

Surprised 1741

Chapter 1741: A Great Show

Eden was never one to back down from a challenge. He quickly regained his composure and, once clear-headed, stood up and began to stride purposefully toward the king.

Despite his inner turmoil, he desired to see the truth up close.

"Kai!" Jennifer urged, her voice now urgent, echoing that of her master. "Who is he? Like me, he's a ghost!!"

"Yes, I am a ghost. Thanks to your kick, just a moment ago, I am already dead," she spoke in a different tone, mimicking the king's voice.

Eden froze in his tracks, his brows furrowed deeply as he stared at the dark figure ahead, his throat tightening involuntarily.

Seizing the moment, Jennifer continued, "Admit your mistake to him, apologize, kowtow several times before his grave, and only then will his spirit cease to haunt you! As your senior, I advise you to mend your ways."

Eden wondered, had the king already passed away? Did he come to confront him immediately after his

demise?

"The grudge is too heavy, the soul cannot disperse..." Jennifer's voice turned icy, sending shivers down

Jolie's spine. What was happening? Was there someone else here?

Eden glanced around once more, hoping to catch a glimpse of his senior. Suddenly, he realized that

even the king's shadow had vanished!

Boom! The thunder rumbled, deafening in its intensity!

The entire spacious room seemed to contain only him, the panic forcing him to retreat two steps,

instinctively reaching out to grasp the edge of the bed.

The room fell silent, the only sound in the world being that of the wind and rain, as if everything that

had just occurred was a dream.

"For the sake of your own desires, you stole medical books and embarked on the path of poisoning...

You have harmed so many people, and finally, you have even harmed the leader of a country," his

senior's voice was filled with sorrow.

"Kai, retribution is not evaded; it is only a matter of time!"

A familiar voice, long unheard, resurfaced, causing Eden to instinctively clutch at the bedsheets.

Listening to these words, he quickly fell into contemplation. There are no ghosts in this world. It must have been his exhaustion; his recent lack of rest had caused these hallucinations.

So, he thought, he would apologize to them, let their souls rest, and then find an opportunity to burn some paper money, strengthen his body through exercise, and keep these impure things away from himself.

"Kai, hahaha... Your flawless plan is nothing but a delusion!"

This voice filled Eden with dread.

"Senior, I'm sorry... I didn't mean to push you into the well. You know I didn't mean to. I just wanted to take a look at that medical book, but you refused to lend it to me..."

"Senior..." Eden recalled a scene from many years ago, still vivid in his mind. "I didn't mean it. Please rest in peace. I will burn more paper money for you tomorrow. Whatever your unfulfilled wishes are, tell me, and I will fulfill them one by one. People cannot come back from the dead; I can't do anything about it!"

Jennifer's heart ached as if torn apart. It was him, he had caused their master's death!

In the darkness, in a secluded corner, Ivan held her close.

Jennifer, prioritizing the bigger picture, suppressed her grief and anger, adopting the king's tone. "And

what about me? Eden, can I hear your apology before I am buried?"

Would an apology absolve him of everything? At least at that moment, that's how Eden understood it.

"I'm sorry, Your Majesty..." His legs buckled, and trembling, he knelt down. "I... I was wrong. I was

selfish. I didn't want the throne to fall into Tyler's hands, so I... I..."

"You also don't want it to fall into Louis's hands," Jennifer interjected once more, still using the king's

voice. "You want to inherit it yourself, don't you?"

"No... that's not... not true..." He couldn't confess any further; Eden had to absolve himself. "Your

Majesty, may you rest in peace. I will assist Prince Louis in handling Lu Layeka. Please depart in

peace. I will spend the rest of my days atoning for my sins."

Chapter 1742: Are You Human or Ghost?

Upon hearing these words, the king, seated on the chair, was furious, fuming with anger.

Rowan, too, was brimming with rage. This was simply outrageous!

He still wanted to make amends for his deeds? Was he not planning to confess? Was he intending to

escape punishment? Had he not grasped the severity of the situation?

Jolie, hidden behind the curtains, was not just shocked but utterly astounded!

The king's illness was actually caused by Eden! He was the one behind the poisoning! And this

scheme had been in motion for years!

"I ask you, did you poison me in order to inherit the throne? Do you admit to this?!" Jennifer

suppressed her anger, speaking on behalf of the king.

Eden's psychological defenses completely collapsed. Amidst the thunder and lightning, he felt an

overwhelming fear, not wanting to be haunted by guilt every day!

Boom! The thunder roared!

"I admit it!" He nodded vigorously, feeling incredibly anxious. "I admit it, I admit... but I've realized my

mistake. I believe in karma. I know my fate won't be good. I dare not covet the throne anymore. Please

rest in peace! I will burn offerings for you! I will assist Louis, I will mend my ways! Please depart in

peace!"

At this point, the king, unable to endure any longer, felt his blood pressure skyrocket. The person he

trusted the most had indeed harmed him!

This was an injury not only to his body but also to his soul!

The king rose, leaning on his cane, and moved step by step, appearing in the bedroom.

Under the illumination of lightning, Eden once again saw him. Initially trembling in fear, he then steadied himself.

"Are you human or ghost?!" Eden's guard went up, at times staunchly believing in a godless world, and at times, being frightened out of his wits.

"Eden, you truly astonish me," the king said coldly, fixing a piercing gaze upon him. "You... have spun such a long yarn." Then, unable to contain himself, he began to cough softly.

This left Eden somewhat bewildered. How had his demeanor changed so drastically from just a moment ago?

Rumble!

Another round of jarring thunder and lightning, and Eden finally saw the king's ailing face clearly!

A thought flashed through his mind - this is a person! Not a ghost!

Instantly, Eden felt less afraid again. There are no ghosts in this world!

He stood up, advancing toward the king, not uttering a word, his face inscrutable, leaving everyone wondering what he was thinking.

Meanwhile, the king's expression grew even graver, meeting his gaze, eager to see what he would do!

"Uncle...?" With each step forward, he tried to call out his name.

"Uncle."

Rowan appeared out of nowhere, directly blocking the king!

Under the lightning's illumination, Eden got a clear look at his nephew's face, which made him quickly halt his steps!

Rowan stared at him with an intense gaze.

Eden paused for a moment, then laughed. It was a laugh filled with disbelief. "Are you all playing a joke on me? How could there be ghosts?!"

"Louie, as a mere doctor, can you tell if he's been poisoned?" Eden expressed doubt, unafraid. "Whose side are you on? Is he still your father? He's already remarried and has a child with someone else!

Soon, he'll forget about your mother entirely!"

He was clever, aiming at Rowan's sore spots.

"Louie, wake up! The throne can only be yours! It must be yours! Otherwise, I would not be doing right by my sister!" Eden exploded. He raised his voice to bolster his own courage.

"Are you trying to make me the king?" Rowan's tone was calm, hitting the nail on the head with his question. "Or do you just hope to take that position for yourself?"

Chapter 1743: Eden Can't Escape

Of course, Eden couldn't admit it; he wasn't foolish!

So he shook his head, firmly stating, "I'm only here to assist you! What's the difference whether you or I sit in that position? We're all family! I am your true uncle!"

"Bertie." Eden suddenly seemed a bit smug. "You are dying anyway! When one's life is at an end, why worry about Lu Layeka? You might as well entrust her to us!"

Jolie could no longer hold back. Wasn't this performance dragging on for too long?

So, she swept the curtains aside, with a hint of murderous intent, appearing behind the king, then standing by his side!

Another flash of lightning, and Eden could clearly see her as well. His smile froze on his face, and his chest suddenly tightened. "... What audacity!" Jolie scolded.

Claire regretted not being able to stop her earlier; she was too fast!

Crackling sounds... faint electrical crackling filled the air, and the room immediately became brighter as the power returned.

The sudden brightness, just three meters away, caused Eden to squint. Rowan and Jolie, both with impassive expressions, stared at Eden.

The abrupt return of power seemed to tear away Eden's false facade, leaving him instantly flustered and guilty.

Footsteps approached, and Ivan and Jennifer appeared together, their cold gazes filled with hostility, as if they wanted to tear him apart!

Eden's heart sank, his face turning pale. Why were there so many people?

He had been prepared to make a desperate gamble, ready to say something, when more footsteps approached. He looked around warily.

Catherine emerged, followed by the royal physician, Claire, and several generals, senior officials, and ministers...

In less than a minute, several dozen people had entered the spacious bedroom. Everyone's cold, hostile stares bore into Eden.

Despite the thunder and pouring rain outside, the tension inside the room was even more palpable.

Eden averted his gaze, not daring to look at the people around him, feeling unsure of what to do.

Was this a dream?

"Eden!" Catherine, unable to contain her fury, became agitated. "We knew you were bad, but we never thought you were this despicable! How can you dare poison even the king? Are you still human? Even if you die a thousand times, it wouldn't be enough!"

Eden felt dizzy from her scolding. At that moment, he was only pondering one question: where was his senior brother? He couldn't see his brother among the people just now.

Had his senior brother not died?

Jennifer, watching his back, surmised that he might be pondering that question. She felt a particular loathing, especially as his master's death was related to him.

Even if Lu Layeka's laws spared Eden, Ivan, the obsessed husband, would not. Eden was undoubtedly doomed.

"What are you waiting for?" The king, leaning on his cane, sternly ordered, "Seize him! Deal with him according to the law! He will be executed within a week!"

Eden's heart sank heavily, plummeting to the depths.

"Yes!"

Two generals stepped forward, personally restraining Eden, this great demon! He didn't plead for himself, as everything he had just said had been pruned out of him. He had miscalculated, been careless.

Now that everyone was present, he had no defense.

Eden felt a chill in his heart. Before being taken away, he cast a look of grievance at Louis. He was almost certain he had been outsmarted by him.

Then he glanced around, not seeing his senior brother. He was puzzled. "Senior brother?" He tried calling out, scanning everyone present. "Senior brother, come out, it's almost time!"

Even if he was going to die, he wanted to die with a clear understanding.

Chapter 1744: Conclusion

Though the room was filled with people, silence reigned, broken only by the sounds of the wind and

rain outside. No one responded to his question.

Jennifer gazed at him, her eyes carrying a wounded expression as she spoke with her master's voice,

"Kai, those who do wrong will ultimately destroy themselves."

Eden's eyes fell upon the woman's face. His expression at that moment was beyond astonishment! He

seemed as if he had seen a ghost!

"I am his disciple," Jennifer reverted to her true tone, suppressing the turmoil within, trying not to show

any personal emotions, "By hierarchy, I should address you as Mr. Adams, but you are not worthy of it."

Eden was bewildered. A disciple? A disguised disciple? A medical disciple? Then what of his medical

skills...?

"You plotted against the king, but fortunately, we discovered it in time and have prepared the antidote

for him," Jennifer informed him truthfully, "Now you can find peace."

"..." Eden looked at her, seeing no signs of deceit. His heart plummeted.

"What are you waiting for? Take him away!" The king did not want to see him for another second.

Two generals dragged Eden away, offering him no chance to resist.

As they watched his departing figure, everyone knew Eden's fate-certain death.

Despite Eden's downfall, Catherine did not rejoice. Her focus was solely on the king. "How are you?"

She approached the king, hesitant to touch him, yet yearning to embrace him. "Are you poisoned?"

Tears welled up in her eyes. She was so distressed, her heart ached.

The king coughed softly, meeting her gaze, shaking his head reassuringly, "It's nothing, don't worry too much. Go back and rest early."

Then the king's gaze swept gently over everyone around him. Officials of high rank had gathered, all displaying concern and sorrow.

The king confessed, "Although I've been poisoned for over five years, perhaps even longer, I am fortunate to have obtained the antidote. Thanks to my son Louis, and to Mr. and Mrs. Marsh and Miss Claire. So... there is a glimmer of hope for my recovery, at least for the time being, I won't die."

Rumble! A series of thunder and lightning! The sky outside had completely darkened.

"Let's all disperse for the night!" The king raised his voice, addressing everyone, "Tomorrow at 8 a. m., there will be an emergency royal meeting. The Ministry of Interior will notify the attendees."

With that, he leaned on his cane and walked towards the door, with Prince Louis by his side.

Jolie stepped forward, supporting the hesitant Queen Catherine, understanding her emotions at that moment.

The queen's love for the king was pure, but now was not the time to say much.

"Claire." The king suddenly stopped at the door, turning to the girl standing nearby. He spoke gently and reached out to her. "Come here."

Claire met the king's gaze and stepped forward.

Then, Claire accompanied the king on the other side, taking his arm, and together with Rowan, they helped him into the elevator.

Ivan held his wife's hand, giving her a comforting embrace, understanding her anger and pain.

Jennifer accompanied him as they stepped outside. She was truly saddened, and one by one, the officials turned away.

"Why are you here?" Catherine turned to Jolie, puzzled, and with a hint of reproach. "Did you act on your own?"

Jolie lowered her gaze. "I'm sorry... I just..."

"Jolie!" Catherine was truly angry. "Don't explain to me! Go back and write a self-criticism! Your salary for this month is halved!"

With that, Catherine walked away.

Chapter 1745: Will You Marry Louis?

Jolie hung her head, sighing inwardly, her expression blank as she followed along.

Ivan, with Jennifer, made their way to the palace, sheltered under a large black umbrella, holding his wife closely, surrounded by several bodyguards.

Jennifer remained silent throughout the journey, her emotions hitting rock bottom, her thoughts adrift.

"My dear, I know you feel terrible, but you personally brought him to justice," Ivan comforted her. "Your master in heaven would be pleased that you've captured the murderer."

"Why are there bad people in this world?" Jennifer felt a deep sorrow, a tearing pain in her heart, and an overwhelming sense of oppression. "Can't we all live together harmoniously? Must we harm others to live well? Even if we achieve such a life, can we truly be at peace?"

Ivan felt great pain for her. "People are different from one another, and human nature is most fragile.

That's why we must protect ourselves. After all we've been through, we should understand one thing:

we can be kind, but kindness must always be accompanied by sharpness, and we must not give any opportunity for the bad to take advantage."

Jennifer believed that the law would bring justice for everyone and bring peace to the departed. But letting Eden die like this was too easy! A wretch like him should be subjected to the harshest punishment-thrown into boiling oil and subjected to a thousand cuts! He specialized in poisons, and who knows how many people had perished by his hand.

In the palace of the king, Rowan and Claire supported him, guiding him into his chambers, where attendants and guards stood respectfully, not daring to even breathe heavily.

After a round of thunder and lightning, the rain suddenly intensified, pouring down as if in a frenzy!

Tonight was destined to be an extraordinary night.

For Eden, who had lived for decades, he had never witnessed such a downpour as tonight's.

It was as if it foretold something, as if even the heavens were bidding him farewell, celebrating his departure.

He regretted his arrogance, his complacency, his lack of composure until the very end.

Within the king's extravagant and antiquated chambers, the intricate crystal chandeliers emitted

dazzling light.

Rowan helped the king onto the bed, while Claire knelt down to help him remove his shoes, her movements gentle, as attentive as a servant.

Simply because he was Rowan's father, she felt for him and respected him. This detail did not escape the notice of the father and son, especially Rowan. He was deeply moved and quickly knelt down to remove the other shoe for his father.

Claire's gaze moved slowly from his distinct knuckles up to his handsome profile.

Rowan turned to look at her; their eyes met, and he smiled faintly.

Finally, in the presence of a third party, he could openly gaze at her with deep affection.

The girl smiled in response, feeling deeply touched at that moment. Finally, she had uncovered the culprit, fulfilling half of her mission in Lu Layeka.

Then Rowan took Claire's hand, and they stood up together, fingers intertwined.

The king suddenly felt less weary. His loving gaze rested on their joined hands, then slowly lifted to the young couple standing before him.

This was the first time his son had publicly held the girl's hand in front of him, the first time their relationship had been brought to light through action.

The king knew they were in love, though he had only heard it from his son.

"Claire," the king spoke with particular joy, his gaze fixed on the girl. He asked eagerly, "Are you willing to marry our Louis?"

This... was such a sudden question!

Claire had never anticipated this. She hesitated for a moment, feeling elated, but then she looked at the man beside her.

"Father," Rowan was resolute. He held the girl's hand tightly, meeting the king's gaze with a gentle tone and a firm attitude. "When you have recovered, we would like to ask for your blessing to hold the wedding in Lu Layeka."

The king nodded, his eyes filled with warmth and approval.

Chapter 1746: Marriage is Possible, but with a Condition

"Alright," the king looked at his son, then at the girl beside him, his expression somewhat serious, "But I have a condition."

This sudden change in direction made the two young people exchange glances. Was there another test to pass?

Rowan tightly held Claire's hand, his determination unwavering regarding marrying her.

Seeing the young couple's nervousness, the king smiled, not one to beat around the bush, and said in a relaxed tone, "As long as you are willing to inherit the throne, I will acknowledge this marriage and allow you two to be together."

"You..." Rowan gazed at him intently, having no interest in the throne himself.

Claire, however, breathed a sigh of relief. It seemed that the king wasn't insistent on separating them.

Whether or not to inherit the throne was a matter for the father and son to discuss, a major issue that could be addressed in the future, unrelated to the essence of marriage.

Rowan remained calm, speaking unhurriedly, "Father, your health is gradually improving, and you will soon make a complete recovery."

"I know that," the king expressed confidence in his recovery, but his mind was made up, "But I hope to see you firmly established on the throne in my lifetime. With your medical skills, I won't restrict your development. You can benefit the people of Lu Layeka and establish hospitals here, but you must

become the king."

Upon hearing this, Rowan felt as if his head was spinning!

He was indifferent to fame and power, just wanting to find a place to hide.

"Father, have your medicine again, it's getting late," Rowan changed the subject, then turned to fetch the medicine.

Unscrewing the cap and bringing it over, he handed the bottle to him, "We'll discuss other matters later."

After all, getting married would have to wait until his father's health recovered.

Taking the bottle of medicine, the king glanced at him, and in a playful manner, said, "Then let's talk about the wedding later. See if the young lady can wait."

Claire pursed her lips, involuntarily lowering her eyes, her cheeks flushing.

According to the king, inheriting the throne must come before the wedding. It seemed to be a matter of cause and effect.

After finishing the medicine, the king handed the bottle to him, "Louis, tonight, you should accompany

Claire well. The thunderstorm is quite intense, it could frighten her, don't linger here."

Directly shoing him away, he created an opportunity for the two of them.

Claire was left feeling... not knowing what to say about her future father-in-law.

In fact, he was quite democratic, without any airs of a king.

After placing the medicine bottle, and after observing for these past few days, Rowan and his father had screened a list of servants, identifying those who hadn't been bought by Eden and remained loyal to the king and the royal family. Everyone was well aware.

Moreover, the guards were loyal and devoted, all under General Lee's command.

So much had happened recently, and Rowan had a lot to say to Claire. For young people deeply in love, enduring until now was no easy feat.

Thus, he didn't insist on staying with his father, but simply nodded in agreement, "Alright, I'll have the servants watch outside. Ring if you need anything."

"It's just going to sleep, nothing urgent," the king said, reclining back without waiting for Rowan's assistance. Jennifer had indeed brought effective medicine.

Covering himself with the blanket, he closed his eyes.

After a while, Rowan turned and wrapped his arm around the girl's shoulder, leading her out.

The rain continued, the sky still intermittently flashing with thunder and lightning.

At night, within Queen Catherine's palace, the lights were still on.

The servants had been dismissed.

Jolie recounted the whole story to the queen. Catherine listened, her heart filled with apprehension,

"You're lucky you didn't cause any damage! Do you know how dangerous tonight was?"

"..." Jolie fell silent, finally understanding Mr. Marsh and their purpose in coming here: to identify the culprit, Eden.

Chapter 1747: Catherine Changes Her Mind

Catherine only received the news after Mr. Marsh and his team had made all the arrangements.

She was about to call for Jolie to come and explain, but couldn't find her.

Recalling all that had happened, Jolie's brow furrowed lightly, deeply shaken.

"What are you thinking?" Catherine asked her.

Admiringly, Jolie spoke from the heart, "Mrs. Marsh is actually a skilled voice actor. That's her purpose in coming to Lu Layeka." Finally, she understood.

"I'm equally amazed," Catherine recalled Mrs. Marsh's demeanor, "I never thought that such tremendous energy was concealed within her." She was a woman shining with excellence, no wonder Mr. Marsh was so fond of her.

"Jolie, I've made a decision. I will no longer pursue the throne," Catherine understood something tonight. Knowing that the king still had a chance, she was no longer worried about her position within the royal family. Furthermore, with Eden completely out of the picture, he posed no threat to her.

Anxiously, Jolie turned to her, feeling unwilling, "Aren't you concerned about Prince Taylor?"

"I am willing to consider him, but what can I do?" Catherine was clear-headed at that moment. "Prince Louis's influence is right in front of us, and Mr. Marsh is his loyal friend who has risked his life for him."

On this point, even Jolie had seen the truth.

The queen analyzed, "Moreover, the king is dedicated to supporting him. What do we have to counter that? It's better to yield honestly. This way, everyone's days will be better. I believe Louis will be a benevolent ruler."

"..." Jolie didn't know what to say, because the situation had indeed changed.

"Get some rest soon," Catherine sighed, her mind made up. "Right now, all I want is a healthy husband.

Everything else is just a passing cloud."

As long as her husband was absent, she had to find a way out for herself and not be consumed by

Eden.

With her mistress holding this mindset, Jolie couldn't argue further.

On this matter, the mistress and servant reached a basic agreement.

The heavy rain persisted, the wind and rain howling, fiercely battering the windows.

Leaving the king's palace, Rowan brought Claire to his residence, openly leading her by the shoulder

into the room.

"Your Highness," the servants greeted respectfully, "Miss Claire, hello." Watching the two ascend the

stairs, everyone was both shocked and puzzled.

What was their relationship?

Once upstairs, Rowan took Claire directly into the bedroom. As soon as he closed the door, he

embraced her, holding her tightly.

"Claire..." Rowan had a thousand words to say to her, but didn't know where to start. So, he just called

her name and held her even tighter.

In the warm yellow light, his features were especially intense.

The girl composed herself and said, "Dr. Watson, I think you're truly amazing. During this time, I've been moved by your feelings for your father."

"But I neglected you," Rowan frowned slightly, "and didn't take care of you properly."

"But haven't I been fine?" Claire gently pushed him away, smiling as she held his arm. "Do you remember what you told me?"

Rowan gazed at her affectionately, listening as she reminisced, "You said, 'Claire, no matter what happens, I will unwaveringly come to you, from all sides. You made me remember this, made me wait for you.'"

Claire smiled, her eyes sparkling. "Do you remember?"

"Of course."

Under the weight of his deeply affectionate gaze, the girl couldn't help but smile, "I love you. You can confirm that with me as many times as you want."

Rowan reached out and cupped her face, unable to resist, and kissed her lips...

Chapter 1748: Taylor Gets Furious

That night, news of Claire staying at Prince Louis's palace spread like wildfire, making the servants elated and envious. If the king knew about this, he would surely be delighted, wouldn't he?

Unbeknownst to the servants, a significant change had occurred in the royal household the previous night. They all thought the king wouldn't last another week, so this news would be the best thing he could receive before departing. After all, every father wishes to see his son settled in marriage.

The next morning, the rain had stopped, leaving the world pristine and the air unusually fresh.

Catherine woke up early, dressed elaborately, feeling doubly cheerful at the thought of the king's recovery. Add to that Eden's downfall, and her heart bloomed with joy. Jolie accompanied her expressionlessly.

"Where's Taylor?" Catherine sat at her dressing table, putting on earrings, and asked, "Was he informed last night? We have a meeting this morning."

"He was informed, but there wasn't time to explain the reason. He just acknowledged and left," replied

Jolie.

"Has he woken up?"

"Your Highness, the prince went to the stables," Jolie answered.

Catherine thought to herself, "My son is terrible at studying, so it's good that he's keeping himself fit."

At that moment, the sporty Taylor emerged from the stables, wearing riding boots, looking spirited and sweating. Accompanied by two guards, he walked towards his own palace. He was quite handsome, with his bangs falling to his nose.

"I need to take a bath and have breakfast first. Then I'll meet Mother and go to the meeting."

As for what meeting it was, he didn't bother to inquire, nor was he interested. His father hadn't wanted to see him before his passing, which had left him feeling depressed. So, Taylor had no idea about Eden poisoning his father, or about Eden's downfall, or even that his father could be saved.

"I heard Miss Claire stayed at Prince Louis's palace last night. Is that true?"

The two servants, engrossed in conversation, didn't notice the passing Prince Taylor. But their words landed on Taylor like a bombshell, making him halt immediately!

With a stern gaze, he confronted the two servants, "Stop right there!"

The sound made both servants' hearts skip a beat, and they slowly turned, "Prince Taylor!" They were

scared and quickly knelt down.

"Forgive us, we didn't mean to overlook you!"

"Good morning, Your Highness! Please forgive us!"

The two servants knelt, too afraid to look up, their hearts trembling. Taylor took a few steps towards them, "Get up," he said in a calm tone, showing no signs of anger.

The two servants glanced at each other, then stood up, timidly meeting his gaze. "... " they cautiously raised their eyes.

Taylor didn't blame them for not greeting him. He asked, "What were you talking about just now? Miss Claire stayed at Prince Louis's place?"

Relieved to be asked, one of the servants replied truthfully, "Your Highness, I saw Prince Louis leading Miss Claire into the palace with his arm around her last night."

"And it's said that Miss Claire stayed there overnight and hasn't come out yet," added the other.

Taylor's face changed drastically, exclaiming, "How is that possible?! Are you sure you didn't see wrong?!"

"Absolutely certain, Your Highness, we didn't see wrong! It was indeed Miss Claire!"

"Your Highness, my sister was on duty at Prince Louis's palace. I heard it from her... Miss Claire stayed the night at Prince Louis's palace."

After his initial shock, Taylor felt increasingly agitated! He gave them a quick glance, then turned and swiftly walked towards Louis's palace!

"Your Highness!" The two guards followed closely, reminding him, "There's a meeting! And you haven't had breakfast yet!"

He was too full of anger to bother with breakfast! Taylor ignored them and quickened his pace!

He wanted to find out what was going on. His father didn't allow him to pursue Claire, and yet Louis, taking advantage of his father's illness, couldn't wait to bring her home to stay overnight?!

Did he have no respect for his father?!

Chapter 1749: Taylor Still Uncertain

Taylor recalled the time when he pursued Claire, and his father, in a fit of rage, scolded him harshly and threw him out in front of the servants. Now, watching Louis's behavior today, Taylor's anger for his father's sake burned within him.

Had Louis become so brazen because their father was incapacitated and couldn't scold him?

As Taylor approached with great determination, Claire linked arms with Louis, and the two of them walked out, chatting and laughing.

"Dr. Watson, at this rate, when do you think the king will recover?" Claire asked, her mood cheerful, a smile on her face.

"Within a month, he should be fully recovered," Rowan replied, visibly relieved.

They hadn't noticed Taylor. After leaving the main gate, they walked briskly along the corridor toward the direction of the royal palace.

Taylor paused in disbelief, watching this scene.

Were the servants blind?

Could it be real?

How could this be possible?

"Lou! " Taylor roared, striding forward to catch up.

At the sound of Taylor's voice, Rowan and Claire turned to see him approaching with great anger. They also stopped in their tracks, not understanding what was happening.

Taylor quickly reached them, his fingers tightening slightly at his side. His eyes were filled with fury.

"What are you doing?!"

Behind him were two guards who, out of courtesy, respectfully saluted, their voices weak, not daring to provoke Prince Louis.

"Lou!" Taylor looked at him with disdain. "Are you trying to have your cake and eat it too?"

Claire released her hold on Rowan's arm, a move that Taylor found particularly ironic. "Heh, did that hit a nerve?"

The next moment, Rowan directly embraced Claire's shoulder as if to assert his authority. The two brothers' gazes converged, a hidden undercurrent flowing between them.

At this moment, a certain guard, sensing the seriousness of the situation, secretly sent a message on his phone.

Soon after, Jolie, upon receiving the message, hurried over with Queen Catherine. Both of them realized the gravity of the situation because Prince Taylor was unaware of the truth.

"What could be so serious that has Prince Taylor in such a rage early in the morning?"

"We're going to pay our respects to Father. Would you like to come along?" Rowan's tone was nonchalant.

"What's your relationship?" Taylor refused to believe. "Are you two together? Who allowed you to be together?"

The guards could feel his anger as they watched his back.

Rowan's lips curled slightly as he spoke gently, "You're so angry and came here to question us in person, so you must have heard something, right?"

"I'm asking you a question! Just answer!"

"Yes," Rowan nodded, admitting, "Claire is my girlfriend, and it was the god Cupid who brought us together."

"But Father doesn't allow it!" Taylor glared at him angrily. "Are you intentionally trying to upset Father?"

"He doesn't allow her to be with you," Rowan revealed, wanting to assert his authority. "Do you know why he doesn't allow it? Because she's my girlfriend, and we've been together for a long time."

"You're talking nonsense!" Taylor didn't believe a word. He yelled at him, full of anger. "So, you think you're so great now that you're going to be king? I can see that you think Father is going to die and

then you'll be untouchable! Playing the role of a good son under the guise of filial piety, while Father is seriously ill, you're here enjoying yourself every night!"

"Claire!" Taylor was agitated. "How did you even manage your studies? Do you even know what 'enjoying yourself every night' means?"

"How I manage my studies is not important," Taylor softened his tone a bit as he faced the girl he liked.

"What's important is that you two cannot be together!"

At that moment, Catherine and Jolie, accompanied by a group of people, quickly approached.

Catherine was beside herself with worry, hoping her son wouldn't cause any trouble.

"Come! You're coming with me to see Father right now!" Taylor was very angry, pulling at Rowan's arm to lead him forward.

Chapter 1750: Taylor's Persistence in Filing a Complaint

Rowan released Claire and gently brushed off Taylor's hand. "You don't need to pull me, I can walk on my own," he said, then he embraced Claire again and led her forward with determined steps.

Taylor, fuming with anger, followed behind, becoming increasingly annoyed. He wished he could chop

off that hand! His father was on the verge of death, the entire royal family was filled with sorrow, and his

father specifically instructed him to stay, while everyone else remained absent. Yet here he was,

reveling in romance and joy?

Today, he would surely expose him! He would make his father see his true colors!

As Catherine and Jolie rushed to the gates of Prince Louis's palace, they were informed by a servant

that the two princes had just left. Looking up, they caught sight of several figures about to disappear

around the corner.

Claire was there, the guards were there, and Jolie and Catherine hurried to catch up.

Throughout the journey, Claire felt like a sandwich cookie. She wasn't exactly torn between loyalties; it

was just a clear misunderstanding that the brothers didn't need to escalate. It could be explained.

But today, Rowan was determined to put him in his place.

Clearly, Taylor, who was hot-tempered, had no idea about what had happened in the royal family the

previous night.

"Well, Prince Taylor..." Claire tried to speak, thinking to herself that the king was still unwell, and there

was no need to involve him in such matters.

Rowan didn't interrupt her. Claire glanced at Taylor and continued, "You don't need to be this angry..."

"Don't plead for him!" How could Taylor not be angry? "Father is critically ill! Since he's this kind of person, why bother maintaining the appearance of a filial son? For whom is this display intended?!

Today, I will expose his true self in front of Father!"

"Misunderstandings, truly just misunderstandings," Claire looked at him with exceptional patience.

"Actually..."

"Don't say so much to me. I detest people who act one way in front of me and another behind my back!"

Taylor was truly furious. "I thought he was by Father's side every night! It's difficult for me to see Father even once, yet he, he doesn't cherish the opportunity! He sneaks away! And he's with the person I care about!"

Soon, the imposing palace of the king came into view.

Today, there was no Eden at the entrance, only Arthur.

"Good day, Your Highnesses," Arthur bowed respectfully, and behind him, the guards and servants also

bowed in unison.

"Has Father awakened?" Taylor paused at the entrance, his tone softened considerably. "Could you please announce that the two princes have urgent matters to report, especially Prince Taylor?"

Claire glanced at Rowan, seeing his indifferent expression, devoid of any emotion, as if he was about to exact revenge for something.

Taylor was just a child, why bother arguing with him?

Claire sighed deeply in her heart, finding Dr. Watson quite childish.

At that moment, the king, dressed formally, though not in the forefront of fashion, leaned on his cane with four guards behind him. Despite his illness, his charm remained undiminished, reminiscent of his carefree and unrestrained youth.

He emerged from his chamber, appearing before everyone's eyes.

Seeing his father's spirited appearance, Rowan felt a surge of joy, a glint of light passing through his eyes.

As for Taylor, he was so shocked that his eyes seemed about to pop out. He had completely forgotten

that he had come to make a complaint!

His father... didn't look critically ill at all! Moreover, it had been several years since his father had dressed so formally, even since he fell ill.

"Good morning, Your Majesty!" The servants all bowed in unison.

"Father," Rowan greeted politely.

Claire also hurriedly greeted, "Good morning, Your Majesty."

Facing his father's gaze, Taylor's thoughts halted for a few seconds. "Father, you... you're feeling better?" He took a few steps forward, supporting the king. "Father, there's something I'm afraid you don't know, something I must tell you today!"