

K Lover 95

Chapter 95: Return To The Crown

Rose watched as Henry gave her an odd stare as they drove out of the compound of Lady Delphine's manor. She didn't have much to say to him; she was still annoyed that he would throw the money on the ground like that. He could have just handed it to her if it was too much of a hassle to give it to Lady Delphine.

Henry, on the other hand, was in a dilemma. He couldn't understand what was going on. He had tried to ask the messenger on their way out, but Slade didn't speak to him.

Thirty thousand gold pieces was a large sum, and he didn't think it was anything less than a ransom. Lady Delphine was holding Rose hostage and wouldn't release her until the crown prince paid a hefty sum.

He also couldn't comprehend why the crown prince would do that. He could just easily arrest Lady Delphine, throw her in the dungeons, and get Rose back. He didn't even have to mention it had anything to do with Rose.

Lady Delphine wasn't a lady anymore, and though she might have some supporters among the nobles as they patronized her business, she was known to have more haters than admirers. More than enough people would be happy if she was thrown in the dungeons. Her reputation didn't get better until the crown prince started coming around her manor.

She was the last person he thought would ever betray the crown prince, but it looked like he was wrong. And not only that—she must also have something over the crown prince that he had to do what she wanted.

"What happened?" Henry suddenly blurted. He couldn't take it anymore; he was confused and losing his mind over it.

Rose rested her gaze on the older man. At first, she didn't want to say anything, but she would most likely be asked this same question as soon as they arrived at the castle, and she wanted to make sure she had her facts right—even if she would only give Henry the simplified version.

"I was kidnapped from the room three nights ago, and when I woke up, I was in a dark cage with other girls. I was then auctioned off, where Lady Delphine spent thirty thousand gold pieces to buy me. I was also gravely ill after what 'ad 'appened, and she nursed me to health before informing the crown prince."

Rose almost gave herself a round of applause at the summary. However, she knew the crown prince wouldn't be satisfied with this version, but it was better than nothing. She was still engrossed in her thoughts when she noticed Henry's change of expression.

"What do you mean, kidnapped?"

Rose turned to look at Henry—really look at him. He was dabbing at his forehead as he waited for her reply. He also seemed anxious. Rose frowned. She was seated directly opposite him, so it was easy to watch him. Though the carriage was dark, she could easily make out movement and some expressions.

"Exactly what I just said. I was kidnapped."

"By who?" Henry asked, wiping some more.

"I don't know. It was an 'ooded man." There was also something oddly familiar about him, but Rose didn't say this.

"And this was the person who took you out of the castle?" he asked.

Rose nodded, wondering why Henry seemed so nervous all of a sudden.

"Are you sure you didn't walk out with your own two legs?"

Rose was about to lose her patience at this point. Here she was, anxious about meeting the crown prince, and Henry was here asking her the silliest of questions. What part of "kidnapped" did he not understand?

"No. I learned my lesson from the last time, even though I kept saying it was an accident. We both know the dogs wouldn't let me get far before they ripped my skin. I also owe the crown prince my father's life. Why would I ever think of leaving?"

Rose frowned as she remembered Lady Delphine saying something about her escaping. The way she had left was suspicious—there was no reason for anyone to think she had escaped unless someone was spreading that information. Rose didn't like where this was going.

"Did something 'appen?" Rose asked further when Henry wasn't saying anything.

"Martha said she saw you sneak out of the room, and you didn't return. Your clothes also weren't in the room, and the door was unlocked."

An emotion passed across her face—it was fleeting, and then it disappeared. At first, she had tried to make excuses that maybe it wasn't Martha's laugh she had heard—that it was definitely something else—but this confirmed it.

"Okay," she simply said and turned her gaze away.

"Rose," Henry called. "I cannot apologize enough for my niece."

Rose didn't want to hear an apology. She was more surprised Henry was willing to believe her side of the story just by hearing it once.

"I see," Rose simply said and turned her gaze out of the window.

"If the crown prince finds out about this, she will certainly be punished gravely."

"Hmm," Rose said. She didn't think she could be more indifferent. However, indifference was a lie—a part of her knew she wanted Martha to get a taste of what she did to her—but she might never get that. Hopefully, the crown prince would believe her as quickly as Henry did.

Some of her already believed he did, as he wouldn't have paid Lady Delphine the money otherwise, and she was grateful for that. At the same time, she knew this couldn't pass over easily. She had always been unlucky—something was sure to screw her over.

"I don't know how to make this better on her behalf."

Rose had zoned Henry out and was surprised he was still speaking. Henry was nice to her, but of course, at the end of the day, he would plead for his niece. She stared at him blandly.

"I don't understand what you want me to do, Mister 'enry. I am exhausted, and I 'ave barely recovered from the incidents of the past few days. To discover your niece would deliberately lie is very disheartening."