

K Lover 199

Chapter 199: Virgin Wine

"Is something wrong, Rose?" Lady Delphine asked when Rose abruptly stopped talking.

"Yes," Rose said absentmindedly, her eyes still locked on Welma, who had not slowed down and was now only about ten feet away from them.

"You keep staring into the distance," she whispered, sounding amused.

Rose turned her attention to Lady Delphine, who was about to speak when she heard a clear voice. "My lady," Welma said.

Rose was too stunned to speak. She turned her attention, and her eyes landed on Welma. The maid had her head bent and was standing in front of them with a small tray that held just a singular goblet.

"Child," it was Lady Delphine who responded. "I am not nearly done with my wine, no need for more just yet."

"Lady Delphine," Welma said, lifting her head. "This is for Rose."

Lady Delphine's eyes widened a little, and she turned to Rose with a smirk on her face. However, Rose's expression was not pleasant in the slightest—she was glaring at the maid.

"Welma, thank you," Rose said coldly. "But I do not drink wine."

"I suspected, but this is not fermented wine, Rose. This is simply virgin wine, made from the finest grapes. I don't think it would be proper for you to be without any, especially not at a grand ball like this."

Lady Delphine's eyes widened and she almost choked on her drink holding back her laughter. "Rose, I didn't know you made a friend."

Rose looked at Lady Delphine in disbelief. What about this interaction suggested friendship? More importantly, why would Welma go out of her way to make a drink for her—even going as far as to ensure it wasn't fermented wine? If that wasn't suspicious, Rose must have lost her mind.

"She is not my friend. She is simply a servant who enjoys being a bother," Rose explained.

"You break my heart, Rose," Welma said with a sad expression.

If Rose didn't know her, she might have believed it. However, nothing was going to make her drink from that goblet or eat anything on this occasion. She hadn't thought about it before, but Welma's strange behavior was enough to make her worry.

"Thank you for the virgin wine," Rose replied with a mocking tone. "But I am quite fine and do not need such."

"I insist," Welma said without batting an eyelid and pushed the tray forward. "It's a very tasty wine. I assure you, you will not regret drinking it."

Rose's eyes narrowed further. Everything about this interaction was wrong. The fact that Welma had clearly gone out of her way to find her—Rose had seen the way she wandered about. It looked like she was searching, and there had been relief in Welma's eyes when they locked eyes. There was no way she would accept this.

"No," Rose said. "I am sure you will find someone who will be interested in this virgin wine. Not me!"

"I insist, Rose," Welma said and stepped forward, pushing the tray even closer.

At this point, it was right against her face—any closer and the tray would touch her dress. The way she moved the goblet could make it spill. Lady Delphine was also starting to frown as she observed the exchange.

"Take it, Rose, please," Welma whispered.

Rose froze. Her tone had suddenly changed, and it was almost like she was pleading. Her hand moved to the tray before she could stop herself. She grabbed the goblet, but Welma didn't step back immediately. Instead, she mumbled something.

Rose wasn't sure what she heard, but in that moment, it almost sounded like she said, "Don't drink it."

"What?" Rose asked, but Welma was gone. She narrowed her eyes as she searched—it was almost like she had blended into the crowd. There was no sign of her. Rose stood there with the goblet in hand, looking around.

"That was very strange," Lady Delphine said, breaking the silence.

"Indeed," Rose said, still looking around, hoping she would notice something. Welma had been dressed in the same uniform as the other maids—it shouldn't be hard to find her. But no matter how hard she looked, she didn't see her.

"Let me take that off your hands," Lady Delphine started to say, and Rose realized Lady no longer held her old goblet upright rather it was tilted indicating it was empty. A few moments ago, Rose was certain the cup was half filled.

Was Lady Delphine a little drunk? It would explain why she wasn't suspicious about the drink. Rose's thoughts were still churning when the lady snatched the goblet from her light grip.

"No," Rose said and tried to take it back, but Lady Delphine was shockingly strong, and Rose failed.

"Don't drink it," she cried. She had been meaning to look for some flower pot or perhaps sneak to the balcony and pour the wine over. Rose had absolutely no plan to drink it, especially after she heard "don't drink it." Even if her mind was playing tricks on her, she'd rather be wrong. Besides, the castle kept her fed all day—going a night without food or drink was easy.

"Why not?" Lady Delphine asked. Her eyes had a glimmer to them, and even though her tone was clear, her eyelids were slightly lowered.

"I think it has been poi—" Rose didn't even get a chance to finish as a figure marched towards them and snatched the goblet from Lady Delphine's hand.

It was all so quick and a little hard to follow, but even in the commotion, Rose could see Lady Delphine shrink as she looked up at the figure as if to scold them but she immediately looked down at her feet shamefully.

"Whores!" the figure spat out. "Haven't you drunk enough wine, whores?" He seemed to take delight in repeating the word 'whores!'.

Rose jerked, her blood boiling, but she noticed Lady Delphine didn't have her usual confidence. It was almost like she wanted to be anywhere but here.

"Of course, it's only ideal that two whores would stay together."

Rose blinked. This gentleman had the nastiest mouth she had ever heard, but she was still confused as to what was happening. Most of the lords had left them alone, but here was one going as far as to publicly address them—and something about Lady Delphine's reaction told her she knew him.