

K Lover 203

Chapter 203: Liar

"I apologize; I ruined your first ball," Lady Delphine said, turning to look at Rose with sad eyes. She brought the pipe to her lips and took a deep drag at the end of her words.

"You didn't ruin it," Rose said softly as she studied Lady Delphine. "This is the best one ever."

Lady Delphine chuckled with her throat as her mouth was full of smoke and slowly let the smoke out. Rose's eyes were drawn to the white cloud that the smoke formed before dissipating.

"This is the only ball you have ever been to," Lady Delphine smirked and turned so her front was to the railing.

"It doesn't mean I don't know what fun is," Rose quickly replied. She wanted to ask more questions about what had happened and who the lord was that came to them, but it felt rude—and not just that, it was clear Lady Delphine didn't like that Rose had seen her in that state.

"True," Lady Delphine said and turned to look at Rose but quickly turned her gaze back over the balcony without saying anything more. She flipped the pipe, and the ashes came pouring out of it. She lightly hit it against the railing to make sure it was empty.

"You should go before the dancing is over," she said after emptying the pipe.

"I don't think I should leav—"

"I am fine. I am quite calm right now. I will only stay here for some time, then leave the ball. I have stayed long enough."

Rose didn't doubt Lady Delphine's words. Her expression was back to normal, and there was a sharpness in her eyes, even with the drowsy look in them.

"Slade came with me," Lady Delphine said when she noticed Rose's stare. "He will make sure I get home safely."

Rose nodded and curtsied.

Lady Delphine smirked. "Look at you putting to practice the things I taught you. I wish we had more time. There's loads to talk about. It would be nice if you paid me a visit," she grinned.

"I will," Rose said.

"Is that a promise?" Lady Delphine smiled, but it didn't reach her eyes.

"It is," Rose replied softly.

"Very well," she nodded. "You best be on your way then."

Rose smiled and nodded, walking towards the exit. She glanced back, and Lady Delphine waved. She still felt the need to stay, but she knew it would be too risky for that.

She slipped out and walked down the stairs in a hurry. Rose couldn't see if the crown prince was still dancing, but the dance floor was filled with a lot of noblemen and women.

She ignored it and rushed down the stairs. It was a little hard to do so with her dress and the pumps on her feet, but she managed to get to the bottom without rolling down.

Rose almost bumped into a lady who looked at her distastefully. She was talking to some lord, and Rose thought she looked oddly familiar. It was also interesting that they had chosen a darker spot in the hall to convene, but Rose didn't think too much about that. She didn't have the luxury to.

She had to get to the path that Chelsy had shown her and hopefully sneak out of the hall without drawing any attention to herself. She slipped through the guests—most of them moved out of the way to avoid her.

Rose doubted a lot of people knew exactly who she was, but it was no surprise that news flew around the castle, and the lord who had attacked them didn't help. More than enough people had heard his insults.

Still, it didn't bother her. She didn't care what the stuck-up lords and ladies thought. As long as she could get to her room, Rose knew she would probably still have good memories when she thought back on tonight.

She retreated from the ball. For some reason, it seemed like the whispers were getting louder, but Rose didn't care, didn't even look back. Her goal was the pillar and the path hidden behind it.

The noise was soon drowned out, and Rose took the turn. She was already out of there, and there was a smile on her face, but the sight in front of her almost had her screaming her throat out in shock. She covered her mouth with her hand just in time.

Welma was on the floor pouring something into a goblet, and a lord lay at her feet, face down. He was clearly unconscious. Her back was still peeking out of the pillar, but she couldn't take another step as they were right in the way.

"Rose!" Welma whispered, noticing Rose as soon as she appeared around the corner.

"What are you trying to do to 'im?" She recognized the clothes, it was the lord who had insulted Lady Delphine and herself.

"Don't speak so loudly," Welma said with fear in her eyes.

"What do you mean don't speak loudly? What are you doing?"

"I am trying to save him," she replied and tried to roll him over.

"Save 'im from what?" Rose asked and glanced behind her. She didn't know why she did that, but for some reason, she could immediately tell this was not a scene that should be seen by anyone else.

"If you don't tell me right this instant, I am screaming—and we both know you don't want that!" Rose said looking back on the scene. She brought her voice as low as possible.

She was in a hurry to get to her room, but at the same time, she wanted to know what was going on. Besides, she was at the end of the hall; she doubted anyone could see her from here, let alone the Queen.

Welma's eyes widened, and she looked at Rose again. "Please, don't! I have to give this to him or he will die."

"Why do you know this?" Rose asked. She wasn't letting up. She took a step forward to approach.

"Cause I am the one who pois—"

"There you are!" a voice said.

Instantly, the expression on Welma's face was equally mirrored by Rose. Her heart dropped to her stomach, and she immediately saw the pleading look on Welma's face. Whoever had just spoken was getting very close to the pillar, and any moment now, they would be able to see behind it.

Rose closed her eyes. She could have gotten away if it weren't that she was being nosy. She could have just jumped over them and sped to her room, not caring about what was happening—but that was too late, as the worst person after the Queen had seen her.

Rose moved before she even thought about it, her entire body slipping out from the side of the pillar, and she positioned herself so he wouldn't see what was behind her. The space was a little hidden, but a little peek was all he needed.

Why was she doing this? She almost smacked herself. Welma could be lying for all she knew. She could also try to implicate her in whatever was happening. However, Rose had seen the look on the maid's face—she had been utterly terrified.

"Your Majesty," she said with a curtsy. A short one, as she was worried that if she bent any lower, he might see behind her.

Caius was quick to close the gap between them, lifting her chin so she had nowhere to look but right at his face. "Running away, hmm?"

"No, Your Majesty, I was simply..." It was hard enough to come up with a good lie in the current situation.

"Do you not like the ball? Or is it the dress? I made sure you got the finest one."

Rose's face paled, but she quickly shook the thought away. She was just overthinking this situation. There was no way the fact that she and the Queen wore identical fabric was a deliberate act. It must be some mistake.

"No, Your Majesty. The ball is just perfect. However, I am not used to staying up so late and being this active. I fear I must retire now."

"Liar," Caius whispered. His hand was still under her chin, and his gaze hadn't left her face.

Rose had a flash of memory, and she blushed. It was his expression. There was no way she could have conjured this memory on her own. It was also the way he said the word, "liar". It was seductive.

"Perhaps it has been too long since I kept you busy—till late in the night—for a mere ball to tire you out..." He paused and licked his lower lip.

It felt like she had been pinched, but instead of a painful sensation, it was tingling and was spreading all over her body.

"Your Majesty," Rose cried. Nothing about his expression was good. She had to escape him now. "Please."

Caius narrowed his eyes, but there was no anger in his face—only amusement. If she didn't know better, she would say he was in a good mood.

"You look very beautiful, little lady," he said. "Dance with me."