

K Lover 61

Chapter 61: A Puppet On A String

Rose did eat dinner. It was a little bland, but that might have been more her fault than the cooks'. She hadn't done anything all day, but she was somehow more exhausted than ever. It wasn't a surprise; her thoughts had the whole day to run around her mind, and that was enough to weaken anyone.

The maids came to help her get ready for the prince. She should be used to this routine by now, but she wasn't. Edna noticed her mood and didn't speak. The silence was even more awkward.

The other girls just scrubbed her down, washed her hair, and applied oils. Rose thought her hair looked even more lush now, and even her skin did too. Considering she was soaked in oils every day, that wasn't too much of a surprise.

Martha, however, stood in the corner and just watched, yapping the whole time. Rose tried to listen to what she was talking about but gave up. At first, it was about how Rose should be grateful she had people like her cleaning her up and dressing her up, as it was the only way she found favor with the crown prince. Then she talked about how the crown prince would soon discard her like a piece of rag.

Rose thought the latter was actually more appealing than the rest of whatever she said. It was taking too long for the crown prince to be done with her. Was it because she was still resisting? Was that what he found interesting about her? Then if she gave in like he wanted, would he let her go?

It wasn't something that she couldn't try. She was tired of being humiliated. She was tired of the Royal Castle, tired of the rules they had here, tired of the people. Even though she was among servants who were supposed to be on the same level as her, she still felt very odd around them, and they had no hesitation when it came to treating her so badly.

Her pride wasn't important anymore; it never mattered, and at this point, Ander must have known what was going on. She didn't think she could return to him in the state that she was. Rose shook her head, almost whipping the lady brushing it.

"Sorry," she quickly said.

The maid glared at her but didn't say a word, just got back to brushing.

Ander wouldn't care about something like that. He loved her, and she loved him. They had loved each other for so long. She trusted him, and she knew he trusted her too.

"Would you like me to style your hair differently?" Edna asked.

Her voice pulled Rose out of her thoughts. She lifted her head and blinked as their eyes met. However, she had no clue what Edna had said.

The young woman chuckled. "Your hair, Rose. Would you like a different style?" she asked.

"I didn't 'ear," Rose explained.

"I can see that," Edna said, still smiling. "So, would you want a different hairstyle?"

"Nay," she said. The crown prince didn't care about her appearance; all he cared about was something else. Besides, she didn't want to look pretty for him. She hoped she could scare him with her appearance, but that was clearly never going to happen.

"It's no!" Martha stated with her hands folded in the corner. "You've been in the castle for more than a week, and you still speak like a rabid dog."

"Martha, if you have nothing good to say, you should shut up."

"You're the reason why she still speaks like that. Anyone would have picked up the proper pronunciation by now. Commoners really are the worst. I can't believe the crown prince would even touch her. She must have used some type of magic. I hear people in backwater towns do all sorts of voodoo—"

"Martha, are you here to help or distract us?"

Martha smirked and pulled away. "I am just warning you, Edna. You're the closest to her. You never know what she would do to—"

They all jerked as the door was flung open, and a familiar servant poked her head inside. "The crown prince is asking for Rose, now!"

Rose frowned slightly. There was still some time before dinner would be over, but the prince was asking for her now. This was not good. She thought she would at least have some moments to herself before she would have to attend to him, but that was clearly not the case now.

Are ye sure?

She almost spoke out loud, but she knew the servant would not be lying to her; she had no reason to. So, despite what she actually wanted to do, she forced herself out of the room and made her way to the crown prince's wing.

It was always weird how she always made the journey alone. Edna would walk with her to the wing, but once they got to the entrance, she was left on her own. She should be used to this by now, but she still found it as humiliating as the first time.

She was clad in flimsy clothes that a bucket of water would show how useless they were. Did the crown prince enjoy letting her wear such things as she walked through the halls of the castle? Was that what did it for him? Rose didn't want to know. She just wanted it over with.

She got to the stairs and took them steadily. Though she knew the crown prince had called for her, she was in no mood to hurry. This was for her more than she was trying to piss him off. In his chambers, she had no control and could only do as he wanted, but as she made her way to him, the thought that she could just turn around and flee in the opposite direction was comforting. The risk wasn't worth it, but at least she could.

She got in front of his chambers, and the guards opened the door for her. She walked in, and the warmth wrapped around her. Walking around in her clothes could give anyone a cold.

She looked around as she tried to spot him, but he wasn't on the bed. Her eyes met him, and she instinctively flinched. "Yer Majesty," Rose said and curtsied.

Caius was sitting on the long chair by the fireplace, a robe around his waist and he was bare underneath the robe. He didn't try to hide it. His gaze trailed her body, and Rose gripped the edges of the silk cloth tightly.

"Come," he said.

Rose's legs moved like she was being pulled—a puppet on a string. This was exactly what she had felt like in the past few days, but maybe this time something could be different.