

## K Lover 62

### Chapter 62: Hazel Green

Rose stopped in front of the crown prince. She could hear the wood crackle as it burned, smell the smoke mixed with the scented candles. However, she was more aware of him than anything else. Caius Ravenor had a presence and aura that compelled one to look at him.

He lay on the long chair. Half of his torso lay on the seat while the other rested on the armrest. His robe was slightly loose, and he had one leg on the floor. Rose stood with her head bent in front of him, unsure of what she should do. She had gotten a glimpse of his face as she walked closer, and he looked like something was wrong. She didn't care, she told herself; she just wanted to be sure it wouldn't affect his actions toward her.

She stood in this position for a while, wondering what was happening as he didn't say a single word to her. Out of curiosity, she slowly lifted her gaze to him, and upon meeting his eyes, she quickly looked down at her feet again. Why did she suddenly feel very anxious?

"Sit," Caius said.

Rose swallowed and dropped to the floor. Surely, he didn't mean she should sit next to him. Caius's eyes narrowed, and he glared at her.

"No, sit here."

He glanced between his legs, and Rose felt sweat trickle down her back. It suddenly felt like the room was three times hotter than it originally was. She wanted to protest and say she couldn't, but she knew she wasn't here to refuse his request.

She slowly rose to her feet and sat exactly where he said she should. It was awkward. He lay with his chest exposed, and Rose did her best not to stare. She locked her gaze on her thighs as she sat.

One of his legs was behind her while the other was in front of her. Rose noticed the scar on his calf. It was deep, and she winced, wondering what could have caused such a scar. Was it a battle or an accident?

He stretched his hand to her, and she flinched instinctively. Whatever thoughts she had about the scar on his right calf were completely forgotten as she shut her eyes tightly.

Caius frowned as he went past her face and touched her hair. It was the first thing he had noticed about her, and it still caught his attention. Just like the freckles on her face and her eyes. He finally knew the color—hazel green. They were just as pretty as he thought they would be. She didn't stare at him often, so he didn't get to see them as much as he wanted. And that was something else that pissed him off.

Rose slowly opened her eyes and caught the prince staring. She turned her head immediately, pulling her hair out of his grip. "I am sorry, yer majesty," she apologized.

Caius didn't say anything. He just lifted his right leg that rested on the ground and placed it on Rose. He pulled her closer to himself, locking her between his legs. Rose's eyes widened, and she sat as stiff as a wooden block.

He pushed himself to a sitting position. He almost felt bad about what happened in the hall. It wasn't supposed to get out of hand. He had brought her in to piss off the lords, and that had worked, but when he saw her kneel, he had gotten carried away, and he remembered his anger from the night before. She needed to remember why she was here and didn't seem to be keeping her end of the bargain.

He grabbed her hair again. He liked how it felt in his fingers, how her mouth became slightly agape when he tightened his grip, and the look in her eyes when she finally gave in to the pleasure. She was scared of him, but it wasn't only that.

Caius massaged her scalp and leaned closer. He kissed her collarbone, and she jerked. Caius smirked and looked up at her, but she had her face turned away and a hand over her mouth. He was in a shitty mood, especially after the ordeal with his father. He wanted to let off some steam, but at the same time, he wanted to see something a little different.

Rose clamped her hand over her mouth. She had almost let out a lewd sound, but the crown prince was doing something she wasn't used to. She had expected to come here, strip, and be done with it. She had even said she would come to him herself, but the instant she had seen him, she had frozen, and her body didn't work the way she wanted.

The crown prince moved his lips to her neck, and Rose clamped her hand harder over her mouth. Did she always have such a sensitive neck? He was playing with her hair, and he had fingers on her skin, touching her through the thin layer of clothes while he littered kisses on her neck.

She knew he was hard; it was touching her, poking at her side, and the size of it was something she couldn't get over or get used to. She knew without a doubt she couldn't avoid it, and she felt her heart skip a beat at this.

"You're in your head again," he said and sucked hard on her neck.

Rose winced. That would definitely leave a mark.

"You know I hate that."

His voice sounded angry, and Rose couldn't help but worry that he might get aggressive again. She opened her mouth to apologize, but his voice cut through her words.

"Lift your dress," he said directly into her ear. Rose shivered. It felt like she could hear him all the way to her stomach.

Rose moved slowly and tried to do as he asked, but the crown prince wouldn't move to give her the space to or stop what he was doing to her neck. It was hard to concentrate, and it took her longer to slowly lift the dress up to her waist.

"That's enough!"