

## Chapter 29

### IVY

"I won't hurt you; I would never hurt you, Ivy. I didn't mean..." the King whispers next to my ear. He sighs heavily, dropping his face in my neck as he tucks me against him. Yet, I am rigid in his arms. My entire body screams at me to run and I start to itch. My fingers ache to claw at my skin to stop the tremors rattling my nerves.

"You're not in trouble, my love," the King whispers before he starts purring, the sound vibrating against my side. I feel my heart rate begin to slow. I find it odd his purr has that effect on me, like an instant muscle relaxant. My entire body relaxes as I melt against him, the thrum lulling away my shakes.

"That's it, Ivy. I need to remember to watch what I say," he murmurs. "I forget where you come from. You never have to fear me, Ivy."

I try to listen to his words, but my eyes are growing heavy. I blink, trying to fight the urge to let them close. Each blink makes it harder to open my eyes. I feel funny, like the time he gave me whiskey. The jostling of my body as he stands and his purring stopping make my eyes open. I try to lift my head when it starts again, the sound makes me feel heavy and my head foggy as it falls back on his shoulder.

Vaguely, I can hear running water and feel his hands on my body, caressing and touching, becoming lost in the sensation when hot water laps at my skin. He moves behind me; the deep, resonating purr has quieted to a soft whisper. The water swishes around my waist and my eyes no longer feel glued shut.

Instead, I open them as the King turns me on his lap. Blinking, I look around to find I am in the bath, the King sitting behind me with his legs on either side of mine.

"Lift your arms, Ivy," he says, but I was trying to figure out when he ran a bath and how I got in it.

His hands grip the hem of my shirt before lifting it. My arms rise above my head at the soft command as he tugs it off, my waking mind trying to figure out what is going on.

"I feel strange," I murmur to myself.

"It's the calling, something Lycans can do; you were upset."

I try to process his words, but nothing comes to mind at what he said.

Maybe I heard wrong. The water moves as he grabs my hands, placing them on his thighs, and I look down to see he has no pants on before looking at my naked chest.

"My..."

"Kyson," he cuts me off.

"How... Why... I um... I have no shirt," I blurt, confused at the change in the situation. My mind is excessively cloudy, like a fog has shrouded my waking thoughts as I try to process everything.

"You're about to have no panties, too," he whispers before I see his claws slip from his fingertips under the water. I go to grab his hands when he purrs again, making my hands drop back on his legs as if he had made a command.

He presses his lips firmly against my shoulder. Suddenly, my underwear is reduced to tatters before hearing a wet slap as he tosses them from the bath onto the tile floor. He pulls me against him before moving my hair over my other shoulder.

"I didn't mean to frighten you, Ivy. That was never my intention," he whispers against my skin as his lips travel up my neck to my jaw.

Wet fingers graze my chin as he turns my face up and toward his. His mouth covers mine as he licks my lips before sucking the bottom one into his mouth. He groans in pleasure, the sound making my legs tremble.

I try to pull away, but his hand on my neck and thumb on my jaw keep my face where he wants. His legs move underneath mine; he bends his knees, pulling my legs up and over his and spreading them apart.

His other hand is on my stomach, and he drags me closer while deepening the kiss, his tongue tangling with mine. His hand moves higher, palming my breast before plucking at my nipple. It's at this point I can feel his erection digging into my lower back.

His hand moves lower, caressing over my skin and finding its way between my thighs. My legs tremble as I try to shut them, but he presses them against the walls of the bathtub, trapping them. He purrs against my lips before nipping them. When his hand cups my pussy, he growls. The aching pulse returns with a vengeance, and I am sure he can feel it against his fingertips.

My mind screams at me, telling me he shouldn't be touching me there, yet my body demands his touch. He squeezes – more firmly this time – as his fingers rub my tender flesh, and I pull my lips from his. At this, his purr grows louder, his silver eyes watching my face. My cheeks heat under his watchful gaze as he tilts his head.

The strange sensation is all-consuming. My skin feels hot, every part of me threatening to overheat when one of his fingers slides between the seam of my lower lips before brushing against my clit. The sensation causes my hips to jerk, and he smiles. The points of his canines poke out between his lips, and his eyes flash to black at the movement, like he enjoyed the reaction he provoked from me.

His finger moves lower, rubbing around my entrance as his thumb brushes over the same spot, earning the same reaction. I moan, my eyes flutter, and I become lost in bliss.

He growls softly again before his lips crash passionately against mine in hunger. In obedience, I answer his kiss eagerly, my body aching for his touch despite my head telling me it's wrong. My legs tremble as he continues brushing the same spot with his thumb while his finger presses against my entrance.

As he does this, the water moves, lapping at my skin as his other hand grips my breast and squeezes hard, making an audible little whine escape me.

I have no idea why I am allowing him to touch me this way, not that I have much choice – he's the King. Yet, the feeling building in my stomach and the heat ravaging through me makes me feel like putty in his hands. He can do as he wishes as long as he doesn't stop. My eyes drift shut, my lips pulling from his as my head falls back on his shoulder. My hips rock against his playful fingers... and play me, they do, like a well-tuned musical instrument.

His thumb brushes my clit, rubbing and flicking, when I feel his finger force its way inside me. My eyes squeeze tighter at the intrusion, and my hips jerk back when I feel his hardness dig into my back. My heart rate spikes once more at the realization, and my eyes fly open.

"Shh, Ivy, it's like that because I am touching you. It doesn't mean I will do anything with it," the King says, pressing his lips to my shoulder.

He forces his finger in deeper, and I squirm as I feel my walls try to stretch, clamping tightly around him. Open-mouth kisses trail over my shoulder and neck as he withdraws it before pushing back in.