

Chapter 30

IVY

I squirm on his lap when he purrs softly. The sound makes my mind foggy, and he stops. "Do you want me to stop?" he purrs, and my head falls heavily on his shoulder, my eyes fluttering.

"I feel strange," I admit.

"It's my calling. It won't hurt you," he whispers, his lips trailing along the column of my neck. I know I should question what he means, but the haze that is sweeping through me makes it difficult to generate a cognitive thought. My hips move against his hand, chasing the building sensation he is creating.

"Is that a no?"

"No..." I breathe out.

"So a yes?" he purrs.

"No... I... you shouldn't," I try to tell him it's wrong, but my thoughts and words become jumbled.

"But you want to?" he asks, then runs his tongue up my neck before flicking my ear. A moan escapes me, and my hips move against his hand.

"Ivy, tell me to stop because I won't unless you do," he whispers before brushing his thumb against my clit.

He slips his finger out, pushing it back in. My walls flutter as he slowly withdraws it and presses it back in. I moan, and my hips begin to move in time with his thrusts. "That's it," Kyson purrs, the sound growing louder and deeper, and I turn languid in his arms. His erection twitches against my lower back when I wiggle my hips, wanting more.

"Do you want more?" Kyson purrs, the sound vibrating through my body. His fingers move faster when he drags me higher up his body. He groans when his cock slides against my ass.

He then slips his finger out, teasing my clit between his fingers, and my hips rock against his hand. When I feel two fingers prod at my entrance, I tense, and when he pushes them in, there is more resistance than before, my body trying to accommodate them, and my entire body tenses more. I squirm, my legs shaking and trying to close. Kyson traps them against the sides of the tub but raises his knees more, spreading me wider. "Shh, I won't hurt you," he purrs, the sound lulling me deeper into the haze, forcing me to relax.

"Good girl," he says, forcing both fingers inside me as deep as they can go. "Fuck you feel good," he growls while his thumb rubs my clit. "I can't wait to feel how tight your pussy is around my cock," he whispers, his breath hot on my neck. I moan, and my hips rock against his hand.

"That's it," Kyson purrs. His fingers move faster, harder. My body arches as pleasure radiates through every nerve, my hips moving in rhythm with his fingers. He turns his face, and his lips meet mine, and I'm lost in the sensations he is creating.

"Don't stop," I breathe against his lips.

His deep, resounding purr forces my body to relax, and I melt against him. My legs are no longer shaking. Instead, they fall heavily over his legs. He works his fingers in and out of me, his thumb rubbing on my clit, making me moan as I give in to the building sensation.

My stomach tenses, and heat burns through me when he pulls his wet fingers from my pulsating heat before adding another, making me cry out. His lips swallow the sound that escapes me as he works three fingers into me, pushing in deeper. At the same time, his other hand falls to my stomach, holding me still.

"Relax," he instructs, and I do under his gentle command, and his purring grows louder, more intense.

He presses on my lower abdomen, his fingers curling upward and stroking against a sensitive spot that makes me gasp as he nibbles on my lip.

Unable to help it, my hips move against his fingers. My head rolls back against his shoulder as he moves his fingers faster, rougher, stretching me around them as he curls them. My walls flutter, clamping down on his fingers.

My moans echo off the tiled walls, louder than I intend, as his thumb presses down on my swollen clit, the friction building and climbing until I feel like I will combust from the heat, making my skin flush.

Suddenly, my mind goes blank. My eyes flutter, and his name spills from my lips. With a gasp, my walls squeeze and pulse wildly.

Pleasure ripples through me, making me cry out in pure ecstasy, stealing my breath from me as wave after wave courses through me. My entire body feels heavy as I sag against him. The King nips at my neck and chin as I recover, and I feel him gently pull his fingers from me.

In a daze, I blink up at the ceiling when he reaches for the loofah and soap, his purr lulling me quiet. I feel ridiculously relaxed – as if my whole body has turned to jelly – probably more relaxed than I have ever been in my life. I feel him chuckle and hear him talking, but my brain is mushy with the after-effects of what he did. He kisses my cheek, running the loofa over my skin when there's a knock on the door.

"Get out," the King says firmly, his tone leaving no room for argument as I hear the person walking away.

"Just one of the guards. We should have left an hour ago," he says as he washes me, gently running the loofa over my heated skin. Goosebumps rise on my arms as the warmth that filled me slowly leaves, and I shiver against his warm skin.

"Do you still want to come to the castle with me?"

"I want to sleep," I mumble, suppressing a yawn. He hums, brushing his nose across my shoulder.

"I loved your scent before, but I love the smell of your arousal better," he says, nipping at my neck and then sucking that one spot he seems to graze with his teeth constantly.

"How far is it?" I yawn sleepily. He chuckles, running the loofa over my breasts.

"A couple of days' drive. We will stop on the way, but you need to promise not to leave my side," he whispers.

I nod. I think I probably would have agreed to anything he said right now.

"That's my girl." He grabs a small jug and dips it in the water before tipping it over my chest and shoulders to remove the soap.

The King then pulls the plug out of the bath, letting the water drain out. Gripping his knees for support, I stand, completely forgetting I'm naked and no longer covered by foamy water.

As soon as I realize it, I try to cover myself by keeping my back to him when I feel a towel draped over my shoulders. I pull it closed before turning around and facing him. He has a towel wrapped around his waist. My eyes trail over his muscular body.

His abs look hand-carved to perfection and ripple with each movement he makes. His tanned skin glistens under water the droplets, and I step closer and then stop, shaking my head as the need to touch him almost overwhelms me. He laughs softly, closing the distance and wrapping his arms around me. My nose presses against his chest, and I breathe in deeply as his scent invades my senses.

"We should get dressed if you still want to leave today," he whispers.

"I don't think I should be going with you. What would people think?" I ask, worried.

"I won't be leaving if you stay here," the King says, with finality in his tone. "I won't leave you here by yourself."

My brows pinch, and I chew my bottom lip. I can't help but wonder how long this will last, how long before the King tosses me aside when he realizes he is fooling around with his servant... someone unworthy of royalty.

What if we go, and he gets sick of me and casts me out? At least here I have Abbie; I would have no one out there. The thought of leaving her sickens me, and so does the thought of being without her.

The King leads me back to his bedroom. "Get dressed," he says, pointing to a neat pile of clothes at the end of the bed.

I walk over to inspect the clothes. They're not my servant's uniform. Surely, he doesn't want me to wear regular clothes? Who even brought these up here? As I turn to look at the king, I see him rummaging through his wardrobe before pulling out jeans and a T-shirt.

"My uniform?"

"You won't be wearing it anymore," he says, coming back over to me. I shake my head when he grips my chin between his fingers. "I don't want you to be my servant anymore."

"But I am, My..." His eyes harden to steel at my words, and I swallow.

"But I am, Kyson," I murmur, swallowing down the urge to use his title.

"No, you are so much more than that, Ivy."

I shake my head in disbelief, and he kisses the side of my mouth.

"Put the clothes on, Ivy," he whispers, letting me go. I glance at them, scratching my arm nervously. "Do I need to dress you?"

I shake my head.

"Get dressed, or I will dress you," he warns.

"But servants wear dresses, tunics..."

"I just told you that I don't want you as my servant," he says, his voice growing more frustrated.

But what else was I supposed to be? That's all I know. Rogues are always slaves or servants, which is all they can and should be. We aren't supposed to be pampered and treated nicely. We aren't good enough to be seen as people. His treatment of Abbie and me is absurd, and I know everyone will think the same.

Same as I know he will realize his mistake, eventually.

"Kyson..." My lips quiver. How does he not see this is wrong?

Kyson turns around slowly, his eyes going to me, then the clothes sitting on the bed, and his jaw clenches. "1..."

"I'll go, but can I wear my uniform?" I plead.

"2..." he says, buttoning up his shirt. When I don't move, he slowly walks toward me, buttoning up his shirt as he does.

"Don't make me say it, Ivy."

"But..." his eyes lift to mine, and the anger I see in his gaze makes me flinch.

"But what? Because you want to remain a servant?" he asks, moving closer, and I step back. "Because you're worried I am using you for your body, as a sex slave?" he snaps at me. Another few steps which I match, stepping back only for my knees to hit the back of the bed.

"Because you're a rogue, and I am King?" he growls, and I fall back when he towers over me. Kyson leans over my body, forcing me on my back with his hands on either side of my face.

"Any more excuses?" he asks, and I shake my head, my hands trembling against his chest.

"Your King said to get dressed, so you get dressed and put the clothes on."

I gulp and quickly nod... When his eyes go to my hands, clutching his shirt in my shaky grip.

"No more excuses. Put the clothes on," he says softly, pressing his lips to mine briefly before pushing off the bed and allowing me to get up. I snatch the clothes and start slipping them on.

For now, there is nothing I can do but play his strange game and accept it, so I nod and reach for them with a sigh.