

K Lover 56

Chapter 56: Maximus

Maximus was out in the field training guards when a guard approached him. "My lord," he said, his voice soft.

Maximus squinted his eyes from where he was seated under the canopy, watching the men tackle obstacles on the open field. He had caught sight of the guard the instant he entered the field but had completely ignored him.

"What is it?" Maximus asked, keeping his gaze straight, not once glancing in the direction of the guard.

The guard's hands shook as he held his spear, standing before Maximus. The Royal Commander was a household name. Not only that, he was also the king's right-hand man. Maximus was as tall as he was wide, and a rumor said he had once been attacked by twenty men and fought them all off. But that wasn't the best part. He had been unarmed, and each man had a crushed skull, like apples that had been squished.

The guard standing in front of Maximus believed the rumor wholeheartedly. He had seen the Royal Commander in combat. Maximus could crush a man's skull. With wide palms, muscles, and veins that ran down each arm, the guard knew that if he were to anger the Royal Commander, he would be dead before he could blink.

"H-Her Majesty, the Q-Queen, has requested your presence."

Maximus blinked, then slowly turned his eyes to look at the guard. The Queen never summoned him. He had been the Royal Commander for at least fifteen years, and not once had the Queen ever asked for his presence. Yet she was calling for him now.

He knew Queen Violeta. She wasn't the type to do things without a plan. If she was asking for him, the king knew, and that meant she had his permission. It also meant she wanted to deal with an issue, and considering the rumors going around the castle, he could guess what this issue was.

"Did she say why?" he asked, turning his gaze back to the field.

"No," the guard shook his head.

"Where was she when she gave you this order?" he asked.

"Coming from the King's chambers," the guard answered immediately.

At least this one was smart, Maximus thought to himself. "Where is she now?"

"Her chambers, I think," the guard stuttered.

Maximus took his compliment back; he now thought the guard was a little dumb. "Okay, you may leave."

The guard looked a little unsure. The Royal Commander didn't look like he had any plans to rise from his seat. Could he return to his post and keep his head? What if the Royal Commander never actually answered the Queen?

Maximus slowly turned his head. Even though he had dismissed the guard, he could still hear him breathing beside him. Maximus didn't fully turn his neck before the sound of footsteps racing away from the field could be heard as the guard fled for his life. He knew a public execution was nothing compared to what Maximus would do to him.

Maximus slowly stood to his feet after some time had passed. He turned to the guard who stood behind him. "I will be right back. Let them carry on as normal."

The guard nodded and bowed to Maximus. "Yes, my lord." It wasn't until he couldn't hear Maximus's footsteps any longer that the guard slowly lifted his head.

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Martha was mopping the floor when she heard a voice call to her. It was one of the maids. She glared at her and continued her work.

"Martha!" the maid cried, walking into the room.

"What do you want? Can't you see I'm busy?" she spat out, even though the girl was one of the maids helping her clean.

Martha was furious that she had to do something like this because of some commoner. Worse, her uncle was taking the whore's side over hers—even Edna's. Her eyes darkened at this. Her uncle would have never found out about either incident if Edna hadn't been such a blabbermouth.

Unfortunately, it was hard to attack Edna. Like Martha, she had worked in the castle long enough and was friendly with the maids and some of the court ladies. The only advantage Martha had over her was the fact that her uncle was the steward—a position very close to the royal family. It was a position Martha announced with pride, and it let her get away with a lot of things.

She wouldn't be in the castle if it weren't for her uncle. She also wouldn't be part of the Queen's personal maids if it weren't for him, and if it weren't for her, Edna wouldn't be part of them either. She couldn't understand why people who were close to her would suddenly choose a stranger. There must be something wrong with Rose.

"Sorry," the girl said, flinching at Martha's outburst. "But one of the Queen's ladies-in-waiting is here, and she asked me to come get you."

The mop fell from Martha's hands, clanging on the floor. She quickly wiped her hands on her dress. "Why didn't you say so?" she yelled as she rushed out of the room. "I'm sure the Queen has heard my plight and decided to put a stop to this nonsense," Martha announced with glee.

"Martha, wait," the girl called as she tried to rush after her, but she couldn't keep up.

Martha looked around and didn't see anyone. She started toward the stairs, but there was still no sign of the lady-in-waiting. She turned to face the girl, a dark look on her face. "I thought you said one of the Queen's ladies-in-waiting was here?"

"Yes," the young girl said, breathless. "But she said the south wing is too dusty for her to come in. She's outside the wing," she replied.

As soon as she said those words, Martha bolted for the stairs, rushing out of the wing without saying another word to the girl. She was certain it had something to do with the Queen and the Queen wouldn't suddenly request for her out of the blue, it must be for a very good reason.