

Chapter 36

IVY

There is no memory of the rest of the journey, coming to the hotel, or being placed in this bed at all. As the King speaks on the phone, I watch him. But I am on the verge of bursting and need to pee.

I wonder where the servant's bathroom is when the King walks to the bar fridge before coming over and handing me a cold bottle of water. I place it beside me, its coldness making the urge to pee ten times worse.

He watches me for a second and speaks to someone on the phone, then hangs up and places it on the bedside table.

"What is wrong?" he asks as he turns back to face me.

"Is there a servant's bathroom? I really need to pee."

His eyebrows raise, and he points to the bathroom behind him.

"Bathroom is right there. Why would you use a servant's bathroom?"

"Because Clarice said that's what the servants use." Why do I feel like I am answering questions about rules he probably set?

"Ivy, you are not my servant."

I squirm. I'm about to pee on this bed if he keeps talking, especially knowing the bathroom is right there. What is it with bathrooms when you need to pee? The moment you notice one, the urge grows worse.

"Go; I will bring you some towels so you can shower. We can talk about it later," he says, motioning to the bathroom with his hand.

I hurry off, shutting the door behind me. After washing my hands, I'm about to walk out when the door opens, and King Kyson steps into the bathroom, blocking me from exiting.

"Where are you going?" he asks while looking down at me. He has towels in his hands.

"Out so you can shower," I tell him as I try to step around him. He blocks my path.

"Do you want to shower with me?" he asks, stepping so close I have to crane my neck to look up at him. He stares back at me. "You don't have to, but you can if you want to."

"Do you want me to?" I ask him, looking over my shoulder at the gigantic shower.

"Or we could have a bath?" he chuckles, making my face heat as I remember the last time I bathed with him.

"Shower is fine," I blurt, and his brows furrow. Crap, I upset him. "I didn't mean to upset you," I blurt foolishly. He cocks an eyebrow at me.

"Why would you think you upset me?"

Why does he ask so many questions?

"Are you upset?" I ask, and he laughs. My eyes widen. Did I say something funny? I don't get why he is laughing; what did I miss? I need to go back to sleep, hopefully, wake up with a functioning brain because mine is mush right now.

"No, I am not upset. You don't have to do anything you don't want to, Ivy. That is why I asked. You don't have to shower with me unless you want to. The choice is yours," the King says.

Huh, what choices? Since when do rogues have choices? He waits expectantly to see what I will say, but I want to see how many options I truly have.

"I will have one after," I tell him before swallowing down my fear after saying no to him. I wait for his wrath, my skin prickling, preparing for it to come, but he just shrugs.

"That's fine. I will shower quickly, then. Dinner will be here soon," he tells me, and I nod while he steps aside, allowing me to pass him.

I rush out, expecting him to shut the door, but he leaves it open. The shower starts, and I find myself looking around the room. With nothing to do, I decide to get his clothes ready for him and lay out the two suitcases on the floor. Only when I open the first one, I find it is filled with women's clothes. I look back at the door, shaking my head, closing it, and opening the other one. I pull his pajama pants out and place them on his bed before finding him some socks.

When I am done, I zip up the bag and sit on the edge of the bed. Bored, I stare around the room before glancing at the bathroom door. He really gave me a choice.

I expected him to command me to hop in there with him, but he didn't. Yet, the ache to go to him remains, and I'm not sure if it's nerves because I am waiting for him to come out and snap at me or if I actually want to shower with him.

Steam wafts out of the bathroom, along with his heady, exotic scent. I only understand how potent it is when I find myself standing next to the bathroom door. My mouth waters, and I clutch the doorframe to refrain from stepping inside. Everything about this man calls to me, thrills me, excites me, yet also terrifies me at the same time.

It's unnatural for someone like me to be affected and become almost obsessed with their master. Regardless, the ache to be near him remains, no matter how much the thought terrifies me. One question lingers, though: is he my master? He gave me a choice, yet denying him only makes me needier.

I hadn't realized with the anxiety of him ordering me around how much I longed for him to do so, just so I could be within his presence; it makes no sense.

"Ivy, are you okay?" the King asks, and my head snaps up only to find my body led me into the bathroom, completely ignoring the rational part of me – if that is even rational any more. Whenever I think of anything to do with the king, my body reacts like it knows before I do what it wants.

I nod, but my eyes seem to have a mind of their own as they trail over his hard, muscular body, perfectly sculpted in all the right places, his aura alluring. I step toward him.

I kind of wish he would do that calling thingy he does. At least then, I could explain away the weird feelings this man stirs within me.