

K Lover 164

Chapter 164: Caged Bird

"Mister 'Enry," she said in shock as she opened the door. He was the last person she expected to see after just seeing him the day before.

"Rose," he called. "Is this a wrong time?" he asked, stretching his neck as if to peep into her room.

"No," Rose said. "The crown prince was only 'ere yesterday to 'elp me write a letter to my parents."

She knew exactly what Henry was asking about, and she wanted him to know it was not a regular occurrence for the crown prince to be in this room with her.

"I am sorry if yesterday was unexpected and—"

Henry shook his head, cutting off the rest of her words. "No need to apologize. Since you're not busy, I'll get down to why I am here. Have the recent meals been to your satisfaction?" he asked.

"Yes," Rose said with gusto. She couldn't help it. "It 'as been just wonderful. I don't think I 'ave ever tasted anything better."

However, as Rose gushed about the recent meals, she couldn't help but find it a bit odd that Henry would ask her about it. She didn't think too much about it, as Henry tended to be curious about her well-being and would often ask questions like this.

"Good, good," he whispered.

"I didn't know the awful meal of dried bread and colored water reached your ears too, Mister 'Enry," she joked. "It was not my intention to cause a ruckus in the castle."

Rose didn't like the fact that she felt the need to apologize for the incident when it wasn't her fault in the slightest. She didn't have a single say in any of the incidents that had occurred around her since she met the crown prince.

"That's not the situation, Rose. I am in charge of your meals, and I want to know that everything is going right."

For a bit, Rose forgot how to speak. "You are?" she finally asked with surprise.

Henry nodded, his partially bald head bobbing up and down. "I am," he said, without offering more information.

Rose could smell the crown prince all over this. However, she couldn't comprehend how he would put the steward over her meals. He was neither a cook nor did he serve meals.

"Oh, thank you," she said and curtsied, not knowing what else to do in this situation. "My meals 'ave truly never been better."

Henry kept nodding. "If you have any complaints, do let me know."

"I will," she said and nodded her head.

"No, Rose. I need you to let me know even if it is the slightest thing. It's better to fix it than for the crown prince to notice." He has an elaborate way of fixing your problems.

Henry didn't say the last part of his words out loud. He was worried for Rose. The poor child bothered no one and would rather be left on her own, but for some reason, trouble didn't seem to leave her alone.

Rose nodded again. "I will," she said, meaning it this time. She was glad he didn't think she had reported it to the crown prince as everyone else had thought.

"Alright, Rose. Do have a lovely day, and I will see you—"

"Mister 'Enry," Rose suddenly called, interrupting him from leaving.

He was about to step away but stopped when she called to him. "Yes?"

"Can you play chess?" she asked.

Mister Henry blinked, his expression filled with confusion, but then remembered he had given her a chessboard the day before.

"I would love some tips," Rose continued to speak before he could answer. "Not lessons, just some instructions. I know just how busy you are. If you could talk about some plays with me, I would be grateful."

Henry shook his head, giving her a sad smile. "I am afraid, Rose, that this old man is rusty. I haven't touched a chess piece in almost a decade. I barely even remember the rules."

"Oh," Rose said, trying not to show her disappointment.

"I would have given you a rule book, but I know you do not read."

Rose wasn't sure if she preferred the way he phrased it, but she knew he said it that way, not to be rude. It was better to say she didn't read than to say she couldn't.

Rose nodded. "No, I do not," she agreed.

Suddenly, Henry's face brightened up. "You could ask the crown prince. No one in the whole castle plays better than him, not even the King."

Rose tried not to roll her eyes. It was not surprising Henry thought she had that kind of relationship with the crown prince, like everyone must think—that she could just make demands and he would do her bidding at the drop of a hat.

"I don't think that's such a good idea, Mister 'Enry," she whispered.

"I suppose you're right," he admitted. "I apologize for suggesting it. I shall see what I can find then. However, I don't think I will come up with much."

"No," she suddenly said. "I've burdened you enough, Mister 'Enry. I am sure you must be sick of my troubles. I am grateful. There is no need for that—I am sure I will figure something out."

Henry didn't look like he believed her, but he nodded. She curtsied, and he withdrew. Rose lifted her head and watched him walk down the hall. It wasn't until she couldn't see him anymore, as he went down the stairs, that she looked away. She glanced at the other side and was met with the gaze of the guards.

Rose immediately went back into her room and shut the door. She didn't know if the crown prince was in his room or not, but she hoped he didn't have the grand idea of visiting her. She shut the door behind her.

She was stuck here until the crown prince summoned her by nightfall. Rose wished she had more things to occupy her day. She had spoken about being stuck here, but he had changed the subject. She couldn't imagine the appeal of keeping her like a caged bird.

Perhaps it was a good thing. The last time she could roam the castle as she saw fit, she ended up kidnapped, but there was still the fact that it wouldn't have happened if it weren't for the crown prince.