

K Lover 147

Chapter 147: Convince Me

"No," Caius said.

It took a bit for his words to make sense to her. Perhaps it was because she didn't expect him to refuse. She had thought about it briefly, but not enough to think he actually would decline her request.

When his words finally reached her, Rose felt cold, as though she were standing in the middle of the snow without any clothes on.

Rose lifted her head to meet his gaze, and Caius still looked at her in the same manner, amusement on his face. She couldn't comprehend what was amusing about this situation.

It was a simple request. She wasn't asking to leave—only to simply send a message home. Her father might not even be able to read it, but she would feel better if she could send some kind of message to them.

"Your Majesty," Rose tried again, dropping to her knees. What else could she possibly do except plead? "Please."

Caius raised a brow as his eyes lazily rested on her face. "Convince me," he whispered.

Rose blinked as she stared up at him. She didn't know what she could possibly say to convince him, but she knew what she could do. Rose's throat dried. She would be lying if she said she hadn't noticed—he wasn't exactly doing a good job at hiding it, almost like he wanted her to see. Rose's stomach churned. She didn't think she could take it anymore tonight.

Rose looked to the floor. Her knees hurt as they rested against the hard floor. "What would Your Majesty like me to do?" she asked. Rose ground her teeth as she said the next part. "I will do anything you want."

It would be no different than usual, and at this point, she was used to it. She shut her eyes tight as she waited for him to make his request, her mind already made up to do whatever he wanted—even though it might make her sick.

Caius's expression changed a little. Confusion crept in slowly as he pondered her words. What did he want? He knew exactly what he wanted, but he didn't need her to make a request to get that. He could order her to take her clothes off, and there was nothing she could do about it.

His eyes narrowed as he realized he didn't know. He had refused because he'd been slightly irked and had simply asked her to convince him, thinking it would still go the same way. But even though she was on her knees, she didn't move closer to him—and here she was, offering to do whatever he wanted when she didn't look like she could stomach it.

"What sort of message do you intend to send home?" he asked instead.

Rose looked taken aback by his question as she wondered what his curiosity was about. However, that faded immediately. Of course, he wanted to know—just as he had ransacked the items her father sent. He had to make sure she wasn't planning an escape.

Rose cleared her throat and dropped lower, resting her backside on her heels. "I just want to let them know I am fine and ask about my mother. She is terribly sick, and I am sure it must be a little 'ard for Fat'er to take care of 'er all by 'imself."

Rose did her best to explain as slowly as she could, even though a part of her thought it was a waste of time. She doubted her pity story would be enough to convince him. If it were, she wouldn't be here in the first place.

"Hmm," Caius said and lifted his head from the back of his palm. "Can you write?" he asked, bringing his arms down so they rested on the arms of the chair.

"What?" Rose asked, lifting her gaze to meet his.

"Can you write?" he repeated with a bored expression. Caius didn't like to repeat himself.

"No, Your Majesty. I apologize. I cannot. I was 'oping to find someone who might be able to 'elp me with that. I..." Rose paused, twisting her fingers together. "I can't read or write."

"Right," Caius replied.

Rose looked left and right. She didn't understand what he meant by that. Was it a good thing or not? He just said a word and didn't look like he would say anymore. Rose hated dealing with him—he made her so anxious.

"Yes, Your Majesty. I'm sorry, I will 'ave to get someone to 'elp me. I was—" His sudden change in expression halted the rest of her words. "Your Majesty?"

Caius smiled—the genuine one that made his eyes crinkle and, for a moment, made him look like he couldn't hurt a fly. But this smile didn't make Rose feel good. Instead, all she felt was horror that grew in her stomach and quickly spread across her body.

"I have changed my mind," he said, still smiling at her. He lifted his back from the chair and leaned forward.

Rose nodded. She couldn't know if that was a good thing or not, and she knew better than to celebrate before she heard everything he had to say.

"Yes, Your Majesty."

"You can send your letter."

Rose couldn't help it—even though she hated having to beg for this, just hearing him give in was enough to make her happy. Warmth spread from her chest to the rest of her body, and her face smiled in response.

"Thank you, Your Majesty."

Caius shrugged. "As for who will help you write it—I will assign someone to you by noon tomorrow. Too late?" he asked.

Rose shook her head. She couldn't believe he was asking for her opinion. "No, that is perfect. Thank you, Your Majesty."

"You're welcome," Caius smirked and leaned back.

Rose was still on her knees, unsure of what to do. She was still finding it hard to believe he had given in without her having to do anything. What made him change his mind? Rose found that she didn't want to know. As long as he had adhered to her request, that was all that mattered.