

Mated To The King's Gamma by Jessica Hall, Mated To The King's Gamma

Chapter 21

All day Ivy and I worked around the castle. Clarice was in an excitable mood, and the place seemed to buzz with energy. Clarice even let me choose my own chores halfway through the day, as long as I kept Ivy away from the kitchen area. I thought the request a little odd, but agreed, so we spent it outside raking while throwing the leaves at each other.

It was the most fun, and even Peter and the gardener joined in for a little bit before Damian scolded them and told them to both get back to work. Both Ivy's guard and Damian followed Ivy like they were her shadow, but even Dustin and Beta Damian joined when we had our leaf fight after Peter left. It was great spending the day with Ivy. The day was very relaxed, but like everything, it eventually came to an end when Beta Damian called out to Ivy.

"My queen, it is time to go in. I think a storm is coming, and it is best you come inside before it rains," he states, turning his attention to her.

"Just a while longer, please?" Ivy begged him, but he shook his head. Looking to the sky, I noticed the clouds rolling in, and it did indeed look like a storm was approaching. Even the wind had picked up, blowing the leaves around the garden area. Thunder sounded in the distance, and a few streaks of lightning.

"I'm sorry, my Queen, but I must insist. The king wants you in bed by 8 PM," Beta Damian tells hers. Ivy looks a little disappointed but knows she can't go against the King.

"Fine, but stop calling me your Queen" Ivy says. Damian chuckles and clicks his tongue.

"As you wish," he says, giving her a nod.

Ivy and I say goodbye, and I no longer know what to do with myself. I join the other servants for dinner. After dinner, though, Clarice was still buzzing with excitement, and I watched as she hummed excitedly.

When the servants leave to go about their duties, I go to see if there is anything I can help with. And she shakes her head.

"No, Abbie. Maybe go see if the cleaner needs help." She offers, and I wander off, yet they all tell me no. It was too early for bed, and I couldn't see Ivy, so I wandered back to Clarice, who quickly put a sheet over whatever she was working on

“Clarice?” I ask as she makes herself busy. Whatever she was working on was pretty big. Clarice sighs.

“I do need a little help, but you must promise not to tell Ivy. It is a surprise,” Clarice says, and I beam; a surprise for Ivy? I bounce on my heels.

“The king asked me to make a cake for her birthday tomorrow,”

“Wait, her birthday isn’t for a few more weeks,” Clarice shakes her head.

“No, she is showing signs of shifting. The King noticed. We believe her birthday is tomorrow, or maybe the next day, but the king wants to throw a party for her tomorrow when he returns.”

My eyes light up. Ivy and I had never had a party before, and I was excited to help. Ivy, I knew she would love it.

“Promise not to tell Ivy. I don’t want her surprise ruined,” Clarice asks.

“I promise, I can’t wait to see her face,” I tell her, and Clarice smiles.

“Neither can I. I have been working on this cake all day, and I am making petals for edible flowers, so you can help if you want.” I nod eagerly. I would do anything to help bring a smile to Ivy’s face. So we set to work late into the night, making a massive cake.

Clarice even let me scrape the icing with a spoon and eat while she put on the last finishing touches. I can’t wait to see the look on Ivy’s face when she sees it. We even made matching cupcakes that sat along the different tiers.

When we were finally finished with the cake, I helped decorate the ballroom, and by the time I climbed into bed; I was exhausted but excited for what tomorrow would bring. I was also excited to see Gannon.

Buzzing with excitement, I found it impossible to sleep, so I pulled the sketch pad and pencils. I was so absorbed in my drawing hadn’t realized it was 1 AM when Dustin knocked on my door. He pushes the door open just as I close the sketch pad I was drawing of Gannon’s Lycan side.

“Beta Damian requests your presence in the King’s quarters,” he tells me, and I jump to my feet.

“Is Ivy Okay?” I ask in a panic. However, Dustin says nothing, just holds the door open, and nods for me to follow him. I don’t even bother to put my shoes on, instead racing after him to the King’s quarters when I hear Ivy crying out from behind the door. I burst through the door and stop dead in my tracks when I find her writhing on the bed, holding her tummy. Damian hovered nearby. speaking softly to her and trying to calm her down.

“What’s wrong with her?” I asked, rushing to her side, but I don’t think she realized I was there as I caressed her hair away from her face. “She is fretting for the King,” Damian tells me.

“Fretting?” I ask, looking between Dustin and Beta Damian, who both nod.

I had no idea what they were talking about, yet it was apparent Ivy was in pain. For a while, I try to calm her down. She calms as I spoon her, and after a while, her breathing evens out, and we eventually fall asleep after she cries herself to sleep. It wasn’t until felt hands scoop me up in the early hours of the morning that I woke to Liam picking me up. .

“Go back to sleep,” he whispers, and I glance around and yawn. “Is Gannon back yet?” I ask him, and he purrs before staring down at me. “Go back to sleep,” he orders, and my eyes snap shut, and I am sucked under only to awaken in Gannon’s bed around lunchtime.

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Chapter 22

Gannon POV

I had counted every strike against the old hag’s back, watched as she hung limp in the restraint as my eyes wandered to the packhouse which the King had yet to emerge from. My brows furrowed, and I glanced around at the guards. I was so preoccupied with dealing with Mrs. Daley that I hadn’t realized the King was still inside the packhouse.

I wipe my hands on my jeans which were drenched in blood from the back spray from off the whip. “He still in there?” I ask one of the men standing guard by the doors. He nods his head.

“Yes, Gamma, we tried to go in, but he told us not to disturb him,” the man spoke, and I raised an eyebrow at him as I climbed the steps before shoving the rickety old door in. Alpha Dean and Alpha Brock were sitting on the steps in the hallway.

“Where is the King?” I ask before Alpha Dean lifts a shaking finger and points toward the basement door.

“He told us to get out and wait up here,” Alpha Dean says, and by how pale he was, something had scared the life right out of the old man. As I opened the door, I could hear the King muttering and cursing at myself for leaving him on his own.

Walking down the steps, I knew instantly he wasn't in the right state of mind by his aura that had my knees shaking and the

goosebumps that rose every hair on my body. That proven more by the moment my feet touched the concrete floor, and I peered over at him where he stood by a table in the center of the dusty old room. The place was floor to ceiling high in boxes and files.

His entire body tensed as he sensed the incoming intruder. One side of the King everyone was petrified of. The monster that lurked beneath the skin of this man. In this form, he was the biggest predator, a lethal beast, and he showed it within seconds of me spotting him.

One minute, he was standing by the table under the hanging light. The next, his hands gripped my shirt's front, and I was airborne as he tossed me. The air fizzled in my lungs as I hit a stack of boxes.

"Kyson!" I choked as his fist connected with my head. I growl before it's cut off by his hands around my throat. I grip his wrists, only for him to lift and slam me onto the table that he was standing over when I came down here.

Damian usually dealt with him when he was in fits of rage, and usually, the King kept this part of him locked up tight until it exploded as it had now.

"Kyson!" I choked out as his grip tightened. His eyes were black and plagued with the horrors of his past, where he couldn't protect his sister, a past full of bloodshed and unimaginable horrors. A place he was currently trapped in, like the nightmares that plagued him, and I was yet to figure out what had triggered him.

I tilt my head to the side just as his fist comes down on the table before punching him in the ribs. His grip never waivers as he hits me again, and I heard the wood crack as my head smashed back against the table. He would forgive me because I wasn't taking a pounding from him, and he clearly wanted to burn off some anger.

For what I would figure out after, as he raised his clawed fist again, I shifted under his grip, his tight grip making the transition painful as my neck elongated and the bones in my face broke and shifted, my jaws locked around his fist catching it and I jam my claws in his ribs.

He grunts, stunned by the sudden pain he felt, that momentary distraction making his grip on my throat lessens, and my claws slip free of him as he staggered back, allowing me to roll off the table. Only this time, I was ready and prepared for his attack.

By the time he came back to his senses, I don't think there was an inch of either of us that wasn't torn, scratched or bruised. His anger diminished as his eyes settled on me,

the King returning and f**k, Damian is going with him next time. Every part of me ached and stung.

The King gasps, blinking. His eyes return to normal as he sits up from where I tossed him off. The basement was destroyed, and I took comfort in knowing I would not be cleaning it.

“Gannon?”

“My King,” I replied, baring my neck to him, hoping not to set him off again. We both breathed heavily, and I felt every bit of the 411 years I spent on this earth.

“You want to tell me what that was about?” I ask him trying to catch my breath as he shifted back. He leaned back against the

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bench and crooked shelf, bracing his arms on his knees. I still wasn't shifting back, not yet. He was unpredictable at the best of times yet emotional at ticking time bomb running of instinct.

He clutches his hair in his fists, and I leave the question instead of getting up and upturning what was left of the table, the papers scattered across the floor. I was near tempted to go drag Alpha Dean down here when he didn't answer when I spotted some photographs. One of the women I could barely recognize because she was ripped apart but the two orphanage photos of the two little girls I recognized instantly,

“This has something to do with Ivy?”

“She belongs to that monster,” Kyson breathes, and I glance over my shoulder to find him resting his head back on the shelf and staring at the swinging light.

I turn back to the paperwork, picking up scattered pieces and trying to figure out his words when I spot a photo of a woman! recognized as Marrissa Talbot, the woman responsible for killing his sister.

It didn't take long before I realized what he meant; Marrissa was Ivy's mother. “F**k!” I curse, knowing full well what that woman's crimes were.

“I can't be with her, not after knowing who mothered her,”

"We don't know for certain," I mutter, picking up more files only to stumble across Abbie's. I stacked the documents in a pile.

"I am certain that she isn't her mother, Kyson. How you could even entertain the idea of them being one and the same is beyond me. Besides, that girl was a child and not part of her mother's crimes if she is, in fact, her daughter," I tell him.

"And if she is, what do I do with her, then?" Kyson asks me.

"Does it matter? She is your mate!" I tell him while gathering all the documents.

"I won't have a monster for a mate!"

"Ivy is not her mother? You can't blame her for the crimes of her mother,"

"I can't punish her mother for her crimes, yet she left behind a daughter that I can!" he growls before storming out of the basement

"F**k!" I curse, gathering everything and moving after him. The place was destroyed as if someone had left off a bomb downstairs, and I shook my head at the mess before following after the King.

I hear him barking orders at his men that he wants to leave. Yet I turned to Alpha Dean as he rose to his feet from where he still sat on the steps. "You couldn't have told us this over the d**n phone or faxed this c**p?" I asked, shaking it in the p***k's face. He said nothing, and I looked at his pathetic son.

"You'll need to retrieve a broom," I tell him. If it were me, I would lock the door and declare the basement no longer exist as the place was upturned thoroughly. Kyson was still arguing with his men to hurry and secure the place. He was impatient and wanted to leave, yet we had protocols before that was possible.

I click my fingers at the driver, who jumps in the front seat before I look around at the men. "Forget it. Mark, go ahead of us. We leave now unless you want him tearing this pack apart," I tell the man, and he runs to one of the cars. The King wasn't bing to wait, and I sure as s**t didn't feel like chasing him on foot if he decided to run out his anger.

Climbing into the car, I slid across the seat and shut the door. The car took off immediately, and the King was looking for clothes. After dropping the documents on the seat, I leaned forward and lifted the bench seat with the storage underneath. I toss him some clothes stealing a pair of shorts and a tank top out as well.

I pulled them on, jerking sideways as the limo went around corners before tugging the shirt over my head. The King's aura was suffocating in the small space, and Damian would kill me when he found out, but he wasn't the one having to sit with him, so I reached into the fridge and pulled out some bottle of liquor. I go to hand him a glass

when he twists the cap off and puts the bottle to his lips before I can. Liquor dribbles down his chin as he pulls the bottle from his lips before wiping his face on the back of his hand and sighs.

We all knew he was an alcoholic. He had been since his sister died, and right now, I wasn't helping the issue, but him drunk I could handle. I didn't feel like going round two with him right now and it sure as hell wouldn't be the first or the last time I watch him find himself in the bottom of a bottle or two.

Halfway through the third bottle, he was passed out drunk. It was a long drive back, and I was relieved when I watched his eyes

grow heavier before his head slumped forward. Sighing, I took the bottle from his grip and sat next to the two empty ones. Tapping on the screen between the driver and me. The drive wound down the window.

"He's out?" the driver asked, sounding as relieved as I felt. His aura towards the end was making me queasy, so I knew he would be the same. "Thank god!" he answers when I see his eyes dart to the mirror.

We chat a bit, and he pulls over briefly, allowing the cars behind us to catch up and drive ahead while I hop out for a smoke. I retrieve a blanket from the trunk, and the driver goes in, tucking the King in like a d**n child. Usually, that was done by Damian, the tucking in of the King when he got in that state.

Today, I tasked his driver, Bill, with it. He always felt regret the days after or embarrassment, but I had a feeling this wouldn't be the last of his anger.

The driver hops back in the car just as three cars pull up behind us, three had gone ahead of us now. I toss the last of my smoke, climbing back in with the King. Retrieving the files, I decided to go over them to find out more about Marrissa, and I also wanted to take a peek at Abbie's files.

Not much was said about Marrissa because, by the looks of it, Alpha Dean wasn't even aware of who his pack had killed.

-I shook my head and set that file aside before pulling out Abbie's. I open it to the orphanage photo, which must have been taken

that night they were found. She looked petrified as she stared at the camera, her childlike eyes wide with fear and blood-drenched her clothes. Turning the page, I nearly dropped the files when I found her parent's ID.

More importantly, when I found her mother's. That's not possible. I watched her die; I watched her die, and I knew she was dead because I killed her myself.

I blinked at the picture; her face exactly the way I remembered it, a face similar to Abbie's. The resemblance was uncanny, yet when I looked at the name, it was wrong except for the last name. This wasn't the woman I loved and destroyed name, yet! looked at the woman in the picture and the last name.

This woman looked exactly like my mate. Identical, and now I figured out the allure I had to her. Liam was right. I could no longer deny it, and now I know why they shared such a resemblance because I had a feeling the woman I was staring at in the photo was my mate's twin.

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Chapter 23

Gannon POV

It took a while for the King to wake up from his drunken stupor, and the moment he does, he reaches for the bottle. I snatched it, needing him to come to his senses, needing his word he wouldn't hurt her. Which, in turn, would hurt Abbie. He loves Ivy. Everyone in the castle is aware of his affections toward the girl, and for once, the castle and everyone in it can finally breathe. We all lived with his depression, lived with his anger and torment. Watched him destroy himself and blame himself. None of us wanted to see him go back to that dark place, and I also worried that he would lose his Kingdom if he couldn't see past who her parents were.

Kyson reaches forward to s****h the bottle, but I pull it away. I'll give it to you. First, we need to talk," I tell him. He was far too drunk to cause me any real damage, his eyes bloodshot, and he reeked of liquor.

We still had a couple more hours left before we reached home, and he needed to either get his frustration and anger out now or talk it out. Either I was fine with. Everyone back home has prayed for the miracle that the king would find his mate, find someone to help tame him, and bring him back to us, and Ivy was doing that without even knowing it. . .

"Gannon!" Kyson growls, but I fold the bottle in my arms as I cross them over my chest. He sighs.

"I'll talk, but give me the d**n bottle." I raise an eyebrow at him.

"No, talk first, then depending on how I feel about your mood afterward is whether I will return it," I tell him. He presses his lips in a line. He could command me, but I knew some part of him knew he needed me to prevent him from letting the monster inside of him out; his father would command anyone and everyone. You never held a normal conversation with that man.

Even though Kyson respected and loved his father, we all know that was why he hated commanding his men. Though he seems to get a kick out of using that and his calling on Ivy. At first, it shocked Damian and me. We both put it down to it being a mate thing and his alpha instincts to keep her under control and safe.

One thing I liked about him being king was he would give you a chance to answer, only using his command when needed or if you truly pissed the Alpha King off. Rarely would you see him use it? He didn't need to most of the time because he earned the respect of his people, and they answered truthfully though sometimes I wondered if he was a little too trusting.

He strived to be a better man than his father, who was a right p***k, not that anyone told Kyson that. We dance the line when it comes to mentioning his father. Kyson had always looked up to him despite him putting so much pressure on his son when he was alive that it almost killed him.

He endured his father for his sister's sake growing up so she didn't have to. Once she was gone, I lost count on the number of times Damian, Liam, and I had to pull him back from the brink of madness and stop him from ending it, and oh, how he had tried. His sister was his to protect, and he believed he failed her because of Marrison Talbot, and now he had a constant reminder in his mate.

If I had known this was what Alpha Dean wanted to speak to him about, Damian and I would have covered it up, so he never found out. This piece of information wasn't needed and would only cause harm, and looking at Kyson, I could tell he wanted to hurt Marrison in the only way he could now, and that was through Ivy.

"She isn't her mother," I tell him and the low growl that leaves him.

"Alpha Dean could be lying," I continue when he says nothing.

"Kyson, you know the pact you had us all make. It may have been years ago, but it hasn't changed. We can't allow you to kill her. We will put you down if you try."

"I'm not stupid, Gannon, I know that. I wouldn't kill her, anyway." I let out a breath of relief that was very short-lived.

"Because if I did, I would only be killing myself, and that means that b***h won in eradicating the royal families." I groan. That's not the answer I wanted to hear.

"Let me double check with Ivy. I don't want you near her until we are sure, and you need to speak to Damian about this. Her safety depends on it," I tell him. His eyes flicker, turning black as coal. His canines slipped out.

"You won't hurt her," I tell him.

Then what? I can't keep her either; I don't f*****g want to look at Marrison's spawn every d**n second,"

"Well, you can't keep her locked up in the f*****g dungeons; I won't allow it,"

"It isn't your choice, she is my mate, and I am f*****g King." He bellows.

"Right now, the only thing you are is a f*****g idiot. Now you need to pull yourself together. You need to see past which her mother was!" I snapped at him when he growled, leaning forward on his seat.

His claws slip out, cutting into the leather upholstery, and I curse, knowing what he wants. He wants to forget, wants to drown himself with the bottle, and clearly, I wasn't getting anywhere and need to hope Damian got through to him because I can't.

"Promise me you won't do anything stupid. Promise you won't destroy your bond,"

"I can't promise that," he says, and I grit my teeth.

"At least promise to speak with Damian before you do anything you will regret, Kyson. You're upset, and if you break the little trust you have built with her, you will regret it, and if you harm her!" I don't finish. He knows what will happen if he tries to kill her. We all took the same pact. A pact he made us take after losing his sister.

That no matter the circumstance, if his future mate's life is in danger, we are to choose her over him, every time, no matter what. If it comes to her and him. We take a bullet for her and let him die. That was the pact we chose to take, and he begged us to take it. That goes for him, too. He tries to kill her, and we would be forced to put him down to save her.

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Chapter 24

"I promise I will speak to Damian first," Kyson tells me and I s**k in a breath of relief.

"You go straight to Damian. I want your word. You won't sneak off to your office. You won't go look for her. Give me your word, Kyson, that you will go to him." He was furious, but he also knew I was right. Damian was his calm place.

Those two were more like brothers who had some strange understanding. Kyson was like my brother, but those two were synced in some odd way, literally an extension of each other being raised like brothers side by side. Endured the same torment at the

hands of his father. Damian was also the only one if I couldn't talk him down that he usually could.

"Fine, just give me the drink,"

"I want to hear you say it?"

"I will go straight to Damian, okay," I sigh before I relent and pass him the bottle. He takes it, and I don't miss the tremble of his hands as he twists off the cap. Usually, that only happened the few times we tried to get him sober. It never lasted long before we gave up. His tremors would always be terrible, and we hated seeing him like that. The King was an alcoholic, everyone knew it, yet with Ivy, we saw hope because it was apparent he tried to not drink himself into a stupor with her.

I don't know when I fell asleep, but I woke to Liam shaking me. I was still in the limo and jumped, startled, glancing around before realizing the King was no longer in the car with me.

"You wanna get inside? The King went on a warpath and had Ivy escorted out of the castle,"

"What?" I asked, scrambling to undo my seatbelt. When I fail, my claws slip out, and I slice it shoving past Liam and moving toward to door.

"What happened?" Liam asks, but I don't have time to explain. "Is she safe? Did he hurt her?" I ask Liam, marching inside the castle.

"Her hand was busted up pretty badly,"

"He hurt her?" I snarl.

"Dustin said he didn't intentionally. He is with her," Liam tells me as I turn for the stairs to find Abbie screaming at the guard and Clarice trying to calm her down.

"Abbie, wait. Dustin won't hurt her. They can't hurt her,"

"She already is f*****g hurt! I want to go with her. Let me f*****g pass," she growls, and I watch her eyes glow. What in the f*****g madness was going on? I had never seen her raise her voice at anyone, but right now, she looked like a cornered animal about to attack. Clarice grips her arm, yanking her back when she tries to shove past the guard, who looked like he didn't know what to do, but I knew if she got too loud, he would be forced to remove her from the castle.

"Liam!" | growl. This wasn't something I had time for. It would be up to him to deal with her. Yet the moment I spoke the word, and she heard my voice, she turned to me. Relief floods her features, and she rushes over.

"Tell him to let me pass, the King.. he had them take her, Gannon," she says, glaring back at the guard. She turns around to face me, and I press my lips in a line. Her eyes scrutinize my face for a second, and she takes a step back from me.

"You already know," she says.

"Liam just told me I will handle it,"

"Tell the guard to let me pass,"

"I can't do that," I tell her, knowing doing that could cause more drama for Ivy.

"Yes, you f*****g can. You're third in command, are you not? Tell him to take me to her."

"I will handle it. I will bring her back into the castle. I need to speak to the King first."

"F**k the King, that b*****d-" Liam clamps his hand over her mouth as my heart sputters in my chest at her words. She threatens the King and if she will have every guard on her in seconds.

"Shh, Abs," Liam whispers to her. I grip her shoulders, trying to calm her down. It's one thing trying to get Ivy back in the castle. The King has no ties to Abbie besides Ivy, and she steps out of line. I know he would have no problems kicking her off castle grounds.

Chapter 24

"She'll be fine. I will stay wherever he sent her if I have to," I tell her with a sigh. The strange bond they shared, I don't think I would ever understand.

Both girls were almost mute, obedient, and terrified of their shadows half the time, yet would risk their own lives for each other without hesitation. I hated seeing Abbie like this. It was almost as if she needed Ivy, like she needed air to breathe and vice versa.

Her entire body shook with her rage and fear for the girl. Her nostrils flare as she glares at me, her eyes flicking between hers and her wolf side.

"I will take you to her, but for now, I need to help calm down the king," I tell her, stepping away from her. I head for the stairs, f*****g livid.

"What do you want me to do with her?" Liam mind links

"Make sure she doesn't threaten the king and get herself killed," I tell Liam.

I make my way to the King's quarters and shove the door open. The moment I did, anger so hot coursed through me. He gave me his word that he would speak with

Damian first. If he had, this never would have happened. He turns to face me the moment walk in, and he snarls, which only angers me more. How could he?

Does he not realize how lucky he is to have a mate that f*****g wants him? To have his mate at all. Mine was dead and buried in the f*****g woods, and every day I have lived with that. Every day for nearly twenty years, I wished I could take that back; the pain she caused me was better than the hollow, empty feeling her death left behind. I wished I could take back what I did back then, and he was making the same d**n f*****g mistake. Only his reasoning was f*****g ridiculous. She didn't hurt him; she did nothing to him.

For twenty years, I lived in torture until Abbie came along. He kills her or breaks their bond. There is no coming back from that. He just couldn't control his d**n temper, and seeing that made me lose mine.

"Where is Ivy?" I demand while looking around the room, his hand's fist by his sides, and I growl at him when he sneers at the mention of her name.

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Chapter 25

My temper got the better of me as my fingers gripped his shirt, and I slammed him against the wall.

"Where is my f*****g queen?" I screamed in his face just as the door flung open, distracting me, only for him to punch me. I grunt before he kicks me, sending me flying backward into the bookshelf. The books rattle, and some fall off the shelving as I lunged at him. Only Damian gets between us and shoves me back. I growl, pointing at him, feral with rage.

"You have made a f*****g mistake, King or not; I won't stand by this. Now, where is our Queen?" I snarl at him, my voice raising. Damian, caught between us, looked at us both, trying to figure out what was going on.

"Will someone tell me what happened and why you just made me put her in the f*****g stables?" Damian demands. "You f*****g b*****d, you f*****g promised. She isn't her mother." I spit at him. He said he would speak with Damian, but he didn't.

"Who, what in the world happened when you were gone, and who are you talking about?" Damian demanded. Kyson could explain it to him as he should have when he got back. For now, I needed to verify that Marrison was her mother because he very

well may have done this for no reason, not that his motivation was good enough in my eyes.

“Fix it, I swear, Kyson, I have stuck by you for f*****g decades, never opposed anything you have asked, but if you don’t fix this, am walking, King or not, I am f*****g done,” I warn him before heading to the door.

“Where are you going?’ Damian demands as I move toward the door. I stop, my hand on the door handle.

“To see my queen,” I snap. The King growls at me. But he may be too stubborn to see the error of his ways, but I wasn’t going to continue watching him kill himself because he can’t leave the past in the past. I refuse to watch him toss her aside and expect us to go back to living on eggshells around him.

“Wait, just f*****g wait until I know what’s going on,” Damian snarls at us both. I snap but close the door and fold my arms across his chest, worried I may just attack him again if I don’t.

“Now, explain,” Damian says.

“Marissa Talbot is Ivy’s mother,” Kyson tells him while shaking his head and muttering too low for me to hear.

“What?” Damian asks, clearly shocked by this information.

“The Werewolf hunter, the one that killed my sister and the other Lycan bloodlines. Her mother was the insider. She was the one that killed them,” Kyson growled as if we weren’t aware of her crimes.

“That’s what Alpha Dean had to tell you?” Damian gasps, looking between us. I snarl when I watch the King walk to his bar to drown my sorrows so he wouldn’t have to deal with them.

“Wait, that is why you sent her to the f*****g stables, Kyson. For something her mother did?” Damian asks, outraged.

“He f*****g said he would leave it, forget about it; she is innocent. She didn’t f*****g kill your sister Kyson,” I snap at him.

“You think I don’t know that?” Kyson roared. Yet with the look on his face, I could tell he was conflicted. His heart was here with her, but his mind was trapped in the past with how he found his sister.

“What about her father?” Damian asks,

“They are trying to figure out his link, but we believe it was her partner, but we also think he wasn’t aware of the crimes bestowed on his wife. We found nothing on him. That’s why we are late,” I explain.

“And you’re sure it’s her parents?” Damian asks, sitting down and rubbing both hands down his face.

“He was supposed to show a picture to Ivy to make sure, but instead, I come up here and find out she has been taken to the f*****g stables,” I growl.

“Gannon enough, it may not be right what he did, but stop. Just let me think,” Damian says. I press my lips in a line, waiting for his orders.

“Go, take a photo to Ivy, verify it is her mother,” Damian says, and I nod, walking out. Abbie was waiting for me with Clarice at the bottom of the stairs. Liam had taken the guard’s position by the doors, and relief flooded me when I saw she hadn’t been removed from the castle.

“What did he say?” Abbie said, rushing up the last couple of steps as I walked toward her. “Nothing, I am going to see her now.”

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“I will come with you,” she says, and I sigh. I wasn’t sure what state she was in, and I looked at Clarice, and she nodded to my silent message. That woman could read me like a d**n book.

“How about first we go clean up, then we can take her a cupcake for her birthday,” I almost groaned hearing that. That’s right. The Queen would shift any day now, and Damian had told me Kyson promised to be there. It was also why he was so hesitant to leave her, not wanting to miss it.

“No, I want to see her. She would be petrified, please,” Abbie pleads, and I grip her face in my hands.

“You will see her, I promise. Just stay with Clarice. I need to speak to Ivy, then you can come down.”

“Speak with her? You say that if she did something wrong, I have been with her all day. She has done nothing that-” she sighs, and I glance at Liam, who nods his head, and I know he must have told her to watch what she says because she doesn’t finish.

I tug her closer, and she pushes off my chest with her hands, but I hold her tighter. Not caring that we had witnesses, yet her body

nt invades my senses, and it seems to have the same effect on her because she stops struggling to get out of my grip.

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“I promise. Damian, and I will handle the king, but for now, you just need to be patient.”

“I want to see her,” she says, and I kiss her forehead.

“Let me speak with her first,” I tell her before letting her go. She chews her lip before realizing we had witnesses, and her cheeks turn red. Liam and Clarice say nothing about it then Clarice waves her over.

“Come, you can help pick out which cupcake she wants, and we should find her something warm to wear,” Clarice tells her, and tears fill Abbie’s eyes, but she nods, storming off toward the kitchen. I sigh and walk toward the door when Liam grabs my arm.

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