

## K Lover 58

### Chapter 58: Skipping

Maximus towered over the women in the room easily. At almost seven feet tall and pure muscle, he was something close to a giant. He had short brown hair and visible scars across his shoulder blades that led down to his chest, hidden from view. He had dark eyes and a stubble that joined into his mustache.

He bowed to the Queen. "Your Majesty," he said. His voice was cold, almost haunting.

"Lord Maximus," she called.

Maximus stood upright as he took in the room with the five ladies. None of them were familiar to him except the Queen. He had not expected this much of an audience, and if he was unsure that the Queen needed him for something a little scandalous, he was sure now.

"Yes, Your Majesty. You called for me," he said with a bored expression on his face. He had better things to do than listen to whatever this was, but since it was on the orders of the King, he couldn't refuse.

"His Royal Majesty has given the order that you adhere to my request," Queen Violeta started to say.

Maximus gave her an unimpressed look. He wouldn't be here if he didn't have to do as she wanted. They both knew the only person who could give him orders was the King, and for her to call for him, she must have asked the King for permission to do so.

"At your service, Your Majesty," Maximus said with a forced smile.

Queen Violeta didn't like his smug attitude, but there was nothing she could do about it. "I want a prisoner. Someone whose life or death doesn't matter," Queen Violeta said.

"Hmm, what would this prisoner do?" he asked.

"I don't see why I have to divulge the information to you. I want a prisoner, and that's all that matters," Queen Violeta stated.

"I understand Your Majesty wants to keep this as concealed as possible, but I do not ask this to know what you intend to do with the prisoner. I ask to know what sort of prisoner I should give to you. However, as you wish, I will give you a prisoner as you have asked. Would that be all, Your Majesty?"

"No," she replied. "There is one more thing."

"Which is?" An impatient look crossed his face.

"Keep this from the crown prince," Queen Violeta stated.

Maximus fought to keep his expression under control as he bowed to the Queen. He had no business with the crown except with matters that concerned the kingdom. He found it insulting that she would insinuate he was a tattletale. "As you wish, Your Majesty." Without another word, he turned around and left the room.

It was like air was returned to the room, and Martha could breathe once again. She had never been this close to Maximus, even though he also resided in the castle, but this one encounter made her believe every rumor she had ever heard about him.

"Martha."

Martha jerked as the Queen called her name. She stumbled forward. "Y-yes, Your M-majesty," she stuttered as she spoke.

"I understand that you and the whore share a room," the Queen started to say.

"Yes, Your Majesty."

"Good. You don't have to do much. My lady-in-waiting will tell you all you need to know. All you have to do is make sure the door is open. You can keep pretending to sleep, and you will never have to deal with her again."

"Really?" Martha asked with glee.

"Yes," Queen Violeta smiled.

"May I say something?" she suddenly asked.

Queen Violeta's expression changed ever so slightly. "Go on."

"Sometimes Rose returns late from the crown prince's wing. I can inform you when she returns to the room."

Queen Violeta narrowed her gaze. "Absolutely not. As soon as you have eaten dinner and done for the day, you must act as though you're asleep. When she leaves, the crown prince will question you first. You must pretend to wake only when you see her sneaking off. You also cannot be seen anywhere near my quarters after now."

"Yes, Your Majesty."

"And you must tell the crown prince you saw her leave the room. Get rid of whatever belongings she might have."

Martha nodded. "You can count on me, Your Majesty. I will do exactly as you have asked."

"My ladies-in-waiting will keep in touch with you. They will direct you further on what you have to do. Do not fail me!"

"I wouldn't dare, Your Majesty."

"Good, you may leave." She turned to the ladies. "See her out and deal with the prisoner Maximus will give to me. I only want to know after the task has been done. However, you will not tell me yourself, Martha, and for the next couple of days, don't come into my chambers."

Martha nodded and curtsied. "As Your Majesty wishes."

Still holding onto her skirt, she followed the lady-in-waiting out of the room, but they didn't follow the usual path. Instead, Martha was led to the back, where she came out on the other side of the castle. She was left alone there and had to make her way back to the servant quarters on her own.

The extra journey didn't bother Martha. It was worth it if she didn't have to clean the South Wing anymore, but the best part was that she was going to be rid of Rose permanently.

She didn't know exactly what the Queen intended to do to Rose, but she wasn't stupid. She could take a guess. The Queen was likely going to kidnap Rose out of the castle. Martha frowned as she realized she didn't know what the Queen intended to do with Rose after she left the castle, but that was not for her to worry about. Just Rose leaving was more than enough for her.

Getting rid of her belongings would be a little hard, but she was sure there was a way she could do that without drawing any attention to herself. Rose was still smiling to herself when she got to the servant quarters, skipping like a little kid.

So engrossed in her thoughts that she didn't see Edna until she bumped into her, almost spilling the pile of clothes the maid had in her hands. "Martha!" Edna said as she managed to stop the clothes from falling.

Martha saw who it was and scoffed. "You're lucky I didn't spill your clothes all over the floor, but don't worry, I am in a good mood today." She picked up a piece of clothing and placed it on top of Edna's face, knowing Edna's hands were full and she wouldn't be able to get it off her face.

"What are you doing, Martha?" Edna called angrily, but her voice was muffled by the cloth over her face.

Martha began humming and hopping to her room without a backward glance, not caring that Edna might trip with the clothes all over her face.

Edna managed to get rid of the piece of cloth on her face without losing any of the clothes in the heavy basket by slowly placing it down and now that her hands were free she could pull the cloth away. She turned around and saw Martha's retreating figure. The girl was happy, and that didn't make sense to her.

She had seen Martha this morning; she had looked like she would claw someone's eyes out if they got too close to her. Even the girls that helped her clean were all yelled at, and that wasn't the only tantrum she had thrown this morning. Yet here she was, skipping.

Edna lifted the basket. She didn't want to think too much about it, but she knew her hunch wasn't wrong. She would try to keep an eye on Martha. She couldn't help but worry that Martha might do something to Rose.

Edna shook her head. Martha wouldn't try something stupid when she knew her uncle was on Rose's side. She was probably overthinking. Right now, washing these clothes was far more important. She would worry about Martha when she had free hands.