

## K Lover 55

### Chapter 55: Permission

"Do you intend to do nothing about it?" Queen Violeta asked. She kept her voice soft; she couldn't afford to anger him, or else this trip would be completely fruitless.

King Gaius didn't respond.

Queen Violeta felt a prick in her back. It was just as she had feared. The king was going to fold his hands and let their son do as he wished again. If it had been anyone else, she wouldn't have cared, but a peasant—a common whore? She wasn't going to have it.

"The lords will start to question if he is truly fit for the throne." Queen Violeta didn't feel the slightest bit of guilt as she said these words to her husband. She knew what his greatest fear was. She knew he feared the same would happen to his son, and that was a major reason why he had done the things he did.

King Gaius paled, but before he could speak, another round of coughs erupted from him. This time, it didn't last as long. "They wouldn't dare," he stated breathlessly. "Caius has proved himself enough."

"Yes, but we know one bad deed can ruin all the good ones. So, before this turns into a bad deed, it is best to get rid of it. If he can do that in front of the lords of the kingdom, what more is left, Your Majesty? We cannot let our son ruin all your hard work and his too."

"I told him to get rid of her," he mumbled.

"You know it is precisely for that reason that he will not," she replied.

Anyone who knew anything about the father and son knew that the crown prince's goal was to anger his father as much as he could. Violeta often feared that Caius might send the king to an early grave because of his numerous bad habits.

King Gaius sighed and leaned back against the headboard. "Since you're here, I suppose you have a plan," he said to his wife.

"No, I wouldn't want to go against Your Majesty's wishes. If you suggest speaking to our son, I will support that wholeheartedly," Queen Violeta said, her voice annoyingly sharp.

King Gaius tried not to roll his eyes. "I will listen to you. If the plan you have works better, I shall let you do as you wish."

"Thank you, Your Majesty. You are most kind. I do believe this is for the benefit of our son. Letting that—that peasant stay here any longer would be detrimental to the Ravenor name, and I fear things will only get worse from here."

"Speak, Violeta. I have already given you permission to do so," King Gaius sounded exhausted.

"I can make her disappear from the castle and make it look like she left on her own."

"Caius isn't stupid, Violeta. If you try something, he will know you are involved."

"He won't find out. The wench has tried to escape before and failed miserably. Caius is sure to think she tried it again, especially after what he did today."

King Gaius didn't look completely convinced by her plan, but if she was willing to put in the work, he had no plans to stop her. "Alright, do whatever you want."

Queen Violeta smiled. "Thank you, Your Majesty, but before that, I need a favor," she replied.

King Gaius narrowed his eyes at his wife. He didn't like the sound of this. "What is it?"

"A prisoner," she said. "Someone we can easily get rid of if he fails, and no one will be the wiser."

"You think your plan will fail?" King Gaius asked.

"No, Your Majesty. The plan is completely foolproof, I promise. I am sure of success, Your Majesty. I want some leverage and to be sure I can use this prisoner however I want."

King Gaius sighed. "Speak to Maximus," the king said. "Tell him I have given you permission."

Queen Violeta smiled and stood to her feet, curtsying. "Thank you, Your Majesty."

King Gaius did not reply, and she slowly left his room without another word or glance in his direction. As the door began to close behind her, Queen Violeta could hear him cough once again. His physician, panicking, rushed into the room, not even getting the chance to bid her farewell, but Queen Violeta didn't care. She had gotten what she wanted.

"Get me Maximus," she said to the nearest guard.

The guard bowed and immediately fled to do as she requested. Queen Violeta hummed all the way to her chambers. As soon as she walked through the doors, her ladies-in-waiting rushed to her. "Your Majesty," they curtsied, "we wondered where you were."

Their voices poured out in unison as if they had rehearsed. They clustered together, standing in front of the queen with their heads bowed and their knees bent.

Queen Violeta smiled at them. "Nowhere serious. I just went to take care of a little problem."

One of the maids lifted her head, a sly smile on her face. "Is the problem, perhaps, the little fly in the servant quarters?"

"Aren't you perceptive? But worry not—from tonight, this little problem will no longer be a problem."

The remaining two lifted their heads, their eyes gleaming and the hint of a smile on the corners of their lips. "Will Her Majesty share?"

"No reason to give it away now," Violeta said as she walked to her bed. "You will all witness it."

"Yes!" they yelled out in triumph. "The little twat. Who does she think she is?"

"I am sure once she is gone, the crown prince will see what a mistake she is," one of them said.

"She's a witch, I tell you. She must have bewitched him when he traveled to Edenville."

"I never wanted him to go to such a terrible place," Queen Violeta cried. "If only His Majesty had listened to me, this would never have happened."

"But you have found a solution," one of the ladies cheered.

"Yes, of course," she grinned. "She will never raise her ugly head again. I will make sure of that. Right now, I need one of you to get me Martha. The Steward's niece. She will be very useful in my plans."