

Chapter 11

IVY

Kyson dials his number, and I crawl onto the bed when he pats his chest. With a sigh, I lay down, placing my head on his chest. I listen to the phone ring, and it doesn't take long before Kade answers it, and Kyson puts it on the loudspeaker, so I can hear better without straining my ears.

“Good afternoon, My King,” Kade answers, his voice rather chirpy, and I growl when Kyson's hand clamps over my mouth.

“Kade. Abbie isn't answering her phone,” Kyson says.

“Oh, yes, she dropped it in the sink accidentally. It got wet; I have ordered a new phone for her,” Kade replies.

“Are you with her now?” Kyson replies.

“Ah no, I am working. She is at the pack house with my... Cassandra.”

“So, you told her about Cassandra?” Kyson asks.

“Of course, she was shocked but is accepting since we have three kids together; they have been getting along great. Cassandra adores Abbie and is excited to have another woman in the house.”

I furrow my brows, and the growl that leaves me is loud and unable to be stifled with just his hand as I reach for the phone, wanting to demand to speak with her. However, Kyson moves, rolling on top of me and nipping at my neck, the calling seeping into me louder, forcing me to relax beneath him, yet defiance rears its head within me, and I bite his shoulder viciously. Kyson, growls in warning to let go.

“You seem to have your hands full, My King,” Kade says with a laugh.

“Hmm, well, I want Abbie to ring this number as soon as possible. I have a mate missing her friend and very concerned after learning you are already married,” Kyson tells him.

“Ah, I see,” Kade replies.

“Good because with them being so close, I am sure you can imagine how upset Ivy was to learn her friend ran off with a married man.”

“Oh, Cassandra is fine with it. They will be like sister wives in no time.”

“My mate’s concern is for Abbie, not your wife. Have Abbie call us, or I will be coming down with Ivy to see her.”

“Oh, no need. Abbie is perfectly fine. I will have her call you in the morning when I return home.”

“Video call,” I mouth to Kyson, who presses his lips in a line.

“Get her to video call, or we will come to visit, Ivy wants to see her,” Kyson tells him.

“Certainly, My King. First thing after the ladies get the kids ready for school, I will ensure she calls,” Kade answers swiftly, and I glare at the phone, wanting to snatch it off him and yell at Kade. I don’t like his tone of voice, something is off, or maybe I am just too angry with the man because he tricked Abbie.

“Very well, we will speak soon,” Kyson says, hanging up. He leans over and places the phone on the bedside table before staring down at me. “You bit me!”

“You used your calling on me, to try to shut me up!” I retort. I push on his chest, and he exhales but rolls off me.

“You will speak to her tomorrow, okay? He won’t put her on if something is wrong, and she is now aware; he said she is okay with it.”

“I know Abbie, and there is no way she would be okay sharing her mate or being lied to.”

“Well, we’ll see tomorrow, won’t we?” Kyson says. I growl, and he rolls on his side, tugging me closer.

Just as he goes to turn me to face him, a knock is heard on the door, making him glance at it, and the door opens a crack.

“My king, it is Trey. Clarice sent me up with your dinner,” Trey answers, and Kyson sighs heavily at the interruption.

“Just put it on the coffee table,” Kyson states, sitting up and swinging his legs over the side of the bed. He pats my hip with his hand.

“You should eat,” he says. I glare at the wall, much too upset to eat.

“Thank you, Trey,” the king says, and I hear Trey leave as Kyson climbs off the bed.

“Ivy, up and eat, or am I to call you Azalea from now on?” he says.

I roll my eyes, knowing he will keep nagging, and I force myself out of bed. I walk over to where Kyson is sitting by the fire and sit next to him.

“Azalea,” I answer his question. “I don’t want to be Ivy anymore.”

He nods, sliding my plate over to me.

“Azalea, it is then. I will tell the staff too about the correction. Now eat,” he says, pointing to my plate. I pick up my knife and fork to dig into the steak and salad. Whereas Kyson just has a different assortment of raw meat.

“You never eat salad?” I ask him, noticing how usually he only eats meat.

“I do, but rarely. Lycans are carnivores. Our sense of taste changes after a while,” he says with a shrug.

“So I won’t like salad and vegetables after a while?”

He chews his food and seems thoughtful for a second. “No, you still like all food. You will just prefer certain things to others, but if it makes you feel any better, Dustin is vegetarian and a Lyman.”

“Huh? But everyone here is Lyman. How could he be a vegetarian?”

“Yes, but he chooses to be vegetarian, and I still like fruit, et cetera; I just prefer meat.”

“I can’t believe Dustin is a vegetarian?” I tell him, a little stunned by the information. Kyson chuckles, but it explains why I have never seen him eating meat now that I think about it.

“Huh, I never noticed,” I tell him.

“I suppose you also never noticed that he is gay, then?” Kyson says.

“He is gay?” I ask, shocked once again. I don’t know what I thought a gay man would look like, but I always pictured them more feminine, and there is nothing remotely feminine about the man.

“Yep, which is why I assigned him as your guard, plus he asked to be placed as your guard when you came here... When I came to my senses,” Kyson says.

“Why are the good-looking ones always gay?” I mutter.

“Excuse me?” Kyson growls.

“What? You said it yourself; he is gay. I was just making an observation,” I laugh.

“I don’t want you checking out my guard, Azalea,” Kyson warns.

“I wasn’t, but come to think of it, Damian is nice looking too, and...” I tease, my words trailing off, seeing him become jealous. I have no interest in any of them, and none are as gorgeous as Kyson.

“Oh, and?” Kyson growls, and I laugh.

“Say one more word, and I will put you over my knee,” the king growls. However, his words don’t scare me, instead, they sent a thrill through me, wondering if he actually would.

“Gannon’s alright, too. I can see why Abbie likes him,” I snicker. He leaps over the coffee table, his growl ripping through the air as he lands on top of me, making me laugh.

“Are you teasing me, My Queen, because if you’re not, I may have to kill my entire guard to stop your wandering eyes,” he says, pinning my hands to the floor while he nips at my lips and rolls his hips against me.

“You can’t kill your guard because they don’t just belong to you. Besides, Dustin is my guard, not yours, so you can’t kill him,” I tell him.

“So not only are you claiming your title back, but you are now claiming my guard? Anything else, My Queen?” he asks, and I purse my lips.

“Hmm, I am yet to claim my king. I think I will claim him, too,” I tell him. The king growls, and his lips press against mine hungrily.