

K Lover 193

Chapter 193: Dressed For The Ball

Firstly, they were strangers. Secondly, they had barged into her room so suddenly. She was used to the other maids' tranquility, even when they were in a hurry. Thirdly, Chelsy had grabbed her without any prior warning.

These were enough reasons for Rose to wrinkle her nose at them, but by the look on Chelsy's face, she thought Rose disapproved of them and would prefer if a different set of maids attended to her.

"I don't mind who 'elps me get ready," Rose said with finality in her tone. "I still don't understand what you mean by 'these are the crown prince's orders.' Are you saying 'is Majesty wants me to attend the ball?'"

Isla nodded and glanced at her sister, who also nodded. "Yes, Mister Henry," it was Chelsy who spoke, "sent us here to tell you and help you get ready. Unfortunately, we don't have a lot of time, and we have to start preparing now."

"Okay," Rose said and started towards the washroom.

Chelsy took the hint this time and didn't try to grab Rose again. Rather, she walked behind her at an appropriate distance, and her sister Isla walked beside her.

Rose had agreed, but she couldn't believe her ears. The only reason she hadn't protested was because there was clearly no room for that. This was a bad idea. She didn't need anyone to tell her how bad an idea it was.

She was the crown prince's whore—a peasant who came from an unknown village. To be amid nobles would be an insult to them. She couldn't comprehend what the crown prince was thinking.

Rose steeled her nerves. She could tell it was going to be a long night and was certain the Queen would try to ruin it for her. It wouldn't be just the Queen—other noble ladies too. The crown prince was the most sought-after man in the land. Everyone disapproved of her.

"Where's the dress?" Isla's voice brought her back to reality.

Rose lifted her head. She didn't have any dress. Was that why the seamstress came the day before? She hadn't even thought about it. However, there was no dress, and all she had was the mended dress that arrived earlier—but it was the best thing she had ever owned.

"In the wardrobe," she mumbled without looking in the direction.

Isla moved quickly. She opened it and frowned. The wardrobe looked empty at first glance. There was nothing in it. Isla thought she had never seen such an empty wardrobe in all of her life.

"There's no—" she stopped speaking as she saw a folded dress peeking out from the corner.

"This?!" Isla asked in horror.

She picked up the dress, unfolding it and displaying it for the both of them to see. Rose couldn't figure out what was wrong. It was a decent dress.

"Are you sure this is the dress, Rose?" Chelsy asked, looking from the dress to Rose, then to her sister. Their expressions of horror really showed their resemblance.

"I don't know, but that's all I've. I didn't know I was supposed to go to the ball. Are you sure about this?" she asked.

"Yes," Chelsy said in an exasperated tone, but her exasperation was directed at the dress.

"There is no way she can wear this, Chelsy. The nobles would tear her to shreds. I saw the dress Lady Linda Harrington wore—it was spectacular. She isn't even of age, but she is in attendance. This is the first ball in the castle in years—" She cut herself off to stare hard at the dress as though if she stared long enough, she would suddenly find something good about it.

"Bring it," Chelsy suddenly said.

"What?" Isla asked in horror as she moved the dress to the side as if she wanted to keep it away from her sister.

"We don't have a lot of time, Isla," she said, glaring at her sister. "We have to get her ready."

Rose could only watch the exchange between the two sisters. She wasn't particularly bothered. The dress was good enough by her standards, and though she knew the nobles would wear even better clothes, she didn't really care about them, so she knew their opinion wouldn't bother her.

Still, her nerves were already all over the place. Wearing a subpar dress would only make it worse. However, Rose simply planned to make an appearance. As soon as the crown prince saw her, she would make a run for it. He couldn't say she didn't attend when he saw her.

"Isla!" Chelsy called, her tone a little angry. "Bring the dress—we don't have all day."

"Okay," Isla said with a dejected tone as she walked toward them. "I don't like it," she mumbled, but it was clear enough for all to hear.

Her sister snatched the dress from her when she was taking too long. Rose stood to her feet so she could put on the dress.

"Are you sure this is the only dress?" Isla said and grabbed it, preventing her sister from putting it over Rose's head.

"Isla!" Chelsy scolded. "What do you think you're doing?"

"Nothing," she said and took her hand away.

Chelsy glowered at her and turned to Rose. "I apologize for my sister's behavior."

"It's fine," Rose simply said. She didn't hate the argument; rather, it was fun to watch the two of them. She doubted they attended to the royals in the castle—they seemed a little too rowdy, and she doubted they could keep quiet for too long.

She wondered if they were new. They didn't seem to know how to act and would easily speak to each other in her presence. It was pretty clear that the sisters had a pretty close relationship. Rose had always wanted to have a sister, but she could say she had a semblance of that.

Her thoughts drifted to Emma. She had known her almost all her life. Emma would always follow her. She was a little timid and the receiver of Rose's constant teasing. However, no one else would dare bully Emma because of how soft-spoken she was—as Rose would never let them get away with it.

The dress was halfway down when her door suddenly burst open, and Welma walked in with Bailey, the two of them breathing hard—but what was more noticeable was the dress in their hands.

"Ahh!" Isla screamed and immediately tried to cover Rose with her body.

"Sorry!" Welma yelled and quickly shut the door. Her brows furrowed as she noticed the scene, but it was Bailey who spoke first.

"That's not the dress! Sorry we took so long. Just before I could bring it to you, Welma noticed there was a rip in the dress," Bailey started to explain as she walked closer.

"I spent quite some time trying to fix it. It was also shocking, as there was no rip when I left it. I am really sorry," she bowed her head as she spoke.

However, Rose was too confused to be annoyed. The fact that the dress was here meant that Bailey knew she was going to the ball the day before. This wasn't completely impromptu. It was planned.

Her eyes fell on the dress Welma held. No one needed to tell her it was a pretty dress. It was good enough for the Queen to wear.

"Chelsy!" Welma yelled when the maid just stared and didn't attempt to do anything. "Take off the old dress. This is the one she will wear to the ball—not that one. Quick!"

"Ah, yes!" Chelsy moved quickly, while Welma moved closer to help, even Bailey. At this point, Rose had four people trying to help her get ready.

They put a corset over the linen underdress. The other dress didn't require one, and not only that, Rose didn't have one. Welma had brought the corset along with the dress. She was unsure if Bailey sewed it or not, but there was barely any time to think with how quickly they dressed her up.

They tightened the corset, and Rose gritted her teeth. She was glad that she didn't eat dinner, or else she might have to sacrifice an organ or two.

After the corset, they put on her petticoats, a hoop skirt, a bustle pad, and then cotton stockings held with ribbon garters. Isla slipped heeled pumps onto her feet, and they fit perfectly. Rose had never seen these shoes before.

However, there wasn't any time to study them as she was quickly dressed. Someone spun her, and she came face to face with Welma. Her face scrunched up, and she got to work.

"We have to do the rest on your feet. These sorts of dresses aren't exactly for sitting."

Rose's eyes widened in horror at Welma's words.

"Perfect!" Welma said and pulled away.

Rose wanted to take a look at herself, but Chelsy didn't give her the chance as she grabbed her hands and pulled her toward the door.

"I am so sorry," she cried, "but we are already so late."