

K Lover 46

Chapter 46: Why So Cruel?

Edna dressed Rose, and she didn't even stir. Not when she lifted her into a sitting position, and not even when she accidentally pulled a little too hard on her hair as Edna struggled to put Rose's clothes on. Rose was practically dead weight, and Edna wasn't the strongest.

When she was done, making sure to secure the robes, Edna was exhausted. There were sweat beads on her face, and her arms were sore from all the effort. She stood from the bed and walked to the exit, knocked on the door, and it opened almost immediately.

A guard walked into the room while Mister Henry stood behind. The guard lifted Rose onto his shoulder and carried her out of the room, with Edna and Henry following behind.

"What's the meaning of this?" Henry whispered. "Can you explain?"

Edna nodded. "She must be tired from all the tasks she had to do."

"What do you mean? Is it any different from normal?"

"Yes, something happened last night," Edna started to explain.

Mister Henry listened attentively as Edna explained as quickly as she could what had transpired the night before while they followed behind the guard. Henry didn't say a word as she spoke, but his expression slowly changed from shock to fury.

"So, she spent the entirety of the day cleaning the south wing. Mistress Edith only gave her a week," Edna concluded.

Henry was quiet. He had noticed that servants were going back and forth from the south wing, but he hadn't asked too many questions. He was far too busy. The crown prince had been especially cranky this

morning, and Henry could only imagine it would get worse by tomorrow. He was just happy he still had his head.

However, to think his niece was the reason for this—was his threat not enough? He couldn't comprehend why she wouldn't stop bothering the poor woman.

They soon got to the room, and Henry knocked twice. It took some time for Martha to respond, even though Edna had said it was Rose. She scoffed as she opened the door but was visibly taken aback when she saw the number of people was more than Edna had mentioned.

"You can take her in," Mister Henry said, just as he pulled his niece down.

"Uncle!" she cried, raising her voice immediately. "Why are you attacking me?"

Henry didn't reply to her. Instead, he turned to Edna. "Where is Edith?"

"If it's this late, she would have already retired to her room," Edna explained.

Without another word, Mister Henry grabbed his niece's wrist again and pulled.

"You're hurting me!" she yelled as she tried to pull her hand away, but Henry didn't listen, nor did he let go.

He pulled her all the way to Mistress Edith's room, which was located on the other side of the servants' quarters. It was also on the same side as his room.

"What's going on? You can't pull me like this!" Martha called, trying to draw as much attention as she could.

Doors were opening as she passed their rooms, and everyone wanted to see what was going on.

Henry stopped in front of Edith's room and pushed his niece to the ground. He didn't even knock before the door opened, and Edith walked out with a robe around herself. She looked like she had been lying in bed.

"Just what in hell is going on here? Are you trying to wake the whole castle?" Edith asked. "Mister Henry," she said, genuinely shocked. "You're the cause of this?"

"Shut it!" he scolded Martha before turning to Mistress Edith. "I heard you asked Rose to clean the south wing."

Martha gasped as she heard the words her uncle spoke. She had suspected it had something to do with Rose, but she didn't want to believe it.

Edith raised a brow and folded her arms. She never would have guessed this was the reason for the commotion. "What has that got to do with anything?"

"It is not her fault. I'm sure my niece here," Henry paused, contemplating whether to hit her or not, "is to blame completely."

Edith looked down at her. "I know she had some fault in it, but Rose was also at fault for hitting her."

"It wouldn't have happened if she didn't take her items."

"Do you know these items in question?"

"A flute she found and, according to what I heard, the swallows," Henry narrowed his eyes. Normally, Edith had no right to ask him these questions and was obligated to do as he had stated, but there was a bit of tension between them, and he didn't want it to seem like he was favoring Rose.

"I understand what you're saying, Mister Henry," she dragged his name unnecessarily, "and this is exactly what Rose was saying, but nobody has seen these swallows, and the flute was on her bed. For all we know, she could have made it up to spite Martha!"

"Yes," Martha agreed.

"Shut it!" Henry said again. "That's impossible. I saw the items myself; I delivered them to her. And it doesn't matter what you say. Rose is to stop all chores, including the ones you have assigned to her. Martha will clean the south wing. It's what she deserves for stealing."

"Uncle!"

Henry turned to his niece. "I know you took the swallows. Return them to her immediately!"

"I didn't take anything!"

Martha saw it coming, but there was no way to defend herself as her uncle grabbed her ear and pulled.

"Try this silliness again, and you and I will have more than a chat!"

"Why don't you believe me, Uncle? Why are you so nice to her?"

"The question should be, why are you so cruel, Martha? She hasn't done anything to you. When did you become like this? Why are you so mean to an innocent girl? If anything like this happens again, I will personally ask that you be chased out of the castle. Do you not value your head? If even half of what you've done reaches the crown prince, you will be severely punished."

"His Royal Highness won't punish me for a peasant."

Mister Henry looked like he would hit his niece. However, Edith's response drew his attention.

"I can get her off the south wing," Edith finally said. "But to not do anything? She's just going to wake up, eat, and sleep."

Henry turned to look at her. "Would you like to take it up with the crown prince then?" he asked.