

## K Lover 161

### Chapter 161: Pick A Piece

Caius was embarrassed, but he didn't realize that was what he was feeling. He felt strange and noticed he couldn't look Rose in the face. He thought it shouldn't be such a big deal. He had simply done this on a whim, and at the time, it had seemed like a brilliant idea. But now that she was here, Caius was unsure—and this bothered him. He was rarely unsure.

"The table," he said, realizing she had been standing by his side for quite some time. "Get what's on it."

She turned at his order, looking towards the table. For a moment, she didn't move, and Caius wondered what expression she had on her face.

Rose could scarcely believe her eyes, and she was moving towards the table before she even knew it. It was a chessboard, complete with chess pieces. They had all been placed properly. Rose stopped in front of the table as she realized something—chess wasn't a game she could play alone.

The pieces were separated by color: lighter-colored wood on one side and darker wood on the other. Rose peered at it, realizing that the chess set she had gotten had more than a few pieces missing. There was a horse's head she didn't recognize and another that looked like a queen's crown. It was noticeably smaller than the other piece with a crown, and this was easy to see since they were arranged side by side.

She picked up this piece, studying it. The wood was exquisite, and she could tell immediately that it was delicate work. It had been carved, smoothed, polished, and shined. Even in the candlelight, it shimmered. Rose quickly dropped it back as she remembered the crown prince had given her instructions.

She picked up the board, and the pieces wobbled, but they held. She turned around, holding the board in her hands as she walked to the crown prince. He was still lying on the long chair, his gaze straight ahead.

Rose was a little confused, but she approached him regardless, and when she got close enough, she noticed the small stool in the corner. The shape was perfect for the board. She bent her knees and placed it down, and half the pieces toppled over.

"Nay," she exclaimed in horror and did her best to right them. But when she was done, Rose didn't need anyone to tell her she had placed the pieces incorrectly—it was pretty clear.

Caius finally peeked at her from the long chair and snickered. It was a soft sound she wouldn't have heard if she weren't close enough.

"Move it closer," Caius said.

Rose immediately did as he requested, her knees to the carpet as she moved the small table, careful not to ruin the placement of the chess pieces any further.

Without lifting himself, Caius stretched out his hand and rearranged the pieces. Rose watched with keen eyes. She would be lying if she said she wasn't intrigued.

However, there was something else on the back of her mind since she laid eyes on the chessboard—did the crown prince intend to play the game with her? More like teach her. She could recall telling him she didn't know how to play.

"This is how to properly place chess pieces," he said. "Do well to remember."

Rose nodded her head, even though she was very confused about what was going on here. The crown prince was indeed about to teach her to play the game. Rose couldn't believe her eyes. Though shocked, she nodded in acceptance as she studied the pieces.

"Do you know their names?" he asked.

Rose slowly shook her head. She didn't even think they had names. Chess was not a game commoners played, and she had been surprised when Henry suggested it. So surprised, in fact, that she couldn't tell him she didn't know how to play. So, of course, she didn't know the names of the pieces. She knew the wood they were made from, but unfortunately, that was not the question.

"Pick a piece," Caius said, still without looking at her.

Rose immediately picked the one she had picked before—the unfamiliar piece with a crown. Caius had an unreadable expression on his face when he saw what she picked. She stretched out her hand to give it to him.

"No," he said. "Hold it. What piece do you think that is?" he asked.

"What I think?" Rose asked in horror.

"Yes, what piece do you think you're holding?"

Rose blinked as she looked from Caius to the piece in her hand. "I don't know," she mumbled, more because it was strange to have the crown prince ask her opinion.

Caius lifted his gaze from the piece in her hand to her face, his half-closed eyes squinting even more as they met hers. "Hmm," he whispered, his gaze lingering on her face.

"If you were to give it a name, what would it be?" he asked.

Caius watched the way her eyes lifted as if in shock. Her hair fell forward as she bent her head to check again, and Caius thought of tucking her hair behind her ear just so he could keep staring at her face without obstruction.

"It looks like royalty," she mumbled.

Caius blinked as her words registered, pulling him out of his thoughts. His eyes focused as he snapped out of it. "You're right," he whispered. "That's the Queen."

He frowned a little at the direction of his thoughts—the same reason he couldn't figure out what this was about. She only had one job here, and that was to offer her body to him. And somehow, he was here teaching her how to play chess.

"The Queen," Rose mumbled and carefully dropped the chess piece down. She had questions about the game to ask, but other than not thinking she could ask them, she was also still confused about what this was. Even though it was clear the crown prince intended to teach her how to play, she still had a hard time believing it.