

Chapter 27

IVY

"I am not angry at you, Ivy," he clarifies.

"If you hate the way they treat rogues, why do you let them?" I realize instantly the mistake I had made. I just questioned the King's ability to rule fairly, insinuating he is unfit. His eyes lift to mine instantly, and I gasp.

"I... I didn't mean... You are a good King," I blurt out in a panic. His features don't change, though I am shocked by his response.

"I am working on it. Adults know their crimes and are responsible for them. We stopped the killing of rogue children, and most packs agreed to take them in or cast them out once they were of age. Some, however, did not agree with the laws, and then some packs started systematically killing them again. Eventually, that also stopped, but rogue children have started showing up dead again recently; that is why I came to your pack that day. We were investigating your Alpha."

"You want to help the rogues?" I ask, incredulous.

"Yes, they are still part of my rule. Just because some are problematic doesn't mean all are, Ivy. I never agreed with them killing rogue children. Children are salvageable, innocent. And I tried to prevent it. But I will try harder," he says.

"Why my Alpha, though?" I question.

"Because his pack is the only pack that still kills rogues when they come of age. Also, I found it odd that only two girls were listed in the orphanage as rogues."

I nod. "Yes, we had a few come and go, but once the new Alpha took over, no one lived. He killed them all," I reply.

"All of them?" he asked.

"Yes. Eventually, we were the only ones left. I overheard Mrs. Daley speaking of the rogue attacks – that she expected new children to come – but they never did," I answer him. His brows crease together, and he nods.

"I will have to go back there then."

"So, you don't have a fetish?"

"No, more like an obsession. But only with one rogue," he says, cutting me off. I blink down at him before realizing where my hands have fallen.

"Sorry," I mutter, moving them off his muscular abs. The King places them back.

"I like it when you touch me, Ivy, so don't be afraid to," he whispers, making my eyes dart to his.

He moves my hands over his abs, pecs, and chest to his shoulders, forcing me closer to him. My palms tingle violently, and I pull my hand back, looking at it.

My brows pinch, wondering why it tingles the way it does. Turning my face back to him, I find I am half lying on him, and his face is barely an inch from mine. His scent is overwhelmingly strong, so close to his neck, and I inhale and before I can stop myself, I press my face to the side of his neck. I only realize what I have done when his fingers run through my hair, and I jump.

"What do your instincts tell you to do, Ivy?" the King asks.

But I can't answer that; my instincts are all over the place. I want to touch him, caress him, smell him, lick him. My mind falters at the last one. I shouldn't want to lick him. What a weird thing to have the urge to do!

"What if I told you my instincts are the same as yours; you're just better at suppressing them right now?" he whispers, and I turn my face to look at him.

"Pardon, my King?" I ask.

"What if I want to touch you, smell you, have you close, share my bed with you, Ivy?"

"Sir?" I ask and try to pull away, but he grips my neck and pulls me back close, forcing me to lean against his chest.

"What if I wanted you to do the same? What if I wanted to kiss you?" he asks, his fingers massaging the back of my neck. His eyes flicker black, and he smiles as he moves his face closer.

Did he want to kiss me?

Does he want to kiss his rogue servant? Yet, with that thought – as crazy as it sounds – I can't help but wonder what his lips would feel like against mine. Would the same tingling sensation burn them?

"Would you stop me, Ivy?" he asks, his lips brushing against mine as he speaks. I gulp. Could I stop him? Was I allowed? Did I want to? Why was everything so confusing? I shake my head, and he purrs, the sound slowing my heart rate like a low thrumming, calling me to him when I

feel his lips press against mine. A strangled noise escapes my lips that turns to a gasp as he pulls me closer.

His tongue brushes over my bottom lip before I feel his thumb press on my chin, forcing my mouth to open slightly. My lips burn and tingle, and I don't think the sensation can get stronger when his tongue suddenly slips between them, brushing against mine. I have never kissed anyone in my life before; never even come close.

He groans, crushing me against his chest, and his grip tightens on my hair. His tongue brushes mine again, and a moan escapes me at the taste of him before I kiss him back, loving the taste and the feel of him holding me. The King deepens the kiss, his tongue leaving no part of my mouth untouched.

Eventually, I pull back from him, feeling lightheaded and needing air, and he lets me, pecking my lips softly. He doesn't let me pull away though; instead, he pulls me down and presses my head against his shoulder.

I inhale his scent, feeling confused while breathing the smell of him in. He turns his face toward mine and kisses me below my eye.

"So, will you come with me tomorrow, or should I organize Abbie? But I promise I have no ill intentions with you, Ivy."

"Yes, My King," I answer, feeling weird that I just kissed a man. No, not a man... the Lycan King!

"For God's sake, woman, call me Kyson! Just say it once, please," he says, pulling away to look at me. I peek at his waiting face. "Say my name, Ivy," he demands.

I chew my lip, and his eyes dart to them before he brushes my face with his nose and purrs. Closing my eyes, I suck in a shaky breath.

"Kyson," I whisper.

"Say it again," he murmurs, and I shake my head against his shoulder, and he growls. A squeak escapes my lips as he moves, trapping me beneath him again. My heart beats frantically, and he purrs loudly, rubbing his chest against mine and burying his face in my neck. I feel his tongue run over my exposed skin before his lips press below my ear.

"Say it again."

My voice shakes as I stammer his name out like I have any right to mutter it. "Kyson."

He growls, but the noise is more playful when he presses his lips against mine again, only harder while his hand moves to my hair, tilting my head up. He once again steals my breath, kissing me deeply. His hands tug at the strands, sending shivers down my spine when he breaks it, pulls away, and peers down at me.

"Good girl," he purrs. "My girl," he murmurs then smiles as he leans in softly pecking them again.

"You call me Kyson. Not King, not Sir, not Lord, or any other term you can conjure up – only my name from now on."

"But-"

"I don't care where we are. You are to call me Kyson. Am I clear?"

I nod, staring at his neck.

He kisses my forehead. "We should sleep. We must be up in a couple of hours," he says, rolling off me.

He tugs the blanket back and climbs under them before patting the spot beside him. When I don't move, he rolls his eyes, grabs my legs, hauls me over to him, and tugs the blanket up.

The King then slides his arm under my pillow, bringing my back flush against his chest. He places his other arm around me before kissing my shoulder.

"Sleep, Ivy," he whispers, and I sigh but close my eyes, wondering how long this behavior of his will last before he realizes what a mistake he's making and kicks me out. But for now, I will sleep.