

## K Lover 148

### Chapter 148: Waiting For Noon

Caius closely watched Rose. He had seen her expression before she bent her head, hiding it from him. It was the same smile he had seen when he agreed to help the maid his mother threw into the dungeons.

However, the only time she was expressive to him was during lovemaking, and even then, she hid her face from him. Caius could feel himself get irate—this bothered him.

"Is there anything else?" he asked coldly.

Rose shook her head, keeping it low. "That is all, Your Majesty."

"Okay, leave," Caius said.

Rose's eyes widened ever so slightly. A moment ago, he was smiling, and now he seemed like a different person. Was he angry after all? Or was it something she said? Though the way he dismissed her was enough to make her think about it, it didn't really bother her. As long as he didn't suddenly change his mind again, she was fine with whatever expression he had on and whatever tone he might speak in.

Rose stood to her feet immediately and walked to the door without another word. Rose didn't even glance back, but she could clearly feel the crown prince's gaze on her back. Rose sped to her room and immediately got ready for bed.

Perhaps it was because she had been worried about asking the crown prince all day, but as soon as she lay in bed, it was as though the dam of exhaustion broke. Rose felt so tired, she didn't even have time to think about what happened before she fell asleep.

She slept without once stirring. Only when light started to stream through the open window did she rouse awake, yawning as she moved herself to a sitting position.

Rose stretched with a bright smile on her face. She had something to look forward to today.

She got out of bed and prepared for the day, wearing one of the worn dresses. It wasn't too bad, as it was similar to the dresses she wore back at Edenville. There was a light tear at the edge of the dress, but it wasn't enough to cause any problems, and she could always ask the maids for something to fix it with. Rose knew a thing or two about mending dresses.

What Rose was a little concerned about was laundry. While she was sick, Edna had taken care of that, but that didn't seem to be possible anymore, and there was no way she could ask any of the maids to help. She didn't have to worry about the nightgowns, as someone was always there to get them for cleanup.

Rose was on her feet as soon as she heard a knock. She rushed to the door and opened it to reveal a maid. Her eyes moved from Rose's face to her feet and then back up. Rose did her best not to let her expression show exactly what she was thinking.

She accepted the tray from the maid and mumbled thanks before shutting the door in her face. She made her way to the table and placed the tray down. It wasn't much for breakfast, but at least it was some food.

She was quick to finish it, and for some reason, the food tasted better than ever. Rose almost laughed at this—she was in that good a mood. She doubted anything could ruin it. Why wouldn't she be happy? She could finally send a message home after over a month.

Rose hoped she would get a reply back. Her father would most likely have to go to the merchant's house to have the letter read to him, and it would be nice if he could send one back. But Rose knew she wouldn't complain if he didn't, as long as they were fine.

The day dragged on longer than it usually would. Rose kept looking to the door, looking out the windows, arranging and rearranging unnecessary things—and still, nothing changed.

It was almost noon when she heard a knock. Rose bolted to the door and pulled it open with so much force she startled the servant behind it. It was a young boy, and in his hands were paper, ink, and a quill.

"I-I was told to bring this here," he said when she didn't say anything.

Rose nodded, still staring at him oddly. He looked like a regular servant—Rose didn't think he could read, let alone write. "Are you the one to 'elp me write the letter?" she asked.

The boy looked a little lost, then glanced at the contents in his hands. He shook his head as he understood her question. "No, no. I was only asked to bring this here." He looked down the path and then back to her face. "Mister Henry sent me."

"Oh, okay," Rose replied and accepted the items from him.

He bowed and retreated without another word. Rose shut the door with her back and walked further into the room. Mister Henry wasn't a bad choice. She was actually grateful it was him. She would rather deal with someone familiar than a stranger who probably hated that she was in the castle.

Rose set it up. She wasn't sure if there was anything more she needed, but with a thorough inspection, it seemed complete. She sat down on the opposite chair as she waited, her fingers intertwined with each other.

Her legs shook. There was no reason to be this excited—she knew that—but it had been a while since she looked forward to anything, and she couldn't help it. Rose stared at the items on the table. She knew how to use them even before Lady Delphine showed her, but of course, she didn't know what to write or how to write it.

Suddenly, the door was thrown open, and Rose turned around to see who it was. No one had ever entered without knocking—except Edna—but she would knock at least once before opening the door. It wasn't like her to just walk in, especially after she had been away for a while.