

K Lover 156

Chapter 156: Volatile

"Why?"

"Why are you looking at me like that?" Caius asked, his displeasure showing.

"I am simply wondering why," Rylen whispered.

Caius turned his gaze away. "Why would I know what that crazy woman is thinking?"

"Your Grace, I don't think it's right to speak about your mother in that manner."

"Hmm," Caius said and looked out the window. "You asked why. She wants me to find Rose's replacement." He turned back to look at Rylen, his brown eyes glinting.

"So you do know why?" His brows furrowed. "The issue has bothered Her Majesty enough to throw a ball," he paused, his gaze piercing as he stared at Caius.

Caius scoffed. "Sounds like an excuse to get on my nerves."

Caius had a strange relationship with his mother. He found her to be a nuisance, but sometimes he could be affectionate toward her. He didn't have particularly good thoughts about her, and the one thing he couldn't seem to forget was that she had abandoned him. If perhaps she had stood her ground, his father wouldn't have been able to send him away as easily as he did.

"I don't think the ball is a bad idea," Rylen mumbled, trying to soften the tense air.

Rylen had some information about Caius's relationship with his parents, but even he didn't know how deep it ran. However, there was no doubt that this was a very strange occurrence. Even when the crown

prince arrived at the castle after so many years, there wasn't much of a celebration—but now there was about to be a ball.

"I don't either," Caius replied.

Rylen felt cold at Caius's words. Something told him the crown prince was planning something, and the crown prince never planned anything good. This had scheming written all over it.

"That's good," Rylen said, but his face said otherwise. "Will you be in attendance?" he asked.

"Of course. And you're invited," Caius said with glee.

Rylen gave him an unimpressed look. "I don't need your invitation to attend."

"True," he whispered, a hint of a smile on his face.

Rylen immediately grew worried. Caius wasn't arguing or saying something snarky about the occasion—rather, it looked like he was looking forward to it. Rylen didn't like the tightness in his chest.

"Are you planning something?" he asked.

"Why would you think that?"

Rylen felt horror at the crown prince's response. He wasn't denying it—which meant he was right. "Don't do it. Leave the redhead out of this."

Caius narrowed his eyes. "I have become too predictable to you."

"Only because you go after the most chaotic method. You are not unpredictable—you are volatile!"

Caius glared at Rylen, not appreciative of his description. "No need to get your lumbar in a twist, Rylen. This need not concern you."

Rylen's gaze darkened. Is that what the crown prince thought this was? That he was worried about this being a problem for him? Rylen sighed. "You may do as you wish."

"Don't say it like you are giving me permission. I intend to do just that."

"Yes, Your Grace." Rylen didn't expect anything to come out of this, but in a way, he knew that Caius didn't do things without reason, no matter how insane and absurd they may seem.

Rose frowned at the interruption. She wasn't expecting anyone to knock until evening, but it hadn't even been that long since lunch, and she was already getting a knock. A part of her froze in horror as she wondered if the crown prince was back.

She got to her feet and wiped her hands on her clothes. The knock came again, but it wasn't desperate—just the same two slow knocks as the first time.

She walked to the door, almost tempted to ask who it was, but it wasn't like she had the power to decide who could come into her room or not. She pulled open the door as she got to it—only because standing behind it and worrying wouldn't get rid of the person on the other side.

Rose could barely believe the sight in front of her, and she would have screamed otherwise, if not for the look on the maids' faces—and Rose couldn't blame them. There were about three of them, with Lily in front, each of them carrying a tray. Two trays had covered items, while the other held just fruits. To say she was in shock was an understatement.

"Lily," Rose called, still standing in front of the door. "What are you doing 'ere? What is the meaning of all this?"

"May we come in?" Lily asked coldly.

"Are you sure you're not in the wrong room?" she asked, still shocked by this. Something told her they weren't. Was it the crown prince? Because of what happened earlier?

"We are not, Rose," Lily repeated, her voice colder.

Rose's brows furrowed, and she stepped to the side. "Yes, please," she said.

"Thank you," Lily said in that same tone.

They walked into the room and placed the meal on the table. It was so much that it covered the entirety of the table. Rose had cleaned the writing materials earlier, hiding them for herself, as the crown prince hadn't taken them with him.

"Is there anything you need?" Lily asked her.

Rose was still very unnerved by her tone. She blinked and looked at the rest of the maids—they all had the same look on their faces. It was different from the usual look they gave her. This one almost had hatred in it. Something was going on—something that Rose wouldn't like.

"No," she said softly. "Thank you."

Without saying a word, they all headed for the door. However, Rose knew she couldn't let it go like that—she had to find out what had happened.

"Lily," she called out.

The maid didn't stop walking; she just coldly answered, "Yes?"

"May I 'ave a word?" she asked.

One of the maids snickered, and another smacked her on the back, silencing her. Rose could tell the maid was laughing at how she spoke. She definitely spoke better than when she first came, but her dialect was still obvious.