

## K Lover 76

### Chapter 76: Lady Fox

Rose shook a little. Something told her the old man wasn't just saying words. Lady Fox had also paid a hefty price for her. If she could afford to pay that much, she could hire people to get her. She wondered what sort of noble Lady Fox was and what she wanted to use her for.

Rose doubted it was just chores. Servants didn't even cost a silver piece, let alone thirty thousand gold pieces. Rose knew she would never be able to pay back, even if she found a good-paying job. She was going to be a slave to Lady Fox for the rest of her life.

There was no reason to be pessimistic, she tried to console herself. Lady Fox might be a nice lady, but every time she thought about the money Lady Fox spent, all hope she had went out the window.

Rose slowly nodded her head, and the old man pointed to the exit. It was a small, partly opened door. She took a step in that direction and was soon out in the open. The air was cool, and she could see some tents and hear some voices. People roamed and some stopped to stare at her. She wondered if they were part of the auction too.

"Turn right," the man with her said.

Rose did as he had asked, walking through some tents in the low, dry grass. Soon they were away from the tents, and Rose could see a carriage, it was in the corner. It looked like it was waiting, and if she had any doubt, the carriage door suddenly opened, and the carriage rider stared at her.

Weirdly, she turned her head like she had been pulled, and her gaze landed on Lord Wolf. She recognized him immediately because of the lady in his arms. They were climbing into his carriage, but his gaze was on her. As soon as he got in, the door shut behind him.

"Don't be distracted," the man said and hit the paper at the back of her head. "Move."

Rose grabbed her head even though it didn't hurt.

"That's the carriage," he said.

Rose already knew this, but the man's tone had a finality to it. She would have walked slower, but he was right behind her, and she didn't want him to touch her.

"Lady Fox," the man said with an exaggerated bow as he stretched out the letter, but the carriage rider took it.

"I will give it to her," he said curtly, and his face moved to Rose. "Get in."

The carriage rider was tall. He looked no less than six feet, with broad shoulders and a visible dagger. He looked more like a guard than a carriage rider. There was a cap over his face that hid his eyes and half his face; she could only see his lips.

"My job here is done. Thank you once again for your patronage, Lady Fox." The man didn't wait for her response before he went sprinting off.

Rose was still rooted in the spot, unsure of what to do. Even though the carriage was open, there was still a curtain obstructing the person on the other side from view, so Rose still had no idea who or what was in the carriage.

"I said get in!" The carriage driver's voice echoed.

"Slade," a soft voice said from inside the carriage. "No need to be rude."

Rose thought the voice was familiar, but she was too anxious to try and place it. All she could think about was how far she could run from here before someone would catch her.

"Sorry, my lady. However, if we are to make it home on time, we have to leave now."

"I understand," Lady Fox replied. "Come in, Rose."

Rose's eyes widened, but maybe it was the way she said her name—she recognized the voice immediately. And before she even told herself to move, her legs were already moving.

The carriage was smaller than the crown prince's, and it was only big enough to fit one seat. Rose was hesitant and thought about sitting on the ground, but the woman tapped next to her.

Rose swallowed and walked to where she was, sitting beside her, but she clung to the other side of the carriage, putting as much space between them as possible. Lady Fox was still wearing the mask, and the way she sat made Rose think she might have been mistaken. This person was nothing like the lady she knew.

"How did you get there?" she asked.

The casual way she spoke to Rose caught her off guard, and for a second, she couldn't gather her thoughts.

"I don't know, my lady," she eventually said. "I was asleep, then I was here, but I can vaguely remember seeing a hooded man in between."

"You can spare the honorifics," Lady Fox said. "We are women of somewhat similar trade, though you do yours unwillingly. Or perhaps do you not know who I am?" Lady Fox smirked.

Rose had an idea, but she couldn't say that for fear that she might be wrong and anger the person who had just spent a lot of money on her, so she vigorously shook her head. "Please, forgive me, your ladyship, but I have no idea."

"Really?" Lady Fox asked, clearly disappointed. "I would have sworn you'd be smarter than that, but to think you still can't recognize me. Well, I can't blame you," she said as she took the mask from her face. "We have only met once, isn't that right, Rose?"

"Lady Delp'ine," Rose said with wide eyes. It was just as she had suspected, but the lady was completely different from when they met.

Her Lady Delphine seemed more like a lady than a courtesan. There was nothing but elegance about her—even the way she spoke was softer—and that was why Rose was a bit unsure if she was indeed the one or not.

"Yes, Rose. It is I."

"'ow? 'ow are ye 'ere?" she asked, stuttering over her words.

"I have the same question too. You can imagine my surprise when I saw you in that cage."