

## K Lover 65

### Chapter 65: Kidnapped

He was also dangerous. Martha imagined there would be scars on his face, and that was why it was covered with a hood. He looked from her side of the bed to Rose. Even though Martha couldn't see his face, it was clear to anyone that he was confused. Without any hesitation, Martha pointed to the next bed.

He jerked, pulling out his dagger in a flash. The dying candlelight gave it a menacing look, especially the shadow on the wall of the tiny room. However, he didn't strike her with the dagger; rather, he nodded but didn't sheath it.

He slowly tiptoed to Rose's bed. Martha thought there was no need for that. Rose must be fast asleep by now, so it would take a very loud sound to wake her up. He dropped by her bed, and Martha caught the glint of the dagger before he placed it right on Rose's neck.

Rose fought to wake up. There was a weight on her chest that was making it hard to breathe, and something covered her mouth and nose too. She shook her head as if to free herself from whatever was stopping her from breathing, and she felt a sharp pain.

Rose's eyes flew open immediately, and she would have screamed if not for the hand covering her mouth. She could also feel something against her neck—that was where the pain came from.

"Shh," she heard someone say. Their voice sounded unfamiliar but it had a warning to it.

Her eyes widened, and fear flickered in them as her vision cleared. It was a hooded man, and he had his hand over her mouth. She thought there was something familiar about him, but she couldn't place it. All she could see was the edge of his nose and his lips. There was a tiny scar in the corner of his lip.

How did he get in here? Rose moved her eyes to look at Martha, but she seemed to be sleeping. Was he here for her? What did he want with her, and how did he get past the guards? He looked familiar, but she didn't think he was part of the staff in the castle. Did someone send him?

"Shh," he repeated, and Rose nodded.

He slowly started to pull his hand away, and Rose opened her mouth to scream, but she didn't get any sound out before he slammed his head right onto her forehead. Rose felt her soul leave her body, and she blacked out, but not before she heard a snicker.

Martha didn't mean to laugh, but she couldn't believe Rose would do something so stupid. She would have actually screamed even though there was a knife to her neck and a scary man right in front of her.

Rose was unconscious immediately, and the man tapped on her face twice before he stood to his feet, sheathed the dagger, and heaved Rose—like she weighed nothing—onto his shoulder. He turned to look at Martha, and she used her index finger and thumb to pull on her lips to indicate she would be silent. Even though she didn't need to tell him, she was worried he might stab her with his dagger.

The man nodded and pulled open the door, bending and walking out of it. Martha scrambled to her feet, but when she looked out of the door, there was no sign of him. She retreated and closed the door behind her.

She couldn't believe Rose was gone. She did a little happy dance before stopping abruptly. "What would the man do to Rose?" she asked out loud as her brows furrowed.

However, Martha immediately pushed the thought away. She didn't care about what happened to Rose as long as she was out of the castle. It served her right. She shouldn't have bewitched the crown prince, her uncle, and Edna. Martha didn't want to imagine what more she would have done if the Queen hadn't decided to get rid of her.

She could breathe easy now, and with her evil magic gone, the crown prince would finally notice a much better lady. She smiled to herself. Maybe she should get assigned to start serving his meals. If she spoke to her uncle, he could make that happen. Martha hummed happily. She would worry about that later. Now, she had to get rid of the clothes.

Martha walked to Rose's side of the bed, and even though she couldn't smell anything, she held her nose in disgust. She bent and packed up the clothes into the bag, then she stood up. She was just about to leave the room when she saw the silk clothes in the corner.

Martha's first thought was to get rid of them too, but she decided against it. It was too nice for someone like Rose—she deserved it more. She would wash it and hide it in her clothes, then when it all passed, she would start to wear it as hers. With that, she took the clothes, wrapped them up, and shoved them in the recess of her bag before taking Rose's belongings and walking out the door.

When Martha returned, there was dirt on her hands, in her hair, on her face, and her legs. She hadn't gotten rid of Rose's clothes yet, as it was too late to move around in the castle, but she had found where she could hide them for now. The problem was when she was sneaking back into the castle—she had tripped and fallen on her face.

Martha tried to clean the mess on her face as best as she could in the dark, as the candle was already dead. When she felt like she had cleaned herself well enough, she got into bed and tried to sleep. She had made sure to leave the door unlocked to ensure there was enough proof that Rose had walked out on her own.

Surprisingly, Martha fell asleep quite easily, dreaming of flowers and flowing streams, and she didn't wake up until Edna came into the room in the morning.