

## K Lover 53

### Chapter 53: Keep These With You

The sound of the door opening snapped Rose out of her thoughts and abruptly ended the tune she was playing. She pulled the flute from her lips and looked toward the door, where she saw Edna staring at her with a dumbfounded expression. Her mouth was slightly agape, and her brows were raised to the middle of her forehead.

"It's just ye, Edna," Rose said with a look of relief, placing the flute beside her on the bed. She thought the flute might have drawn the wrong person's attention.

"What was that?" Edna asked, taking a step closer.

"What?" Rose asked, slightly confused.

Edna pointed toward the flute lying beside Rose. "You can play that?"

"The flute?" Rose asked, glancing at the flute and then back at Edna.

"Yes," Edna gushed, dropping onto the bed and picking up the flute. "It sounded really nice."

Rose smiled at her.

"Who taught you?" Edna asked, still surprised.

"Well, no one. I've just 'ad a lot of practice," she chuckled.

Edna didn't look like she believed her. "That doesn't sound like just a lot of practice, Rose. It sounds good enough to be played in the king's court."

Rose laughed. "Ye don't 'ave to flatter me so much."

"You think this is flattery? Would you perhaps prefer another's opinion, since you don't seem to believe mine?"

"I didn't say I don't believe ye."

"You might as well have," Edna giggled.

"I 'eard ye were with the Queen," Rose started, changing the subject.

"Yes," Edna groaned.

"Too muc' work?" Rose asked.

"You could say that. Her Majesty wanted us to change the setting of her room. She wanted the bed moved from the window, the curtains changed even though the maids already did that this morning. She wanted a new set of carpets." Edna fell onto Rose. "I thought I might end up meeting my maker."

"Don't say that," Rose said, adjusting her legs so Edna could lie properly.

"It's the truth, and there were only about three of us to do all this. Her Majesty wanted—" Edna paused and shook her head. There was no reason to give Rose more cause to worry.

When the Queen had requested maids to clean her room—even though she could have made all the maids stop cleaning the south wing and attend to her room—she had specifically requested Rose. However, not only was Rose also busy, but Mister Henry had told the Queen the crown prince didn't want her to do any tasks. Her Majesty didn't seem very pleased by this.

"Her Majesty wanted what?" Rose asked.

"The woods in her room changed," Edna lied. "That includes the wardrobe, the table, and her dresser. I almost feel bad for the craftsman who would have to make them. Knowing the Queen, she'd want them

all today while making the most absurd of requests." Edna put her palm over her mouth. "If these words reach the Queen, she would have my head."

"Worry not," Rose smiled. "I will take it to my grave."

Edna laughed. "We did get some guards to help us move the heavy stuff, so it wasn't so hectic. Enough about me. How are you?" Edna asked.

Rose nodded. "Never better."

"You're a terrible liar," Edna replied.

"That's incorrect," Rose said but didn't elaborate. "I need a favor."

Edna lifted her head from Rose's legs, her expression serious. "What favor?" she asked with wide eyes.

"Can you keep these with you?" Rose gathered the wooden pieces in her palms.

"Oh," Edna said with an awkward laugh.

"I don't trust Martha not to try something again."

"I agree with you. Knowing her, she's probably full of vengeance right now and thinking of ways to get back at you. I will keep them safe for you." Edna accepted them and placed them aside.

"Thank ye," Rose said with a smile.

"You don't have to thank me for even the littlest of things. Have you eaten?" Edna asked.

"I'm not 'ungry," Rose said.

Edna narrowed her eyes. "You should eat. You didn't eat breakfast, and that was partly my fault, but you were so tired last night. I didn't want to wake you up."

Rose didn't know how to tell Edna it was a good thing she hadn't eaten. At least she didn't have to worry about throwing up her breakfast during the ordeal. That would have been another reason to be stressed that she didn't need it.

"It's fine," she said with a tight smile. "Can ye write, Edna?" Rose suddenly asked.

Edna's interest was piqued, but then the light went out of her eyes. "No, just a little. I can barely even read."

"Okay," Rose said, turning her head away.

"Why?" Edna asked, refusing to let it go. "You want to write a letter home?" she asked.

Rose nodded. "But I see why it's a bad idea. I don't even 'ave the money to send it."

"Don't worry about that," Edna said with pride. "I will take care of that for you."

"Are ye sure? Edenville is miles from the capital. It can't be cheap to get a letter t'ere."

Edna grinned. "I told you I'll take care of it. What would be difficult is getting someone to write it. Martha can read and write, but we can't ask her."

Rose shook her head. If they did, and perhaps Martha agreed to it, Rose was certain she would write the wrong thing, and there was no way for either of them to know this. She wasn't willing to take that chance.

"Madam Edith knows how to read and write, but the chance that she might help us is slim. She would make up an excuse, one we couldn't dispute. Something along the lines of her being busy."

Rose nodded.

"I can try to ask her, or better still, you can ask Mister Henry. I'm sure he will help."

"I don't want to bother 'im," Rose said.

Edna nodded, understanding immediately. "I will ask around. I'm sure there will be someone willing to help."

Rose nodded. "I am grateful for yer 'elp."

Edna smiled at her and stood to her feet, picking up the flute and the wooden pieces. "I best go join them as they prepare lunch. I will keep these on the way."

Rose nodded and waved her off before falling back against the bed and closing her eyes. She knew she wasn't going to fall asleep, but she had to try. She couldn't stay awake while her thoughts ran amok. She might lose her mind.