

K Lover 162

Chapter 162: Do You Object?

Her fingers lingered on the Queen chess piece for a bit, and her eyes scanned the rest of the board. There was an identical piece on the other side, just in a darker color. She also noticed some other pieces had more than one, and the smallest were up to seven, she didn't know the name yet.

"What piece do you think that is, then?" Caius asked.

Rose could tell which chess piece the crown prince was referring to. "This one?" she asked, picking the other one with a crown.

"Yes," Caius said lazily. His eyes rested on her face, but this time his gaze ventured lower, past her neck.

Rose realized her robe had come undone, and the flimsy nightdress wasn't doing much to hide her body. She lifted her hands while holding the piece, placing it between his gaze and her body.

"The King," she whispered, forcing Caius to tear his gaze from her body—though he was clearly reluctant to.

"Yes," he replied, realizing he couldn't care less about the game, and with the stiffness he could start to feel, he wasn't the only one who thought so.

Caius closed his eyes. In three movements, he could have her on his cock, riding him to ecstasy, but here he was, teaching her the different names of chess pieces. He told himself there was a reason for this. It was to his entertainment if she could play.

Rose quickly dropped the chess piece and adjusted her robe when she noticed the crown prince had his eyes closed. She tied it securely, making sure it wouldn't come undone easily, even on purpose.

"Pick another piece," he whispered.

"Does His Majesty intend to teach me the rules of the game?" Rose suddenly blurted.

Caius's eyes flew open, and he noticed her robe was back in place. He tried not to show his disappointment, but he would be lying if he said he didn't prefer having a view to go with teaching chess.

"Yes," he said, his gaze resting on her face. Caius frowned slightly, seeing he couldn't gauge what she was thinking.

"Why?" she asked softly, peering up at him with big eyes.

Caius remembered he had once tried to guess the color of her eyes. She wasn't close enough to touch or to even see the color of her eyes clearly right now; it didn't help that the candles did a terrible job, but Caius realized he could fill in the color. He could vividly remember what they looked like.

"Why?" he repeated, his face slightly amused, though he was actually annoyed. "Do you object?" he asked.

"No, Your Majesty," Rose was quick to say. How would she object? "I am just surprised, as I know Your Majesty has far more important things to do."

Caius's eyes narrowed. He didn't miss her patronizing tone. It was hard to say if she truly objected or not, and he was further annoyed that he cared about this. She should be grateful—he was going out of his way to teach her. She couldn't get a better teacher. He had played chess since childhood, and before he reached the age of twelve, he could play against his father and win.

"This is important," he said with a hiss in his tone. "If you do learn, perhaps copulation won't be the only thing you're decent at."

Rose felt all the air push out of her lungs. Her face couldn't hide the shock she felt—the crown prince and his vulgar mouth. As insulted as she was, she didn't feel bad. If she truly were as second-rate as he claimed, he would have let her go, but here she was.

She lifted her chin, her pride still in place. She would learn all the rules of chess, even if it killed her. He would wish he had never taught her.

Rose barely spoke again for the rest of the night. She merely nodded when Caius told her the names of the pieces, and she repeated them if there was a need to. Otherwise, she kept quiet and just watched.

It took a while for her to understand the moves the pieces could make, and it was even harder to remember. Instead of teaching her step-by-step, the crown prince decided they should just play a game after he gave her a quick explanation, and that she would understand as the game went on. Of course, that never happened.

In the first game, he won in just three moves and wasted no time in telling her he might have broken his record. Rose didn't care to listen. Her brows just furrowed as she watched, wondering how she had lost. The goal was to capture the King, but somehow Caius captured hers so easily without her even stealing a piece.

Pawns had easy movements to remember, but it was a little hard to use that to capture any pieces unless they moved closer. A lot of thinking was involved while playing, and it was even harder as she wasn't familiar with the rules yet.

"It's late," Caius suddenly said.

Rose lifted her head from the board, her brows furrowed in concentration. She was on her fifteenth loss and was still confused as to how she lost. However, she realized the frustration of her failure made her want to play more.

"You should go," Caius said when she didn't reply. "We will continue tomorrow. Try to remember the rules," he said and stood to his feet. He had remained on the long chair the entire time.

The robe fell to his feet. Rose jerked in fright as she came face to face with his cock. She was so astonished, she didn't know how to react. Her eyes widened even further when she watched it grow as she stared.

"Don't stare at it like that, or I will have to ass—"

"I apologize, Your Majesty," Rose said immediately and tore her gaze away, locking it with ground.

Caius's eyes narrowed. "Get some sleep. Tomorrow, I won't be so lenient."

He walked towards his bed without bothering to pick up his robe. Rose nodded and turned her head to glance at him. She didn't know why she did that, but the events of tonight were very confusing for her, especially with the crown prince dismissing her even though he was visibly erect. Not that she would have preferred it otherwise.

Rose's throat went dry, and her eyes widened in horror as she rested her eyes on his back. It was filled with scars, from top to bottom. He turned his head, and she scrambled to her feet, rushing to the door.