

## K Lover 121

### Chapter 121: Silly Thinking

By the time Caius left the drawing room, it was quite late. Prince Rylen had excused himself not long after Caius arrived in the drawing room but knowing that there was nothing for him to do in his bedchambers, Caius had remained with the Lord, drinking until the fire almost went out.

The Lord had to be supported to his room by guards. Caius almost felt sorry for them. Lord Leopold was a huge man, and he weighed as much as he looked.

Caius made his way to his wing. The guards bowed to him, and Caius just went past them. He walked up the stairs and soon came to his floor. Passing the room, he subconsciously slowed when he came upon Rose's door. Light flickered from under it. Without lingering, he made his way toward his chambers.

Rose found that she couldn't sleep. Edna lay on the rug on the ground, snoring softly. Rose had tried to convince her to join her on the bed, but the maid wouldn't hear it.

She knew it was late by how silent the castle was—it felt like not a single soul stirred. Then she saw it. It was brief. Someone had come close enough to her door and then left. Though quick, she doubted they were just passing.

Rose felt her chest squeeze. She didn't hear any footsteps, and she wondered if they were walking that quietly or if the walls prevented her from hearing their steps. She wondered if it was the crown prince, and as soon as she had that thought, she did her best to push it down.

She was back here, which meant she was back in the misery she sought to escape. She didn't know how long this niceness would last, but it would be foolish of her to think things would be peachy now. She knew exactly what she was here for, and sooner or later, he would be here to take it again.

Rose sighed. She hadn't heard a word from home. She didn't know what was happening and didn't know how to reach them. She missed her mother. She hoped the older woman was faring well—and her father too. He would have more chores to take care of, alongside her mother. Her mother couldn't move around without help, let alone cook.

Then there was her fiancé. How did he feel when he heard it? Did he try to do something—anything—to get her back? Of course, this was a silly thought. No one in their right mind would try to go against the crown prince.

She also wondered what he thought of her now. Did he also think she was nothing more than the crown prince's whore? If she did return to him, would things go back to the way they were?

Rose dug the heels of her palms into her eyes. She couldn't think like that. She was determined to leave here and go back home. Tomorrow, she would speak to Edna about sending that letter. However, as soon as she thought of it, Rose crushed it.

She didn't want to put Edna into any trouble. Something told her that if she went behind his back to contact her family, something might not go well. She should have tried while she was at Lady Delphine's manor, but she had been so overwhelmed by the fact that she would have to return here that there was no space for anything else on her mind.

Rose pulled the covers over her face. She didn't know how tomorrow would go. She had to make sure she got as much sleep as she could when she could. The good news was she didn't feel as terrible as when she first woke up. She was healing.

Rose woke up to a loud sound. She sat upright immediately to see Edna looking at her with a bashful look on her face. Her hands were on the table, and it was clear she had been trying to move it. It was the sound of the wood scraping against the floor that had woken her up.

"I didn't mean to wake you up," Edna said immediately. "I didn't think it would be that heavy to move."

Rose shook her head. She was more puzzled than offended. She couldn't comprehend why Edna would need to move the table. "What are you trying to do?" she asked.

"I wanted to rearrange the room a bit. I don't like the fact that the table is directly in front of the shelves when there's more than enough space in the corner. I wanted to move it there, but I didn't think it would be that heavy."

Sunlight poured into the room through the open window. The sun had risen—there was no sign of dawn. It was clear to Rose that she had overslept a little. She wondered if Edna had been bored all alone in this room with her and had decided to do that to keep herself busy.

"Let me help," she said and got out of the bed.

"What?" Edna asked, horrified. "No!"

Rose was already getting out of the bed. Her bare feet landed on the cold floor, and she wiggled her toes. She could still feel how cold it was even though she was standing on the rug. She walked to Edna and held the other side of the table.

"No!" Edna said again.

"I am fine, I promise." She knew she couldn't remain lying down, and it was just to move one table. "Besides, I am sure you'll be punished if you ruin the carpet."

Edna looked down, and sure enough, there was a scratch on the rug. The wood had scraped straight through the fabric, rough enough to catch on the floor beneath—no wonder Rose had heard it.

Realizing that she risked further damage by not letting Rose help, she caved. "Okay," Edna said reluctantly. "But as soon as you feel pain, we stop immediately."

"Aye, aye," Rose said with a smile as she gently lifted the table with Edna.