

K Lover 166

Chapter 166: Bearable

"Your queen on the second move?" Caius asked with narrowed eyes.

Rose nodded. It was the exact play Caius had done in their last game the night before, and he had used the queen after moving the pawn out of the way in the entirety of the game and had won.

"Yes," she said.

"Hmm, I see. Then I'll put a handicap on myself. I won't use my queen no matter what."

Rose narrowed her eyes. This wasn't useful to her. It was literally her second day playing chess. Yet here he was, acting like he was giving her the best deal ever.

Rose nodded when she noticed he was looking at her expectantly. "Thank you, Your Majesty," she forced herself to say, even though it felt like chewing glass.

He moved a piece, choosing a pawn. Rose's expression faltered—something told her she already knew how this would go, and she was right. At the end of that round, she did manage to take a few of his pieces, but she lost shamelessly. He took most of her pieces before finally taking her king, almost like he was toying with her.

"Do you even remember the rules?" he asked at the end of the game. "You play like a child."

Rose heard something snap—a loud sound, almost like someone broke a branch in two. "Your Majesty seems a little too proud about 'is wins. You 'ave years of experience, and I, just two days. In some way, you can say I play like a child, and it is expected that I will make mistakes."

Rose wasn't shocked by her words, but the crown prince was visibly taken aback. She braced herself for his retaliation to her words, but she was tired of his snarky remarks. If he thought she was too stupid to

play with, he didn't have to do this. At this point, she'd rather strip and be done than have to deal with his constant mockery.

Suddenly, he smiled, and Rose's breath hitched. With the crown prince, she could never tell if that was a good thing or not. "Do my words bother you?" he asked smugly.

Rose narrowed her eyes, but she kept her gaze down. It was either that or she would glare at him. "No, it does not. Your Majesty can say whatever he pleases," she bent her head. "This 'umble servant dare not complain."

Caius threw his head back and laughed, and Rose peeked at him, trying to comprehend what was funny, but she didn't try too hard, as she had already concluded the crown prince was nothing more than a lunatic and must be treated as such. Trying to understand his actions was insanity.

"Rearrange the pieces, Rose."

Rose lifted her head and glanced at Caius as she heard her name. The way he said her name was weird—she could almost hear it hum internally. However, it was the easy way he said it that threw her off. She hadn't thought he knew it.

She squinted her eyes as she studied him for a bit. What was he doing? Why wasn't he scolding her for what she just said? Rather, he was looking at her with an amused expression. Rose didn't buy this act for a moment—this was the man who had tried to kill her father simply because she said no.

Yet here he was, lying on the carpet as though he didn't have a care in the world, casually playing chess with a woman he had forced to come with him, as though this was nothing short of the norm.

He raised a brow, and Rose realized she was still staring. She shook her head and immediately started on the task. All she should think about was that she was grateful she wasn't going to get punished.

They played for a shorter number of times this night, only because the crown prince took his time with each game. They spent almost thrice the amount of time that was spent on a game the night before.

"That's enough!" Caius said to end the games as she let out a little yawn.

Rose nodded; her knees were hurting, and her head too. All that thinking was not good for her. She started to get to her feet, but Caius stopped her.

"Come closer," he suddenly said.

Rose had her hands on the carpet, ready to push herself to her feet, but she froze at his order. She was still on her knees, and she lifted her gaze to Caius, her expression clouding a bit.

Caius's face turned serious—there wasn't even a hint of amusement on it as he watched her. Rose grabbed the hem of her dress as she realized she hadn't moved. Her palms suddenly felt sweaty, and her chest was tight. She told herself she was anxious about what he wanted, not curious.

Rose crawled closer to him on her knees, cornering the chessboard as she approached him. His head was still propped up by his elbow, and he had remained in this position through the game. She got close enough that her knees were merely inches from him.

"Lean forward," he whispered, his voice floating around the room.

Rose felt her throat grow dry, and she swallowed to moisten it. She placed her hand on the carpet and leaned forward, closing her eyes. Caius was quick to grab her by the back of her head and pressed their lips together.

She heard him grunt as their lips touched. He didn't take his time—he seared her with his warm lips, forcing hers open as he deepened the kiss. It was hard not to react, and Rose didn't like the way her heart started to beat faster, but she figured it must be the lack of air in her lungs.

He tasted familiar, and she hated that his aggressive way of kissing was something she was starting to get used to—and having him invade her mouth as though he wanted to own her felt normal, even almost invigorating. Why did it make her feel good?

Caius finally pulled away, staring up at her flushed face, and she could see his smirk was back on. She took deep, sharp breaths, not failing to notice that his hand still gripped her hair, and it didn't seem like he had any plans to let go. Rose was certain the crown prince had a fetish for grabbing hair.

He licked his lips as he studied her and suddenly let go of her hair. "Leave," he said.

Rose nodded and pushed herself to her full height. She curtsied and, in a flash, she was gone. Caius's gaze was still on the door after she left, wondering if he should have just let her go.

Rose got to her room and climbed onto the bed. She was surprised he had let her go. It was the second night in a row. Did he truly plan to only have her play chess with him? Rose had a hard time thinking this was the case.

His strange actions had her more unnerved than him acting like the tyrant he was. She preferred that. She would rather he walked into the room and demanded she take all her clothes off than this. This was a different kind of torture, as she was starting to think his presence was bearable.

Rose closed her eyes as she tried to go to sleep, but they immediately flew open as she remembered the kiss. She pressed her face into the pillow, held it for a few moments, before turning on her back and wiping at her lips until they were red.

Rose took a deep breath as she tried to convince herself that it wasn't so bad. Maybe it was a good thing she was bad at the game. Perhaps when the crown prince saw she wasn't good, he would let her go? However, even as Rose thought it, she knew it was stupid. Besides, she had too much pride not to try hard.

His smugness got to her. After her outburst, he didn't make snarky remarks as he usually would, but he would often snort or smirk when he won, which was every time. It grated on Rose's nerves, and more than once she had wished she could grab his lips between her fingers and twist. She would like to see him smirk then.

Rose rolled on her side. He was preoccupying her thoughts. What other choice did she have? He was the reason she was here, away from her family. She wanted to go home. Perhaps she should ask him what she could possibly do to make him let her go. Maybe if she did...

Rose shook her head. If he had any plans to let her go so easily, he wouldn't have brought her all the way here. All she could do was hope that he got bored of her quickly. Especially with all she owed him now—her father's life, the debt, Edna, and the letter. She knew the crown prince would want every bit of this paid. She was in for a long ride.