

Chapter 33

IVY

The cruel sneer on her face tells me she's here to cause trouble. Ester grabs my hair, and I cry out, clutching her wrist. "Fucking whore... I knew you were lying on your back for him, or is it on your knees where he likes you?" she growls at me. She shoves me into the sink. However, before she can open her mouth to say anything more, her words are cut off when the guard suddenly walks in.

He stands there looking between us, and I quickly wash my hands, using him as my escape. When I walk toward him, Ester snorts a laugh, making me stop.

"You think the guard cares about some rogue slut?" Ester spits at me. She walks toward me and I move slightly worried she'll hurt me.

"Ester, I don't know what your problem is. We are the same; I am a servant, just like you," I tell her when I feel the guard's hand grip my hip, pushing me behind him slightly.

"The King's quarters is my station, you fucking bitch," she spits before raising her hand to slap me.

I see her hand come straight toward my face, and my eyes widen. The guard moves effortlessly and grips her wrist. It's the first time I have seen him interfere before or follow me into a bathroom, for that matter. I assumed he wasn't allowed. But then again, she had never gone to hit me, either. Maybe they can stop violence because it causes a disturbance. Ester cries out and the guard's grip tightens making her knees buckle and I hear the sickening crack of her wrist. My eyes widen when she screams out and then chokes on her pain. My entire body trembles at what he just did.

"Ma'am, the King is waiting for you," the guard speaks gently.

"Unhand me! How dare you touch me?" Ester snarls, but I don't wait around. Instead, I escape into the hall only to run directly into the Beta. I bounce off his chest, not seeing him, and he grips my arms to steady me.

"Where is your guard?" he asks, confusing me. Did he mean the guard in the bathroom? I glance at the door when Ester suddenly rushes out, cradling her wrist with her face streaked with tears. The guard steps out behind her before nodding at the Beta. Beta Damian, however, watches Ester rush down the corridor.

"Do we need to have a chat?" he asks the guard behind me, who nods once.

"I take full responsibility. I should have said something earlier," the guard replies, and my brows furrow, wondering what is going on with him and what he is talking about.

He always follows me, but he never says anything. He occasionally smiles, and he has moved a couple of times: once to pick up a broken piece of glass and another to point me in the right direction. Other than that, he followed me like a shadow, watching me as I worked. However, this is the first time I have heard his voice.

"Is that so?" Beta Damian questions, and the guard nods, showing no emotion at all as he stands staring straight ahead. Damian growls and grabs my arm.

"This way, Ivy," he tells me, his hand moving to my back and pushing me back the way I came in from outside. The guard follows, and when I walk out, I see the King still standing there, looking extremely angry, his arms folded across his chest. When I approach him, he opens the back door.

He motions for me to get in without saying a word. I slide into the car and he shuts the door and remains outside, talking to his Beta.

"Find out," I hear him say when he opens the door and climbs in beside me. The driver shuts the door, and I watch the guard follow Beta Damian to the black car in front before they both climb in.

My attention is pulled back to the King as he leans over me, plugging my seatbelt in, and making me look at him. His jaw is tense, and he looks angry as he stares out his window. I shouldn't have made him

wait. I want to apologize, but I don't want to get scolded either, so I hold my tongue.

The drive is awkward for the first twenty minutes as we sit in silence. The King looks like he is thinking hard about something when he suddenly removes his seatbelt and moves to the other side of the Limo.

After rummaging through the small cooler, he grabs two glasses and moves back toward me. He presses a button, and a small tray pops out between our seats.

"Have you drank wine before?"

I shake my head.

"You can speak, Ivy. Your silence is driving me a bit crazy."

I watch as he fills a wine glass with dark red liquid before handing it to me. I sniff the wine; it smells fruity and sweet. He pours whiskey into his own glass.

"Drink," he says, nodding at the glass clutched in my hand.

The command washes over me gently, yet even though he barely uses it, I can't fight it. I hate that, being a rogue, I am commanded so easily. Although I am glad the servants have never commanded Abbie and me.

Clarice had, but it was almost a motherly nudge coming from her instead of an outright command. Yet the King has done it a few times, but he never made me do anything other than eat or drink.

The King orders me to finish the glass and then pours another, but I feel woozy and so hot. The King watches me. He nods to the glass in my hand, and I shake my head.

It kind of snuck up on me. It tastes sweet, but its effects creep up slowly before hitting me.

"Drink it," he repeats.

Why is he so intent on me drinking? I want to puke from the car's motion and the heavy feeling in my stomach.

"No thank you," I murmur trying to set the glass down.

"I said drink," the King orders. I glance at him, my hand trembling as I try to fight it. Yet, I can't help myself; my hand shakes while I bring the glass to my lips. "All of it," he adds and I drink the entire glass in three huge mouthfuls.

When I am done he pours more into the glass and tears burn my eyes. Why is he doing this?

I think I drank four entire glasses, each a little fuller than the last. When I empty the glass again, he goes to pour more!

"Please, My... Kyson, no more. I feel sick," I tell him, and he raises an eyebrow at me. My belly feels extremely heavy, and my face feels hot. My eyelids don't seem to want to stay open.

Why do so many people enjoy feeling like this? I feel like shit. He places the bottle down in the holder. I lost count of how many whiskeys he had. They seem to have little or no effect on him, yet my words slur as they leave my lips. The door beside me is pretty much holding me up as I lean heavily against it, and my vision blurs.

"You won't lie to me again," he states.

My brows pinch together, and I rest my head against the cool window glass. His words confuse me. And why is it so hot in this car? I'm sweating profusely.

"I don't like punishing you, so don't make me," the King tells me. My lips feel like rubber when he hands me another glass. My mouth feels dry from the wine, and I shake my head.

"Will you lie to me again?" he questions.

"I don't know what you mean. I didn't lie," I try to tell him, but my words are garbled. He growls, and I undo my seatbelt, the pressure on my stomach making me feel worse.

"Drink it," the King says.

A whimper escapes me, and tears roll down my cheeks. "Please, Kyson," I beg, and he clenches his jaw.

"Now!" he commands before tapping on the driver's window.

I feel the car slow as I swallow down the sickly-sweet wine. My stomach lurches, and I try to keep the wine down as it rises up my throat. I cover my mouth when he reaches for another bottle.

I shake my head, snatching it from him, yet the motion sends me falling forward. Before I can hit the ground though, his hands grab me, and he hauls me into his lap. He pries the bottle from my grip, and I whimper, not wanting to drink anymore. My hands slap his hand away when I see him pop the cork off and bring the bottle toward me.

"You'll drink it," he growls, but I twist in his tight grip, turning on his lap and pressing my face into his neck so he can't force the bottle to my lips.

"Ivy..." he growls. I shake my head, inhaling his scent when he sighs. I hear him set the bottle down, and one hand moves to my hair while the

other moves to my backside. He squeezes my ass, hauling me higher and forcing me to straddle his waist. I don't care what he does; I know if I move right now, I'm going to puke.

"You lied to me..."

I shake my head, and he growls.

"Twice you've lied today." My brows pinch. I haven't lied to him. Why does he believe I lied to him?