

K Lover 96

Chapter 96: A Good Omen Or Not

Rose watched Henry closely as she spoke. She wanted to see if he not only sympathized with her but thought what Martha did was cruel enough to be punished.

"I know," Henry said quietly. "I can hardly believe she would do such a thing, and I am truly sorry you had to endure that."

Rose smiled tightly. She appreciated the apology, but it wouldn't change anything. There was also the fact that someone had kidnapped her from the room and that Martha had willingly lied about it meant she knew it happened.

Rose didn't know if this was a subject she should bring up with Henry or if he had realized it himself. If he had, would he bring it up or keep pretending otherwise? As much as she wanted to know, preparing herself to meet the crown prince was far more important.

"Thank you," she simply said in response to his apology and turned away.

Rose didn't think Henry had anything to do with her situation. It also explained his confusion with Lady Delphine. She knew he was loyal to the crown prince and wouldn't involve himself in such a blatant betrayal.

However, if he wasn't going to say anything that would help her in what she was about to face, she hoped he would keep his lips sealed and let her enjoy the only peace she might have for a while.

"Do you think Martha knew you had been kidnapped from the room?"

Rose blinked but didn't turn to face Henry. She didn't just think it—Martha had opened the door for him. However, Rose didn't say that.

"It is unclear," she settled for. "All I can remember is waking up to a knife to my neck, a man breathing over me, and before I could scream for help, he knocked me unconscious. The next time I woke up, I was in the cage."

Henry brought his handkerchief to his forehead. Rose glanced at him briefly when he took some time to reply. Henry looked like he didn't have anything more to say; he just leaned back on the seat and kept dabbing at his forehead.

She was not surprised that he was quiet. If anyone knew anything about Martha, they could imagine how much of a spectacle she would make about the incident—and how Martha would tell anyone who cared to listen about how Rose had sneaked out of the castle.

Rose turned her gaze to the window, watching the nightlife of the town. Hearthgale was very unlike Edenville. The town was still buzzing even though the sun had set quite a while ago. There were torches lined up to brighten the space, and the moon shone a decent amount of light.

A full moon, she thought. Rose wasn't sure if that was a good omen or not.

She watched the people make way for the carriage. A few children stared in awe, pointing. Rose watched as older people tried to keep them off the carriage path.

Soon they left the crowd and the noise behind, and they came to the empty path that led to the castle. Rose felt her stomach twist, the pain so intense she had to grab the carriage until she felt some reprieve. Her anxiety was through the roof.

The carriage slowed as it got to the drawbridge. It didn't fully stop before it started moving again. Rose sat as stiff as a board, feeling her stomach tighten even more. They went across the drawbridge and through the main gates.

Rose felt sick to her stomach, her eyes watering ever so slightly. The pain in her stomach was spreading. The ride from the gates to the castle was shorter than she'd like, and soon enough, it came to a full stop in front of the castle.

She couldn't believe she was back here. She had thought of jumping off the carriage and running off several times. She thought about it while leaving Lady Delphine's house while riding through the town, and even now that the carriage had stopped. She just wanted to bolt out the door and run toward the gates before they were closed completely.

"Rose," Henry called. "We are here."

Rose nodded. She didn't need the announcement—even if her eyes weren't working, she could feel it in her gut that they had arrived. Henry got out of the carriage and waited for her to do so, but Rose didn't budge. Her stomach was hurting even more, and she suddenly had the urge to burst into tears.

She heard a commotion followed by Henry stuttering over his words. "Y-your H-highness!" He was just as surprised as he was scared.

"Where is she?" Caius asked darkly.

Henry didn't waste any time pointing into the carriage—he didn't think his mouth would work. Something also told him that the less he spoke, the higher his chances of survival.

Rose saw the crown prince's hand reach into the carriage and pull her out. She didn't even get the chance to process the fact that he was here now. Rose yelped in pain as she was forcefully pulled out of the carriage, her legs scraping the floor. Rose winced at the pain just as Caius pulled her to her full height, his grip on her arm tightening.

"Yer Majesty," she cried, bending her head. Fear made her revert to the dialect.

"You didn't want to come back, isn't that right?" he asked.

"Nay, yer majesty. I—" Rose didn't know what to say. She didn't think he would come out to meet her, so she wasn't ready.

However, that wasn't the only problem. The pain in her stomach had gotten worse, and it felt like she was being stabbed over and over again.

"Ah!!" she screamed, holding her abdomen.

Caius didn't seem to understand what was going on, and he frowned, thinking that she might be putting on an act. His grip on her arm wasn't tight enough for this much theatrics.

"What do you think you're do—" Caius didn't finish his words as he realized Rose had slumped in his hands.