

K Lover 145

Chapter 145: Hypnotic Pleasure

Caius swore internally as his fingers made contact. How was she already so wet? And the little moans she made against his lips were slowly eating at his self-control. He lightly brushed her folds with his fingertips, and her arms around his neck tightened. She shuddered, and Caius pressed her against himself.

He was losing it—all he could think of was lifting her and wrapping her legs around his waist while he drove in as deep as she could take. The thought made him buckle, and he rubbed against her, making circular motions with his fingers.

She gasped against his lips, and he pressed down with his fingers, pushing two in. Rose parted her legs to ease his access, and Caius broke the kiss to catch his breath. He was so hard it hurt. His cock felt like it might burst, and his balls were so stiff, they ached.

She grabbed the front of his robe for balance and lifted her ass into the air so his fingers could slide in and out as she moaned against him, her face pressed up against his chest. Caius was on the verge of losing all his self-control.

He pulled out his fingers, and her rear moved to follow him. He pulled back and brought his hand out from under her dress. Locking eyes with her, he pushed the fingers into his mouth and slowly pulled them out, licking them clean.

"Hmm," Caius said and smacked his lips as though he'd been asked to taste test something and was pleasantly surprised by the flavor.

Rose was flabbergasted, and her expression couldn't hide her shock. However, just before she could say anything about it, the crown prince suddenly lifted one of her legs, pushing her torso to rest against the wall.

Rose's shoulder hit the wall, a dazed expression on her face. Her nightdress hitched all the way to her waist as her leg lifted in the air and Caius stood between them. She pushed her hips forward, trying to convince him without words to give her what she needed.

His sash came undone. Rose couldn't tell if he had done it himself or if it was just perfect timing. It revealed the rod that had been poking her since the kiss. The sight of it had more effect on her than she would have thought.

Caius smirked as he followed her gaze. Locking eyes with her, he slowly pushed himself into her. Rose closed her eyes as she struggled to grab something—anything. The pleasant feeling of him sliding into her slick entrance was enough to make her dizzy with pleasure. Her only leg on the floor was not going to hold her up, not while he was filling her this much. She groaned as she tried to accommodate him.

Caius caught her, pulling her to his chest as she lifted her second leg, wrapping it around him. Caius grunted against her ear as he fucked her against the wall, her chest rubbing against him. Caius's robe had come undone, but it still hung around his shoulders, and she was still dressed in her nightclothes.

"Oh," she groaned as he thrust in and out of her. It felt so good she could weep.

Rose's back rubbed against the wall, but she didn't care. Caius knew exactly which spots to hit. She gripped him tighter as he moved, and then just as she was about to climax, he pulled out completely.

"No," she complained, rubbing her face against his shoulder, her waist moving to find the rod that was so good at scratching her itch.

"No?" Caius asked, clear amusement in his voice.

His tone was enough to snap her out of the hypnotic pleasure, but Caius pushed just the tip in and held it there. Rose shuddered at the partial invasion. It was enough to remind her of where she needed him.

"Ah," Rose said as she tried to move, but he was clearly stronger than she was. Of course, he was—he was lifting her easily, holding her around his waist without breaking a sweat.

Caius slowly plunged in and then pulled out, maintaining just the tip, relentlessly teasing her.

"Your Majesty," Rose cried as she tried to push herself deeper, but Caius didn't let her.

"Please," Rose pleaded. She was too aroused for him to tease her like this.

"Please what?" Caius asked, feeling his self-control waning. Her voice in his ear made him want to slam her against the wall and fuck her senseless until she begged him to stop—but hearing her beg this way was just as satisfying.

Rose felt like she might die. It was like dying of thirst but being given only a drop of water—even though there was a clean river right in front of her. It was cruel torture.

Caius's grip on her buttocks as he controlled her movements was taut. It was clear he was having a hard time too, but he didn't seem to have any plans of giving in. Rose knew she couldn't handle the teasing, not when she was so close.

"Please, Your Majesty—deeper!" she practically wept against his shoulder, pushing against him.

"Fuck!" Caius swore as he slammed into her.

Rose's back struck the cold stone wall, but all she could feel was the deep, pulsing fullness of him inside her, every movement drawing out the tension coiled low in her belly.

"Ahh!" Rose cried, pressing her face against him. Each hard thrust sent a shiver through her limbs, setting her skin on fire. Rose felt like she was about to be torn apart—but in the most tantalizing way. Her fingers clutched at his shoulders as her breath caught; she could feel the thrumming from her core through the rest of her body.

"Oh, Your Majesty," Rose cried, her body stiffening, her walls tightening.

Caius groaned as if in pain, and the sound of his voice so close to her ear sent her over the edge. Rose climaxed so hard she bit into his shoulder to keep from screaming. Caius grunted just as loudly as they came in unison.