

Chapter 45

IVY

The drive to the castle is long, and the roads are bendy, making my stomach roll. We've had to stop at the side of the road multiple times while my stomach heaved violently. Kyson kept having to ask the driver to pull over so I could throw up.

I wipe my mouth on the tissues Beta Damian has ready, and the King passes me a water bottle, toothpaste, and toothbrush. As I remove the foul taste from my mouth, I welcome the minty freshness. I knew I shouldn't have eaten that egg and bacon muffin; I am now paying dearly for it.

Reaching for the bottled water, I swish it through my mouth. I feel hot and clammy. The entourage of cars circled around us, and the King's guards have their backs to us, for which I am thankful.

My stomach is becoming embarrassing, and it is definitely not ladylike to be tossing my stomach.

What made it all the more humiliating was how the King has witnessed my stomach's upheaval multiple times since I met him.

Mrs. Daley would have whipped me good. Thank God the King didn't seem fazed, more concerned if anything, and I had to keep pushing him away when he kept trying to hold my hair because I was worried I would puke on his shiny shoes.

"Not much further, I promise," Kyson eventually says while I rinse my mouth one last time before climbing back into the car.

I crawl across the seat and lay down directly under the air-conditioning vent, feeling hot. Kyson climbs back in, and the cars pull off the curb and continue.

"Ivy, your seat belt," Kyson says. I ignore him, turning my face into the seat.

"Ivy!" His tone is warning me, and I huff, closing my eyes.

I am too sick to care right now. My mind solely focused on the sickly feeling in my stomach. Meh, I had a good run. Nearly 18 years is a good length of time, I think.

"I will give you two seconds, Ivy, to place your seatbelt on." I groan and turn my head to look at him before turning back to face the rear of the seat and curling into a ball on my side.

I am not putting it on. It digs into my belly, making the sloshing worse, and I feel uncomfortable with it on.

"One."

I roll my eyes and growl before snickering at the fact I did growl at him.

It is becoming more frequent and as embarrassing as it is hearing the strange noises I now make. I also like that I can growl back at him.

It is strange, like when boys hit puberty and their voices change. Instead, I am hitting the werewolf phase and now making animal noises. How ridiculous.

"You did not just growl at me," he says disapprovingly. I snicker and shake my head.

"One and a half, Ivy!" Kyson growls, and I growl back at him, though his growl is more controlled, louder. Since I forced it that time, it came out more of a purring meow. The King clicks his tongue.

"Are you seriously being disobedient over a seatbelt? You do not want me to get to three?" I roll my eyes, but thankfully he doesn't see. "Ivy!"

"Two," I count for him, not caring about his counting. I am not putting that seatbelt on. I don't care if I sound like a stubborn child. He isn't the one with his belly churning because the damn road there is like a roller-

coaster. Not that I have been on one, but I don't think I would go near one after being on this road that seems to have no end.

"Well, aren't you in quite the mood? If I didn't know it was your werewolf side slowly coming forward, I would have spanked you by now?" Kyson growls. I scrunch my face up at his words. He wouldn't, would he?

"Last chance, Ivy. Put your seatbelt on."

I am near tempted to tell him to make me, but I know he will, so I keep my mouth shut, hoping he will give up and let it slide. He growls. The noise causes goosebumps to rise on my arms, and I roll over.

"No, it makes it worse," I whine, turning my head to face him. He raises an eyebrow at me and purses his lips. I huff and glare when I realize he doesn't have his seatbelt on, yet he is complaining about me not wearing one.

"Why do I have to wear one when you don't?" I snap at him, and both of his eyebrows raise at my tone. Geez, my words sound a little snarky even to me that time. My mind feels like mush, and I react before thinking and spewing the word vomit.

"Maybe because I am more durable than you. Now put the seatbelt on, Ivy."

"Put yours on then," I retort. The King growls once more. He seems to enjoy doing that, so I growl back at him, unable to stop myself. He presses his lips in a line, and his eyes flicker.

"Sorry," I blurt out.

"You are lucky I am patient. If you were anyone else, Ivy, I would not put up with the attitude. Hormones and werewolf instincts coming in or not," he snaps, clicking his tongue.

He leans forward, and his hand grips the front of my pants. In one swift yank, he pulls me across. I think I will hit the floor between the seats when he grabs me.

A yelp escapes me, and I suddenly find myself on his lap. I pull my pants from my ass crack from the wedgie he gave me when he grabbed my pants. The King chuckles, watching me try to fix my pants while he holds me in place.

The King then stretches his legs out and rearranges me so my back is against his chest and my legs rested over his. He places his feet on the seat across from us. He clips the seatbelt across us both.

"I have my seatbelt on, happy?" I tell him and he purrs, and I tug on the strap around my waist when he pulls on it. He then places his hand on my stomach where my shirt had risen, exposing my mid-drift.

"Now try to sleep," he says, pulling my head against his chest. He starts purring, and the sound lulls me as I blink, trying to remain awake. Kyson moves and then chuckles before pushing my eyelids down with his fingers.

"I said sleep or my guards may kill us both if I have to ask them to pull over again," he laughs. His calling grows stronger until I can no longer fight it, and I am forced to sleep.