

## K Lover 159

### Chapter 159: The Queen Is Furious

Henry spoke slowly and as clearly as he could, but the tremble in his voice couldn't be hidden. "H-His Highness requested that I be in charge of Rose—"

"Don't you dare say her name in my presence!" Queen Violeta cut in. Her voice wasn't loud, but it was enough to shake an already frightened Henry in his boots.

The Queen was clearly furious, and he knew it would be in his best interest not to anger her further. Henry was also worried that he might be punished for this, even though he was simply following the Crown Prince's orders.

"Please forgive me, Your Majesty!" He bowed low as he apologized. "His Highness requested that I oversee t-the c-commoner's meal," Henry stated, glancing at the Crown Prince to see his reaction, but Caius didn't even bat an eyelid.

Henry answered to all the members of the royal family, but the Crown Prince had been the one to make him the steward of the castle. Some might say he wasn't qualified for the position and was certainly not as experienced as the last steward; however, none could say he wasn't trustworthy.

"Did you just hear what Henry said?" Queen Violeta asked when her son didn't react. Her eyes blazed as she spoke.

"Yes, Mother," Caius said as he dug into his meal, not bothering to raise his head. He didn't care for this conversation, but he wasn't shocked by it.

"Is that all you have to say?" Queen Violeta asked, her voice rising in pitch.

"What else would you have me say?" Caius asked, bringing a bit of food to his lips.

"Explain yourself, Caius. You dare put the steward in charge of a mere peasant's meal? The steward! Have you been bewitched, Caius? I hear that isn't the only thing you've been busy with. You also had a maid punished because of that—that harlot. Two of my maids in a row."

Caius slowly raised his head, and the expression on his face was enough to make the Queen shrink. "Are you saying I punished them unfairly?" Caius asked, a dark look in his eyes.

Queen Violeta did her best not to shrink back at her son's gaze. "This entire mess stems from your inability to keep your lust out of a peasant's bed," she snapped.

Caius narrowed his eyes. It was a waste of energy to argue with his mother, so he returned his attention to his meal. It was either that or he was likely to say something that would escalate the issue more than it already was.

However, Queen Violeta wasn't done. When she saw her son had no plans to reply, she spoke again. "Have you indulged your loins so often that you've forgotten how to employ your wits?"

Caius almost choked on his meal. "Mother!" he yelled with feigned shock. She must really be angry—he had never heard her use such vulgar words in his life. Even Rylen looked horrified.

"You will withdraw your orders!" she stated.

Caius simply shook his head. "My orders weren't given without reason. I don't think there's any reason for you to be this bothered, Mother."

Queen Violeta looked as if her son had struck her across the face. Henry nervously shuffled his feet while Rylen couldn't keep eating with the tension in the air.

"Are you speaking to your mother in this manner?" Queen Violeta asked darkly.

"I do think we have spoken enough about this matter, Mother," Caius said coldly.

"You will not dismiss my wishes," she stated. "You will cancel your order to have Henry oversee that whore's meal."

"Enough!" Caius stood to his feet. Without another word, he walked out of the dining room. He wasn't in the mood to argue with his mother, especially in front of the staff in the castle.

"Caius!" she yelled as he walked to the door. "You will not walk out on your mother!"

Caius didn't say anything. He just slammed the door as he left. Queen Violeta looked from Rylen to Henry—neither of them had anything to say about the matter.

"So it is true," Queen Violeta mumbled. "My son has gone completely mad!"

Rylen wished he had something reassuring to say, but he had no idea what Caius was playing at. As much as he wanted to defend the Crown Prince, he couldn't. Certainly not with the way he rudely left the room.

"This vermin has festered for too long," she kept mumbling. "I am afraid there is no more time to waste."

Rylen's expression changed to worry at the Queen's words. Her words dripped with malice, and he was troubled on Rose's behalf. Caius was poking a little too hard while using Rose as the stick, and he was afraid they might all attack the stick.

She didn't have the same protection the crown prince had, she was merely a commoner.

The Queen didn't say anything else for the rest of dinner, but her expression didn't lighten, and she seemed to be lost in thought for most of the meal.

Rylen was quick to finish his meal, and he quickly excused himself, bidding the Queen a restful night. She barely replied to him, and this gave him even more cause for worry. He bowed and retreated, heading to find the Crown Prince.

It didn't take him long to discover that the Crown Prince had gone to his room. Rylen didn't bother knocking—he just pushed the doors and walked right in. Caius turned his head to see who it was. When he saw it was Rylen, the disappointment on his face was clear for all to see.

"Expecting someone else?" Rylen asked.

Caius didn't respond to his question. "What do you want?" he asked instead.

"You owe Her Majesty an apology," he whispered.

Caius scoffed. "You worry about the littlest of things, Rylen. Worry not," he smirked. "Give her some time to calm down, and she will forget this."

"I don't say this for you," he replied. "Rose," Rylen said with a plea in his eyes. "You are putting her in danger."

Caius's gaze darkened. "I don't like your tone. Do you suggest that I can't protect her?" he asked.

"Yes. I know she is simply a pawn in whatever plans you may have to upset your father, but it is cruel to use her in this manner."

Caius's gaze turned into something unreadable. "This is the second time you have used that word. I do not like it, and this has nothing to do with my father."

Everything has something to do with your father.

But Rylen didn't say this out loud. Instead, he kept silent and just watched Caius.

"Is that all you came to say?" Caius asked when Rylen just stood there.

"Yes," Rylen whispered. "The Queen won't take this disrespect lying low."

Caius scoffed. "Mother is always worried about such inconsequential things. I simply gave an order—I meant no disrespect."

Rylen took a deep breath. It annoyed him a bit when the Crown Prince pretended he didn't know the consequences of his actions. Whether or not he meant any disrespect to the Queen, this was clearly a form of disrespect. To pretend otherwise was almost naïve, and Caius was far from that.

"You will withdraw your order then?" Rylen asked.

"Hmm, that remains to be seen."

"Don't be so casual about this, Caius."

Caius sat upright and turned his attention to Rylen. His cousin had never addressed him by his name before, and he also realized that throughout this conversation, not once had he called him Your Grace. Rylen was serious.

"You have never called me by my name in the three years we have known each other," Caius said, locking eyes with him.

"I apologize," Rylen said with a bow. "It must have slipped out, Your Grace."

Caius didn't buy it. "The order stays," he said coldly.

Rylen's expression didn't change as he stood to his full height—he expected nothing less. "Then I must warn you to be on the lookout. The Queen is furious."

"I know," Caius said. "She must be on her way to Father now."

So, it did have something to do with your father. But Rylen didn't say this out loud either.

A knock drew both their attention to the door. Rylen knew who it was even before he thought about it.

"You should leave," Caius said with a smirk. "Whatever you might want to add, I might be in a much better mood to listen to you tomorrow."

Rylen was just about to reply when the door opened to reveal Rose, and even Rylen couldn't help but freeze. He could certainly see why the Crown Prince was this fixated on her. The candles caused her red hair to glow, almost like it had a life of its own.

Her face was pale, except for the freckles and the pink color on her lips. The clothes she wore barely hid anything, but at least the robe did a decent job, and her palm had a death grip on the sash.

"Very well," Rylen said and tore his gaze from Rose to Caius. "I shall take my leave."