

Surprised 1661

Chapter 1661: Success in Obtaining Evidence

Before Jolie could respond, two people came in from the door. They respectfully bowed and reported,

"Your Majesty, there is news that Mr. Marsh is already on his way back to Lu Layeka."

"He's back so soon?" Catherine was surprised and very pleased. "It's only the second day, isn't it?

Christmas is very important to them, they need to be with their families. Are you sure the news is accurate?"

"Absolutely, it was said by his team's architect. He has already set off."

At this time, Jolie spoke up, "Your Majesty, perhaps Mr. Marsh feels that working with you is more important than being with his family?"

Hearing this, Catherine was incredibly happy inside, and the frown on her brow relaxed a lot. She no longer dwelled on Prince Louis' matter.

And Jolie did not take investigating Claire to heart either.

Early morning.

In the majestic and magnificent royal palace, in the stately and classical private dining room, the door

was already closed.

Claire sat across from the King, the table was filled with all kinds of exquisite and delicious food.

Claire's breakfast was separate from the King's, even the colors of the plates were different, meaning

they were served separately.

Was there poison in the food before the King?

This was a worrying question for Claire.

There was still no result from Rowan's side... it was really too slow, with simple equipment and Ivan not

coming over, how much longer could the King last?

His health deteriorated day after day.

Claire suddenly felt a sense of worry for the country and people.

She would rather go hungry herself. She stood up and switched her milk with the King's, and also

swapped some of the food on their plates.

This old man was Rowan's father! She could no longer watch him continue to eat poisoned food!

The King was slightly surprised and looked up at her, but did not stop her.

"Your Majesty," Claire said softly without explaining, pleading, "Please have mine, I haven't touched it

with my fork yet."

And the King understood her intention very clearly. He was also very clear about her relationship with his son.

Bringing her in was also to facilitate her evidence collection, cooperating with his son's investigation.

But he did not communicate it openly, worried it would draw outside attention.

The King also believed his health would not suddenly deteriorate immediately.

Their eyes met, Claire's throat tightened a little, she was undoubtedly nervous.

The King did not say anything, he just took out some small handkerchiefs from the drawer and handed them to her, "You can use these to collect samples."

Claire was shocked, filled with disbelief inside, but she looked at him very calmly on the surface.

Could it be that the King knew her identity?

Did Rowan find a chance to tell him?

The King did not want her to feel pressured, so he picked up the milk she passed to him and drank a sip calmly, then ate the breakfast that originally belonged to her.

Claire also did not delay, she looked cautiously at the door, then quickly took samples from the served food.

Her actions were very skilled, she was capable.

The sampling was done quickly. She directly put the small handkerchiefs containing the food into her pocket, as if the King did not even notice.

The King was still eating breakfast.

And she did not ingest these likely poisoned foods.

The King handed her a sandwich, she reached out to take it, still not saying anything.

Their eyes met, Claire's gaze toward him was full of gratitude, then she ate very quietly.

But... the King's food should also show signs of being eaten, so she poured half the milk into an empty cup, and tore the bread in half, making the food look touched.

The two did not exchange many words throughout, but cooperated very tacitly, both assisting Rowan.

Chapter 1662 - The Queen Dowager Encountered

After breakfast, Claire accompanied the king out of the dining room, with Eiden and Arthur following on both sides.

"Claire, since you have nothing to do now, help me with a favor," the king said in front of everyone in the great hall.

Claire nodded, "Your Majesty, please speak."

"I have a can of tea leaves from 1978 here. It would be perfect to drink now. Please deliver it to Prince Louis," the king casually took a can of tea leaves from the shelf and handed it to Claire.

She quickly reached out to receive it, "Alright."

Claire did not linger there. She was worried about any mishaps and worried that Eiden or Arthur would take the initiative to volunteer to deliver it. So she walked straight out at a rapid pace!

She practically left before Eiden and Arthur could react clearly. Hugging the tea can, she almost flew to the palace gate, her figure disappearing quickly.

Eiden looked at her back, then withdrew his gaze.

Claire held the tea can and strode towards Louis' palace. The architecture here was heavily exotic.

Passing through the lush lawns and along the stone paths, she arrived at the colonnade. Not far away were rows of palaces, gleaming brightly under the sunlight.

Some castles were surrounded by ancient trees with lush foliage.

Louis' palace was just ahead, about a hundred meters away. Not only was the front yard spacious, it was filled with potted plants of all kinds, luxuriantly green.

It was obvious the owner took good care of it.

The exterior of the palace was also magnificent, intricately carved and glittering with gold. Yet it also carried a sense of historical weight.

But just then, the elegantly dressed Queen Mother Catherine appeared with her personal guard Jolie approaching from the opposite direction.

Claire's heart skipped a beat as their eyes met. For some reason, she felt a little flustered inside but tried her best to remain composed.

They seem to be heading towards Louis' palace as well?

Catherine's gaze fell upon the tea can in her hands, then she stopped with Jolie and a faint smile appeared on her lips. "Miss, where are you heading?"

Although she already had the answer in mind.

"I'm delivering tea leaves to Prince Louis by the king's order," Claire replied with a smile, not hiding

anything.

"Oh?" Catherine clearly did not quite believe it, but still had a smile on her face. "Where's Arthur? Why would he let you handle such matters? Aren't you a translator?"

"I happened to be free and had some spare time," Claire said.

At this moment, Arthur who had followed all the way quickened his pace when he saw what's happening. "Your Highness, Captain, good day."

"Arthur," Catherine looked at him displeased, reproaching him, "How could you let Miss Claire handle delivering tea leaves? What have you been doing?"

Arthur bowed respectfully and reached out to Claire, "Let me deliver it, Miss Claire."

"Since it was the king who instructed me to do this, and I already accepted, I will definitely fulfill the task properly," Claire held onto the tea can tightly, wary of everyone. Her face still had a smile, "I've already come this far, the palace is not far. I'm afraid I must be on my way."

After saying that, she passed by Queen Mother Catherine and went straight towards Prince Louis' palace, brushing past Jolie!

She must deliver the food samples!

Claire was actually a little flustered inside, because thieves tend to feel guilty, it was inevitable.

Not hearing any footsteps behind her, she continued striding forward. She felt fine beads of sweat on her forehead as her heartbeat gradually calmed down.

"Miss Claire."

At the gate, she was stopped by the servant as well.

"Hello, the king asked me to deliver tea leaves to Prince Louis," Claire said softly. "I also have a couple words to pass on to him."

Chapter 1663 My Heart Feels Empty

The servant peeked inside and figured that Prince Louis probably hadn't come downstairs yet.

Although she didn't immediately go in to announce Claire's arrival, she didn't dare defy the king's wishes or take matters into her own hands by blocking Claire.

Despite the prince's instructions not to disturb him under any circumstances, anything concerning the king was no small matter.

So the servant said to Claire, "Please come inside with me."

Claire nodded and carefully carried the tea tin as she followed the servant inside.

Stepping into this place again and breathing the air here, she tried hard to capture the scent that belonged only to him.

The spacious, cavernous palace, with centuries of history, exuded refinement everywhere.

Claire followed the servant to the center of the palace. The servant stopped and turned to tell her,

"Please wait here. I'll go upstairs and inform the prince. He's been very busy lately and specifically told us not to disturb him."

"Alright," Claire obediently nodded with a patient smile on her face, then watched as the servant headed upstairs.

It really had been a long time since she'd seen Rowan. Standing in his palace holding the tea tin, her heart was filled with subtle emotions.

She couldn't help but recall the scene of him being airlifted away, and the words he had said to her - she remembered every single one.

That day, everyone's hearts had been filled with helplessness. For a fleeting moment, her heart had twisted as well.

The concern and worry she felt for him, the distance and longing - it was enough to disrupt the restraint she always maintained over her heart.

The palace's arched windows and vaulted doorways gave it a sturdy, stable, balanced feel. She started looking around to calm her emotions.

Everywhere inside the entire palace exhibited aesthetics saturated with power.

The relatively small windows contrasted sharply with the grandeur of the palace interior, making the light here relatively dim.

Coupled with the crystal lamps that gave off a constant glow, this place always exuded a sense of mystery and gloom, unconsciously generating a powerful aura.

After a short while, footsteps sounded from the corner of the stairs.

Claire looked up attentively. Rowan appeared in her line of sight, and he happened to be looking at her too. Their eyes met and connected.

These passionate lovers, under the servant's gaze, could only pretend not to know one another. The helplessness and heartache could only be understood between the two of them.

As he drew nearer, the growing feelings in their hearts spread endlessly.

Rowan came down the stairs, striding towards her with his long legs. His face was the epitome of calm and indifference.

The servant made a point of looking at him.

Claire stood in place holding the tea tin, her eyes fixed unwaveringly on him. The obvious haggardness on his handsome face made her heart ache.

"Pour Miss Claire a cup of tea," Rowan instructed the servant beside him.

"Yes, Your Highness." The servant stopped and bowed before leaving.

Rowan halted in front of Claire. She held out the tea tin to him. "Your Highness," was all she said, yet her throat seemed choked up.

She looked into his eyes. "The king asked me to bring this tea for you. He said it's just the right time to drink it now."

Rowan's gaze held steady with hers, until her fingers lightly tapped the lid of the tin. Only then did he glance down at it.

When their eyes met again, it was as if everything had frozen in that moment.

"No need to brew tea," Claire retracted her gaze and looked at the servant, then back at Rowan. The corners of her lips curved up gently. "I've delivered the tea, Your Highness. I'll take my leave now."

Having said that, she turned and walked away, even though she dearly wished to spend more time with him, even if no words were exchanged - just standing there face-to-face.

But she worried Catherine might be waiting and measuring the time outside.

She couldn't rouse any suspicion.

Watching that familiar retreating figure, past memories of their time together resurfaced in Rowan's mind. His heart felt empty and hollow.

It was his fault for placing her amidst such turbulent dangers without protecting her properly.

Rowan held the tea tin tightly, his heart filled with self-blame and regret.

Chapter 1664 Misjudgment

Claire walked steadily out of the palace gates. As expected, she immediately saw Jolie and Catherine not far away.

The two women were still standing in the same spot as before, unabashedly gazing at her face, probably observing the situation here the whole time.

Claire did not hesitate in her steps or show any surprise. She strode forward calmly, as she had to return to the king's palace.

Just as she was thinking about how to handle it if Catherine suspected her again and gave her trouble,

Jolie shifted her gaze to Catherine's face and said softly, "Your Majesty, she was only in there for four minutes. It seems she really just met with Prince Louis to deliver the tea leaves."

Even old friends wouldn't chat for just four minutes.

Catherine nodded thoughtfully and glanced at the approaching girl. "Perhaps I was overthinking. She and Louis don't even know each other."

Jolie believed this view as well.

"Let's go," Catherine didn't want an awkward encounter. She strode towards a nearby stone path.

"Aren't you going to see the king?" Jolie quickly caught up and reminded her of the purpose of this trip.

"I won't go for now. I need to prepare to welcome Mr. Marsh." Catherine had no intention of seeing the king.

She simply wanted to see Claire and observe her condition.

The sudden arrangement of an Arab doctor into the royal family, plus a translator, felt a bit off the more

she thought about it.

But now after seeing Claire, she didn't seem abnormal at all.

Since she was Ivan's sister, it was best not to be suspicious and unconditionally believe for once.

Men who thrive in the business world generally dote on their sisters a lot.

Catherine swore she must cling to Ivan, this big tree!

With his partial support, Taylor's ascension to the throne would be just around the corner.

The king's health had deteriorated so much. Even the capable royal doctor said that ten Arab doctors wouldn't help.

Louis now appeared to pose no threat either. Other than gardening, Catherine didn't know what else he could do. He hadn't even drawn his uncle to his side. She knew he had only secretly met Arthur once, and those two were just childhood playmates.

Plus Arthur had no military power, so he posed no threat either.

The usually intelligent Catherine had let down her guard against Louis.

She planned to cater to Ivan's preferences. She had just obtained some information about him,

including his hobbies, eating habits, and favorite leisure sport.

In Louis' palace after Claire left, he went upstairs holding the tea tin.

He locked the door after entering the room.

Gently placing the tin on the table with some utensils, he removed the lid and found some

handkerchiefs over the tea leaves as expected.

Rowan quickly took them out and saw they contained food samples, clearly taken from the dining table

since the last ones were from the kitchen.

Rowan was very happy. The research on the previous samples would yield results soon. With the

research methods from before, progress could be accelerated again.

As he took out the handkerchiefs, he inadvertently glanced out the window and saw Taylor with a smile

on his face, his arm around Claire's shoulders as they strode towards the king's palace...

Rowan stared blankly for a moment, his deep eyes full of many emotions...

His slightly tired face suddenly became solemn and serious.

Downstairs not far away.

Claire instinctively brushed Taylor's hand off her shoulder and deliberately kept her distance, her gaze

conveying many unspoken words, "Please don't touch me, okay?"

Chapter 1665: Clinging Like a Bandid

"Claire!" Taylor was excited to see her. He wanted to get close to her and his hands started wandering

inappropriately. "Can I take you horseback riding? The royal stables are magnificent!"

He gestured enthusiastically like a child.

"I told you, I don't like horseback riding," Claire didn't stop walking and maintained her distance. But

she didn't want to offend anyone so she explained again with a smile.

But Taylor didn't understand her meaning, or perhaps he simply didn't want to.

"What do you like then? Do you like golf?" He walked beside her, eyes shining, still persisting

enthusiastically.

"I don't like that either," Claire shook her head and quickened her pace.

"What about skiing?"

"Don't like it."

"Well what do you like?" Taylor followed beside her, always smiling at her. "Just tell me what you like

and I'll like it too!"

Hearing this, Claire suddenly dropped her smile and stopped!

Taylor also stopped, still looking at her happily and expectantly, thinking Claire was finally going to answer seriously. He was anticipating it!

"Prince Taylor, why can't I get through to you?" Claire was exasperated and finally blurted out, "Do you like me?"

"Huh?" Even Taylor was surprised for a moment. The conversation had turned around?

But he had shown his feelings obviously right?

So he nodded and quickly replied, "Yes, I like you a lot!"

"I have a boyfriend. My brother must have told you," Claire said.

Taylor was stunned again. "Your brother didn't tell me anything."

Claire was a little speechless. Why did she feel like he wasn't very smart?

"It's the same thing right? Anyway you know about it now," Claire didn't want to be pestered anymore

so she clarified bluntly, "I have a boyfriend in Arkpool City. So thank you for your interest but please

don't pursue me. I cannot like you back. We can at most be friends."

But Taylor just tucked his hands in his pockets and smirked slightly. He clarified too, "Claire, I've also had girlfriends. And we dated with the intention of marriage. But what happened? We broke up after a few years anyway right?"

"What do you mean by that?" Claire felt like she was being clung to like a bandaid. "I'm not interested in your relationship history."

Taylor didn't want her to get angry so he looked around at the scenery.

Then he turned to her with a gentle smile. "What I mean is, you're not married yet so I still have a chance. I like you a lot, seriously enough to marry you."

"...!" Claire was shocked by him!

She felt they were completely unable to communicate. So she walked away.

"Hey, Claire!" Taylor quickly caught up.

"Please don't follow me Prince. I need to go back to translate," Claire quickened her pace, just wanting distance from him.

"But I'm not following you," Taylor explained as he walked. "I'm going to see my father. He's my father you know!" He was shameless.

Claire ignored him and hurried to the royal palace.

But Taylor didn't think she was annoyed by him. On the contrary, he thought her heart was racing and she was shy. She wanted to run away because she was adorable.

Chapter 1666 Taylor Panics

Taylor was incredibly self-confident about his good looks and prince status. Over the years, countless women had fallen for him.

He felt Claire would be one of them too, she was just being coy for now. As Taylor walked, his gaze lingered on her exquisite oriental side profile. Her perfect face was right up his alley aesthetically.

Right as they reached the palace gates, Taylor called out loudly to the servant at the door, "Quick, go to my palace and bring my backpack here!" As he spoke, his eyes followed Claire's retreating back. He raised his voice again, "There are some notebooks on the desk too! Bring those as well. I'm going to study here from now on!"

Hearing this, Claire stopped in her tracks and threw a glance back at him by the door. But Taylor just grinned goofily at her, seemingly glued to her.

Then he said to the servant, "Hey, go on, why are you still standing there? Do I need to repeat myself?"

"Yes, yes, Prince. Right away." The servant nodded profusely and hurried off.

"Childish," Claire muttered under her breath and continued on her way inside.

"Claire!" Taylor quickly caught up with her. With a big smile but serious tone, he declared, "From now on, I'll keep you company at work and study together with you. We'll strive forward together! And build a brighter future!"

"I can't communicate with you," Claire said without turning her head. "Because you simply don't understand what I'm saying." She was genuinely angry now.

"Don't reject me so quickly. I'm entitled to my feelings for you," Taylor matched her brisk pace, his eyes filled with sincerity. "Don't worry, I won't force you. I'll give you ample time."

"You can give me ten thousand years, it'll be useless. There's no possibility between us." She felt exhausted just speaking another sentence to him.

"No, no no, it's possible. Anything's possible, Claire. Trust me, I'll respect my inner feelings. I like you. I don't want to miss this chance. I can wait."

Hearing this, Claire nearly fainted!!

Where were these intense feelings coming from? She really wanted to crack open his skull and take a look inside. They were two people with absolutely no connection!

Soon after, the servant arrived with Taylor's backpack at the king's palace.

This matter quickly spread through the royal family. Taylor, the prince who scored lower than his bodyguard attendant, had suddenly proposed that he would study diligently? The sun must be rising from the west!

Just who had saved this failing student?

At the moment, the king was resting so he didn't know about Taylor's clinginess to Claire yet. He would surely fly into a rage when he found out.

"Prince, please don't be like this," Claire just wanted to keep her distance. Seeing him follow her in with his backpack, she spoke tonelessly, "Go out and take your things with you."

She was about to start learning Arabic!

But Taylor placed his bag heavily on her desk, clearly not planning on leaving. He loomed over her with a grin. "And where exactly do you want me to go? This is my father's domain, my home. I'm the host here, my dear Miss Claire. Since when do guests drive out the hosts?"

His reasoning made perfect sense, leaving Claire speechless.

But... study and work together in the same room as him? She definitely could not accept that!

Plus with Taylor's clinginess, it impeded many of her own actions.

"Well then, since Prince Taylor has taken a liking to this study, I'll give up my guest seating!" Claire

began tidying up her books on the desk.

Sensing the situation taking a bad turn, Taylor dropped his smile. "Hey, Claire! Don't be like this! You

can't leave!" He was truly panicking now.

Chapter 1667 They Thought It Was a Good Thing

"I'm sorry, but I need a quiet, private environment to study. This has been my learning habit since I was

little," Claire explained as she packed up.

"Fine! I'll give it to you, okay?" Seeing that she was serious, Taylor immediately conceded. He reached

out to stop her, "Claire, don't be like this! I'll give up this space for you since you're the guest here. You

stay, I'll go!"

Meeting his gaze, Claire could see his anxiety.

Taylor quickly grabbed his backpack off the desk again, blocking her path with his outstretched arm.

"Claire, please don't go! Don't think I'm annoying either. I know I was wrong to pursue you so tightly. I'll give you space now!"

Taylor did a complete 180 in attitude. His eyes looking at the girl even held a hint of pleading. "Please stay, don't leave, okay? I'll go, I'll stand guard outside the door, I promise I won't disturb you!"

"You..." Stand guard outside the door?

"You said you need your own space. I'm giving up the room for you. I'll just be right outside the door!"

With that, he left with his backpack in hand.

Then Claire heard Taylor instructing the servant at the door, "Go on! Quickly move a desk and chair over here! Right here!" He even pointed.

His expression was dead serious, not joking at all.

The servants were astonished too. After being kicked out, he still stubbornly refused to leave? With his noble prince status, was there a need to humble himself like this?

"Why are you still standing there? Go!" Taylor urged.

"Yes, yes, right away!" The two servants hurried off.

Taylor happily glanced back into the study room, meeting Claire's impassive gaze.

She really couldn't stop this matter, since he was already not causing a ruckus inside the room anymore.

Her demands couldn't be too high either.

Taylor did give up the study room, leaving her an independent space. And after exiting voluntarily, he even thoughtfully closed the door for her after the servants left!

Standing at the desk, Claire looked at the shut door and sighed deeply in resignation. "So childish. How can he act like this?"

She felt Taylor's mental age was simply immature.

Outside, Taylor had decided to pursue Claire starting with sticking to her every step!

He would keep her company through the door as she studied, and during all her meals too.

He figured, since love at first sight was impossible, he'd try prolonged exposure. After all, he was a prince and good looking too.

In the hallway, the servant really brought Taylor a desk and chair.

Taylor was elated. He tossed his backpack onto the desk with a flourish and sat down, unzipping it to

take out books and pens.

He then crossed his legs leisurely, picked up a book and began studying diligently. This nearly made the servants' jaws drop in shock!

If they hadn't witnessed it today with their own eyes, they'd never believe this studious person was the failing Prince Taylor!

The news spread quickly through the royal family, and reached Catherine's ears as well.

"What?" The queen looked at Jolie in surprise. "He set up a desk and chair outside the door? And wrote several pages of neat notes?"

This was probably some other family's son, right??

"Yes," Jolie couldn't help smiling.

Such self-initiated studying was truly a rare sight over the years! Catherine felt quite gratified.

Jolie handed her phone to Catherine, who took it.

Looking at the photos of her son studying diligently, whether taking notes or reading intently, he seemed very invested. As a mother, she was quite astonished.

"Your Majesty, I actually think it's not a bad thing that Prince Taylor likes Claire," Jolie went on. "Finally, a woman has appeared who can rein in the Prince. That he's willing to change for her shows they can achieve mutual growth. This girl can motivate the Prince to become even more outstanding."

Moreover, Claire's background was also to Catherine's approval. If she could become her daughter-in-law, wouldn't that further solidify her and Ivan's relationship?

Chapter 1668: The King Finds Out

"It seems this is happy news," Catherine suddenly looked forward to it, the corners of her lips slightly upturned, "I hope their feelings can develop quickly, it would be even better if they can get married as soon as possible."

Jolie also felt this was a good match, a rare gentle smile appeared on her face that was usually stern.

In the magnificent king's palace.

The king had just gotten up, his weary sick body finally felt a little more comfortable, he planned to take a walk in the courtyard to get some sunshine.

The sunshine today was exceptionally bright, making one want to go out for a walk.

Arthur and Ethan planned to follow along, but the king stopped and said to them, "You don't need to

follow, I'll walk around by myself, just nearby here."

After saying this, the king started walking again.

Arthur and Ethan could only stop in their tracks, looking at his tall, thin back worriedly.

The king had just walked out of the palace doors when he heard two maids talking as they walked towards him not far away-

"The sun really rose from the west today, Prince Taylor actually accompanied Miss Claire in her study for a whole hour to study alone."

"Haha, if you ask me, this is the power of love, the woman who can change Prince Taylor must be a good match for him."

"Do you think Miss Claire could become the future queen?"

"That depends on whether Miss Claire looks highly upon Prince Taylor, wasn't he kicked out to the hallway? She probably doesn't have any feelings for him."

"If you ask me, this Miss Claire really is bold, she doesn't care about the prince's face at all."

Hearing this, the king halted in his steps, his angry expression sinking as his brow furrowed involuntarily.

As he looked up, the two maids happened to see the king and shuddered in fright, their hearts nearly jumped out as they quickly knelt down -

"Greetings, Your Majesty!!"

Seeing how frightened they were, the king relaxed his brow and asked calmly, "What were you talking about just now? What happened with Prince Taylor?"

Hearing the king's tone and combining it with Prince Taylor's diligent and studious behavior, the maids thought that if they shared this good news with the king, he would definitely be very happy.

Maybe it would even help him recover from his illness quickly!

So one of the maids replied joyfully as she looked up, "Replying to Your Majesty, Prince Taylor has been waiting outside Miss Claire's study room, diligently studying for a whole hour already."

But contrary to their expectations, the king was not happy at all, his face sunk even more!

He had heard correctly! That useless Taylor was still pestering Claire!

He had originally planned to go out and get some sunshine, but now he turned and walked back into the palace, heading for the stairs!

Arthur and Ethan immediately exchanged a glance, and Ethan quickly brought over a cane, then followed behind the king without really understanding what was happening.

They were on high alert to protect the king at all times, preventing him from falling.

The king was sick, his health was weak, even going up and down the stairs took great effort.

Although there was an elevator in the palace, he was too anxious and eager to get upstairs, he didn't even have time to walk to the elevator.

Upstairs, inside the closed study room door.

Claire sat properly at the desk, an Arabic dictionary open in front of her, next to a notebook that was half filled, a fountain pen held in her right hand.

Her world was very quiet, she was seriously studying, completely forgetting about the clingy pest outside her door.

And outside the closed door-

Prince Taylor sat satisfied on a chair, he still had his legs crossed, his left hand pressing an open book while his right hand held a pen, his head tilted as he scratched away in his notebook.

He was diligently taking notes, also very rarely immersed in studying.

The king walked up the stairs with a cold, grim expression, step by step, leaning on his cane as he approached the study room...

Chapter 1669 Being Driven Away

Eden and Arthur followed closely behind the king. From his breathing rate, it was not difficult to see that he was angry.

It felt like the calm before a storm.

Hearing footsteps coming from afar, Taylor's pen tip paused slightly. He looked up towards the door, and soon, the displeased and stern figure of his father leaning on a cane came into view.

Taylor was stunned for a moment. Father and son's eyes met, the king's face was scarily grim, his eyes were practically spewing anger!

"Taylor! What are you doing here?"

Every word was full of questioning. The king came to the front of the desk and stared fiercely at him, heavily tapping the floor with his cane. His eyes were full of displeasure.

"Your Majesty..." The accompanying guards and servants didn't even dare to breathe loudly, and kneeled down with a thud.

Taylor was also frightened. He hurriedly put down his pen and closed the book, standing up and opening his mouth blankly, "Father... I..." He had no idea what he had done wrong.

The king's pupils suddenly contracted. "Get out."

Taylor thought he had heard wrong for a moment, but he quickly put on a smile and explained, "Father, I was here studying diligently, shouldn't you praise me for it? Why are you... angry?"

He had truly never seen his father looking like this before, it was as if he had eaten gunpowder.

"Claire, Alfie..." Claire and Alfie fearfully greeted with a murmur, their hearts instantly jumped to their throats.

When Taylor saw Claire, his mood obviously calmed down a bit, and his determination to pursue her grew stronger.

Taylor had a bit of a rebellious feeling. He walked around the chair to Claire's side.

When she was completely unguarded, he suddenly grabbed her shoulder, then looked at the king and said, "Father, I like Claire, I don't understand why you want to stop me!"

"Are you crazy?!" Claire was frightened and reflexively pushed him away forcefully! She even took two

steps back herself from the force, almost falling down.

She looked at him warily and righteously said, "Prince Taylor! If you didn't understand what I said to you before, I think you should re-learn reading comprehension!"

The king was also furious at his son's actions! His son actually ignored his words! And dared to be so disrespectful towards Louis' girlfriend!

"Eden!" The king suppressed the anger in his heart and directly ordered, "Get Taylor out of here! Don't let him stay here for another second! And notify the guards that he is not allowed to step foot in here ever again!"

"Yes, Your Majesty." Eden stepped forward, tidied up the desk and packed the schoolbag. He gently said, "Prince, let me take you downstairs."

Taylor didn't dare stop him. But he was very unhappy inside.

He looked at Claire who was disgusted by him, then at his furious father. He really couldn't understand,

"Father! Why?! I finally found some motivation to study, why are you extinguishing my passion? I'm a grown man! Don't I even have the right to like someone? Weren't you young once?!"

Chapter 1670 Something That is Hard to Understand

At this time, Iden had already helped him pack up his schoolbag. "Prince, let's go."

The king only felt a pain in his chest! His complexion was also getting worse and worse!

"Your Majesty!" Claire rushed over and grabbed him. "Don't get angry, I'll make him leave."

The king tried hard to calm himself down. Louis was wholeheartedly researching the antidote for him

and was completely unavailable. He had to guard his backyard from catching fire!

"Good-for-nothing!" The king clutched his chest and glared at Tyler with a cold tone. "Get out of here quickly!"

Tyler was very dissatisfied. He could hardly believe that his father, who had always doted on him, would get so angry over this seemingly trivial matter.

Not only to kick him out of here, but also never let him in again.

Was it necessary to make such a big fuss?

"What are you still dawdling around for? Get the hell out of here!" The king stared at him tightly with cold black eyes, and the words he uttered did not sound pleasing at all.

Tyler's body seemed to be frozen. His unwillingness was soon shrouded in grief, because he could not bear his father's serious and disgusted attitude.

He felt wronged.

"Let's go, Prince." Iden urged and reminded him on the side. "The king is in poor health. Don't provoke him again. Please leave."

Tyler gradually regained his composure. Even though he really wanted to argue with his father, he chose to leave.

After all, he could not anger his father to death. His father already had an illness.

When he glanced at Claire, looking at her vigilant eyes, and seeing her very annoying appearance,

Tyler only felt hurt inside.

"Prince, let's go." Iden was still whispering urgently.

Tyler was annoyed inside, and he narrowed his eyes and yanked his backpack from Iden's hand, then strode towards the door!

The king had a very strong aura that deterred Tyler and did not dare to look him in the eye. When he passed by his father, he kept lowering his eyes and inevitably quickened his pace.

Iden followed behind him.

Seeing this, Claire was also very upset inside. If this matter got out of hand, it would be equivalent to offending Queen Catherine.

Moreover... the king was so protective of her, it was easy to arouse suspicion and make people dig deeper into the underlying reason.

After Tyler went downstairs, he was very angry and cursed at the maids at the palace gate!

He felt that they had ratted him out to his father. The maids didn't even dare to breathe loudly, nor did they dare to defend themselves. They just lowered their heads and trembled with fear.

"Prince, I'm afraid this matter has already spread throughout the entire royal family. Yelling at them is useless." Iden said to him, "Everyone will think you are interested in Miss Claire."

"I am interested in her, so what?!" Tyler turned his head and yelled at him.

Iden replied lightly, "Nothing, it's just that the king does not allow it."

"Why doesn't he allow it?!" Tyler was furious with shame and blurted out, "Could it be that my father has taken a fancy to Claire?!"

"..." Iden was silent. He didn't know either. He only knew that recently the king had been having meals with Miss Claire.

And Tyler didn't think too deeply either. He was relatively simple-minded. Plus he was very irritable at the moment.

"Don't follow me anymore, annoying!" After saying that, he turned around and quickly walked towards his own palace!

All the way, he thought about it normally ten thousand times, but still could not understand why his father was so against him being with Claire.

At this time, in the Queen's Palace.

Jolie immediately got the insider news and reported to Catherine that Tyler had set up tables and chairs outside Claire's study for her, and was found out by the king, which made the king furious.

"What? Set up tables and chairs outside? On what grounds?" Catherine could not understand.

Jolie reminded her, "Your Majesty, the point is the second half of the sentence, the king was furious."

"Just because of this?" Catherine did not realize the seriousness of the problem. "The father and son had a spat?"

"It's not a spat. I heard it caused quite a commotion. The king yelled at him to get out." Jolie reported

truthfully.

Catherine's chest tightened and she looked at her incredulously.