

## K Lover 144

### Chapter 144: The Odd Things

Rose stepped into the crown prince's room and quickly looked around to ensure she was alone. She wouldn't make the same mistake as last night. A quick scan across the room told her that she was indeed alone.

Thrice in a row. The crown prince has requested her every night now. Would there be a night he wouldn't call her? Sure, the first night might have been all her, but didn't he need to take a break? Rose looked around as she tried to keep her thoughts on her surroundings and not on how libidinous the crown prince was.

Rose felt out of place as she stood, unsure of what to do. It was odd that she still felt the same way even though she had been in the room multiple times already. However, Rose knew it wasn't just in this room she felt out of place—she felt odd in the castle as a whole. Her room felt too big for her, and things around here were very different.

Rose didn't think she would ever fit in—not with the maids and certainly not with the royals. She didn't want to either. She thought it was a very ceremonial way to live, and she liked the simple things.

"Who has a buffalo 'ead in their bedchambers?" Rose asked out loud. She shook her head as she approached it.

She was careful not to step too close to the fireplace, recalling what had happened the last time she did. She doubted she would escape with just a few strokes this time.

She stretched her hand to touch the realistic buffalo head when she heard sounds outside the door. Rose pulled her hand back and stepped to the side just as the door opened.

The first thing she noticed was that he was alone, and the second thing was his stride. Long and purposeful, heading straight for her. Rose took a step back, but afraid that she might touch the fireplace and trigger the mechanism that got her in trouble last time, she didn't step back any further.

Rose was too preoccupied with his sudden entrance to remember to say the greetings, and Caius didn't give her the chance to as he closed the gap between them in moments. He lifted her chin, tilting her head up as he bent his head to meet her lips.

Rose closed her eyes as their lips met. His warm lips felt soft against hers. They didn't try to force her lips to open, rather it was really gentle. Rose gave in before she could think about it and Caius was quick to deepen the kiss, his hand on her chin didn't move.

He slowly broke the kiss, pulling away from her. He stared down at her, and Rose watched him with a flushed face. "Your Majesty," she whispered.

He used his thumb to wipe the corner of her lips and turned around, walking toward the washroom, leaving Rose dazed and unsure of what had just happened.

She moved a finger to her lips subconsciously as she wondered what kind of kiss that was—for the crown prince to just kiss her without saying a word, then turn around and leave. It felt like a kiss to give a spouse after a long day at work.

She shook her head as she tried to snap out of it. She must be losing her mind. What an odd thing to think about the crown prince.

Rose pulled herself together. She had already decided to ask him today, which meant she had to go along with whatever he wanted. Well, his demands hadn't changed; she doubted they would tonight. Certainly not with that kiss.

When Caius returned, he had a robe around him. The robe was long enough that, though he was quite tall, it almost touched the floor. The robe did a decent job covering most of him. Rose had expected him to walk back completely naked.

He got to her in long strides, his hair dripping water. It didn't even look like he had tried to dry it off. He stopped in front of her and shook his head, splashing all that water on her. Rose gasped and tried to cover her face.

"Your Majesty," she called.

He brought a hand to her cheek, wiping some of the water away with a sly smile on his face. Caius wanted to ask how her day was, but it felt a little awkward. Conversations between them were odd.

"Here," he whispered deviously. "Let me help."

Rose half expected him to wipe the rest of the water off her face with his hands, but that was far from it. The crown prince brought his face closer to hers and licked the corner of her lips before going right for the kiss.

What was he thinking? Caius asked himself as one hand held her head in place and the other slid down her back, its destination clear. This was what they did, they didn't have conversations. He grabbed her soft buttocks and squeezed, eliciting a yelp from Rose which sounded muffled as his lips were pressed against hers.

Caius didn't stop; he kneaded it like dough. Rose started to feel her dress hitch up, but as she tried to pull away, Caius pressed her against himself, his hardness pushing against her lower belly.

He sucked on her tongue, lightly rubbing her scalp with his other hand. His fingers offered a gentle massage. It was hard for Rose to remain a passive participant when several sensations were pouring through her body.

Her dress hitched up all the way, and Caius's warm hand slipped underneath the dress and grabbed her rear. Rose jerked as his palm made contact with the soft skin. He squeezed without the interference of her clothing, and Rose gasped against his mouth.

Why did that feel so nice? Her skin tingled where he touched. It was like the warmth of his palm was quickly spreading to the rest of her body.

Caius's hand slipped lower, and Rose felt her legs go weak. She grabbed him, her arms wrapping around his neck. She told herself it was to prevent falling, as her legs felt too weak to hold her up.

She jolted as his fingers found the tender ache between her thighs—an ache she hadn't known existed until his touch awakened it. A soft, breathless moan escaped her lips, muffled by his kiss, as his fingers moved with deliberate precision, teasing the sensitive spot until her body trembled in response.