

## K Lover 139

### Chapter 139: Lacklustre

It irked him. She should be grateful. She should be happy he had chosen her amongst everyone else and did as she asked. Instead, she barely acknowledged the act and faked her gratitude when he mentioned it.

"Rise," Caius said. He had thought about this all day, and now his mood was completely ruined.

Rose placed her palms on the floor and pushed herself upward. She stood up with her hands clasped together in front of her as she waited for his next set of orders. Now that Edna was free, she wasn't required to do anything, and she intended to keep it that way.

She could feel his intense gaze on her, but she didn't lift her head. Whatever he wanted to do, she wished he could get it over with so she could return to the room rather than have him stare at her with such eyes. It was hard to tell if he was undressing her or just glaring at her. Neither sounded better than the other.

Caius stood up suddenly and the sash on his robe came undone. Rose took a step back without thinking about it. Caius raised a brow; he clearly did not approve of her reaction. He took a step forward, and she did her best not to move, but she didn't lift her gaze to meet him nor did she try to touch him.

Rose couldn't comprehend how he was so comfortable being naked in front of someone else. She didn't understand it and didn't want to. Besides, she had more pressing matters. He was as virile as a teenager. It didn't make sense that anyone would get that hard from just existing.

However, Caius was already hard even before she stepped into the room. The thoughts of Rose and last night had been on his mind all day; if it weren't that he was so busy dealing with the lord and the aftermath of Lord Leopold leaving, he would have definitely paid her a visit during the day.

Caius took another step forward, closing the gap between them. Rose did not get a chance to step back before he grabbed her by the back of her head, tilting her head upwards and forcing their lips together.

Rose was convinced the crown prince had no idea what it meant to be gentle. His kisses always felt overbearing. Still, it didn't stop the flutter in her chest and the tingle on her skin.

Did she actually like the kiss? Rose refused to believe that was the case. It was just a natural reaction because he had caught her off guard. There was nothing she liked about the crown prince.

Sure, he was handsome and had a presence about him, but that was it. Underneath all that, he was a self-centered prince who would do anything to get what he wanted, including almost ending her father's life.

"What is with this lacklustre performance?" Caius said as he pulled away from her. "Last night you were like a fire burning."

Of course, he had noticed she was distracted. It was either that or she was worried she might act like she did yesterday. She couldn't forget the sort of person he was. And since when did he care about her reaction? He had been fine with taking whatever he wanted whether she was willing or not. She doubted that had changed overnight.

Caius narrowed his eyes at her, but Rose wasn't as terrified as she used to be. She still feared what the crown prince was capable of, but he didn't need her to be receptive to do what he wanted — but it was clear he wanted it.

"What is it?" he asked when she didn't respond. "Do I not stimulate you enough?" He caressed the side of her face with the back of his hand. "Impossible," he smirked and stared at her chest. "Not when your nipples look like they might poke my eyes out."

Rose's eyes followed his gaze, and she knew he was right before she even saw it. The robe had loosened, revealing her inner underneath, which was only a thin silk dress that didn't leave much to the imagination, and it certainly didn't fail to accentuate her nipples that were straining against the sheer cloth.

Rose closed her eyes as she decided it was the cold. She had opened a window and let the draft in; this had nothing to do with the crown prince.

Caius lifted a hand and lightly grazed her through the dress, and Rose jerked. Caius smirked. "You shiver at the slightest touch. But perhaps, you need more motivation," Caius said with a sneer.

Rose's eyes flew open and looked up at the crown prince. Something about the way he said it made her shiver, and it wasn't in a good way. She had seen enough of the crown prince's tactics to know there weren't any limits to them.

Caius smirked as their eyes met. "Looks like I have your attention," he said and teased her even more.

Rose tried to act indifferent, but Caius was incessant with his teasing, watching her closely. A hand moved the robe off her shoulders. It dropped to the floor, and Caius was quick to do the same with her last piece of clothing.

Caius sucked in air as Rose stood bare in front of him, his cock was hard to bursting, the tip dripping. It infuriated him that she didn't have to do anything to get him as hard as a rock — and who could blame him?

Her rosy breasts pointed at him, lifting and dropping as she breathed. His eyes strayed downwards, past her stomach, and towards the trail of hair leading him to the main course. Caius swallowed; he was fighting a losing battle. He had had his fair share of women, seen too many naked ones, different shapes and sizes, but none stirred his cock like she did. It felt like the more he had a taste, the more he wanted.