

K Lover 113

Chapter 113: Some Bastard Child

"The Lord?" Rose asked.

"Yes," Edna answered, her eyes squinting slightly as she wondered if Rose didn't know who she was referring to. "The physician," she added for clarity.

"I see," Rose mumbled in response, her mind adrift, stirred by restless thoughts.

Rose didn't buy that the physician didn't know what the herbs were, and even if he didn't, there was no way this was used for illnesses too. It meant he had lied to Edna. He would at least know that the herb wasn't for treating common illnesses. Rose didn't like what that signified, and for a moment, she didn't know what to do about it.

When she thought the crown prince was looking at the tray of food, wasn't that what his attention had been on? The table was right in front of the shelf that held the jar. Did he notice it in the corner?

However, she had a feeling he already knew what it was before then. There was no way the physician hadn't told him. She couldn't comprehend why the crown prince didn't say anything about it even though he had been here twice already. She doubted he would exclude something that important.

Perhaps this was what he preferred because he intended to let her go eventually. Or did he prefer this because he had no plans to let her go? Rose screamed internally. She could never gain the upper hand with the crown prince.

There was always something she was unsure of, something he held over her—while she was left with nothing.

Edna walked closer with the jar. "Was he wrong?" she asked softly.

Rose lifted her head, unfocusing from her thoughts. "No," she replied. "I was just confused about who 'the Lord' was."

"Oh, the physician is a low-ranking noble, and though the crown prince might call him just by his name, I dare not, and neither should you," Edna informed her.

"I wouldn't dream of it," Rose replied.

"Where should I keep this?" Edna asked as she moved closer.

"The drawer," Rose replied.

Edna seemed a little hesitant, but Rose had no plans to leave it somewhere as open as the drawer. She would find somewhere else to keep it safe when she was alone. She was also worried that once she got better, she'd be moved to a different room, so she had to be mindful of that.

If the crown prince wouldn't say anything about it, she would assume it meant she could carry on. Not that she had any plans to stop, even if she was asked—but at least she knew their thoughts aligned. Turns out even the crown prince didn't want some bastard child.

"Wait, does that mean the crown prince knows what's happening to me right now?" Rose mumbled under her breath.

"What was that?" Edna asked as she closed the drawer.

"Nothing," Rose whispered, but her eyes showed her horror.

"I should bring the snacks. At this point, they must be cold," Edna offered.

"Thank you, Edna," Rose said. There wasn't really anything she could do about the current situation except perhaps wait for a reaction from the crown prince. In the meantime, she would try her best to get better.

"More reading and less daydreaming, Your Grace," Rylen called.

His eyes were glued to documents spread across the crown prince's huge mahogany desk. He could see the crown prince from the corner of his eye, and it was clear the crown prince's mind was on other things.

"There's no point doing that. We've gone through the documents several times. Checking them again won't change the information on them."

Rylen raised his head from the papers to look at Caius. "This was your idea," he said. "Why have me go through all this if you think it's a waste of time?"

He was more confused than annoyed. Caius wasn't the type to do things without thought, even when it seemed reckless and impulsive.

"Rylen, what do you think would make a woman want to end a pregnancy?"

"What?" Rylen was taken aback by the question. He had expected something in reference to what they were here for.

It was after lunch and they were waiting for Lord Leopold. Caius had agreed to have the meeting as soon as the Lord got there—though it had taken even more convincing from Rylen.

Caius turned to look at him. "What do you think?" he asked, ignoring his shocked reaction.

"What does that have to do with anything?" Rylen asked, further puzzled.

"Just answer."

"There are several reasons this could happen. She doesn't want the child, or the father doesn't—or they both equally don't. She might also be in a situation where having a child wouldn't be a good idea."

"What kind of situation?" Caius asked.

Rylen narrowed his eyes at him but still answered. "A financial one, a social one... or perhaps the child might be an illegitimate child—either because she's unmarried or her husband isn't the..." Rylen stopped as he realized Caius wasn't listening.

"It's definitely not a financial one. Why would anyone not want to have the child of a royal?" Caius asked. "Maybe the child isn't."

Rylen knew better than to offer an explanation. It was clear the crown prince wasn't looking for an answer to his question—rather, just to bother someone about this. Still, he couldn't help but find the question odd. Was this about Rose?

A knock.

Rylen turned to look at the door. He was almost grateful for the interruption—hopefully, it would steer the conversation back to the matter at hand. Lord Leopold was arriving a little late. He should have been there by noon to join them for lunch.

Rylen was worried he might not be able to keep the crown prince here for much longer—he might wander off to only the gods know where.

The guards opened the door to reveal Henry holding a letter. He looked nervous, holding the paper.

"Your Highness. Prince Rylen," he walked in with a bow. "I have a message from the Duke of Futherfield."