

K Lover 66

Chapter 66: Torin And Grim

Torin walked through the gates with Rose on his shoulder. He could scarcely believe his eyes. He was sure they would be beheaded in the town square for sure. They were only petty thieves, but somehow, he had listened to Grim and had ended up stuck in the castle dungeons for over two weeks with almost no food or water. He had thought they would die there.

Grim had told him his informant had found a secret path into the castle and that they could sneak in and steal as much as they could, and no one would even notice. Torin had thought the idea was exceedingly untrue. He didn't believe it for one bit. However, Grim wouldn't let it go, and he had decided to humor him just so he could shut Grim down when he saw there was no secret path. But when they got to the supposed location of the secret path, guards appeared from every corner, and they were arrested.

They had been tortured and asked several questions about who sent them and what their mission was. Grim had ended up spilling the truth after he lost a few teeth. They didn't believe them, of course, but at least they had stopped torturing them and just threw them in the dungeons.

Torin had thought they would die there, and he couldn't help the happiness that coursed through his soul when he was told he had a task. He didn't know who wanted to get rid of her, but he knew it was someone powerful.

It had been so easy for him to go around the castle. Guards were scarce, and he was able to follow some hidden passageways. Finding her room wasn't a hassle—it was the only one that opened when he lightly pushed.

At first, he had been worried he was in the wrong room, but when the hand pointed and he caught sight of the redhead, he knew immediately. They had described her as a redhead, but Torin didn't expect it to be the same young woman who had been dragged into the dungeons a few days ago. And the one who had pointed looked familiar, but he didn't have the time to check.

He had done his job and gotten out of there because, as he was told, if he was caught, he would be killed. At first, the guard who spoke said it was only one prisoner, but somehow, he was able to convince them by saying he needed someone outside for the getaway and Grim joined him. As much as he couldn't stand the older man, they had been through a lot, and he wouldn't leave him to rot in the castle dungeons.

Torin was pulled out of his thoughts as he saw a small door. There was a secret pathway. He had walked all the way to the wall. The door was slightly agape, and there was light coming from it. It was a little hard to find his way in the dark, but he was able to make it without running into obstacles. He knew there were dogs in the royal castle, but he didn't even hear one as he walked. The journey had taken some time, and he had been half worried he might run into someone on the way, but he didn't.

He pulled the door wider and slipped out. There was no way he would have been able to scale over the walls—it was at least five times taller than he was.

"Grim," he called, bending over.

"Torin," the old man said, sitting in front of an open carriage with just one horse. He was holding a lamp that Torin found a little worrisome.

"Just one horse, you old man!" Torin said angrily as he dumped Rose at the back.

"You should be glad I found something, else we would have had to get out of here on our feet. I couldn't ask anybody."

"Where did you find it?" he asked.

Grim turned his face away. "Get on then, the guards will start to notice the light."

Torin narrowed his eyes, but they had to get out of there—and fast. Torin got onto the back of the open carriage with Rose lying unconscious.

"So ya think it's true?" Grim asked as he rode off.

"What is, Grim?" Torin asked with an exasperated tone in his voice as he pulled the hood back, running his fingers through his hair.

"That she is fucking the crown prince?"

"How is that important now? We are just supposed to get rid of her."

"Yes, you're right. Well, can I fuck her once? I want to see what royal cunt feels like."

Torin kicked out his leg to the back of his head. "Any woman you touch will sell less. Besides, since you called her royal cunt, imagine how much we will get for her. You can get all the whores you want."

Grim narrowed his eyes. "You're always like that, Torin! Spoiling the fun." He spat on the road.

"Shut up! We wouldn't be in this mess if it wasn't for you. You should be thanking me. They were only going to pick one of us, and you can guess who. After all, you're too old to carry her."

"Wanna bet?"

"Sure, old man."

"Whatever." However, Grim didn't press. He knew Torin wouldn't let him touch her even if he swore he would wash her fifty times in the river. "You will pay for my whore for a week."

"Shut up! Just get us to the place," Torin said and threw his head backward.

He wasn't told how he was supposed to get rid of her, but he guessed he could do it however he wanted. There was someone he knew, and he might be able to sell her for a decent price if the rumors about her being the crown prince's whore were true.

After this, he would never deal with nobles again. He also knew better than to stay in town even though they were letting them go. The chance they would eventually be killed wasn't slim, and Torin liked his head on his neck.