

## K Lover 179

### Chapter 179: Keep Him Away

"It's blunt," Rose said, staring at the tip of the needle Welma handed to her.

"It's the only one I could find," Welma said dismissively.

Rose narrowed her eyes and dropped into the seat. She pushed the needle through the dress, and surprisingly, it went through. It was not great, but it would still get the job done, and right now, she didn't have a lot of options.

"Do you have dirty clothes?" Welma suddenly asked.

"What?"

"You heard me," the maid said.

Rose frowned. The maid rubbed her the wrong way. "What do you need my dirty clothes for?"

"You clearly have nothing else to wear if you have to wear a dress with a hole in it and mend it while it's still on your body. I can give your clothes to either Edna or Lily. Don't worry, I'm not doing you a favor."

"Why?" she asked, annoyed. The maid's condescending tone as she offered help irked Rose.

"You're pitiful," Welma said without hesitation.

Rose didn't like what she said, but she truly didn't have anything else to wear, and she couldn't move freely to do her laundry. She had to rely on Edna to help her, and she hadn't seen Edna in almost a week at this point.

"Okay," Rose said reluctantly.

Welma smiled crudely. "I'll bring the clean laundry before dinner."

Rose watched Welma go with a confused expression on her face. It was hard to say what the maid's goal was, but Rose knew better than to trust her.

Not long after she left, Thomas did appear. He seemed in a hurry as he took her out of the castle, and Rose noticed the servants working tirelessly. People barely paid her any mind, and she didn't even hear whispering. Before long, Thomas brought her to her room, where she remained until dinner time.

True to her word, Welma brought her clean dresses. She stacked the clothes over an arm as she stood outside the door. Rose looked at her suspiciously, unsure if she should be grateful or not.

"Thank you," she said and stretched out her hand to accept the clothes.

Welma was quick to give them to her. "You don't have to look at me like that," she said. Her smile was neither friendly nor pleasant. It was closer to a sneer.

Rose took the clothes and stepped back. She didn't know what Welma was trying to achieve, and she was tired of dealing with a maid who caused her nothing but trouble, so she just turned around and walked into the room, shutting the door behind her.

She had already said her thanks. She didn't need to deal with the maid any longer. Besides, Rose didn't think Welma actually thought she was pitiful. She was probably doing this for her own selfish interests.

Not long after Welma left, dinner arrived, and surprisingly, Welma wasn't with the duo that arrived. The maids also seemed to be in a hurry, and as soon as they dropped Rose's meal, they were quick to leave. Rose didn't think too much about this, as the maids always made sure to spend as little time as they could in her presence.

She ate her meal with gusto, a silly thought passing through her mind. How would she return to eating mediocre food when she left here? She laughed a little, knowing she would even eat tasteless food for the rest of her life if it meant she could see her family.

Rose lightly tapped her stomach. She was certain she was putting on a little weight. At some point, her dresses might not fit anymore, but Rose wasn't worried about that. Hopefully, she would be gone from the castle before that happened.

Rose sat impatiently as she waited. Usually, her dinner was almost rushed. As soon as she was done eating, the maids would appear to get her ready, washing her hair and scrubbing her skin until it was almost red. Then they would rub lotion and oil all over her body.

However, she had been done eating for quite some time now, and there was no sign of any of them. She moved her eyes to the door and slowly got to her feet. They were always on time. It was almost eerie that they were late.

Suddenly, she heard a knock, and Rose was quick to get to her feet. She got to the door and opened it to see a stranger. Not completely unfamiliar, but Rose couldn't recall her ever helping to get her ready. She was mainly around for meals. There was also something else that bothered her, the maid was alone.

At least two maids attended to her for the crown prince. The only time she ever had only one maid was when Lily helped her get ready to see the crown prince to save Edna from the Queen's clutches.

The maid walked through the door as soon as Rose opened it, without even glancing at her. She walked straight to the table, picked up the dishes, and was gone. Rose didn't even get the chance to say anything to her. She just looked around in confusion.

She slowly closed the door and walked further into her room. Maybe someone would come later. But no one did—it just got later and later. Unable to take it anymore, she called for a servant. Rose couldn't even be surprised when it was Welma who answered.

Wasn't the maid a personal maid of the Queen? How did she always have the time to bother her? Rose was annoyed, but at least she was glad someone responded.

"You called," Welma smirked as she stood outside the door.

"Yes, I did," Rose replied.

"What do you want?" Welma asked and walked past Rose to enter the room.

Rose narrowed her eyes. She didn't exactly say Welma should come in, but perhaps it wasn't so bad. This wasn't the sort of conversation to have outside the door.

"Isn't it time to get me ready for the crown prince?" she asked as she closed the door.

Welma turned around with a puzzled expression on her face. "What do you mean?"

Rose took a deep breath. She would have to tell Welma what transpired every night. The maid had never prepared her for the crown prince before, but she didn't think she was that unaware. Welma was clearly trying to get on her nerves. Two could play this game.

"Every night," Rose said without shame or embarrassment, "I'm cleaned up and sent to the crown prince's bedchambers."

"For what?"

"Are you really asking me that because you want to know, or because you think this is funny?" Rose asked.

Welma shrugged. "I wanted to see if you'd actually say it. Everyone knows what you do here." Welma watched her closely as she said this.

"Where are the maids? I don't mind cleaning myself up, but they always bring me a new nightdress. I need that."

"You won't be going anywhere tonight," Welma whispered and took a step forward.

Rose didn't step back. She faced Welma head-on. "What are you saying?"

"I can't believe none of the maids who came here told you."

"Told me what?"

"The crown prince isn't asking for you tonight, and frankly, I don't think that will change," Welma sneered a little.

"What are you talking about?" Rose asked, still confused. The evasive way Welma spoke was so confusing.

"They received orders from Mister Henry not to prepare you for the crown prince. His orders. What else do you think that means?"

"Really?" Rose asked brightly. "They should've told me earlier," she said, and started walking toward the bed. "I was worried for nothing," Rose mumbled to herself.

Every time the crown prince didn't see her was a relief. His presence was stressful, especially since last night. He had chased her off as though he were angry.

Rose froze as she got to her bed. The maid had said something about this not changing. Did Welma know something? However, as soon as this thought formed, she pushed it away. Whether the maid knew anything or not, Rose knew better than to ask.

First off, she didn't care why the crown prince didn't want to see her tonight. She preferred that he didn't. Secondly, something told her Welma would prefer it if she asked—and she didn't want to play into whatever Welma was doing, whatever her plan was.

Rose glanced at the door and saw that Welma still stood there, staring at her. It was hard to know what was on the maid's mind, especially with how she stared.

Welma hadn't expected Rose to act in this manner. The crown prince requesting her was her duty in the castle, but she looked relieved, almost happy. It wasn't faked. Welma could tell.

She had been the one to stop the maids from telling Rose, as she had wanted to give the information herself. She knew that for the next couple of days, until the ball was over, the Queen would do her best to keep her son away from Rose.