

K Lover 141

Chapter 141: Not Even Chores

"Looks like you didn't need any motivation after all," Caius whispered. His hoarse voice echoed in the enclosed space, his breath hitting her lips.

This was enough to snap her out of it, and Rose pulled away from Caius. It was a crude thing to say. Caius's gaze darkened as she slipped out of his grasp, but he didn't reach out to try to stop her. He just watched her.

Rose scrambled into her clothes, wearing them as fast as she could. She tied the robe around herself before she bowed and fled the room without another word. She had expected Caius to say something else or threaten her as he usually did to try to stop her from leaving, but he did none of that, and she wasn't about to question his decision.

Rose startled the guards as she ran out of the room with a horrified look. She was still a bit scared of what Caius might do. They all glanced at her oddly, but none said anything nor did they offer any help. Rose hadn't expected anything different, and perhaps, it was a good thing that she was alone. The guards glanced between themselves while she briskly walked to her room with her arms around her.

The hallway was cold, cold enough to make her shiver as she walked the distance to the room she was assigned to—a stark contrast to the room she had just left. She thought it was weird that Caius felt warm when he was so cold and stoic.

Rose pushed thoughts of him out of her mind. She was prohibited from thinking about the crown prince unless she was in his presence. The times she was away from him, she would save herself from the torture.

Rose didn't stop walking until she was in her room, the door tightly shut. She couldn't believe she had just left. Was he angry? Would she be punished? She leaned against the door and breathed deeply—deep enough to calm herself.

If he didn't want her to leave, he could have stopped her, but he didn't, so she was going to take that as a good sign. Rose pushed herself away from the door and walked to the washroom.

She returned moments later wearing a clean dress. It was one of the dresses she had gotten from Lady Delphine. All her clothes were from the lady.

According to what she heard, Martha had gotten rid of her other clothes. They weren't even hers to begin with, so Rose wasn't bothered when she heard that.

The only problem was that she only had about a handful of clothes from Lady Delphine. It was certainly not enough, and even if she didn't leave the room, she couldn't exactly sit naked. Anyone could walk in at any time.

Rose dropped to her knees and reached underneath the bed with one hand. She knew exactly what she was looking for. Just before her hand couldn't stretch any further, she hit a metal box. It made a small clank as her hand hit it, and Rose grabbed it, pulling it from under the bed.

The box was old but still in pretty good shape. She had seen it in the corner of the room. Having so much time to herself, she had checked places she normally wouldn't. As soon as Rose's eyes rested on the box, she had immediately known, especially when she found that it slid under the bed without any trouble, the metal blending perfectly with the darkness underneath the bed.

She lifted it and it opened easily. It was clear it used to have a lock, but Rose didn't think that worked anymore, and she was pretty sure she didn't need it. She wasn't trying to keep the contents in the box safe—she was trying to hide it.

The jar sat alone in the box, a little too small for the space, but it was bound to remain that way. Rose didn't have anything else to hide. She was also wary because she knew Caius knew about it. His silence on the issue bothered her more than a scolding would have.

Rose opened the jar and sipped straight from it. There was no spoon to use, but she was fine with that. She knew Lady Delphine had told her once a week, but a sip should be fine, right? She couldn't dare take any chances. Rose sealed the jar, returned it to the box, closed it, and slid it under the bed. She pushed it as far as her hand could go. She wanted to make sure it was out of sight and reach.

There was no way anyone would look this far under the bed unless they absolutely knew what they were looking for. However, Rose wasn't worried about that—something told her the crown prince wouldn't say anything about it. She still didn't know if she should be relieved or not.

Certain that no one would see the box, she rose to her feet and climbed on the bed. She didn't particularly feel tired, and since there was nothing to look forward to—not even chores—Rose didn't feel any need to fall asleep. If it weren't late, she would have entertained herself with some flute, but at this point, she risked waking the whole castle.

After weighing her options, she settled on lying in bed and hoping she might drift to sleep. It took a while, but soon enough the effect of the soft bed and warm bedding was enough to make her start drifting off to sleep.

Rose slept without once waking up until a knock for breakfast pulled her out of her dreamless sleep. Rose was a bit confused at first, but the second knock was enough to let her know what was happening.

She rushed to the door, opened it, and a maid handed her breakfast before turning around and leaving without another word. Rose looked at the tray—it wasn't much, but at least it was decent food. She couldn't complain.