

K Lover 118

Chapter 118: Little Worm

"She isn't staying in any storage. She isn't even staying in any of the smaller rooms; rather, the Crown Prince has her just two rooms away from himself. One of the best rooms in the Crown Prince's wing, second only to his bedchambers," the lady delivered, with her hands on her lips while leaning forward slightly.

The Queen looked like she might faint. She placed the back of her hand on her forehead and leaned back against the chair. "That's impossible."

"I wish it was, my lady, but I have confirmed it is true. I followed Edna from the—"

"Edna?" the Queen interrupted. The name was familiar to her, but she could not place it.

The lady, seeing that the Queen was confused, was quick to offer an explanation. "The maid who had the guts to refuse your order for the whoring peasant."

Queen Violeta's eyes darkened. She had forgotten about that, especially with the news floating around the castle about Lord Leopold and the reason for his late arrival.

"Go on," she said, taking her hand from her head. Her horror at the discovery of where Rose was actually staying had turned to anger.

"I followed Edna, and she entered a room on the Crown Prince's floor. I asked the guards if that was the room the whore was staying in, and they confirmed that this was true."

"What? No peasant should stay in bedchambers reserved for royalty. I can't believe the Crown Prince would allow such nonsense. I will speak to him during dinner and have her removed immediately."

"Yes, as should be done," the ladies agreed in unison.

"What was the Crown Prince thinking? If it weren't for those idiot prisoners, we would have never heard from her again. All they had to do was get rid of her. I was even lenient enough not to demand they do it a certain way, as long as they got the job done—and they couldn't even do that. It only took four days. Four days for her to be back here, and she is already burrowing her way into things like a little worm. I don't understand what he sees in her. She is the ugliest mutt I have ever come across. An uncultured vermin. She speaks like a dog would bark, loud and incoherently."

Queen Violeta ranted as her ladies-in-waiting dressed her up. When they were done, she was still speaking, cursing at Rose and saying she would make sure to get rid of her.

"Your Majesty," one of them called, in an attempt to calm her down. "That harlot isn't worth you having a ruined mood over. The Crown Prince listens to you, and I am sure he will see reasons why she shouldn't remain there."

"His Highness's attention has never been in one place for too long. Besides, very soon, he will have to chase her out of the castle," another of her ladies added.

"Ah, yes. I had forgotten about that," Queen Violeta said. She didn't know when, but something told her she wouldn't have to wait much longer. However, it didn't mean she had to condone the disrespectful twat.

She took a deep breath, feeling her anger pour out as she exhaled. There was one thing to do—make sure she didn't spend another day in the east wing. A commoner like that wouldn't know what to do with luxury, and she couldn't let the whore taint the room.

Queen Violeta walked out of her room with her ladies-in-waiting accompanying her. She rarely went anywhere without them, except to see the King—only the royal family and his physician were allowed to see him.

The guards were quick to open the dining hall. This was in the north wing. Unlike the dining room that was in her wing, the west wing, the one they often used, this one was in the north wing, the wing between hers and the Crown Prince's.

Queen Violeta hated the walk just to get to the room, but it was just the next wing, so she didn't complain too much. And the dining hall being on the ground floor meant there were barely any stairs for her to take.

She walked in and saw Lord Leopold seated with Prince Rylen, but there was no sign of Caius.

At the sight of the Queen, they both rose to their feet, with Rylen greeting the Queen first. "Welcome, Your Majesty."

"Your Majesty," Leopold said with an exaggerated bow, his voice ringing out.

Lord Leopold was a man in his late thirties, with a slightly round belly, but he had enough height that he could pass it off as being big. He had a rounded face, and despite his towering structure, there was a cheerfulness about him.

The Queen didn't hate him, but it was particularly hard to hate Lord Leopold—he was on friendly terms with everyone. He was nice and loved to party. If there was one thing he was known for, it was his drinking. Not many could outdrink him, and he was proud of this status.

"Lord Leopold," Queen Violeta said, mirroring his cheerful voice. "I heard you arrived. I am glad you got here safely. I hear the situation in Futherfield is grave."

"As I am, Your Majesty. Thank you for your care." He stretched out his hand, and the Queen gave a knowing smile and lightly gave him her palm.

Leopold fell to his knees immediately. "Your Majesty!" he cried. "How hath that grown even more beautiful?"

Suddenly, the door opened, and Caius walked in. He took in the scene before him and froze, then frowned. "Unhand my mother, Lord Leopold. We don't have time for your theatrics."

"Son, don't be rude to the Lord. He came all this way."

Caius looked down at Leopold, who was still on the floor with one knee and shook his head. "I am going to eat," he said and walked past them.

Leopold kissed the back of the Queen's palm and gently let it drop to the side. "I wouldn't want to stop Your Majesty from eating. Anyone who dares deserves death."