

K Lover 72

Chapter 72: Put Her In The Cage

Rose sat with her back against the wall. She was the only one left in the cell. A few men had come around, taking the young women one after the other. Rose had thought of fighting them, but any sane person could easily see that she wouldn't win. Not only did she not have any weapons, she was also outnumbered. So she sat in the corner, watching the girls cry and scream as they were taken away, one after the other. The space was quiet; even the animals were gone. They had gone first, then the boys, and then the girls.

Rose looked around. It was pretty dark, the only source of light coming from the stairs. She rushed to the bars and tried to poke her head out, hoping she would see something—anything—but there was nothing.

She sat back, feeling anxiety rise in her throat. Rose shut her eyes and grabbed her head. Maybe this wasn't so bad, she thought, trying to console herself, but the more she tried to think of reasons why it wasn't, the more crippling her anxiety got.

Rose froze as she heard footsteps. Was it her turn now? She didn't move, didn't lift her head. She stayed as stiff as possible, clinging to the wall. Her ears were alert, listening to the footsteps that stopped right in front of the cell.

"Hey!" one of the men said, but Rose didn't budge. "Stand up!"

She didn't move, burying her head even more.

"I said, stand up!" The man's voice was angrier now, and she could hear the jingle of keys.

"We don't have time for this bullshit! Get on your feet!" he yelled.

Rose heard the cell unlock and a loud sound as the door was pushed in. It hit the wall with a bang, and Rose jerked but still didn't move. Loud footsteps echoed in the space as the man marched toward her and grabbed her arm.

Rose screamed in pain at the tight grip, but it was nothing compared to the pain that came when he pulled her up with all his strength. Rose grabbed her arm, her legs stretching to meet his arm to ease the pain a bit.

"Careful," a different voice said. "She's the main event."

Rose lifted her head to see another man standing outside the cell with a lamp in one hand. It was the same man who had brought them food earlier in the day. He smiled as their eyes met.

"We don't want to hurt you," he sneered. "Just do as you should."

"I don't want to be sold off!" Rose replied, tears pouring down her face.

"Too late," he sneered. "Besides, you might end up in a rich noble house now that the crown prince is sick of you. Now walk yourself before I make you."

Rose closed her eyes. He had a smile on his face as he spoke, but how was he scarier than the man who had a death grip on her arm? However, she didn't believe the part where he said the crown prince was sick of her. Why do this? He could have just chased her out of the castle, and she would have found her way home. Someone definitely wanted to get rid of her, but she didn't think it was him.

Unfortunately, she couldn't possibly guess who. A lot of people disliked her presence in the castle, and it didn't help that the crown prince had brought her into the assembly hall. That was bound to have consequences, and Rose wondered if this was the consequence. Why did she have to suffer when nothing about this had been her fault?

"Move!" the man next to her said and yanked her hand forward.

Rose let herself be pulled, and she almost fell to the ground, but she was worried she would be kicked, so she staggered and caught her footing. She took a step outside the cell, and the man with the lamp smiled at her.

"Walk," he said.

Rose nodded and took a step forward. She didn't know where she was supposed to go, but it was safe to assume it was the stairs—that was the only way out of this place. She swallowed as she wondered what she would meet up there.

The men weren't being unnecessarily aggressive, and she didn't know how long it would remain so, but she was more worried about the auction. Why would anyone want to buy a person, let alone in this manner?

She took a shaky step up the stairs and almost tumbled forward as a hand came in contact with her back.

"Move faster."

"What the hell are you doing?" the man with the lamp yelled. "There are only moments before she will be revealed. Are you trying to ruin the goods before then?"

Goods? Rose's mind churned. That was what they thought of her. It certainly made sense how they could do this so easily if they thought of them as nothing more than merchandise.

"We don't have much time," the other man replied. "She should go up faster!"

"You heard him," the man with the lamp said. "Move."

Rose ran up the stairs like there was someone chasing her—and there was, two people. The stairs were a little longer than she had anticipated, and it took quite a bit to reach the top. When she did, she was out of breath and strength, and if she wasn't worried that she might get hit again, Rose would have fallen to the floor.

The room she was in now was odd. It was almost as dark as the room she had left, but there was a torch by the stairs, and she wondered if that was the light she had seen.

"Is that her?" a strange voice asked. The strange man was standing next to a cage.

"What do you think?" the man with the lamp answered.

"Good. Put her in the cage," he stated and proceeded to open it.