

K Lover 187

Chapter 187: Bailey

Rose was drying off when she heard a knock. She froze, holding the dry cloth. She had spent a considerable amount of time at the foot of the door before forcing herself to clean up. The dress she wore when the crown prince arrived was definitely ruined, and she had done her best to clean it while she washed up.

She wasn't expecting any interruption until noon. Noon was still some time away. She slowly set aside the dry cloth and got into a new dress. This time, another knock rang out, louder than before.

Suddenly, she heard a voice say, "Just open it. Last I heard, she doesn't lock her door."

Rose felt a chill run down her spine. It was true that she didn't, but that was the last thing she expected to hear from someone else's lips. Rose dressed faster, almost ripping a nail as she forced the dress down her legs. She didn't care if she wore it properly as she hopped to the door, hoping to reach it before they opened it.

"Are you sure about that?" she heard a softer voice ask. "Isn't it rude to just barge in? I know we're here on orders, but isn't just walking in a little too much?"

"Don't worry about it," the other voice replied. Rose frowned as she realized the first voice was starting to sound familiar as she got closer to the door.

Rose opened the door just in time to see Welma reaching for the handle. She couldn't even show surprise—just disapproval. Of course, it would be none other than the maid who constantly got on her nerves.

"Oh," Welma said, pulling her hand back, though there was no way to pretend she hadn't been about to open the door.

"What are you doing 'ere?" Rose asked immediately.

"I didn't think you were awake. I thought you might be having one of your weird sleeps. I just wanted to make sure everything was fine," Welma said, her tone laced with laughter as though to make light of the situation.

"You didn't answer my question," Rose replied. She couldn't help but feel like she might have to address Welma more directly, or she'd end up with another Martha on her hands.

Welma raised her brows at Rose's tone. Maybe she had pushed too far. She had heard the story—how Rose had once beaten the crap out of Martha and it had taken more than ten people to pull her off, or so the rumor went.

"We are here on His Highness's orders," the second person said.

Rose turned her attention to her. Her build reminded her of Edna's, but she seemed more timid. She didn't meet Rose's eyes as she spoke. Rose noticed she held a small satchel slung across one shoulder.

"Why?" she asked.

"I am to take your measurements," the woman simply said.

"Bailey here is a seamstress. She has great skills—second to none. Well, maybe the Queen's personal seamstress, but she mostly sews for the court ladies and she is hir—"

"Nice to meet you, Bailey," Rose said, cutting Welma short. She didn't want to hear another word from the maid.

Bailey nodded. "The pleasure is mine."

Rose's brows furrowed. Bailey didn't seem all that confident, but Rose wasn't thinking about that. Rather, she was quick to notice that Bailey was treating her politely.

Ignoring the shocked look on Welma's face at her interruption, Rose stepped aside to let Bailey in. She would have slammed the door in Welma's face if the maid hadn't anticipated it and somehow wiggled her way into the room. Rose wasn't about to struggle with the door, so she let her in.

"Did the crown prince say why?" Rose asked. It felt out of the blue. Perhaps Thomas had complained about her hideous dresses and no longer wanted to be seen with her unless this changed. Rose shook her head—that was a silly thought.

Bailey shook her head. "I simply got orders to make you dresses as fast as I can, and Welma brought me to your room."

"Okay," Rose responded coldly to the part that included Welma. "What do you need me to do?"

"N-nothing," Bailey said and started searching through her bag. She found what she was looking for and looked up at Rose. "Please step closer."

It was a measuring tape. It wasn't that she doubted Bailey was a seamstress, but with Welma here, it was hard to believe anything associated with her.

Rose stepped forward, and Bailey moved closer. It was like she became a different person—she moved fast, clearly experienced.

"Stand straight please, lift your chin, I need to get your exact height."

"Lift your hand," she said as she took the measurements of Rose's arm.

Within moments, she was done with the measurements.

"That's all," she said, shrinking back.

Rose nodded.

Bailey looked to Welma and then turned away. "I-I will also mend your old dresses, so give them to me."

"No," Rose said, a little embarrassed. All her dresses needed mending.

"Just give her the damn dress," Welma suddenly said, and Rose shot her a death stare. "The crown prince's orders," Welma added, softly.

Bailey jerked her head toward Welma, her lips slightly parted, but she didn't say anything and turned away before Rose could see her expression.

Rose didn't believe the crown prince had asked for her old clothes to be mended. She didn't even believe this whole ordeal was on his orders, but she couldn't go against it on the off chance that it truly was. He hadn't been pleased the last time.

"Okay," Rose said reluctantly. "I'll get them."

Welma grinned, and Rose narrowed her eyes, but she simply walked to the wardrobe that was too big for her clothes and pulled out the three dresses hanging there.

Bailey's eyes widened as Rose handed her the clothes. "Are these all of them?" she asked.

Rose nodded. It was a miracle she had clothes at all. She had left Edenville with nothing but the clothes on her back and a stolen horse. That set of clothes didn't even reach the castle. It was hard not to be embarrassed, but this was something she couldn't control.

"Okay. I'll make sure to bring one back as soon as I can. I don't want to leave you without clothes for long."