

## Chapter 41

### IVY

The shock of what I did makes me gasp, letting him go, but he pulls me closer.

"You can bite me, Ivy," the King purrs, but I am mortified at my vile actions.

I shake my head. "I made you bleed!" I shriek, trying to get off him. He will surely whip me now. Shit, his guards will, the moment they notice what I did.

I try frantically to get off him, but he grips my arms, holding me in place.

"Shhh, breathe. Do I sound mad?" he asks, running his hands up my arms. His fingers move across the back of my neck, pulling my head down to the crook of his neck. Then he holds my face and my lips press against his warm skin.

I clamp my teeth together as the urge returns.

"It's okay, love. If you want to bite me, bite me. I am yours to do what you want with," Kyson murmurs next to my ear. I try to pull away from him, but his grip holds strong.

"A servant—"

"Call yourself that again and see what happens. I don't know how much clearer I can be; I have told you I don't want you as my servant, that I want to change you," he sighs, his grip loosening slightly, but not enough for me to escape it.

"I want you to be mine, and I want to be yours. I want to make you my Queen. Do you understand that? I want to mark you after you shift, Ivy. I want to change you, and I want you to be my Luna Queen."

I jerk in his hold. He growls but lets me sit up, although he refuses to let me get off his lap, his fingers pressing into my thighs.

"You want to mark me?" I ask, and he nods.

Is he insane? This man has truly lost his marbles. How he can perceive a slave as a potential Queen is beyond me.

"Yes, I want to mark and mate you. I also want to change you," he says, running his finger down the side of my neck, making me shiver.

"But I am a rogue, a servant."

"Not to me, you're not. I don't care about your status, and neither will my pack. I want you, but I want you to want me too."

"Wait, you don't want me to be a sex slave?" Is this why he's being nice? Because he wants something else?

"What?" he says, his face twisting in outrage at my words. "Is that what you thought all this was?" he snaps at me. All calmness has gone from his face. His eyes darken and his face twists in anger.

I swallow, but nod. What else was I supposed to think? I know what happens to the rogues – the same thing that always happens. We're either slaves to our owners, sex slaves, or dead. We are never given any other options. We are the mutts of society, the vermin.

He is the one with unrealistic expectations of what I am to him, delusional. I, however, know exactly my status that he seems to keep forgetting. It has hung over mine and Abbie's heads for years, since we were kids. Rogues are unworthy, dirty, and unwanted. Mrs. Daley made sure we didn't forget our place; she even branded it into our skin so we wouldn't forget.

We aren't people; we're objects, free labor, someone to kick when they feel particularly shitty about their lives – a quick power boost because we have no power of our own.

Rogues don't deserve power.

"I figured you would throw me away when you got bored, which is fine. You don't have to promise things or do things. I know how this works. I won't fight you. It's okay. It is what it is," I answer. Even though the thought petrifies me, I can't abandon Abbie. If he wants a sex slave, I can learn to deal with it. I can do that for Abbie. It's his right. It's just sex, right? It's what's expected of me... Like an extra chore.

Kyson growls, and the sound vibrates against my chest, making my heart beat erratically. "If I wanted to fuck you, I would have ordered you on your back, Ivy. I certainly wouldn't be explaining myself to you for it, either. So let me make one thing clear. I do not want a sex slave; I want a mate, and I want you to let me be yours, equals. And I certainly don't want you as a piece of property to own... I want you; not for you to do things because you believe it's what I want or because you feel obligated to because I am the King."

His anger is terrifying as I watch his eyes flicker to the beast within him.

"Equals, Ivy. I won't pull rank over you unless it has to do with your safety or something I feel strongly about, and I sure as hell would never force myself on you or anyone. If I make you uncomfortable, you tell me. I won't get mad, and I won't punish you for how you feel. Equals: if you want something, tell me; if you don't, tell me. And I will do the same for you. Is that understood?" he asks, glaring at me.

Words fail me. Most would dream of being with a Lycan King. However, my wishes aren't like anyone else's – I wish for freedom, a voice, because mine has been squashed for so long.

Sometimes I wonder if I even have one left; I certainly never use it, so I find words hard, except with Abbie. Speaking back earns punishment, a pain I know very well... I am not about to start asking for more of it – especially for something as silly as not thinking something is fair or because something I don't like is asked of me. I take orders. I know the consequences of speaking back. It's written across my back...

A voice? I almost scoff. I can't just unlearn silence. At this point, its reflex, muscle memory; remain quiet and hope to go unnoticed.

Who would want a Queen that was submissive to life because she never had one? Abbie and I always spoke to each other of what we would do with our freedom, but honestly, they were just dreams; something we knew would never come to fruition.

If given a chance at freedom, we would probably fall back into the same place, not knowing anything else. Comfortably familiar in our misery.

"Ivy?"

"I don't think I can be what you want," I tell him, and he sighs.

"We still have time, but one thing remains clear: you are not my servant. You are just Ivy. And I don't want to hear you bring up being my servant again."

His words confuse me, not because I don't understand what he said, but because I don't know who I am. Who I thought I would become was always just a dream to me; one so out of reach it faded away, long forgotten; trampled into dust and floating off into the wind. This is reality, and in reality, I am no one; just a rogue. Insignificant, unimportant, and unwanted. I am an imposter of who I once was, a reflection of what they made me to be. Now I am 'you', the name they gave us because ours wasn't worth speaking.

"What are you thinking?" Kyson asks me, and I sniffle. Words are not my thing, so I find it odd that he always requests them.

"I don't know who I am if I am not a slave or servant, Kyson. I am either a slave, forced to work, or a true rogue, running constantly but never free."

"I know exactly who you are," he whispers, pecking my lips softly. He nibbles on the bottom one. His warm palms caress my ribs up to the sides of my breasts while his lips trail down my jawline.

"You are the woman I want, the woman I will love and cherish. You are mine just as I am yours," he murmurs as he trails open mouth kisses down my neck, making me purr.

He pauses and chuckles at the sound I make before he presses his lips in a spot similar to where I accidentally bit him.

"And when you realize that," he whispers, then sucks the same spot, "I will place my mark right here, so everyone knows I am yours, and you are my queen," he says, breaking the skin with his teeth. I jump at the sting, but his tongue is already lapping over it.

Heat rushes through me, and my skin tingles and vibrates, my nerves buzzing at his touch. He pulls his face from my neck, and I touch the spot with my fingertips.

"I didn't mark you, Ivy. I won't until you shift, but I must say I do like the look of my teeth on your skin."

My eyes go to the mark I left on him. It's healed already but is scarred, which I find odd. I touch it again and he shivers.

"They're called promise bites. You haven't got canines yet, but once you shift, you will be able to mark me," he tells me. His hands cup my face and his thumbs go to my upper lip, pushing it up. His brows pinch in the middle before he does the same to my bottom lip.

"What is it?" I ask him.

"Nothing, just you already have canines. It sometimes happens with werewolves, and they won't extend fully until you shift, but are you sure your birthday is a couple of weeks away?"

"I think so," I tell him.

"Strange, though not unheard of. Just, usually they come down a couple of days before a shift, not weeks before, unless you're Lycan. Mine were always longer than werewolves' or human teeth," he shrugs.

"Something is wrong with my teeth?" I ask, touching them with my finger. They feel the same as always, no different, and surely, I would notice. Wouldn't my speech change?

"No, nothing is wrong with them. They just look a little more extended than normal. That's why I asked about your birthday."

I shrug, unsure. Mom said it was on that day, and she would have known.

"Want to hear something funny?" he asks. I raise an eyebrow at him but nod.

"Lycans are born with their canines. My baby photos look pretty funny," he chuckles. I laugh; that would look funny.



"We should eat. Our food is probably cold, and we have to be up early to get to the castle by lunchtime."

"Did you know the King and Queen well?" I ask, changing the subject.

"Kind of. They kept to themselves mostly. My parents were close to them. When I was a child, my parents had an arrangement with theirs," he answers.

"What sort of arrangement?" I ask.

"A marriage one. If they had a daughter, she was to be promised to me when she came of age, to help keep the royal bloodlines strong. But that went down the drain, obviously."

"Were you upset?"

He shrugs. "No, not really. I didn't know her. They kept her a secret, paranoid about the hunters finding out about her. Plus, I would have had to wait years anyway, but I am not sure I would have gone through with it if she said no."

"Why is that?"

"Because my parents had an arranged marriage. My mother disagreed at first," he tells me.

"Your parents didn't like each other?"

"No, they loved each other, but at first, no – not until my father marked her. I just wanted to try to find my mate first."

"What happened to the girl?" I ask.

"They killed her. We found her blood-stained clothes and some of her hair. Since half the kingdom was slaughtered along with them, we couldn't exactly be sure which child she was, and also not knowing exactly how old she was didn't help us. We only had the clothes to go off for approximate size, and so many kids turned up in the river." He shakes his head at the memory, which obviously stayed with him all these years because I can see it haunts him still.

" And if she lived?" I ask curiously.

"I probably would have given her to my sister to raise. It would be awkward raising my future mate, don't you think?" he laughs.

"Yes, that would certainly be different," I chuckle.