

K Lover 129

Chapter 129: Own Accord

Rose heard a sound that made her stop pacing. She glanced at the door where she heard the sound and tried to move but it was too late to step out of view as the doors opened. She wrapped her arms around herself as she stood rooted to the floor.

Caius walked into the room, but he wasn't alone. Henry, the steward, and a few other servants were with him. Rose wasn't sure who looked more surprised.

Rose curtsied immediately, her eyes locking on the ground. She didn't say a word as she waited for him to speak, which was taking a little too long.

"I don't remember asking for you," Caius said and stepped closer, standing right in front of her.

Rose didn't lift her head. He smelled like ale and wine. However, he didn't seem drunk—not that she had time to get a closer look. Her hands suddenly felt sweaty as he loomed over her. It had been a while since she was in his presence.

"No, Your Majesty," Rose whispered softly, wondering if he would turn her away. She could feel her heart pounding in her chest.

"Ah, you're here of your own accord?" he asked and lifted her chin so she would look at him.

Rose shut her eyes. His menacing aura was overwhelming. She felt her stomach twist, but she was already here. She wasn't going to chicken out now.

"Yes," she whispered, her eyes still closed.

"Look at me when you say that," he stated, the amusement in his tone was clear.

Rose swallowed and slowly opened her eyes to see his brown ones staring intensely at her. She faltered for a moment. It didn't help that they had an audience. The crown prince was hell-bent on humiliating her.

"Yes," she said, meeting his eyes.

His eyes looked tired—it was hard to tell if it was because it was late or something else. His stubble was a bit long, almost hiding the scar on his chin. His eyes pierced through hers, and she shivered. But it wasn't the stare that scared her—it was the smirk.

"Out! All of you!" Caius yelled, his voice loud enough to shake the pillars.

The servants scattered, bowing as they fled, none of them waiting to be told twice. Henry bowed and slowly retreated from the room. As the door closed, Caius slowly let go of Rose, and she fell to the floor in shock. She hadn't even noticed her legs had given out.

"Did your legs give out in excitement? Did you miss me that much?" Caius mocked.

Rose shut her eyes as she tried to calm herself. She was here for a reason and wouldn't crumble before she even got the chance to say what she had come for.

Rose quickly stood to her feet. "Yes," she said, with the sweetest smile she could muster.

It wasn't subtle in the slightest. The crown prince was completely taken aback. Then he laughed. "What is this? I must be that drunk."

Rose strengthened her resolve. She didn't want to lose the momentum or the surge of confidence she had. Edna's freedom was on the line. She had to appease the crown prince.

Rose undid the sash that held her robe together, and it fell off her shoulders, dropping to the ground. She was quick to notice the change. The crown prince had seemed amused at first, then his gaze darkened, and she could see the clear arousal.

Caius didn't know what was going on, but he'd be lying if he said he didn't like where this was going. He knew there was no way Rose had changed overnight, but he was more than willing to see how long she would keep this act.

Rose tried to keep her face as neutral as possible, but it was hard to keep this up when the crown prince wasn't reacting. He just stared at her. It was clear he was turned on, but all he did was stare.

She grabbed the shoulders of the nightgown and let it slip down her arms. It fell down the rest of her body, revealing all of her to him. She heard a sharp intake of breath, but the crown prince didn't move an inch.

Goosebumps popped out of her arms. The cold air didn't help, and the fireplace was dead. She felt his eyes on her breasts, and Rose fought the urge to cover them up. None of that, she told herself.

She stepped out of the clothes that pooled at her feet. The crown prince still hadn't moved, but it almost felt like he was touching her with his eyes. He didn't stop staring, and she didn't even think he blinked.

She took a step forward, and the crown prince had a strained expression on his face. Rose added a lilt to her hips, swaying more than she needed to as she approached him. However, she noticed that the crown prince followed her every movement with his eyes.

Rose felt her throat dry. She hadn't planned this. She hadn't thought it would go like this, but she couldn't stop now. She stopped in front of him and felt her heart stutter. What would she do?

Caius looked at her over his chest. She was beautiful. The candles were almost burned out, but there was more than enough light to see that. Her face was flushed as she stood in front of him, and it looked like she was trying really hard.

Caius fought to keep his hands by his sides. She was close enough to touch, to smell. She smelled like flowers—like the ones she was named after. It suited her. He wanted her. He wanted her so bad, it hurt. His pants felt tight, the contents begging to be freed.

However, this was her show, and he could be patient enough to see how long this would last. Whatever this was about, she must really want it. This scene was awfully familiar. Caius smirked to himself.