

Chapter 39

IVY

I follow him into the room, and as I do, I notice Gannon has placed a food tray on the bed. King Kyson doesn't even bother to get dressed, and I feel a little strange just standing around in a towel. He motions for me to come over to him before flicking the TV on and moving the tray to the bedside table while I stand awkwardly at the edge of the bed.

"Ivy, come," he tells me, and I chew my lip. He shakes his head and reaches over, gripping my wrist and yanking me on top of him. The motion makes an audible squeak leave my lips as I collide with his chest, and he chuckles at my awkwardness.

I scramble upright, placing my hands on his chest. Just as I push off him, he grips my thighs, tugging me back down on him and forcing me to sit.

My towel has risen precariously, and my face heats as he looks between my legs. I try to close them, but his hands tighten, preventing such action.

"I just had my mouth down there, yet you are embarrassed over me seeing you," he says, and my face heats even more at his words. Does

he have to say it out loud? Why does he have to say such vulgar things? Is he trying to embarrass me?

His hands trail higher underneath the towel, exposing me even more to wandering eyes. Before I can tug it down, he grips my hips and places me directly over where his hard cock is.

"Kyson!" I hiss, feeling his hardened length through the thin towel between us. He sighs and lets me move to wiggle higher, but pulls me back down when I try to climb off to sit beside him.

"Your birthday is soon," the King says, and I frown slightly. Is it a question or just a statement? I don't understand what he's getting at. He can be quite bizarre sometimes, and I don't know if his question warrants an actual answer.

"Are you nervous about shifting?"

"Kind of. Not really. I try not to think about it. Why?" I ask. I am slightly petrified after witnessing Abbie's shift though. That night will forever haunt me, but I know it wasn't supposed to be that way.

"Because when a werewolf comes of age, they find their mate," he says.

"Isn't it supposed to be rare to actually find them, though? Werewolves hardly travel away from the pack, so unless their mates are in it, most don't find theirs."

"Well, I will be returning to your old pack next week," the King tells me.

"What for?"

"To speak with the old Alpha, find out a few things. But that is not why I asked about your birthday." He squeezes my thighs gently while his thumbs rub against the inside of my thighs.

"What do you know of Lycans?" he asks while looking up at me.

"That they are different from werewolves, superior species, immortal, and what you have told me," I answer.

The King nods and seems to think for a second.

"Anything else?"

I shrug, not getting his point or where he is going with this conversation.

"Is there a reason you're asking? Because I don't know much. Abbie and I weren't allowed to attend classes, so I am not sure what you are asking or if you even are asking something?" I chew my lip.

"I am asking something, but it needs to wait until after your first shift," he says, tugging at the towel knot between my cleavage. I grip his hand and he raises an eyebrow at me. I let his wrist go.

He undoes it, letting it fall away so I am sitting on him completely naked. The King moves underneath me, pulling me with him until he is leaning against the headboard with me straddling his lap.

"For Lycans, it is harder to find their mates," he explains.

"Because they are a dying species," I nod, and so does he. "Yet, how are you a dying species if you are immortal?" I blurt out. That was one question that always puzzled me.

King Kyson laughs like he thinks what I said is funny, but I am genuinely curious about how so few exist.

"Immortal means our life span has no end. That doesn't mean we aren't killable. We can still die the same as everyone else if mortally injured. We are just more durable," he tells me.

"So if I shot you, you would die?"

"Depends on what sort of bullet and how close it got to my heart. Why? Are you planning on killing me? Because if you are, I may have to reconsider my next question," he laughs.

"No. And I don't even know how to use a gun, much less find one," I answer, thinking about it.

"How about you promise not to kill me, and I promise not to kill you?"

I raise an eyebrow at him.

"What?" he smirks.

"Somehow, I don't think it would be possible for me to kill you."

"It's possible in more ways than you know," he says with a strange glint reflecting in his silver eyes.

"What do you mean?" I ask.

"That doesn't matter, for now. What matters is my next question. I just want to make sure you are making a choice because you want to, not because you shifted first."

"Why? Do you think I would change my mind at whatever your question is?" I say, genuinely curious. No one has ever prepared me for what would be different after shifting.

"Yes, I believe you would, but I want your answer now, not after."

"You are making no sense, my King." Kyson tilts his head to the side, watching me. I drop my gaze. "Sorry," I mutter.

He exhales, his hand moving over my hip and up to my ribs, his thumb caressing the side of my breast.

"You will understand that power is everything to wolves, especially she-wolves. Even those with mates always seek out dominant males. So yes, I believe after you shift, it would sway you to agree to what I want to ask. You would be more inclined to say yes."

"Unless you're a rogue. We are bound to no one. We have no status, so I fail to see what you're getting at?"

"I am hoping that will change. I want to change your title, Ivy."

"I thought only Lycans were part of the King's pack?"

He nods his head.

"I am a werewolf. I am not like you, and I don't think your Lycan pack would take too kindly to a werewolf amongst them. Besides, what about Abbie?" I smile at the thought of her. I miss her already and it has only been half a day since I last saw her.