

K Lover 115

Chapter 115: Trouble or not?

Rose wasn't surprised when the door opened, revealing the physician. He had said he would come back in the evening, and it was evening now. There was still some time before dinner, but it was clear it wouldn't take long before the sun set.

Edna was the one who let him in, and she stayed behind him as he walked to Rose, who still remained in bed. She didn't want to remain this way and had planned to ask the physician if it was okay to move around again.

However, she didn't even know if she would be allowed out of the room, let alone out of the Crown Prince's wing, but there wasn't any particular place she wanted to go except home. Perhaps it was a waste to ask.

"How do you feel?" Paul queried, pulling her out of her thoughts.

Rose nodded and glanced at him. "The herbs worked well. Thank you, Your Lordship."

"Hmm," he said, but it seemed like he had more questions. "Has the bleeding reduced?"

Rose nodded. "I don't have to change so often anymore." The bleeding had slowed by about half from the night before, at least according to Edna, and from the looks of things, it would keep reducing.

"Hmm," he said and took his seat while his eyes studied her. He didn't come as close as before and just silently watched her.

Rose was a bit unnerved by this, and she glanced at Edna, who offered her a comforting smile before she turned her head back to Paul, who was once again checking his bag.

"Here," he said to Edna. "Boil this now and give her to drink. Then, after tonight, you can cease giving her the other herbs. This will help with restoring blood, and you should feel less weak as time goes by. Just make sure to eat healthy."

"Thank you," Rose said.

"Don't thank me," he said, his tone curt, professional. "Thank His Royal Highness." Seeing that Edna still stood unmoving with the herbs in hand, he added, "Go now, I don't have too long to stay here."

Edna's eyes flickered in fear, and she looked around the room but quickly nodded and headed for the door. Rose thought about stopping her, but she needed Edna to leave because she couldn't ask her questions in front of the maid. She felt bad and prayed she would return without incident.

The door closed, and the silence it left after was loud. She turned her attention to the physician, and his gaze was locked on his bag. He was returning the herbs he had pulled out in search of the one he gave Edna and was sealing the bag shut.

"Might I ask a question, Your Lordship?"

Paul paused immediately, then, without lifting his head, he said, "Go ahead."

"How long before the bleeding will stop?"

He closed the bag completely and dropped it to the side. "It might be a little longer than your time of the month, but it should stop soon."

"Thank you. Can I move around?" she asked.

He frowned. "You can, as long as you can bear the discomfort. I don't think the pain will get worse—just don't exert yourself."

"Thank you. I won't."

"Is that all?" he asked, his gaze piercing.

Rose adjusted on the bed. She didn't like the way his green eyes seemed to see right through her. She also wasn't done with her questions; she had one more thing to ask.

"No, I have only one more question to ask."

"Go ahead. Best you ask it now. I don't think I will be returning unless the Crown Prince says otherwise. There is nothing I can do here. I have given you the necessary herbs—you just have to take them."

"I will. I am grateful Your Lordship is willing to help me get better."

Paul looked at her with his nose scrunched up. "Don't get ahead of yourself. I only do this for His Highness. Now ask your question before I see myself out."

"What is wrong with me?" Rose blurted. She wasn't asking because she wanted a response. She was asking because she wanted to know what his response would be. That way she could know for sure if the Crown Prince was aware.

Paul raised his brows and folded his arms. He knew she was not asking the question because she was unaware. She must have taken the herbs fully aware of what the contents were. It also explained why she brought it back.

Paul knew the duty she served here, and he could see why. She was quite pretty, and for a peasant, her skin looked well-kept. Her hair was full, and she had curves in all the right places. He couldn't hold the Crown Prince to fault.

However, he would be lying if he said he wasn't shocked that she didn't want to bear the Crown Prince's bastard. It would still have royal blood. Though the child's rights might be limited, no one would question the Crown Prince if he assigned the child a title when he became king. He didn't know many lowborns who wouldn't take this opportunity.

"Heavy blood flow. I heard it can happen suddenly, sometimes even for women who have never had it. I have never dealt with it personally, but I can see that this is what it is," Paul explained dryly.

Rose didn't know what it was. Was it his tone or the way he looked at her as he spoke? But she could tell he was lying, and he wasn't even trying to hide it.

"Did the Crown Prince ask you to lie to me?" she asked.

Rose didn't know what prompted her to ask this. She clearly had no right, and she had just asked his loyal subject something that should never leave her lips.

Rose's eyes widened in horror. "I am sorry, Your Lordship. I apologize for the rude question. Please ignore it, and I am very grateful to the Crown Prince."

Paul didn't say anything to this. He just took his bag and left the room, leaving Rose to ponder if she was in trouble or not.