

Chapter 38

IVY

Kyson's tongue runs between my lips to my clit, making my hips jerk when he sucks it into his mouth. I exhale, pressing back heavily against the wall while he licks and nips at it. I rock against his face, earning me a growl as he sucks it deeper.

His hand moves to my leg over his shoulder and he grips my thigh, pulling my leg wider and giving him more access as he licks and sucks on my flesh.

Moans spill from my lips, and I grip his hair and tug on it. His tongue is relentless when he plunges it inside me, tasting my arousal as it gushes from me. His mouth moves, tasting every inch of me before returning to my clit, teasing and circling as he sucks hard, making me cry out.

Automatically, I move against his mouth as my skin prickles at the sensation he is inducing. My entire body tenses and heats as he devours me, my hips moving gently towards him as I climb to the precipice, then spill over violently.

His hands gripping me are the only thing that are holding me upright as I cum on his tongue. My walls flutter, and my pussy pulsates as my

orgasm ripples through me. Without thinking, I grip his hair, moving my hips against his mouth as I ride it out. His tongue laps up my juices when my grip on him turns slack, and I am left trying to catch my breath.

Tenderly, he runs his tongue between my folds again, then sucks and nips at my thigh before letting my shaking leg down, but not letting me go, for which I am thankful, because I feel severely at risk of having my legs go out from under me.

Finally, he rises, keeping me pressed against the tiled wall. With his huge hand gripping the back of my neck, he tilts my face up and kisses me, forcing me to taste myself on his tongue as it invades my mouth. I moan at the taste of myself mingled with him, and my hands trail up his side to his chest.

When I feel the vibration of his calling rumble through his chest, I pull away from him before kissing his chest. His hand slips into my hair, and as he tugs my head back, his lips cover mine again.

The King presses his erection against me and I pull him closer, my hand moving to his hip. I want to touch and taste him, but am unsure if he will let me.

"What are you thinking?" he mumbles against my lips. His mouth moves and he nips at my chin.

"I want to touch you," I tell him. My hand reaches between our bodies, and I trail my fingertips over his aroused flesh. It twitches when I touch it. He steps back, allowing me to watch as I touch him, exploring his body like the novelty it is.

I have never touched a man before, so am unsure of what to do with it; he groans when I wrap my fingers around his cock. I peek up at him to find him watching me, bracing his hands on the wall behind me.

I run my hand up the length of him, and he purrs, the sound making his chest vibrate. His eyes close, and his lips part. I have no idea what I am doing, however, I like watching his face as I touch him. I'm not sure if I am doing it right, but he doesn't stop me or pull away. Standing on my toes, I press my lips to his, and his eyes fly open.

Only, I am staring at the eyes of the beast he can become, his dark demonic eyes peering back at me. I pull away, and he watches my face with a predatory gleam in his eyes.

Should I stop? Before I can act on that thought, his canines slip out when his hand moves. He grips the back of my neck and his lips smash against mine almost violently. His kiss is soul-devouring and bruising until he pulls away.

"Don't be scared. I won't hurt you," he murmurs against my lips.

I let out a breath, and the hammering of my heart against my ribcage slows slightly before he thrusts into my hand as he presses closer to me.

His tongue licks across my lips, causing mine to part. I feel his canines graze them as he nibbles on my bottom lip before moving to my chin, teeth grazing as he leaves open mouth kisses down my neck.

He stops, buries his face in my neck, and a throaty growl leaves him as he nicks my skin. The points of his teeth are like needles as they break the skin, but not deep enough to mark me, just enough to cause slight discomfort.

"Kyson," I hiss, and he pauses, pulling back.

His eyes move to my shoulder where his teeth bit into me, and I expect him to freak out at what he did, but he doesn't. He just leans forward and runs his tongue over it. The spot tingles and throbs, aching like it wants his teeth embedded in my flesh.

"Sorry, did I hurt you?" he asks. My blood is smeared across his lips.

Shaking my head, I touch the spot he bit me, only to find it has healed. I pull my fingers back but find no blood staining them, yet somehow his lips are tainted with my blood.

"It healed," I murmur.

"Lycan saliva, Ivy. I think you sometimes forget what I am," he chuckles.

"But I don't understand?" I'm puzzled. I have heard of people healing each other when they are mates, but can Lycans do it all the time? Now, that is a handy gift to have. I wonder if he can heal himself?

"I have been wanting to heal you for ages but didn't want you to freak out."

I think about my blisters and how they had healed overnight, which I thought was odd at the time.

"You want to heal me?" I ask, a little shocked he would want to.

The King nods, and his hand moves from my shoulder and trails down my back. "It would still scar, but I can close them if you let me, or I could give you my blood, but it won't be as effective, not as quick."

"Does it hurt you when you do it?"

He shakes his head.

"So, will you let me?" he asks, pressing his lips to the corner of my mouth. The thought of him licking my back kind of weirds me out a little.

"And you just have to lick me?"

He chuckles and nods. "Yes, but it would be easier in my other form. My saliva is more potent. This form, it would take longer," he says, and my brows furrow. Fear, I know, is etched into my face.

"I won't hurt you. My Lycan side recognizes his own. I recognize you, Ivy. I promise you I won't harm you; you just need to trust me."

I swallow when a knock sounds on the door. The King looks toward the door, instantly pulling me behind him.

"Just me, your highness," Gannon calls out, making the King exhale.

"Just leave it. We will be out in a minute," he answers, and I listen to Gannon leave, the door shutting behind him. The King shuts off the water and reaches out the door, then passes me a towel. I wrap it around myself, and the King steps out of the shower, turning to face me.

"Is that a yes?" he asks expectantly.

"You won't hurt me when you are like that?" I ask, pulling my towel a little tighter when he suddenly presses me against the sink basin, his eyes flickering dangerously as he smiles, his sharp teeth on display, and his voice deepens, turning gravelly.

"Never," he purrs, and I exhale, chewing my lip.

Well, if he kills me, it would be quick, so I nod.

“There are so many things I want to do to you, but hurting you isn’t one of them,” he growls, nipping at my neck.