

## K Lover 112

Chapter 112: Did You see a jar?

"Is there anything you remember about the masked auction?"

"I don't know if it will be 'elpful," Rose replied.

She wasn't sure what the purpose of the crown prince's question was, but it seemed more like he was trying to gather information than actually find out what had happened to her.

Caius tapped a finger on the armrest as he realized what seemed odd. She still addressed him incorrectly, something he had no plans to correct but her dialect wasn't as prominent as before. It wasn't possible that it had just changed... or was it that he hadn't noticed?

He didn't speak to her often. The longest conversation they had was before they even got to the castle. Caius frowned, wondering why he cared. It wasn't relevant to the conversation—and neither was the current conversation itself. He could get this information elsewhere, but here he was, asking her.

"It doesn't matter," he replied. "Any little detail is important."

Rose nodded. "At f-first, I thought we were underground, and I was right. At least, that was where I woke up. There were lots of animals and young children in cages. I seemed to be the oldest of them. When it was time for the auction, they were taken in pairs and trios until I was the only one left. Two men took me upstairs into another cage, and then I was pulled up onto the stage..."

Her words trailed off as she realized she might be speaking unnecessarily. She didn't know what kind of information the crown prince wanted and was just recounting what had happened to her. She glanced at him—having kept her eyes on her hands the whole time—and he looked as though he was listening intently.

This made her even more uncomfortable. He raised a brow at her silence, and Rose turned away. She wanted him gone.

"I couldn't see the faces of the people who bid on me. All I know are the aliases they were referred to by: Lady Fox, Lord Wolf, Lady Phoenix, and Lord Bear. There were also a lot of guards and an old man who made me sign a contract. Then I was given to Lady Fox."

Rose stopped speaking and looked at the crown prince again. She was at a loss for what he wanted to hear. She also didn't think she needed to explain who Lady Fox was—she figured he already had an idea.

"Did you notice anything unusual?" he asked, the tapping hadn't stopped.

Rose almost pulled her hair out. Everything she'd just said was unusual. People weren't usually auctioned off and made to sign papers—but she didn't say that. She just shook her head.

Also, the tapping sound was annoying, she found it drew her attention and all she could notice was how his fingers looked. Their length and width. She also hated the memory that was attached to them. He had well-kept nails, not a single one was chipped or unevenly trimmed.

Caius nodded and rose to his feet. "Get well soon," he said.

Rose didn't know how to respond. She didn't like the implications of his words. She also didn't want him to come by again. If he did this again today, she doubted she would be able to survive it.

As soon as the crown prince left, Edna immediately returned to the room. Still standing at the door, she bombarded Rose with questions. "What happened? He was here only moments ago! Are you okay?"

Rose nodded. "He just wanted to know about what happened when I was sold off," she replied.

"Oh," Edna said, glancing toward the door. "I see."

"What did Lily say about Martha?" Rose asked, changing the subject. It wasn't that she particularly wanted the details—she just wanted things to be less awkward.

"Ah, yes!" Edna's face brightened immediately as she prepared to go into the details. "You won't believe it."

She rushed toward the bed, dropping onto the rug beside it. Edna looked so excited to tell her the details that Rose was glad she asked.

"Lily said she didn't see it herself," she began, speaking before her rear even touched the ground, "but a few maids did."

"See what?" Rose asked.

"Martha getting dragged toward the courtyard. According to what Lily heard, she's going to get whipped thirty times and then sent out of the castle."

"Thirty times?!" Rose could barely contain her shock. She hadn't even been able to survive two—and it took days for the wounds to stop hurting. She still had the scars from them.

"Yes," Edna replied, peering at Rose oddly. "Don't tell me you feel bad for her?" she asked.

Rose shook her head. "No, but thirty strokes must 'urt a lot."

"Serves her right. Too bad we can't go to see it. Lily said it's happening in the courtyard right now."

Rose didn't care enough to see it. As long as she would never see Martha again, she was happy with that.

"I can't believe her. What was she to gain from all that? I still find it hard to believe, but I'm really glad you're okay."

"Thank you, Edna. I wanted to ask," she said, suddenly remembering, "Did anyone bring a bag for me? My things from Lady Delphine's manor? I just realized I was unconscious and didn't come here with it."

"Oh, that. Mister Henry brought it. I arranged the items in the wardrobe."

Rose's eyes nearly popped out of her skull. She wasn't sure if she should ask whether Edna saw anything in it. She didn't know if the maid would recognize the contents of the jar—and she didn't think she had the mental capacity to deal with Edna discovering what was going on.

"Did you see a jar?" she asked softly.

"Oh, yes I did," Edna said, getting to her feet. "I completely forgot about it."

She walked to the shelf and picked up the jar from the second top corner. It was so obvious... yet somehow it wasn't.

"I didn't want it to spill, so I kept it there. The Lord said it's most likely from the time you were sick at Lady Delphine's house."

"The Lord?" she asked with a puzzled expression, goosebumps popping across her skin. Rose didn't like where this was going—not one bit.