

## K Lover 185

### Chapter 185: Command And Lust

"Your Majesty!" Rose yelled as soon as her eyes rested on the figure in front of her door. To say she was shocked was an understatement.

It was the crown prince in his full regalia. Rose didn't think she had ever seen him dressed in this manner before. He stood tall in a deep crimson cloak, the fabric heavy and embroidered with gold thread. Beneath it, he wore a fitted black tunic trimmed with gold lining.

His black gloves were spotless, his boots polished to a mirror sheen. Every detail about his attire declared his status—not just as the prince, but as one who would soon inherit the throne. He looked every bit the future king.

Caius closed the gap between them in one stride. "At least look a little happy to see me," he whispered as he bent his head down.

His voice sounded heavy, a mix of something Rose couldn't place her finger on, and if she wasn't so shocked to see him, she might have thought that he missed her.

Rose didn't know how to react when his handsome face was only inches from hers. The fact that she thought he was handsome was already a cause for concern. His breath caressed her lips and she found that she couldn't look away.

She told herself it was the shock of him suddenly appearing at her doorstep. He had said something, but all she had heard was how he sounded—the words didn't mean much to her.

He grabbed her chin before she could think of stepping back—not that she had thought of doing so—and kissed her soundly in front of her doors. Right where guards lined the hallway of the crown prince's floor.

Rose forgot where she was as he kissed her in that familiar way. Sudden, almost forceful, molding her lips so they adhered to his wishes. She couldn't breathe, but right now it didn't feel like breathing was all

that important. She could feel her heart beating through her chest, her skin thrumming as the kiss deepened.

His fingers ran into her hair and he grabbed her rear, pressing her against his body. She could feel his hard-on almost instantly, and it sent tingles all over her body. What was this? she asked herself, but Rose didn't have the chance to think of the answer.

Caius softened the kiss as he started to lift her dress, and Rose's eyes opened as her brain started to work again, reminding her that they were both right outside the door. She must be losing her mind.

"Your Majesty," Rose mumbled on his lips before she stepped back, breaking the kiss.

His desire-filled eyes narrowed and his jaw hardened. His hand was still on her rear, but a dark look was slowly creeping into his eyes. Rose immediately tried to remedy the situation.

"We are outside," she whispered. However, as soon as she said the words, Rose regretted it immediately.

The crown prince's brown eyes brightened, and he looked at her with unadulterated desire that made Rose flinch at the full force of it. She could tell instantly that the crown prince intended to nestle between her legs and there was nothing she could do to stop it.

Caius grabbed one of her legs and she had to grab the front of his cloak to keep from falling backward.

"Your Majesty!" Rose screamed for her life, her grip on his cloak tight.

"Are you saying it's fine as long as we are inside?" he asked.

Rose swore internally. What did I do? She kept her head bent at his question. There was no way she was going to answer it. Besides, it wasn't like her answer mattered. He was going to do whatever he wanted.

"Answer me," he whispered over her head, but there was no plea in his voice, only command and lust.

"If you don't say, I will thrust into you, right here, right now, and fuck you until your legs don't work."

Rose wanted to bash her head against the wall. She must be crazy, or perhaps the crown prince's weird fetishes were rubbing off on her, because why did that send a shiver down her back—and not in a bad way?

"Yes," she whispered. It's not like she's been had much of a choice, she told herself. It was best not to test the crown prince—he was crazy enough to take her in front of the lords; guards were simply statues to him.

"Yes, what?" he asked.

Rose's eyes widened and she lifted her head to look at the crown prince's face without thinking, and he smirked down at her. He was absolutely enjoying himself—she could see the clear arousal in his eyes, and it looked like he was holding back a lot.

As much as she didn't want to say such a thing out loud, he looked very fine taking her out here, and Rose couldn't let that happen. It also didn't help that this position was uncomfortable. The only thing keeping her on her feet was her hand on his cloak.

She bent her head, hiding her face in his chest. She didn't get embarrassed easily, but for some reason, this made her red in the face. "Yes, Your Majesty," she whispered. "It's fine if it's inside."

Caius's ears rang. He wanted to tell her to repeat it louder, but he was the one who was in pain here. He was not joking when he said he would take her here and now. It was all he could think about, and it was taking all his willpower not to do so.

Caius didn't know how he had managed for so long, because right now, it felt like if he didn't bury himself inside her this moment, he might die.

He dropped her leg and pushed the half-open door. He walked right in and shut the door, pushing her against it. He took her lips and just like before, she didn't resist—she kissed him back just as hard.

Caius lost his mind. Whatever self-control he had flew out the window as his eyes turned red and his cock took control.