

## K Lover 89

### Chapter 89: Simply A Messenger

Slade sat atop his horse as he waited. He had been outside the castle gates for quite a while now. The guards in front of the gates wouldn't let him approach. He couldn't even get to the drawbridge, and they clearly had no intention of lowering it.

A few guards had approached him and asked that he hand them the message, but Slade had refused. According to Lady Delphine, someone in the castle wanted Rose out of it, and the letter couldn't fall into the wrong hands. Rose mentioned she could trust Henry, and Lady Delphine felt the same way, so the steward was the only one he could give the message to.

Slade was irritated—he didn't have to wait out here. The time Lady Delphine came to the castle, he accompanied her, so he wasn't exactly a stranger here. Yet they were treating him like some criminal. Any time he ventured closer, they would thrust their swords at him.

He wasn't known for his patience, but Slade could exercise some. Besides, the thought of going to tell Lady Delphine he had failed in the task she entrusted him with was more embarrassing than standing out here with swords pointed at him.

Suddenly, he heard a loud sound, and the drawbridge was slowly lowered. It made an even louder noise when it connected. Slade glanced at the guards as one of them yelled at him, "Go on then!"

Slade paid no mind and just watched for a bit before he urged the horse to move. He crossed the drawbridge and came to the main gates. He had to pause as the portcullis was slowly pulled up and the main gates were opened.

The horse had taken only a few steps into the gates when guards surrounded it. The horse was immediately spooked and raised its front hooves, but Slade managed to calm it down and got off the horse.

"Who are you?" he heard a voice say.

It wasn't any of the guards who spoke—it was a middle-aged man of somewhat average height. His hair was thinning and white. He had facial hair, but it was too long to be called stubble and too short to be called a beard. He was dressed in official clothes and had an air of command around him. Slade knew immediately that he was Henry—Lady Delphine had given a decent description of the older man.

"The name is Slade," he said as he tried to take a step forward but was immediately intercepted by the guards.

"What do you want?" Henry asked, clearly irritated. "It is too late for you to make such a ruckus in front of the castle gates. Do you not fear you might anger the wrath of the king?"

"I apologize, Mister Henry, however—"

"I do not care for your apology. State your business, and it better be as important as you say, or else you will spend the rest of the night in the dungeons."

"It is!" Slade said confidently. "My mistress, Lady Delphine, asked that I..." He paused as he reached for the paper in his inner clothes.

The guards moved even closer, some reaching for their swords.

Slade took a step back and pulled the letter out. "I'm just taking this out!" Slade shook his head—he couldn't stand nobles and their guards. They always treated commoners like thieves or worse. Like he'd be stupid enough to try something in front of the castle gates.

He lifted the letter for them to see, and they sheathed their swords. He knew if he were a messenger for a different noble, he wouldn't be treated like this. Lady Delphine really had it bad. Slade stretched out the letter to the steward, but he seemed reluctant to take it.

"What's the contents?" Henry asked but made no attempt to accept it.

"Rose," Slade simply said. "Lady Delphine wants it to be given to the crown prince, but there's no way I would have been allowed into these walls if I said that."

Henry snatched the letter out of Slade's hands. "Does this have anything to do with her disappearance? Do you have anything to do with her disappearance?"

"You'll have to forgive me, Mister Henry. I do not know the details. I am simply a messenger, and you're the only one she could trust," Slade said with a sly grin and walked backward to his horse.

Henry didn't like the way Slade said she. It could either be his lady or Rose. It was hard to decipher which—but at the same time, it occurred to him that the man might just know where Rose was. He couldn't let him leave.

"Close the gates," Henry ordered. "Don't let him out, not until I give the word."

"What? You can't do that!" Slade said as the guards stepped even closer.

"Don't worry, Slade. As long as His Highness finds this letter satisfactory, you should have nothing to worry about."

"I only brought the message as I was asked. You can't hold me here."

"If you have nothing to worry about, then you won't mind waiting for a moment." Henry stared at the letter as he spoke.

He turned around and headed back the way he came. Letting the young man go after he had mentioned Rose would be suicidal on his part. He didn't know the contents of the letter, and as much as he wanted to peek at it, it was meant for the crown prince.

Henry had a million thoughts coursing through his head as he made his way to the dining room. Was it a ransom note? Was Rose working with Lady Delphine? He knew they had met briefly when she came to the castle at the crown prince's request, but there was no way they had been working together.

Henry shook his head. Lady Delphine didn't have any influence, let alone in the castle. To be able to take Rose out of the castle, she would need the help of the queen or king. Henry tried to calm down and

regain control of his turbulent thoughts—they were all over the place due to what had happened in the past few days.