

"Good."

"Would it be too forward if I asked what this prior engagement is?" Rylen asked, his tone mocking.

Caius didn't reply and just walked ahead. Rylen didn't press nor did he pursue. This was the part where their journey separated. Rylen would head to the West Wing for the dining, and Caius would head upstairs.

Rylen narrowed his eyes as he watched the crown prince climb up the stairs. That was the direction of Caius's room, but it was also where Rose was. Something told him this prior engagement might have to do with her.

Caius took the stairs two at a time. He was about to do a task, and for some reason, he was excited. He told himself it was because he wanted to see her reaction and nothing more. He had already asked the steward to send the things he would need to write the letter to her room.

The guards assigned to his floor caught sight of him as he got to the top of the stairs and they all bowed. Caius ignored them and headed straight for Rose's room. He pushed the door open and walked in, not bothering to knock. The thought didn't even occur to him.

She was seated by the table, staring hard at something on the table. Caius couldn't see from where he stood. She turned her entire frame toward the door as she heard it open. Her gaze wore surprise, then confusion, and finally horror.

Caius realized he didn't like any of them. There was a stretch of time as she stared at him, and it seemed like everything froze, but then he shut the door behind him, and she visibly snapped out of it.

"Your Majesty," Rose called, scrambling to her feet. She curtsied and kept her head bent.

Caius didn't say anything to this; he just looked around her room. It was a little bare, but the room was still decent. It smelled a little like her. When he looked back at her, she was staring at him with a puzzled expression.

"Is there something Your Majesty wants?" she asked softly.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

Rose looked torn; she was genuinely at a loss for what he was doing here. The last time he was here was when she was ill, and he hadn't walked through the doors ever since. She had hoped he never would, but somehow he was here now.

"Well, Mister Henry sent someone to bring the items for writing the letter, and I know 'e will be 'ere soon."

Rose wished she could ask him directly what he was doing here, but she couldn't. She couldn't believe him. Of course, he wouldn't let her write the letter without knowing the contents, but couldn't he read it after Mister Henry had written it? Why was he here to watch them write it?

"Henry?" Caius raised a brow and scoffed. He walked to the table and took a seat before turning to look at her. "Is that who you think is writing your letter?"

Rose heard the sound of her heart falling out of her and hitting the ground. It was deafening. She wanted to believe her ears were lying to her, but the smug expression on Caius's face told her he was serious.

"W-why?" she stuttered. "I am sure Your Majesty 'as far more important things to do than trouble himself about me."

"True," Caius said and turned his gaze back to the table. He picked up the quill and stared at the feathered end. "You should be honored that I am doing this."

Rose felt cold sweat trail down her back. He was going to be writing the letter himself. Somehow, that sounded more horrific than him watching Mister Henry help her. She didn't want his help.

"I am very 'onored, Your Majesty, but you said you would assign someone to write it."

"And I did. Myself. Now sit and stop the questions. If I didn't know better, I'd say you are displeased."

"Displeased? No!" Rose lied as she walked back to the table, taking her seat. "I am grateful."

"Are you?" he asked with a smirk.

"Yes," Rose said stiffly.

She couldn't have guessed this outcome. Was that why he had smiled so unexpectedly the night before? She couldn't comprehend why he would do this. Rose couldn't see the benefit—except to torture her.

"Shall we begin then?" he asked, pulling her out of her thoughts.

Rose nodded and adjusted her chair to give enough space between them. She was still having a hard time believing this, but at least he was adhering to her request. However, she never thought it would play out like this.

"Who do you want to address it to?" Caius asked.

Rose blinked and looked up at him. The crown prince seemed serious. There was no funny business. He truly intended to write the letter for her.

"My father," she whispered.

"Okay. What's his name?"

"Vallyn," she replied.

Caius raised his head to look at her, then turned his attention back to the quill as he got ready to write. "Say your message."