

## K Lover 44

### Chapter 44: Alone With Him Again

The doors opened wide, held by two guards on both sides. The steward walked into the room first, and shortly thereafter, the crown prince walked right in, and behind him were a few servants. The steward was saying something to the crown prince as they walked into the room.

As soon as all of them were in the room, the guards quickly closed the door. The sound of the door closing snapped Rose out of the fear she felt, the one that made her stomach twist so hard, she thought she might buckle over. She was almost grateful she didn't finish her dinner.

It was hard to snap out of the terror she felt, but she had to pay her respects. She couldn't dare anger the crown prince before they even began. She hadn't even thanked him for the coat. She would have to find an opportunity to do that. She didn't want him to think she was ungrateful. She bent her knees and bowed her head as she stood in the corner. She didn't open her mouth to speak. She knew better.

"Leave us," the crown prince said.

"Your Highness," Henry started to say. "Your bath has been prepared and here are your robes." A servant walked forward with it.

Caius didn't say anything, merely lifting a brow, and the servant placed the robe at the edge of the bed and they all dispersed immediately. Rose grabbed the hem of her dress and squeezed — she was once again all alone with him.

Caius took a step towards her and Rose had to fight the urge not to run away. He stopped right in front of her and said, "Lift your head."

Rose looked left and right before slowly lifting her head and she was met with brown eyes. For a moment, she forgot who she was dealing with until he stretched out his hand to touch her and she flinched. Caius didn't withdraw his hand; rather, he moved past her face to her hair. He lightly touched it before pulling his hand away.

"Take your clothes off and lie on your back," he said and started walking away.

Rose nodded even if he couldn't see her. She slowly walked to the bed, unable to help the dejected look on her face. She had done this before. It wouldn't be so hard to do now. She would just lie still and when he was done, she would go back to her room and get some sleep. There was nothing to think about. She just had to bear it for a little bit. She would be fine.

Rose chanted this in her head over and over again as she slowly took off her clothes. At least he wasn't ripping them this time, and she wouldn't need to worry about what she would wear back to her room. Rose folded the clothes, far away from the bed, but close to the door. She could wear them and then be on her way. The events from the room buried deep in the recesses of her mind.

She slowly climbed onto the bed. The night was a little cool but the fireplace was lit and the warmth traveled across the room. Rose lay on her back as he had requested. She felt as naked as she was, laid bare for him to take his fill of her. Rose shut her eyes. She didn't know what to do and she almost pulled the covers over herself, but he didn't say that in his orders.

Was it wrong to wish he would trip in the bathroom and break his head? But she would likely be accused of murdering the crown prince. If she thought she was in trouble now, things would only get worse, both for her and her family.

The bed felt nice and it did wonders for her sore back. The wound from the whipping was mostly healed at this point, but Rose couldn't even enjoy that. She was tired and all-around exhausted. All she wanted to do was fall asleep.

Caius walked out in all his glory, his hair dripping water as he walked on the carpet. "Aren't you obedient?" he asked as he saw Rose lying down. From this angle, he could see her pale skin, her slim waist, and the trail of hair. Her legs were close together and her arms lay by her side.

Caius reacted immediately. He had had his fair share of women, but for some reason, he couldn't seem to resist her, and he found that he didn't want to.

He walked closer to the bed and picked up the robe the servant left. He adorned it but didn't tie the ropes before going around to where she lay.

Caius heard it, but he didn't process it. Rose had not moved since he walked in and coupled with that was the deep breathing that could be heard. It wasn't until he stood beside her that he realized what felt so wrong. She was fast asleep.

Caius pulled her up but she fell back and this time rolled on her side, breathing deeply. He tried to shake her, unsure of how to wake her up. Rose didn't budge, and Caius found that he was slowly losing his temper. He clenched his fists and took a step back. That's when he noticed her palms.

There were scratches on them. Caius frowned and stepped forward for a closer look. He picked up her palm. She had slender fingers and chipped nails. Her knuckles were white and her skin was dry. He narrowed his eyes. Was she always like this?

He moved his eyes from her palm to the rest of her body. It almost looked like she had lost some weight. He didn't care if she ate or not as long as she could keep up with him, but here she was asleep. Caius' eyes darkened and he pulled the sheets over her.

Stepping away from her, he walked to the door. "Get me, Henry!"