

## K Lover 173

### Chapter 173: How Was Your Day?

"If you need to go anywhere, wait for me, and don't you dare go anywhere without me!"

Those were the last words Thomas said to her before he turned away rudely without waiting for her reply, leaving her in front of the room. Rose wasn't even mad at how he spoke to her anymore; he looked more miserable than she had.

That was just before lunch, and it was time for her to go see the crown prince, and she hadn't seen Thomas since then. She also found it a little hard to believe she could just call him whenever she wanted, simply because she wanted to go out.

Regardless of the crown prince's orders or not, Thomas was still a knight, and she couldn't just call on him whenever she wanted, simply because he told her to. She was sure he wouldn't like that. Not that she cared how he felt, but she also wanted to save herself some misery.

The doors opened to let her in as they always did, but for some reason, it felt like there was a shift in the air. The first thing she noticed was that the fireplace was lit, followed by the huge man sitting on a chair with his head turned sideways, staring at her as she walked in. Rose jerked in shock, and she could see his lips curve up in a smile. He was early, but these days, it wasn't much of a shock anymore.

"Your Majesty," she said with a curtsy.

"Little Lady," he said with a whisper, the lazy smile still on his lips.

Rose tried not to scrunch up her face. She had preferred it when he called her by her name. She kept a smile frozen on her face as she lifted her head, but kept her gaze locked to the ground.

"Come closer," he said.

Rose nodded and walked away from the door. There was a drunken tone to his voice. She didn't think he had been drinking, but he seemed weirdly satisfied. Rose got in front of the seat, keeping a reasonable distance between them—enough distance that if he stretched out his hand, he wouldn't be able to reach her.

"Sit," he said.

Rose nodded and dropped to the carpet. Her eyes moved to the spot where they played, and she noticed the chessboard wasn't there. She was surprised she didn't notice it before now, but the crown prince's presence always made it a little hard to notice anything else.

Were they not going to play chess today? Rose asked internally, with horror on her face. She knew she had been tired the day before, but she truly preferred the chess games to anything else.

He didn't say anything for a bit, and she was forced to look up at him as she wondered what was going on, but he wasn't even looking at her. His gaze was on the ceiling.

"Your Majesty," Rose called his attention. "The chessboard?" she softly asked.

"Hmm," Caius said and looked down at her, but didn't move the back of his head from the backrest. "Didn't you say you were tired last night?"

Rose tasted bile. Why did she expect anything less? She grabbed the hem of her dress. Of course, he would do something like that because she complained. Did that mean the chess games were over? She never got to beat him once.

"I did," she forced herself to say, unsure if making a request was a good thing. "But only for last night, Your Majesty. I didn't mean—"

"Are you saying you'd rather play chess?" Caius asked.

Rose didn't like the expression on his face. It was clear his question was a trap. However, she preferred the game, and if he was going to ask what she wanted, she would not hesitate to tell him.

"That's not it, Your Majesty. I only wanted to say I am not tired of playing chess every night," Rose tried not to make any expression as she said this. It was hard to choose the right words. "But I am 'appy with whatever 'is Majesty may want."

Caius smiled and leaned forward. "You can't take that back."

Rose fought not to shake her head. It felt like she had walked headfirst into the trap. She kept her head bent, and her grip on the nightdress was tight enough to rip it.

"How was your day?" Caius asked and leaned back.

Rose's head jerked up to meet his eyes; she was clearly surprised. She blinked as she started to speak. "I am sorry, Your Majesty, but I don't think I 'eard you correctly."

"You heard me," he smirked. "I asked how your day was? You followed Thomas this time, didn't you?"

Several emotions passed across her face as she realized. Rose had wondered why the crown prince would send a knight to take her out. At first, she had thought he was being nice because she was stuck in her room. However, it didn't take long for the thought to dissipate. The thought of the crown prince being nice was enough to make her want to throw up.

He had done this so she would have more to tell him. He was so ridiculously petty. He hadn't liked her earlier response about her day a couple of days ago, so he did this? Rose was beyond baffled.

"He did, didn't he?" Caius asked.

"Yes," Rose answered immediately, pulling herself out of her thoughts.

"Then go on, tell me," he said with a satisfied look on his face. "I am sure your day was eventful."

It was, she hated to admit. Though Thomas had been brief with his narration, he had been thorough, especially when they went outside the castle. He had let her go close to the statues and examine them.

Rose had thought she was having harmless fun, and now she was regretting it. She didn't want to talk to him. She'd rather play a game she was losing and listen to him brag. At least she could shut out his voice, but if she was talking, she'd have to pay attention.

"Yes, Your Majesty. Thomas arrived and—"

"Thomas?" He asked with a feigned expression. "You started your day with Thomas."

Rose's horror intensified; he wanted every detail. "No, Your Majesty. I woke up late for breakfast—"

"You did?" Caius asked, his smile still intact. "Why?"

"I 'ad a 'ard time falling asleep," Rose explained, and before he could ask why, she added more information. "It 'appens sometimes. After breakfast, Thomas came to my room."