

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

Chapter 26

"You should know Trey is down there with Dustin." my brows furrow at his words.

"So?" I ask, wondering why I need to know this useless information.

"He wasn't here when the pact was made," Liam says, and I realize that meant if the King ordered him to kill her would. "I handle it," I tell him.

spoke to the driver, who apparently let it slip to Trey what happened. His reaction to the news is somewhat worrisome," Liam tells me.

"How so?" I ask.

"He was quick to escort her out," Liam tells me and nods, heading toward the stables. The air was cold, and I would have to send someone to get firewood. I wouldn't allow my Queen to freeze down here. Approaching the stables, I hear Dustin snap at Trey.

"F**k the king," Dustin snaps, and I walk in just as Trey moves to challenge him. Dustin sets the bandages down that he was using to try to wrap Ivy's hand that was b****y. He moves to stand in front of her, clearly not liking Trey's presence near her.

"Yes, f**k the King. Remember where your loyalties lie, Trey." I snarl, and he pauses as Dustin straightens. He was a stupid man challenging Dustin.

I don't care if he was once part of the Landeena's guard when the Kingdom existed, Dustin was part of my men, and if push came to shove, I would back the men of my Kingdom before I back another.

I held no loyalty to him, and if he thinks he can f**k with Dustin and Liam, not kill him in his sleep, he will be in for a rude shock. We all know Liam and Dustin were close.

"They are with my king." Trey stupidly says.

"And she is your queen," I snarl at him, and the man whimpers before his eyes glare at Ivy with hatred I couldn't understand. I just knew I couldn't allow him around her if he had issues with her.

"You haven't been here as long as the rest of us, but the king swore us all to choose his queen over him," I tell him.

"If so, why is she down here, then?" Trey demands.

"Because the King is an idiot. Move Dustin. I will wrap her hand. Go fix up the old King's quarters for me," I tell Dustin, crouching down in front of her..

"Yes, Sir" Dustin says while Trey growls. I glance over my shoulder at him to see the fury on his face. What has gotten into him? Once this was over, I would have to have a word with the King. I don't like how he is looking at her. Trey was usually quiet, did his job, which he is good at, and was observant, so it threw me a little that he was acting like this and openly.

"You're off guard. Get out of my face," I growl the order at him, and my aura rushes out. Trey doubles over before rushing out when I drop it.

I set to work cleaning her hand and wrapping it with the supplies that Dustin had, "It will heal once you shift. Do you think you can hold on for a couple of hours?"

"Can't you heal it?" she asked.

"I would if I could, but only the King can heal you. My saliva or blood won't work on you since you aren't mine," I tell her, cupping her face with my hand. I wished I could, but even if I could, I wouldn't. The King would kill me for letting my DNA mingle with his mate's.

I pull my phone from my pocket, checking the time. "Once the moon is at its highest peak, I will take you outside, so you can shift, my queen," I tell her.

"Please don't call me that," Ivy murmurs, looking away from me.

"I need to ask you something," I tell her while unlocking my phone and scrolling through the pictures. I stop before turning my phone in hand to show her the screen.

"Do you know this woman?" I ask, praying she says no. She takes the phone from me. A sob escapes from her lips, and her bottom lip quivers. In that second, I knew the answer before she said it. She nodded, tears trekking down her face.

"She's my mum," Ivy smiles sadly while brushing her thumb over the picture of Marrissa. I curse too low for her to hear and hang

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my head before shaking it and looking up at her.

"He will come around, Ivy. You just need to give him space," I tell her, but she looks at me, confused. So no one has told her anything at all.

"What do you mean? I don't get it. What did I do?" She asked. Knowing she did nothing, I frown when Kyson's voice flits through my head.

“What did she say?” I bite back a growl.

“Marrissa is her mother,” I answer, wishing I had a different answer for him.

“You did nothing. It’s what your mother did. She killed the former King and Queen and the King’s sister.” I tell her as I come out of the mind-link. She blinks, astonished, unable to believe what I was telling her.

“Just try to get some rest. After your shift, I will take you to kyson’s old quarters.” I tell her.

“But my birthday isn’t for another couple of weeks,” she tells me as I am about to get up.

“The fact you recognized the king as your mate Ivy shows your birthday is today,” I tell her, just as I hear someone curse. The stable doors open, and Clarice and Abbie walk in. They stop by the door and glance at me. I nod to them before standing up and walking out, giving them space as Abbie rushed to her side. I stopped by Clarice at the door.

“Don’t be long; I don’t want to be dragging you to the cells for disobeying the king,” I tell her. Clarice nods, and I walk out.

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Chapter 27

Abbie POV

Walking in, Ivy looked defeated, and I rushed to her side, I wanted to tuck her close and run away with her. It was only hours ago that we were mucking around while I did my chores. She was excited about the King’s return and had rushed off to see him the moment he returned, only for me to run into her, looking heartbroken and overall broken.

I couldn’t fathom how everything turned so sour. Though I should haven’t been so foolish to believe that anything would go right for us. We were forever doomed to be nothing more than filthy rogues. Though I wished I had the power to help her.

Though on the walk down, I had made up my mind that we would run the first chance we got.

“I had a cake made, but I couldn’t carry it down,” Clarice tells her.

"You should have seen it, Ivy. Clarice did a good job. We spent all day making it," I tell her before frowning. I wanted to cheer her up, but clearly, the cake was from her mind.

"You enjoy it then," she tells me.

"We can't stay long; Gannon is right; the King is on the warpath, but I couldn't let you go without wishing you happy birthday." Clarice says, placing the blue cupcake in her hand. Clarice lights it with a match, and I stare at the flickering flame.

"Blow it out and make a wish," Clarice tells her. Ivy blows the candle out without excitement or light in her eyes. I was so excited to help Clarice; it was all for nothing. I smiled sadly and kissed her knee, giving her hand a squeeze from where I sat beside her.

"What did you wish for?" Clarice asks, a teary smile on her face.

"I wished to be free," Ivy tells her, and a choking whimper leaves my lips.

"Don't say that," I whispered. Anything but that, she can't wish for that. This was supposed to be a fresh start.

"I think it's a good wish," Clarice says, looking at me, startled.

"Not where we come from. The only freedom rogues get is in death," I tell her. I knew precisely what Ivy meant by those words. Clarice looked at her, shocked before grabbing her face in her hands.

"You wish for anything but that. Do you hear me? I will not watch my Queen die. I have buried enough of them," Clarice says before walking out. I watch her go before turning back to Ivy.

"I wish I could stay to see you shift," I tell her, and she nods. Glancing around, the place was cold and lonely. Ivy stayed with me, not that she had a choice being locked in the room with me, but I at least still had her by my side. I wondered if maybe I could convince Gannon to let me come down when her shift starts so she would be alone.

"It's not too bad. We have slept in worse places," I tell her, glancing around, trying to uplift her mood, but I might as well have been trying to grasp air with how useless my attempts to cheer were. Maybe if I asked the King, he would allow it, or I could deliberately get myself in trouble and hope he kicks me out here with her.

"I will speak to Beta Damian. Maybe he can convince the King to let me stay here with you," I tell her my chances of even getting close to the King's quarter were slim. Ivy shakes her head.

"No, stay in the castle; you don't need to be punished too," she tells me.

“Abbie, love, you need to go,” Gannon calls out softly, and embarrassment courses through me, and I know my cheeks turn a little pink when Ivy looks at me questionably.

Leaning forward, I kiss her forehead and cheek. I didn’t want to go. She doesn’t deserve to be out here with farm animals, but! didn’t want to ruin my chances at being allowed back.

“I will try to come back. If I don’t, I will tomorrow,” I tell her, rushing back to the door. I looked up at Gannon as I passed him.

“I won’t leave her alone. Once she shifts, I will sneak her back into the castle,” Gannon tells me before reaching for a lock of my auburn hair. He twirls it around his finger and then clears his throat before nodding, and I rush out before he does anything else that I would have to explain to Ivy.

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Liam was waiting for me when I returned to the castle, and I headed for the guard’s quarters, hoping to find Damian to see if he would grant me permission to stay with Ivy for the night. The thought of her shifting with no one but Gannon upset me.

Climbing the stairs, it didn’t take me long before I heard Liam’s footsteps rushing to keep up with me. Reaching the second-floor landing, I see Damian in the hall talking to one of the guards before he turns and heads toward the King’s chambers. Turning on my heel, I went to head down there only for a hand to grab my arm.

“Uh ah, can’t let you do that?” Liam tells me and grits my teeth.

“Then can you ask Damian if I can stay with Ivy?” I ask him, and he sighs, steering me in the opposite direction toward the guard’s quarters.

“Gannon is with her. She will be fine,” He says, dragging me along with him. I try to pull out of his grip, only for it to tighten.

“Abbie, you go barging in there. You will make things worse. Leave it be and trust that Gannon will look after her,” Liam scolds me as if I am some disobedient child. Truth be told, I didn’t mind him. He seemed okay, a little eccentric, but I knew he cared deeply for Gannon and, unfortunately, the King who currently was on my hate list.

“What if she gets cold?” I wondered aloud.

“Gannon sent guards to get firewood. Dustin will take her blankets. For now, you need to go to bed,” he says, stopping at my door. He opens it and motions for me to go inside. Tears p***k my eyes as I step toward it.

“And don’t think of trying to sneak out. Gannon asked me to watch you. I will be right outside this door, Abbie. You won’t get far.” He tells me, and I glare at him.

“By all means try, I loves me a game of cat and mouse, and I could use the entertainment.” He chuckles, shutting the door, and I sigh, moving toward my bed.

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Chapter 28

I was up early before the sun had even risen fully, wanting to sneak down and see Ivy and bring her something to eat. I wondered how her first went. Getting dressed quickly, I opened the door to find Liam standing next to my door playing a game on his phone, his fingers jabbing hard at the screen while he cursed at it, making me assume he was losing whatever game it was he played.

Shaking my head, I step past him, and he follows with his head down, focused on his game.

“Stupid game,” he growls as he follows me downstairs to the kitchens.

“What are you playing?” I ask, not really caring, but if I had to listen to him curse his phone out, it would be nice knowing what he is cursing about. I wait for him to answer as he starts stabbing his phone viciously with his finger.

“A cake-building game,” he tells me, and I pull a face at that. With crazy finger poking and cursing, I assumed he was playing some killing or shooting game.

“A cake building game, cake like you eat?” I ask, wondering if it was code for something else. Yep, making this stupid pink unicorn thing, but the sprinkles are going too fast, and the placement is wrong. It deducted more b****y points.” he snaps before looking at me.

“Have you got a phone?” he asks as we walk into the kitchens. I shake my head, and he turns to Clarice.

“Mumsy, oh dear mumsy?” he calls in a sugary sweet voice as he excitedly moves toward her station.

“Yes, Liam?” Clarice yawns tiredly, looking like she had no sleep at all.

“Can I borrow your phone?” he asks, and she sighs.

“What’s wrong with yours?” she asks, pointing to it in his hand.

“Nothing, but I need to download a game so you can send me your coins.” –

“For a game?” she repeats, pulling it from her apron pocket. She hands it to him, and he lights up as if all his Christmases come at once.

“You better not be using it for p**n like last time. D**n near gave me a heart attack when I opened my browser to see what you’re into, you man,” she scolds.

“I promise. I am just downloading a game, so I can send myself some sprinkles,” Liam tells her, unlocking her phone as if he had done it a million times before. Clarice raises an eyebrow at him.

“Sprinkles?” she asks him, and he nods, focused on her phone. Clarice looks at me, and I shrug.

Liam sits on a stool by the counter, and I set to work making Ivy some breakfast and Gannon so I can take it down to them. It seemed like the perfect excuse to go there. The King surely doesn’t expect her to starve.

When I am done. Clarice finds me a picnic basket, and I leave Liam with Clarice, rushing out the doors toward the main foyer area to see a commotion.

A loud roar rings out from down the corridor, and I see Ester running stark naked from the King’s office. My stomach sinks as she rushes toward me, clutching her clothes in her hands just as Damian steps out from the stairwell further up. He grabs Ester by the arm and shakes the woman with a sneer on his face.

His eyes run up the length of her, making him growl loudly at her state of undress. He shoves her away before both his hands hit the door of the King’s office, then slams shut with a loud bang. I gasp as Ester runs out the castle doors. And I turn to find Dustin glaring toward the doors she ran through, along with half the kitchen staff who had rushed out to see what the commotion was.

“He wouldn’t have, would he? Ivy, she’s-” tears burn my eyes on behalf of Ivy. Surely the King didn’t kick his own mate out to be with the likes of her. Dustin growls before storming off, and I turn to find Clarice with a murderous glare on her face.

She presses her lips in a line before her eyes go to mine. They soften a little before she gasps. “Come on, you go down there like that, and Ivy will know something is wrong,” she tells me. I look at the picnic basket in my hands, and nod my head.

Ivy was hurting enough, and she could read me like a book. It would only hurt her more if I went down there crying about what I saw. So reluctantly, I followed Clarice, knowing she was right.

Liam is waiting by the kitchen doors when she walks toward them, and Clarice stops beside him.

“Find out what happened for me; I swear if the King” she doesn’t finish.

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“He did, and I will whip him myself,” she growls, striding past him. Liam watches her go before gripping my shoulder when I go to pass him.

“I know the King. He is being a d****d, but he isn’t unfaithful. It is nearly impossible for one to cheat on their mate. At least for us Lycans anyway,” he tells me before walking off toward the guards at the end of the hall.

Stepping into the kitchen, the staff were all murmuring about the king. I listen, trying to calm my racing heart.

“She is always all over him, though I thought he learned after the last time,” Sheri tells Amanda, who sighs heavily.

“Enough ladies, we will find out. You know the King is on edge after the news he received last night,” Clarice says, cutting the ladies off.

“What news?” I asked Clarice, curious, but it was Sheri that answered.

“Another family was found, more children by the river.” She explains with a grim expression on her face.

“How old were they?” I ask, horrified that more rogues were killed. “A few around our Queen’s age, and some young ones, about five or six years old, and an elderly woman,” Clarice answers before she sniffles.

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Chapter 29

With a sigh of disappointment, Clarice says to herself with a shake of her head, “What a waste of life.” Silence falls over the room, and I was shocked to see heartache on the woman’s faces. They were Lycans, yet they mourned for those killed, despite them only being lowly rogues and werewolves. Growing up, Ivy and I were constantly reminded of what scum we were for being rogue. Yet here we everyone considered us as people,

not the dirt beneath their toes. It was odd and hard to get used to and I wasn't sure if I ever would get used to it.

Everyone turns back to their tasks and Liam returns moments later, and Clarice looks up at him, and everyone stops what they are doing, waiting for him to answer the unspoken question from Clarice.

The King woke up to Ester touching him. He tossed her out and had Damian order her off the castle grounds," he says, and Clarice lets out a breath. The tension in the room dissipates significantly at his answer. Clarice nodded her head while Liam climbed up on the bench beside me, helping himself to some fruit salad that Clarice was making. She slaps his digging fingers only for him to pout at her and she clicks her tongue giving him the bowl of fruit.

"I didn't think he would, but with how drunk he was, you can never be certain," she says, looking relieved as she eyes Liam devouring the freshly cut fruit salad. He watches eagerly as she retrieves another bowl and starts making more and I turn my attention back to Clarice. He stole one of her puddings earlier, yet she didn't seem bothered by Liam. They actually seemed quite close.

"You all really care for Ivy, don't you?" I blurt, shocked at their disgust of their King if he betrayed her by being unfaithful. I certainly didn't think they would care since was a king and could do as he pleased.

"This castle has been the prison of the King's depression for centuries. Since he found her, we can all suddenly breathe. No one wants to go back to the way things were," Clarice tells me.

"Plus, none of us want to hurt him. He is a good King; despite current behavior, he is a good man just troubled by the demons that lurk in him," Clarice says before telling the servants their chores, and I watch them all rush off.

"What do you mean, that none of you want to hurt him?" I ask, could they really hurt the King?

"Some of us have a blood pact with our future Queen. If he were to physically hurt her or try to kill her, we would have no choice." Liam says behind me, and I peer over my shoulder at him. He shrugs, yet still, I was confused by his words. However, turning back to Clarice, she answers.

"The King's guard was originally made of 12 men. After his sister died, we lost a few guards, but those that remained and some of the staff were tied by a pact. The King asked us to swear to protect his future Queen no matter the cost, even his own life,"

" That was the Worst week of my life," Liam growls.

"But I would do it again," Clarice shrugs.

"You're part of the guards' pact?" I asked her, and she nodded.

"I am one of the few servants here that are."

"Yeah, a week full of the King forcing his blood down our throats and us breaking his command," Liam explains.

"For the pact to work, the King can't be able to command us to harm his Queen. It's a safety thing. When it comes to the King, she is the only one we can override his command on. He could tell us to kill her, but we would do the opposite. We would kill the King for her," Clarice answers.

"It only works if he asks us to threaten her life. We couldn't. The King g can still command us though it is more painful when he does. We can resist it to a sense, but he pushes too hard. We would relent,"

"Unless it comes to the Queen," Liam says that bond can't be broken.

"I still don't understand," I admit. Though I didn't know much about Lycans, so maybe that is why.

"The king's blood was infused by witch magic," Liam shrugs.

"Witches still exist?" I asked, a little shocked.

"Yes, of course, just not in plain sight," Liam answers.

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"So no matter what, you will keep Ivy safe even from the king?"

"Yes, assuming he doesn't kill us to get to her," Clarice answers.

"So you and twelve guards?"

"It was twelve; some have lost their lives since the pact." Clarice states.

"Whose left?" I asked curiously.

"Myself, Liam, Dustin, Damian, and of course, Gannon. A couple other but those are the main ones you will find guarding the Queen," Clarice answers.

"Now Ivy must be starving, so we better get you on your way to her," Clarice says, repacking and checking the picnic basket.

“Also, Abbie, I need to send you town a little we have guests coming this afternoon,”

“Who?” I ask.

“Alpha Kade, one of the packs with allegiance to the King, he is helping with the rogue children’s deaths,” I nod, wondering if Gannon can come since I still can’t read. Chewing my lip, I was about to tell her that is why Gannon came with me.

“I have already rung ahead. You just need to pick up the order. Though I am a little upset, you didn’t tell me you couldn’t read,” Clarice says, and I look at the floor.

“Had to find out from Damian when he told me the Queen couldn’t,” she says with a shake of her head.

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Chapter 30

I sat with Ivy on the pier that overlooked the man-made lake by the stables. Ivy ate very little despite my trying to encourage to eat. We enjoyed the morning sun, enjoyed the rays heating my cold skin. I told her everything that happened in the castle last night. Though I Don’t think she was really listening, she seems stuck in her head no matter how hard I tried to pull back to the present moment. I hated seeing her like this.

Ivy leaned against one of the logs on the pier, watching me, yet I drew closer to the water. I Wished I was swimming with Gannon or even just going for a run; it was strange to me to have the freedoms we had here. Another thing I hadn’t told her about. I wanted to tell her, yet I couldn’t bring myself to because I didn’t want to risk upsetting her more.

“Abbie!” Ivy hissed as I sat on the edge and tossed my legs over the side and into the water.

“Gannon is right there,” I tell her, pointing him out, and she lets out a sigh. I wade my feet through the water, loving the feel of the water between my toes. Looking up, Gannon was smiling at me, and I couldn’t help the blush at the knowing look on his face. However, what impressed me most is that he kept his word and didn’t leave Ivy’s side all night, as he said. She was supposed to shift, but now doubt had crept in. I believed, along with Ivy, that the king was wrong about her birthday. But still the question remained: if that were true, how could she recognize him as her mate?

More shocking was learning of Della's crimes. Della was Ivy's mother before Alpha Dean's pack killed her. Though now we have learned that wasn't even her real name. And that Della Hunley was, in fact, Marrison Talbot.

A notorious hunter and the woman responsible for not only killing the King's sister but also an entire Kingdom that used to reside in the mountains. The Landeena Kingdom, Knowing this information and realizing her childhood was a lie, that her mother was a monster I could see weighed heavily on Ivy. It broke her, a woman she loved. Her mother was a monster and serial killer. Accused of unspeakable crimes, and now Ivy was paying the price for them.

Thoped there was some mistake. The Della I remember was kind, loving, and dotted on both Ivy and me. She was strict, but protective of us growing up. She was my mother's best friend. We had stumbled upon their little camp after my mother fled the back we were part of.

I have no memory of being in a pack, though I do remember having a bigger family once. My mother was a twin, and we were forced to go into hiding after her twin and my grandmother died.

with me.

"I have to head back soon. I have to go into town with Clarice to grab some supplies," I tell Ivy, not wanting to go. Tears filled my eyes, not knowing when I would get to see her next, but I had chores to do, so I knew I needed to leave her.

Lifting my legs from the water, I wander over to her, lean down, and clutch her fingers gently. "Maybe I could ask if you could come?" I told her hopefully, but I knew it would never be allowed. Ivy doesn't get the chance to answer when we hear screaming from the castle's direction. My head whips toward the direction of the woman's screams, and I see Ester thrashing and screaming her head off while two guards drag her across the manicured lawns. I try not to smile, well, they finally found her! I stand up, and Gannon turns to look up the hill in the direction of the castle, a glare on his face.

"Ha, it serves her right," I huff, and I curse at myself when I turn back to see Ivy watching me.

"What did she do?" Ivy asks curiously. I can't believe how stupid I was to say that! I look down at Ivy before her head turns to Ester, still thrashing as they lead her toward the front of the castle, toward the enormous iron gates.

"I worry it may upset you, but nothing happened. The King woke up before she could do anything," I tell her while looking down at my hands, picking at her nails. Nervously I steal a peek at her, hoping she doesn't ask more.

“Before she did what?” Ivy asks. I chew my lip, not wanting to answer, but I wouldn’t lie to her, and she would eventually find out. I just wished it wasn’t me giving her the news.

“The king woke early this morning in his office to Ester fondling him,” I tell her. Ivy pales, almost turning green at my words, and my eyes widen when she sucks in a breath, a look of pure panic on her face. She gasps as if she can’t catch her breath and her eyes p***k with tears.

“Hey, hey. Nothing happened, I promise. I heard the guard talking this morning. When he woke, he was livid and tossed her out. He then banished her from the castle, so I guess they finally found her. He didn’t do anything with her, Ivy. I promise you,” I tell Ivy, moving quickly to grab her face in my hands. She sucks in a breath, and I breathe with her, trying to calm her.

“That’s it. Breathe, Ivy. He didn’t betray you,” I whisper to her repeatedly as I try to stop her panic attack. When she calms down, I brush my hands over her face to clear her tears. Why did I stupidly say something? I mentally scold myself.

“So he didn’t sleep with her?” Ivy asks, letting out a breath finally.

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“No, she ran naked from his office crying like her b*m was on fire,” I tell her remembering the sight making her snicker, she really took a walk of shame, and she should feel shame because not a single person was happy with her little act.

Yet the look on her face told me she didn’t see any funny side. I was about to say something else when a whistle caught our attention. We looked to the hill, and we saw Clarice wave to us.

“I gotta go, but I will try to visit you later,” I tell Ivy as I lean down, briefly hugging me before rushing off back down the pier and up to Clarice, who is waiting for me.

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