

# THE KING'S LOVER

## Chapter 11: A Fair Price

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**Trigger Warning:** The first part of this Chapter includes a scene of coerced sexual activity. Please proceed with caution or skip if needed.

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Rose winced. Her father's life depended on how well she could fellate the crown prince. Rose slowly nodded with his cock in her mouth. Just taking in the tip was a hassle, and the worst part was she didn't know what to do with it. Should she just cover it with her mouth? Suck on it? But how would she do that without teeth? She had never done this before. She had never had to with Ander—all he needed was a little fondling, and it certainly wasn't this huge.

Rose yelped as Caius grabbed her hair. The sound was muffled. "Stick out your tongue, relax your lower jaw. If I leave it to you, we'd be here all day."

While he uttered these orders, he didn't pull away. His thick member was right in her mouth. Rose swallowed, tasting something weird, but there was no time to think about it. She quickly did as he asked. She felt her tongue slide under his cock, and it felt like her mouth opened up wider.

Rose saw it coming, but it didn't prepare her for the horror. The prince shoved himself deeper into her mouth, slamming against the back of her throat. He pulled out and repeated this. Rose couldn't breathe, and his grip on her hair prevented her from pulling away.

She felt saliva pool in her mouth, and she had to fight the urge not to throw up. However, this only seemed to make his pull-and-push movements easier. The prince was relentless. She felt him slide down her throat, and Rose could feel her breakfast sliding up her throat.

She dug her nails into her thighs, feeling her nails dig through the cloth. Rose scratched, anything to distract her from the feeling in her throat. She had only one job: to be a hole the prince could pummel into, and she would do her job right. Tears poured out of her eyes, and she could feel her vision blur. She wasn't getting any air, but she couldn't pass out—not until he emptied his loins, not until she was sure her father wouldn't be killed. But Rose didn't know how long she would last.

Suddenly, the prince pushed deeper, burying himself all the way to the hilt. Rose's bloodshot eyes widened. He grunted, and she felt his cock pulsate in her throat, followed by a burst of warm liquid pouring down her throat. Rose instinctively tried to pull away, but the prince had her locked in place.

"Ah," he groaned. "Don't even think about letting a drop out," he said and let go of Rose's hair.

Rose fell backward, gasping for air. She rolled into a ball as she coughed. Her legs were numb, and her knees were bruised, but neither compared to her throat. Rose grabbed her throat; if it wasn't already so sore, she would have clawed at it in disgust.

She looked up to see the prince staring down at her with a sneer. She hated that his semi-erect cock was still in view, the tip slick. His eyes followed her gaze, and his sneer deepened.

"Don't look at me like that," he said, adjusting his pants. "If you're this much of a wreck after this, how would you manage? Not to mention that I did all the work."

"Forgive me, yer highness. It won't happen again." It was hard to talk; her throat felt very bruised. Rose lifted herself and returned to kneeling.

"It better not."

"Mi fat'er, yer highness." Rose's eyes watered. It was way past noon at this point. Her father could be dead.

Caius lifted his hand, and a guard moved toward them. In his hands was a tiny paper and a quill. Rose wondered what he intended to do with that.

"What proof do you want?" Caius asked her.

Rose blinked. It took her a second to realize that the prince was speaking to her. "Mi weddin' gift," Rose replied.

It was something her father hadn't made yet. If he was dead, he couldn't, and there was no one's work she knew better than her father's. She would know instantly if it was fake. It was also a way to send a message to her father that she was fine. She couldn't see them before going, but at least she could leave some kind of message.

Caius's eyes narrowed. "Your wedding gift? Do you not understand the situation you're in?"

"I understand very much, yer highness. Please don't misunderstand. Tis simply somethin' that will assure me mi fat'er is alive."

"Not my words."

Rose was unsure how to respond to this. She didn't know if it was a statement or a question. She looked around helplessly while still on her knees. However, the prince didn't speak to her again. He turned his attention to the guard holding the quill.

"Write to the baron that I have pardoned the execution," Caius said, then slowly turned his eyes to Rose, "and that the trespasser's wedding gift to his daughter should be sent to the royal palace. She will be having a different kind of ceremony."

The guard nodded, and when he was done writing, he handed it to Caius, who pressed his ring against it before the paper was rolled up. A pigeon in a cage was brought up, and the letter was attached to its foot. The bird was set free, and it flew off in the opposite direction.

"Get on your feet," Caius ordered.

Rose struggled to stand, placing her palms on the floor, she pushed upward, using the momentum to stagger to her feet. Standing in front of the crown prince, she bent her head and stared at his feet.

"It's a good thing you can ride. Get on your horse. We have a long way to go, and I've just spent time catering to your wants."

"I apologize for wastin' yer time, yer Highness, but is it not too late for mi fat'er?"

Caius's face darkened. "I told you not a hair on your father's head would be harmed. Do you not believe me?"

Rose shook her head. "I believe ye." She bowed and walked to the horse. Rose had to make sure. The prince was clearly crazy; no one would believe his words.

Caius was certain the execution didn't take place. After all, his orders were that no execution should happen except at his word. However, he doubted he would have pardoned her father if she hadn't done as he wanted but he would have left her alone. A fair price to refuse him, wasn't it?

# Chapter 12: Stonegate

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Rose couldn't help the relief she felt when she saw the gates of a town at sunset. The town looked better than Edenville; it was also more progressive. The first thing she noticed was that there was a proper gate at the entrance with guard towers on each side.

The twin gates were at least five meters high. There was also a portcullis sticking out the top of the gates, the two huge doors weren't the only protection. Rose's neck hurt a little as she tried to take in all of this. She had never seen anything like it—even the baron's manor couldn't compare to this.

As they approached the gates, the men didn't need to slow down before the doors were opened. Rose could hear the rattling of chains from a distance as the huge gates were unlocked. She felt the crown prince glance at her before he picked up the pace. Rose winced at the pain of riding, but she did her best to keep up with him. Her rear was sore, and she was covered in dust. Unlike the soldiers, who were dressed in full attire, all she had was a flimsy dress.

They burst through the gates into the town. Rose noticed the guards bowed as they rode past, and the people on the streets dropped to their knees, but Caius didn't stop, nor did he address them. Out of the corners of her eyes, Rose could see guards appear on both sides, and a few subtly moved to the front, leading the way. Their clothes were similar to the crown prince's men, but the designs were different.

They led them through the town. Rose couldn't help but look around in awe. Even though it was dark, the town was bustling. Lamps lit up the path, and children could be seen playing outside. Rose stared as she rode; she couldn't help it. She had never been out of Edenville, not once. She had never had a reason to. Her father had made a few trips to the

capital and would often tell her about it, but it wasn't a trip he made often. The last time was over two years ago.

Suddenly, the path emptied, and not a person was in sight. Then, not more than ten meters away, Rose saw the biggest house ever. The gates were almost as big as the town's main entrance. It was already dark, but it still didn't hide how massive the mansion was.

They pulled up to the gates, which had two huge torches on both sides, shining on the path. The gates opened, and Rose held her breath as they revealed a stone path with lantern stands that lit up the place. It was nighttime, but Rose could clearly see the compound.

Trees and flowers covered the front yard, and a fountain stood right in the middle. But she didn't get a chance to look around as much as she wanted. They rode off to the front of the house, and Rylen got off his horse just as the lord of the mansion stepped forward with his wife and three daughters beside him.

"Your Highness," they all bowed. "It is truly a pleasure," the lord said.

"Lord Edric Harrington, third Marquis of Stonegate," Prince Rylen said and stepped up. "Thank you for having us."

"Don't thank me, Prince Rylen. I wouldn't have wanted this any other way. My family is happy to have His Highness in our town and our humble abode," Lord Edric replied.

There was nothing humble about Stonegate, Rose thought as she adjusted on her horse. Her sore rear was even worse now. Her action caused her horse to move, drawing attention to herself. Rose couldn't help but wince as the eyes of the Harringtons landed on her. Their disapproval, disgust, and confusion were as clear as day.

The Marquis of Stonegate had three beautiful daughters, who were all the spitting image of their mother. Two were close in age, while the last daughter looked to be in her early teens. They were all dressed in regal dresses, and their hair was lifted high. Jewelry hung from their necks and ears.

They drew their eyes away as Caius came down from his horse. He didn't even look at Rose, but she knew she had to do the same. Rose struggled off the horse, getting another grunt of complaint from the animal. She finally got to the ground and curtsied to the Harringtons without saying anything.

"Right this way," Lord Edric said, and the doors were swung open.

Caius stepped in line with the Lord of Stonegate, with his wife and daughters behind them. Rose wasn't sure if she should follow along, so she just looked around helplessly. But when no one told her otherwise, she slowly followed after them.

The mansion was massive. If she thought the exterior was impressive, the interior was even more so. The doors opened to the entrance hall, and Rose felt her jaw drop to the ground. It was exquisite. The only interior she could compare to this was the merchant's house, but that paled in comparison.

The ceiling was high, with lit chandeliers hanging from it. Paintings could be seen on the ceiling, and Rose squinted her eyes to get a better look, but she quickly brought her gaze



down. She couldn't stare with reckless abandon. There was a grand staircase and portraits of the Harringtons scattered all around the house. Servants lined up on both sides, looking eager to receive orders.

"Your Highness, may I present Master Benedict Hughman, my trusted steward. He oversees the affairs of my household and is at your service during your stay," Lord Edric said, and an older servant stepped forward.

He held his hands in front and bowed. "It's an honor to serve, Your Highness."

"Benedict will lead you to your chambers. Dinner will be ready soon. I will be delighted if you could join us, Your Highness."

Caius merely grunted in reply. He had not said a word since he got to the lord's house, and now he quietly followed the servants who led him toward his chambers.

## Chapter 13: The Harringtons

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Caius sat down at the dinner table, trying his hardest not to appear bored. Lord Edric was very chatty and was currently introducing his family to him. Caius didn't care for them, but the Marquis of Stonegate was a cornerstone of Velmount; he couldn't be rude.

"This is my wife, Isabel. My eldest daughter, Helen, the second youngest, Beatrice, and the youngest, Linda."

Caius smiled. "Lady Isabel is as beautiful as they say, and your daughters are even more so. It's a pleasure, ladies."

Lady Helen turned her face to the side at Caius's comment, while Lady Beatrice smiled right at him. The youngest just looked happy to be there.

"We are pleased to welcome you, Your Highness," Lady Isabel was saying. "I hope the meal is to your liking."

"It's wonderful," Caius replied. "Don't you think so, Prince Rylen? I don't think I've ever had something more delicious."

Rylen kept his expression neutral as he replied. "Yes, of course. I was wondering what the main ingredient was."

"Oh, of course. Our chef would be more than willing to answer any of your questions."

This was a usual pattern. Whenever Caius was disinterested in a conversation, he would often delegate it to Rylen, who took the reins. Caius hardly spoke for the rest of the dinner and when he was done eating, he stood up.

"I will have to retire for the night. I am exhausted; the journey was quite hectic."

Lord Edric looked up in disappointment. "Your Highness, I was hoping we would have tea and a word."

Caius's eyes narrowed. "Prince Rylen can stand in for me. Whatever you'd like to tell me, you can refer to him. I have just as much of a hectic day tomorrow."

"Yes, of course. I apologize for troubling His Highness."

Caius smiled and then turned to the ladies. "It was a wonderful meal, Lady Isabel. Good night, ladies."

"Good night, Your Highness."

Caius walked out of the dining hall with a guard accompanying him and the steward leading the way. The door to his chamber opened, and Caius walked in. Servants were quick to get him out of his clothes and into nightwear, which for Caius was simply a pair of pants and a robe he always kept untied.

Caius's forehead creased as he lay in bed. Right now, he should have had someone waiting in the room to receive him, and he would already have them on all fours. But right now,

he didn't think a random wench would do the trick, and he didn't want Rose. He knew he wouldn't be able to hold back.

He didn't care what happened to her, but he didn't want her to slow down his journey. They needed to be in the capital by sundown if he wanted to make it for the council meeting. He would have her in the castle, and he would be able to savor it for as long as he wanted.

Unfortunately, without sex, he always found it much harder to fall asleep. After tossing and turning for almost one-third of the night, Crown Prince Caius Ravenor eventually fell asleep.

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"Wear this," a servant said to Rose, holding a light.

Rose nodded and accepted the dress. "Thank ye," she mumbled, which was a bit ironic because before the servant gave her the dress, she had kicked her twice on her ribs to get her to wake up.

After Caius had left, Rose had been left with the servants, not knowing where to go. A servant chased her from the entrance hall, and she followed some servants to their quarters. They didn't speak to her, but considering no one was chasing her away, Rose took it that she could stay.

Unfortunately, she couldn't just go into any room, and she had to sleep in the hallway on the cold floor. It wasn't too bad, so she had been able to sleep peacefully until two kicks to her ribs woke her up.

Rose's eyes had flown open immediately, and she realized the mansion was awake. Most of the servants were moving around in a hurry, preparing for the day. She couldn't believe she had slept through that.

"Use the washroom. His Highness will be leaving soon. You came with him; don't be late."

Rose nodded again. "Where is the bathroom?"

The servant narrowed her eyes. "Can't you do anything right? At the end of the hall."

Rose fled in the direction she was told. It was better than she had expected. At least she had gotten a change of clothes and a bath. A meal would have been nice too, but that was asking for too much. She knew how servants of lords treated commoners like herself—it wasn't very good—and she knew if it wasn't for the fact that she came with the crown prince, she would have been treated worse.

Finding the washroom wasn't hard, but unfortunately, there was no water, and it smelled. It was also very dark. It wasn't light yet, but compared to the hallway, the washroom was darker. She knew dawn was close, but there was no sign of it yet. Rose couldn't just change into the clothes without washing up. She knew she needed to at least rinse off the dust from the day before, so she walked out of the washroom, hoping she would find something.

A servant yelped as Rose almost bumped into her while stepping out. She was holding a bucket of water, and Rose was unsure if it was to wash the bathing areas or to bathe with it. "I need water," she heard herself say before she could think about it.

"Here," the servant said and pulled away. "Don't make a mess."

Rose happily nodded. She got into the washroom, using her hand to scoop the water in the dark as she tried to wash herself as best as she could. Rose came out of the bathroom with the empty bucket in one hand and her old clothes in the other.

"You're still here!" The servant who had given her the clothes yelled out in horror. "Get out! Now! Ah, I'm going to be killed."