

His Highness's Second Wife Chapter 20 - Tips

0 7 minutes read

"Who is that?" Gerrin asked as he got to his feet with a grunt and rubbed his a*ss. His second-in-command had overplayed his hand by trying to use Ka.ssian's blind spot against him, but he didn't take into consideration the fact that they have been fighting side by side for the last seven years – Ka.ssian knew he'd do that even before his lieutenant thought of it. So he intentionally created an opportunity just to lure him into that foredoomed attack.

But then he saw her and almost got himself smacked in the face. He couldn't believe he got distracted by something so trivial, even if it was just during training.

"I'll be right back," Ka.ssian muttered, tossing Gerrin his training stick and heading toward the stairs leading up and out of the training grounds.

He had noticed the sudden audience the moment they arrived, but wasn't sure who they were until the wind blew her hood off. He had almost tripped as he recognized her – for a moment he even thought he had dozed off after barely sleeping last night and started dreaming again.

Yet she was there, and she was real. Just as he had got those images out of his head...

Ka.ssian slowed down as he reached the stairs, not wanting to look like he was in a hurry. As he stepped onto the platform overseeing the training grounds, she turned to fully face him, a bright smile blossoming on her beautiful face.

"Good morning, husband!" she chirped with her usual cheerfulness. Her long hair was flying everywhere, a few strands hitching on her headband until she raised her hands and covered her head with them, letting out a chuckle.

"What are you doing here?" he asked coldly, eyes darting to the silver-haired man behind her. He stood with his head lowered, his shoulders stiff with tension. Ka.ssian noticed then that he was only wearing a thin shirt, while his wife seemed to be wrapped in his cloak on top of hers. Annoyance swelled in Ka.ssian's stomach, and he frowned.

"Ah, well," she chuckled, sleeking her hair and scratching her head awkwardly as if she had been planning something mischievous and got caught.

The maids wouldn't stop talking about how there were so many handsome men among the soldiers, so I sneaked out to check." She turned her head and looked at the group below – his men weren't even pretending not to stare. They stood idly, talking in hushed voices while watching them. He wasn't sure if any of them recognized her, but he knew very well what they were seeing.

Raena continued, "I don't know if they are right. There only a few soldiers here. But that man with blonde hair is handsome. And the shorter man holding two sticks too." She looked back at Ka.ssian, her smile widening and her eyes sparking with delight. "My brother told me that beauty is not everything, but handsome men are the best!"

Ka.ssian took a calming breath, running his hand through his hair. His frustration only seemed to be growing the longer he talked to her, especially when he watched her call other men handsome while clinging to her guard's cloak wrapped around her shoulders.

"Your brother is right. And you shouldn't be staring and pointing at men like that. You are married," he said in a much harsher tone than he intended, expecting her to cower away and look down in shame of being scolded. To his surprise, she just laughed, meeting his eyes without fear.

"Don't worry, Your Highness, I still think you are the most handsome of them all!" she said without hesitation. Staring at her bright smile and gleaming blue eyes, he felt his heart flutter. His traitorous mind brought back the memory of her kiss, her touch, her taste, and that same sweet voice that had whispered his name with so much affection and desire. Ka.ssian clenched his jaw angrily, cursing his stupid body for reacting so easily. "I'm sorry for interrupting your playing time. Please don't tell Kara that I was here or she'll scold me again!"

Ka.ssian's body turned to ice, and it had nothing to do with the sudden gush of wind that appeared out of nowhere. He stared as she fought to keep her hair down, then finally put the hood on her head, her face turning victorious as if she had mustered a great achievement.

'That's right. She is a child. That would never happen. Get your head straight' a voice in his head whispered with disgust, and Ka.ssian clung to it like his sanity depended on it. It was about time he got his sh!t together. It wasn't the first time he had lusted over a woman, but usually, he would indulge himself with her for a time and get over his fascination.

The problem was that he couldn't do that with Raena – he wouldn't. It was the thought that he couldn't have her that was making him interested, nothing more. He just had to keep her out of his sight and he'd soon forget about her like he forgot about most of the other women in his past.

"Aren't you cold, Your Highness?"

Ka.ssian blinked, focusing his attention back on only to find her looking at him with big, curious eyes. There was no appreciation or shame in her gaze as she stared at his naked chest, just an unadulterated innocence that, for some reason, put him in an even worse mood.

"I'm fine," he spat. "Go back to the North Palace. This is not a place to play around. I'll send someone to escort you."

"No need," she grinned, taking a step back and grabbing the silver-haired guy's arm. "I have Zen to protect me!"

Ka.ssian was just about to sigh again when he heard steps drawing near.

"Your Highness. So that's where you have been."

Ka.ssian turned, staring at Blaine who was walking toward him in a hurry, his clothes and brown hair impeccable despite the early hour. His step faltered for a second as he noticed Raena, but then he pushed his glasses up his nose, catching up to them.

"Your Highness," he said, and Raena gave him a bright, friendly smile. "What are you doing here? Do you need something?"

"We were just leaving." She chirped, letting go of her guard's arm and picking up the skirts of her dress. She tried to curtsy, but the two cloaks proved too much to handle, so she just sighed in frustration, smiling at them instead. "Bye!" And without asking for permission to leave or waiting for a reply, she turned her back on them and strode toward the path leading to the West Palace, humming to herself.

"What was she..?" Blaine started, but Ka.ssian just shook his head.

"Don't ask. What is it?"

Blaine glanced after the girl one more time, then turned toward Ka.ssian, raising the scroll he had been holding in his hand. Ka.ssian picked it up, unfolding it right away, eyes sliding down through the short order stamped by the Emperor.

"Another riot? This time the Caen region?" he asked, raising an eyebrow. "It has been a while since we had any trouble there."

"According to the messenger, it has all been quiet for months, but a few weeks ago, people started speaking up against the Empire in the squares and the taverns. It looks like somebody paid them because once the authorities got wind of it, the speakers mysteriously disappeared."

"So somebody is purposely creating trouble." Ka.ssian nodded, folding the parchment and giving it back to Blaine. The last time this happened, it was in the Serill region that was west of Craidal.

Now Caen, which was nowhere near that problematic kingdom. What was the connection if there was one at all? "Any idea who?"

"I believe that is why the Emperor is sending you there, Your Highness. Shall I start making preparations for your departure?"

Ka.ssian bit his lip, staring at the path where Raena had disappeared just a few minutes earlier.

This was good, just what he needed- something to distract him for a while.

"Yes. I'll leave today." He nodded, looking back at his aide. "You'll be staying here to oversee the residence. It will take me at least a week to go there and come back, provided we get to the bottom of this quickly. I leave all decisions to you – if anything major happens, consult with my brother."

"Yes, Your Highness," Blaine replied, sliding the scroll into the inner pocket of his jacket with one swift, fluid movement. "I'll make sure there is no trouble here until you return."

"Good," Ka.ssian replied, feeling his mood improve already. "Also, tell Lara she'll be coming with me." Even if Blaine was surprised, he didn't let it show on his face as he nodded. "And watch... ah, never mind. I'll depart in two hours."

Ka.ssian turned his back on him, heading toward the stairs.

"Your Highness, where are you going? I thought you'd be preparing to leave!" Blaine called after him. Ka.ssian stopped, looking up at his aide.

"I owe these guys another round of beating for not minding their own business," Ka.ssian scoffed with a smirk. "Prepare everything and tell the Head Maid to draw a bath. I'll be back at my quarters in half an hour."

Blaine let out a huff of defeat, nodding, "Yes, Your Highness."

Ka.ssian strode down the stairs and toward the group of soldiers who were still standing idly, watching him approach. Few shifted, preparing their training weapons as if expecting him to jump on them without warning.

"Who was that, Your Highness?" Gerrin asked, grinning from ear to ear. "You got a new concubine? One of the other soldiers hushed him, poking his back, but his lieutenant didn't seem to get the hint. For all his merits as a soldier, he really was dense when it came to communication. Not that Ka.ssian fancied himself well versed in it, but at least he had some common sense not to talk too much.

"That's his wife, you dolt!" The guy that poked him hissed when Gerrin snapped at him with an annoyed "What!" "Are you tired of living?"

"I see you all have too much time to worry about other people's business," Ka.ssian said, extending his hand toward Gerrin and waiting for him to return his training stick.

Once he did, Kassian swung it around his body to warm his wrist again, a threatening smile forming on his lips. "Let me see how chatty you'll be once I'm done with you."