

K Lover 153

Chapter 153: Sprinkle Of Ashes

"What are you doing?" Caius asked when he noticed she wasn't walking to the table, but rather toward the bed.

Rose turned to look at Caius but tried to keep the tray away from his line of sight. She wasn't sure if she did a decent job, but it was better than nothing. "I don't want to bother you, Your Majesty."

Caius peered at her intently. "You will eat at the table," he replied.

Rose nodded. His tone made it hard to offer up an argument. Besides, she had herself to worry about over some maid. She couldn't comprehend why he was still here. He had written the letter and should be on his way.

Rose placed the tray on the table with a soft clank. She glanced at the crown prince but immediately regretted it as he was watching her and she met eyes with him. She didn't like the way a shiver crawled up her back.

She dropped to her seat and pulled the chair closer to the table. She picked up the bread and broke some of it. She eyed the soup but she knew she had to eat it.

"Is this what they serve you?" Caius asked suddenly, his voice dripping with disapproval.

"No," Rose said stiffly, he had spoken so suddenly, that she almost dropped the bread. "Something must've 'appened in the kitchen."

"Is that right?" Caius asked, the right corner of his lips lifting in amusement.

"Yes," Rose said and put the piece of bread in her mouth, hoping to end the conversation.

Caius knew she was lying, but he was more curious that she wouldn't take advantage of his authority. He had clearly heard everything the maid said, and if it wasn't that he wanted to see Rose's reaction after the interaction, the maid wouldn't have left on her own two feet.

Still, the servants must have some nerve serving her this. No wonder she wasn't putting on any weight. He had chalked it up to her still recovering from the incident. Caius didn't like to think about the latter at all.

"Your Majesty," Rose called.

Caius blinked to focus. "Yes?" he replied.

"Is there anything else you need?"

Caius raised a brow. Was she chasing him off? That never happens. "Perhaps. I doubt you'd be willing."

Rose looked absolutely horrified and turned her gaze away from him. It was her mistake for asking. What else had she expected? However, it was uncomfortable to eat with him staring at her in that manner.

The food already tasted like dust. Coupled with his stare, it tasted like she'd added a sprinkle of ashes, and the broth reminded her of the herbs she had to take while she was sick. It was a nasty meal, but Rose had to pretend it was one of the best meals she had ever had in her life. The bread was dry—too dry—and the broth didn't do much to soften it.

When the meal was finally over, Rose let out a sigh of relief. Thank goodness it wasn't more than that—she might not have been able to finish it.

"Was the meal that good?" Caius asked, his tone mocking.

Rose turned to him, closing her eyes a little as she gave an exaggerated performance, nodding and humming in approval. "Very good."

"Indeed," Caius said with an amused tone. He sounded like he was holding back a laugh.

"Yes," Rose smiled stiffly and turned away from him.

"Come here," he suddenly said.

Rose froze, blinking with a pale look on her face. Her body immediately tensed up. Caius noticed this, and his gaze turned razor-thin, his eyes darkening and the aura around him becoming even more menacing.

Rose stood to her feet regardless of how she felt—not obeying would only make things worse. However, as soon as she took a step closer, a knock rang out. Rose didn't even ask if she could answer the door before fleeing.

Caius was visibly at his wit's end and moved his gaze to the door, his eyes blazing with anger. His palm gripped the arm of the chair, and Caius knew if he exerted more force, the wood might break.

"Yes," Rose said, opening the door. She prayed a silent prayer that it would be someone who would take the crown prince away. She didn't mind dealing with him during nighttime, but daytime was simply torture.

Rose was so shocked when she opened the door that, for a moment, she froze, unsure of what to do or say. Prince Rylen stood outside the door. His platinum blonde hair looked almost white as he stood in the hallway, and his blue eyes sparkled. If Caius had a roguish, handsome look, Rylen had a soft, almost angelic look to him.

Rylen frowned a little as she stared at him. "Is the crown prince here?" he asked, his tone didn't hold annoyance or contempt, he was simply asking a question.

His question was enough to snap her out of it, and Rose realized how rudely she had acted. If it was anyone else but him, she would have been punished.

"Prince Rylen," Rose said with a curtsy and a bow as she stepped out of the way. "Yes."

"What do you want?" an annoyed voice said from inside the room.

Rylen's expression changed—it was a mix of disappointment and expectation. "May I come in?" he asked Rose.

Rose was startled by his question, and she looked at him with pure confusion. Not that she didn't understand his question, but the fact that he would even ask her.

"Yes, of course, Prince Rylen. Right this way, please," Rose said, curtsying again.

Caius narrowed his eyes from where he sat and yelled out, "No." Her politeness toward Rylen irked him. "State your business from the door." She also seemed in awe of him. She acted more shy and nervous than scared.

"Your Grace needs to come with me, now," Rylen simply said. He didn't seem the least bit annoyed by Caius's tone.

"No," Caius said stubbornly.

"Your Grace would like to hear this, and it's best to speak in your private study."

"Tell me later," Caius replied and turned his gaze away from the door.

"I'm afraid it can't wait!" Rylen yelled from the door. This mode of communication was annoying, but Rylen knew better than to give in—Caius would be the one angry he wasn't informed immediately.

"Yes, it can."

"Well then, I guess I'll have to tell you from here," Rylen said, determined to pass the information.

"I said later!"

"The men who kidnap—"

"Shut it!"