

K Lover 130

Chapter 130: Great Performance

The crown prince didn't react any more than he had, but Rose wasn't deterred—just having his attention was more than enough. She knew exactly what to do; he had shown her too many times to miss it.

She reached for his pants, and when she wasn't met with any resistance, Rose undid them. The crown prince didn't stop her. As the pants came loose, it was like freeing a monster that had been trapped in a cage. Rose gasped as his strained cock hit her hand.

She could have sworn she heard a chuckle, but there was no time to confirm it. She grabbed it, and it pulsed in her hand, the pink tip glistening. It was bigger than she remembered, but there was no need to think about that—she had to get to work. It had fit in her mouth before; it would fit again.

Rose dropped to her knees, her face right against it. She licked the swollen cap, twirling her tongue around it. She lifted her eyes to see the crown prince, and he was watching her a little too closely. Rose looked away immediately—his eyes were always so intense.

She covered the cap with her mouth, sucking it. There was still no reaction from the crown prince. Rose knew teasing him was only going to be a waste of her time; she had to make him spill his desire.

Rose pushed her head downward, feeling her mouth strain with the girth, taking him down her throat until she couldn't take any more. Her mouth watered—just what she needed—and Rose started to bob her head, the drool letting it slide into her mouth easier.

This was a little more difficult than when he was sitting down, and the first time, he had been the one using her head instead. But for some reason, it didn't feel as bad as either time. Perhaps it was because she could feel him trying to fight for control.

She pulled all the way to the cap, sucking on it as her hand rubbed up and down the length of his cock. Without warning, she took all of him into her mouth again in one go.

"Fuck!" Caius yelled.

Rose swallowed with him in her throat, and Caius grabbed her hair and pulled her upwards, off her knees. She let him pull her up, but she kept her hands on his cock, stroking still.

Caius' eyes widened, and it was clear he was at a loss. Rose reacted immediately, pressing her body against him. He smirked, the shock fading faster than she had anticipated—instead, he looked rather pleased.

He leaned forward and pressed his lips against hers, kissing her hard. His hand on her hair moved to her head to hold her in place, while the other hand sought something else. This broke her hold on his cock.

Rose's eyes widened as she felt his hand on her thigh, but Caius didn't slow down—he headed straight for her warmth. He touched it, and Rose jerked. It was like all her senses suddenly centered there.

He broke the kiss, a clear smirk on his face. "You're dripping wet. Did you enjoy my cock that much?" he asked, dipping two fingers right into her.

Rose groaned in pleasure; she didn't even get the chance to answer the question. Caius held his fingers in, then slid them out and back in. Rose gasped, biting her lip as she tried to stop herself from moaning out loud.

Caius pulled out his fingers and lifted her. "Open your legs," he ordered.

No sooner had she obeyed his instructions than he dropped her onto his cock, impaling her. There was no way she could hold back with this. Rose arched her head back as she let out an ungodly moan. She tightened her legs around him, but that only seemed to drive him even deeper.

Caius started to move with her in his arms. He got her into bed without once dislodging them and tossed his shirt off. She lay underneath him while he stared right into her eyes.

"Great performance," he said as he started to move. "You should do this often."

Rose's eyes narrowed. She didn't like his tone one bit. She twirled her hips and tightened her legs around him as she tried to flip him.

Caius looked astonished, but it was clear he wasn't going to pass this up. Besides, if he didn't give in, she could hurt herself—and he was having too much fun to let that happen.

He laid on his back while she sat atop him, her hands on his chest as she started to move up and down. She lifted his hand and placed it on her chest, and Caius swore.

She looked at him with dazed eyes that drove him crazy as she moved. Her lips were a little swollen from the kisses, and her face was flushed. Her red hair was everywhere, and Caius wanted to touch it, but it was hard to concentrate on his thoughts when she was moving that way on top of him.

He squeezed, teasing her nipple, and she arched her back, groaning. Caius grabbed her hair and pulled her down, kissing her soundly. He invaded her mouth, and she let him, keeping up easily with him.

The sounds of flesh hitting flesh were more intoxicating than he would have thought. He broke the kiss—he wanted to hear more of the sounds she made, wanted to hear her scream his name.

Caius flipped her; Rose didn't even get the chance to react. She didn't even have the reins for long. Next thing she knew, her hips were in the air and her face was pressed against the bed.

Rose couldn't stop the sounds that escaped her lips as the crown prince pushed himself into her from behind. He pushed her down, a pillow under her abdomen. Rose's eyes bulged as he pushed in deeper, putting some of his weight on her.

Rose felt her eyes water. She had never felt anything like this. It was like she could feel him everywhere. He kissed her neck, trailing to her ears. "We have got all night, little lady," he whispered.