

K Lover 206

Chapter 206: No Way

"Who was that?" Queen Violeta asked her ladies-in-waiting as the woman who danced with her son blended into the crowd.

She had tried to follow her with her gaze, but the crowd grew denser, and it was harder to spot her. Queen Violeta had not been able to get a good look at her, and it didn't help that she had on a mask—but something about her seemed too familiar.

She tried to tick off all the daughters of the lords she knew. None fit the description, especially with that red hair. Queen Violeta didn't like where her mind strayed to. There was no way the lady was the peasant whore. There was just no way.

Her ladies had already tasked themselves with taking care of the peasant whore if she dared show up to the ball. There was no way she would boldly show up in this manner—especially with the garment she wore. Queen Violeta grabbed her chair tightly as she waited for their response.

"We do not know, Your Majesty," one of them finally said. There was a mild hesitation in their voice.

"Can you take a guess?" she asked darkly.

They shook their heads very hard. "No, Your Majesty. We cannot."

"Did you take care of Rose as you were supposed to?" Queen Violeta smiled at the crowd looking up at her, even though the way she felt was far from it—but she had to keep her composure. A peasant whore couldn't dare have her at her wits' end.

"The pathetic maid who was supposed to do her job gave the poison to the wrong person. A lord, Your Majesty."

"A lord?" the Queen muttered in horror.

"Yes. We didn't want to tell you until the ball was over, but don't worry, I already gave her the antidote. She will rectify this mistake."

"What lord was poisoned?" Queen Violeta asked. She didn't like their tone, it gave off incompetence.

"Lord Elrod, the Marquis of Haiyes."

The Queen's gasp floated around her, but it drowned out as soon as it got to the crowd. "And you're still here!" she yelled. "Go make sure he is fine, now!"

"Yes, Your Majesty."

"And find out who that redhead was," she whispered.

"Yes, Your Majesty," they said in unison, and two of the ladies headed down from the podium and into the crowd.

There was no way that was the case, but by the feeling in her stomach, Queen Violeta knew she was right. To wear the same fabric as a peasant whore! She had let the vermin go about, and now she was even dressing as she did. What next—her throne? Queen Violeta laughed out loud. She would get rid of the whore even if it meant kicking her out by her own hands.

— — —

Rose walked behind Thomas. At some point, she had to grab the back of his coat to not lose him in the crowd, as he didn't want to touch her. She had half expected him to turn around and scold her as usual, but he didn't do that. He didn't even insult her for the sake of it.

He would always go on about how important he was and how she was nothing more than a peasant, a commoner—but now he was quiet. Too quiet.

At first, Rose chalked it up to the fact that they were in the ballroom and he didn't want to be seen with her, but when they got out of it and walked toward the crown prince's wing, which was almost empty, he still didn't say anything.

He also didn't walk too fast, even though he didn't turn around once—as though he was taking consideration for her dress. Rose's brows furrowed. This was suddenly very interesting.

"Lord Thomas," she called. Rose knew she was mainly trying to distract herself from what had happened tonight.

She had spent the whole night trying not to be seen by the Queen, only for the crown prince to blow right through her cover and her plan to escape. Rose made a mental note to smack Welma when she saw her again. She would have escaped if it weren't for her. Why did she decide to help the evil maid when it would clearly get her in trouble?

However, even as Rose asked the question, she knew the answer. It was the same line that the maid in question had given when Rose had asked why she would help her, and as much as it had pissed her off then, there was no denying that someone could look pitiful enough to make one want to help them.

"Lord Thomas," Rose tried again when he didn't respond.

She narrowed her eyes. "Lord T'omas!"

"What?" Thomas finally replied, but he didn't turn around to look at her. He was halfway up the stairs while she was still at the bottom of them.

"I need help climbing the stairs," she whimpered.

"What? No, you don't," he said with finality and started to walk again.

"Please, my dress makes it difficult to climb—"

"You didn't seem to have any issues walking up the stairs with Lady Delphine," Thomas said.

Rose was too stunned to speak. If he had seen her climb up the stairs with Lady Delphine, then he must have seen what happened. Rose wasn't bothered that he didn't try to stop it—because Thomas would never do that. Prince Rylen was more likely to come to their rescue than Thomas ever would.

What she was bothered about was the fact that Thomas had seen her go up the stairs with Lady Delphine. Something told her it wasn't a coincidence—which also explained why the crown prince had found her so easily while she was planning to escape.

Caught in her lie, she had no choice but to walk up the stairs and go after Thomas, who was waiting at the top with his back still to her. She could definitely see why he was cold. If she had spent all her time at the ball keeping an eye on some pissant, she would be pissed.

She smiled and took the stairs. It was weird that she wasn't in such a terrible mood when everything indicated otherwise. Trouble with the Queen, possibly trouble with Welma—but somehow there was a spring in her step as she walked up the stairs. Perhaps tonight wasn't so bad.