

K Lover 138

Chapter 138: Not Be Grateful

Rose ignored the twist in her stomach as the maids prepared her for the crown prince. She was a little surprised he would call for her so soon even though she just saw him last night. At the same time, she wasn't all that surprised.

The maids attending to her were different from the ones who usually helped her get ready. No sign of Edna; Rose hadn't expected anything less. She had already prepared herself to see less of the maid.

The good news was that there were barely any conversations. The maids clearly wanted to do their job and be gone. When they were done, none of them said a word and just silently withdrew from the room, leaving Rose all alone with her thoughts.

She redid the sash on her pretty robe; it had flowery patterns on it. She was pretty much dressed the same as usual: hair down, a silk nightdress, and the smell of flowers. She had noticed the oils and perfumes they used on her all smelled like flowers. It also wasn't limited to a particular kind of flower. She didn't hate it, it reminded her of spring.

What she found a little worrisome was that it didn't matter the maids; they all knew what to do, which slightly bothered her. Was she not the only kept woman the crown prince ever had?

Rose decided she was worried about this because it meant if there had been someone before her, then surely he intended to let her go, as there would be someone after her. She hoped this was the case.

She snapped out of it and stood to her feet. At this point, she would be late, and Rose preferred to wait than have it be the other way around. At least it gave her some time to prepare herself.

According to the maids, Mister Henry had given them the orders. She had pretended not to notice their disgruntled reaction about having to get her ready for the crown prince. There were a few whispers every now and then, but none directly spoke to her.

Rose had a feeling the fear of what happened to Martha was why they weren't as rude to her as they usually were. Or perhaps, Martha was their ringleader and now that she had been dethroned, the

colony had scattered. Rose tried not to worry about that too much, as their treatment of her wouldn't change how she felt about the castle and her desire to leave.

She got to the crown prince's chambers and guards reacted to her presence immediately, opening the door for her. Rose whispered her thanks simply because it would be too awkward not to. Of course, the guards didn't respond and just shut the door behind her instead.

Rose sighed and took a step further into the room. It was a little warm, enough for her to lose the robe — not like it did much of a job in the first place. The fireplace crackled and Rose wondered if the windows had been closed.

She made her way to one of the windows, the one closest to the bed, and sure enough, it was closed. She struggled to get it open, the heavy curtains were in the way. She managed to part them and push the windows with a grunt, leaning out the window with a satisfied smile as a cool breeze hit her face.

"You're late but that's the first thing you do!"

"Aahh!" Rose screamed and turned around.

Caius narrowed his eyes as he sat watching her from across the room.

"Your Majesty," she said with a bow before their eyes could meet. "I didn't know you were 'ere."

"I can see that. You act as though you've seen a ghost."

"I am sorry, I thought I was alone. I can close the windows," she said with her head bowed and her eyes tightly shut.

"No," Caius drawled. "Leave it."

Rose nodded but remained rooted to the spot, her heart beating in her chest. She had been completely unaware of his presence, and thinking she was alone in the room had sought to make it more

comfortable for herself. He didn't sound angry, but whether or not he was angry, the fact that he was here now was a problem.

She thought she would at least get a few moments to herself before he arrived, but it was clear that was not the case. She wasn't late, that alone she was sure of, and even if she was a little late, it certainly wasn't enough time for the crown prince to be in the room before her. Did he arrive earlier than he should have? Rose's eyes widened in horror; she didn't like any of this.

"Come," he ordered, and Rose jerked.

Her legs suddenly felt like stone. She slowly stood to her full height but kept her gaze down and approached him. Rose stopped in front of him, her eyes still glued to her feet, which didn't take her long to discover was a good thing.

Caius was seated on one of the chairs arranged close to the fireplace. He was so obvious, she couldn't figure out how she had not seen him when she walked in, but not once had it occurred to her that he would already be in the room waiting for her.

He was seated, dressed in nothing but a robe tied around the waist, which didn't hide much, and Rose shut her eyes as she realized that even though she wasn't looking at him, she could clearly see.

"Don't you have anything to say to me?" he asked, resting the side of his face against the back of his palm with his elbows on the armrest as he stared at Rose with a smug expression.

Rose shuffled on her feet. She was a little confused. "I don't understand, Your Majesty."

Caius narrowed his eyes. "Perhaps you need a little something to jog your memory."

Rose shook her head. She didn't understand what he wanted from her. "If Your Majesty would be kind enough to remind me."

"Of course," Caius smirked. "Kneel."

Rose wasn't even surprised. "Yes, Your Majesty," she slowly whispered and dropped to her knees.

Her eyes leveled with his knees; she could see his tan skin and the hair on his legs. From the front, she couldn't make out the scar on his calf, but she could recall seeing it. She just wasn't sure if it was on his right or left calf.

The crown prince had more scars than she had expected. He was the heir to the throne; there was no reason for such scars, as nobles were sheltered—not to mention the royal family. However, she figured he must have gotten them in battle. Perhaps the one in Redhill. But the scars looked much older, especially the one on his chin.

Rose didn't realize she had raised her head until she met eyes with Caius. He leaned back against his seat with a scowl on his face. He was clearly displeased with her.

Rose immediately looked down. She would rather lose a couple of teeth than put that in her mouth. However, he clearly expected her to.

"Your Majesty," Rose started to say, "I am sorry but my throat still 'urts from the night before." She ended with a soft cough.

Caius's brows furrowed. "Your throat hurts?"

"Yes," she nodded. "I don't think I—I quite can today."

"What are you—" Caius paused as he realized what she meant then softly started to chuckle.

Rose lifted her head to look at him. She couldn't comprehend what was so funny. Here she was on her knees between his legs, and something was clearly amusing to him.

"As much as I would like that, what I mean is did you forget what you begged me for while you were on your knees?"

Rose's expression darkened as she realized what the crown prince was expecting of her. He wanted her gratitude. It wasn't that she wasn't grateful, but Rose knew he didn't help Edna out of the kindness of his heart. It was one more thing to keep her under his leash.

She didn't think he deserved her gratitude because he was bound to take it from her anyway. Whether or not she said thanks, her situation would not change.

Rose tried to gain control of her emotions as she realized the crown prince noticed the change in her face. She forced out a smile and bowed her head again.

"I am sorry, Your Majesty. I was so overwhelmed by your presence that I might 'ave forgotten something so important. Please, forgive me. I am truly grateful that the crown prince had mercy on Edna and freed her from the dungeons."

Caius had heard his fair share of fake praises and gratitude. He knew exactly what one sounded like, and this was it. He thought it a bit ironic that she would beg him for this but not be grateful afterward.

She had the same reaction with the maid who assisted the Queen in her kidnapping and now this. It was like she didn't think his actions were worth any gratitude.