

## Chapter 60

### IVY

Kyson growls at me, and the sound makes goosebumps rise all over my body. My hair stands on end as a shiver rushes up my spine. Dustin looks at me in stunned horror before his eyes go to Kyson. His mouth opens and closes like he is trying to figure out what is happening. Damian grips the King's shoulder. Kyson glances at him, then turns his back on me, walking off toward his room.

Finally, his command drops, which releases me and allows me to breathe and move. However, the way it abruptly dropped has me staggering, and I barely remain upright, having to use my hand to catch myself on the wall. My eyes dart to Dustin, but he is back to doing the seeing-without-seeing thing he does. His eyes are straight ahead, staring blankly at the wall, yet I see him swallow, his hands clenched at his sides. Beta Damian stares after the King in what appears to be shock as I hesitantly approach the King again. If he tells me what I did wrong, I will apologize. Maybe he is upset because he saw the mess I made in his closet. I will clean it.

"Kyson?" I call, and he stops. His entire body tenses again and ripples like he is about to shift. The King spins around to face me. He snarls, baring his teeth at me as they elongate. The look on his face and his intense gaze make me take a step back from him.

“You dare address me so casually,” he growls at me, and I stagger back when he stalks me while pointing his finger at me. My lip quivers as I look at Damian for an answer—some explanation.

“But.... You said I have to call you...” I stutter. But I stop myself from repeating the same mistake. “Sorry, my King,” I whisper.

He takes another step forward before stopping, and I catch the movement of his Beta behind him when he pauses, and his hands clench into fists at his sides. Kyson turns and addresses Beta Damian, and my heart nearly stops at his following words.

“Get her out of my face, put her in the stables. She is no longer welcome in the castle. I don’t want to see it again,” The King snaps, turning toward his bedroom door.

“Kyson?” Damian murmurs.

The King growls furiously. “Remember your place, Beta. I said, put her in the fucking stables.”

“But she’s your mate!” Dustin speaks out abruptly.

“Does my mark lay on her skin?” Kyson growls. Dustin presses his lips in a line. Wait, did they all know all along? Dustin quickly shakes his head.

“Then you have no issue doing as you’re told. Now put the fucking rogue in the stables before I order her to be placed in the fucking dungeons!” Kyson bellows. Beta Damian’s eyes flick to me, then back to the King, who walks away.

“Yes, my King,” Beta Damian answers, his voice stammering as the King pushes his bedroom door open without glancing back at me. My legs move like they have a mind of their own, and I race to the door, gripping the frame.

“Please.” I cry out. Why is he being like this? “Wait, did I do something wrong?” I ask. Tears burn my eyes, and my vision blurs when he slams the door in my face and locks it. I can’t understand what I have done. I stare at the closed door separating me from my mate.

It takes a few seconds before the pain in my chest becomes distinguishable from that of the pain in my hand. Blinking, I look at my hand clutching the frame, wondering why my hand looks funny. I take a few seconds to notice that the now-sealed door is crushing it. The moment I lay eyes on my hand, pain flies up my arm, and I jerk my hand and nearly choke on my sob when it doesn’t budge.

I try again to pull it free in disbelief, but it only causes me more pain. I can feel every groove of my now bent fingers that are trapped. Blood seeps down the crevice of the door and my wrist and arm, dripping onto the floor. My blood fills the air with the tangy, coppery scent.

Out of the corner of my eye, I see his Beta take a step toward me, and I swallow down the scream threatening to leave me. My eyes focus on

the engravings on the door, and I clear my throat while forcing the tears to hold back. Tears won't help you.

My lips quiver, and nothing I do would have held back the choked whimper that escapes me when I lift my other hand.

Don't cry, don't cry. You have had worse. I remind myself as I knock on the door.

I can hear movement on the other side of the door, and then I feel the lock mechanism slide out of my palm. The door swings open, revealing the furious King.

"What!" the King bellows, his canines peeking out from between his parted lips; his eyes are as black as charcoal, and his entire body trembles with rage. I pull my hand free and clutch my broken, bleeding hand to my chest while fighting back the urge to cry out in pain.

"Nothing, my King. Sorry to disturb you," I whisper, unable to meet his gaze. Quickly, I turn on my heel and walk away.

I walk away from my mate.

The sound of the door slamming again is loud as I walk off and seems to echo off the walls, but I don't look back. When I am halfway down the steps, movement catches my eye, and I see Clarice and Abbie

walking out of the kitchens, chatting excitedly. They both look up at me, their smiles slipping from their faces.

“Oh my gosh, Ivy, what happened to your hand?” Abbie shrieks, rushing over to me. Words fail me, and I can only stare as she fusses over me. Unsure what hurts more, my hand or my heart, which feels like the King just tore from my chest.

“I will get the first aid,” Clarice panics, hurriedly rushing back toward the kitchen when two guards walk over and stop beside me and Abbie. My eyes dart to the tallest one. Trey.

“Miss Ivy, you need to come with me,” one of them says, yet I am not paying enough attention to see who it is. I look at them and nod.

“Just a second. Just let me wrap Ivy’s hand first. How did you do it, Ivy?” Clarice asks as she rushes back out with a box in her hands.

“I’m sorry, but I have been asked to escort her out of the castle immediately,” the guard answers, and my heart sinks somewhere deep inside me, forming a pit.

“What, why? Do you have any idea who this girl is? The King would pitch a fit,” Clarice argues with him.

“I am aware she is the King’s mate. The King was the one who gave the orders. Now, Ivy, if you would follow me, please,” the guard says, turning on his heel.

“Excuse me?” Clarice says, looking baffled.

“Wait, where are you taking her?” Abbie asks, holding my arm, starting to panic.

“Just let me fix her hand. She is bleeding everywhere,” Clarice begs, but the guard seizes my arm and yanks me away.

“I’m sorry, I have orders,” Trey states.

Clarice tries to hand me the bandages when the other guard steps forward, and only then do I notice it’s Dustin.

“I will take them; I will wrap her hand,” he tells Clarice, then giving me a sympathetic look. The other guard, Trey, glares at Dustin but says nothing as he drags me toward the doors.

“Can you at least tell me where you are taking her so I know where to go when I am sent to come to find her?” Clarice asks.

“The stables. She isn’t allowed to come inside the castle. The King said she is no longer welcome.” Trey replies.

Abbie and Clarice gasp, and I look back at them. Both appear shocked, just as shocked as me. What did I do? The guard tugs me out the door, and I stare ahead.

I knew it was too good to be true, that I would be nothing more than a rogue. Only now, I'm the rogue whose mate is the King. He's come to his senses and realized what a mistake he made by choosing me. Now, fate has tied us, but not even that is enough to stop him from getting rid of me.

## Lycan Luna Series

