

Chapter 44

IVY

“Where did you get all these?” I ask him before pulling out an oversized off-shoulder sweater and some jeans. I’ve never seen this many clothes in my life.

“Are these alright?” I ask him, holding them up to show him. I wasn't used to picking my own clothes and worried I will pick the wrong thing. I’ve only ever worn rags or a uniform.

“Wear what you want. I prefer you naked, but since we have to leave, I suppose you will have to wear something,” he laughs.

“Or I could walk around naked, my King, if you prefer,” I challenge, and his eyes flicker.

“Very well, all their deaths will be on your hands, though,” he retorts.

“Whose deaths?” I ask in confusion.

“Those who look at what’s mine,” he says, stepping closer and pressing his lips to my forehead. I quickly slip the clothes on.

“Wise choice,” he teases, closing the suitcases and placing them by the door.

“If you want to go shopping with Clarice and Beta Damian when we get back, you can, if you don’t like what she chose for you,” Kyson says.

“Clarice went and got these for me?”

“Yes, I have already informed her you are no longer my servant, and those important already know who you are to me.”

I glance down at my hands, feeling guilty and worrying what they will think if they thought I wasn’t one of them anymore, I don’t want them to treat me any differently.

Kyson’s fingertips graze my chin and tilt my face upward. “Why do you look upset?” he asks.

“I wonder what Abbie will think,” I admit.

“You don’t think she would be happy for you?” he asks.

“She is like my sister, my family, and if I let you change me, what would become of her, of us?”

He pauses to think for a second. "Is that why you said no, because of Abbie?" he asks.

"No, well, kind of. I don't want to watch her grow old and die without me."

"And is that your only worry, that you will lose her?" he asks.

"I don't think I can meet the expectations you want. Everyone will think I'm weak," I tell him honestly.

"The only expectation I have of you is that you remain by my side, Ivy. The rest will come, but no one would dare call my Queen weak," the King growls.

I went to protest, but the firm look he gives me makes me remain quiet.

"Would you accept if I had Abbie changed too?" he asks. "If she wanted to, of course, I won't force her, but if she agrees, I am sure Gannon won't mind changing her."

"You won't do it?" I ask.

"No, but Gannon has a crush on Abbie. He has been harassing Damian to give her to him as his maid," he chuckles.

“Pardon?” I ask, incredulous.

“He likes Abbie, Gannon has no mate, and for me to change her I could accidentally bond her to me, not like a mate bond, but those lines can become blurred, especially for the person changed, make them compliant to my demands. Not that I will ever push you to do something you don’t want,” Kyson explains.

“What if she says no?”

“Then that is her choice, but then that will also mean you have to make one, Ivy,” he tells me. “I can’t change for you, but I would if I could.”

“You would give up being a Lycan, an immortal?” I ask, wondering why anyone would do that.

“Yes, when you have lived as long as I have, time no longer holds meaning, not if it is wasted. Without you, it wouldn’t be worth keeping track of,” he says simply.

“Wait, how old are you?” I ask.

He shrugs. “I like to think I am still young. I don’t feel old. Why do I look it?” he laughs, and his lips tug into a sly smile as he waits for my answer. I shake my head yet am still intrigued to know. Maybe it is morbid curiosity.

“How old?” I ask.

“As old as the castle in which we live.”

I gasp. I have no idea how old it is, but it is clear it isn't from this century, and looks like something from medieval times.

“Still want to know my age, or would you prefer the age I stopped aging?”

“Yes, the age you stopped aging, or I may have to call you grandpa,” I snicker. He raises an eyebrow at me.

“I stopped aging just shy of 30. Most men stop aging around the age of 30, women a little different, between the ages of 23 and 30,” he says, motioning me with his hand to the door.

“But Clarice?”

“Certain things can age us, but given her age, she looks young still.”

My brows pinch together, but he doesn't elaborate.

I get up just when we hear a knock at the door. Kyson's hand drops to my hip as he tugs me against him. At least he looks around the age that I thought, and I couldn't imagine living for that long. It sounds lonely.

"I may be old, but with age comes experience and some things I have perfected," he says, dipping his face in my neck.

He runs his tongue across my neck, and his hand move, pressing flat against my stomach as he pulls me against him. He pulls his face from my neck before tugging my head back by my hair gently with his other hand.

His tongue invades my mouth in a way that should be illegal. It is lewd and teasing. I moan into his mouth as his tongue plays with mine, and his hand on my stomach slips between my legs to my core. He squeezes, enticing a moan from my lips.

He bites my lip as he pulls away, leaving me breathless as the door opens. Gannon steps in and past us, retrieving our bags, then walks back out while my face heats.

No doubt Gannon can smell my arousal in the room, making the situation even more embarrassing. Between my legs developed its own heartbeat at his obscene kiss. If he keeps this up, I'll run out of panties long before we get home, I think, feeling the slickness between my legs. Kyson presses his lips to mine and growls softly.

“You will want to calm that desire, my love, or I just may eat you,”
Kyson growls.

My face heats at his words, knowing that he, too, can smell the scent of my arousal. It makes it all the more awkward when I step into the hall to notice Damian smirking at us as he leans against the wall.

“Ready, my King?”

Kyson nods to him before draping his arm across my shoulders and tucking me closer. He leans down and kisses my temple, then whispers. “You think home is grand? Wait until you see the Landeena Kingdom. It was the biggest Kingdom of all.”