

K Lover 71

Chapter 71: To Be Auctioned

"W-where am I?" Rose asked no one in particular.

She didn't get any response, and the girls just huddled together. They were in two groups of twos and one group of threes.

Rose looked from one person to the other, then pointed. "Ye, yer look older than the rest. Can ye tell me anythin', please? I need to know where I am."

The girl jerked as Rose pointed to her. She was the girl with a cut on her lips, and the two younger girls clung to her. "I don't know. I only know we are here because we were sold."

"Sold?" Rose repeated in horror.

She tried to stand on her feet. There must be some misunderstanding, but even as she thought this, she knew there wasn't. The man who took her had sold her off, but how did he even get to her?

Rose didn't remember much, only that she had returned to the room she shared with Martha, cleaned up, and went to sleep. When she woke up, there was a huge man over her, and when she tried to scream for help, he knocked her unconscious. She rubbed her head at the memory. It still hurt enough to make her dizzy.

There was also a slight pain in her neck, but the pain in her head was more than enough to overshadow it. Her back was also in pain, but she figured that was probably from lying down on the cold, hard ground.

She scrambled to the bars, and the girls moved out of the way. "'Ey!" she yelled. "'Ey! Tis a mistake." Her throat felt hoarse.

"Don't bother," the girl continued. "No one can hear us. They come twice a day to give us food, but that's it, and the food isn't even enough for all of us."

Rose rested her forehead on the bars. She couldn't believe she had been sold off. First the crown prince, and now this? She slid down the bars, dropping to her knees.

"How long have you been here?" she asked.

"Three days," she said. "But don't worry, they will auction us tomorrow," she added as if it was good news.

"What?"

"That's what the men are saying. It's what they have been preparing for. They were complaining about not having a good enough catch this time, but at least they could get rid of us soon."

"We are people! How can they auction us?"

The girl gave her a soft smile. "You're not from the capital?" she asked.

Rose nodded.

"I can tell. Your accent is a little different. Who sold you off?"

"I don't know," she whispered.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"I was kidnapped," Rose explained.

"Oh, a few of us were, but most of us were sold. My father sold me," she said. "I don't know if my mother knows by now."

"I am sorry," Rose said.

The girl shrugged. "You don't have to apologize. It's my shitty luck for having such a terrible father."

"Can we escape?" Rose asked.

"Don't do it," the girl warned. "They will release the wild animals on you. Besides, I hear only nobles attend this auction, so it might not be so bad. Who knows, I might end up with—" But she didn't complete the sentence before she burst into tears.

They flowed down her face as she sobbed, holding the two girls in her arms even closer. One of them wiped the tears on her face, while the other started crying too. Rose felt her eyes water at the pitiful sight in front of her. Was there truly nothing she could do except sit and wait to be auctioned off?

Rose bent her knees and buried her head in them. Her luck had turned bad ever since she met the crown prince, but to be auctioned off? The girl said it was mostly nobles, but she had heard about their sick tales. The royals and the rich tended to engage in activities that would make anyone sick to their stomach.

If she was bought, she knew to expect worse than what she had received from the crown prince. Rose wiped her face and ignored the headache pounding in her skull. She had to get out of here. She had to find something—anything. Even if it couldn't get her out of here, she could at least use it as a weapon. However, it didn't take her long to see that there was nothing to find. It was bare.

The boys from the other cell stared at her, and Rose couldn't help but wonder what they wanted to use such little boys for. Why were they here? An auction! It sounded twisted. She grabbed the bars and screamed as she shook them with all her might. She couldn't stay here. She had to get out.

Rose paused mid-scream. Where would she go? Would she have to go back to the castle, or could she go home? Something told her she couldn't. At least this way, the crown prince knew she didn't leave on her own. Maybe the new place would be easier to escape.

"I was wondering what type of character the crown prince's whore might be. Looks like she is a screamer."

The voice pulled Rose out of her thoughts, and she jerked her head up to see a man sneering at her. She hadn't even heard him walk in until he got this close. He stretched his hand into the cell, and she moved back immediately.

He smirked. "Your food," he said and placed it in front of the cell.

Rose's eyes moved down. It was just a plate, and there wasn't even enough food for one person, let alone the eight people in this cell. He dropped the same-sized plate of food for the boys, right in front of their cell too, and walked away.

As soon as he left, it was like all hell broke loose. Hands passed through the space in the bars, all aiming for the plate. Rose got out of the way for them. It was a good thing she wasn't hungry.