

## K Lover 210

### Chapter 210: Purpose

"Who was the lady you danced with?" Queen Violeta asked as soon as the dance started.

Caius's expression didn't change. He had expected this. He had to commend his mother's patience; she had waited until they were dancing before bringing up the topic. This way, he couldn't evade the question let alone run off without answering.

"I danced with several ladies, Mother. You'd have to be more specific than that," Caius said, but he knew this was a question he couldn't escape from.

It wasn't that he didn't want his mother to know—rather, he'd prefer if it weren't from him. He was being a little vengeful. He was angry that she would lie right to his face. It was one thing to do what she did; it was a completely different thing to deny it when he confronted her. He intended to give her a taste of her own medicine.

In more ways than one, he was also bitter that she was willing to interfere with this, even going through such means, yet hadn't said a single word or tried to prevent it when his father sent him away.

"The one with the mask," Queen Violeta said, but her son was too lost in thought to hear her.

"I said the one with the mask," Queen Violeta repeated when her son didn't respond.

"Mask?" Caius mumbled under his breath, pretending to be in deep thought.

"Yes, Caius," she replied, her tone sharp.

"I do not know," Caius said with a straight face, locking eyes with his mother.

Queen Violeta was flabbergasted, and for a moment, she seemed at a loss for words. "What do you mean you don't know who you danced with?"

"I truly do not know, Mother," Caius replied.

"How did you find her then?" Queen Violeta asked, not letting up on the conversation.

"I don't understand why this is so important. What do you need from her?" he asked, changing the direction of the question.

"I just need to know who she is," she replied. Queen Violeta didn't believe her son's words—not even a little—and his secrecy only seemed to confirm her worst fears.

"Why?" he asked with exasperation in his voice. "That won't achieve anything."

"That's not for you to decide," she said.

"Well, unfortunately, I cannot help you, Mother," Caius said and pulled away from her, bowing at the end of the dance.

He didn't wait for her reply before taking her hand and leading her back toward the podium. They got to the bottom of it, and the Queen turned to look at him.

"You don't intend to tell me," she said.

Caius smiled and stared his mother right in the eyes. "What do you mean, Mother? I just told you."

He withdrew his hand as she climbed up and sat down. He bowed again before walking away. Caius was only a few feet from where the Queen sat when Rylen stepped in line with him. Caius stared at Rylen oddly, wondering where he had popped out from.

"Don't you think it's too early to leave, Your Grace?" Rylen asked.

"No. Where is Thomas?" Caius asked.

"Right here, Your Highness," Thomas said, appearing from behind him. He had seen the crown prince walking away from the ball with Rylen and had immediately followed after them.

"Is she in my room as instructed?" he asked.

The knight looked a little hesitant but nodded. "Yes, Your Highness."

"You're off duty," Caius said. "Enjoy the ball."

"Thank you, Your Highness," Thomas said with a bow as Caius walked ahead. He took one look at the crown prince and turned back to the ball.

"You're off duty too, Rylen," Caius said with a sneer. They were some distance away from the ball, but the noise, music, and conversations could still be heard from here.

"I don't need your permission for that," Rylen said coldly.

Caius's brows knitted. Rylen had seemed a little tense; it was difficult to gauge if it was at the start of the party or perhaps after he saw Rose. "True," he said softly and walked forward while Rylen slowly trailed behind him.

"You should let her go," Rylen blurted. "This has gone on long enough, Your Highness. Whatever purpose you want to achieve, I'm sure you have achieved it by now. No more of this—for her sake and yours too."

Caius stopped walking and turned around to look at Rylen. They were at the foot of the stairs to his bedchambers. Caius had a foot upon it while Rylen stood below with a worried look on his face. The space was empty, and not a guard or a servant was in sight.

"Purpose," Caius mumbled as he turned to look at Rylen. "I don't know about that."

Rylen stepped closer. "You don't know if she has fulfilled it, or you don't know what purpose you brought her here for?"

Caius looked at Rylen but didn't say a word. Instead, he turned away and went up the stairs. "I will see you in the morning, Prince Rylen. Don't dance too hard and stay away from the wine."

Rylen bowed to the crown prince's back as he mumbled, "Goodnight, Your Grace." But he didn't immediately return to the ball. Instead, he watched until he could no longer see the crown prince.

Caius could not hide his disappointment when he opened the room and it was empty. His first thought was that she might have escaped again, as Thomas had said he left her in his room.

Caius pulled open the doors with enough force to rip them off their hinges. The poor guards standing in front were startled at the sound and turned, ready to attack, but immediately dropped their weapons when they saw it was just the crown prince.

"Where is she?" The guards reacted immediately, pointing toward the door of her bedchambers.

Caius squinted and stomped past them, heading straight for the room. He had noticed a little light coming from under the door, but he had been too focused on the fact that she was waiting in his room to think much of it.

Caius walked to the door, reaching it in long strides. He pushed it open, ready to yell, only to see her lying on the bed—and from her position, she looked fast asleep.