

## K Lover 50

### Chapter 50: No Limits

She could feel it pulse in her throat, thick and unrelenting. The crown prince's grip on her hair didn't loosen, his fingers tangled deep at her scalp, holding her down like she was nothing more than an object to use. She had no chance to breathe, no chance to pull back, just the crushing weight of his control, forcing her to take all of him.

Her hands curled into fists against his thighs, her nails digging into the fabric as she fought the instinct to gag. The muscles in her throat burned, tears stinging at the corners of her eyes, but she didn't dare pull away.

The soft scrape of his thumb brushed over her cheek, a mockery of tenderness.

"See?" Caius said, his voice low and velvety. "It fits perfectly."

Rose's stomach twisted. The taste of him coated her tongue, bitter and wrong, but she swallowed it down along with her pride. She had no choice. It was only for a few moments, but it felt like years before the crown prince finally let go of her hair. Rose immediately moved, bobbing her head up and down, desperate to take control of the pace. The faster she got this over with, the better.

It slid in and out of her mouth easily, the slick drool doing its work. Rose grabbed the lower part with her palms, knowing she would give out if she relied on her mouth alone. It was bigger than what she was used to, but Rose wasn't completely unfamiliar with this.

She moved her hand up and down, matching the rhythm of her head when a sharp, pained groan escaped him. For a fleeting second, Rose almost smiled, but she quickly smothered the reaction, cursing herself. Why did she feel any sort of satisfaction at giving him pleasure? She hated him. She would rather bite his cock off and spit it back in his face.

Rose forced herself to concentrate. Caius would notice if her mind wandered, and the last thing she wanted was for him to slam her head down again. It had taken days for her throat to heal from the last time. If he took control of this, she would be the one to suffer.

Suddenly, his hand was back in her hair, fingers tightening with cruel intent, and Rose felt her eyes sting with fresh tears. He pushed down, forcing her to take all of him until her nose pressed flush against the hard plane of his stomach. The heat of his skin radiated through the thin fabric of his shirt, mingling with the scent of expensive soap and something muskier.

She fought the reflex clawing at her throat, her body trembling with the effort to hold still and not choke. His cock pulsed against her tongue, twitching with every ragged breath she struggled to take. Saliva pooled at the corners of her mouth, sliding down her chin as her jaw burned from the strain.

Caius's low groan echoed above her, a sound of dark satisfaction that made her stomach knot with shame. How could he do this in front of so many people? But the moment the question formed, she realized how foolish it was. This wasn't the first time.

He gave her a moment's mercy, easing his grip just enough for her to pull back slightly, gasping for a shaky breath before he guided her down again. Her hand worked the base, her fingers slick with her own spit, stroking in tandem with the movement of her mouth. She forced herself to focus on the rhythm, on the task of pleasing him, desperately trying to disconnect her mind from her body.

But no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't ignore the weight of him on her tongue or the way his thighs tensed beneath her palms every time her lips stretched around him.

He was close. She could feel it in the way his breath grew uneven, in the way his grip faltered before clenching tighter again. Her stomach churned with the bitter knowledge of what was coming, but she didn't slow; rather she quickened her pace, desperate to make it end. Only then could she get out of here.

He held her down, not allowing her a chance to move, and Rose felt the warm liquid pour down her throat. She swallowed it easily, the taste making her stomach twist. His hand eased in her hair, no longer punishing, but she didn't dare pull back until he released her fully. She didn't want to make a mess and give him another reason to be angry.

He slipped from her lips, and for a moment, Rose thought it was over. But something was terribly wrong. He was just as hard as when she'd started.

Terror curled cold in her stomach, but it was the weight of his stare on the top of her head that made her tremble.

"Get out!" Caius's voice thundered through the hall.

Rose pressed her hands to the cold stone floor, ready to scramble out of the room without hesitation. He didn't need to tell her twice. But before she could rise, his voice cut through the air again, freezing her in place.

"Where do you think you're going?" His tone was sharper this time, the edge unmistakable. "We're not nearly done."

A loud bang echoed behind her, and she saw the heavy doors swing shut. The hall was empty. His outburst wasn't meant for her — it was for the people who had been forced to witness her degradation.

They were alone now.

Rose's heart pounded in her chest, her gaze flicking toward him before she quickly dropped it to the floor, afraid to hold his stare for too long.

Was he really going to do it here? In the hall? Surely even he had limits. This was the lords' council chamber — an important, sacred side of the castle where matters of the kingdom were discussed.

She wanted to speak, to beg, to list all the reasons why this was a terrible idea — but fear locked her voice in her throat.

"Get on the table," Caius commanded.