

## Chapter 53

### IVY

The sunlight filters through the cracks in the heavy drapes, casting a golden glow on the ornate ceiling above us. The scent of Kyson's aftershave still lingers in the air, a mix of cedar and sandalwood that has become a comforting reminder of his presence. The sheets beneath us are soft, a gentle caress against my skin. I can hear the faint rustling of leaves outside the window and the morning birds.

As Kyson begins to stir, the muscles in his arms flex beneath my fingers. The hardness of his body is evident even at rest. Seeing his muscular body brings a feeling of security and warmth, and I can't help but snuggle closer to him. He inhales deeply, his chest rising and falling with each breath, and I can feel the steady rhythm of his heartbeat beneath my ear.

Relief floods me seeing him sleeping for the first time in days. This is the first time I've woken up to him asleep. I was beginning to wonder if not sleeping was a Lycan thing or a Kyson thing.

My body feels heavy with his leg draped over my hip and mine tucked between his legs. I run my fingers through his chest hair.

I trace one of my bite marks on his chest before pressing my lips together. My teeth ache, and my gums tingle with the need to bite him, claim him, and I try to stamp it down, though it is making me twitchy.

I hope it settles down because I don't think I can live with the crazy urges I keep having. Kyson explained that it was the hormones, but it only happened near him. I hadn't bitten anyone else, only him.

Clarice said she-wolves tended to bite those they felt safest with, those with stronger auras. Which, in turn, makes sense. We are primal, possessive creatures; biting is a form of marking, but I don't get that urge around Beta Damian, despite his relatively strong aura.

Lost in my thoughts, I am entirely unaware I am even licking him until he chuckles, pulling me from the mind bubble I locked myself in. Oh no, I woke him. That wasn't my intention. Sitting up slightly, I place two fingers on his opening eyes and try to close them, making him laugh when he grabs my hand and kisses it before putting it on his chest.

"Morning," he mumbles, tugging me closer. I clench my jaw, unable to reply now that I have stopped licking him. I want to climb on him, soak up his scent, and bite him.

The urges are driving me insane, and I try to roll away when he removes his leg from over my waist and grips my thigh, hauling me on top of him.

"I have told you you aren't hurting me, so stop fighting it."

I shake my head, unable to trust, opening my mouth in case I bite him like a damn cannibal.

“Maybe I should hold off,” Kyson murmurs to himself, and I look at him. I want to ask what he means, but I can’t right now, as I’m fighting a battle with my mind and body. The King grips the back of my head, pressing my face into his neck. I try to push him away, earning a growl from him.

“I am supposed to leave today for the night. I will be back tomorrow, but now I worry I shouldn’t leave you while you’re like this, especially when you’re fighting it. I’m worried you will fret,” he says.

I try to process his words, and when I’m unable to control myself any longer, I sink my teeth into his chest once more. He groans, and tears burn my eyes as his blood floods into my mouth. I hate this, hate it, hate the damn urges overriding every part of me.

“You’re not hurting me, love. I promise,” he whispers, kissing my face as I try to stop myself. I shake my head.

The King grips my hips, dragging me down his body as I sink my teeth in once again. My nails dig into his skin as I grab him when he rolls my hips against him, and I stop and moan before biting his arm. His cock twitches against my pussy, and I freeze. He turns his face toward my ear.

“See, you’re not hurting me, just making me aroused,” he whispers, rolling my hips against him again. His cock slides between my wet folds, and I moan at the friction he is creating.

My teeth leave his skin, but only briefly as I kiss him. My tongue invades his mouth, and he chuckles as I maul him before kissing me back.

He lets me touch and claw at him until the urges dissipate. The King then rolls, forcing me onto my back and climbing between my legs. His hard length presses against my slit, and I move my hips against him, coating his length with my desire. The King groans and presses his hips against mine.

My walls clench, wanting to feel him buried deep within my confines, wanting to feel him move inside me. The King clenches his jaw, and I kiss him. Tugging his face down to mine, he grabs my thigh, hoisting it up and wrapping it around his waist; I grind my hips against him, uncaring, just wanting him closer.

“Ivy?” he groans, and my name leaving his lips like that makes my walls clench. I tug on his hip, and he pushes up on his arms, looking down at me.

He knows what I want, but he also wants me to ask or probably beg. I growl at him and bite his bicep, tugging him back down to me.

“You want this?” he purrs, and a whine escapes my lips as he thrust his cock between my slick folds.

“Words, Ivy, I need you to say it, or I will stop,” he says, nipping at my chin. I gulp and nod, and his nose skims across my cheek before he bites my lips.

“Yes?” he purrs, and I clench my eyes shut, embarrassed he is going to make me say it. My thoughts and urges alone are vulgar enough without me speaking them aloud.

“Ivy, I don’t speak, nods, or moans, so words or,” he pulls away, and I grip his arms. He settles between my legs again, kissing me, when suddenly a knock is heard on the door.

“My King, the car is ready. We have to leave,” I hear Gannon’s voice through the door. The King glances at the clock on the bedside table. “Ah, I can stay. I am worried about leaving you on your own anyway,” he tells me.

“You’re leaving?” I ask.

“Yes, I have to visit your old pack, or do you want to come?” As Kyson speaks, his voice is low and gravelly, sending a shiver down my spine. I can hear his concern in his tone and how he worries about me despite his own exhaustion and schedule. When he mentions visiting my old pack, the memories of that place come flooding back, a tidal wave of

emotions that I struggle to keep at bay. I shake my head. I never wanted to go back there again. “Then I will tell them another day,” he sighs.

“No, it’s fine. I will just help Abbie,” I answer, and he stares at me.

“What do you mean you will help Abbie, Ivy? You are not a servant,” he demands.

“I enjoy helping her; I get to spend time with her, and I really don’t mind... It gives me something to do,” I tell him, and he sighs.

He grips my face, tilting my head and kissing my jaw. “You are to be my Queen, not the housekeeper.” He growls against my skin.

“Please,” I beg. The King growls and pulls back, looking down at me.

“I don’t like this, Ivy,” he says in exasperation.

“It’s the only way I can spend time with her. Besides, working with Abbie isn’t working for me; it’s fun,” I tell him.

“Fine, but only until I return, and you are not to work in a uniform. I will not have people treating you like the help.”

I nod excitedly, and he pecks my lips, sitting up. “Beta Damian will stay, and I will be back tomorrow. Are you sure you don’t want me to

stay with you?” he says, pecking my lips once again. I shake my head. I did not want to be the reason he is kept from his work.

I watch Kyson dress quickly and gracefully despite his large size. His dark hair is tousled. He pulls on his shirt, the fabric clinging to his chiseled chest and highlighting the curve of his biceps. I can't help but admire the man he is, both in strength and for the kindness he has shown me and Abbie. For the first time in my life, I feel like I really am safe here.

As he slips on his shoes, he glances back at me. The intensity of his gaze is almost palpable, and I feel a renewed surge of desire coursing through me. Thankfully, he turns away, or I may beg him to stay.

Instead, I focus on the sounds of the room, the creaking floorboards, and the distant hum of voices echoing through the halls. I shuffle through my new clothes, trying to find the plainest outfit I can; something that feels more like me and less like the regal attire befitting a future Queen. I don't want it to draw too much attention to me. I hate the idea of Abbie feeling less than me because I am not in uniform.