

K Lover 119

Chapter 119: Not The Bedchambers

"I wouldn't want to stop Your Majesty from eating. Anyone who dares deserves death," Leopold said with enthusiasm. As always, his voice carried across the room.

Queen Violeta giggled, then started to walk away from Leopold, who still remained on the floor and clearly had no plans to stand up until the Queen was seated.

Caius couldn't hide his annoyance. He had forgotten how overwhelming the Lord was—looks like nothing had changed from when he was younger. He would have covered his ears if he could. With that loud voice and that performance, the Lord could be in a play.

"Your Grace," Rylen said softly as the Crown Prince took his seat.

"Prince Rylen," Caius said.

Rylen didn't sit even after the Crown Prince sat; he was waiting for the Queen, who was slowly walking to her seat. As soon as she was comfortably seated, Rylen dropped down, and Lord Leopold came to join them at the table.

"Your Majesty," Rylen greeted the Queen again. "I hope your day was most wonderful."

"Yes," she replied, smiling at him. "Thank you, Rylen. If only I had a son caring enough to ask about me."

Caius paid this no mind as he prepared to eat, the servants moving quickly to serve dinner. Caius just wanted to stuff his mouth and carry on. He could already see Rylen's eyes gleaming as he stared at the food.

There were several dishes: rice, some boiled corn, mashed potatoes, and a variety of meat. Queen Violeta's favorite meat was veal or lamb, and that was always part of the dinner dishes. There was some beef and pork.

Caius didn't have any preference—he could eat anything. However, this was a habit he had to pick up. When he was much younger; he was quite the picky eater.

Rylen, on the other hand, was fine with anything, but he had some preferences. It didn't mean he wouldn't eat the rest, but it just meant he could never refuse these foods.

Ram ranked at the top, followed by any snack made from blueberries. Blueberry biscuits, blueberry tart, blueberry pie—the list was endless, and Caius hated that this was information he was aware of.

Caius was quick to dig in. The faster they could finish dinner, the faster he'd be able to get rid of Lord Leopold after listening to his recount of what happened at his manor. As soon as he had this thought, Caius remembered there was nothing to look forward to after that.

He would have to go to bed. Caius's brows furrowed at this. He could request a courtesan or go find one, but he knew all he would think about was the redhead. Just another week from now. It wasn't that he couldn't be patient—he just hated it. But maybe that wasn't so bad; he could make up for it.

"Your Highness," it was Lord Leopold.

Caius forced himself out of his thoughts to pay attention to him. "Yes," he said as he chewed.

"I apologize for arriving late again. I know the Crown Prince must have far more important things to do than wait for the Lord."

If Caius didn't know Lord Leopold, he would have thought this was sarcasm, given his tone, but he knew the Lord was genuinely apologetic.

"It is of no use apologizing again—not with what happened," Caius said and returned his attention to the meal.

As much as he was curious about the incident, he knew this was not the conversation to have over dinner, especially in front of his mother. She didn't particularly avoid things that had to do with the kingdom, but she wasn't actively involved.

"Thank you, Your Majesty."

The rest of the meal went off without incident, and as soon as he was done with his meal, Caius was quick to get on his feet to leave.

"Caius, might I have a word?" Queen Violeta asked.

"Not right now, Mother. I have a meeting with Lord Leopold."

"I can wait," the Lord quickly interjected. "I heard the castle wine is great. Now, if Prince Rylen wouldn't mind keeping me company while I drink, we shall be on our way. Take your time, Your Highness."

Caius watched as Rylen let the Lord convince him to go with him. He didn't want to be left with his mother. Nothing she had ever wanted to speak to him about had held any interest for him.

"What is it, Mother?" he asked after the two men left.

"I hear you're taking care of the whore," she said with spite.

Caius's face didn't show any surprise, though he was surprised. He had expected his mother to keep pretending she had no idea that Rose was back in the castle. However, she wouldn't suddenly bring her up—privately, for that matter—if she didn't have something planned.

She knew if the Lord wasn't here, she would have asked him over dinner. He didn't know if he should be grateful for the Lord's presence or not.

"What's your point, Mother?" he asked. "I know you don't care."

"I don't," Queen Violeta said immediately. "I do not care that you have decided not to get rid of her or that you would use your personal physician on her. But what I will not condone is letting her use bedchambers meant for royalty. You can imagine my horror when one of my ladies-in-waiting informed me. She is going to corrupt it with her filth."

Caius gave his mother a dumbfounded look. The East Wing was his wing for a reason, and she knew she couldn't force his hand—not even the King. The King could try, but it was still his choice at the end of the day.

"No, Mother. Besides, I thought you knew. I already told you it would be harder this time to get her as easily as last time."

"She was in the servant quarters, I don't see why—"

"No," Caius said plainly. He was surprised his mother didn't deny his statement. "I can't keep an eye on her from there. Besides, since it wasn't you, I still have to find the person behind her kidnapping."

"Then put her in some storage room, not in the bedchambers."