

## K Lover 160

### Chapter 160: Peasant Whore

Queen Violeta didn't bother announcing her presence before she stormed into the King's bedchambers. The physicians and his personal servants had just gotten him ready for bed. King Gaius's expression soured at his wife's presence.

There was no rule that she couldn't visit him unannounced, and since she had never done it before now, he didn't see any reason to make one. His expression didn't change as he watched her come closer.

"Your Majesty," the physicians said with a bow, while the servants did the same without saying a word.

Gaius lay in bed with the covers pulled up to his chest. His hands were hidden from view, and pillows were stacked strategically around his head and shoulders to elevate him slightly.

"Your Majesty," Queen Violeta said with a low curtsy. She knew she wasn't supposed to be here. "Pardon my sudden interruption, but it is imperative that I speak to you tonight, Your Majesty."

"What brings you here?" Gaius asked. His voice was raspy and almost inaudible.

Queen Violeta stood to her full height immediately. Now that she knew the King wouldn't chase her off, she was more confident. She didn't reply to his question immediately; rather, she found a comfortable position to sit in.

"I am afraid the matter involves our son. You have to do something, Your Majesty. You cannot let him continue with the whore in the castle."

Gaius's face immediately looked strained, and he coughed a few times before he spoke. "Didn't I leave that in your hands? What results do you have to show?"

Gaius's voice dripped with anger. If it weren't for the Queen, Caius would never have found out about the masked auction. Her meddling had set him back more steps than he had taken.

"Your Majesty, I didn't want to be cruel and ask that she be killed, and I see that was my mistake. However, this time around, I won't make the same mistake again. I am here to ask for your permission."

"Absolutely not!" Gaius said and erupted into a fit of coughs.

"Your Majesty, your lack of involvement in this severe issue is the reason why this problem exists. It is festering at this point. We best get rid of that whore now!"

"You had your chance, Violeta, and you blew it. Your son knows you orchestrated everything—do you think he wouldn't find out about this now?"

Queen Violeta shrugged. "He would understand that this is simply for his own good, and I don't think Your Majesty is in a place to remind me of something like that."

Gaius's gaze darkened. "Leave the wench alone. At least all he has done is parade with a wench. That's a problem that can be easily dealt with."

"Not just any wench, Your Majesty. A peasant whore, and I fear this issue is more than you think. Did you know he asked the steward to preside over her meals? Your son is treating a peasant whore better than his own parents!"

Gaius narrowed his eyes, but before he could speak again, he started to cough, his entire body vibrating. The physicians rushed over to him and were quick to wipe the blood that had spilled out from the corners of his lips.

"You do not have my permission!" Gaius said in an exhausted voice. "You should leave."

"Your Majesty—" Violeta tried to protest, but Gaius cut her short.

"Don't you have a ball to prepare for, Violeta? Pay attention to that. Leave the crown prince. Sooner or later, he will be bored with his new toy. Your reaction is giving him exactly what he wants. You should

know your son by now." Gaius closed his eyes as if exhausted. The long stretch of words had sucked the breath out of him.

"Your Majesty!"

"That's enough. Goodnight."

Queen Violeta looked ready to explode, but there was nothing she could do as the King had dismissed her. Other than that, he was also incredibly sick, and she knew she couldn't pester him for long.

However, she was not satisfied with this. There was no way she would let things carry on as they were. At this point, they risked having a peasant bastard. Queen Violeta was willing to do anything to prevent that.

She scoffed and stood to her feet, and without saying proper goodbyes to the King, she stormed out of his room. She walked past the group of guards standing in front of the King's room. They all bowed to her, but she ignored them, heading straight for her room.

Her ladies-in-waiting were by her door when she arrived. Unfortunately, none of them could follow her to the King's floor. Only a select few were allowed to see him, and one couldn't show up without being summoned or without prior notice.

"How did it go, Your Majesty?" one of them asked as they opened the doors for her to go into her room.

They were quick to lead her to a chair as they started preparing her for bed by taking off her ornaments and the jewelry around her neck.

"Not good," Queen Violeta said as she sat with a flop.

"The King will do nothing?" one of the ladies asked in horror.

"I am afraid so."

"So we fold our hands and watch this vermin crawl her way into the castle?"

"Of course not," Queen Violeta replied. Her reflection in the mirror showed her determination. "There are other ways to get what I want."

"I can get the poison I talked about earlier," one of the ladies said with a devious look on her face. "I know Her Majesty hasn't said much about this, but there is no harm in having it ready."

"Poison will be too obvious."

"Not if this one is practically untraceable, Your Majesty," she sneered. "Leave it to me. Her Majesty would be shocked at the wonders medicine has to offer these days."

Queen Violeta didn't say anything to this, neither accepting nor refusing. Her ladies-in-waiting knew exactly what that meant. They could carry on as long as they didn't bring any attention to themselves.

"I will also look for another way to get her out of the castle," another one said. "Your Majesty need not worry. You shan't lose sleep over a peasant whore!"

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Rose was usually just ushered into the crown prince's bedchambers, but this time around, one of the guards knocked first before she was let in. It only took her a few moments after she stepped through the doors to discover why they had needed to knock.

Prince Rylen stood in the middle of the room, speaking to Caius, who was seated on a chair. Rylen turned to look at her as she walked in, then returned his gaze to Caius.

"Very well, I shall take my leave," Rylen said.

Rylen turned his back to Caius without bowing and started walking toward her. Rose stepped away from the door. She curtsied as he walked past, but Rylen didn't even spare a glance in her direction.

She heard the door shut and lifted her head just in time to see Caius send her a dark look. Rose took a step back and quickly curtsied again. "Your Majesty."

Caius didn't reply to this; he just turned away from her and moved from the chair he was sitting on to the long chair, where he lay down with a pillow under his head.

Rose looked confused at his reaction. There didn't seem to be anything wrong when he left her room earlier, and he had even gone as far as to punish the unruly maid. Rose closed her eyes as she realized she would have to thank him for that, or she could pretend she didn't notice.

She stood there for a few moments contemplating what she would do, and during that time, the crown prince didn't look at her, nor did he say anything to her. Deciding that she couldn't just stay by the door, she clasped tighter onto her robe and took a step forward.

She got to where he lay, putting some distance between them. The room was dimly lit except for a few candles and the fireplace. She could hear the soft sound of the wood snapping as it burned; she could also smell it, but most of the smoke went up the chimney.

The crown prince lay on the long chair with his arms behind his head. He was taller than the chair, and his legs stuck out awkwardly at the end with one of them on the ground. He was dressed in the usual: a scanty robe with a sash that looked like it might come undone at any moment.

Though she stood in front of him, only about three feet away, he acted as though he was completely oblivious to her presence. Rose tried her best to remain calm in this situation. This sort of behavior might be preferable instead of having him ask her to do things she would rather not.

"Your Majesty," Rose called again, simply because it would be awkward not to try to speak to him.

"The table," he said without looking at her. "Get what's on it."

Rose frowned and slowly turned around, wondering which table. It didn't take her long to see it, and when she did, her mouth fell open.