

K Lover 172

Chapter 172: Thomas Return

Rose groaned and stretched out her hands as she woke up, almost hitting one of the maids in the face. The latter was able to move out of the way in time, as the three of them had tried hard to wake Rose up.

"By the heavens, Rose!" Lily cursed. "I feared you were dead."

"What?" Rose asked, still disoriented as she brought her hand down.

"A slap would do a better job," a maid said.

"Oh, shush, Welma," Lily said.

The maid didn't take kindly to this. She scoffed and turned her face away from them, walking towards the door. "Now that she is awake, our job here is done."

"Are you okay?" Lily called, scolding.

Rose tore her gaze from the door. "I am fine, thanks."

Lily narrowed her eyes but didn't correct Rose, who thought she had been inquiring about her health. "What happened?" she questioned.

"Sorry," Rose said, rubbing her eyes. "I slept late."

"Whether you slept this morning or last night, how can you sleep like that? I banged on the door and practically knocked the chair over while placing the tray down so I could get to you on time."

Rose looked towards the table, and sure enough, one of the chairs was sideways on the ground.

"How did all that loud sound not wake you up?"

Rose shook her head. She didn't know what to say, and it was clear whatever she said would only piss Lily off. However, she was surprised Lily would rush to check she was alright. She was certain the maid hated her.

Lily glared at her. "Just make sure to eat and don't sleep like that again."

"I won't," Rose said, and watched the two maids leave the room.

At least this time wasn't so bad; they had been able to wake her up. She got out of bed and cleaned up before she ate breakfast. When she was done, the maids came and took the dishes.

Rose was anxious as she waited for Thomas to arrive. He seemed to be taking his time, as the day before he had arrived just after she was done eating. After what felt like eons of waiting, she finally heard a knock.

Rose was ready. She marched to the door, opened it, and closed it behind herself. "I apologize for the day before, Lord Thomas. I truly did not know 'is Majesty' had asked you to come," Rose said with a curtsy that didn't even last past her second word.

She looked up to see Thomas glaring at her, but at the same time, he looked at a loss for words. After some moments, he recovered. "You think I'd come to your door except His Highness asked me to? Don't you hold yourself to a high pedestal. You're nothing but a wench."

Rose winced as spittle landed on her face, and she made an elaborate gesture of wiping it off while nodding. Her nose scrunched up in disgust, and she could see Thomas go red in the face.

He turned away from her and started marching off. Rose knew to follow after him. It was easy to catch up with him and keep up with his pace. He didn't say anything until they got to the bottom of the stairs.

"This is the crown prince's wing." Thomas looked like he might burst as he started to speak, and Rose simply stared in horror as she slowly realized what was happening.

Is that why he was so angry? Rose could almost understand. She would be mad too if she was told to show the crown prince's whore around the castle—as the famed knight that she was.

However, she already knew some places in the castle. She had to clean some of them, and the crown prince's wing was as familiar as the back of her hand at this point, at least the floor where the crown prince's bedchamber was located.

He stepped a little further away, and Rose realized she had to follow him. Thomas led her through the castle halls with clipped steps, his silence speaking volumes. The tour was more perfunctory than generous—he pointed to various doors and chambers with barely a glance her way. "That's the library. The assembly hall. The throne room," he muttered.

His tone lacked warmth, and Rose had to listen closely to hear him. Even when she didn't hear him, she nodded enthusiastically. She could feel the simmering irritation radiating off him. He hated every moment of this, and for some reason, she was starting to enjoy it. Even his terrible narration didn't matter.

Eventually, Thomas led her towards a set of arched doors that led out of the castle. It was the front doors—the ones she had come in through a few times already. This wasn't just a tour; it would also lead outside. Rose found it hard to believe.

However, Thomas was walking towards the door with steady steps, clearly expecting her to follow him through this. Rose didn't hesitate—it had been a while since she stepped out of her room in daylight, let alone outside the castle.

The guards hit their spears on the ground and bowed before opening the doors. Rose was absolutely stunned. She had never seen them do that before. Or was it just something she never noticed? Or was Thomas actually a high-ranking noble?

Rose had heard whispers while he was taking her around, and a few maids had snickered, but none had been loud enough for her to hear. Rose only knew they were snickering because that was what maids did.

"I don't have all day!" a cold voice said as he stood by the open doors.

Rose pulled herself from her thoughts and walked towards it. Sunlight poured down on her face as she walked out the doors and down the stairs. It was morning, so the sun faced the castle from the east. Its rays were golden and warm, casting a glow over cobbled paths.

The air outside was crisp, touched with the scent of blooming flowers and freshly cut grass. Rose breathed in deeply—it felt like the first real breath she'd taken since waking up. The castle grounds stretched far and wide, bordered by hedges trimmed to perfection and dotted with marble statues.