

His Highness's Second Wife Chapter 17 - Tips

0 6 minutes read

"Enjoy your meal, Your Highness," Raena's maid bowed, then walked out of the dining room, closing the heavy doors behind. He looked around in confusion, his eyes stopping on the table in front of him that was overflowing with strange dishes.

The sound of clinking utensils made him look at the other side of the table, only to find his second wife sitting in the head seat across from him. Steam rose from the plates in front of her as she happily dug into them with a huge smile on her face.

There was no one else in the room with them. Night had fallen not long ago, so the only light was coming from the two candelabras on the table and the shy rays of the moon peeking through the drawn curtains.

Kassian tried the food, closing his eyes as it melted on his tongue in an explosion of tastes. He had never been a picky eater, especially after the years spent in military camps, but after eating that dish at Raena's residence, he felt like all his meals now were lacking. He looked back at her and found her staring, a playful smile dancing on her lips as if she knew exactly what he was thinking.

She was wearing a light white dress with a low-cut neckline that revealed her frail shoulders and long, delicate neck. Her hair was falling in soft waves down her back, and this time there was nothing childish in the way she held herself.

"You keep looking my way, Your Highness," she said, leaning her chin on her hand and staring at him with a smirk. "Do you have something to say?"

"No," Kassian said, even though there were a million things he wanted to ask. He wanted to know why he was there and why they were alone, he wanted to know why she was acting that way. But most of all, he wanted to ask what that smile meant.

She chuckled, her piercing eyes still on him as she brought her fork up and slowly closed her lips around it.

"Is the food delicious?" she asked, her voice a purr in the quiet room. Kassian felt shivers going down his spine, his heart jumping as he watched her lick her lips.

"Yes," he replied, putting his fork down and leaning back in his chair. They stared at each other across the table until she shifted in her seat, pulling one of the plates toward her.

"How about a little dessert, Your Highness?" she asked, raising the plate suggestively.

"I don't like sweet food," he said, narrowing his eyes at her. Why did she keep offering him desserts when she knew he didn't like them?

“Are you sure?” she grinned, getting to her feet.

He thought she would circle the table to walk to him, but she climbed on top of it instead, picking up her skirts with one hand while holding the plate with the other. Her tiny feet stepped between the plates until she stopped in front of him, looking down with the confidence of the most powerful person in the room. Ka.ssian stared at her with a mix of shock and curiosity, following her every movement as she pushed away the empty plates in front of him with her foot.

She kneeled on the table, placing the plate in front of him. Leaning forward, she picked up the dessert with her fingers, raising it to her mouth. He had no idea what kind of food it was, but it was covered in chocolate and small enough to fit in her mouth.

“Do you want to try now, Your Highness?” she asked right before putting it between her teeth and leaning toward him. Ka.ssian’s throat ran dry as he watched her bend down to his eye level, giving him a tempting view of her cleavage. His eyes darted toward hers and her smile grew wider in an unspoken challenge.

He leaned closer without breaking eye contact, expecting her to pull back or at least hesitate. To his surprise, she stayed perfectly still and stared just as daringly even as his lips covered hers.

Before he could do anything else, she squeezed her teeth over the dessert and its filling spilled into their mouths. The sweet taste overwhelmed him for a second, making him almost regret giving in to her provocation, but then he felt her hands cup his face and her tongue slide into his mouth, teasing his invitingly. Ka.ssian held her gaze as he kissed her, watching the hungry flame in her beautiful eyes grow stronger.

A pleasant tingle spread through him, his body coming to life. He got up without breaking the kiss, stepping closer to the table and reaching for her.

His hand wrapped around her tiny waist, pressing her against him, while the other one slid through her soft hair, stopping behind her neck so she couldn’t pull away.

The taste of the chocolate quickly disappeared, replaced by something even sweeter, but this time Ka.ssian didn’t mind at all. He broke the kiss to let her catch her breath, covering her neck and shoulders with hungry kisses. An approving growl escaped his lips as she moaned quietly, throwing her head back as if asking for more. She pressed herself harder against him, her fingers sliding under his unbuttoned shirt. He had no idea when she had undone the buttons, but her touch was doing things to his body that he hadn’t felt before.

He picked her up with ease, sliding his hand over the table to clear more space. The plates crashed to the floor, shattering to pieces, but he barely noticed, his head filling with nothing but desire to touch, to taste, to devour.

He parted her legs, sliding his hands up her thighs until he heard her gasp in his ear, her fingers tightening on his hips and pulling his torso toward her. Kassian groaned as he felt her trembling body rub against his, frustration filling his mind at all the clothes that separated them.

His mouth searched for hers again, but he stopped right before kissing her. Feeling her ragged breath on his lips, he stared into those mischievous blue eyes, trying to figure out what she wanted that look meant again.

“Why did you stop, Your Highness? You don’t like your dessert?” she breathed, biting her lower lip as her eyes darted to his mouth. Kassian’s eyes widened at her boldness, the need to answer that provocation banishing every other thought from his mind.

He kissed her again as his hands quickly got his clothes out of the way, pulling her to the edge of the table. He slid inside almost effortlessly, wrapping his hand around her to keep her from escaping even an inch. Her muffled cries took him to the edge faster than ever before.

For a few minutes, all he could hear was their ragged breathing and their quiet moans. The plates on the table rattled loudly every time he thrust into her, more of them shattering on the floor. Her hands around his neck tightened, and she craned her neck up, lips parted as if to beg for more.

“Kassian.” Raena whispered against his lips, her eyes fluttering in a haze of pleasure. Hearing her say his name in that voice undid any restraint he had left, and he held onto her desperately as here with a grunt, his body trembling with the echo of their lovemaking.

He stayed still, leaning on her until he regained full control of his body. He was just about to pull away so he could look at her when he heard a soft thud and then the sound of steps coming closer.

Kassian tensed, trying to assess the location of the intruder when he felt Raena shift, her hands moving to rest on his chest.

“You have to go,” she said, pushing him back with a force that those slim arms couldn’t possibly possess. He lost his balance, falling back helplessly while his hands tried to grab onto her.

Kassian sat up in his bed, panting heavily while his racing heart slowly settled. He looked around only to realize he was no longer in the North Palace, but instead, he was in his own bed, alone and utterly mortified.

“Fvck!” he whispered, dropping his face in his hands. Now that his head was clearing, he felt sick.

How could he dream of doing that to someone like her? No matter her appearance or the fact that they were married, she wasn't someone he could have.

Not in that way. What was wrong with him? He had enough women at his disposal to take care of his needs. Why would he dream of her?

He heard those steps again, and he realized he hadn't dreamed of them. His hand slowly moved under the pillow where he kept a dagger for emergencies when his eyes finally noticed the shadow. Recognition slipped into his mind and he forced his body to relax.

"What is it?" he sighed, pulling his hand away from the pillow as the shadows next to the balcony took the form of a person dressed in black.

"I apologize for disturbing your rest, Your Highness," the man spoke in a quiet, respectful voice. "But I have urgent news I need to report."

"Wait for me in the back room," Ka.ssian ordered, and the Shadow nodded obediently, disappearing through the door. Ka.ssian let out another frustrated sigh, getting to his feet.