

K Lover 189

Chapter 189: Two Evil Witches

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

It was another of the Queen's attendants. Welma was a little shocked to see her. She didn't think the Queen was in her chambers at this moment, which meant she only had one of her ladies with her, which was odd.

"Are you sure about this?" the first one asked her.

"Yes, very much so," Welma replied.

"How?" the noblewoman asked, clearly not convinced.

Welma expected this question. She knew the Queen was trying to keep her son occupied with entertaining guests. Her Majesty was also in attendance herself to make sure he didn't sneak off while she wasn't looking. It was hard to do, but surprisingly, she had been able to pull it off for a couple of days.

"A maid saw the crown prince walking away from the direction of her room with Prince Rylen."

"With Prince Rylen?" they asked in unison.

"Yes," Welma said with practiced patience. She had literally just said those words.

"He could have been coming from his room. It doesn't mean he saw her. Unfortunately, the peasant whore stays in a room on the same floor as the crown prince."

Welma nodded, trying not to show her disapproval. She was only here to pass information she was sure of—it was their choice to believe it or not. "Yes, my ladies," Welma said.

The two of them frowned. "What about this strange and probably incorrect news that a peasant whore will attend the ball?"

"Another maid told me—"

"Another maid," one of the noblewomen scoffed and rolled her eyes.

"Let her speak. Go on, Welma."

Welma nodded and continued. "She said she heard Mister Henry mutter under his breath that the crown prince wants Ro—the peasant to attend the ball, and after that, he told her to send Bailey—"

"The seamstress?!" they asked in unison.

"Yes," Welma said.

They looked at each other and nodded. "Then what happened?"

Welma knew they thought her story was another fabrication. If they thought she would lie, why ask her to report at all? However, Welma knew it wasn't that they thought she was lying. They just didn't want to believe the crown prince would do that for a peasant.

"I took the seamstress to her room instead, and Bailey took her measurements. She told me she had a short time to make a dress for the peasant."

Welma was being a little untruthful. She knew Bailey was making more than just one dress. She just had to make one in a shorter time compared to the rest.

"That's not enough to conclude that the crown prince would want her to attend the ball..."

"But it doesn't mean he wouldn't," the second lady finished.

They once again turned to each other, and without saying anything, Welma could see them pass information between each other. Then, simultaneously, they both turned to look at Welma.

"Destroy the dress," one said.

"Wait," another said, lifting her hand as she softly spoke. "It wouldn't be a bad idea to get her to attend the ball."

Wide eyes turned to look at her. Welma was also shocked at this reply. However, she knew they must be planning something else.

"What are you talking about?"

"We can still destroy the dress—but what about doing that in front of everyone?"

The other lady narrowed her eyes at this, but it was pretty clear she was starting to buy the idea. Her face softened as she thought about it more.

"Yes, that will surely humiliate her, and she will never appear in front of us ever again."

They snickered like two evil witches as they plotted between themselves.

"Not only that," one of the ladies began after the laugh, "the ball is a great cover-up for the poison."

Welma's eyes widened, but thankfully her head was bent as she addressed the ladies. She adjusted her expression quickly as she waited for their orders.

"Yes!" the second lady was quick to agree. "We have to discuss this with the Queen first. I don't think she will agree to let the peasant whore attend."

"She might not like it, but she will if she knows it will get rid of the problem forever."

"Good job," they both said to Welma.

"Thank you, my ladies," Welma said with another curtsy.

"Bring more useful information. The ball is only in a day. Just watch her closely and tell us if anything changes."

Welma nodded and turned to leave. She was glad they didn't particularly give her any task to do and were just content to wait until the ball.

Welma grabbed her head as she walked out the doors of the Queen's chambers. It wasn't difficult to act composed after what she heard but it definitely gave her something to think about.

It was bad enough that Rose would attend a ball with nobles who all clearly hated her and what she stood for, and now she would get humiliated and poisoned too. Welma didn't like that she knew all this. She probably should have refused the job.

Welma made her way towards the servants' quarters. There wasn't a lot of time left before lunch, and she had to go serve Rose. Welma narrowed her eyes as she thought about this. Would she be able to not give away this information?

It was none of her business. Besides, it was clear Rose didn't even like her. But as Welma walked towards the servants' quarters, she knew she wouldn't be able to completely stay silent about this.

"Welma," a cold voice said, drawing her from her thoughts.

Welma lifted her head to see Lily frowning at her. The maid was on friendly terms with a lot of servants, but she was cold to her. She had never really said anything rude, but Welma knew exactly how to read people. How else did she survive this long on her own?

"Lily," she called back with a normal smile. Any more and Lily would definitely get suspicious.

However, her smile didn't work, as Lily's expression darkened. "Where are you coming from?"

Welma knew Lily didn't trust her—and more, she suspected she might be working with the Queen. It was hard for Welma to hide her tracks when she had to make so many visits to the Queen, so it was no surprise Lily had already caught wind of this.