

K Lover 202

Chapter 202: Ruined Your First Ball

"You are as useless as they say! Not only did you poison a lord, but you also do not know who you killed."

Welma didn't like the accusation in her tone. However, she didn't have any choice here. At least she hadn't stormed off and left Welma to deal with the problem. The fact that she was still listening and inquiring about the lord in question meant there must be some alternative.

"I apologize for my mishap—"

"Mishap!" she yelled. "You stupid peasant! Do you not understand the graveness of your crime?" She looked like she might grab Welma but was too appalled to touch her.

Welma blinked at the word crime. This was not good. "I didn't give it to him—he snatched it from Lady Delphine's hand, gulped it, and poured it over Rose."

"Lady Delphine?" She seemed to relax, and her eyes squinted as if she had just recalled something.

"Yes," Welma replied.

"She is here?" she asked and jerked her head toward the direction of the ball, even though there was a wall blocking her from seeing anything.

"Yes, she has been here since the start of the party and was with Rose since she appeared."

She narrowed her eyes. "Elrod," she whispered. "You are not new here. How do you not know Lord Elrod? I shouldn't have picked a dumb one. You are certain he drank it?"

Welma nodded. "Not all of it."

"A sip is enough to leave him in excruciating pain, and as stupid as you are, I'm sure you poured the whole thing."

Welma nodded, not oblivious to the insult. She wasn't told the amount to put in, and if she had asked, it would have resulted in only insults.

"I knew it! Lord Elrod is important. You only had one job, maid. That was the only reason Her Majesty didn't bat an eye that Rose was in attendance, and you have not only ruined it but also poisoned a high-ranking lord. Are you stupid? I should have known when it was difficult to ruin a dress." A smirk suddenly appeared on her face. "Looks like the Lord did your job for you."

Welma nodded because that was the thing to do. Anything else would anger the lady, and Welma needed solutions. Else, there was no doubt about it—her head was on the line.

"Just as I thought," she paused and cursed. "The Queen isn't going to like this." Her last sentence seemed to be more for herself than for Welma.

She dug her hand into the side of her bosom and brought out a tiny purse. She unsnapped it and pulled out another folded paper, but this one was a brown paper.

"Here," she said and gave Welma the paper, avoiding touching her. "Give this to him. If he hasn't drunk too much, it should still work."

"My lady, how am I supposed—"

"You can't be asking me such a dense question! I am trying to fix your brainless error, save you from the crime you committed, and this is the question you ask me? You'd best not fail. I will tell the court it was you!"

Welma nodded and clutched the paper. Now she had to find the lord and, at the same time, give him the antidote. How was she supposed to do that?

"You'd best hurry. Any longer and the antidote will be completely useless."

Welma's eyes widened, and she didn't wait for the lady to repeat her words before she set off. She did not doubt that they would place the blame on her. She wouldn't be able to protect herself—wouldn't even have the chance to.

Rose stood on the balcony with Lady Delphine as she smoked her pipe. A ring of smoke floated in the air, and Rose watched it drift away until it dispersed.

Rose leaned forward against the railing, her elbows resting on the handrail. Her eyes looked out—the balcony overlooked the front of the castle. She could see the garden from here and the gazebo. The hedges had been trimmed, and even in the nighttime, the statues glimmered.

The smell of smoke filled the air, but since they were outdoors, it wasn't enough to be uncomfortable. After the lord had left, Lady Delphine had not recovered. She had quietly said she needed to go to the balcony for a smoke.

Rose's first thought was to let her go alone, as she was hiding from the eyes of the Queen, but as soon as she had the thought, it vanished. There was no way she would let Lady Delphine head there by herself. Taking the corner stairs, they had made their way up here.

With the crown prince causing a commotion that had everyone's attention, it was easy to sneak past everyone. Rose was grateful for the timing, because by the little seats and tables with an empty goblet, it was clear this spot had been formerly occupied.

Lady Delphine had pulled the pipe from underneath her dress. Rose was not even surprised that Lady Delphine brought her pipe. Lighting it wasn't too difficult, as candles were placed in strategic places. Her hand had shaken as she tried to light it, but as Rose glanced at her hands now, they were steady.

"I am sorry you had to see that. And your dress—it was such a pretty dress, now it's ruined."

"No, it's not," Rose said immediately and stood to her full height.

It wasn't a lot, and it seemed to have poured inside her dress rather than on it. There was a wet patch, but it was drying, and since the wine was the same color as her dress, there were barely any stains. Also,

Lady Delphine had scrubbed hard at it with her handkerchief. The poor white thing had looked bloodied by the time Lady Delphine was done.

Lady Delphine smiled at her. "You should leave," she whispered. Her voice was back to its usual tone.

"I don't think I should leave you."

"I am fine," Lady Delphine said and looked away. She had her back to the railing and a hand supporting the elbow of the hand that held the pipe. "We can't let the Queen see you. The noblewomen and noblemen are distracted, so this is the best time to sneak off without drawing any attention. I apologize, I ruined your first ball."