

# THE KING'S LOVER

## Chapter 3: Emma

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"I think I saw the crown prince," Rose said to Emma as they sat at the back of her house under the moon. The moon was bright, and it lit up their surroundings enough to not need a lamp.

Emma was around the same age as Rose but a year younger. They had known each other since they were little girls. Both of them had been born in Edenville, and living in such close proximity, they had no option but to be friends.

"Wha?" Emma asked in shock. "Where?"

"The village entrance," Rose replied.

"Wha were ye doin' there?"

"I went to get water from the well. Mot'er's cough has been a little too much lately. I didn't want to cook wit' the muddy water."

"And ye saw him?" Emma asked. She was clearly more interested in the details about the crown prince than anything else.

"Yah, I think."

"Wha ye mean, think? Did ye not see him?"

"I did," she smirked. "He is mighty good-lookin'."

Emma gasped, then covered her mouth with her hand. "Don't let Ander hear ye," she whispered, looking around.

"Stop lookin' around like that, he's not lurkin' in the bushes."

"Wow!" Emma smiled. "To think ye saw him. Did he talk to ye?"

"Of course not, and he was surrounded wit' lots of knights. Very scary." Rose shook her head.

"But to think ye were that close to the crown prince. I'm jealous."

"Don't be, I was scared. He is still in Edenville, ye might run into him, and ye're a pretty lady. Who knows?" Rose wiggled her brows and scooted closer, trying to tickle Emma.

"Wha are ye doin'?" she cried as she tried to escape Rose's assault. "Of course not, he is royalty. The crown prince! Also, I can say the same about ye."

Rose stopped trying to tickle her immediately. "Ye know I am engaged to Ander, Emma. We will get married in a week." Rose looked into the distance, a smile on her face as she thought of it.

Ander was also a childhood friend of Rose, and she had always known she would marry him from when she was only a child. They would have married much earlier than now, but Rose had put it off because of her mother's illness. However, her mother had found out and was very upset. To make her happy, Rose decided to get married as soon as possible.

"A week, that's so close," Emma whispered, a hint of sadness on her face.

"Don't look like that. I know I am movin' into his fat'er's house, but Ander promised he will build our home very soon, and it will be close to my parents' house. We will still see each other as much, even though I'd be a married woman then. Mrs. Oliver." Rose squealed again.

"Congratulations," her friend said. "I can't wait for the wedding."

"Father said he will hunt a big antelope for it," she grinned.

"My ma already prepared the gifts she would give ye," Emma said.

"Oh, she is too kind. Yer ma is always so nice to us. Give my love to her."

Emma nodded. "I will."

"I am thinkin' of doin' it tonig't," Rose suddenly said with a mischievous smile.

"Rosie," Emma cried, her eyes widening as she realized what Rose was talking about. "Ye can't be serious."

"I already told ye I would," Rose smirked further.

"Why not just wait till yer wedding night?" Emma asked.

Rose shook her head. "I am goin' to marry Ander anyway. He is the only man I love," Rose answered proudly. "Besides, ye know why."

"Yah, ye said it before, so it won't hurt on yer wedding night."

"It wasn't me that said it, Madame Razel did."

Madame Razel was the merchant's wife, and she was also the biggest gossip in all of Edenville. If there was any news, she knew about it. If one wanted help or information, she was the perfect person to go to. The problem was that it was likely that the whole town would have heard about it before one could use the solutions she would provide.

"Ye know better than to listen to a gossip."

"But she's right. If I can get past the pain, then it'd be smooth sailin' from there, and a week is more than enoug' time to heal from it. The best part—even if I take in, no one will know."

"Ye sound a little too excited by this."

"I can't 'elp it. I'm sure ye always wanted to do it."

"Of course not," Emma blushed.

Rose moved along the bench until she was pressed up against Emma. "Ye lyin', aren't ye?" she smirked.

"Not everyone is interested in such a thing as ye is."

"Then why are ye blushin'?" Rose asked, wiggling her brows.

"Nay! I'm not! But are ye sure about this?" Emma asked, her voice softening with uncertainty.

"Of course," Rose replied.

"When?" Emma questioned further.

"Tonig't," she said with glee.

"Does Ander know?"

Rose shook her head. "But I know he'd be delig'ted."

Emma looked a little uncertain. "Wha are ye goin' to do? Sneak into his room?"

"Exactly!"

"Ye crazy!" Emma said with wide eyes, but there was no malice in her words.

"Don't fret, I'll tell ye all about it in the mornin'," Rose teased.

"I don't want to know wha ye do between tha sheets."

"Aren't ye even a tiny winy bit curious?" Rose teased.

"I'm not," Emma insisted. "I should get goin', my mama is goin' to notice I'm missin' now, and ye know how she gets."

"Yah, she doesn't like ye leavin' the house at nig't."

"Yah! Even though ye is literally next door."

Rose laughed. "Give my love to 'er," she said.

"No way. She will know I came 'ere."

"I know, I was messin' wit' ye."

Emma narrowed her eyes at Rose before slowly standing up from the bench. "Give my love to yer mot'er. I would have said hi, but I know she's restin' now."

"Yah," Rose said and stood up from the bench. "I'll walk ye to the fence."

"No need. Ye need to prepare," Emma said but couldn't meet Rose's eyes.

"Prepare for wha?"

Emma frowned at her. "Ye goin' to make me say it?"



"Would ye?" Rose snickered.

"Goodnig't, it's my fault for carin'."

Rose laughed and waved at her best friend as she watched her stomp away before she turned around and went into the house. It was quiet as she walked in. The hearth was still on, but the fire was going out. She didn't try to put more wood; the night wasn't too cold. She quietly made her way to her room. She would have to wait until later before she headed for Ander's house.

## Chapter 4: Fantasy

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Rose gathered her dress as she walked through the bushes. Her shoes were a little loose, but even that wouldn't slow her down. She skipped, jumping over some stones. She had already checked out the path during the day, so she was pretty prepared for any obstacles. This path was different from the one she used to go see Ander.

Ander's house was quite some distance from her parents' house. She had to pass two streets and three houses before she eventually got to the back of his. Rose scaled the wooden fence smoothly. The only mishap was that her dress got stuck at the top of the wooden fence, and she had to hang upside down, exposing her rear to the moonlight. Thankfully, she was able to stealthily pull it off, but she ended up falling into the flower bushes, almost crushing the poor things. Ander's mother would not be pleased.

Rose got up quickly, making sure she was still hidden and that no one had been alerted by the noise of her falling. She was grateful there were no dogs, or else she would have

already been found out. She brushed away the dried leaves and sticks that got stuck to her dress. She looked at the house, and there was not a single light on—no sign of life in the house.

She let out a breath and carefully approached the house. She knew exactly where Ander's room was and knew he would be sleeping alone. After all, it was supposed to be the room she would move into with him. Ander's parents' house wasn't all that different from her parents'. It was just a little bigger, and they had a sitting room separate from the bedrooms.

Rose sneaked to the window and saw it was open. The only thing obstructing her path was the curtains. She was grateful Ander always slept with the windows open. Rose slowly inched the curtains out of the way as she climbed into the room, one leg first. She had to be careful, or else she might hit something that would make a loud noise.

She dropped her toes first before her heel and sighed. Rose could pick up the things inside the room immediately. A shelf was in the corner of the room. Rose knew the contents—they were carved pieces made by her father and some by her, though her work was nothing compared to her father's. She smiled as she remembered Ander telling her hers were always better.

Rose shifted her gaze to the floor. Ander was lying on his back, an arm underneath his head. He was snoring softly. Rose couldn't clearly see his face, but she knew exactly what he looked like and could draw him in the dark. He had a lean face, a mole under his lips, eyes that reminded her of dark grey skies, and when he smiled, a small dimple appeared on his left cheek. Rose thought he was very handsome.

She snapped out of admiring him. She was here for a reason. She grabbed the waist of her dress and pulled it upwards. She dropped it to the ground and was completely naked. Rose winced as the cool air hit her bare skin. Her bosom reacted immediately, poking out. Her

silhouette against the wall from the moonlight left nothing to the imagination—perky breasts, a slim waist, a plump behind, and lean long legs.

Rose crossed to Ander. She carefully put a leg across him and lowered herself until she was sitting on him. She covered his mouth with her palms just as Ander's eyes flew open. He was still drowsy from sleep, so it took a while for the situation to register. Suddenly, he jumped and tried to push her off.

"Andy," she whispered seductively. "Tis me."

He looked even more shocked. He tried to speak, but her hand was still over his mouth. He gently pulled her hand away. "Rosie," he called. "What are ye doin' 'ere so late?"

"Shh, yer Mot'er will hear us," she grinned and rolled her hips.

All the blood rushed to Ander's face. "Are ye n-naked?" he asked, flustered.

Rose moved again. "Ye finally noticed."

She lifted his hand and placed it on her chest. Ander's eyes rolled to the back of his head. He tried to pull his hand away, but she didn't let him.

"What are ye doin'?"

"What do ye think?" Rose grinned.

"We should wait," he said. "Our wedding is only a week away, Rosie. Ye can't."

"When ye already like this?" she asked and moved forward and backward.

"Rosie!" he cried, squeezing her breasts.

"Ye don't have to do anythin'," she whispered, leaning forward.

She covered his lips with hers, and Ander reacted immediately. They had sneaked a few kisses before now and done even more. Of course, it was all her idea—Ander was a little shy, and if it was up to him, even on their wedding night, nothing would happen. He always seemed content just holding her hands. His reactions whenever she did something more made her want to mess with him even more.

Their tongues intertwined, and she rolled her hips even more. "Rosie," Ander groaned against her lips.

"Andy," she softly called as she broke the kiss and moved her lips to his neck. Her hips didn't stop moving. Besides, she was starting to feel weird—maybe because she was rubbing against his clothes.

"Rosie," he groaned and grabbed her waist.

Rose smiled to herself. She knew he wouldn't back out now and reached for the waist of his pants.

"Rosie," he called, and she could hear him fight for control. But as soon as she touched him, he lost it.

Rose smiled. The tip was very wet. She knew he was holding back. She rubbed it, and he jerked.

"Rosie," he cried.

She lifted herself and, locking eyes with him, slowly lowered herself. She felt him at her entrance and instinctively braced herself. Ander was a wreck. He gripped the straw bed for dear life.

As much as she wanted to tease him, she also wanted to get this over with. That's why she wanted to do it now. Rose gently pushed down. Black hair flashed in her vision as he penetrated her, and she frowned, but Ander was already moving like it was too much for

him to bear. "So wet," he said. It sounded like he was in pain. Rose smiled—his reaction made her forget the pain she could feel.

"Shut up!" Caius suddenly yelled out, annoyed he had been pulled out of his fantasy. He grabbed the hair of the woman who was on all fours with his cock buried deep within her.

Rylen had been unable to hide his reaction when he had asked for a redhead, but this one wasn't doing the trick. The hair wasn't the same color—even the dim light couldn't give the illusion of fiery red hair. It was very dull in comparison. The worst part was the stupid wench kept moaning. It was the most disgusting sound he had ever heard. He didn't know what his redhead sounded like, but he was almost certain it would be the most beautiful sound he would ever hear.

Caius groaned as he thrust, imagining it was her plump behind. Just as she bent to pull the pail out of the well, he buried himself in her all the way to the hilt. Caius swore at the pleasure that shot up his cock, but his fantasy was interrupted again when the woman under him yelled against the pillow.

"Too deep, Your Eminence," she cried and proceeded to make several weird noises as she climaxed. Her legs shook, and she fell onto the bed.

This wasn't going to work. "Get out!" he ordered and wrapped his robe around himself.

The woman could barely move, and he kicked her out of the bed. "Someone come get her out of here."

The bedroom door opened immediately, and one of his guards walked into the room and carried the woman away.

"Would you be needing anything else, Your Highness?" another asked as the woman was taken out of his room.

"No," he said, and the guard bowed and retreated.

This was incorrect. He wanted the redhead—the one that was interrupting his fun time. He looked down at his hard cock. "Fuck!" He would have to do something about this, but unfortunately, he would have to bear this until he could.