

K Lover 57

Chapter 57: Little Problem

Martha tried to quell her excitement as she followed the court lady. The lady didn't say much, only that the Queen had requested her presence and that Martha should come with her. Martha had agreed without hesitation. She had seen the knowing look on the court lady's face, and something told her this was going to be in her favor.

There were four major wings in the castle. The Royal Wing, where the king and queen resided; the Crown Prince's Wing, which used to be called the East Wing but was now referred to by its new name; the Guest Wing, which housed the largest hall in the castle and was where most parties were held; and the South Wing, which had been empty for so long that Martha didn't even know what it was originally used for.

They arrived at the Royal Wing, where guards stood at the entrance. They didn't block their path. Even if the court lady hadn't been with her, Martha could come and go from the Royal Wing as long as she had business there. No one would stop her or ask questions. She had also been assigned to clean the rooms here, so a guard would likely assume she was doing just that.

The King's and Queen's rooms were on different floors. The Queen's room was a floor above his, and other than the stairs leading to the Queen's floor, Martha had never been to the King's floor before. This time was no different.

The Queen's room took up almost the entire floor, with guards standing in front of the door. No sooner had they appeared in front of them than the doors were thrown open. The first room they entered was the sitting area.

"Your Majesty," the lady announced, "I have brought her as you requested."

Martha was already on her knees, her head bowed. She knew exactly what the Queen expected: silence unless spoken to, and only "yes" as an answer. One was to do exactly as the Queen asked, even if it seemed impossible. No arguing or countering anything she said. Unless the question demanded it, answers were not to be more than one word. And, most importantly, always address her as "Your Majesty" with every response.

Martha had always abided by these rules, and not once had she ever gotten on the Queen's bad side. To think Rose had managed to do so on her second day in the castle was laughable.

"Martha," the Queen called softly. "Henry is your uncle, is he not?"

"Yes, Your Majesty."

"I am sure you are curious as to why I have called you," Queen Violeta said.

Martha nodded. "Yes, Your Majesty."

"You see," the Queen said relaxing on the huge chair she sat in. "I think we have a common problem."

Martha frowned as she tried to process what the Queen was saying.

"Someone who doesn't seem to know her place. I hear that even your uncle favors her."

"Yes, Your Majesty," Martha said, but her voice lacked its usual cheerful tone. She wasn't sure if this was a good thing. Finding out that this had something to do with Rose irritated her. However, perhaps it was a good thing, she thought, after all the Queen had called Rose a problem.

"How about you help me get rid of this little problem?"

Martha couldn't help it; she lifted her head, surprise written across her face.

"You will never have to hear from her again. I will make sure she never makes it back here. Also, I'll tell Madam Edith to get you off the South Wing. I am sure there are other people who can clean it. And if this plan succeeds, you can rest assured that you will be promoted."

Martha couldn't help the smile that spread across her face. The Queen was getting her out of South Wing duty, as she had hoped, and was also giving her the opportunity to get rid of Rose. There was no way she would decline.

She slowly bowed her head as she said the words. "Yes, Your Majesty."

"Good girl. But you will have to keep this from your uncle. You see, my son was the one who made him steward, and Henry has clearly shown his loyalty to my son. It isn't that I doubt your own loyalty or your uncle's. I just worry that he would have a hard time keeping this from the crown prince. We don't want him to have to worry about that."

"Yes, Your Majesty."

"Wow! I am impressed. If I had known you'd be this useful, I would have put you to work sooner."

"Thank you, Your Majesty."

"You don't have to do much, my child and you don't have to worry about anyone finding out it was you."

Martha nodded. She was still unsure what exactly she had to do, but she didn't worry too much about it. She had the Queen's backing, and she knew the Queen would protect her if anything were to happen.

"What would you like me to do, Your Majesty? This servant is only here to serve."

The Queen looked even more pleased by her response. "Patience. You will find out soon enough. I'd rather not have to repeat myself. We just need a certain person to arrive."

As soon as she said these words, a servant stepped forward. "Your Majesty, the Royal Commander, Lord Maximus Leonford, is here."

"Just the person we've been waiting for. Let him in."

Martha's eyes nearly bulged out of her head. There was no one who didn't know the Royal Commander. She had heard stories about him even when she was a child. There were rumors that he had fought alongside the late king and that the current king had kept someone as strong as him close because he couldn't fight himself.

The doors were huge, but Lord Maximus walked into the room with his head bowed. He wasn't wearing any armor, just simple clothes with a sword at his waist. Their eyes met, and Martha almost collapsed to the ground. The fear she felt at just meeting his eyes was nothing she had ever experienced.