

K Lover 99

Chapter 99: The Strange Jar

Edna brought it to her nose instinctively and almost somersaulted as she took a whiff of the contents in the strange jar. It smelled so strong, Edna didn't think she had ever smelled anything like it before.

She quickly placed it on the table for fear of breaking it as she took a moment to recover, but she was also more worried about taking another whiff unintentionally. She doubted she would be able to recover a second time.

Paul noticed this and asked, "Are you okay?" His voice held more curiosity than concern.

"Yes," Edna said with a laugh. "I saw something in her bag and stupidly sniffed it," she explained in response to Paul's question.

"You saw something?" Paul asked with interest. He stood up from the bed, now looking fully in Edna's direction. "Let me see what it is."

"Of course, your lordship," Edna replied. She picked up the jar again, this time being careful not to bring it close to her nose.

She couldn't comprehend how something so small could smell so strong. She was currently fighting the urge to sneeze and rub her nose. Next time, she would know better than to sniff strange things.

She walked toward Paul, who was now standing by the side of the bed. She handed the jar to him, and she could immediately see his expression pale.

"Is something wrong?" she asked.

"No," Paul said casually, though his face said otherwise. He brought the jar to his nose but didn't bring it too close as he took a cautious whiff.

Edna watched his expression pale even more. He turned to look at Rose and then back at the jar. However, he didn't say anything about what he had just discovered.

"Could you watch her for a few moments? I will be right back," he said absentmindedly as if still lost in thought.

"Yes, of course," Edna replied, clear worry on her face. She was certain she was missing something.

"Also, in the meantime, keep your lips sealed," his voice was stern, and so were the eyes that met Edna's.

Edna nodded. He didn't have to tell her that. There was no way she would give anyone information about Rose unless told otherwise. "Yes, your lordship. I wouldn't dare tell a soul."

She curtsied as he left the room, wondering why he was in such a hurry. Edna could guess that the contents of the jar might be tied to why Rose was in such a state. However, she didn't know for sure and knew better than to make assumptions. All she could do was wait and pray Rose would get better.

She walked closer to the bed and placed the back of her hand on Rose's forehead. Rose stirred but didn't wake up and Edna pulled her hand away. She adjusted the covers over Rose and returned to arranging the contents of the bag.

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Caius was in his night robe when the doors of his room were thrown open without warning, but he wasn't startled. He had given the orders that the physician should be let into his room as soon as he arrived.

Caius was lying on the long chair, a cup of wine in hand as he stared at the fireplace, listening to the fire crackle and watching the wood burn.

He had his back to the physician as Paul walked through the doors of the room. He had tried to sleep, but as much as he hated to admit it, he found that he was curious as to what was wrong. He was still adamant that it was curiosity, not concern.

Paul approached the crown prince with brisk steps, bowing as soon as Caius appeared in his line of sight. Caius didn't acknowledge his presence nor did he say anything, he didn't even stir from where he sat.

"Your Highness," Paul called and walked closer. He placed the jar on the table next to the chair and stepped back without saying a word.

Caius wasn't impressed, especially since it was clear the physician wanted him to ask what it was—because there was no way he could tell just by looking at the jar. He could barely even see the contents.

"What is this?" Caius asked, annoyed that he was going along with the script.

"A potent drug that can be used to prevent pregnancy. But not only that—it can also terminate one. I have reason to believe the young woman took this," Paul slowly explained, his expression shifting between intrigue and horror.

Caius couldn't explain the feeling he felt. If ever asked, he would likely describe it as being dipped into scorching water and then immediately having freezing water poured over him. It was both an uncomfortable and unpleasant feeling, and neither made the other feel better.

He stared at the jar for the longest time and didn't say anything.

"Your Highness," Paul called, now worried the crown prince might not have heard him.

"Paul, explain what that means," Caius finally said. His voice sounded gruff, and it was almost inaudible. If Paul hadn't been standing close enough, he wouldn't have been able to make out the words.

"Right away, Your Highness. What that means is—the reason why the young woman is bleeding so terribly, more than the usual blood flow, is because this is an induced miscarriage."

Caius turned his gaze away from the jar to the fireplace. All he could hear was the crackling of fire—and a scream that was growing louder. Soon it was so loud that he couldn't hear the fire anymore; all he could hear was the high-pitched screaming in his ears.

"I see," Caius said. The screaming in his ears hadn't stopped, and he had to fight the urge to place a palm over them.

"Yes, Your Highness."

"Will she be fine?" Caius asked. He told himself he only needed to know if his toy was broken. There was no point if it wouldn't work anymore. He didn't care that she had just killed his child—it probably wasn't even his. She'd been around before he brought her to the castle.

However, even as he thought this, the ringing in his ears only got worse.