

## K Lover 192

### Chapter 192: Night of the Ball

Rose stared at the door with a slightly confused, slightly worried expression. She was terrified of the Queen; she knew the woman would go to any lengths to get her out of here, including but not limited to dangerous means.

She wasn't surprised the Queen had already planted a spy—she had already thought of a few maids she had considered as the spy or spies. Welma had topped the list, of course, but she hadn't expected her to act this way when confronted.

So far, other than her impertinent way of speaking, she had not antagonized Rose or gone out of her way to make sure Rose was punished. However, Rose didn't think it was because she was nicer than Martha; she thought it was because there was a lack of opportunity for Welma to do so, as Rose never paid her any mind.

She turned her attention to the table. The tray that Welma brought was indeed huge. It covered more than half the table, and the contents filled every corner of the tray. The smell that wafted from that section was enough to make her forget about her troubles—though briefly.

She was quick to take a seat, her mouth already watering. The cook was certainly the best, and as much as Rose knew she wouldn't miss the castle when she left, she knew she would miss the meals.

The main dish was roast chicken, seasoned with thyme and garlic, its skin golden and crisp. A handful of greens, lightly dressed with vinegar, littered around the chicken. Rose could not figure out how she was expected to eat this much chicken, but at least this time it wasn't a full chicken.

A wedge of mild cheese and a few slices of dried pear sat on the tray. There was also a bowl of warm barley soup filled with carrots. The different aromas from the different dishes were mixed together. It filled the room and Rose's nose.

Rose stared hard, wondering where to start, but it didn't take her long to decide. Picking the spoon, she dove right into the soup. Her satisfied noises filled the room. Rose shut her eyes as she savored the meal.

She ate as much as she could. She ate the soup and dessert, leaving nothing. Only a little of the chicken remained, and at this point, Rose was filled to the brim, on the verge of bursting.

She sat still for some time. She was still in this position when a servant came to carry her dishes. Surprisingly, it wasn't Welma. The maid always made it a point to come to her room, and now it was almost like she was keeping a distance.

However, Rose was too full and too exhausted from the day. Edna was gone, and she had quite a lot to think about. She ended up falling asleep and wasn't woken up until dinner. This time around, Welma was with the set of maids that brought her meal, but she acted like the rest of the maids—as though Rose wasn't there.

Rose didn't pay it any mind and ate her dinner. The maids were quick to clear the dishes after she was done eating, and without anyone telling her, she knew this was going to be another night where the crown prince wouldn't call for her.

Rose didn't think it was a bad thing, as she didn't think she had recovered from earlier. She lay on her bed with her eyes on the ceiling as she realized the day had been longer than she thought.

Rose stretched out her hand as though to catch something. She caught nothing and brought her hand down. Her thoughts were about her family. She wondered if they had gotten her letter, and if the answer was yes, would she get a reply? Next, she thought about her fiancé—if she could even call him that. She wondered how he was doing and if things could really go back to the way they were if she returned. Finally, she thought about the crown prince.

Rose just pictured him. There wasn't really much thinking—only recollection of things she knew about him. Rose realized it was limited to his appearance, which she thought was a good thing. She was still unwavering about leaving him; it didn't matter that the crown prince did contradicting things.

He was still on her mind when she fell asleep, and when she woke up the next morning, rubbing her eyes, she couldn't help but think that she might have dreamt of him. The dream was unclear, but she could clearly remember he was there, next to her, and they stared across a field—or was it a lake? She was unsure.

Other parts of the dream were jumbled and scrambled, and for the life of her, she couldn't remember even a frame from it. She stopped trying to remember and got out of bed.

The day carried on as normal, but she could feel there was a tense air around the maids. If Rose could remember correctly, today was the day of the ball.

Sometime before lunch, someone brought one of her old dresses, but it didn't look anything like the old dress. Bailey had completely changed it. The dress had different patches of mismatched materials, but now, even though it still had that, they seemed to be part of the dress—as if it had been sewn like this and not to fix holes.

Rose didn't think she could thank Bailey enough. She also noticed that the seamstress had added more skirts, and the dress could almost pass for a noblewoman's hand-me-downs. She grinned excitedly and quickly shoved it into the wardrobe. Perhaps her day wasn't so bad anymore.

Lunch came, and ended, and before long it was sunset, almost time for dinner. Rose simply stared at the slowly darkening sky. She was going to spend another night alone. Not that it was a problem, she tried to convince herself. It was a good thing the crown prince had been occupied. She hoped he would find a new hobby among this and let her go.

She could hear how busy the castle was—from footsteps running up and down the stairs to different carriages passing right under her window. Rose assumed they were being taken to the carriage, as the front doors were on the other side.

A knock pulled her from the window, and she turned her attention to the door. It was a little too early for dinner, but Rose wasn't complaining. The faster she could end her day, the better for her. She would rather fall asleep than spend the whole night wondering what was going on.

She pushed herself from the window and opened the door—only for two maids to burst in. Welma wasn't part of them. However, it wasn't their rush that bothered her, but the fact that neither of them held any food.

"What is going on 'ere?" she asked in horror as the maids burst into the room; she barely had time to step out of the way.

"Quick," one of them grabbed her hand and tried to move her further into the room. "We don't have much time."

"We don't 'ave time for what?" Rose asked and refused to budge. It didn't take the maid long to figure out that unless Rose cooperated, she wouldn't be able to force her to move.

"We have to get you ready," she said and withdrew her hand—but only because Rose pulled away from her.

"Ready for what?" Rose asked with a frown. She didn't like that she was confused and the maids weren't really saying anything.

The second maid frowned. "Did you not know?"

"Know?" Rose wrinkled her nose as she stared at the maid. "Know what?"

"The ball!" the first one yelled. "We are supposed to get you ready for the ball."

"What? No!"

"Yes, these are the crown prince's orders."

Rose frowned as she studied the maids. Really studied them. She didn't think she had seen them before, and the closer she looked at them, the more similar they seemed. There were a few noticeable differences. One was taller than the other, and though they had similar brown eyes, one had a darker shade than the other.

The first one noticed Rose's scrutinizing stare and said, "I am Chelsy, and this is my younger sister Isla."

The younger one was slightly taller than her elder sister, and her eyes were a darker shade of brown. She nodded her head when Rose's eyes met with hers.

The girls seemed chaotic. The younger seemed a lot more composed than her elder sister, but it was clear she had almost the same amount of bustling energy.

"I'm afraid the castle is very busy, and you'll have to bear with us," Chelsy said.

She sounded as though Rose was acting in this manner because she didn't like that they were the ones attending to her, but the reason why Rose was staring at them in disapproval could be summed up into three things.