

## K Lover 52

### Chapter 52: No Sign of Edna

Rose wanted to walk slowly to pretend nothing had happened in the hall, to save some pride but the maids' presence not only threw her for a loop but also made her painfully aware of everyone else and that they all knew. She grabbed her dress and sped through the hallway of the wing, going past the assembly hall. Guards looked at her from all sides, and Rose just kept her gaze glued to the floor.

Rose wasn't sure if she heard whispers or if it was all in her head, but whether or not she heard it, she was sure they all had something to say. She gripped the hem of her dress tighter, but it ended up slipping out of her hands. She gave up pretty quickly; the dress wasn't long enough for her to trip over. It was just something she did because she was nervous.

Eventually, she entered the huge hall—the one she had slowed down to get a proper look at when the guard led her here. It wasn't as empty as she thought. She caught glimpses of the Queen's ladies-in-waiting, but there was no sign of the Queen. Rose was relieved at this and curtsied to the ladies before fleeing, grateful that they didn't call to her. However, she ran before they even had the chance to.

She got to the servants' quarters and rushed up to her room. The sun streaks floated through the open window, and Rose squinted at the light. It was late morning and getting closer to noon.

The room was empty, and there was no sign of Martha. Rose's things were exactly as she left them, and she wondered if Martha had come into the room at all. Martha's bed was still a mess, and her dresser's drawers were as she left them—half open.

Rose didn't have time to think too much about this. She needed to clean up and change her dress. She had thought of setting the dress ablaze, but she didn't have a lot of clothes, so washing it was the only option she had. She hated that she would have to keep the dress. It would constantly be a reminder of what had happened today.

After washing and cleaning up, Rose returned to the room, and there was still no sign of Martha. She hadn't caught any sign of Edna either as she walked up and down the servant quarters' hallway, trying to wash.

She picked up her items—the flute and the swallows—hid them in her dress, and made her way to Edna's room. She knocked twice, but nobody answered. She tried to push on the door, but it didn't

budge. She looked around, but the only maid she saw didn't make any eye contact with her. The hallway was surprisingly empty.

Since there wasn't any sign of Edna, Rose decided to return to her room. Edna must have been serious—none of the maids were calling her to do any tasks. Usually, by now, someone would have stopped her and given her work to do. And it could also be true that Martha was cleaning the south wing, and considering how much work it was, she wouldn't even have time to make a trip to their room.

While walking to her room, Rose ran into a maid. At first, the young lady wanted to avoid Rose, but she blocked her path. The maid lifted her face with confusion written all over it. Rose let out a sigh of relief when she saw it wasn't contempt.

"Ave ye seen Edna? I can't find 'er anyw'ere."

The maid seemed a bit hesitant. She looked left and then right. Rose couldn't help but follow her gaze, wondering who she was checking for.

"Edna is helping the Queen," she eventually said. "I am not sure what the details are, but the Queen needs more hands, and since most of the maids are out helping Martha clean the south wing, Edna was one of the ones free."

Rose was startled when the maid started to speak. She didn't actually think she would get a response. However, her response explained why the hallway was pretty empty and why she had seen the ladies-in-waiting without the Queen. Rose said her thanks to the maid and got out of the way for her to pass.

Rose thought about the information she had received from the maid as she headed back to her room. She sat on her bed with her items held in her palm and just waited. It wouldn't be for too long, she hoped. Noon was approaching, and she knew that the servants would have to be back soon to prepare lunch for the castle. She hoped Edna would be among them.

Rose twisted her hands as she sat down. She almost regretted Mister Henry taking the chores away from her. At least it would give her something to do other than be stuck with her thoughts. Right now, she was truly nothing but the crown prince's plaything.

Rose stared at the flute resting beside her. Her fingers itched to pick it up, to play something—anything—to distract herself. She contemplated it for only a few moments before succumbing. She picked it up, her fingers wrapping around the wooden piece.

She placed her three fingers on the holes, a hole apart, and brought it to her lips. Rose started to blow a simple tone, closing her eyes as she just listened to the music. Her fingers moved quickly, closing and opening to change the sound as she made a melody.

Rose felt her eyes water as she played the tone. The piece reminded her of her mother. Her mother would randomly hum different tunes around the house, and Rose enjoyed replicating them with her flute.

She hoped her mother was fine. It must be a chore for her father to take care of her all by himself, and she would give anything to be able to leave here, but that was completely out of the question.

The sound of the door opening snapped Rose out of her thoughts and abruptly ended the music.