

## K Lover 132

### Chapter 132: Wanton

"Your M-Majesty," Rose started, her voice cracking a little as she spoke, but she did her best to steady it. "Edna has been imprisoned by the Queen even though she was with me on your orders. I would like... aaah, Your Majesty!"

Rose closed her legs as the crown prince pushed two fingers into her. Her back lifted off the bed, the rest of her words forgotten at the pleasure that concentrated on her pelvis. The crown prince wasn't gentle in the slightest—he knew where to rub and just how deep to go to drive her insane.

"Open your legs," he ordered.

Rose did as he asked.

"Now, what would you like?" he asked.

Rose couldn't see his face, but she could clearly hear the smugness in his voice. He wanted her to continue speaking in this state. She couldn't even remember what she was talking about.

"Your Majesty," Rose pleaded as she tried to take his hands away.

"Do that and this conversation is over," he stated, his tone indicating he was quite serious.

Rose's hands froze immediately as her eyes opened. Her lids felt heavy, and his stimulation made her vision blurry. He pressed against her pleasure spot and Rose covered her mouth with her hands.

"How are you going to speak with your hands over your mouth?" Caius asked.

Rose groaned, twirling her hips, but she reluctantly pulled her hands away from her lips. What other choice did she have?

"Good," Caius said and pressed against the spot again, rubbing it.

"Uhh," Rose cried. She could see white light. Her body shook against his hands.

"You're not speaking," Caius said, his attack relentless.

"Oh," Rose moaned, turning her head from one side to the other. "Your Majesty, I would li—ah," Rose grabbed his hand on the bed and stared right into his eyes.

Caius looked at her with pure, undiluted lust. His fingers didn't slow their pace, and he knew she was close.

"I would like you to please f-free Edna from all the charges, ahh!" Rose exploded, digging her nails into the crown prince's hand. The orgasm was so intense it left her out of breath and whimpering.

Caius cursed, grabbed a thigh, and pulled her straight to his hardened cock.

"I just came, Your Majesty. I don't think I can—ohh," Rose didn't finish her sentence before he thrust right in. She gripped the sheets for her life, her pelvis lifting slightly.

Caius slid in without difficulty. A shockwave of ecstasy hit the tip of his cock all the way to the base. He had to concentrate not to lose it.

"Fuck!" he swore again. The pleasure he felt every time he was in her was nothing like he had ever felt. It didn't matter how often—it hit him like an avalanche each time.

Rose still lay on her back while one of her legs was in the air, and the crown prince was buried in her all the way to the hilt. He pulled her to himself so her back was to his chest and grabbed her breasts.

Caius kissed the back of her neck as he thrust. Rose groaned as he fondled her breasts. Even though she had just climaxed, she could feel a warm flutter start to spread from her core to the rest of her body.

"Y-Your Majesty," Rose tried to speak as he fucked her again. He didn't say yes—she had to make sure he heard what she said.

"P-please, I don't want Edna to be punished because of m—" Rose screamed as he plunged even deeper and with so much force that her head rang.

"Thinking about other people while I'm this deep in you. Perhaps it's not enough."

Caius lifted her leg some more and slammed into her. Rose felt her insides get mashed. Caius was moving against her so intensely, she didn't have time to form thoughts. Her eyes watered, and every one of her senses concentrated on the spot between her legs.

He was rubbing against her so brutally, that her already sensitive nerves didn't stand a chance against his incessant stimulation. Soon enough, her hips had a mind of their own and she was moving against him, screaming his name as he fucked her hard.

Rose must have blacked out—that's what she told herself for how wanton she behaved. She turned her head to kiss the crown prince and he took her lips without hesitation.

He let go of her leg and slowed down the pace, going deeper but not as fast. Rose was losing her mind. She brought her legs together as her walls tightened. Her climax was imminent. She broke the kiss and grabbed the sheets as she came. Her orgasm wasn't as hard as the last time—rather, it was slow and longer. It left her with her mouth wide open and not a single sound escaped.

"Oh," Rose finally cried, burying her face against the bed.

Caius was still moving behind her, but his movements didn't last long. She heard him grunt and swear before slowing—and then his movements halted.

Rose rolled away from him, her legs were shaking, but she knew she had to get away. If she stayed one more moment on the bed, they would end up going for another round, fucking until morning. Rose knew she didn't have that type of energy within her. Also, she didn't like how easy it was for her to lose herself. She might behave even worse in the next round.

Caius watched her get out of the bed without saying a word. The only reason he wasn't stopping her was because she came on her own accord and her performance was spectacular—enough to keep him satiated for now and perhaps consider her request.

Rose rushed to where her dress was and slipped into it, picking up the robe too. Her movements were slow as her body still whirled from the sex. There was a slow hum between her legs that reverberated through her whole body.

She quickly donned the robe. Only then did she turn around to face the crown prince. He was staring at her with an odd look in his eyes. Rose hated that she couldn't read his expression. She didn't know if he was angry or not.

"Your Majesty," she called as she softly walked to the bed. "Please," she started to say, dropping to her knees.

Rose winced as she felt it drip down her leg. She wanted to get out of here and clean up, but there was no way she would leave without confirming that Edna would be saved.