

K Lover 117

Chapter 117: Delicious News

Edna placed the tray aside and quickly adjusted Rose on the bed. She pulled the covers over her and picked up the tray again. She placed it on the bed, and Rose could see the contents. It was clear to her now why Edna had taken so long.

On the tray were two different plates with more than enough for her to eat. There was also a kettle and a cup, and Rose knew it held the new herbs she was supposed to take.

"I had to bring our dinner," she said, smiling at Rose. "I can't believe you heard that and were worrying. Besides, even if the Queen wanted to punish me, it would be no more than extra chores, and she would have given the order already, whether or not I was still in the Crown Prince's wing."

Rose nodded, feeling herself calm down a bit.

"There, there, there," Edna said, lightly tapping her back. "You don't have time to worry about other people. We need you to get better as fast as possible."

"I will," Rose replied. "I saw the physician, and he said I can start moving around. When next I see the Crown Prince, I will ask him to release you from the order. Now that I am better, you can't keep looking after me."

"What are you talking about? Don't do things without asking me. Did I say this was a problem? I am doing fewer chores than I ever have since I got to the castle, and you think I am going to just give that up? As much as I want you to get better, I don't mind if you stay in bed a little longer. All I do is do your laundry and get your food. Who would give this up?" Edna smiled at the end of her sentence.

Rose couldn't help the smile that crept onto her face. Edna was the only one who would make looking after her seem like a good thing. She was technically no different than a maid, yet Edna didn't seem to mind looking after her.

"Thank you, Edna," Rose whispered. She didn't know what else to say in response. She definitely couldn't beat what Edna just said.

"I should thank you too," she said.

Rose frowned. "Why?"

"For getting rid of Martha. By the heavens. Martha was only likable when she was nice. I am one of the maids who have been here before her, so she had to learn from me, so she couldn't be mean to me—but there were still times when she was unbearable. I am sure a lot of the maids are grateful she is gone, so don't even think about it."

Rose realized she hadn't thought about it. She didn't particularly care what the maids thought and said about her as long as they didn't bother her. She grew up in a small town; she was pretty used to rumors.

"I wasn't thinking about it," she said in response to Edna.

"Good," she said and sat on the bed. "You should eat."

"Yes, I am quite 'ungry."

Edna grinned and handed Rose her food, but stopped as she remembered. "You should drink the herbs first. I will boil the other for you after dinner."

Rose scrunched her face as Edna offered her the cup of herbs, but she accepted it, drinking it in one go without tasting it.

"Be careful," Edna yelled, panicking at Rose's rush.

Rose looked up and wiped her lips. "My food, please," she said with watery eyes.

"Of course," Edna said with a laugh and handed it to her.

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Queen Violeta was in her room, dressed in her usual attire as she prepared for the dinner. The servants had told her about Lord Futherfield's arrival, so she knew dinner would not be held in the usual dining room; rather, they would use the slightly bigger one.

When a guest joined them for any meal, this was the room that was used for meals. It wasn't the biggest. The biggest was in the south wing, and that was used only during balls—and that hadn't happened in a long time.

Queen Violeta sighed as a lady-in-waiting powdered her face. She hadn't been in a ball in a while. Not that she wanted to attend—she was the Queen and had to leave such trivialities behind—but it would be nice to indulge.

The door opened and one of her ladies-in-waiting walked into the room. Queen Violeta turned her gaze to her, her mood immediately sour. "What took you so long?"

"I apologize, Your Majesty," the lady said with a very proper curtsy. "However, I have some delicious news that I must inform the Queen of right now."

"Go on then," she said, turning to face the mirror. "I shall decide if it is worth keeping me waiting."

"Get out," the lady said to the maids holding the clothes, and another was holding the powder.

They looked to the Queen, and she moved a finger. They scrambled immediately—one dropped the clothes on the bed, and the other dropped the powder on the dresser.

"What is it that you don't want the maids to hear?" the Queen asked, but it was clear she was intrigued.

"It's not that I don't trust them, but it's best if we limit the ears that hear. Your Majesty, did you not think that the whore was in the Crown Prince's wing but in a storage room?"

"Of course," Queen Violeta said with confidence. "Why would the Crown Prince keep such a filthy whore in any of the rooms?"

"Alas, Your Majesty," the lady said, shaking her head. "We were wrong."

"What do you mean by that?" she asked, but even without the maid saying anything, Queen Violeta already had a clue.

"She isn't staying in any storage. She isn't even staying in any of the smaller rooms; rather, the Crown Prince put her two rooms away from himself. One of the best rooms in the Crown Prince's wing."