

K Lover 150

Chapter 150: Kind Enough

Caius dipped the quill into the ink and moved his hand to the paper. His strokes were sharp as he wrote, Rose wasn't sure what good handwriting was like but she was certain Caius had a pretty good one. It made her want to just watch him write.

His brows would furrow sometimes as she said her message. At first, she thought he was concentrating, but it didn't take her too long to discover he did it when he didn't approve of what she said. However, whether he disapproved or not, he didn't comment and seemed to write down exactly what she said.

Rose first started with her parents, asking if they were fine and saying a lot of mundane things—mostly assuring them that she was fine and that her father should make sure her mother took the herbs.

However, she couldn't stall again. She was not just sending this letter to ask about her parents. She also wanted to know how Ander, her fiancé, was doing. It felt wrong to call him that, as their wedding was already ruined, but neither of them had called it off—she had just been unable to attend.

"How is Ander?" she softly asked. "Give my love to him and Emma."

There was no way she could say exactly what she wanted, not right in front of the reason she had to write the letter in the first place.

"I miss you and I love you both.

Rose."

"Is that all?" the crown prince asked.

Rose nodded her head. "Thank you, Your Majesty."

Caius lifted his head from the paper and turned to look at her, the quill still in his hand. The tip pooled ink but not enough to drop. However, the way he held it made Rose worried that it might drop onto the table or, worse, blotch the words he just wrote.

Thankfully, that didn't happen, and the crown prince dropped the quill into the ink without spilling any of it and picked up the letter. "Who is Ander?" he asked.

Rose froze, her expression showing horror. Did he actually expect her to answer truthfully? Was he asking because he was curious, or was he checking to see if she would lie?

"Emma and Ander are my childhood friends," Rose said softly. It wasn't a lie—she had known both of them almost as long as the other.

"Do you want me to read it?" Caius asked without saying anything about her reply. Though the paper was directly in front of his face, she could still see his eyes peeking out of the corner, staring at her.

No, absolutely not. Rose wanted him gone. She didn't care what the details were. She was also worried that he would ask about Ander. She could never tell what was on the crown prince's mind. Why he was here, right now? Anyone else would have sufficed. Why did it have to be him?

"There is no need for that, Your Majesty," Rose tried to say as politely as she could muster. A part of her was worried she might cuss at the crown prince and ask him to get out, but she managed to compose herself. "As long as you didn't tell my family I hate them, or worse, I am very satisfied with what Your Majesty wrote."

Caius gently placed the paper back on the table, and he stared at her with furrowed brows. "Do you think I would do something like that?"

Rose regretted the question as soon as it left her lips. She should have just left it at the first sentence, but the sudden question about Ander had made her a little more anxious, and she had mumbled more words to make up for her nervousness.

"No," Rose lied.

Caius tilted his head to the side as he watched her. His eyes trailed from her face downward. Rose felt her breath catch in her throat. His gaze stopped on her knees and then ventured back up to her face. He had a lazy look on his face as their eyes met again, and Rose could clearly see him get distracted. She doubted the crown prince heard what she said.

"You don't sound like you believe that," Caius replied.

"I do?" Rose replied.

"That's a question," Caius smirked and leaned back in the chair. He looked like a cat that knew it was going to get exactly what it wanted.

"No, I do," she replied. She had thought he wasn't following her words and had been the one to end up getting distracted.

"Stand up," Caius said. There was a rumble in his chest as he said the words. His baritone voice echoed in the room.

Rose was quick to get to her feet. She might not think some of the crown prince's actions deserved gratitude, but at least he let her send a message home. She didn't think such a favor would come without a price.

Caius' smile widened. He seemed to like how obedient she was. "Come closer."

Rose moved closer until her toes touched the front of his shoes. She wiggled her bare feet on the carpet as she waited for his next set of orders.

"If you're being this obedient," Caius teased, "does that mean I should let you send a letter to your parents every day?"

"I am glad Your Majesty was kind enough to grant my request—even to go as far as to write the letter himself."

Caius narrowed his eyes at her patronizing tone. However, he knew why she was being so compliant. He hadn't sent the letter yet and could easily change his mind. She was making sure that didn't happen.

Caius stretched out his hand, grabbed her thigh, and pulled her forward. Rose immediately lost her balance and had no choice but to lean on him, her hands landing on his shoulders.

Caius smirked as she looked down at him. Rose didn't know what to do in this position, and there was nowhere else to look but down.

"Such restrictive clothing. You wear way less when you come to see me. Would you have done the same if you knew I was coming?"

For a moment, Rose entertained the idea of headbutting him. She knew it would hurt a lot, but the satisfaction would be just as intense.

A knock.