

K Lover 146

Chapter 146: Push And Pull

Caius held her until she stopped shaking and her fingers no longer dug into his shoulders. She dropped her legs from his waist, and Caius let her slide down his body. She didn't raise her head to look at him, but Caius wanted to see exactly what she looked like.

Using his index finger, he lifted her chin, bringing her face up to meet his. Her green hazel eyes sparkled, catching the candlelight that did a decent job of lighting up the room. Hints of tears could be seen on her lashes, but there was a satisfied look on her face that even a glare couldn't hide. Caius pulled his hand away, feeling very full of himself. He did up his sash and walked away from her, picking a chair to sit on.

Rose staggered as Caius pulled away, resting her back against the wall. It was hard to gauge how she felt, as all she could feel was the aftermath of the sex.

Rose looked at Caius with an odd expression as he sat down. Did he just dismiss her? she wondered, wrapping her arms around herself. She couldn't leave yet—she had a favor to ask him, but Caius wasn't even looking in her direction.

He lifted his gaze to look at her, and she immediately looked away, suddenly feeling self-conscious. She could recall biting him in the midst of it all, but Caius didn't seem to be angry about that. Usually, she fled once they were done—but was he telling her to go now? Rose told herself she was only disappointed because of her request.

Caius raised a brow. He had expected her to run off as usual. He didn't completely hate it. Even though he would prefer to spend all day plunged deep into her, her legs wrapped around him, he also wasn't against the push and pull. Caius narrowed his eyes—he was already semi-erect.

She took a step forward, and he had to adjust the robe. Her hair was a mess, her face flushed; there were red marks on her neck and arms he could vaguely recall giving her. He wondered what other marks were on her skin, but the dress hid all that from view. That was a good thing, as she looked like sex—and he wanted more of it.

Rose took a step forward, wondering if she should just go to her room and ask some other time. She could feel the crown prince's gaze on her, but at the same time, it felt almost detached.

She lifted her head to sneak a look at him, and he was staring at her with reckless abandon, the back of his palm rested under his chin as he sat leisurely on the chair. Rose forced herself not to look away. She couldn't push this to another time—it could only be now.

This was long overdue, and she hoped her parents were fine. She also felt very bad about thinking of them less and less these days, but with how chaotic her life had been, there was barely any space for anything else.

At first, Caius had been unsure about what was happening, but his lower region didn't seem to hate it. In fact, it would be all too happy to be involved in whatever this was about. However, Caius didn't get ahead of himself. He waited for Rose to walk toward him, as it was obvious she was headed to him and not the exit.

Rose stopped in front of Caius, and he smirked at her, his eyes scanning her from head to toe. Rose couldn't help but wonder what else there was to look at—he had literally been staring at her the whole time, from the moment he stepped into the room.

"Your Majesty," Rose said with a low curtsy, her gaze on the carpet as her head bowed low.

"Little lady," Caius called back.

Rose was so startled by his response that for a moment, she forgot what she wanted to say. She wasn't hearing things—the crown prince had just called her that. She lifted her head, and he raised his brow.

"Yes?" he asked with an amused expression. He didn't know if she liked it, but it didn't matter—her reaction was more than enough for him.

This wasn't the first time Rose would hear him say this. What about her was little? The title certainly didn't suit her. Rose tried to focus her thoughts on why she was still here. She couldn't let him distract her. Clearly, he enjoyed doing that.

"May I ask for a favor?" Rose asked. Her voice was steady, but her heart sounded like it would burst out of her chest.

Caius was surprised, but not in a bad way. He should have known from the lack of resistance and immediate enthusiasm. He narrowed his eyes as his cock stiffened—perhaps there was still a chance to have more fun.

"Favor?" he asked with an exaggerated tone of annoyance. "What do you think this is?"

Rose took a step back, bending her head. "I apologize, Your Majesty. I know I've only just asked a heavy favor of you two nights ago, but I promise this will be the last."

"The last?" Caius asked. "You've barely begun to pay your debt. Or perhaps you think it's waived because I don't remind you enough?"

Rose's gaze darkened. She didn't want to be reminded of why she was here, and it was no surprise the crown prince could casually talk about her being trapped with him. For a moment, she had almost forgotten the sort of person he was.

"I did not forget," she said coldly.

Caius's eyes narrowed at her tone. "Good. What's this favor you want?"

"A letter to my family. I'm sure they are worried sick about me. My father does not know if I got his present or not. If Your Majesty would be so kind as to accept my request..." Rose kept her gaze down as she spoke. It was a simple request, and she had done her best to phrase it properly—there was no reason why he would refuse.

"No," Caius said.