

# Ascension of a Gamma by C. C. Chapter 76

## Chapter 76 Real Happiness

– Rigel

“The little fucker’s asleep.”

I grinned in triumph. My carbon copy had been crying for hours, keeping everyone wide awake at twenty minutes past twelve on a Friday night! Sabri was lying in bed, her eyes closed, tired from the sleepless nights and early mornings.

I wouldn’t let Mom take care of my kid while I slept. She needed to rest, too, after a long day of feeding the pack.

I could train for hours, spar with every warrior willing to get bruises, but holding a kid and dancing him around for hours... every muscle in my arms screamed at me to let them down on my sides. Funny thing was that he didn’t even weigh much.

A settled man. None of the guys would’ve expected that I’d be the first one. My bachelor days were over, and yet despite the added responsibilities, I was... happier?

I had a beautiful queen in bed, and a little prince in my arms. What more could I ask for?

Mom was over the moon when she found out about us. She was fond of her grandson, too, and was more protective of him than his own Mom. I shrugged. They’d get along. If they didn’t, my head would fucking explode. I had neither the time nor energy for more drama.

Until the construction of my house was completed, we had to stay here.

Thanks to Raixel, Sabri’s parents agreed that we live with my Mom for the time being. Sabri had an older brother, and five cousins in her parent’s house. It was a rowdy environment, not good for the baby.

Adopted by the nice family when she was a rogue at thirteen, she grew up not-so-conservative despite their “teachings”. They found out in the worst case possible.

I wasn’t to blame; they had no sense of privacy at their house. If they didn’t want to catch me on top of their daughter, with her hands tied to the headboard while I was balls deep inside her, and cumming, with no sheets to cover us, they

should've knocked. I'm willing to bet my balls they could still hear her screaming "Daddy". 1.

I could swear I remember locking the door. Then again, maybe I forgot. Sabri was fucking hot. She could easily make all rational thoughts leave my mind and make my dick take control.

Also, who the fuck comes back from a date after an hour?

They should've been going at it like we were and came back when it was safe to assume

Scanned with CamScanner

that everyone was asleep. Her manwhore of a brother went to the club, two of her cousins were out for a sleepover, and the other three sneaked out to get some. So much for a quick lesson on "How To Be Parents". Our first lesson on babysitting, and we both fucked and fucked up. At least we covered both sides of the coin.

I've got no regrets.

It was a fun one hour. And I wouldn't have to go through pain in the ass family gatherings because it was still awkward between me and her parents. They were good people. I was simply not the prince charming they expected for their darling daughter.

Too bad for them. The Goddess had other plans.

I patted my prince's back gently, softly. He was the most delicate thing in the world, second only to his Mom – his lovely, silk-covered Mom. I hummed and slowly, slowly, placed him back down on his crib.

Fuck. He was my son in every way – impossibly handsome.

Since he has my genes, he'd inherited a certain asset. Because which chick in the world would dig worms? A woman had to be satisfied. 1

You're welcome, Raixel.

As I walked back to bed, I shook my arms and stretched my taut neck and back muscles. Slipping in beside her, I placed kisses from her hand up her arm, her shoulders, then her neck. Fuck, she smelled so good. Peaches and cream, and fuck it if that sounded dirty, only I could smell it from her.

"Mm... Rigel..."

She turned to face me and pushed my face back down into my pillow. "I'm tired, baby. Tomorrow."

Tomorrow. Last night, she said tomorrow, and she said the same thing two nights back. "Please... baby?"

From getting it at any time I wanted, I was reduced to begging for sex. She gave birth to my kid. That little fucker came out of her pussy. Fuck, I could still hear her screams. I'd get a vasectomy, but I wanted a little princess and Rain wanted more pups.

It was her body, so her terms. We respected that. So long as we weren't waiting until I turned thirty-five, give or take, thirty-three.

Fuck no. I wouldn't be changing diapers and losing sleep and missing pussy when I was a t that age.

Daddy would be fucking and even a shriveled dick wouldn't stop him.

Life is short. Might as well enjoy it.

Sabri smiled and snuggled closer to me.

"Thank you for taking care of our little prince, Daddy."

My dick stirred. I growled. "Daddy demands a reward, baby."

"If Daddy behaves tonight..."

She placed her hand on the crotch of my boxers and rubbed, hard.

Fuck!

She cupped my balls and played them through the fabric with her fingers. Then she stopped.

"... he'll get a very... special reward," she said sensually, biting and tugging on my lower

lip.

My sweet temptress.

She wrapped an arm around my waist and closed her eyes to sleep like she didn't just rile me up, like I wasn't going to fuck her senseless after what she just did. My dick was half hard and aching. Her scent fueled my arousal.

Fuck it!

I sighed and pinched the bridge of my nose. My queen was exhausted. I should let her sleep. I kissed the top of her head and pulled the sheets higher to cover her.

"Goodnight, baby," I whispered. She responded with a hmmm.

Back down, my friend. Our woman needs her sleep.

I scanned her sleeping face and sighed. I'd forever live with the guilt of what I did. She loved me too much to forgive me. I traced a finger down her cheek, watching as it slide smoothly on her soft skin.

"Beautiful," I whispered.

The pack accepted me like I didn't desert them. They came to the Alpha's rescue, the Beta's, and me. I owed them. Now I had to prove myself worthy of their trust. The initiation was painful, but I was, once again, proudly, the Head Gamma of the Red Claw Pack.

At least from the Delta Unit, I got what I deserved. I trained them well and each one of them hit hard. Who would've thought I'd be their punching bag one day? They finally got a hit on me, and more than once. Good for them.

Currently, the team was on a break. We figured we needed at least a month off to think

things over before deciding what to do for the team next. It was either disband or continue. After all, who had the guts to join the Delta Unit? Almost every high-risk mission was assigned to us.

I lost my men, who I'd go as far as to consider family. They trained under me, shed blood and sweat with me, and I left them behind. I let them die.

The guilt would live with me. There was no cure. It was my penance for rejecting everyone. The least I could do now was look after those they'd left behind.

Thinking about it now, Maya would've kicked me in the balls. She was a scorching sun that deprived me of water yet gave me life. This was what she would've wanted for me.

I agree. I was... dare I say it, happy.

My brothers had found their own happiness. Lexy finally found her mate and the three of us approved of Carson. Anna was a hundred and one percent genuinely happy for them. We knew of the curse, but he did care for our little sister. And Lexy was the softest around him. She had a weakness we could exploit, and I couldn't wait to take advantage should the opportunity rises.

Andrix and I became close friends. He was a great guy to hang out with, until Gale was near him and he'd fucking lose control. Gale should tie him on their bed or something.

They were moving on from their pasts and looking forward to the future. I should, too. I loved my family, especially that little cockblock, second only to his Mom.

It still felt surreal. I had my own family now – a wife, a kid, and more kids... soon. It was time for me to let go. It was time for me to be happy.

Thank you, Maya.

"Thank you, Sabri," I whispered. I pulled her closer to me, inhaling her scent. Mine and mine alone. I wasn't sharing her with anyone, not even my kids. Their Mom belonged to me.

I closed my eyes, my mind peaceful for the first time in nights. The silence comfortable, and the darkness called.

I smiled. *My two babies' breathing an oddly soothing sound. I've made a little world for myself. It wasn't much but it was something real. And I truly was, very, very, happy.*

## Ascension of a Gamma by C. C. Chapter 77

### Chapter 77 Sour Brownies

– Liam

"Babe, I'm sorry. You told me I can have it."

I ate the last brownie on the fridge and forgot to bake more since I spent the day in the office. For the mean time, I was handling two packs because I didn't want her to stress herself over pack matters. She was on board with the idea. It gave her more time to read books and nap – she'd been napping at almost after every hour.

When she was in the mood for boring paperwork, she'd join me. I enjoyed her company – things finish faster, and her mood would lighten up at the Black Mist Pack's reports which were usually on their progress on the numerous programs implemented to help stabilize their position.

I didn't get yelled at or pushed away for being smelly, even though I just took a shower, or have to deal with an emotional breakdown.

When she was in a good, I was in a good mood. There was peace in the house. And if she was really in a good mood, we'd make love. Everything was good.

However, today wasn't a good day for either of us. Anna was unhappy, pissed, and angry at me over one fucking brownie!

Anna crossed her arms and huffed.

"I never said you could!"

I swear on the Goddess's name that she was smiling as she said I can have the last brownie. In the future, I'd never eat the last of anything. She'd have to force it on my mouth herself so we wouldn't have this discussion again.

"I'll make you some more," I offered.

It was the only thing I could think of. She wouldn't eat brownies unless they were baked, by none other than me.

She glared at me. This wasn't going to work. As my head solved equations, Luca was silent.

Just when I needed him.

We got her pregnant – we should both be responsible for everything that came with it!

"I want it now!" she screamed.

"Babe...", I said softly, taking her hand.

You're being unreasonable

She pulled her hand away and stomped out of the kitchen.

"I'll make you more than last time!" I yelled after her.

She came back, a smile on her face.

"You will?" she asked, her eyes sparkling.

I want to take a nap, too.

"Yes," I answered, and she squealed then hugged me. At least I didn't smell now. I hugged her back gently, taking in her scent.

"Can you make me sour brownies?" she asked.

"Babe, -" I started, my mind working out a list of every sour food I could add on a brownie, before adding, "-brownies are made... sweet."

The change in her expression made me regret my words. Her lips pulled down into a scowl as she narrowed her eyes at me. Her hands fell to her sides, then she bit her lower lip.

Oh, no. No, no, no, no, no... not this Anna!

This was the sad and overcritical Anna. She was the most difficult to deal with because her tears were my weakness. SAO Anna made me feel helpless. In the worst case so far of a SAO Anna, I had to hold back from crying too. Her SAOness was contagious and I wasn't getting immune to it the more she came out. There was only one thing good thing that came out SAO Anna, but it was a rare occurrence. It happened only once.

Her lips quivered then she let out a cry. Tears fell down her cheeks.

"Babe, babe, don't cry. I'll make you sour brownies, alright? All the sour brownies you want."

"No... you don't want me to eat brownies because it makes me... fa-a-at," she cried.

Goddess, help me.

I hugged her then kissed the top of her head.

"No, babe. You're not fat. You're carrying our baby," I said softly as I stroked her hair.

She sniffled.

"Ba-by," she repeated.

It's working!

"That's right. You look so beautiful wearing this dress, babe. Look at you – you're glowing!"

She giggled.

It's a good sign.

"You're the most beautiful in the world, babe. I'm so lucky to have you."

She pursed her lips. "You are?"

"Of course, I am! See, I'm going to make you sour brownies so how about you take a nap and I'll wake you up when they're ready."

"Alright," she said, yawning. She kissed my cheek then turned around, stretching her arms over her head.

Can't believe that worked.

As I thought about how to make a brownie – a universally sweet treat since its first creation – taste sweet and sour, I heard Anna squeal in the living room.

"Hey, Liam!" said Andrix, handing Anna a decorated box.

I didn't know we were expecting guests – at nine in the evening!

"We brought you... specially made chocolates!" He opened the box for her, and she squealed, hugging him immediately.

So, when it's her uncle, HE doesn't smell?

"Thank you!"

I glared at Gale and he got the signal. While I was truly happy for the two of them, couldn't he put a leash on his mate and tie him to their bed?

"Now that that's done, we really should get going," said Gale.

"And Anna here needs to take a nap," I replied, pulling her to my side. She was stuffing her mouth with chocolates, not paying any attention to us.

"Sure," said Andrix after a short pause. "Goodnight, Alpha."

"Mm-mm..."

"Hey there, Bella," said Carson, getting in with Lexy.

Why are they here?

He held up a bag for her, saying, "We didn't know what you'd like so we bought you pickled cucumbers, pickled papaya, pickled red onions..."

He took out a pack of something yellow then continued. "...pickled radish... we bought this at a Korean store. Lexy said you'd crave for sour foods."



“Thank you, Car!” she said, hugging him.

Can I add pickles to brownies?

“Sometimes I think you got these two pregnant, bro,” said Lexy as Anna hugged her

next.

“You’re all here,” said a new guest.

Why are they all here?

Rigel, like the rest of them, invited himself in and gave Anna a quick hug. He handed her a fruit basket.

A fucking fruit basket!

Can’t they all wait until tomorrow?

And all it had were mangoes. I took it from him on Anna’s behalf because she just had to hug him longer. Apparently, everyone else smelled alright to her and only I stank from time to time that she’d even kick me out of our room!

I took all of their presents to the kitchen as she chatted with them. I took a deep breath for ten seconds, then I felt her hands run along my waist to my stomach as she hugged me from behind.

“Are you mad?” she asked.

“No.”

“Jealous?”

“No.”

She inhaled deeply then exhaled loudly.

Do I smell good now?

“I still prefer your brownies,” she said softly. “And hot chocolate. And everything you cook for me.”

I sighed, turned around, and kissed her hard. Was the rare occurrence repeating itself?

“Do you want to try those pickles?” I asked.

She nodded. As I washed the mangoes, she tried whatever she wanted.

“Gross...”

“Expired?” I asked, alarmed.

I saw what she was holding and smiled. I didn’t like pickled red onions, too. I took it from

her and put it aside, to be thrown to the trash later.

“Mangoes?”

She shook her head. “Woodland.”

I didn’t know what she meant, but when she pulled me down into a kiss, it didn’t matter. She tasted like pickled red onions – the one thing I couldn’t stomach. It just tasted... awful.

I made a move to pull away, but she wouldn’t let me.

I see.

“Are you feeling sorry for me?”

She looked to the side. “No.”

Not very convincing when I can smell you.

“Is this your apology?”

“No.”

I smiled and tipped her jaw, so she’d look at me. How could I stay mad at you? I kissed her slowly, missing her closeness. She’d been denying me the simplest forms lately. I understood it had something to do with the changes she was going through, but sometimes, it was frustrating.

“I love you, hot chocolate,” she said under her breath.

“I love you, too, brownies,” I replied, sliding her off the stool with her legs crossed at my back and going out the kitchen before she recalled her order of sour brownies.