

## Chapter 37

### IVY

I glance at the bathroom door, wondering if I should walk out.

“Ivy,” Kyson murmurs, and I can feel the King watching me. He pushes the shower screen door open, and I look at it before looking up at him. “What do you want to do?”

I can’t seem to answer the question because I am confused. This is wrong, yet I keep doing things wrong.

“Why are you in here?” he asks, tilting his head to the side as he watches me, but I have a feeling he already knows what I want because he turns back to the shower to rinse the soap off, yet he leaves the shower screen open.

“Don’t think, Ivy, just do what you want.”

I growl at his words. What I want is confusing the hell out of me. My brain tells me to run, while the rest of me wants to rub myself on him and smother myself in his scent. I shake my head; where the heck did that come from?

"Do you know what you want?" the King asks, turning to face me.

I shake my head but then nod before looking down. I feel like ripping my hair out in frustration. At the same time, I can't seem to force myself to leave the bathroom.

"Does what you want scare you?" Kyson asks.

I don't answer, my eyes too busy taking in the sight of him. I should not have looked down. My eyes widen as I stare at his manhood. I gulp. The thing is huge. As I stare, the King clears his throat, making my eyes snap to his.

"My eyes are up here," he laughs, and my face heats under the intensity of his gaze.

"You want to shower with me?" he asks, but it sounds more like a statement than an actual question.

I chew my lip. "Yes, but I don't know why," I admit.

"Why do you think you do?" he asks, reaching his hand out and gripping the front of my shirt. He pulls me toward him, and I squeak as he pulls me closer and into the shower with him, drenching me.

"You didn't answer me," he says, peeling my shirt off and unclipping my bra with one hand. He tosses them out of the shower before undoing the button on my jeans, then stops and looks at me.

"I'm going to take these off you, or would you prefer they remain on?"

"Why do you keep asking questions?" I respond.

"Because I want you to understand you have a choice, Ivy. I don't want you as my slave or servant. I just want you, and every time I think you understand that you revert back to being my servant."

"If you don't want me as a servant, then what do you want me for?" I find myself asking.

Panic bubbles in me, and I remember the look Abbie gave me as I left, the fear that filled her eyes before she told me she loved me.

"I just want you, and I want you to want me, too," he says as he kneels and peels down my now-soaked pants that are sticking to my skin.

I step out of them, and he tosses them out the door. I grip his shoulder, nearly losing my balance when he looks up at me. My heart skips a beat when he grips my underwear, his eyes not leaving mine. He kisses my thigh as he removes my underwear. Those, too, are thrown from the shower to join the rest of our clothes lying in disarray on the floor.

"Would you like to be mine, Ivy?" the King asks, looking up at me.

I swallow, waiting for him to stand, but he doesn't as I watch him lean closer and kiss my thigh just above my knee. He nips at my skin, gripping my ankle gently, then rubs his thumb over my skin while his hand glides up my leg to my knee.

"Would you like me to be yours?" he asks as his hand trails higher.

I shiver under his scorching hot touch, my skin alight with that tingling sensation. I moan softly, unable to stop the noise from escaping me. His touch is gentle as he pushes me slightly back so I'm leaning against the tiled wall.

"Would you like that, Ivy?" he repeats as his fingers brush between the apex of my legs.

"I need an answer, Ivy. Your own answer – not what you think I want to hear. I want to know if you want the same," he asks, looking up at me. He leans closer, kissing my stomach, and it flutters spastically as he nips at me with his teeth.

Only the goddess knows how much I want these things, but he is a King and I am his slave. But, just this once, I will answer because, just this once, I want something, and that is him. No matter how wrong and foolish it is, I want him, and I am sick of denying it. Even if he tosses me aside tomorrow, I can say for once I got what I wanted.

"Yes, I would like that," I answer honestly, and the King smiles up at me. Boldly, my hand reaches toward his face, wanting to touch him. I cup his cheek, and he doesn't pull away; instead, he leans into my touch.

His stubble brushes the inside of my palm as he turns his face into my hand and kisses it. My entire body buzzes when I feel his hand move between my legs. His thumb strokes the seam of my lips, and my stomach tightens. Between my legs, I feel an almost violent throb as he glides his thumb between my slick folds before pressing down on my clit.

My hips jerk when the King presses his lips to my hip before nipping lower. His hot mouth on my flesh makes my legs tremble. He bites and licks at my thighs, his hand traveling down my leg to the back of my knee.

Then he growls and grips my knee, lifting my leg slightly before he looks up at me.

"Can I taste you, Ivy?" he asks, looking up at me, his silver eyes sparkling and his breathing harsher, fanning over my skin.

I have no idea what he wants to do, but I know I want to find out, so I nod. He pushes my leg open, and I gasp as he lifts one leg over his shoulder, pressing his face between my legs.

His hands grip my ass, tilting my hips forward before his hot mouth covers me completely. His tongue runs between my wet folds, and he groans before his grip tightens, the sound vibrating through me.