

## K Lover 163

### Chapter 163: Endless Loop

Rose's heart was still beating wildly as she got to her room. What was that? She didn't get the chance to look closely or confirm what she saw, but it was pretty clear. The scars on the crown prince's back were almost like the one on his right calf, as though the skin had stretched to close up the gap. Why did the crown prince have such scars on his back? How had she never noticed?

She knew why; he was rarely completely naked in her presence. He always had his robe on. She had never seen any opportunity to see his back.

Rose shook her head. She wasn't curious. The crown prince's scars had nothing to do with her. Her predicament was completely different and separate from his.

Rose pushed herself away from the door and walked to the bed, throwing herself on it. She would try to get some sleep, which shouldn't be too hard—she was exhausted from all the thinking and trying to remember, not to mention the anger she felt from failing continuously.

The crown prince was a sore winner. Almost excessive. At some point, Rose was almost certain he was trying to get a rise out of her, but to what purpose? However, she had learned not to put reasoning behind the crown prince's actions. She couldn't predict him. Half the things he did didn't make sense to her.

Rose fell asleep fast and hard. This time around, her sleep wasn't without dreams. Rather, she was stuck playing games with the crown prince, an endless loop, and just before she woke up, she saw a flash of his scars.

Rose jerked awake, an ache in her shoulders. She groaned as she moved to a sitting position, trying to stretch to ease the pain, but that didn't help much, and she winced as she tried to apply pressure to her shoulders.

She wondered if it was all the slouching she did the night before while playing with the crown prince, or did she perhaps sleep wrongly? Rose grunted in pain as she got out of bed. She felt so stiff, and the stretching wasn't working.

She yawned as she got out of bed, her eyes catching the chessboard still near the fireplace. She had fiddled with it the day before, and that was when she had noticed the pieces for the first time. It didn't take her long to drop it when she couldn't figure it out.

She had intended to keep it with her for as long as she could until she figured it out, and if she didn't, she still couldn't ask that it be taken away because she felt bad that Mister Henry had gone through the trouble of getting it for her.

She walked toward it and was quick to pull out the pieces, arranging them on the chessboard as the crown prince had shown her the night before. Altogether, there were about nine missing pieces: the two queens, the four horse heads—she had since learned were called knights—one rook, and two pawns.

Rose tried to replay the moves they had both made the night before while keeping the rules she had learned in mind. She played for a bit, but it didn't make much difference, and eventually, she gave up, not because she wanted to, but because she had to get ready for the day.

Now that some changes had been made, the maids tended to be on time with her meals, at least for dinner last night. But Rose wasn't about to take the chance that they might not be.

It didn't take her long to clean up, and as always, finding a proper dress was an issue. She would also have to ask Lily for some mending thread and needles to sew the tears in more than one of her dresses. Rose was really handy with a needle. If she didn't have to tend to her mother so often, she would have become a dressmaker.

As soon as she slipped into her dress, a knock could be heard at her door. "Yes!" Rose called, but her voice was muffled by the dress over her head.

She tried to pull it down, wearing it as quickly as she could. Satisfied that the dress was properly tied and wouldn't fall off her body, she headed for the door. She pulled it open to see two grumpy, familiar faces. They were maids in the castle, but Rose didn't know their names.

"Thank you," she said and stepped to the side to let them pass.

One of them scoffed and walked in. The other didn't even glance at her. Rose wasn't bothered by this, as long as they brought her meals. They could put on whatever attitude they wanted.

Rose was famished, and she wouldn't be surprised if it had anything to do with all the thinking she had done the day before. She ate quickly, almost finishing her breakfast. She wiped her hands and mouth and immediately went to the bed.

She probably shouldn't have forced herself to eat so much, but the smaller it got, the more she thought she could finish it. She discovered soon enough that she couldn't. She couldn't help but wonder if this was a sort of punishment. Surely, they must be aware of the quantity she could finish.

Rose was still lost in thought about her overeating when she heard a knock. She got out of bed immediately; she didn't mind the excuse to leave it. Stuck in bed all day, any reason to move around was welcome.

She already had a clue who was at the door—it was probably the maids here to take the dishes. Rose might have tried to take them to the door, but it would be hard for her to open the door with her hands full, and they wouldn't come in unless she let them. Rose knew they were looking for a reason not to clean up after her, and she didn't want to give them one.

"Mister 'Enry," she said in shock as she opened the door.