

K Lover 63

Chapter 63: Yer Majesty

Rose's hands froze as she gathered the dress in her hands. She tightly squeezed before she let it go. Her bare butt felt weird against the chair, but at least it was cushioned. She didn't know what he planned to do. Did he want to do it here? Rose wouldn't be surprised. The door and the table. This chair was even closer to a bed than anything else they had used.

"Spread your legs," he ordered.

Rose closed her eyes and did as he requested. His right leg no longer rested on her legs to lock her in; rather, he placed it on the ground with his knee bent, and her leg that was closest to him rested on his bent leg.

Caius didn't hesitate as she spread her legs open for him. She was great at taking orders, and as much as he wanted to pound his hard cock into her, he could exercise some patience. He licked a finger, two fingers, three.

He touched her, and Caius couldn't help the shock that appeared on his face. She was wet, very much so. He ran his middle finger up and down her; it smoothly moved. Rose shook her head as she moved her hands to her lips. He wanted to tell her to take her hand out, to not hide her sounds from him, but he thought it would be better to make it so she couldn't hide it.

His finger kept moving across her sensitive parts while his other fingers kept her spread out. Without warning, Caius invaded, sliding a finger right into her slick hole. Rose jerked, lifting her rear off the cushion.

He slowly pushed his finger in. Her walls were wet enough that she could take him without any trouble, and Caius wanted nothing more than to replace his finger with what would fill her more than this, but he had no plans to stop until he had her on the very edge. He felt the knob and rubbed it. Rose stiffened immediately and gripped his leg that was raised behind her back, while a hand was still over her mouth.

Caius pulled out his finger and shoved two fingers in. His hand shook without pulling it out, and Rose lifted herself as water pooled at the corner of her eyes. She tried to close her legs, but the crown prince wouldn't let her. It felt like she was losing her mind.

Why did it feel so good, and why wouldn't he stop touching that spot? Every time he did, she felt herself lose a little more control. He thrust, shook, in fact, everywhere he touched inside of her was on fire. She couldn't think—everything concentrated on the heat in her core, and it was spreading.

Rose moaned. Her other hand had moved from her mouth to the backrest, which she gripped tight enough to make her knuckles white as she fought for control—control that she had already lost.

She closed her legs tighter until she found the spot. She was close. She ground against his fingers; all logic was completely forgotten. She was about to explode, and that was all she cared about.

"Yer Majesty," she cried as she came apart.

It was nerve-racking. It felt like something had been ripped out of her, leaving her breathless. Her eyes flew open in horror, and she was met with the crown prince's smiling ones as he brought his fingers to his lips.

Suddenly, he moved and lifted her with him. He carried her so easily, placing her across his legs. "Take them off." His eyes gleamed as he stared at her hungrily.

Rose gripped the dress and pulled it over her head. She had lost the robe at some point, and she couldn't figure out how. Caius's eyes locked on her chest, and he licked his lips. He looked like he wanted nothing more than to gobble on them, and Rose wanted to hide them from him, but he didn't do that.

"Sit on it," he said, and they both looked down.

It moved, and the robe looked like it was on its last strength holding it back as it burst out. Rose jerked. She had seen it multiple times now, but it was still startling each time.

"Don't get cold feet now. You've seen it before." Caius slowly lifted his gaze to her face, lingering a little on her chest. His words sounded like they had been forced out of him.

"Don't make me—" Caius didn't get the rest of his words out before Rose raised her rear and pressed against the tip.

Caius's eyes widened, and he swore. Rose pushed down, and she watched him fight for control. Why was this appealing? she wondered with a frown, but Rose couldn't dwell on this thought as she let out a strange sound. She was still raw and extra sensitive from the crown prince's fingers having their way with her. Just taking his cock was enough to bring her to the edge.

She leaned forward against him, dizzy with pleasure, and he kissed her hard while grabbing her waist. He lifted her and slammed her down. Rose felt the shock from her core to her head, and she gasped into his mouth. Rose swore. This was what he did. Why did she expect otherwise?

Caius had wanted to take it slow. He had wanted to let her ride him, but as soon as he was inside her moist warmth, all self-control went out the window, and he was moving before he could stop himself. The sound of their skin slapping against each other was enough to make a grown man mad, but nothing compared to the feel of her against his hard cock.

Caius had had more than enough share of women, but Rose felt like she was made for him. Just the tip in was enough to make him burst, and every time he pulled out, her walls clung to him, reluctant to let go. The sound her hole made in protest was ranked right next to the sound of Rose's moan.

He was right to bring her here, and now he had absolutely no plans to let her go. Not until he was sick of this. However, he didn't see that happening anytime soon. He hadn't even had the chance to fuck her to his satisfaction, but there was no hurry. He would have all the fun he wanted.