

K Lover 171

Chapter 171: Earworm

"However, it doesn't change the fact that you didn't obey a direct order—an order given to you by my knight. Thomas is one of my own, you see. Should he ever give you an order on my behalf, I expect you to carry it out to the fullest."

Rose nodded her head. "I apologize, Your Majesty."

"What do you say?" Caius asked with a frown, not liking that she was quick to apologize but didn't seem to agree with his words.

"It won't 'appen again, Your Majesty," she replied with her head still bowed. "I will follow your order to the letter." Rose tried to keep anything that might show defiance or disapproval from her face.

"Good," Caius replied, the frown on his face easing. "I will let this go, this one time. Tomorrow he will be back. I'd better hear a good report."

"Yes," Rose replied dryly as she returned to the game.

It wasn't hard to remember the sort of relationship they had, but times like this made it especially easy to remember she was just here to take his orders. Nothing more than a slave to do his bidding. A sex slave. Just because he played a few games with her didn't change that.

Rose couldn't remember what happened after the conversation. Her body moved the pieces, but her mind was elsewhere, which wasn't a good idea when playing a game like chess. It wasn't something you played subconsciously.

By the fourth game, she could see Caius's expression darken, and she was sure he had run out of patience. She was almost glad about this. She would be back in her room soon. But surprisingly, the crown prince didn't say anything about her poor plays; rather, he started to win as quickly as he could, no longer taking his time.

As much as she would rather do something else, Rose didn't like the losses she was racking up, and without meaning to, she started to take it seriously, doing her best to drag it out as long as she could.

"Your Majesty," Rose cried. She had lost count of how many times they had played now, but she was sure it was almost midnight at this point. Her arm was killing her. It was more like he had been deliberately punishing her.

She had tried to bear it, to push it, but her knees hurt, and the once soft carpet felt like hard stone. Her arm felt even worse, it felt like it had been stabbed by a thousand tiny needles and was heavy to lift.

"What?" he answered, his voice curt.

"Please, I am tired," she replied, moving backwards so she could kowtow without hitting her head against the board.

"Oh," Caius replied, pretending to be oblivious to her weariness. "It has only been a few games."

"I know, Your Majesty..." Rose paused. She was unsure how else to plead. If she said more, it would seem like she was accusing him, and he already seemed to be in a sour mood—she didn't want to make it worse.

"Fine, I suppose we could call it a night. It is after all your most losses yet," he smirked.

Rose kept her face glued to the ground. It was either that or she would sneer at the crown prince. That would certainly get her in more trouble than refusing to go with Thomas. His statement was a bit ironic, considering he said it had only been a few games, but Rose would take anything if she could get away.

"Thank you, Your Majesty," she said and gathered herself before he would ask her to do something atrocious.

Rose was by the door before the crown prince could blink—and out of it. Leaving him with silence and the cold. A draft was coming in. Caius hated the cold. Winter was coming soon. It was the worst part of the year for him. Caius glanced at the door. Perhaps it wouldn't be so bad this time.

Rose got to her room and immediately fell asleep. Her body felt heavy. She never would have thought playing a game could be such a chore. The crown prince had seemed completely unbothered while she had withered away.

She should have just gone with Thomas. This was not worth saying no to him, but she had also slammed the door in his face. To say she got off easy would be an understatement.

However, it wasn't completely over, as she still had to deal with Thomas the next day. And considering he was mad enough to report her to the crown prince, she could only imagine she was sure to face misery the next day.

The crown prince didn't even tell her why she was to go with him, and there was no way she could ask in these circumstances. At first, she thought the crown prince wasn't that angry with her, but towards the end, it was hard to tell. He could also be toying with her.

His favor towards her depended on his mood, and she had to cater to it. Never forgetting the side she was on, even if certain things seemed otherwise.

Rose rolled on her side, her hair scattered against the pillow. Her face, a small oval shape in the sea of red. She closed her eyes to sleep, but found that sleep didn't come. No matter how hard she called for it.

She tossed and turned but couldn't stop thinking. Like an earworm, she couldn't stop thinking about the crown prince. She told herself it was because he was the reason for all her troubles, and she would be happily married if it weren't for him.

Rose eventually slept in the early hours of the morning and didn't stir until the maids came banging on her door the next morning. Even that wasn't enough to make her wake up.

It wasn't until Lily walked into the room and shook Rose hard—halfway through waking Rose, the thought of pouring her a bowl of water had crossed Lily's mind multiple times—before Rose groggily woke up, disoriented.