

K Lover 188

Chapter 188: Beyond Fishy

"Thank you," Rose mumbled as she nodded.

Bailey shook her head. "If you also have any other clothes you'd need amended, you can send Welma to bring them to me."

Rose couldn't help but get suspicious. There was no reason why Bailey would be this nice to her, the crown prince's orders or not. Also, according to Welma, she was well sought after in the capital. It was beyond fishy—it was straight-up unbelievable.

"Okay," Rose settled on, for lack of what to say to her offer. However, as the words left her mouth, she regretted it as she could see the smile on Welma's lips.

Bailey nodded, holding the clothes with two hands. She started for the door, and Welma seemed reluctant to follow after her, but Bailey would need help getting to the door.

Suddenly, Welma stopped just as her hand gripped the handle, and she turned around to look at Rose. Rose's brows furrowed at Welma's stare; the maid had a serious expression on her face.

"What is it?" Rose asked, annoyed.

"I don't know if anyone told you, but Edna already left. She left at dawn."

Rose's eyes widened, and her face quickly returned to neutral. "I see," she whispered.

She half expected Welma to say something mocking, but all the maid did was nod and open the door. She watched the two of them leave her room.

Welma narrowed her eyes as she stepped out of the room, with Bailey closely behind her. She had to be careful. Being nice to Rose wasn't helpful in any way—Edna learned that firsthand.

Welma almost caught herself saying it was a good thing Edna left, as the Queen was being unnecessarily cruel to her by making sure she was overworked. Mistress Edith did try her best to make it easier, but there wasn't much she could do against the Queen's orders.

"You can find your way from here, right, Bailey?" Welma asked. They were out of the crown prince's wing, and Welma couldn't continue on the journey with her, as she had a report to do.

"Yes, thank you," Bailey nodded and headed towards the left.

Welma hadn't been the one assigned to bring Bailey to Rose. She had simply overheard Mister Henry giving orders to a maid who hadn't seemed very pleased about it, and she had offered her assistance. The maid had been very grateful.

Rose was a strange case, as it was clear the Queen hated her, and at the same time, the crown prince would do anything for her. It was a terrible clash, as being on the Queen's side was just as bad as being on Rose's side. Should the crown prince find out, a maid would be severely punished—even dismissed from the castle. However, should the Queen find out, the maid's days in the castle would take a turn for the worse. It was best to just completely avoid Rose, and most of the maids did just that.

Welma walked straight, heading for the west wing. Her destination wasn't unusual, and most times she headed in this direction right after she saw Rose.

Welma climbed up the stairs, reaching the Queen's floor. The floor design was a little different from the crown prince's. While the crown prince's had darker colors, the Queen's was just a little lighter. Light poured through the huge windows, illuminating the floor and catching everything.

There were also more guards on this floor, and unless allowed, one couldn't even reach it. However, the guards paid her no mind as she passed. Welma tried to keep her impromptu visits minimal and just passed on information when she helped the Queen get ready either for the day or bedtime. But recently, she had been joining the maids less and less, as the Queen wanted her to report back every single thing about Rose and made sure there were opportunities for her to spend more time with Rose.

The particular news she carried couldn't wait, and it was best the Queen heard it from her lips first. The maid she heard it from had seemed pretty confident. She said Mister Henry mumbled it just before he gave her the order to get the seamstress to Rose's room.

Welma would be lying if she said she was surprised. Rose was practically royalty at this point with the way he treated her. The rumors that flew around the castle were endless—not to talk about the capital.

Welma waited to be announced before she was ushered into the Queen's bedchambers. She walked in and was received by one of the ladies-in-waiting in the outer room.

"What brings you this time, Welma?" she asked with her arms folded.

Welma had seen Her Majesty's ladies-in-waiting several times, but unless they were together—when she could more easily pick out the differences in their features—she could never tell them apart. They were always dressed in the same type of clothes and wore the same heavy, hideous makeup.

Welma curtsied as soon as she walked in and did the same again before she started speaking. Regardless of whether they were the Queen's attendants, they were still noblewomen, and it was especially because they were close to the Queen that one should know better than to wrong them.

"I have some news about the peasant," Welma stated. It was the only word she was allowed to use to address Rose. If she used anything different, the ladies were quick to yell at her. It was best not to test the waters to see how far they were willing to go. Welma couldn't see the benefits of that.

She frowned. "What news could possibly be different now?"

The noblewoman tried to be dismissive, as though matters that concerned Rose were that unimportant—but Welma knew otherwise. She knew exactly how much they were itching to know what was going on between the crown prince and Rose.

"I have enough reason to believe the crown prince saw the peasant just after breakfast—and not just that, he plans to let her attend the ball."

"Impossible!" a voice called from the inner room and approached them, tossing aside the heavy drapes that separated the two sections.