

K Lover 133

Chapter 133: Kiss Me

"Your Majesty," Rose spoke gently, her voice steady beneath the crown prince's gaze. She kept her gaze glued to the bed. "I humbly beseech you to show mercy to Edna. The Queen intends to see her punished by morning, though she acted solely under your command in attending to me."

Rose had lost count of how many times she had said this, but each time, she didn't get a reaction from the crown prince. Even now, he wasn't saying anything. She slowly lifted her head and quickly brought it down as their eyes met.

Caius lay on the bed on his side. His position hadn't changed much since she left the bed, except that there was a pillow under his head. He didn't even try to cover up—just lay bare on the sheets.

She tucked some hair away from her face and added, "Please, Your Majesty."

"No," Caius said, without any ounce of hesitation.

Rose jerked her head up, the horror on her face clear as day. She hadn't expected his response to be no. If he knew he was going to refuse, why did he let her do all that?

Caius stretched out his hand to touch the side of her face and she recoiled but managed to stop herself from moving further away. He tucked her hair behind her ear, doing a much better job than she did.

Rose was at a loss. He was her only hope, and he was refusing to help. The feel of his hand on her face made her wince as she recalled it had been in her a few moments ago. How could he be so cruel so easily? What was going to happen to Edna?

"Please, Your Majesty," she said with her eyes tightly closed, holding her face still so he could caress it.

Caius smirked and his hand fell from her face to the bed. He had no plans to refuse her. Besides, he could already figure that his mother must have targeted the maid because of Rose. If she couldn't reach Rose, who else would she go after?

However, he relished how Rose tried to convince him. He had never seen her this cooperative before. It made him want to see how far she would go to get him to do what she wanted.

"Kiss me," Caius said.

Rose's eyes flew open and she looked at the crown prince lying on the bed. Their eyes met briefly before she looked down. It didn't sound like an order—more a request—but Rose knew Edna's life hung in the balance.

She slowly nodded her head, clutching the collar of the robes as she climbed onto the bed. It was just a simple kiss—it shouldn't be that hard.

Caius didn't do anything as she approached, didn't stir, he just stared at her. It was clear, like before, he wasn't going to help, and Rose was unsure how to go about this.

She moved closer until her face hovered over him. He blinked, and she noticed his full lashes—were they always this full? Rose didn't have time to inspect his face, didn't even want to. Being this close was already putting her on edge.

She closed her eyes and brought her head down. As soon as their lips touched, she tried to pull away, and Caius grabbed the back of her head. His eyes looked right at her, their lips close enough to touch.

"What was that?" he asked, his tone edged with displeasure. "I requested a kiss, not... whatever poor excuse that was."

Rose nodded and tried again. She was kneeling on the bed with her rear in the air. Her forearms were on the bed, supporting her weight as she leaned forward. She pressed her lips against his, but the crown prince wasn't making it easy for her. It was like trying to kiss a flat surface.

"Terrible," he mumbled against her lips before he started to kiss her.

Rose felt herself melt. How did he kiss like this? It was like he was trying to devour her, and if she let him, she knew there would be nothing left of her. He deepened the kiss, his hand at the back of her head holding her in place as he sucked on her lips and invaded her mouth with his tongue.

Rose gasped against him. This position made it hard to struggle but it wasn't like she wanted to. His lips tasted sweet and his tongue though invasive had a gentleness to it.

Suddenly, he moved his hand to her rear and attempted to pull her to himself. This was enough to make Rose snap out of it.

"Your Majesty," Rose cried into his lips and pulled back. Her chest heaved as she tried to get air back into her lungs.

"Tsk," Caius said.

Rose kept her head bent, but she didn't miss the fact that he was in a state of visible tumescence. Rose was horrified—he was flaccid only a moment ago. How was he ready to go again?

"Fine," Caius groaned. "I shall consider your request. Don't hold out hope. If Mother has her in the dungeons for a reason, she won't go scot-free."

Rose nodded. As long as Caius was willing to speak on her behalf, she was sure something good would be done and Edna wouldn't be punished.

She smiled as she looked at him. "Thank you so much, Your Majesty."

Her smile almost blinded Caius, and he wondered if she would ever smile at him this way of her own accord. He opened his mouth to speak, but Rose just bowed and fled the room.

He didn't stop staring even after the door closed behind her. If he had known this was what was waiting for him, he would have left Lord Leopold a long time ago. The Lord was leaving for Futherfield after breakfast and had wanted to spend as much time as he could with Caius. With nothing else to do, he had obliged.

The guards that were to accompany him were ready—Caius had even offered a few of his personal knights. He was sure they would get the job done. He had not heard a word from his father about the matter, but he was certain the king was aware.

Caius groaned as his hard-on grew more uncomfortable. To think that even though she was out of sight, her effects still lingered. He grunted as he got out of bed—hopefully a cold shower would do the trick.