

K Lover 84

Chapter 84: Three Days

Rose gasped. She had forgotten about this part. She had been so tired and just wanted to be left alone that she had forgotten why she was even here in the first place—to save her father. If she didn't go back, the crown prince might just revoke the pardon. Or worse, he might charge her father with treason, and he would be tortured before eventually being killed. She couldn't let that happen.

"There is also the fact that if the crown prince gets wind that I helped you, I have far more to lose. These girls depend on me—I can't do anything to jeopardize them, and I already have. If I don't get you to the crown prince and hopefully get the gold pieces back, we will be in ruin. It might seem too much to ask of you, but there is far more at stake."

Rose nodded. It was selfish of her to make such a request of Lady Delphine when she had done her best to get her out of the masked auction. If she had gone to someone else, Lord knows what atrocities they might have required her to do.

"Ow do ye do it?" Rose suddenly asked.

"Do what? Lay with someone I don't love?" Lady Delphine asked with a laugh.

Rose nodded, surprised that Lady Delphine had understood what she meant immediately.

Lady Delphine smiled, causing her eyes to wrinkle. "Oh, to be naive and innocent again. I'd give anything. How do you do the dishes?" she asked.

"What do ye mean?" Rose asked, confused. She couldn't figure out what doing the dishes had to do with this.

"The dishes," Lady Delphine repeated. "How do you clean them?"

"Like I'm supposed to," Rose replied, unsure of what Lady Delphine wanted her to say.

"Exactly. You don't do it thinking someone else used it, so it's not your job to wash it. You don't do it thinking about another plate you'd rather wash. And you've gotten so used to doing dishes that it doesn't matter what sort of dishes you wash at this point. They are all the same—small, big, clean, greasy—because at the end of the day, you only have one job."

"I don't think it's the same thing as washing dishes."

"No, not even in the slightest. But if you thought it was the same as washing dishes, wouldn't that make all the difference?" Lady Delphine asked with a small smile.

"I could never think of the two as the same."

"Well, I'd advise you to start. Because what if you like washing dishes? Wouldn't it be easier to handle whichever came your way? Especially if it's the same dish every time."

Rose's eyes brightened a bit, then dimmed. "I don't understand."

"You will," she said. "I do think you can. You seem to think you're in a predicament. That has to change—only then will it be easier."

"I don't know if it will ever get easier."

"It's a shame. You have really nice hair," she said, tucking some of Rose's hair behind her ears. "Such pretty freckles and bright green-hazel eyes. Long lashes and full pink lips. If you worked for me, there would never be a shortage of clients. I'm sure they would be lining up to have a taste."

Rose looked flustered and turned away. She didn't think it was much of a compliment. She was in this situation because of that.

"Don't worry, I'm not trying to convince you to do anything. I'm trying to let you know you're not completely helpless. You're very beautiful, and the crown prince clearly wants you—no reason why you shouldn't take advantage of it. Crying about it won't change the situation. Make the most of it."

Rose blinked at Lady Delphine's words. She understood what she was trying to tell her, but it was easier said than done, and she wanted nothing to do with the crown prince. She was terrified of him and what he would do to her.

"I will give you three days, starting today and not counting the third night. It is the best I can do. In three days, I will send a letter to the castle explaining exactly what happened to the crown prince. My word might not count for much, but it will definitely be believable."

"The crown prince won't believe me," Rose said. "I'll be punished for escaping."

"You don't know that. I'm more worried about who wanted you out of the castle badly enough to sell you off at the masked auction."

Rose closed her eyes at this. The memory of the night she had been taken from the castle came pouring in, and something else that had remained in the recesses of her mind surfaced. The sound of laughter as she was knocked out.

If there was nothing else she knew, she was certain Martha had something to do with it. However, she didn't think Martha had enough power to find someone who would kidnap her. She was most likely helping someone—and Rose could almost guess who it was.

"I don't know," Rose said. It wasn't really a lie. She could guess, but that didn't mean she was certain, and she knew better than to speak the name of who it could possibly be. "But a lot of people don't want me at the castle."

Lady Delphine nodded in agreement. "You have to be careful. More than anything, you must make sure the crown prince is on your side. And the only way to do that is to give him what he wants."

"Thank ye for letting me stay longer," Rose said, changing the subject. "I know it isn't easy for ye."

"No, it isn't," Lady Delphine admitted. "But you have nothing to worry about. Everyone here can be trusted. No one would dare give away the fact that you are here. Three days is not a long time, but it's some time."

Rose nodded in acknowledgment. "And I am truly grateful. I don't think I can ever repay you."

Lady Delphine shrugged. "Does it matter? I'm sure I'll get some payment eventually. You owe me now and I tend to take my payment in full."