

K Lover 151

Chapter 151: Letter To The Wood Maker

A knock.

Rose moved away from Caius so fast she almost fell, having to use the table to support herself. His hand on her leg didn't move, and his gaze darkened at her reaction. Rose knew it was obvious she was happy about the interruption, but she didn't care—she wasn't even trying to hide it.

"Your Majesty," Rose said softly. "Someone is at the door."

"I can hear that," he said. His grip on her thigh tightened, lifting her dress and it moved upwards.

"I have to go, Your Majesty. It might be my lunch," she whispered. Rose didn't like the pleading tone in her voice, but she would do anything for him to let her go.

Caius's gaze darkened as he realized something—he was skipping lunch to be here. Why? He hadn't thought about it in that manner. He had simply wanted to catch her off guard by being the one who actually wrote the letter, and hadn't thought too much about the timing or what he would be skipping to do this.

Caius slowly let go of her leg, and Rose sighed in relief. She pulled her hand from the table, curtsied to the crown prince, and fled to the door just as another knock rang out—this time, desperate.

Rose got to the door and pulled it open a little too hard, straining her arm a bit. The force made the door open wider than it needed to, revealing the person behind it even to Caius, who was seated in her room.

"Mister 'Enry," Rose said with a half-forced smile. She was happy to see him, but at the same time, she was also worried.

"Rose, I was—" The rest of Henry's words died out as he noticed the crown prince behind her.

Rose could tell from Henry's reaction that the crown prince was looking right at them. She could feel his glare on her back. She could have tried to save Henry from this experience, but she had been too jittery to control how she opened the door, and now Henry had to deal with the crown prince.

"Y-Your Highness," Henry cried, bowing as he snapped out of the horror of seeing the crown prince.

Caius didn't reply. Instead, he just watched them with a disinterested look on his face—but it was clear that he was far from disinterested. He was trying to think of reasons why Henry would pay Rose a random visit, and going by Henry's reaction to his presence, it wasn't all that random.

"What brings you 'ere, Mister 'Enry?" Rose asked as she tried to make the situation less embarrassing and awkward.

However, as soon as she asked the question, she saw that Henry was not alone. There were two servant boys behind him, and they both held a small table—but on closer inspection, it was a chessboard.

"I brought you this," Henry said, his voice sounding strained. "Remember, I said I would find one that wasn't in use for you."

Rose nodded. She couldn't help the smile on her face. "Thank you, Mister 'Enry," she said and stepped to the side.

The servant boys looked from one to the other. They were in the corner, hidden from the crown prince's view, but they had clearly heard Henry mention him. They knew he was in there.

"Go on, then," Henry snapped at their reluctance to step into the room.

They jerked and fled in, bowing low to the crown prince even as they held the table. After a few moments, they lifted their heads and walked further into the room.

"Close to the fireplace," Rose called out when she noticed how confused they looked about where to drop the table.

They were quick to place it down. The small table made a soft thud as it hit the rug. The table wasn't high enough to be used with a chair—it was like a small stool with a board on top. As soon as the servants dropped the table, they bowed to the crown prince and fled the room.

"Thank you," Rose said and bent her head.

Mister Henry grunted his reply and was just about to flee when Caius called him. "Henry."

Rose felt utterly bad for the older man. He was just trying to help her. He wouldn't be here if it weren't for her. Perhaps she should have told him the truth—that she didn't know how to play chess.

"Your Highness," Henry called and reluctantly walked into the room, but not before tossing Rose a glance.

Rose sighed. She was certain the steward hated her now. She was always getting him into trouble. She closed the door, as it felt weird to leave it open, and it was clear that whatever the crown prince was calling Mister Henry for, it would take a while before the crown prince let him go.

Henry kept his head low as he stood in front of the crown prince. "Yes, Your Highness," he repeated.

Caius narrowed his gaze as he looked at the steward. Moments passed, and Rose started to taste her own anxiety on Henry's behalf. Was the crown prince angry he would gift her such a thing? Though it wasn't really a gift—and she had glanced at it as the servants passed—it was clearly very old.

Without looking away from Henry, Caius stretched his hand to the table and picked up the letter. "Here," he said and tossed it to the steward.

Henry scrambled to catch it, almost failing. Rose closed her eyes in relief when he caught it. She was still standing by the door, too tense to approach. The situation was still very uneasy for everyone but the crown prince. After all, he was the reason for their uneasiness.

"Your Majesty," Henry called when the crown prince didn't give him any other orders.

"Send that to Edenville. Use my royal seal and make sure it gets to Edenville as soon as possible." He paused and turned to Rose. "Who?" he asked.

"Vallyn, Vallyn the wood maker. My father is quite known in the village," Rose replied, relieved that she had immediately known what the crown prince was asking her about.