

## K Lover 51

### Chapter 51: The Table

"Get on the table," Caius commanded.

Rose still had her knees on the ground. She fell back at his words, a hand to her mouth as she stared upwards with a face stricken with fear. Caius leaned forward, still seated, and she bolted to her feet immediately, bumping her head against the table before adjusting properly and slipping out from under it.

Rose tried to ignore the stinging pain at the top of her head as she placed trembling hands on the edge of the table, her palms against the polished wood. She was unsure how to get on it. Did he want her to just lie on it? She didn't turn around to look at him, but she knew he was watching with the way the hairs at the back of her neck stood on edge.

"Sit," he said.

Sit, Rose repeated mentally. It was more for herself as it took her a while to process what he said. Her mind was in shambles. She still couldn't believe this was happening. Nothing about anything that had happened to her in the past few days was believable.

Rose lifted herself and placed her rear on the table, her legs tightly together. There was no other way she could sit — she had to face him directly. He was still sitting on the chair, completely exposed. Rose shut her eyes and she heard the sound of the chair scraping against the floor.

He walked to the table and parted her legs, standing in between them. Rose couldn't help but notice his sword was still around his waist. She didn't fight when he pulled her legs apart — she just kept her head down.

He lifted her chin with his palm around her neck, and Rose's eyes flew open when he pressed his lips against hers, forcing her mouth open, but she shut it immediately when she saw his eyes were also open.

Caius held her in place as he kissed her, his grip tight. Something was strange — his kiss was gentle. She could feel his desire, but unlike when it would usually be filled with fiery urgency, it was almost tender.

When she started to kiss him back, his grip loosened and he pulled away with a smirk on his face. Rose grew embarrassed. Her reaction was expected.

He lifted her leg suddenly and Rose yelped. He shot her a look and she swallowed the rest of her scream. Her dress gathered at her waist, exposing her pale, thin legs. His fingers trailed along her inner thigh, tracing the trembling flesh until they met the thin fabric of her underwear — a barrier so fragile it was laughable. He could rip it with only one hand.

"Lean back," Caius said through clenched teeth as he looked down at her. His eyelids were heavy, and she could barely see his eyes.

She did as he requested, her palms resting on the table to support her weight while he stood between her legs, a hand holding one of her legs up. She felt him move her underwear out of the way. Without any warning, he slid right in. Rose's eyes nearly popped out of her sockets, and she brought a palm to her mouth to seal the sound. It would echo through the hall if she dared let it escape.

Caius's eyes narrowed, and he thrust deeper this time as if to punish her for hiding her voice. Rose's entire body shook. There was something terribly wrong with this position — at this rate, he would pierce through her belly. She pulled away, and Caius grabbed her waist and pulled her back. Rose's hand couldn't hold her weight anymore, and she hit the table with her back.

"Move again," he dared.

Rose shook her head, palms over her mouth. He thrust again, his hips driving into her with deliberate force, and her entire body quaked beneath him. Her fingers pressed harder against her lips, muffling the desperate moan that clawed its way up her throat, her body helpless beneath his control.

Rose's toes curled and she turned to the side to hide her face from him, gripping the edge of the table. Caius was merciless as he moved, but her body yielded completely to his invasion.

Rose's breath came in shallow gasps as Caius moved within her. The heavy table shook and her grip on it tightened. Rose feared this might carry on longer than she could bear.

"Look at me," his voice broke through, and she lifted her head to meet his eyes.

He leaned forward, her legs dropped out of his hands as he kissed her again. It was brief, and he pulled out of her, wiping himself on her dress as he pulled away.

He didn't say a word as he dressed himself and walked towards the door. She heard the door open and close, plunging her into a silence that was louder than the scream in her head.

Rose lay on the table dazed. He had just walked out without a second look. She knew she couldn't keep sitting there, but she wasn't sure her legs would work if she tried to leave right now. She lay on the table and gave herself a few moments before she forced herself off the table.

She staggered as her legs hit the floor, holding the table for support as she waited for blood to start flowing properly into her legs. Confident that she wouldn't fall head first onto the ground, she took the first step but still kept her hand on the table.

The door opened and Rose fearfully jerked her head towards the door. This was exactly what she wanted to avoid. Voices could be heard as two maids walked through the door, but as soon as their eyes rested on her, they stopped.

"I didn't expect she would still be here," one of them whispered to the other.

Rose closed her eyes in shame and pushed herself away from the table. She nodded her head towards the maids before fleeing the hall.