

K Lover 168

Chapter 168: Pompous Brat

"T'omas!" Rose yelled in shock as she opened the door.

"That is Lord Thomas to you!" he yelled back, a glare in his eyes as he looked her up and down. "Tsk!"

Thomas moved his hand to his sword, which hung on his belt, his grip tight on the hilt. He was dressed in the knight's uniform, white with gold flecks. He had on boots that rose high, almost reaching his knees. His breeches clung to his skin, and Rose thought they must be uncomfortable to move in.

Rose nodded and bent her head slightly. "Apologies, Lord T'omas," Rose replied, her voice dripping with sarcasm. "May I ask why you are 'ere?"

She lifted her head to look him in the eyes after she asked the question. She didn't like him, and she was certain the feeling was mutual. She knew the crown prince must have something to do with it, as Thomas looked to be here against his will.

His eyes blazed even more at her tone, but Rose wasn't afraid. She had nothing to fear from him. She knew he couldn't harm her.

"Get dressed and come with me," he stated, his tone flippant, almost insulting.

Rose frowned and glared at him. First off, she was clearly dressed. He was trying to be rude by telling her to get dressed. Secondly, there was no way she would go off with Thomas. Any other knight, perhaps—but not this pompous brat.

"Why?" she asked, her expression unchanging, not caring that his gaze was darkening at her defiance.

"You dare ask me questions, wench!"

Rose looked left, then right. He couldn't possibly be referring to her. "The crown prince 'as given me strict rules not to leave this room. I cannot take orders from a random knight simply because 'e insists so vehemently."

Rose folded her arms and met his eyes. She didn't care for the knight. She could remember the times he had tried to be mean to her in the crown prince's presence, and he had been scolded for it. She knew he was all bark—he didn't have as much power as he liked to think.

She stood in the doorway while he stood barely three feet away, a scowl on his face and his left hand still on his sword. Rose wondered if he was trying to intimidate her.

"Who are you calling a random knight?" Thomas snapped, his tone harsh. He took a step forward as though to strike her.

Rose didn't even flinch; they both knew he wouldn't dare. However, she was quick to apologize.

"Ah, forgive me," Rose said with obvious mockery. "His Lordship, Lord Thomas, knight of Velmount."

Thomas stopped in his tracks, confusion on his face. He seemed at a loss for words. His impression of Rose was that of a timid peasant. To say he was shocked to find she could easily speak to him in this manner was an understatement. He also knew there was nothing he could do about it—he couldn't dare strike her.

If he had his way, he wouldn't be here, but the crown prince had personally requested and asked him to ensure her safety. He had promised he would, even though he couldn't stand the wench. But he couldn't disappoint the crown prince. Therefore, hitting her or forcefully dragging her out of the room was out of the question.

As much as he hated answering her questions, that seemed to be the only way to get her out of this room, and he could see the look on his face. Almost as if she were daring him. He hated it.

"That is incorrect," he said.

"What is? That you're a knight? I apologize, I was under the impression that you are," Rose said, trying her best not to smile at the end of her words, but she failed.

Thomas gripped his sword tighter and slowly took a deep breath. He couldn't strike her. He was here to do a task, and he wouldn't let a peasant wench test him.

"I am a knight, you stupid wench! I meant it is incorrect that you're not allowed to leave this room, as I am here on the crown prince's orders. You are to come with me."

"Why?" she asked casually, her arms still folded.

She didn't doubt that Thomas was in front of her room on the crown prince's orders. There was no other reason why he would be here. He hated her guts and spoke to her as though she was beneath him—but she would rather lose a couple fingers than go with this twat.

"What do you mean, why? I just told you. The crown prince said you should come with me. Are you selectively deaf or just plain stupid?"

"Where are we going? I don't think the crown prince would send for me without telling me beforehand. You see, 'e told me in person not to leave this room," Rose lied easily. "Why would 'e send you to tell me otherwise?"

Thomas gripped his sword even tighter. It was either that or he might actually yank her by the hair out of the room.

"I am one of his knights," he replied.

Rose tried not to roll her eyes, but it was clear she wasn't going to get more than that. Thomas was already looking at her as though she were stupid.

"Why?" she asked again.

Thomas looked like he might punch a wall. "Because His Highness said so!"

Was he selectively deaf or just plain stupid? However, Rose didn't say this out loud, and she was already sick of the argument.

"No!" she simply said and shut the door in his face before he could say anything.

Thomas went through all the stages of horror as the door slammed in his face. He couldn't believe his eyes, his ears, or the feel of the air on his face as the door closed. Not only did she end the conversation, but she had dared to humiliate him.

Thomas raised his hand and banged on the door. If it weren't for the crown prince, he would have broken this door down and dragged her out by the hair, whipping her several times. How dare she treat a royal knight like this? He wasn't only a knight but a noble too. Just because she was a whore to the crown prince didn't suddenly make her special.

"Open this damned door, you wench! Before I break it down!" he yelled when she didn't answer his banging.

Rose didn't care. She simply lay on her bed with the pillow over her ears. He didn't say the crown prince was asking for her; he had simply said that she should come with him on the crown prince's orders. Rose didn't like the sound of that. Whatever his intentions were, they could not be good.

Besides, he kept evading her questions and just kept saying the crown prince asked her to come with him. Why would she go with him? Rose sighed and closed her eyes. She could still hear him banging on the door.

Thomas banged for a bit, and when it became clear she had no intention of opening it and he was drawing unnecessary attention, he went away, loudly cursing and swearing. Rose was unsure if it was at her.

She slowly lifted the pillow from her head and looked at the door when she couldn't hear anything anymore, wondering if she had done the right thing or if she might get punished by the crown prince. If anyone wanted to get her out of this room, it would have to be the crown prince himself.

It wasn't that she didn't want to leave, but at the same time, she had to be careful. There were a lot of people she couldn't trust. But even as she said this, Rose knew it was a lie.

The only reason she had not gone with Thomas was simply out of spite.

She couldn't stand him.

Not the way he looked, and certainly not the way he treated her. He was probably younger than she was, yet he spoke to her in such a manner, calling her names, just because he was a knight.

A few whippings would definitely be worth the look on his face when he realized she had slammed the door in it. Rose giggled to herself as she got out of bed. She didn't mind this sort of drama to break up her boring daily routine.

She crawled to the chessboard and rearranged the pieces. This was what she spent most of her day doing. She wished there was some other way she could learn faster without the crown prince, but unfortunately, there wasn't, so she was stuck replaying the moves he showed her and trying to remember the rules.

However, even as Rose played, her mind wandered. She couldn't help the fear that she was in trouble. Perhaps she should have just been agreeable and gone with Thomas. She didn't even know what he wanted.

However, she knew that knowing wouldn't have changed her mind. She would have still refused.