

K Lover 152

Chapter 152: Stuck

"Vallyn the woodmaker. My father is quite known in the village."

Caius's eyes lingered on Rose a little; even from this distance, she could still feel the intensity of his gaze. He finally turned his gaze to Henry, but it looked like he'd rather not.

"You heard her. Make sure it gets there as fast as possible."

"Yes, Your Highness."

"You may leave," Caius said.

Henry bowed and was quick to flee the room. He didn't even look at Rose as he left, and Rose made a mental note to apologize the next time she saw him. She knew she wasn't at fault, but the numerous situations he had been in because of her must be taking a toll on the poor man.

The sound of the door closing caused Rose to jerk a little as she realized she was once again alone with the crown prince, and by the look on his face, he was very pleased with that.

"Do you intend to remain by the door?" he asked when she showed no sign of moving.

"No, Your Majesty," Rose replied and trod lightly away from the door.

She stopped in front of the crown prince but made sure to be a few feet away from him, keeping a clear distance between them.

"I didn't know you played chess," he suddenly commented.

It was the casual way he said it that bothered Rose. A few intimate nights, and he was quick to act as though this was normal.

"I don't," Rose said coldly. "Mister Henry was being nice to me, and he felt sorry that I was stuck in this room."

"Stuck?" Caius asked with a raised brow.

"Yes," she replied, slightly ticked off.

"This is news to me. Who said you were stuck in this room?" he asked.

Rose tried not to glare at him. She was literally in this room because of him—in his wing, too. Anyone would know she couldn't freely move around. However, she had to answer, and she knew exactly how to.

"The last time I moved freely on my own, I ended up making His Majesty angry, and I was whipped for my presumptuous actions."

Caius's gaze darkened at her reply. Rose was surprised her words got to him. As much as she was angry, she was also hopeful. Did this mean she wasn't confined to this room and could leave if she wanted to? Or did what she said anger the crown prince, and now she was really stuck here?

"That wasn't moving freely," he said, his expression easing as a smile crept in but it wasn't the genuine one, it was the kind that made Rose break out in a cold sweat. "That was trying to escape, which was very much against your word. Aren't you happy I punished you and not your father?"

Rose was grateful she wasn't holding anything—she would have tossed it at him. Or should she lunge for him? She knew she would catch him off guard, as he wouldn't expect her to attack, but Rose knew it wouldn't be worth it.

Caius was so unpredictable, it was borderline dangerous. She couldn't tell with him. One moment he seemed nice, another, he would say the cruelest of things with a straight face. He threatened her easily and then sought gratitude when it was his fault in the first place.

"I am grateful," Rose said and bowed low, proud that she had kept her thoughts of attacking him as simply thoughts.

Caius stared at the back of her head and tried to suppress the urge to grab it. He was used to being impulsive; he had learned it, just as he had learned to be careless. With enough strength and power, you can get away with anything—his father taught him that. But recently, he had found himself exercising his self-control again. Caius didn't know if he liked it.

He opened his mouth to speak, but a knock rang out. This time it was much louder than the first—almost rude. Caius jerked his head to the door, and so did Rose. He hated the interruption, but he could see the relief on her face.

"Your Majest—"

"You may," he said, curious to see who had appeared so rudely.

Rose rushed to the door, remembering not to open it too widely to prevent whoever was on the other side from seeing inside. Something told her it really was her lunch now.

The maid holding the tray had a sneer on her face as she stretched it out. Rose winced when she saw it. It was a piece of dried bread and some colored water.

"Take it," she said when Rose seemed to be taking her time.

"No," Rose mumbled softly.

However, she wasn't refusing because she found the food insulting—she was refusing because there was no way she would let the crown prince see this. He would want to play hero as always, to give Rose another thing to be grateful for, and the poor maid would be punished.

Rose knew they had probably not planned to give her lunch, as it was already past lunchtime and her meal was just now arriving. And from the looks of it, it was clearly leftovers—it looked more like breakfast than lunch.

"Do you think you're better than this?" the maid asked, darkly raising her voice. "Just because we all have to cater to your need because of the cr—"

"It's fine," Rose said and snatched the tray from her. She wasn't about to allow the poor maid to dig her own grave.

Rose took a step back and shut the door, but not before she heard the word, "Whore!" She prayed the crown prince didn't hear that.

She thought the maid's reaction was pretty strange. Most of them didn't even speak to her, yet this one had gone as far as to insult her—so loudly. It was loud enough for the guards to hear, and everyone knew the crown prince's room was not far off. Why would she do something like that?

Rose tried not to think too much about it as she walked into the room. Hopefully, the crown prince hadn't heard any of that. Instead of heading for the table, she walked toward the bed, planning to eat on the ground.