

Surprised 1761

Chapter 1761: Rowan Goes Wild with Beating

"Claire!" Rowan, deeply worried, hastily pulled the disheveled Claire into his embrace. "Claire, are you all right?!"

Sensing her feverish body, seeing her flushed cheeks, hands tightly guarding her chest, he knew something terrible had just happened to her.

"I'm sorry, Claire..." Rowan's heart ached.

If only he had arrived a moment later, the consequences would have been unimaginable!

"Sit down for now." Suppressing his raging anger, Rowan helped the girl into a chair, covering her with a blanket he grabbed nearby.

Trembling, Claire was still rational. She knew that Rowan had come to rescue her, yet the fear had not dissipated. She had been truly terrified just a moment ago.

She felt so hot... an unprecedented heat.

Rowan's furious gaze swept toward Taylor, who had taken a few steps back and just managed to

steady himself, then he moved towards him! There was something sharp in his eyes, a kind of fury!

As he neared Taylor, Rowan's eyes suddenly darkened, and he lunged forward to continue his frenzied assault on him!

"Ah...!"

Unable to dodge, Taylor let out cries of agony, trying to retaliate but finding no room to do so.

Rowan seemed to be addicted to pummeling him!

As a doctor, he knew how to avoid fatal blows, and considering their past brotherly bond, Taylor was soon left in excruciating pain, but not in a life-threatening condition.

"Ah...!" Taylor's screams rang out one after another.

Rowan's emotions verged on losing control, and he had no intention of stopping. His eyes were filled with a menacing glint!

"Stop..." Claire sensed the situation growing dire. Despite her lack of physical strength, her mind was clear. "Stop... fighting."

She didn't want this incident to escalate. If no one intervened, it would spiral out of control.

If the king found out, Taylor would be in serious trouble.

If Taylor suffered, Catherine might become an obstacle for Rowan...

The guards outside finally mustered the courage to enter upon hearing the sounds of the scuffle, and upon witnessing the two princes brawling, they were stunned for a few seconds!

Hastily, they rushed to intervene.

"Ah! Prince Taylor! This is too brutal! It's heartbreaking!"

"Prince Louis, please stop! I beg you to stop!" They saw Prince Taylor, his face bruised and bloodied.

"Please, Prince Louis, show mercy!"

They anxiously called out, none daring to lay a hand on either of the princes, but upon seeing the condition of the girl in the chair, they realized something was amiss.

They knew that Prince Louis was defending Miss Russell, but what had Prince Taylor done to her?

Every second spent in the same room with Prince Louis felt like an eternity, as his furious aura was palpable.

Leaving the two princes to their confrontation, the other two guards hastily ran out!

They needed to inform Queen Catherine!

Otherwise, Prince Taylor would be beaten to death!

"Go to hell!" Straddling Taylor, Rowan continued, "Taylor, you're just a scoundrel!" and unleashed a torrent of blows upon him!

Rowan's fists moved too fast!

Taylor had no room to retaliate; he could only curl up, arms shielding his face, appearing rather cowed!

Rowan, usually composed and refined, had also trained in combat, and today, his eruption made him seem like a different person altogether!

"Prince Louis, please, have mercy!"

"Prince Taylor..."

The guards were frantic. Claire grew increasingly anxious. She couldn't bear the thought of Taylor being beaten to death because of this incident.

Taylor's cries of agony left Claire deeply distressed. Gathering all her strength, she stood and staggered towards the two fighting men.

Though her vision blurred, she managed to grab onto Rowan's arm. "Stop... fighting."

She swayed, her balance unsteady, and Rowan instinctively reached out to hold her.

"Claire!"

"Stop... fighting..." She felt incredibly unwell, struggling even to breathe, as if her entire being was consumed by flames.

Rowan realized the gravity of the situation. With a glare at the now cowering Taylor, he picked up Claire and carried her out.

Chapter 1762: Catherine's Uncontrollable Anger

Rowan hurried, carrying her towards his own palace!

His cold, intense gaze focused ahead, anger spraying from his eyes! His handsome yet stern facial features made him look like a trapped beast!

The anger had not subsided!

"You have to hold on, Claire," Rowan felt a deep pang of pity, not knowing if the medication had any side effects on the human body. As a doctor, his intuition led him to reject all medications.

"He... he... he didn't do anything to me," Claire spoke with difficulty, her hands wrapped around his neck, her thoughts still clear, "Don't... be angry with him anymore."

Even though Claire was also very angry and wished to personally slap Taylor, she couldn't risk a life.

After all, he was the king's son, and every action could have severe consequences.

Anger aside, rationality should prevail, and the matter needed to be dealt with, but not in an extreme manner.

At this moment, Queen Catherine and Julie, upon hearing the news, drove towards their direction!

Through the lowered car window, they inadvertently saw Louis swiftly leaving with Claire in his arms!

"Miss Russell, what happened?" Catherine asked the guard sitting beside her, sensing the cold anger emanating from Louis even from a distance.

She felt that Louis had fought with Taylor, and it had something to do with Miss Russell, but the guard hadn't mentioned Miss Russell at all.

Upon the queen's inquiry, the guard recounted what he had witnessed upon entering- "Prince Taylor arranged to meet Miss Russell at Aire Castle and instructed that no one be allowed inside. Shortly after, Prince Louis arrived. We didn't dare stop Prince Louis; after all, he is the future king."

"When we heard the commotion and went in, we saw the two princes fighting, with two empty wine glasses on the table. Miss Russell was sitting in the chair, trembling, her cheeks flushed, as if... she had been... drugged."

Upon hearing the guard's speculation, Catherine and Julie felt a sudden tightness in their chests!

Was this Taylor's doing?!

Soon, the car stopped at the entrance of Aire Castle. The doors opened, and Catherine and Julie

hurried inside, their skirts billowing with urgency!

That idiot son had better not have been beaten to death?!

Inside the castle.

"Your Highness..." the remaining two guards felt deeply sorry and were about to reach out to assist him.

But Taylor once again pushed them away!

He didn't want anyone to see his sorry state. He forced himself to stand up, staggering several steps

before steadying himself, panting heavily, even breathing was painful.

His nose and lips felt sticky. He lightly wiped them and found his sleeve smeared with blood.

He was dazed from the beating, feeling a numbness towards the pain.

At this moment, Catherine and Julie, accompanied by the guards, burst in!

Seeing her son battered, Catherine felt a pang of heartache!

Glancing at the wine glasses and the remaining wine on the table, she clenched her fists, restraining

herself as she asked, "What have you done?"

Taylor's eardrums had a slight problem, and his mother's words echoed, almost like Sun Wukong wearing the tight-fitting headband, echoes of all sizes, causing him a severe headache.

Julie, usually composed, couldn't help but furrow her brows upon seeing Prince Taylor like this, a look of distress on her face. This sight was simply unbearable.

"Speak up!" Catherine, after feeling sorry for her son, was now furious, "What have you done to Claire?!"

As long as her son was alive, it wasn't a big deal, but this crime couldn't be overlooked! If the king found out, the consequences would be severe!

Openly offending the future king wasn't just asking for trouble, it was practically seeking death!

Chapter 1763: The Necessity of an Apology

Taylor knew his mother had arrived and struggled to calm himself, closing his eyes tightly and furrowing his brow, attempting to dispel the pain.

He didn't want his mother to worry.

Seeing her son with blood on his lips, his disheveled appearance, and the two wine glasses on the

table, along with the remnants of wine in the bottle, Catherine felt both heartache and anger!

Catherine was seething. Her voice low, she asked, "Taylor! Did you have ill intentions towards Claire?!"

Taylor was taken aback. His mother didn't care about him? Instead, she was siding with someone else?

He slowly looked up at his mother and was met with her gaze... and a rare flash of anger.

Catherine was waiting for his response, and Taylor realized that all eyes were on him, none

sympathetic.

"Speak up!" His mother's impatience grew.

With her shout, Taylor was instantly more alert. He knew he couldn't hide his actions today and

attempted to first extinguish his mother's anger.

So, he averted his eyes, and said lightly, "It was... unsuccessful..."

Upon hearing this, Catherine's eyes widened in anger, and she was almost fuming! She clenched her

fists at her waist, "Unacceptable!" and directly kicked her son in the stomach!

Julie was caught off guard and couldn't intervene.

"Ah..." Taylor let out a cry and staggered back a couple of steps, clutching his stomach. He couldn't

fathom why his mother had kicked him. As he looked up, there was a hint of resentment in his eyes.

"Taylor!" Catherine roared at him, "Have you lost your mind? Do you understand the implications of your actions? Disgraceful!"

"I..." Taylor was speechless, feeling pain all over his body.

"Apologize! Minimize the impact!" Catherine's mind was exceptionally clear at this moment.

Julie's face was stern; she also felt that Prince Taylor had handled the situation poorly.

"I won't go..." Taylor thought of Louis and grew angry. If it weren't for Claire's intervention, he might have been dead at Louis's hands by now.

Catherine didn't want to waste time on him. She stepped forward, grabbed his shoulder, and said,

"Move! Before your father finds out! Go and apologize to Claire! Gain her forgiveness first!"

Catherine was truly exasperated!

Under the scrutiny of the guards, Prince Taylor was forcibly dragged out of the castle by the queen!

His mother didn't even consider his injuries, despite his suppressed groans of pain.

Julie followed, offering no objections.

"No one is to breathe a word about today's events!" Julie instructed the guards as they left the castle.

The guards, loyal to Prince Taylor, saluted, "Yes, Captain!" They wouldn't dare tarnish the prince's reputation.

Catherine then forced Taylor into the carriage!

"Taylor, you must apologize to her immediately!" she said sternly, "If your father finds out, he will not spare you!"

His father had very strong principles! He might even banish him from the royal family!

Sitting in the carriage, Taylor felt incredibly agitated. He accepted the handkerchief Julie handed him and attempted to wipe the blood from his lips. For the moment, he remained silent about the apology.

At this moment, he was more clear-headed, recalling his recent actions and finding them terrifying.

He knew he had been in the wrong, acting impulsively, recklessly, and downright despicably.

Yet, he didn't want to apologize to Louis. He found it hard to swallow his pride, especially after being beaten so badly.

The mother and son argued in the carriage over the apology. They couldn't cause a scene at someone else's palace. They had to persuade Taylor, and if he refused, they'd have to force him to comply!

Chapter 1764: Love You for a Lifetime

"Taylor, this is your fault," Katherine looked at her son, heart aching. His hair was disheveled, his face

bruised. Seeing her own son beaten like this, it really was a mix of emotions for a mother.

But she had to advise, this apology had to be made, and the earlier, the more sincere.

"He beat me like this, isn't he at fault?" Taylor turned to look at his mother, a burning anger within him.

"What's gotten into you today? Are you really siding with him?"

"You were wrong first, I stand with what's right."

"No matter how wrong I was, it doesn't warrant this!" Taylor was furious. "If it weren't for Claire pleading

for me, Louis would have beaten me to death today!"

Katherine felt deeply for her son; his injuries were severe, even his eyes were swollen.

The mother and son's gazes met, and a brief silence fell upon the carriage.

Meanwhile, in Prince Louis's palace.

Rowan carried Claire up the stairs and straight into the bedroom.

She was burning up.

He bent to gently lay her on the bed, about to pour her a glass of water, but Claire's embrace tightened

around his neck, preventing him from moving away.

He stood there, close to her.

Claire was feeling terrible and had no desire for water.

Rowan couldn't bring himself to touch her, especially in this situation. As a man, his inner conflict was overwhelming.

Propping himself up with his elbow, he looked down at her. "Claire, are you still conscious?"

With her eyes closed, she nodded. "Will you marry me... right?"

Her throat was parched, like a fish out of water.

She was weak in body, but her mind was clear.

"I will," Rowan didn't hesitate. "I will take responsibility for you, marry you, and love you for a lifetime."

A lifetime...

How romantic and wonderful those four words were in a novel.

A radiant smile formed on Claire's lips, her cheeks blushing like peach blossoms.

As a doctor, Rowan understood clearly that instead of developing a remedy, it was better to follow the

procedure... he would take responsibility for her.

He also knew that Claire was clear-minded at this moment, she had a certain longing.

Couples in love usually take that step.

So, he carefully kissed her... using himself as the antidote.

Developing a remedy would take time, and she wouldn't hold on. Her body, pushed to its limits, might

develop various issues.

About two hours later.

Rowan led Claire out of the room, their first time together, under such precarious circumstances. It was

both risky and fateful, a feeling beyond words.

To Claire, this had to happen with the person she loved the most.

The joy and beauty of it, she couldn't express in words.

As they descended the stairs, at the turn, they saw three people standing in the hall below.

Katherine, Julie, and Taylor.

Claire felt a bit nervous for no apparent reason. Taylor had been quite beaten up just now. Were they

here for a confrontation with his mother?

Rowan paused for a moment, his expression cool as he stared down at the three below, his anger rising!

Gripping Claire's hand, he continued down the steps with her.

Claire's heart skipped a beat. She couldn't predict what would happen next. Would there be a conflict?

By courtesy, Rowan should greet the queen, after all, she was his stepmother, his elder.

But at this moment, the cold aura emanating from him made him want to express his emotions with his fists rather than waste a single word.

Katherine and Julie also felt the chill from Prince Louis and realized that it would be difficult for him to easily forgive Taylor.

Chapter 1765: Coming to Apologize

At this point, though Taylor had come, he was not entirely convinced. He felt a bit dragged there by his mother, his bruised face still carrying an air of defiance.

He seemed like a spoiled child, not meeting Rowan's gaze, not out of fear, but out of disdain.

Rowan's face grew colder, his gaze sweeping lightly over the three. He led Claire down, understanding their thoughts at this moment.

Claire felt a bit uneasy. She swallowed hard, feeling somewhat unnatural. Such a thing happening to her made her feel ashamed and embarrassed.

After descending the stairs, Rowan stood with Claire in front of the three.

There was a distance of about a meter between them. Rowan's face remained grim, a hint of coldness in his eyes, not wanting to see these people.

"Your Highness," Julie, out of courtesy, made a respectful bow.

Claire also responded, "Your Highness," her voice soft, carrying an imperceptible unease.

Her son had been beaten like this, his mother must be very distraught, right?

But Claire didn't want to escalate the situation any further. So, she organized her thoughts, intending to explain the entire situation from start to finish. She didn't want the queen to only hear Taylor's side of the story.

"Miss Russell," Katherine spoke up, sighing softly. "Prince Louis, Taylor's behavior today was thoughtless. I brought him here to apologize." Her sincere attitude was unexpected.

Rowan's countenance remained icy. His gaze fell on the woman. "Just thoughtless? This is despicable

behavior." His chilling gaze sent shivers down their spines.

"Yes, yes, yes," Katherine nodded quickly, not wanting to provoke him. "It was despicable. You've already given him a good lesson, he will definitely remember it."

Rowan understood that this apology was from the mother, and Taylor wasn't mute, so he must have been compelled to come here, right?

Taylor didn't realize the seriousness of the situation.

Rowan wasn't angry. He just continued to gaze coldly at Katherine, asking, "What if this had escalated? What would the queen think?"

Katherine felt a slight tremor in her heart at his question. She fell silent, unable to respond.

Escalated?

She really didn't dare to think about it!

Would the king go into a rage?

If Miss Russell couldn't handle the pressure, she might... commit suicide?

In the midst of this conversation, Claire also felt uncomfortable. As the person at the center of this event, she, too, fell silent.

Rowan's gaze shifted to Taylor. His lips curved into a cold smile. "I was being lenient. No need for an apology. Let me take another ten minutes to vent? No need for an apology."

His words didn't sound like a joke, and it frightened Katherine and Julie!

Under his cold gaze, Taylor stepped back reflexively, the pain reawakening. He felt his scalp tingle.

"Taylor!" Katherine turned, lowering her voice, urgently reminding him, why hadn't he shown any remorse yet? Hurry and apologize!

Julie stood by, her expression grave, worried for Prince Taylor, and concerned that this matter might reach the king.

In an instant, Taylor became clear-headed. He started to fear his father... If his father found out, he might have ten people beat him up like crazy.

When he was younger and mischievous, his father was so furious that he had also been severely beaten.

With a thud, Taylor bent his knees, a move even his mother hadn't anticipated. He knelt before Rowan.

"Brother, I was wrong! Please forgive me!" he said loudly, looking up.

Chapter 1766: Considering the Big Picture

This scene left Julie feeling astonished!

Catherine was also stunned!

Rowan and Claire were shaken, all eyes focused on Prince Taylor, who was kneeling, his hair disheveled, his face sporting bruises, and his lips stained with blood.

Rowan appeared calm, unmoved by the situation, his inner anger not diminished by this act of kneeling.

"Bro, I was wrong!" Taylor looked up at him, thick-skinned and said, "Just forgive me! I really know I was wrong!"

The term "bro" struck a chord in Rowan's heart, playing the family card.

Rowan's indifferent face showed no emotion, but inside, he was somewhat moved because this address from Taylor... should be difficult for him, right?

Catherine and Julie were still a bit dazed. Taylor actually called him bro?!

"Claire, I'm sorry, I was wrong!" Seeing no response from his brother, Taylor knelt beside the girl next to his brother. He looked genuinely apologetic, and said pitifully, "I really know I was wrong. Shall I write

you a self-criticism?"

Write a self-criticism??

Isn't that what children do?

But at this moment, Taylor was like a child who had done wrong, with his mother by his side and his brother's wife in front of him.

As long as he sincerely and earnestly apologized, the elders wouldn't pursue the matter further, so his father wouldn't find out.

Claire suddenly felt sorry for him. Taylor's actions were truly disheartening. He failed to achieve his goal, got beaten, knelt down, and now apologized...

So, she turned her gaze towards the man beside her.

Rowan, exuding an aura of coldness, looked at him displeased, "Write a one-thousand-word self-criticism. Your attitude must be sincere, and your handwriting must be neat. Hand it over before nightfall today!"

"Okay, bro!" Taylor breathed a sigh of relief, "Can I... get up now?"

Rowan withdrew his gaze, put his arm around Claire, and walked away.

Claire, as she walked, glanced back at the three of them. When she saw Taylor standing up, Princess

Catherine and herself briefly exchanged glances.

Claire averted her eyes and then noticed a sense of gratitude in Princess Catherine's gaze.

So... they definitely didn't want this matter to escalate, didn't want to tarnish Taylor's reputation.

"Dr. Watson," Claire said as she walked, turning her gaze, "Can't we..."

"What did you call me?" Rowan squeezed her shoulder, reminding her, "Didn't you change your

address in bed just now?" His tone, having changed from the previous sternness, now carried a teasing

and gentle quality.

Claire's heart felt as though it had been stirred. She turned around and embraced him, halting his

steps. "Rowan," she looked up at him, "Could this matter not be told to the king?"

This wasn't a matter of being saintly, but rather considering the bigger picture.

The incident had already occurred. Taylor was willing to write a self-criticism, and she believed he

would definitely turn over a new leaf.

Moreover, Princess Catherine had personally come to intercede today. If the matter reached the king,

her relationship with the prince would sour again.

Naturally, it was better to repair this relationship as perfectly as possible.

Their eyes met, and Rowan understood her meaning and naturally comprehended this reasoning. "We can keep it from him, but it's unlikely to remain hidden," he said. "Although Taylor's injuries aren't fatal, the aftermath is substantial. He probably won't get out of bed tomorrow."

"What?" Claire's chest tightened, and a thought occurred to her. "Then can't you treat him? Mend... your relationship with your stepmother?"

Rowan raised an eyebrow, his voice low, "That depends on whether his one-thousand-word self-criticism meets my satisfaction."

Chapter 1767: Seeking Traditional Chinese Medicine Treatment

He could respond in this manner, so he was probably willing to help Taylor...

Physicians are always compassionate. Claire felt happy about his kindness and compassion because

her future husband was the exceptional Dr. Watson.

She gave him a gentle and admiring smile, then released her hold on his waist and linked her arm with his, pulling him forward.

After they had slept and had come into closer contact, it was an incredibly strange feeling, a spiritual and physical union of pleasure that couldn't be compared to anything else.

Rowan recalled Taylor's "bro" just now and the feelings it stirred in him... it was always somewhat special.

His anger dissipated considerably in an instant. He felt a bit helpless, a bit exasperated, and a bit resentful.

In his palace, Taylor was seriously injured, barely holding himself up, feeling like his knees were about to give way.

Princess Catherine and Julie quickly went to support him. When mother and son's eyes met, Princess Catherine looked at her son as if he were a strange creature, her thoughts complex and her words feeble.

Taylor also knew that his "bro" just now was a bit hasty, without discussing it with his mother, but other than playing the family card, he had no other choice.

"Um..." Taylor glanced at his mother and said softly, "I'll go write my self-criticism." With a heavy heart, he took painful steps and walked out.

Watching her son's limping figure, Catherine exchanged a glance with Julie and then stepped forward.

Julie followed, feeling quite despondent.

After a while, Catherine, watching her son's hobbling figure, said to the woman beside her as they walked, "Notify the court physician to come and treat him."

"It's already arranged," Julie, her trusted aide, always on top of things, checked the time on her wrist, "I reckon the court physician is already waiting in the palace."

"Mm."

When Taylor reached the entrance of his own palace, he saw the court physician from a distance and couldn't help but slow his pace, feeling quite embarrassed.

"Son, you need to get these injuries treated, or there could be long-term consequences," Catherine stepped forward a few paces, tenderly urging him, implying that the court physician was invited by her and he shouldn't resist.

Taylor hadn't looked in the mirror yet and didn't know how beaten up he was, but his whole body hurt.

"I'll write my self-criticism first," feeling a bit anxious, he couldn't let his father find out about this,

otherwise, he would get an even harsher beating.

So, when he stepped through the door, he simply ignored the court physician and headed straight for the study.

The court physician greeted him and, as he took a closer look at the injuries on his face, felt a pang of concern. Taylor's face was swollen like a pig's, far beyond the description of "black and blue."

What had happened to him?

"Your Highness..." the court physician looked at the queen with astonishment and asked in a hushed voice, "How did the prince sustain these injuries?"

Because he was a physician and was expected to treat him, it was normal to inquire about the cause.

However, the fewer people who knew about this, the better, because it could easily reach the king's ears, and then all their efforts would be in vain.

The court physician gazed at the queen, waiting for her response, but also anticipating that this matter was not simple.

Catherine considered the severity of her son's injuries and admitted, "He was beaten by Louis." As the mother spoke, her face also revealed a hint of helplessness.

The court physician's eyes widened upon hearing this. Although he refrained from passing judgment, he couldn't help but think: Prince Louis hasn't even ascended to the throne yet, and he's already this audacious?

Shouldn't a dog know who its master is?

Isn't he blatantly disrespecting the queen today?

"What are you standing around for?" Julie's tone was indifferent as she urged, "Why don't you hurry in and treat him?"

Chapter 1768: Taylor Writes a Serious Self-Criticism

"Yes, yes, yes..." The royal physician hurriedly bowed and restrained his curiosity. He turned and walked inside.

Katherine felt distressed about her son and naturally accompanied him. She needed to know the extent of her son's condition, whether he had any serious injuries.

As they reached the study, they found the door was locked.

The royal physician glanced at the queen and, upon receiving permission, gently rang the doorbell and called out, "Your Highness? Please open the door. I'm here to assess your injuries."

At that moment, Taylor sat at his desk, wearing headphones and holding a pen. In front of him lay an unfolded A4 paper. His world was quiet.

This silence made him more acutely aware of his mistake. He couldn't understand how he had been so foolish at that time. How could he have done such a thing? It was terrifying! Fortunately, he hadn't succeeded. Otherwise, he would never have forgiven himself.

Upon hearing about Claire's engagement to Louis, he had completely lost his composure!

Now, as he sat and contemplated, he realized how foolish the whole thing was. What difference did it have from a crime?

Could love be seized? Plundered?

He didn't hate Louis for hitting him. He was glad Louis had arrived in time and that he hadn't harmed Claire. If he had succeeded just now, he would have regretted it bitterly for the rest of his life.

This boy had some goodness in him; there was still a trace of kindness in his heart.

Even the earlier bow was sincere, as was the word "brother" that had come straight from the heart.

So every word he wrote with the pen now was a genuine apology... As he wrote, he was struck by a

kind of heart-wrenching pain, which overshadowed the physical pain.

Outside the door, the royal physician couldn't open it. He could only lower his head and take a small step back, waiting for them to figure out a solution.

He was only responsible for treating injuries; it wasn't his fault that the door couldn't be opened, was it?

Katherine sighed. "Let's wait at the door," she said, implying that she didn't intend to knock.

This surprised the royal physician.

With injuries like this, why wouldn't they let him receive treatment? What was going on?

Julie caught the royal physician's surprise and replied directly, "The prince is writing a self-criticism. It's not a good time to disturb him."

A self-criticism?

"Your Highness, with the prince in such a condition... you're still making him write a self-criticism?" The royal physician couldn't help but feel a tinge of pity. After all, he had watched the young prince grow up.

He advised, "Is there anything between mother and son that can't be resolved through conversation?"

In other words, why was the queen still keeping accounts with him?

"It's not me who asked him to write it," Katherine said lightly, her eyes falling on him without warmth.

"You're here to treat his injuries. Why bother with so many questions? Also, regarding the matter of Prince Taylor being beaten, you cannot reveal it to anyone."

"Understood," the royal physician replied, although he couldn't help but wonder why, with her son so injured, she wouldn't report it to the king. Was she trying to protect Prince Louis?

Because he was going to inherit the throne, did she choose to endure in silence? Was she afraid?

Afraid to offend?

Thinking of the visible injuries on Prince Taylor, the royal physician was filled with frustration. Surely, the queen must be feeling equally frustrated?

The royal physician had never held a good impression of Prince Louis. He had once questioned the royal physician's medical skills and brought in some Arabian doctor to humiliate him!

Prince Louis always seemed to look down on him, and he never acknowledged his abilities.

He had heard that Prince Louis was also a doctor, but in the royal physician's opinion, he only had superficial knowledge, right? Was it really remarkable to diagnose poisoning? Maybe it was something his uncle, Eden, had brought upon himself.

In the royal physician's mind, he didn't want the inexperienced and arrogant Prince Louis to inherit the throne. He believed that if that were to happen, the entire Lu Layeka would be ruined by his hands.

Chapter 1769: Impressions of Prince Louis Decline Once More

In the spacious and elegant study, Prince Taylor was writing his self-criticism with great seriousness.

Several crumpled sheets had already been thrown into the waste bin, leaving the three outside waiting for a good two hours...

He had spent two hours writing his self-criticism, and his attitude was far from perfunctory.

The royal physician's legs were aching from standing for so long, but he didn't dare to leave without being dismissed.

Two hours later, the door opened, and as Taylor was about to step out, he suddenly appeared in the sight of the three people waiting outside. He paused for a moment, seemingly taken aback. "What are you all doing here?"

"Your Highness," the royal physician quickly bowed respectfully.

Katherine, seeing her son's appearance, felt a pang of distress. The traces of blood around his mouth had already dried. "I asked the royal physician to come and check on you, to help you recover more

quickly."

Taylor, holding the self-criticism in his hand, thought for a moment. "Wait here. I'll be back in a while."

With that, he left.

He also wanted treatment; the bruise on his face didn't look good, and it really hurt.

The royal physician's gaze fell on the paper folded twice in Taylor's hand; it seemed to be filled with writing.

Where was he planning to take this self-criticism?

After a brief moment of doubt, a thought suddenly occurred to the royal physician-Did Prince Louis make him write this self-criticism???

So... it wasn't surprising that the queen's expression had turned grim. Oh, Prince Louis was so ignorant. Even if he was going to be the king, the queen was still his elder. Shouldn't he respect her?

So, the royal physician's impression of Prince Louis diminished once again.

As Rowan was returning to his palace with Claire, a passing guard quietly reported, "Your Highness, Miss Russell, Prince Taylor is here, waiting for you in the hall."

Rowan paused for a moment, looked in the direction of the palace, and said, "Hmm." His handsome

face showed no emotion.

The guard respectfully saluted them and stepped aside, allowing the two to walk towards the palace.

Knowing that only Taylor had come and the queen hadn't, had he already finished writing the self-criticism so quickly? His attitude of admitting his mistake seemed quite good.

The two entered the grand hall.

"Your Highness," a servant inside greeted them respectfully, "Miss Russell."

"Please, you may leave," Rowan said calmly, his gaze falling on Taylor, who had stopped not far away, then he stood in front of him.

The two brothers locked eyes.

Soon, the spacious hall was left with only the three of them.

Rowan and Claire stood before Taylor. Rowan's expression was calm, his eyes coolly fixed on him.

Although he wasn't as angry as before, he still didn't seem very pleased.

Taylor shifted his gaze. "Brother, this is my self-criticism," he said, handing over the handwritten self-criticism.

Rowan didn't immediately take it. Claire pursed her lips and slowly turned to look at him.

She noticed that he was staring at Taylor without a trace of anger in his eyes, only a sense of disappointment.

Claire lightly touched Rowan's arm. After about five seconds, Rowan reached out with his left hand and took the self-criticism.

Glancing briefly at the written words, he said calmly, "Whether I forgive you or not depends on how well this self-criticism is written, how sincere it is. Since you are writing it seriously, rest assured, I will read it seriously and not just throw it away."

Taylor, who had been listening, dared not look up. He knew he had gone too far, and this wouldn't end easily.

Even Claire felt that Rowan's tone was incredibly cold, and yet, it was strangely pleasing to the ear. His attitude was also incredibly composed!

After venting, he didn't intend to continue confronting his brother, but he still wanted to teach him a lesson, to make sure he deeply remembered not to repeat such things. Yes, it was quite the elder brother's style.

Chapter 1770: The Royal Physician May Not Be Able to Heal Him

Taylor was at a loss for words for a moment, hanging his head, knowing he had come to apologize.

He didn't want to appear weak, to avoid another beating.

After a while, he heard Claire speak, "You should go back and rest well."

Taylor looked up at the sound, meeting Claire's eyes. He earnestly said, "I'm sorry, Claire, I was wrong."

"I know," Claire's lips curled slightly. "Go back quickly. Your mother must be very worried."

Seeing that she wasn't angry, Taylor felt a little relieved and cast a wary glance at Rowan, catching his cold, thin-lipped gaze.

After about three seconds, Taylor averted his eyes and turned to stride out.

When he returned to his own palace, the royal physician was still waiting.

Taylor felt a bit embarrassed, so he kept a cold face and didn't look at him.

With his mother and Julie by his side, the royal physician quickly treated his wounds and gave him medication, and then he lay down to rest.

"This is a serious injury..." the royal physician sighed, as if facing an ancient conundrum.

Hearing this, Catherine's heart suddenly tightened. "Has it injured any internal organs? Is there any internal bleeding? Is his life in danger?"

"No," the royal physician shook his head. "It's a severe injury, but it will be painful for a long time, and there may be lifelong issues."

The royal physician's exaggeration frightened Catherine, and Julie coldly said, "Can you actually heal him? What kind of doctor scares people?"

"I can... I can," he stammered.

"Then heal him properly! Stop wasting words! If you can't heal him, it's a problem with your medical skills!" Julie didn't want to hear him blabber, feeling that he was exaggerating and might scare the prince.

The royal physician immediately fell silent, realizing that Julie had seen through his little scheme.

Then he applied some ointment to Prince Taylor and promised the Queen to come by for consultation twice a day.

After the royal physician left, Catherine had the servants stay by Taylor's bedside, then she and Julie

left, not wanting to disturb his rest.

As they walked back, Catherine felt as if a heavy stone was pressing on her heart. She was very worried about her son's injury and wished she could bear the pain for him.

Julie thought for a while and hesitantly spoke, "The royal physician's skills are not good," she concluded.

"You noticed from how he treated the King this time?" Catherine also had the same feeling.

"Yes," Julie nodded. "He couldn't even find signs of poisoning, let alone the root cause. How can he heal him?"

"He's handled all kinds of illnesses in the royal family before, from small to serious ones, and it was effective."

"He could even prescribe medicine for common illnesses," Julie said bluntly. "Since Prince Louis's medical skills are good, should we ask him to treat Prince Taylor? To prevent any lingering issues."

In fact, this idea had crossed Catherine's mind several times, but... she couldn't bring herself to say it.

"He beat him and now he's supposed to treat him? Is that possible?" Catherine wasn't hopeful. "He would rather beat him for another hour, he's still angry, don't provoke him."

Julie's face grew serious, she was genuinely worried about the prince's condition.

After a while, Catherine sighed, "Let's see. As long as it's not life-threatening, maybe the royal physician can heal him. If there's improvement tomorrow, we won't need to find Prince Louis."