

K Lover 47

Chapter 47: Rather Humorous

Henry turned to look at Edith, the woman still had her arms folded. "Would you like to take it up with the crown prince?" he asked.

Mistress Edith would be lying if she said she didn't know what Rose was here for. Every single person in the castle knew. However, this was the last thing she expected to hear. She found it a little hard to believe the crown prince would do this much for a mere commoner, but she had never seen Henry this agitated.

"Do we have an understanding?" Henry asked when she didn't respond.

"Yes," Mistress Edith said. "I'll take her off the south wing and won't assign her to any more tasks." She didn't care enough to go against Henry or the crown prince, and Rose didn't bother her. Other than the fact that Rose stayed in the servants' quarters, she didn't have much to do with her.

"Good. And if this changes, you'll have to deal with the crown prince!"

"I understand, Mister Henry," Edith said, rolling her eyes as she spoke.

"One more thing—Martha should be the one to clean the south wing. Just as Rose had to."

Edith glanced at Martha and then back at Henry. "Martha, starting tomorrow, you will clean the south wing. You have six days to finish."

Mister Henry turned to Martha. "Maybe you'll learn from this and leave Rose alone."

Mister Henry stomped away, passing Edna, who was poking her head out from around the corner as she watched everything. She quickly curtsied to greet him, but Henry didn't even respond. She wondered what the crown prince must have said to him to make Mister Henry act like this. She had never seen him like this before. He was always calm, and quiet, and not once had she seen him yell at his niece.

Edna met eyes with Martha and tried to hide the smile from her face as she pulled away. It served her right. She thought it was rather humorous that Rose was sleeping peacefully in their room while Martha was being humiliated by her own uncle.

Rose woke up with a sharp pain in her elbows, but she figured she must have slept wrong, and the pain would fade as the day passed. The next thing she noticed was the sun streaming through the windows—she had overslept.

Rose bolted upright, sending the item that lay on her stomach tumbling to the foot of the bed. She could scarcely believe her eyes as she saw the swallows. She picked it up and stared at it. There were a few strange scratches, but overall, the carved piece was intact.

She brought it to her chest as her eyes teared up. It was back. However, her joy was cut short as she realized she didn't have a safe place to keep it away from Martha. She would have to find somewhere to hide it. Maybe she could ask Edna if she had some kind of safe place.

She gasped and got to her feet. It was sunrise. She still had the whole south wing to clean. She was the only one in the room; Martha was nowhere to be found. However, that wasn't what made her stop moving—it was the fact that she had no recollection of what had happened after the crown prince went to the washroom.

Rose paused, looking at the ceiling as she tried to remember. There was no way her memory was that bad. She couldn't remember how she got to her room. All she could remember was lying on his bed. She looked down. She was still dressed in the clothes from last night, and nothing felt amiss. She didn't feel weird, and there weren't any odd marks on her skin.

"Wat exactly 'appened last night?" Rose asked herself out loud.

Unfortunately, she didn't have time to think about this. She had to get to work. If the crown prince wasn't angry now, then she wasn't in trouble. She would probably have to ask someone. It was only Edna she could ask, and she didn't know if the maid had any clue.

She changed quickly, opting for the same outfit from the day before. She was still going to be covered in dust anyway. She might as well wear the same thing—it would save her on washing. Rose made to open the door when it was pushed open, slightly hitting her in the face.

"Oh, my god!" Edna cried. "Are you hurt?" She rushed toward Rose.

"Nay, I'm fine," she said, pulling her hand from her face. The tip of her nose was slightly red. "Why didn't ye wake me up?" she asked immediately. "Ye know I 'ave a lot of cleaning to do today."

"About that," Edna beamed. "I have some good news, but you don't have any time. You have to go to the crown prince now."

"Ye is jokin'," Rose said with a dumbfounded look on her face.

"I'm not," Edna said.

"It's mornin'," she replied.

"Mid-morning," Edna said with a small pout.

"Ye let me sleep until mid-mornin'."

"You wouldn't wake up!" she cried. "I swear it, Rose. You even slept off in the crown prince's chambers. Mister Henry had to get a guard to bring you here."

Rose's eyes widened in horror, and it suddenly made sense. She had fallen asleep. She had been sleepy even before she took a bath, and the bath only made it worse. To think she had fallen asleep—the crown prince must be furious.

It must have been one of her "dead sleeps." That was what Emma called it. It only happened when she was extremely tired, and then she would sleep for half a day and wouldn't wake up no matter what. Rose palmed her face. She was in trouble.

"The crown prince is goin' to 'ave my head!" Rose cried.

"You don't know that yet, and you should be happy you fell asleep. Mister Henry found out about Martha and made her do the cleaning in the south wing, so now you don't have to worry about it."

"Are ye serious?" Rose asked with disbelief.

Edna nodded happily. "And not only that—you don't have to do any more chores, Mister Henry yelled at Martha in front of everyone. But I don't have time to tell you everything. You have to leave now and change what you're wearing—now!"

"I'll just change into the same clot'es from last nig't." They were still clean since all she did was sleep in them.

"No!" Edna yelled. "You're not going to his chambers. The guard said "The assembly room."