

K Lover 207

Chapter 207: Undid The Mask

Thomas didn't stop walking when he passed her room; rather, he walked past it a little too quickly. Rose's eyes widened in horror. Was this what the crown prince meant when he told Thomas he knew what to do?

Rose's stomach twisted, but she realized it wasn't as bad as it used to be, and something said maybe it wasn't such a bad thing. What better time would she have to make her request?

"Lord Thomas," she called again.

Thomas stopped but didn't turn around. He gripped his sword, and Rose realized for the first time that he had it on. Even the crown prince didn't carry his sword.

He didn't respond to her call, but at least he stopped walking. Rose immediately took that as a sign to say what she wanted.

"May I please go to my room first? I promise to go to the crown prince's room as soon as I change out of these heavy clothes."

"No," Thomas said stubbornly, his voice echoing through the hallway.

Guards stood in front of the crown prince's room, but they were fewer than normal. Rose could only count two. It was probably because of the ball. Usually, they lined the pathway leading to the crown prince's bedchambers.

Rose stood right in front of her door. She wasn't going to go to the prince's room without changing or at least having a moment to herself and preparing before she had to face him.

Besides, she didn't think the crown prince would return soon. The party was most likely going to go on all night. She'd rather spend most of her time in this room where she was more relaxed. The crown

prince's bedchambers put her on edge, and even though she knew she was alone, it always felt like he would jump out of the corners—or worse, she might stumble on a secret doorway by accident again and have to endure another whipping.

"I said no," Thomas repeated when she didn't answer.

"I promise, I just want a quick wash. Wine spilled all over my body. There is no way I can present myself to 'is Majesty in this manner."

"Move," Thomas said without turning around.

Rose didn't budge. She knew as much as Thomas always looked like he wanted to hit her, he couldn't. It was that confidence that made her plant her feet at the door.

"The crown prince does not like dirty things. I would know," she mumbled. "Please, Thomas. I will go there myself."

She heard a loud groan, and Thomas finally turned around. He marched toward her and stopped three steps away.

"I told you to move," he said as he gripped his sword tight. "The crown prince gave orders. We are not going to break them because you have wants."

Thomas was glaring at her as he spoke, but Rose didn't feel even a little bit scared. She thought his anger lacked the fire it usually did. When he spoke to her before, she could tell he was utterly disgusted—but right now, it no longer felt that way.

"I said you should—"

Rose undid the mask on her face with one hand, which was pulling on it to make the knot tighter and make the mask fit looser, so it fell down her face onto her neck. She moved her hands to her hair and pulled out the pin used to keep it up. Her hair fell down her shoulders, and Rose shook her head from side to side as she tried to relieve the pain in her neck.

She finally looked at Thomas, and he stood unmoving, his hand still on his sword and his gaze locked on her face. However, he turned away as soon as their eyes met and turned his side to her, facing the way they had just come from.

"Fine," he said coldly and started for the stairs. "You better not think about not going to His Highness's bedchambers."

Rose's eyes widened slowly. She was genuinely surprised. "Thank you, Lord Thomas," she said in the sweetest voice she could muster. Edna seemed to get away with saying some insulting things to him, but Lord Thomas didn't seem to notice, as she would always sound so respectful.

She laughed and shook her head. He really was gullible. Still, she had seen him act—she knew better than to cross him. Thomas could be vindictive, she could tell.

She pushed the door open and walked into her room. She hadn't been lying when she said she simply wanted to wash up. However, it didn't mean she couldn't take her time before going to the crown prince's room. After all, he might not be back until dawn, and it wasn't like she could comfortably sleep in his bed.

Rose called on the maids to help her get ready and wasn't surprised when the two sisters were back.

"Rose," Chelsy addressed her casually as she walked in, and the young girl looked like she might give Rose a hug.

Rose took a step back, and Chelsy immediately got the hint. Her sister walked in beside her and gave Rose a simple nod.

"You called," Isla whispered.

"I need help getting ready to see the crown prince," Rose explained, noticing that the girls had shown up empty-handed. She was even surprised they were still awake.

"Why?" Isla asked.

Rose raised her brows, wondering how she was supposed to answer this, but Chelsy cut in.

"Is there something you need specifically?" she asked.

"Yes," Rose replied and looked at her hands. "A clean nightdress. It's usually paired with a robe and some scent soap, oils and perfume. I don't know if Mister 'Enry told you girls anything."

"No," Chelsy said and shook her head. "But I can find it. Isla will help you get undressed."

"That's fine," Rose said.

Chelsy bolted through the door, leaving only Isla. Isla shuffled on her feet a little, as she seemed lost on what to do.

"Start with the dress," Rose said and walked toward her. "I can't sit with this, and my toes are killing me."

Rose couldn't comprehend how the women wore clothes and shoes like this and went about their day—it was awful. Thank goodness the pumps she got weren't too high, just about two inches off the floor, else she might not have been able to walk out of her room.