

## Chapter 17

Kyson

### TWO DAYS LATER

The carpet is wearing down from my constant pacing. My fingers throb and ache, causing me to growl. My entire being vibrates with the urge to track her down, knowing she is just on the other side of the castle. It has been two days since I last laid eyes on her, and the bond hammers into every aspect of my senses. I shouldn't have agreed to let her back in the castle, but since the bear attack, I can't leave her out there, either.

This bond is driving me crazy. My Lycan side, which I can barely contain, seeks her out whenever my guard is down. Now, I'm scared to sleep, scared to stay awake, too. I can't win. I want it gone. I busy myself with work, but it's nearly impossible when my fucking hand won't stop throbbing.

How is my hand throbbing? My Lycan healed her. Maybe the bear hurt her hand? Annoyed, I reach for the bottle, my vice,

when I feel like I'm losing control. We should be investigating the recent deaths, but the bridge remains closed.

So, relief floods me when Gannon enters the room. I need to get out of this place and away from Damian. He has been incessantly annoying me to go see her.

"The bridge has reopened, My King," Gannon tells me.

I nod, pouring some whiskey into my glass before downing it. "Get the cars ready; we are leaving," I tell him without looking over at him as I pour another drink.

"Yes, My King, but Ivy," he starts.

"Do not speak her name," I bellow, tossing my glass across the room. It explodes, smashing against the brickwork around the fireplace. The glass shatters everywhere. Gannon, who is used to my anger, doesn't flinch. However, I feel as though I am on the verge of exploding. He would run then; they all would.

"As I was saying, she has not left the closet in two days. No one can get into her room or near her, not even Abbie. She hasn't eaten, and her fretting is getting worse," Gannon says, ignoring me.

“Not my problem. I let her back into the castle. Tell Damian to deal with her,” I snap, annoyed at their worry for her. She is a traitor’s daughter.

“My King... your queen...”

“She is not my queen or your queen; she never will be,” I snarl. Anger is the only thing keeping me alive.

Gannon growls before turning and stalking out. My shoulders sag as he leaves, and I clench my hand, my fingers aching before opening the mindlink.

‘Dustin, have the car ready. You drive with me today,’ I tell him.

‘My king, Beta Damian usually...’

‘I said you drive with me, send a maid in to clean up the glass in my room,’ I tell him, cutting him off.

‘Yes, my King,’ he says, and I cut off the link. After retrieving my wallet and phone, I grab my jacket before leaving the room and heading downstairs. I toss my jacket to Dustin, who catches

it, placing it over his arm. When I walk downstairs, I hear Clarice and Abbie excitedly talking about something, and Abbie is glowing vibrantly and nearly bouncing on the spot.

The groceries in her arms nearly topple out of the basket she carries. Clarice tries to get her to contain her excitement over whatever it is that has her bouncing with joy.

They cut off abruptly, noticing me, and Abbie bows respectably, bearing her neck to me. Gannon stands off near the doors, glaring angrily at the wall.

I step past them, heading out. The sun is setting, and I'm eager to get to town before nightfall. Despite all the pain, I'm still driven to put a stop to those killing rogue children and their families. Gannon follows me silently; his brewing anger behind me only makes the throbbing in my hand worse, bringing the pulse in my hand back to the forefront of my mind and fueling my anger more.

Clarice catches up to me with a duffle bag, obviously having escaped the gushing Abbie.

“For fuck’s sake, can someone send a doctor to look at her fucking hand?” I snap before twisting and punching the stone wall.

Pain flares up my arm, and Clarice drops the bag in her hands. My anger diffuses, and my burning hatred dissolves as my Lycan side settles. It’s becoming too much. Gannon’s mood also changes, and Clarice stands quivering beside me. Eventually, I sigh, dropping my aura, unsure of what came over me.

“No one can get close to her. We’ve tried, My King,” Clarice murmurs. Her voice trembles, and I glance at the woman. Her face is pale from the fright I’ve just given her.

My knuckles bleed, and I ball my hand into a fist as though I’m ready to fight. The dull throbbing is driving me insane. The fact she’s not allowing anyone in is pissing me off. Does she not know I can fucking feel it? Is she doing this to annoy me?

Days I’ve been complaining and asking them to tend to her. With a snarl, I turn and stalk off toward my old chambers when Gannon’s hand falls on my shoulder, and I stop, turn my head, and glare at him.

“Mind your place, Gannon,” I warn.

“Your intentions first, My King,” he says, clenching his jaw. The man is tempting my rage to come forth again. They’re all pushing me to my limits.

They know they’re no match but would die trying, and for her, their rogue fucking queen I haven’t even marked. Complete idiocy on my part, making them swear to that pact it would override me every damn time, but they would never be a match for the beast that lives in me.

No one is a match for the Lycan King. They know it, too, and I know they would die for her, no matter who brought them their demise.

I keep walking, Gannon’s hand falling from my shoulder as I stalk toward the castle entrance.

“My King,” Gannon calls.

“Kyson,” he bellows, but I ignore him, stalking up the steps before turning in the opposite direction of my quarters to go to my old room.

Gannon jogs to keep up with my long strides as I hunt her down before approaching the double doors leading into the room. I shove them open, and Gannon tries to grab me. I turn and growl, my aura slamming into him and stunning him.

“Out!” I order. The command grips him instantly. They may have the pact to uphold, but they can’t fight a direct command. I slam the doors as he stands stunned, unable to cross the threshold.

Turning around to face the room, I notice it’s completely dark. The curtains are closed, and I reach over and flick on the light. I’m completely shocked at the state of the room. The mattress is torn to shreds; the linens are shredded. Plates sit by the door, still full, like they merely slid the trays through the gap. The stench is horrendous from the rotting food, and I gag before picking up the trays and opening the door. I thrust them toward Gannon, who takes them looking disgusted.

“Get rid of it,” I snap, shutting the door.

Wandering through the room, I check the bathroom, but there’s no sign of her. Her scent is everywhere, stuffing from the mattress scattered all over the floor when I hear the remnants of a low muffled growl.

Turning, I face the closet. The door is closed, yet her scent smells most potent in this corner. Crouching down, I grip the door handle, opening the door to find two blue sapphire eyes illuminated in the darkness. Her canines protrude as she lifts her head from amongst the stuffing and shredded clothes. My clothes and the linens from the room cover the floor where she built her little den.

I feel strange, like a trespasser in her den, a threat to her area. I don't think she recognizes me. Her feral instincts and guilt try to strangle me for what I've let become of her. She moves from beneath the linens, her hand falling on the carpet in front of me. Clawed nails slice through the carpet as she calculates her attack.

Ivy may not have shifted or been able to, but she-wolves are just as dangerous when they feel threatened.

Wild gleaming eyes peer back at me before a feral snarl is cut off as she sniffs the air. She honestly looks more animal than the Ivy I'm used to. I did this to her, made her this way. The guilt flooding through me eats at me.

I have destroyed her. Yet I push it aside, trying to remember why I came up here. I crawl a little into her space, and she



growls, my body's own reaction to settle her reacting without my say as I purr, calling her out of her den.

Briefly, I wonder if it will work because it's clear to me she's been left to fret about the bond I've denied her. But still, her whimper tells me the bond isn't completely lost.

Eyes narrowing, Ivy launches forward before halting at my command before she can touch me. She falls forward onto the carpet, belly down, submissive. I look away; it's essentially what the calling is for, making them submissive, yet it pains me seeing her this way, using it against her this way, so I let it drop.

Immediately, she lunges at me, a wild energy fueling her attack. I stumble backward, caught off guard, as she starts to tear at my clothes, seeking my scent, my skin. I let her maul me, a storm of emotions raging within me, knowing I'm responsible for this savage she has become.

She rips at my shirt, her tongue lapping at my chest, her actions raw and primal. Yet, amid her frenzy, I notice she's favoring one hand, keeping it close to her chest. She is rabid in her need for my scent. While she mauls me, I pry her hand away from her chest. There are no obvious wounds, but I realize her fingers aren't aligned correctly — my Lycan had healed her, but improperly.

Guilt washes over me, knowing I need to re-break her fingers to heal them correctly. So I flood her with my calling, trying to sedate her enough to examine her hand better. Despite the calling acting as a sedative, she squirms as I grasp her fingers. Even under the influence of my calling, she still feels pain, evident when she starts fighting against it, attempting to pull her hand away.

“I have to rebreak them, Ivy. I know it will hurt, but I can’t heal them when they’re misaligned,” I tell her, dropping the calling so she understands what I’m saying. I instantly regret dropping it. She responds with a savage bite, turning wild as she tries to force me to let her hand go.

I let the thrum of my calling resonate through my chest, trying to pacify her. “I have to do this. You won’t like it, but I have no choice.” I contemplate calling Gannon to pin her down. But as my thrumming spills out, she presses her ear to my chest, purring in response. My hand finds its way into her hair, massaging her scalp gently.

I hold her head tight to my chest, flooding her as best I can to lessen the pain. It’s one thing sedating her for minor injuries she wouldn’t notice but breaking her fingers... she’ll definitely notice that. I break the first finger. She squirms, but I maintain

a firm grip on her head, forcing her to remain submissive under my calling. I feel the pain in my own hand, resonating with hers, and quickly reposition the second and third fingers before sucking on them, my teeth slicing her skin, forcing my saliva into her wounds.

When I finish, I release her, sliding out from under her, only for her claws to sink into my leg. Her breath hitches, and her other hand reaches for me again, desperate for contact and seeking the bond.

She growls, the sound ticking in her throat as she hooks her claws deeper. I growl, blood seeping down my leg. Yanking her hand away I order her, smashing her with the calling and my command. “Stop,” she whimpers.

My heart jolts, witnessing her total submission to the bond, enslaved to its will in any form she can have it. I kneel in front of her as her breath catches, and her other hand snakes out, desperate to grip my knee. I try to ignore the sensation of her hand on my leg, her nails carving through fabric and skin. I avert my gaze; she’s completely naked, her skin marred by claw marks she inflicted upon herself.

“I need to leave,” I utter emotionlessly, though inside, I’m torn, yearning to envelop her in my arms and soothe her. I pull off my shirt and drape it over her, trying to offer some comfort.

“You need to eat; you can’t stay hidden here. I think you require some time outside. I’ll return in two days,” I inform her matter-of-factly before leaving.