

## K Lover 49

### Chapter 49: Better At This

"Your Grace," Rylen tried again as he took in the scene before him. He had to stop it, something told him Caius planned to go through with it. He would be lying if he said he couldn't guess what was about to happen.

But Caius didn't even spare him a glance. His attention was locked on Rose, her head bowed so low Rylen was sure she could see her reflection on the polished marble floor. Her hands trembled at her sides, clutching her dress so tightly the fabric twisted beneath her fingers.

"She doesn't belong here," Lord Nicholas said, his voice sharp with disgust. "Are we to believe the crown prince's bedwarmer now has a seat at the council table? That's too much of an insult, Your Highness."

Rose flinched at the word, shame burning through her skin, but she didn't dare move. Her knees ached against the cold floor, but the weight of so many eyes was far heavier than the stone beneath her.

Caius finally turned, his smile slow and deliberate — the kind that made even seasoned men uneasy. "Bedwarmer?" he echoed, his tone almost amused. "That's definitely a new one."

"She's nothing," Lord Charles added, voice dripping with disdain. "A distraction you shouldn't parade."

Caius's fingers tapped lazily against the arm of the empty ornate chair beside him — the king's chair. "Come closer," he said to Rose.

The room fell into a tense silence as Rose scratched her knees on the floor, crawling to him. She didn't know what was about to happen, but something told her it was exactly what she feared.

Rylen stepped forward, desperation in his voice. "Your Grace, the council—"

"Will leave," Caius cut in, his voice cold and sharp now. "Unless, of course..." His smirk widened. "You all are curious to see what happens next." Caius eyes gleamed as he spoke, there wasn't a hint of pretense, he intended to go through this with the lords here.

Their reactions were immediate. Chairs scraped back, voices overlapping in outrage as the nobles stormed toward the door, some calling for the king, others cursing Caius under their breath. None dared linger long enough to challenge him directly.

The heavy doors slammed shut behind the last of them, leaving only Caius, Rose, Henry, Rylen, and some guards in the vast hall.

"Don't just stare down," Caius said, his tone dropping low, almost bored. "You've done this before. Get to work — I don't have all day."

Rose's hands shook as she reached up. Was this her punishment for falling asleep? For daring to rest when her body couldn't take any more? Or was this just another game to him, another way to remind her what she was — and what she would never be?

Her fingers shook so violently as she reached for the crown prince. It felt strange to touch him, and if it wasn't for the fact that she feared for her life, she would have fled the hall with the lords. What kind of man would do something like this? She couldn't wrap her head around it. Was there a goal to this, or was he just a lunatic?

Lunatic or not, she was currently at the mercy of this man, and she had to do as he requested. For her life and the lives of the people she loved.

Caius didn't move. He leaned back lazily against the edge of the table, arms crossed, brown eyes locked on her with a hunger that wasn't entirely masked by his usual indifference. It wasn't lust — at least, not just lust. There was something darker, something that fed off the way her shoulders curled inward and her hands trembled as they reached for him.

Rose could barely untie the band around his waist. She hated that she had to rub her hands on him to reach his waistband. She tried to lift her hands higher, but that didn't help. The room was silent, save for the faint scuff of her nails against the fabric and the uneven breaths she tried and failed to steady.

Rose felt her eyes water, and all she could remember was how she had pleaded with the crown prince to save her father's life. It wasn't the same situation, but it was painfully similar. Once again, she was at his mercy to do whatever he wanted — and of course, he couldn't do it without humiliating her. The fabric loosened, and Rose almost let out a sigh of relief, but the worst part hadn't even begun.

Rylen stood frozen near the door, his eyes away from the scene, his hands clenched at his sides. His jaw twitched, his eyes darting between Caius and Rose, torn between duty and something that looked painfully close to guilt. But even if his conscience screamed at him to intervene, he knew better than to stop the crown prince.

"I don't have all day," Caius drawled, his voice soft but commanding.

Even though the council had gone, they still lingered around the castle. They all had an inkling of what was about to happen. Rumors would run through the castle before the hour was out. The crown prince's whore, kneeling at his feet in the king's hall. And like all stories of this sort, they would grow more twisted with every retelling.

Rose lifted herself. It was a little hard to do, as she was partially under the table while Caius leaned back on the chair. She pulled down his pants just enough to reveal the sharp lines of his hips and the hardness beneath the fabric. It stood tall like it had a mind of its own, veins trailing down — a stark contrast to the smooth pink tip.

Rose's head was suddenly pushed down. "I told you not to just stare at it!"

Rose swallowed it whole, it slipped down her throat a little easier than the first time. The pressure in her throat was uncomfortable but not unfamiliar — and she hated this.

"You're better at this. Good girl," Caius murmured, his voice low enough that only she could hear.