

K Lover 45

Chapter 45: Fast Asleep

Henry was an older man with a thinning hairline. He was about two inches shorter than the average height. He often walked with brisk steps and a straight back, but when he was beside the royals, he slouched a little and kept his head bent.

He had worked in the castle for most of his youth and into his older years. He only became a steward in the last three years. The former steward had suddenly fallen sick and died. Henry was unsure of the cause, but rumors said he had betrayed the royal family and was either poisoned or had poisoned himself. No one knew, and Henry knew better than to ask questions about things that didn't concern him.

Henry was constantly busy. He had servants reporting to him, and he was constantly at the beck and call of the prince. The crown prince would rather pull him out of bed than use his attendants. Henry had gotten used to it; it had been this way since the crown prince returned to the palace three years ago.

So, when he was interrupted in the middle of work to respond to the crown prince's call, Henry didn't think much of it—except for the fact that the crown prince himself was supposed to be busy. He wondered if he wanted to make a special request.

As soon as he got to the crown prince's chambers, Henry knew something was wrong. The crown prince sat on the long chair, his robe draped around himself, while Rose lay on the bed, the sheets covering her body. It was clear she was fast asleep.

"Your Highness," Henry said with a bow.

"What's the meaning of this, Henry?"

Henry slowly raised his head. "Your Highness, I—"

"She should have had enough time to rest, isn't that right?" Caius asked, his voice calm but his eyes blazed with anger.

They had an unexpected guest the night before. The Duke had shown up unannounced. Usually, he wouldn't have been given entrance, but his father must have done it to spite him. Caius not only had to deal with him but also the reason for his visit. He had ended up staying awake until the early hours of the morning.

The day was just as eventful as the night before, and now that he finally had the time to indulge, this was what he was met with. To say he was angry was an understatement, and Henry could tell. The steward kept his head bent as he tried to figure out what he could tell the crown prince to appease him.

"Henry," Caius called softly as he moved to a sitting position. "Yes or no?"

"Yes, Your Highness."

"So, explain to me why she's fast asleep—dead to the world. You could push her off the bed, and she wouldn't wake. Go on then, try and wake her up."

"Your High—" The rest of his words died in his throat at the look Caius sent his way.

Henry rushed across the room and made his way to the bed. "Rose," he called gently, but she didn't stir.

He tapped her shoulder, which was covered by the sheets, but Rose didn't move a muscle. He hit her harder, but she just rolled onto her back and started to snore. Her hair was all over her face, and her mouth hung open.

"Henry," Caius called, and the steward jerked as he realized the crown prince was behind him. "She only has one job here. If you're using her to do your tasks, find someone else. Should this happen again..." Caius let his words trail off. "Get her out of my room now."

Edna had just finished for the day and was getting ready to go to bed when she heard a loud bang on the door. She jerked and glanced at the other girls, who shook their heads. She rolled her eyes and walked to the door.

There wasn't really a strict rule, but not just anyone could wander into the servants' quarters, especially the part assigned to females. So, for someone to boldly bang on her door, they must have a reason to be there.

Edna opened the door to another servant, who was visibly distressed. "Edna, Mister Henry has requested your presence. He's in the crown prince's chambers."

Edna's eyes widened, and she whispered, "Rose? Is something wrong with her?"

"I don't know, but a guard told me to get you there immediately."

Edna nodded and gathered her dress as she rushed out of her room and toward the crown prince's wing. The guards didn't stop her, and she made her way all the way to the crown prince's chambers. Outside, Mister Henry was pacing back and forth.

"Edna," his face lit up a little as he saw her, but it quickly darkened again.

"Mister Henry," she called as she rushed toward him, unable to ignore the guards standing around the entrance. They kept their gazes straight, sparing her none. "Is something wrong with Rose?"

Henry shook his head. "I need you to go in there and dress her up quickly before the crown prince returns."

Edna panicked immediately. "Why can't she do that herself?"

"Just go in," Henry said and pushed her toward the door. The guards let her in, and the door was immediately shut behind her.

Edna blinked, unsure of what she was about to get into. The first thing she noticed was the neat pile of clothes by the door. She picked it up and held it to her chest, wondering what state Rose was in that she would need someone else to dress her.

She looked around the room and quickly spotted Rose on the bed. Edna could feel her heart beating loudly in her chest. There was truly no sign of the crown prince, and Rose didn't look to be awake.

"Rose!" Edna cried as she rushed to her.

She stopped in her tracks as she realized Rose wasn't unconscious or too weak to move, as she had thought. The poor woman was just fast asleep, snoring softly. Edna almost laughed, but remembering how agitated Mister Henry had been, she figured this wasn't a good thing.