

## K Lover 177

### Chapter 177: His Grasp

Rose ended up needing a balm for her shoulder. Thankfully, one of the maids got her some. Rose wasn't surprised when the maid didn't ask what she needed it for. The balm did help, and by the time she was in the crown prince's bedchambers, she could barely feel the pain in her shoulder.

The crown prince stood a foot away from her. She had waited for him to get ready after he got into the room where she was waiting for him, and as soon as he was done, he dismissed the servants immediately and closed the gap between them in long, quick strides.

Rose didn't anticipate what was happening until he got close enough. She took a step back in shock, but her back came into contact with the wall. She moved her hand to the back, her palm resting against the wall.

"Your Majesty," she said, for lack of what to do.

Caius bent his head forward. His hair was still wet, and a little water landed on her face. Rose lifted her hand to wipe it, but the crown prince beat her to it. His thumb was exceedingly careful as it wiped the drop of water away from her cheek.

But he didn't move his head away, and another drop landed on her cheek. Another on her nose, then another on her forehead, and each time he wiped them off. With every movement of his hand, Rose shut her eyes, but he never stopped looking at her.

He was close enough to pin her against the wall with his body, and his wet hair wasn't helping much. Rose didn't like being trapped like this, so she sought a way to get out of his grasp. She bent her head and tried to slip out the side, but the crown prince grabbed her hand.

Rose gasped as he lifted her hand and pinned it to the wall, truly locking her in. He slipped his other hand between her and the wall as he held her waist. Rose's back pressed against the wall while she could feel his hardness against her stomach.

He brought his chin down and took her lips into his own. It felt like waves crashing into each other. His hand on her wrist, pinning her against the wall, pulled away, and her hand fell. Rose felt him press up against her, and it was like every single part of his body hummed.

She could feel his urgency with the kiss that deepened. His hand on her waist moved downwards. He grabbed the back of her head and gently kneaded her scalp.

Suddenly, she was lifted off the ground, and she had to wrap her legs around him for balance. Her dress hitched high up to her waist to accommodate the sudden movement. She could feel his hard-on press against her sensitive spot. Rose shivered. If it weren't for the robe...

His hand on her backside hitched lower, past the end of the dress and even further down, curving. Caius stopped abruptly, moving his hand from her rear to her waist. He broke the kiss and slid her down his body, and without saying a word, turned around and started walking away.

Rose blinked once, twice, as she tried to recover. She could still feel him on her lips from how hard he had kissed her. The crown prince was rarely gentle with his kiss. She had thought it would lead to something else and had mentally prepared herself for it, but right now, she wasn't sure how to feel.

"Are you not coming?" he asked, a smirk on his face, but Rose could hear the hoarseness in his voice.

Rose lifted her gaze to where he lay. He was on the long chair, face up, a pillow and an arm under his head. His left leg was bent at the knee while his right rested on the floor. The robe did a decent job at covering his nakedness, but it didn't hide his hard-on.

She had also clearly heard the sound of his voice—he was aroused. Rose didn't understand what was going on, but no matter what she thought, she couldn't help but think it was a good thing. If he was teasing her, he was torturing himself more, as she preferred it this way. Also, if he was tired of her, perhaps it meant he would let her go soon enough.

She shook her head and took a step forward. Rose dropped to her knees and began to arrange the chess pieces. She could feel her aroused nipples rub against the silk nightdress with every movement. Rose pressed her knees together. It was just a kiss. She could feel the crown prince's stare on her as she bent her head, and she knew better than to look up.

"All done, Your Majesty."

"Make the first move," he drawled, his eyes never moving to the board—they were locked on Rose.

"Okay," Rose whispered.

"I heard you ran into my mother," Caius said as he played.

"Yes," Rose whispered. It took effort to make her voice steady.

Caius sized her up, his eyes narrowing a bit. Thomas had given his side of the incident and said that Rose had seemed very wary of the Queen. This wasn't unexpected information, but Thomas had seemed concerned as he mentioned it.

Rose didn't seem all that worried about it, but he was sure his mother would try to get at Rose in some way. She was right to be wary.

"Tell me then, how your day went."

Rose started to speak slowly, playing the game as she spoke. The first round ended quickly, as she lost in no time. By the time she was done speaking, she was already on her fourth loss. The crown prince wasn't taking it easy on her, but she couldn't help but notice he seemed slow.

His eyes also lingered on her rather than the chess pieces, almost like he was undressing her each time. It made her a little uncomfortable, and it felt like the room went up a few degrees. To distract herself from how he made her feel, Rose concentrated on the game. It was easy to block his stares when all she thought about was trying to win.