

## K Lover 194

### Chapter 194: The Ball

Rose got to the great hall, trying to get into the ball as quietly as possible, but it was hard not to draw attention—certainly not with her dress.

She had quietly asked Chelsy if she knew about a side entrance somewhere through which she could get into the ball without drawing any attention though that didn't happen.

The maid had understood immediately and had taken her around the corner. The journey had been a little longer, and they had to follow a dark corridor, but after some time, Chelsy had stopped walking and told her to just take the path down.

Rose nodded, she could already hear the bustling voices coming from the hall. Chelsy waved as she mumbled that she couldn't be caught here, and Rose waved her goodbye.

Rose didn't start heading towards the hall immediately; rather, she looked around the corner she was in. It looked like a hallway, but it didn't particularly seem secret. The windows were open, and they poured moonlight into the path, lighting it up.

Knowing she couldn't remain standing here for too long, Rose started to walk. If Chelsy couldn't be caught here, then neither could she. However, she was happy she found a way to sneak back to her room after the crown prince had seen her.

The path was sadly shorter than she wanted, and the closer she got, the brighter it became. She soon came to the end of it and reached a pillar. One peek past it and Rose could tell that she was at the ball. For a second, she just stood there without moving.

The function had begun, and it was quite the sight. Rose took a deep breath as she stared. Chandeliers hung from the ceiling, and different kinds of candlelight littered the place. From the ones on the ceiling to the torches on the wall. Rose didn't think she had seen so much light in her life.

Aside from the lights, there was also so much color—red, blue, and purple curtains covered the space. The venue was magnificent. However, it wasn't the venue that drew her attention—it was the people in

attendance. Rose was stunned. Without any doubt, she knew immediately that she was not meant to be here.

The space was pretty huge, and the dance floor was located right in the middle. Rose figured this out as it was the only place people were dancing, and around them, ladies and gentlemen just mingled with each other. She could hear whispering and the sounds of laughter.

Maids walked around holding trays as they offered wine. However, the servants serving at this ball were dressed very differently than usual. Fancy was the word Rose would use. Usually, the maids wore aprons, but they didn't this time, and they all wore blue-colored dresses.

There weren't a lot of seats at the ball, just the part prepared for the royal family, and Rose could tell immediately because there were three thrones arranged, with the middle one significantly larger.

Rose wondered if the King would make an appearance. She had never run into him since she came into the castle, but considering how big this function was, Rose would not be surprised if he attended.

Rose felt eyes on her and forced herself to move more into the hall and away from the pillar. She heard whispers, and someone didn't even hesitate to point at her. Rose tried to concentrate on her dress, on how pretty it was, but it was hard to do so.

Rose stood still, and it felt like the walls were closing in on her and the pillars that filled the space wanted to crush her. It was suddenly hard to breathe, and it felt like everyone was pointing fingers at her.

Rose forced herself to breathe, but the more she tried, the harder it got. The whispers got louder, and the fingers that pointed at her increased. Her vision blurred, and it felt like she was losing her footing.

"Rose!" a delighted voice called to her, and she heard footsteps approaching.

The click-clack of her heels as they hit the marble floor was suddenly louder than everything else. The whispers drowned out, the stares almost disappeared, and the pointing seemed like it had been all in her head.

"You look so beautiful, Rose," Lady Delphine said as she stared at her with appreciation. "I almost didn't recognize you. It hasn't even been a month since you left, and you already look so different."

Rose lifted her head, and her worried face broke into a smile. "Lady Delphine," she cried. "You're 'ere!"

"Of course I am. I wouldn't miss the first ball in so long."

Rose tried to come closer for a hug, but she stopped and just stood awkwardly beside Lady Delphine. "I am glad you're 'ere," Rose repeated and looked to her feet.

Lady Delphine scooted closer to her, her voice dropping to a whisper. "When I got a letter of invitation with the information that you'd be in attendance, I could scarcely believe my ears."

Rose replied in the same volume, "I shouldn't be 'ere."

"What are you talking about? No one looks nearly as good as you do—and by the eyes that keep drifting in our direction, I'm not the only one that thinks that," Lady Delphine smirked as her gaze looked around.

Rose lifted her head and realized it hadn't just been in her head. Though the function still carried on, a lot of the nobles had their attention on her, whispering and pointing, but for some reason, their voices didn't bother her.

She turned her attention to Lady Delphine. She was dressed in green, and Rose thought the color suited her greatly. There were also green feathers in her hair, and her pipe was missing. Rose had seen her a few times without it, so it wasn't completely surprising, as it was a very important function.

Other than the missing pipe, another thing that was hard to miss was the generous amount of cleavage on display. It was modest compared to what she would usually see from Lady Delphine, but compared to the other noble ladies at the party, it was scandalous.

Lady Delphine was pretty, and not only did she have a pretty face, but her body could stir whispers in every corridor of the castle. Rose believed Lady Delphine was actually the one drawing all their attention.