

## K Lover 128

### Chapter 128: Lethargic

"Did the crown prince explicitly say that, or do you not want to go?" Lily asked, her eyes scanning Rose's face.

Rose felt a chill run down her spine, and she knew it wasn't because of the evening breeze blowing through the open windows. Lily clearly didn't understand the sort of relationship she had with the crown prince. It wasn't the type where she made demands.

Just because it seemed like he favored her, didn't mean that he actually did. She was nothing more than a prisoner and prisoners didn't make demands, they accepted what they were given.

Rose closed her eyes and then slowly opened them. "I will go," she simply said.

The words sounded simple, and they left her lips easier than she thought they would but she knew the act itself was far from simple. However, what other choice did she have?

"Good," Lily said with a sigh of relief. "I'll be back to help you get ready."

"Can I see Edna?" She had been to the dungeons before. If it was the same one, she could find her way there.

"Have you lost your mind? It'll do you good to stay away from the Queen. Just do what you have to do and don't try to provoke her anymore," Lily said. She sounded a little annoyed as she spoke.

Rose couldn't comprehend how she had done that, but she knew her presence here was enough provocation for the Queen—and it was likely that Edna was targeted because of that.

This didn't make any sense to her; it wasn't like she was here of her own free will. Perhaps if the Queen had even thought to speak to her before orchestrating the kidnapping with Martha, she wouldn't be here now.

Rose knew that was impossible. She had seen how the Queen treated her the first time she appeared in the Queen's presence and the second time. Hoping for something different would be delusional. The Queen didn't want anything to do with a peasant whore.

She was determined to do something about Edna's situation. She wasn't going to let the Queen have her way with Edna too. She already messed with her enough. No matter how much it made her skin crawl, she would do her best to make sure Edna was freed from the Queen's claws. It was the least she could do.

"I won't provoke the Queen," Rose softly whispered. If she could get Edna out of this, she would tell her to avoid coming to see her.

"Good," Lily said. "I have to go now. I've wasted enough time on this."

Rose watched Lily leave the room while she remained rooted to the spot. She stood there until her feet started to hurt until her food went cold—and the herbs too. Only then did she try her best to move.

Rose poured the herbs into a cup and drank it. She couldn't eat, not with the sour taste in her mouth, but at least she could try to take the herbs. She dropped the cup harshly onto the table as she grabbed the edge of it. She felt sick, and the taste of the herbs worsened it.

Rose closed her eyes as she took a deep breath. She couldn't remain here. Very soon, Lily would be walking back through that door, and she wasn't mentally prepared.

She tried to ease her hold on the table as she took several deep breaths. Confident that she wouldn't buckle over, she pulled herself away from the table. Her eyes glistened as she opened them, but with a few blinks, the tears were gone.

She walked to the bed and sat on it as she waited. It felt like everything came to a standstill. She couldn't think, couldn't feel the wind blowing through the windows—she couldn't even feel the bed she was sitting on. She was just lethargic.

Rose heard the knock, but not really. She didn't want to move from where she sat—it would mean it was time. The knocks went on for a bit before the door was pushed open, and a worried Lily walked in. But when she saw Rose just sitting on the bed, her mood changed.

"Just what are you doing?"

"Nothing," Rose said brightly and turned to look at her. She stood from the chair. "You're late."

"What do you mean I'm late? I've been knocking for the past—"

"We should start getting me ready. I'm usually in the prince's room before 'is dinner ends. I don't think we 'ave time if we don't move now."

Lily narrowed her eyes at Rose, and she half expected the maid to go on a rant—but instead, she simply nodded and dragged Rose to the bathroom. Usually, it would take no less than three maids to help her get ready, but all she had was an unenthusiastic Lily.

Rose was still grateful—she wouldn't have been able to get her hands on the oils if it weren't for the maid. Rose also helped as best as she could. What took the most time was drying and brushing her hair.

Rose had wanted to keep it unwashed, but they both knew that was completely out of the question. She had to be pristine, especially with Edna's situation depending on it. Though unenthusiastic, Lily was quite efficient. There was barely any conversation as she helped her get ready, and Rose knew she would prefer it no other way.

After what felt like forever, she was finally ready. Dressed in a silk nightgown and a robe. Her hair was dried and brushed. The soft curls cascaded over her shoulders and down her back. The hair caught the candlelight and almost twinkled. The red was all there was when she was looked at.

Lily had put some color on her cheeks and lips. Her freckles seemed more prominent, and her green-hazel eyes blinked as she stared in the mirror. Rose lightly touched her hair as she tried to focus her mind on how pretty she looked—and not the why.

"Ready?" Lily said.

Rose wasn't sure if it was a question or if Lily was telling her she was ready. She forced herself to her feet. She could do this.

"Thank you," she mumbled to Lily as she wrapped her arms around herself.

She looked around the room. It needed to be cleaned. Her untouched dinner was still on the table. Lily didn't mention anything, and she was sure the maid had seen it. Dirty towels lay on the ground, they had needed no less than three towels to dry her hair. She would have to clean the mess, but that would be when she returned. For now, she had something more important to deal with.

Rose walked to the door without looking back. She didn't even know if Lily followed after her, didn't care to check. All that was important was getting to the crown prince's chambers.

Rose didn't walk fast. There was no need to rush, it was just two rooms away and she wanted to extend the time she had left as best she could. She could hear the guards whisper as she passed them, but nobody said a word to her or stopped her.

She got in front of the room, and the guards stationed there stared at her oddly. Rose felt her stomach twist, but before she could say anything, the door was pushed open, and she was let in.

Rose jerked as the door closed behind her. She didn't miss this space—not even a little. Not much had changed since she left, and the smell was still the same. However, there was no sign of the crown prince.

Rose let out a breath she hadn't been aware she was holding. It didn't mean she was out of the woods, but it was nice to know she still had some time.

She stood in the corner, a little out of sight, as she wondered what she would say to the crown prince when he came in. Would he chase her off or would he listen to her request?

She dropped to the floor and leaned her back against the door as she waited. Rose soon lost track of time, but there was still no sign of the crown prince. The fireplace was long dead, and she realized she had fallen asleep.

Rose started to feel frightened. Did the crown prince have no plans to return to his room? There was no way she wouldn't have woken up when he walked in—but there wasn't any sign that anyone had.

What would happen to Edna? It had to be tonight—tomorrow would be too late. Was the crown prince elsewhere? Was that why she hadn't seen him in a while? In normal situations, she would have been relieved—happy even—but now she felt almost as anxious as when her father was on death row.

Rose stood to her feet. She paced the room. She didn't know how much time had passed, but looking at the fireplace, something told her it was almost midnight.

Just where was the crown prince?