

## K Lover 180

### Chapter 180: Bother You

"Does it not bother you that the crown prince does not seek you tonight?" Welma asked.

Rose blinked at the maid's question; her gaze was still on the door. Was Welma trying to have a conversation because she was curious, or was she once again trying to get on her nerves?

"Why would it bother me?" Rose asked and turned away. She should have kicked her out, but it was a little hard to do now when the maid had brought her laundry.

"Because that's why you're here. The crown prince could be lying with someone else."

What was she talking about? She didn't have a claim on the crown prince, and even if she were his wife, she still couldn't stop him from sleeping with whomever he wanted to. He was the crown prince—the heir to the throne. Rose frowned at this thought. The maid was meddlesome and was making her think about stupid things.

"Welma," Rose said coldly. "If that's all you came to ask, you should leave."

It wasn't very pleasant that people thought she liked this. She didn't want to be the crown prince's plaything, didn't want to remain in the castle, and certainly didn't care who the crown prince slept with. She would prefer it if he would. Maybe then, he would leave her alone.

Regardless, she didn't owe Welma any explanation. The maid could think whatever she wanted. For now, she would get a good night's sleep without the crown prince—a much-needed one.

Welma looked like she wanted to say more, but even she could tell it was a waste of time, and Rose would only ignore her. She turned toward the door and walked out of it.

Rose was happy when she heard the door open and shut. She glanced at it, and sure enough, Welma was gone. Without thinking much about it, she rolled onto her side and surprisingly fell asleep shortly after.

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"You said I could choose," Rose said as she glared at Thomas. She folded her arms as she stood in front of her room with the door closed behind her.

The knight glared back at her. "The place to go—not to ask a maid to keep you company."

"She's not keeping me company. She is taking us to the place I chose. She is simply accompanying us since I don't know where it is."

Thomas was stubborn, and he was determined to have her give in. Rose wasn't going to budge. She had never been shy about speaking to Thomas, and now that she had figured out a way to see Edna, she wasn't going to let it go.

"And I said, if you'd describe it or say the name, I can take you to where it is without needing the company of anyone else," he insisted, his hand gripping his sword as he fought to calm himself down.

He could scarcely believe what was happening. Here he was arguing with a peasant wench. She didn't listen and there was nothing he could physically do to change that.

"I never said this was about company. She just knows the direction best." Rose didn't like that she was running out of breath as the argument went on.

She was tired of Thomas dragging her about. The crown prince did say she could pick a place of her choosing, even leaving the castle. Thomas, however, seemed to hate her deciding what to do.

She, on the other hand, was tired of doing the same thing every day. The only fun part about it was the first time. The next time, it was the same sights, and he barely gave her time to explore and inspect as she would like.

"No," Thomas said with a dark tone. "That is final."

"Perhaps I should speak to the crown prince about this," Rose muttered.

She was bluffing—she had only said it to get back at Thomas because not only was he refusing her request, he was doing it so rudely. What she did not expect was his reaction to her words.

Thomas paled immediately, and then his expression darkened. "Fine," he said stiffly. "You can do as you like."

Rose half expected him to storm off or, worse, strike her down with the sword he was gripping a little too hard, but all he did was turn away from her to a guard standing a few feet away.

"You," he pointed.

The guard jerked but was quick to come closer. "Your lordship," he said with a bow.

"Get me..." he paused and turned to Rose.

"Edna," Rose quickly said.

Thomas's eyes darkened. "Bring her here right now on the crown prince's order."

"Yes," Rose mumbled a little too happily, but it shut down the instant Thomas turned to look at her.

The air suddenly felt awkward, and she looked to the side. Then, recalling that the crown prince had not asked for her the night before, she wondered if she could ask Thomas about it. Would it be odd? But she was sure any question wouldn't be as odd as the awkward silence.

"You're the crown prince's knight, aren't you?"

Thomas narrowed his eyes. The wench's lack of fear toward him was aggravating. He would ignore her—it was best to do so—but she could be especially whiny. It was almost unexpected, and it had grown worse since the incident with the Queen. It was his fault for taking pity on her.

"Why?" he asked darkly.

"If you are, you should know where the crown prince is, right?" Rose replied. She found that she might be a little worried he was not in the castle at the moment. The crown prince was prone to moving from one town to another.

"It is not your business if you do not know, and since when does a peasant ask about the crown prince's whereabouts?"

Rose narrowed her eyes at him but immediately started to smile. "I suppose you are right. A commoner like me should know her place. But it just sounds like you don't know."

Thomas looked stunned. "I do know. I don't have to tell you to prove that I do."

Rose shrugged. "You're probably right, but I guess there is no way for me to know—and that works in your favor."