

K Lover 111

Chapter 111: Officially His Slave

Noticing the glum and distressed look on Edna's face, Lily quickly added, "As I said, I might be reading too much into it. She hasn't given any orders or spoken about your refusal. Besides, you can't even leave here in the first place."

Edna nodded absentmindedly. "You're right," she smiled. "Thank you."

"I want more than thanks," Lily replied, glowering at her. She glanced at Rose but quickly looked away.

Rose was a little uncomfortable with the looks Lily kept sending her way. It almost seemed like she was worried and was just saying this so Edna would not panic. Rose truly hoped Lily was right and that nothing would likely come of this.

"Yes, yes, I know," Edna said, rolling her eyes and shaking her head, but there was a hint of a smile on her face. "I will take on some of your chores once I am out of here. In the meantime, don't forget to get us meals during lunch and dinner. Also, I need you to boil some herbs for me during lunch."

Lily narrowed her eyes. "Just because I offered to help doesn't mean you can use me however you like. I'm sure you can ask the other girls."

"But I trust you, Lily," she pouted.

Lily looked at her with disgust written on her face as she escaped Edna's touch. "Nobody will be stupid enough to try anything after what happened to Martha."

Edna stopped. "What happened to Martha?" she asked.

Rose adjusted as she strained to listen to the conversation. She was equally curious, but only because Lily didn't sound like what happened was good.

"That's the other news I came to share with you. I didn't see it, but I heard Martha was taken to the—"

Lily stopped speaking as the door opened, and she could feel her soul leave her body at the sight of the crown prince walking into the room. Edna had already braced herself for the chance that he might walk in at any time unannounced, so she wasn't all that surprised.

They curtsied immediately, both of them locking eyes with their shoes. Lily glanced over at Edna from the corner of her eye. She knew what the other maid wanted to say, and she completely understood. She also found it a little hard to believe that the crown prince would casually come to see Rose.

"Leave us," Caius said and walked toward Rose, who was adjusting as she sat upright on the bed, gripping the edge of the covers a little tightly.

Rose couldn't comprehend why he was here again. He had just left before breakfast, and it was barely mid-morning. Why was he back? She pressed the covers to her stomach. She probably couldn't do anything until a few days passed, and she was grateful for that. At the same time, she could also do without his presence. She didn't need to see him until then.

Caius walked toward the bed and took the same seat he had when he dropped by earlier. Rose eyed him suspiciously. Was he here to ask her questions? Did he find out she was lying about being sick? The smug expression on his face made her even more self-conscious and uncomfortable.

He glanced toward the table, noticing the tea and snacks. Rose half expected him to comment on it, but he didn't. Instead, he turned back to look at her. She was still wondering why he was here.

"I found out your kidnapping was orchestrated by the Queen, and she used a maid—the one you shared a room with—to carry this out. It is most unfortunate that I let that happen under my watch, but you're safe now. You don't have to worry about such a thing happening again."

Rose blinked at his words. She couldn't believe what he was saying. She was literally stunned into silence. Dumbfounded. Was the crown prince perhaps dropped on his head at birth? She was a prisoner here, held against her will, and here he was, saying with the most smug expression she had ever seen that she was safe and that he would make sure it didn't happen again.

For a moment, Rose entertained the idea of lurching at him. She doubted she could strangle him, but she could certainly claw out his eyes and scratch at his face. She knew she could leave marks deeper than the scar on his chin.

"I have also punished her accordingly. She will be chased out of the castle. I will also make sure to make it clear to everyone involved. They will know better than to try this stunt again."

Rose looked at Caius still with a shocked expression. Maybe it was the way he sounded like he expected praise for what he had done and thought she should offer her gratitude to him. She was now officially his slave—there was nothing he could do that would make her situation better. She was already at the bottom.

Rose simply nodded. If this was what he was here to say, she hoped he would be gone now that he had said it. She was pleased to hear that Martha was punished, but she would have preferred to hear it from anyone else but him.

Caius narrowed his eyes. He didn't feel as good as he thought he would, and her reaction shouldn't matter. He was sure she was grateful; she probably just didn't know how to show it.

Rose noticed Caius's look. Worried that she might anger him again, she said, "Thank you, Your Majesty."

He smiled—actually smiled. Rose had to remind herself he could see her expression, so she couldn't dare let what she was thinking show on her face.

"Is there anything you remember about this masked auction?" Caius asked, his tone turning serious.

The change of direction caught her off guard. Rose started to shake her head but stopped. The crown prince had never asked her any questions about the incident. She wasn't sure why—she had half expected to be interrogated endlessly—but that was not the case.