

K Lover 116

Chapter 116: Something Nasty

Paul didn't bother knocking before entering the Crown Prince's study. He had told a guard to announce his presence to the Crown Prince as soon as he arrived in the castle, and when he left Rose, a guard had been quick to tell him the Crown Prince was expecting him in his private study.

Prince Rylen was seated across from him, and they seemed to be engrossed in something important. The Crown Prince raised his head as Paul walked in, and he was quick to bow.

"Your Royal Highness," he greeted, with one hand bent forward in front of him while the other held steadfastly onto his bag. "Prince Rylen."

Prince Rylen lifted his hand in response to the physician, while Caius was the one who spoke. Prince Rylen was actually surprised that Caius would use his best physician on the young woman.

"Paul," Caius said casually, leaning back against his seat. "That was fast. I only just heard news of you reaching the castle moments ago. How are you already here?"

"There wasn't much to check with the young woman. She seems to be healing decently, and color is returning to her face."

"Good job," Caius praised.

"No need for such praise, Your Highness. I barely did anything. Without my intervention, she would have survived," that's how strong she seemed. But Paul didn't add the last part—it was not his place to say.

"Do you have anything more to add?" Caius asked.

Paul glanced at Prince Rylen. He wasn't sure he could say it in front of him, but he doubted the Crown Prince would ask Prince Rylen to leave—he trusted his cousin that much. So Paul just decided to say it.

"I think she knows that you know about the jar, Your Highness." Paul didn't have to tell the Crown Prince, but it was his duty to report everything that happened, and something as vital as this could end up biting him in the rear if he withheld the information.

Caius shrugged. It didn't really matter; he doubted her knowledge about his knowledge would change the situation. But he would be lying if he said he wasn't curious.

"Anything else?"

"She also asked when the bleeding would stop."

"And when would that be?"

Paul saw it, even though he wasn't looking directly at the Crown Prince—but for a second, his neutral expression changed as he asked.

"Five days is pushing it, but no more than a week more," Paul replied.

"A week?" Caius sounded horrified. He also couldn't comprehend how someone would bleed for a week. He thought this wouldn't take more than three days.

"Your Highness," Paul said. As much as he would rather not care, he couldn't help but be concerned for Rose. "A week is a good enough time. She will be properly healed then."

"Okay," he said and waved his hand, letting Paul know he was dismissed.

Paul bowed and retreated out of the room. He hoped he wouldn't be called back for something worse than this. The Crown Prince wasn't exactly known for his kindness—and neither was he.

He couldn't comprehend why he had said a week. Five more days would have been more than enough for the bleeding to stop. Paul frowned as he left; he didn't want to be dragged into this anymore.

Caius half expected Rylen to say something after the physician left, but he kept his gaze straight and expressionless, whereas all Caius could think about was how he could survive another week. However, that wasn't the only way, was it?

"You're thinking about something nasty, are you not, Your Grace?" Rylen said without looking at him.

"Has anyone told you, Rylen, that the way you butt into my business is a little creepy?"

"If I didn't, there would be nothing left of the kingdom," Rylen replied.

So you admit it?" Caius asked.

"I admit nothing, Your Grace. Now, if you will return to work, we can get out of here before dinner time."

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Rose sat alone in her room after Paul left. She didn't know what to make of him. He seemed nice, and he was clearly doing his best to help her. He also wasn't insulting. She was a peasant, but he didn't seem to mind what he was doing.

Rose found that a bit difficult to deal with, especially since he was a nobleman. Martha wasn't even nobility, and she wasted no time in treating her so badly—and at this point, she expected nothing less.

Would he tell the Crown Prince what she said? A part of her almost wished he would. Maybe she would be whipped and sent away from the castle like Martha was, but Rose knew that was a luxury she couldn't dream about.

She looked at the door, and her forehead creased. Edna wasn't here yet. It shouldn't take that long to boil water and bring it, right? Did the Queen send soldiers to come get her? Was she okay?

Rose pondered on this but Edna didn't appear. Rose felt more and more horror as she realized that her overthinking might actually be coming true. She flung the covers and was about to get out of bed when the door opened and Edna appeared with a huge tray.

She looked like she had trouble getting the door to open as she walked into the room with her rear, and sweat beads on her forehead. She looked to the bed with a look of pride on her face when she saw that Rose was getting out of bed.

"What are you doing?" she called with a panicked tone as she pushed the door closed with her rear. The sound of the click as the door closed was drowned out by the pitter-patter of her feet as she rushed towards the bed.

"You took too long to come back and I was worried the Queen might have done something to you," Rose replied. Her voice sounded breathless as she spoke—that was how worried she was.

"What? That's no reason to leave the bed," Edna said, walking close to Rose.