

K Lover 100

Chapter 100: Not Even Rose

"Will she be fine?" Caius asked.

"Yes, I think so," Paul replied. "She might be weak for a few days because of the blood loss, but if given proper treatments, there is no reason for this to be fatal."

There were times when it had been, but Paul didn't think this was one of those times. He had smelled the contents of the jar; whoever had prepared the concoction knew exactly what they were doing.

"When will she wake up?" Caius asked.

"I think she should be awake by tomorrow morning. However, I can wake her up if His Highness would prefer that but, I wouldn't advise it. She should be in a lot of pain, and it might be worse to deal with if she were awake."

"No, it's fine," Caius replied. "Is there anything else?"

Paul shook his head. "No, Your Highness. I can watch her for the rest of the night and administer the herbs as soon as she is awake, except if His Highness would prefer otherwise."

"No," Caius said. "Just let me know as soon as something changes."

"Yes, Your Highness." Paul stepped forward and picked up the jar. "What would Your Highness like me to do with this?" he asked.

Caius paused for a moment as he studied it. "Nothing," he replied. "Return it to where you found it."

Paul's eyes widened slightly. He didn't know much about Rose, but everyone knew about the peasant the crown prince had brought to the castle and how he had spent the past few days looking for her and punishing everyone who might have something to do with it.

However, Caius was unpredictable, and Paul knew better than to try to guess and rationalize the crown prince's actions.

"As you wish," Paul said with a bow and walked toward the door.

"Another thing, Paul," Caius said.

Paul stopped in his tracks and turned around to face the crown prince, who was no longer lying on the long chair—rather, he was standing on his feet. He ran a hand through his hair, disheveling it.

"Yes, Your Highness," Paul said as he turned around, bowing his head.

"Not a word about this to anyone. Not even Rose. If she knows what's happening to her, do not confirm. If she doesn't, deny having any knowledge about what might be wrong."

Paul frowned, but since he was still bowed, the crown prince didn't see this. He didn't understand the crown prince's reasoning, but it wasn't his place to ask questions—he simply followed orders.

"Yes, Your Highness."

"You may leave," Caius said and turned around, walking toward his bed.

Caius had much to do tonight, but he found that he had no energy to do any of these things. He also knew he wouldn't be able to fall asleep, but for some reason, it seemed like that was the only thing he could try to do.

Paul watched the crown prince walk in a disoriented manner to his bed. His eyes narrowed as he watched this, but he simply turned around and left the room. The memory of what he had just seen—forgotten.

When Paul returned to the room, Edna was standing not too far from Rose. She had also prepared a seat for him right next to the bed. She looked at him with an eager expression on her face, then suddenly frowned as though remembering something.

"Your Lordship," she curtsied. "Welcome back."

Paul merely grunted at her reply. "Any change?" he asked.

Edna shook her head. "She is still sleeping. She moved a few times, but nothing to indicate that she might wake up soon."

"Okay," Paul said, stopping a few feet away from Edna. He stretched out his hand, holding the jar to her.

Edna looked at the jar and accepted it. "I-is this..." she paused, unsure how to ask the question. She also had to be careful about speaking to Paul casually—even though he was a very low-ranking noble, he was still a noble.

"Random herbs," Paul lied. "I don't know what it was used for, but I heard she was sick before she came here."

"Oh." Edna didn't know about this. However, she figured he must have heard it from Mister Henry. She didn't know Rose had been sick. She didn't even know anything—how the crown prince had even found her, what happened all those days she was away, or how she had left the castle.

"Is that the cause of this?" Edna asked softly, looking at Rose as she spoke.

"I don't know. Right now, all we can do is keep an eye on her. Hopefully, when she wakes up, things will be better, and she'll be able to provide us with answers."

Edna nodded. "Is there anything that you'd need me to do?" she asked. She was still holding the jar.

Paul paused for a moment. "Yes, I need a few towels, and I need you to boil these herbs and bring them to me. It doesn't matter if they are hot or cold—I just need them on hand the moment she wakes up."

Edna nodded and quickly placed the jar on one of the shelves. It was completely hidden and out of sight. She didn't want to drop it in the wardrobe with the clothes, and she didn't want to leave it on the table either—it felt a little too exposed, so she settled for that.

Satisfied, she walked toward Paul and accepted the herbs. She could have asked one of the maids to do it as she stepped out of the room, but she wanted to do it herself. However, when Edna stepped out, she found that none of them were outside. It was a little late for no one to be loitering around the crown prince's wing but still, it felt a little cruel.

Edna pushed the thought out of her mind. She felt that she alone was enough. She hurriedly made her way from the crown prince's wing toward the servants' quarters. It would take her a while to return, as she would have to wait for the water to come to a boil.