

K Lover 198

Chapter 198: You Know What To Do

Welma stood inconspicuously by the side of the podium that held the crown prince and the Queen. She stood closer to the side of the Queen and her ladies than to the guards. Welma watched as people walked up to the Queen and paid their respects while Welma stood toward the back, so as not to be noticed.

She had come to the ball as soon as she was done with Rose, following the servants, she had reached the ball before the Queen and waited. She needed to inform them that the attempt to ruin Rose's dress had failed, as the seamstress had noticed.

However, she was worried that this would only put the second plan into motion. But keeping Rose out of the ball was completely out of the question. Bailey would suffer dearly at the hands of the crown prince if it were found out that she didn't make the dress on time.

Besides Rose coming to the party, Welma had other worrisome things on her mind. She had helped dress Rose and had clearly seen her dress. Now, as she stood beside the Queen, she could tell that it was an identical dress.

Maybe not identical, but the same fabric. Welma was mortified and scared. There was no way this was a coincidence. She hadn't really spent much time in the Queen's room except to report on Rose, so she had no idea what the dress would be. But Welma was certain that the Queen's dress was ready days before the ball—she wouldn't have wanted anything less.

Rose's dress wasn't cut for sewing until lunch the day before. How the seamstress had made it in such a short time was a wonder. Welma didn't know much about the fabric she had chosen for the ball, but she knew the crown prince had something to do with it, as Mister Henry had been acting on his orders.

Was this deliberate or happenstance? The Queen already hated Rose enough to want her dead. To find out she was wearing the same dress as a peasant—Welma felt her heart sink to her stomach. Why was she in the middle of all this?

"Hey," she heard one of the ladies call to her. The remaining two were still up with the Queen, while she was on the ground beside Welma, trying to draw as little attention as possible.

She started to walk from the podium and toward the corners. Welma followed after her, her back to the ball. She would have to check for Rose later. She had to remain out of sight—the Queen must not see her. It was better if she heard about it after the ball was over than to see Rose herself.

They soon reached the corner, a little bit away from the hall. It wasn't dark, as the light from the hall was more than enough.

"My lady," Welma said with a curtsy.

She immediately cut her off. "Is the peasant whore here?" she asked.

"I'm afraid, yes. I tried to ruin the gown as you asked, but she must have noticed and was able to fix it in time."

The lady's expression didn't change. In fact, she almost seemed pleased that Rose was in attendance. "The cover of the ball is the best time." She nodded to herself as she spoke words Welma didn't understand.

"I apologize, my lady, but I don't understand what you mean by—"

"Here," she said, cutting Welma off and grabbing one of her hands.

Welma was so shocked by the sudden action that it clearly showed on her face, and the lady glared at her. Welma quickly relaxed her face, and the lady proceeded to shove something into Welma's palm and clamp it closed.

"You know what to do," she whispered, as she adjusted her dress and looked toward the hall.

Welma looked at her palm. There was a tiny folded piece of paper. It clearly held something, as the paper wasn't flat—it had a little bump. Goosebumps popped up on her arms as Welma realized this was likely the poison they had spoken about.

"Keep your hand closed!" the lady yelled as she turned her gaze back to Welma. "You best not get caught." Her tone was stern.

Welma tried to keep the horror off her face as she nodded. "This is..." she started to say but couldn't bring herself to complete the words.

Not only was she about to poison someone, but she could also be severely punished if caught. She knew without a doubt all of them would deny having any dealings with her. That's if she even got the chance to be interrogated. She would be killed as soon as she was caught, just to make sure no one knew the Queen was involved. Who would care about a little orphan peasant that killed a peasant whore? No one. They might even think it was fitting.

"Put it in her wine or something. Just make sure she ingests it. You better not fail," she said and glared at Welma.

Welma nodded and bowed her head. She tightened her grip on the piece of paper. She couldn't avoid this. She had to give it to Rose. But how was she supposed to do that?

"Good!" the lady said. "As soon as you've done your task, come and inform me."

Welma nodded again and watched the lady leave, but she didn't immediately start to move. She really would have to poison Rose. She had to force her hand to stop squeezing so as not to crush the paper.

Was she supposed to pour everything? She hadn't even asked the dosage. She knew that was but the thing to think but Welma couldn't exactly stop the storm of thoughts twirling in her mind.

Welma walked out of the low-lit corner with slumped shoulders as she tried to figure out what she should do. But try as she might, there was only one thing to do. She took a deep breath, bracing herself as she walked closer to the wall, toward where the food and drinks were being prepared.

Lady Delphine and Rose weren't speaking much after they discovered the similarities between the Queen's dress and hers. They stood closer to the walls. It provided a little bit of darkness, and the only sounds between them were the occasional satisfied noises from Lady Delphine as she drank the wine.

The crowd truly didn't bother them, and it almost seemed like they had been left alone after they walked forward to pay respects to the Queen. But that was over now, and the ball had properly begun.

The master of ceremonies was quite skilled. He was also the royal herald who had introduced the important lords and ladies, along with the royal family. Conversations and dancing filled the hall, and it was like they had forgotten about them.

Rose let out a breath. She might be able to find some way to sneak off now. The crown prince had seen her, and there was no reason for her to remain here any longer—especially when her life might be in danger.

"Lady Delphine," Rose whispered. "I think I might try to sneak away back to my room before the Queen notices."

Lady Delphine lifted her head from the goblet and locked eyes with Rose. "You're leaving?" she asked, a little shocked. "The ball will be boring without you."

"I don't think it's a good idea for me to stay any longer."

"I don't think you should rush off just yet. The ball will most likely go on for the rest of the night until the early part of the morning, or perhaps even dawn. To leave now—it would be better if you hadn't attended at all. Besides, no one will see you here. I'm sure of it."

Rose wasn't so sure, but she felt bad about leaving Lady Delphine all by herself. They had been at the ball for quite some time, but no one had approached them, and neither had Lady Delphine left her side to go talk to anyone. But the glares that had been sent their way were endless, and they were not only directed at Rose. She almost felt Lady Delphine got the worst of it.

"Okay," Rose whispered. She could remember the path Chelsy had taken her through, and right now where she stood was not so far from it. It would be easy to withdraw without drawing attention when the time came.

"That's it!" Lady Delphine grinned. "You sure you don't want a taste of my wine?"

"No, I do—" Rose began to reply, but her words ended abruptly as she locked eyes with Welma. From the expression that appeared on Welma's face as soon as she saw Rose, it seemed she had been looking for her.

Welma walked through the crowd, approaching them with a tray held tightly. Rose watched as Welma avoided someone who tried to take something from it, but Welma just forged forward without saying anything.

Rose frowned but didn't get a chance to think too deeply about it, as Lady Delphine had noticed she was distracted.

"Is something wrong, Rose?"