

K Lover 64

Chapter 64: A Hooded Man

Rose staggered to her room. Two more times. They had gone two more times before the crown prince finally let her go. She was surprised she was able to walk out of the room. She was sore, and there were marks all over her body. She brought her hand to her neck as she recalled. Hopefully, it didn't leave a mark that wouldn't fade easily. Rose rested on the wall; she would break if she kept this up.

She pushed herself off the wall. Between her legs tingled, and she could feel the wetness as she walked. Rose didn't know how she felt, and she didn't want to think about it. Right now, she would clean up and go to sleep. Tomorrow morning, she would deal with her feelings, whatever they were.

Every step made her swollen parts rub against her legs, and the dress rubbed against her sore breasts. He wouldn't stop sucking and biting. She wrapped her arms around herself and forced herself to increase her speed. The faster she could get to the servant quarters, the better.

The hallway was empty, only the guards who had to stay at their posts could be seen around, and she noticed she didn't run into any servants as she made her way to her room. The castle was practically quiet, but thankfully, there were still enough lit torches to guide her way. If she had to scramble in the dark, she would get lost for sure.

Rose finally got to the servant quarters and made for her room. She found a piece of cloth she could use to clean herself up and a change of clothes before leaving the room again. She noticed that Martha was sleeping; the maid didn't even stir when she walked in. Rose didn't care about that; she was just glad the room was not locked when she arrived. She wasn't in any state to be seen right now.

Rose finally returned to her room, feeling a little bit cleaner. Of course, she couldn't clean her insides or anything that the crown prince had done to her, but it was better than nothing. She opened the door, closed it, and locked it after. She then neatly placed the dirty clothes in the corner. She would take care of them in the morning. Right now, she just wanted to sleep.

She unrolled the bed, not caring if it was suitable or not, before throwing herself onto it. Rose was asleep as soon as she laid her head down. There wasn't much fight she could put up. Her body was exhausted, and so was her mind, and right now, sleep was her only solace.

As soon as Rose lay down, Martha's eyes flew open. She didn't expect Rose to return this late. Usually, the servant quarters were still buzzing with activity, but right now, she knew almost everyone was asleep in the castle.

She hadn't slept a wink as she waited, but she had pretended to do so. As soon as she had finished eating and done her tasks, Martha had told some of the maids she was tired from all the work in the south wing and was retiring early. Nobody argued with her, and she went to the room.

Martha had then pretended to sleep. Even when two maids came to look for her sometime later, she didn't answer their call and continued to act as though she was fast asleep, but this whole time, she hadn't slept a wink.

She didn't know what the Queen's plan was, except for the fact that it would involve a prisoner. She also didn't know how they would get Rose out of the room. All she knew was that she was just supposed to keep the door unlocked, get rid of Rose's clothes, and lie to the prince that she woke up and saw Rose sneaking out.

It was a pretty easy task except for getting rid of Rose's clothes. That would be hard to do without someone seeing her. She wasn't worried about the maids, but if it was someone like Edna, she would be in trouble, as Edna wouldn't keep her mouth shut, so she would have to be very careful.

Martha looked to the door. She was supposed to keep it open, but she had to make sure Rose was fast asleep before she undid the latch. Not that it mattered; she could just lie that she wanted to use the loo. As soon as she thought of this, she got to her feet, but Rose didn't stir.

Rose wasn't a light sleeper. Sometimes, she stirred when she heard strange noises, but it had to be loud to a certain degree. Other times, she could sleep through a storm, and if it was one of her deep sleep, she wouldn't wake up until she had slept to her satisfaction or a bucket of water was poured on her—and this was only because she had a fear of drowning.

The latch made a soft click as it pulled away, unlocking the door, and Martha jerked her head toward Rose's direction, but Rose didn't even stir. Martha sighed, satisfied that the door would open without any help from her, and she went to lie down.

Martha tried to listen for sounds as she waited for the prisoner or whoever it was that was supposed to take Rose from here. At some point, she started to lose hope, thinking it would never happen.

Martha was half asleep when the door creaked open. Her eyes shot open, and she looked at the door. It wasn't opened all the way, and a figure slipped through the crack. He had a hood over his head, and Martha couldn't see his face, but she could clearly see he was well-built, with thick muscles and a broad chest. There was a dagger slipped into the belt around the waist of his tunic, and he wore dark boots. His pants were long and were tucked into the boots.