

Scheming Royal

Only one person knew the truth. After all, if the story circled around the village like common gossip, then it wouldn't be much of a secret anymore, would it? And it wasn't as though she was exactly tempted to tell anyone either, seeing as that action could have her beheaded in a matter a minutes. But she was lucky. No one would ever suspect her of the crime that had been committed, for she was the Queen, and why would the Queen ever murder her beloved husband, the King? The King, who was now dead, who had been killed by none other than herself. Her lip curled at the thought of that coward, disgust pulsing through her veins, overpowering the guilt, as she walked through the glistening halls of the palace, guards trailing behind her. Yes, she had killed someone, but she believed it had been for good reason, the reason being that he was -he had been- a horrible ruler. A coward, too afraid of the enemy to send his own knights into battle, no matter how many of his advisers told him he was being foolish. Always trying to negotiate with the other countries, never taking action, or dominating them for himself. She knew the correct way to rule, and he did not. He was a problem. Thus, she'd eliminated him. Her blood turned to ice as she recalled the events from the week before.

The idea had been forming in her mind for months, and she'd had everything planned out perfectly. At sunrise on Monday, she'd visited the kitchens and met the head cooks, making sure that everything was in place so she could execute her plan later that evening. She'd shared one last look with a new cook named Bella, who was to assist her unknowingly in the poisoning of the King. The Queen caught a glance of the slow acting poison, one that had taken weeks to find, uncommon to their land so that it would not be questioned. It was to be placed in the King's meal, and no one else's. While she felt disdain for her consort, she held nothing against the other members of the Royal Court. That included her own children, and she had given Bella direct

orders to make sure the berries would not fall into any other plates when they served the dinner that night. Bella didn't know that the berries were poisonous, of course. She merely thought that they were a special kind of berry suitable only for the King. That night, no one had suspected anything strange about the food given to them. No one noticed the Queen's poorly hidden smirk as her husband munched happily on these exotic berries, even commenting on how excellent they tasted, and told one of the servants to give his compliments to the finder of these extravagant fruit. That only made the Queen seethe with rage. These servants were below them, and did not deserve their attention or praise. The King was too kind, too merciful. She needed to get rid of him. And she did. For the next week, she had to deal with the King's pathetic moaning of how his stomach hurt, that his headaches were too frequent. As he'd vomited in a bucket that a servant was holding for the eighth time that day, blood coming out of this one, the Queen offered false words of sympathy. When the King finally passed away the day after, she feigned sobs and tears, accepting the many condolences of those around her.

Today was the first day of a new era, one that was going to be marked down in history. She was going to be recognized as the greatest Monarch to exist, triumphant in every battle she faced. She was going to be remembered, for she was strong, courageous, admirable, and she would be remembered as such, although she was, of course, a vicious killer. That day, she ordered a knight to execute Bella for treason against the royal crown, suspected as the King's murderer, as to make sure that the Queen's request for the berries were never revealed. The Queen felt no pity disposing of her. After all, she was just another pawn in this little game. A game the Queen was going to win.