

K Lover 54

Chapter 54: Queen Violeta

Queen Violeta had a scowl on her face as she marched to her husband's chambers. She had tried to see him earlier, but the physician had turned her away, saying it wasn't a good time because the king was asleep. She had requested that she be informed as soon as he woke up.

A servant had come to her moments before to inform her that he was awake, and she had immediately made her way to his chambers. They shared the same wing but no longer the same bedroom nor the same floor.

Years ago, they did, but the sicker the king became, the crankier he grew, and the more alone time he needed. She had not shared a room with him since the year he sent their son away. It was surprising how quickly time had passed. To think it had already been a decade.

The king had always had a weak constitution, and it had affected him greatly. His father, the late king, had almost considered giving the throne to his younger son. However, an incident had prevented that from happening. Queen Violeta didn't know much about the details. King Gaius hated speaking about that time.

She stood in front of the chambers, and even though the guard had announced her presence for a while now, she still wasn't allowed in. About five guards stood in front of the chambers. They had all bowed to her as she appeared, but none said a word.

Queen Violeta shuffled her feet awkwardly, but she had to see the king now. If she didn't, she didn't know when she would get another chance. He rarely left his chambers, and whenever he did, he was always too busy with his advisors or the lords. They didn't even eat meals together anymore, as his physicians had to keep a close eye on him to ensure he didn't choke—or worse.

Queen Violeta had hoped his condition would improve, but it had only grown much worse. However, the reason for her visit wasn't about her husband's health; it was a completely different matter. A very important one, at least according to her.

The huge doors finally opened, and one of the physicians stepped out with his head bowed, looking ashamed. "Please forgive me, Your Majesty, but I had to give the king his medicine."

"I understand, Rufus. May I see him now?" she asked.

Rufus nodded and stepped aside as she walked into the room. Rufus was the King's chief physician and was with him most of the time.

The room was larger than it needed to be, and it held an even larger bed, with the king seated at the edge of it. The rest of the space could have fit at least five more people. The king was propped up with pillows, and a blanket covered his legs. A servant was clearing the table next to him.

King Gaius hated being sick, but more than anything, he hated being seen as sick. Queen Violeta knew he had tried everything—even medicine from across the border, from kingdoms they didn't have good relations with. Nothing had worked, and sometimes Queen Violeta feared the medicines made him even sicker. However, she knew better than to say this aloud. King Gaius never listened to anyone.

Queen Violeta rushed toward her husband. She stood behind the bed and curtsied. In the past, she would have instinctively reached out to touch him, but that instinct no longer existed; she had learned to suppress it.

"Do you fare well, my king?" she asked.

Gaius lifted his gaze to his wife. It was hard to tell whether he despised her presence. "I am well," he replied curtly.

Queen Violeta quickly took the seat the physician provided, placing her as close to the king as possible. This was to make conversation easier. King Gaius couldn't speak for very long, nor could he speak very loudly; either would trigger a wave of coughs.

"What brings you here?" he asked, cutting straight to the point without asking how she had been, even though this was the first time they had seen each other in weeks.

Queen Violeta didn't think much of it. If her visit had been for a different reason, King Gaius might not have agreed to see her. But since it pertained to their son, she was certain he would grant her an audience.

"We need to do something about the whore our son has brought into the castle. It has gone on long enough. To think he would go as far as to present her at the council meeting—"

Queen Violeta stopped speaking as the king began to cough violently. The physician rushed closer, holding a cloth to the king's mouth. "Your Majesty!" Rufus cried.

His actions seemed to anger King Gaius, as his face turned red, and he pulled the cloth from the man's hand. "G-get out!" he yelled between coughs.

"Your Majesty," Rufus hesitated, glancing from the queen to the king. However, it didn't take him long to make a decision, and he left the room.

Gaius's coughs subsided almost immediately, and the redness in his face faded. He pulled the cloth from his lips, and Queen Violeta didn't miss the blood. However, she kept her face devoid of emotion.

"I heard," he said, his voice hoarse.

His voice had changed over the years. Before, it had been soft, gentle—even when he yelled, there had been a softness to it. Now it was harsh and coarse, like the rattling of chains, especially after a wave of coughs.

Queen Violeta wasn't surprised. Though the king's health was failing, he was still a major part of the kingdom. He still made most of the decisions, and his advisors kept him up to date on everything. Nothing happened in the castle without the king's knowledge.

She knew he was aware. However, she wasn't sure he would do anything about it. King Gaius could be a cruel father, but it was clear to anyone close enough to him that he had a soft spot for his son and tended to let him get away with things—especially since he had returned to the castle. Queen Violeta often wondered if this was his way of making amends.