

## Chapter 40

### IVY

"What if I changed you, made you into a Lycan?" the King asks, and my eyes lock onto his. I shake my head, horrified.

I don't want to be an immortal, and I don't want to watch Abbie grow old and die without me; we made a pact that we would go out together. What is he asking? But another thought suddenly occurs to me. Why? Why would he want to change me?

"Why?" I blurt out.

"Because I want to change your title, as I said," he answers.

"By making me a Lycan? That doesn't automatically change my title. And what about Abbie? And what would people think? No, that is a terrible idea, Kyson. They would kill me," I ramble in a panic.

"Who would kill you?" he asks with a menacing growl.

"The other Lycans, everyone who knew what I was before. And it wouldn't automatically change my status just because I would be

immortal. I am still rogue, I would still be a servant, and I don't want to be an enslaved person for eternity!"

What just happened? I can't process anything. My mind feels blank, and I must have continued rambling and blubbering because, finally, he presses a finger to my lips to silence me. The King drops his head against my collarbone.

"Don't you get it, Ivy? You are not understanding. I have been saying it for days. I even told you in the shower; I don't want you as my servant. I want you," he breathes.

"I only know how to be a servant, Kyson—a rogue or slave. That is what I am destined to be," I growl before covering my mouth. "Sorry, I didn't mean to growl at you. I keep doing it. I'm sorry."

"You're coming of age. That's why you keep growling, and your emotions are heightened. Growl at me all you want," he laughs.

I exhale, embarrassed at my outburst. Though, I remember how moody Abbie got before she first shifted. What a traumatizing experience that was. We were forever getting the cane that week, then her shift...

I try not to think about it too often.

Mrs. Daley wouldn't let her go outside under the moon. She explained that the first shift is easier if it is a full moon and you can feel its light.

It induces our animalistic side to come forward faster. I have heard horror stories of no moon for days and some werewolves being stuck in a semi-shifted state.

Mrs. Daley forbade Abbie from going outside and locked us in our tiny room without even a window because she had ordered the handyman to board it up to make her shift more painful.

Abbie screamed for hours, and every time she got too loud, Mrs. Daley would come up and whip her. It got to the point where I ended up muffling her sounds with my hands because I couldn't handle watching her be beaten in that state when she cried out too loudly.

I come back to the present when the King clicks his fingers in front of my face. "Ivy, where did you just go?" he asks, waving his hand in front of me.

"Sorry, I was just thinking."

"Of what? You looked like you were stuck in a nightmare."

"Of Abbie's first shift," I answer, trying to erase her horrid screams from my mind.

"Ah, yes. It isn't pleasant, the first one."

"No, especially when it is a full moon, but you are locked in a room with no windows." I shake the sounds of her screams away; I can remember it as if it was yesterday.

"What?"

"Mrs. Daley, she wouldn't let Abbie go outside, and it was a full moon. One of the cooks, Katrina, was nice when Mrs. Daley wasn't around. She told Abbie to go outside, told her that the transition would be faster if she did. But Mrs. Daley wouldn't let her. She locked us in the room."

"She locked you in the room with a transitioning werewolf?" Kyson asks.

"Yeah, well, we shared a room," I shrug.

"I don't know what I am more horrified at, the fact she locked her away from the moon or the fact she locked her in there with you," the King says, his eyes darkening.

"What do you mean? I'm pretty sure sharing a room with her was the least of her worries; I have seen her naked plenty of times," I tell him.

"No, I mean Abbie could have killed you. Transitioning werewolves are dangerous on their first shift; they can lash out. They struggle to control their wolves in the shift, their baser instincts come out."

My eyes widen in horror. I had no idea. Although Abbie turned a little angrier and snapped at me a few times, I just thought she was in pain. She then lay down on her tummy and I brushed her fur all night, waiting for her to shift back.

"Your headmistress has a lot to answer for regarding yours and Abbie's treatment," the King growls, shaking his head.

"Your shift won't be like that, I promise. I will remain with you."

"But you just said—"

"I will remain with you. A few werewolf bites won't hurt me," he says, cutting me off.

He cups my face with his hand, and the scent of his skin so close to my nose makes me inhale before I lick his wrist. My eyes widen at what I did, and I clamp my lips together, horrified that I just licked him!

However, he snickers and lifts his knees behind me, forcing me closer. He smells heavenly, and I can't help myself; I inhale and sniff him like some deranged freak.

He turns his head up with a smile on his lips as he offers his neck to me, tilting it to the side so I have better access, and some foreign urge comes over me at the sight of it.

I sniff him, running my nose up his throat and down again before stopping in the crook of his neck. His hand slips into my hair, and I try to stop myself. Yet, the urge is too intense... verging on pain. Much to my horror, I lick his neck.

He shivers, pressing me closer when I suddenly bite into him – and I don't mean gently either – like a damn savage animal. It's like I lose all control and the urge just takes over completely. He groans, and I swear I feel his cock twitch beneath me. His blood rushes into my mouth like a slap of clarity in the face.