

K Lover 186

Chapter 186: Well-fed Cat

Caius broke the kiss suddenly and turned her so she faced the wall. He pressed her against the door, his head against her neck as he kissed the back and sides of it. Rose could feel him pressed up against her as he slowly gathered up her skirt.

"Your Majesty," Rose moaned, as Caius caressed the sensitive spots around her neck with his lips.

He was relentless with his kisses—light kissing, sucking, and biting. Rose tried to hold back her moans, but she was doing a terrible job. Her hands lay flat against the door, and she wondered if he would take her here. Rose almost smacked herself at the thought, but everything was getting hot—it was impossible to act rationally.

He pressed against her, and she could feel how hard he was through his breeches. Rose clamped her hand over her mouth to keep from crying out. He only had his lips on her neck—why did she feel this way? It was useless to struggle, but it wasn't that she wanted to.

Caius lifted her skirt, revealing her underwear, and she heard him take in a sharp breath as he pulled away from her neck. He pressed her exposed rear against his erection, and Rose fought the urge to rub her rump all over his crotch.

He pulled away, and she heard the sound of ripping. The poor fabric didn't stand a chance against the force of his arousal. Rose didn't even get a chance to react as Caius wasted no time undoing his belt.

He placed himself at her already wet entrance, and Rose squirmed, lifting her ass. She didn't understand the urgency she felt—it didn't make sense, but she'd be lying if she said she didn't want this.

"Spread your legs," Caius commanded, his voice raspy and filled with desire.

Rose moved her legs to his command, her palms spreading too to give her proper grip on the door as she arched her waist.

Caius swore, squeezing her fair exposed behind with one hand while the other held her waist in place, but he still didn't slip in. Rose could feel a growing itch deep within her that felt like only he could scratch it and it seemed as if he was refusing to.

Rose moved without meaning to, rubbing her wetness around his hardened shaft. He gripped her waist tighter as he took in a sharp breath.

"I thought you'd come to me," his voice was unsteady as he spoke. She could hear the struggle in his tone.

Rose was starting to lose it. She didn't have time for his teasing—he had already teased her enough and left her.

"But aren't you stubborn, little lady? You missed me, didn't yo—"

Rose pushed back and Caius slid in easily. Rose felt her legs buckle at the delicious pleasure that pooled at her pelvis and was slowly spreading.

"Fuck!" Caius cursed right into her ear, his other hand grabbing her waist.

Rose was standing on her tiptoes at this point, and there was a chance she might lose her footing with the slightest movement—but she didn't care. More like, it was hard to care when Caius was already moving between her legs.

Rose gripped the door for dear life, her toes curling as he thrust out and right back in. Her head hit the door at the force, but it was just what she needed as her core was screaming for more.

Her action silenced the crown prince, and all she could hear were his grunts and groans as he concentrated on hammering her hole.

"Your Majesty," Rose whimpered, tears in her eyes.

With every thrust, she lost a bit of her senses as she screamed. She could remember the first time, it was against a door just like this but felt nothing like this. It was like her whole body lit up in flames, and she didn't have any control over it. The pleasure was eating at her, and she was nothing but a slave at its mercy.

Caius knew where to aim, and he slammed in with purpose. His belt dug into her skin with every movement, but Rose could barely feel it. All of her concentration was on the invasion between her legs—the stream of constant pleasure that was driving her to the edge.

Rose could hear screaming, but it sounded far off—strange—as she begged the crown prince to go even deeper. She could hear him curse a couple of times, but she was too far gone to care, too close to the edge.

Rose came apart, her grip on the door loosening immediately, and Caius had to catch her to keep her from falling as she shook from the aftermath of the pleasure.

Caius swore, kissing the back of her head as she pressed up against him. "You're going to be the death of me," he whispered. It was so soft that if she hadn't been that close, she wouldn't have heard it.

She was pudding in his hands, and she could feel the stickiness between her legs. Rose couldn't describe how she felt—her body still rang from the aftermath, and her head was still up in the clouds.

Suddenly, a knock resounded in the room. It felt so loud with her head pressed up against the door. It felt like the knock had come from inside her head, and she jerked in shock.

Caius swore behind her. "I can't even get away for a few moments."

Caius pulled away from her, leaving her leaning against the door. Her dress fell as he stepped away, and the lack of contact with his body brought her back to reality. Rose blinked in horror and shamefully pulled away from the door, bending her head.

Caius immediately stopped in the middle of adjusting his belt and closed the gap between them. Rose lifted her head in shock and looked up at him. His eyes gleamed as they stared at her, and she could tell

he wanted more. He didn't have to say it—she knew the only reason he wasn't throwing her on the bed was because he had somewhere else to be.

It didn't feel so bad anymore, but Rose wouldn't remember what she was thinking about because Caius chose that moment to seal their lips together. It was such a soft kiss that at first, she didn't know how to react—but soon enough, she felt herself melt.

The crown prince tasted sweet, like grapes—or maybe she was just crazy. It was hard to say. She hated that she missed him when, all of a sudden, she heard nothing. He was always in her business, but he had no problem stepping away. It didn't make sense that she would react like this. She didn't even like chess that much.

Perhaps, it was everything else. Edna was going, and she hadn't left the room in a full day. Perhaps, it might be the sex. She had heard women have crazy reactions when they get fucked good. Not that she was saying that was what this was, but she was sure there was a proper explanation.

Another knock came—louder this time. "Your Grace!" Rose could clearly hear Rylen's voice, there was urgency in it.

Caius pulled away, his eyes heavy as he stared at her. He rubbed the corner of her lips with his thumb and said, "Too bad I have to go."

Rose didn't even get a chance to reply before the door opened and he slipped out of it.

Caius was still adjusting his pants when he appeared in front of his cousin, who wrinkled his nose as though he had seen the most disgusting thing ever.

"Have you no shame?" Rylen asked, his blue eyes clearly showing disgust.

"And couldn't you hold out for longer?" Caius said with a stern voice, but there was no anger in it—and he looked pleased, like a well-fed cat.

"Your mother was going to come fetch you herself. You should be grateful I volunteered. I doubt this is the presence you'd want to show her."

Caius snorted. "I'd like to see her reaction to that."

Rylen immediately looked appalled. "Your Grace, with all due respect—that is disgusting!"

"Is it?" Caius smirked.

Rylen narrowed his eyes. He would be lying if he said the crown prince wasn't a little different. The grumpiness in his eyes was gone, and he seemed... happier. Rylen felt it was a strong word, but he couldn't think of anything else that would fit.

It didn't make sense that such a vulgar act would be enough to put anyone in such a good mood. However, the crown prince had been in a shit mood for days from having to deal with his mother and her guests—but now he was suddenly smiling.

"Staring at me in that manner won't do what you think it will. Lead the way, Rylen. Since you interrupted me, you might as well."

"Yes, Your Grace," he said and turned with a scoff.

"Have you done what I asked?" Caius suddenly asked.

Rylen almost scoffed, when has he ever failed to do as the crown prince asked? "Do you mean Lady Delphine?" He asked.

"Yes," Caius replied.

"Yes," Rylen replied back.

"Good," Caius said.

Rylen narrowed his eyes and turned away from the crown prince. He knew he didn't want to know what Caius was thinking.