

Chapter 45

Kyson

“I won’t touch you then, okay, but I am staying. You’re not shifting on your own,” I tell her, fighting the urge to stifle her worry by using the bond and calling. She looks away from me.

“I said get out,” she whispers, wiping a stray tear. My heart pinches at her defeat and I know she blames me for this; I blame myself.

“I will find you some clothes,” I tell her, getting up off the floor and creeping out. I find her some of my clothes and set them on the bed before standing by the bathroom door and listening.

I am only met with silence except for the sound of running water. I knock on the door, but she doesn’t answer.

“Ivy, I am going to come in, okay,” I call out to her. “I need to make sure you’re safe.” I wait, but she doesn’t answer, so I

gently push the door open to find her clothes scattered on the floor and her sitting in the bottom of the shower directly under the water. Her skin looks red from how hot she has turned up the shower temperature.

“Ivy?” I ask, crouching beside her just outside the shower spray. She turns her head to the side, and I notice her eyes glowing. Why couldn’t her shift wait one more day so I could explain? Now is probably the worst time to tell her something that will no doubt make her feel more emotional than she already is. The best I can do is walk her through the changes so she feels less scared.

“It’s so cold,” she murmurs, and I nod.

“Yes, then you will be hot, then cold again,” I tell her, and she nods, tucking her face back into her knees. I stare at the window, click my tongue, and shake my head. There is no moon high in the sky tonight.

“Come on, we can lay in front of the fireplace; I will move all the bedding over there,” I tell her, holding out my hand to her. She lifts her head and stares at it.

“There is no moon tonight,” she says, and I press my lips in line that she has noticed. I nod.

“I will be right by your side. I’m not going anywhere, but I do need to ask a favor you probably won’t like,” I tell her. Ivy glances back at my hand before sighing.

“What is it?”

“Let’s get you dry first,” I tell her. Her eyebrows pinch together before she takes my hand, and I pull her to her feet. She wraps a towel around her shivering, naked body. Though her teeth are chattering, she still looks flushed. I hand her one of my shirts, and she dries herself. As she dresses, I move the furniture in front of the fireplace before dragging the mattress and blankets over. I turn to face her to see her hunched over while rummaging through the drawer for underwear. Her other hand is clutching her stomach.

“Ivy,” I call out to her. Ivy looks over at me before retrieving a pair and slipping them on. She walks over, lying down closest to the fire and tugging the duvet over herself. I grab her book, bring it over and kneel on the mattress beside her.

“You should try to sleep while you can before the pain becomes too much; I can read to you if you like.”

She rolls over to face me. “If that was supposed to make me feel better, it didn’t,” she says but yawns. I chuckle, placing the book on the pillow.

“Have you got any birthmarks?” I ask her, and she yawns again before she nods.

“Yes, on my leg, next to...,” she pauses. “It looks like a smudge,” she says.

“Can I see it?”

“What? No,” she says, rolling herself tighter in her blanket. “Why?” she says, glaring at me.

“I won’t do anything, I promise, I just want to see it, to confirm something.”

“Something like what?” she demands, her eyes narrowing.

“Your identity.”

She snorts and rolls her eyes. “Great, what now, is my father the boogeyman or grim reaper?” she scoffs.

I take a deep breath. I guess it’s now or never. “No, Ivy. I believe your father was the king.”

Ivy stares at me, her expression hard to read. Then, she laughs coldly. “That isn’t funny, Kyson.”

“I know it isn’t funny because if I am right and you are the king’s daughter, that also means Marissa wasn’t your mother, and you are the stolen princess from the Kingdom of Landeena,” I tell her.

She stares at me in shock before shaking her head. “No, Marissa is my mother,” she replies though she seems confused, less sure.

“We believe Marissa was your nanny, and she took you when she killed your parents. The royal baby Azalea was never found. I didn’t believe it myself but Ivy... it all makes sense. The timeline, your birthmark, everything. “

Her eyes widen and then narrow as she glares at me with a cold rage. “Is this some trick? Are you really that cruel to think doing something like this would be funny? Is this some punishment of yours?” she chokes out, tears brimming and spilling over and down her cheeks. Her lip quivers uncontrollably and I can feel through the bond she honestly believes I am saying this to hurt her more. She doesn’t trust me at all, and my stomach sinks at the thought.

“I know I fucked up, but please, Ivy, just let me check. I swear I won’t ask for anything else; I just have to be sure; I wouldn’t have told you if I didn’t believe it were true,” I plead with her.

“Yet you were quick to believe I am the daughter of a monster?” she jeers.

I sigh and nod. “I was angry, and what I did was wrong, but please, Ivy. I just want to be certain.”

“Well, you will find out when I shift tonight then, won’t you?”

“That’s why I need to know; if you’re Lycan, Ivy, I could have killed you when I ignored our bond, which could affect your shift. The fact you are shifting makes this dire. Lycan are more

sensitive to the bond, our souls are tied to each other once marked. So please, I know you don't want me touching you, but I need to see because if you are, I want to be prepared if you don't shift properly."

Ivy blinks, dumbfounded by the news, her mouth opens and closes a few times as if she is trying to think of something to say. The shock and confusion are clear on her flushed face.

"I believe you may be a Lycan and not a werewolf," I repeat letting my words settle over her.

"Excuse me? Any more terrible news you want to give me tonight, Kyson?" she snaps before groaning and hunching over in pain.

I tug her to me, pulling her onto my lap rolled in her blanket. She whimpers, and her entire body shudders for a few moments before relaxing while I rub her back. Suddenly, Ivy lurches forward in my arms, tripping as she tangles in the blanket. She gets to her feet racing for the bathroom to throw up once again.