

## K Lover 178

### Chapter 178: A Stalemate

"A stalemate!" Rose said with disbelief and a smile on her face.

Caius narrowed his eyes as he paid attention to the board. He had been distracted a little, but still, that wasn't enough of an excuse. He could win with his eyes closed. He knew she was getting better, but it was too soon to draw with him.

"That's a draw, isn't it?" Rose asked. She couldn't help her smile. It wasn't a win, but it felt just as good, and she wanted to jump around dancing.

"It is," Caius said with a tight expression.

Rose smirked. "I see," she whispered casually, but she was doing a handstand in her head.

"I never thought you'd draw with me so soon."

"Maybe I'm better than you thought." The words were barely out of her lips when she felt the temperature plummet.

She could feel his stare at the back of her head, but Rose didn't dare lift her head. "I mean, I was just lucky, Your Majesty," Rose quickly added, shutting her eyes as her body stiffened.

She hadn't even thought before she said it. She had been annoyed with the crown prince, gloating every time he won. To see him technically lose was so satisfying, she couldn't control her words.

"You should leave," Caius said coldly.

Rose froze and lifted her head. Caius was turned away from her, his gaze up, his hand over his head. "Your Majesty," she called. "I didn't—"

"Goodnight," he said stiffly. "Don't make me repeat myself."

"Yes, Your Majesty," Rose said and gathered herself up. She glanced back at him, but Caius remained in that position with his gaze up. Rose turned and slipped out the door.

Caius sat up and looked to the door as soon as he heard it open, catching her slipping out the door and closing it behind her. It was for the best to send her away. It was either that or he might try to shut her rude mouth with his own.

"Fuck!" he swore.

He didn't care about the draw, not in the slightest. He was annoyed because he couldn't figure out the point of this. He might soon die from blue balls. All he wanted to do was have her splayed on the bed with her legs on his shoulders, her fingers gripping the sheets as she called his name, her legs shaking as she came for the umpteenth time.

Caius grabbed his head. He was going to go crazy, or his balls were going to burst. The latter seemed more likely. He had never gone on a celibacy path before. Yet, since she appeared, he had forfeited sex more times than ever in nearly five years. Whose idea was this?

Caius struck out his leg, flipping the chessboard and scattering the pieces all over the room. He lay back down and closed his eyes. Earlier, he had stopped because he had thought about teasing her. However, the look of relief on her face had annoyed him.

This was more torture for him than anything else, and it was insanity to purposely torture himself. Caius forced himself to get off the chair and walked to the bed. He didn't even react when he stepped on a chess piece. The wood digging into his sole didn't register.

He dropped onto the bed with a loud plop. He knew he was not going to fall asleep anytime soon. It didn't help that winter was coming.

Rose went to her bed the moment she got to the room. Her elation at her partial victory had completely dissipated, and she was just left dry. Had she pissed the crown prince off so much that he would send her out of his room in that manner?

She had been rude, she knew. If he had wanted to punish her, he had every right to. Regardless of whatever this was, he was still the crown prince, and she was nothing but a peasant whore. At least, that's what people in the castle called her.

Rose eventually fell asleep. There wasn't much she could do about it, and if she wasn't punished for what she said, she wasn't going to punish herself by thinking about it.

The next morning came quickly, and even though Rose had slept for most of the night, she still woke up tired, yawning loudly as she heard a rooster crow in the distance. Rose got out of bed, still yawning.

She got dressed and frowned at the torn patch in her dress. It was getting bigger. To think she would have to roam the castle like this. She kept forgetting to ask Lily about the needle, but Lily hadn't come recently—she might just have to ask anyone.

Rose tried not to scrunch up her nose as she saw Welma. It was not a surprise, as the maid was recently present at every one of her meals. Welma seemed to notice Rose's expression because she smirked at her.

Rose turned away and stepped aside to give them space to go in. Surprisingly, Welma didn't say a word to her, considering the maid didn't know when to shut up.

"I'd like some needles to stitch, please," Rose said as the maids headed for the exit.

Welma stopped dramatically. "She speaks!"

Rose tried not to roll her eyes. However, Welma was the only one responding, as the other maids pretended not to hear her.

"I need to sew my dress, please," she whispered.

"Sure thing. Anything else?"

"No, I'd appreciate it if you would actually bring it." Rose couldn't help but think the maid was messing with her. She didn't believe her.

"I will bring it, alright, when I come for the dishes. Please, try to finish it this time."

Rose narrowed her eyes at her but didn't say anything. Instead, she turned away from Welma and headed to the table. She had more important things to worry about than a maid trying to get on her nerves.

Worst of all, she still had to deal with Thomas today. She wished the crown prince had angrily canceled this arrangement as he had chased her out of his room the night before.