

K Lover 201

Chapter 201: Welma

Welma stood behind a pillar, gripping the tray as she watched the drama unfold. She had whispered that Rose shouldn't take the drink, but she doubted Rose had heard. She wished she could do more, but her life might well be at stake here.

She made sure a maid saw her get the wine, but simultaneously, she had to be mindful of the servants on the crown prince's side. It was such a huge mess. However, no one could say she didn't hand the drink to Rose. Rose not drinking it was therefore not her fault, but if she was stupid and drank it, providence would say she had tried to stop Rose. She left a warning—though unclear, it should have been more than enough to stop anyone from drinking it.

Welma had expected Rose to toss the drink at some point when Rose thought no one was looking. That was why she had quickly hidden behind one of the pillars in the ballroom to watch. However, nothing prepared her for the series of events that followed.

Welma wanted to smack something. She had seen it clearly enough. The lord had drunk a decent amount of the virgin wine. Welma felt her eyes water as she realized she was going to be killed, and it wasn't even her fault.

She sneaked away from the pillar as soon as the lord staggered off after spilling the rest of the drink onto Rose's dress. She needed to get to the podium and inform the ladies of what had just transpired.

Welma moved closer to the wall so she could quickly get to them without bumping into anyone. She was still a maid, which meant she could easily be assigned a task. She doubted the lord had much longer before the symptoms of what he took started to show.

Welma felt her stomach knot, and she increased her steps. Unfortunately, the closer she got to the Queen, the harder it was to get across. The noblewomen and men were in a state of uproar as the crown prince danced around.

Welma didn't care to see who it was and managed to break through without getting into trouble. The empty tray she held made it seem as though she were heading to get more wine for the guests.

When Welma got closer to the Queen, one of the ladies-in-waiting noticed her approach, but she was quick to turn her gaze away. Welma felt genuine fear, but she told herself there was no reason to panic. When she was close enough, they would speak to her. After all, she had been given instructions to inform them as soon as the task was done.

Welma reached the podium, and the closest guard gave her an odd look. She half expected him to chase her off, but he quickly looked away, and Welma immediately interpreted that to mean she could pass.

"My ladies," she said at the foot of the podium, but she got no response.

The ball wasn't even loud. There was the occasional cheer as the crown prince danced with a noblewoman—it looked like the third one now; Welma wasn't sure. It was hard to keep count when she might be tried for the murder of a lord.

"What?" one of them finally answered, sounding very annoyed after Welma had spent quite some time trying to get their attention.

"A word, please," Welma whispered.

"Can't you see we are busy? Go away!" one of them whispered, glaring down at Welma before turning her gaze back to the ball.

"I apologize, my ladies, but it is imperative that I speak to you now. It is very important."

Welma heard a scoff, and at least two of them rolled their eyes. Eventually, one of them stepped off the high ground, taking the stairs behind. Welma let out a sigh of relief and rushed toward her, ready to spill everything, but she held out her hand, silencing Welma's words until she led them toward the corner.

Welma was unsure if it was the same noblewoman who gave her the poison, but as she had come to understand, trying to differentiate them was a waste of time. They tended to act like a unit, and each one was always aware of everything down to the tiniest details.

"What is it?" Her shrill voice was colder.

Welma didn't like the thought that crossed her mind. Now that they thought she had performed her job, they wanted nothing more to do with her. Welma hoped this was not the case.

Her first thought was just to blurt out that she might have poisoned the wrong person, but that would make it her fault, and there was no way this was her fault. She didn't even know the lord, but she knew he was pretty high in the castle.

"I gave the cup filled with poison to Rose—"

"If you have done your job, then be gone. There is no reason to bother us!" she scolded.

"No, someone else took the goblet of wine from her and drank it."

The lady, who had looked as though she was about to leave, immediately turned her head back to Welma. "What did you just say?" she asked.

Welma would have clutched her pearls, but she didn't have any. This was why she didn't like to mess with royals—but she couldn't exactly say no. She had failed in her task and was not only useless but dispensable.

"Someone else drank the poison."

The lady's expression moved from confusion to something dark, something that made Welma take a step back. "You incompetent buffoon. You peasants are all the same. Useless. Who? Tell me! Who did you poison, you uncultured swine?"

"I don't know," Welma replied, flinching from the barrage of insults. "But I am sure he is an important lord. He didn't drink the whole cup, but it was a generous amount."

The lady gripped her dress tight as Welma explained, and with the glare in her eyes, Welma feared that she might get hit. They were in the corner, away from prying eyes and the ball. No one could see what transpired here unless they came around.

"You are as useless as they say!"