

Chapter 47

Kyson

“Make it stop, make it stop,” she cries as her cries turn into screams. I hear her back cracking. Gripping her arms, I yank her on top of me. Her skin is so hot that it’s burning me. Her feet scratch down my legs.

“Ivy, let me help,” I tell her. She screams in pain, her spine breaking and realigning beneath my palms. I tug off the shirt that’s restricting her movement. Ivy pants, her nails digging into my chest, and I feel her feet changing, her toenails turning to claws as they rake down my flesh, tearing me to pieces and making me hiss. Yet I don’t let her go, my pain is nothing compared to what she feels.

“Ivy, let me help!” I repeat. She writhes but nods desperately.

“Please, please Kyson, make it stop,” she begs, her hands clutching my chest and abs. Desperate to relieve her pain, I flood her with the calling just as her fingers break, her claws

sinking deeply into my chest like hooks. My blood runs down my side. At this rate, she will bleed me out if I remain in this flimsy skinsuit. The sound of her femur breaking, and her scream will always haunt me. I unleash the full weight of my calling on her, my hands brushing her hair while her claws tear chunks off me. “I’m right here, you’re okay. You’ll be okay,” I whisper, soothing her the best I can.

Ivy pants, whimpering in pain. I turn her head so her ear is flat against my chest so she can listen to my heartbeat and feel the vibration of the calling. She calms some but is still in agony when her claws dig in deeper, and I can feel them grating across bone. They are that deep. Gritting my teeth I remind myself she’s not doing it on purpose and pull her hands off my chest.

Her claws are definitely longer than a werewolf’s claws. Blood gushes out of me where she gets me, and she sniffs the air and panics.

“I’m hurting you,” she whimpers.

“I’m fine, but I’m going to shift so you can’t rip me to pieces,” I whisper, pressing my lips to her head.

“Can I shift, Ivy? You can’t freak out on me when I’m in that form, I’ll hunt you,” I warn her and she hesitantly nods, I drag her up my body higher, then I shift beneath her, my bones breaking quickly and just in time before she clenches her hands, her claws raking down my chest, only this skin is more durable. My hand moves up and down her back as I try to calm her down when the door opens. I know everyone is worried; her screams are deafening.

“Get out!” I order at whoever it is, and the door quickly shuts just as her bones start breaking again. The shift is going back and forth, prolonging her transformation, and I can’t get her to mark me; she is entirely out of her mind with the pain.

“Shh, breathe, Ivy,” I whisper, hugging her close, using my temperature to bring hers down as I absorb what I can through the bond.

“Kill me, kill me,” she begs, and I shake my head, hugging her closer as tears slip down my cheeks knowing my stupidity is half the blame for this.

“Please, just kill me,” she cries.

“I can make you shift, Ivy but it will hurt like hell; it would be quick,” I tell her as her spine ridges against my hand and her legs lengthen, her feet touching mine, fur spreading along her naked flesh as she sobs.

“Just make it stop,” she cries, and I clutch her face in my hands, tilting her face up toward mine. I gasp at the sight of her eyes. There is no doubt she is my Azalea. Her eyes remain that deep cerulean blue I could get lost in. A trait only Landeena’s have, their unique bloodline dating back to the Moon Goddess herself. They are more than royals; they hold power of which Lycans can’t even dream. Her eyes are a marker of that bloodline, leaving not a shadow of doubt in me who it is I hold in my arms.

Ivy is more than my mate, she is existence itself, she has no idea the powers she’ll one day possess once she comes into herself.

“I will make it stop, love,” I tell her as tears spill down her cheeks. I can’t let her remain like this longer than necessary when I can command her to shift and force it. I hate that I have to but she deserves better, this is my fault and fast is better than hours of her screams.

I flood her with the calling, numbing her best I can before tilting her face up to me, she doesn't fight me as I partially shift back and kiss her, instead kissing me back almost as if she needs the distraction from the pain, her lips maul mine, her tears spilling down her cheeks and dripping on me.

"That's it, baby, I got you, don't fight the calling pull on it, give it to me," I whisper when another scream breaks past her full lips. I kiss her fiercely, cutting her screams off. She clutches me tightly when I use my command. "Forgive me baby, but you need to shift," I whisper against her lips.

"Shift!" I command. Her lips part, and her face reddens as if she is choking before every bone breaks simultaneously.

Suddenly, fur ripples over her body, replacing her soft skin. Clawed hands replace her petite ones, and the sound is horrendous as she shifts in my arms. Her scream chills me to the bone, but within seconds, she is lying on my chest, only she isn't Ivy. Her fur is a deep, gunmetal gray with an almost-blue hue. Her eyes are glowing like sapphire jewels as I turn her face in my hands to mine to look at her. A sob escapes my lips when I see the Landeena bloodline eyes staring back at me.

The Landeenas all share one quality: their eyes remain the same color, blending into their natural eye color while most Lycan

eyes bleed black. Ivy turns her head to look at her hand, turning it over to find it isn't a paw but long claws slipping from her elongated fingertips. Her eyes then dart to me, in shock at the realization of her true identity.

"I am a Lycan?" she murmurs, flexing her fingers before tilting her head at the sound of her voice in this form. I chuckle, tears streaking down my face as I play with her ear sticking upright on her head. A purr leaves me as I pull her higher, burying my face in her neck.

"You're home, Azalea," I whisper to her, sitting upright, and pulling her in my lap so she can see herself, her long bushy tail wagging from side to side, and I grab it, showing her and she takes it with two hands tugging on it, then she giggles. She lets it go, looking down at herself and gasping.

"I'm not hers," she sobs, and I know she means Marissa's. Relief must be washing over her, but also sadness that her life was all a lie.

"No, you are the missing princess. Azalea Ivy-Rose Landeena. Queen of the Landeena Kingdom, and my Queen of Valkyrie. You are so much more than any of us can possibly fathom," I whisper to her while running my nose across her face, her fur tickling it as I try to stop my emotions from choking me.

“More?” she asks, and I feel her confusion, but I am scared of her realizing what and who she truly is, what she represents, for she is more than my mate, my queen. She is my very existence, and the existence of the Lycan race.

“You were My Lost Lycan Luna,” I tell her with a chuckle, hugging her tighter and purring.

“Now you’re my Found Lycan Luna.”