

K Lover 103

Chapter 103: Edna's Efforts

Dropping her voice to a whisper, she said, "Do you think one of the royal family is involved?"

"Edna!" Rose yelled, panic in her voice as she looked around, even though they were both alone. "You know better than to say that out loud."

"I was just asking. Martha might have some influence, but not enough to do something like that. Someone else has to be involved in this."

"We don't even know if Martha is involved with what 'appened to me," Rose insisted.

Edna narrowed her eyes at Rose. "If it was such a coincidence that a dangerous man got into the room and kidnapped you, why was Martha the one who wasn't kidnapped? She is the steward's niece. She isn't just a nobody. I think she was the one who opened the door. You said you can remember closing it. I am sure she let him in."

Rose knew all this, and she wasn't trying to be polite, but she knew better than to say things so blatantly when there was no proof—especially someone as lowly as she was. She had already learned her lesson once from Mistress Edith. She would just let actions and other people speak for her.

"I can't believe she would do something so cruel," Rose softly said.

Edna nodded. "Me too. It was easy to convince everyone you ran away before your clothes and everything else that belonged to you were gone—except the things you gave to me. I tried to convince anyone you would never leave without them, but they didn't believe me. Maybe if they did, they would have found you on time, you never would have fallen ill, and this wouldn't have happened."

Rose realized that Edna thought the reason why she was in this state was because of her earlier illness. She also realized how it had been easy for Martha to convince everyone she ran away. She was grateful she had given Edna the important things.

"Thank you," she said and grabbed Edna's hand. She knew no one else would have stood for her except Edna.

"You don't have to thank me," Edna said. "What are you going to do now?"

"I don't know." Rose pulled her hands away and wrapped them around her body. "I will just see what happens."

"Does the crown prince know you were kidnapped?" Edna thought about telling her all that had happened while she was away, but she didn't want to scare the poor girl, so she just kept her mouth sealed.

"Yes, Lady Delphine wrote him a letter."

Edna nodded. She was still worried. There were a lot of things that were not in Rose's favor, but unfortunately, the both of them couldn't do anything about it. Only the crown prince could. Edna didn't know what to make of him. It was hard to say if he cared for her or not, but she was at least convinced he wouldn't like that she was kidnapped. She was worried this would happen again, but Rose was right. All they could do now was wait and see what happens.

"Should I bring them for you? The swallow and the flute?" she asked.

Rose's face brightened up.

"I can hold on to them for you again, but for now, I think they might be good company."

"Yes, please," Rose said.

"At once," Edna said and left the room.

Rose watched her leave, smiling at her back. It was just dawn. She had woken up pretty early and Edna had gotten everything she needed. She didn't think the maid had gotten any sleep last night because of her. She felt bad, but she was quite grateful for Edna.

She knew the castle was waking up at this point, and Edna was likely to get busier as the day progressed. She would try not to give her too many things to do on her behalf and make sure to get better as soon as she could.

Caius wore his innerwear while a servant helped him put on his coat. He dressed up a little bit earlier than usual, but that was because he had something he wanted to do before breakfast. Paul had come to see him before he left the castle and told him of Rose's state.

He had not been able to sleep properly for most of last night, and after Paul left, it had remained that way. Unable to take it anymore, he had called on the servants to prepare him for the day. He knew he still had quite some time before breakfast, and he intended to utilize it.

He didn't like that he felt a bit bothered by what he wanted to do. Though he had tried not to, he had thought about it. Did she take it because she was sure it was his? Every time, his thoughts ended up in this junction.

A soft knock pulled him out of his thoughts, and Caius frowned. The servants looked at him, wondering if they should react to it, and he reluctantly gave them the order. The door opened to reveal Henry.

"Your Highness," Henry said with a bow.

"What is it, Henry?" Caius said coldly. "I don't remember calling for you."

"No, you didn't, Your Highness. I came here of my own accord."

"I see. What is this about?"

"Your Highness, I hate to be so f-forward, but I'd like to have a word with you about my niece."

"Your niece? Why would I want to have a conversation about your niece?" Caius asked with disdain.

"No, Your Highness. She shared a room with Rose and—"

"Oh, I remember now."

"I was hoping to ask for—"

"After breakfast, I'd like to have a word with this niece of yours."

"Your Highness," Henry fell to his knees, his face to the ground. "Have mercy."

"She has some audacity, wouldn't you say? And to beg for her. Do I have to worry about you too, Henry?"

"No, Your Highness. I would never betray you."

"At this point, your loyalty is tested. I don't have the time to deal with this matter right now," Caius said.

The servants stepped away from him, having dressed him completely. Caius adjusted his collar and walked toward the door. Henry cleared the path but kept kneeling. Caius didn't pay him any mind as he walked out of the room.