

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

Chapter 31

I was leaving to go grab the few groceries Clarice had rung ahead and ordered from the grocer. It was a nice day out today as I went over the mental list of the chores I still had to complete. As I walked toward the main gates, I noticed the King talking to some man who had his back to me. Yet as the breeze shifted, every muscle in my body tensed and I found myself unable to move. It was as if my body went into some sort of shock.

"Abbie, are you okay?" I heard Liam's voice reach my ears, yet still I couldn't bring myself to move. My heart leaped in my chest when his hands gripping my arms jolted me out of the odd state I was in. Liam turns me to face him.

Yet my eyes automatically go to the stranger standing with the King. His suit was a light grey, his jacket open, and he had his hands in his pants pockets. My eyes roamed over his body. The white shirt he wore fitted his body in a way that I could see the outline of his abs pressing tight beneath it.

When his eyes met mine, he appeared curious while every part of me screamed, mate. "Abbie?" Liam's voice says, and I notice the man's eyes go to Liam's hands gripping my arms. His lips move in a way that told me he didn't like Liam touching me. I shake my head, coming out of my daze and looking at Liam, who stared worriedly at me. He glances over his shoulder at the man the King was with.

"Sorry, I forgot what I was doing," I tell Liam before quickly rushing out the gates while every part of me screams I should be running toward my mate, not from him. Yet he made no move to stop, and once I was walking down the road, I shook my head, thinking I must have imagined it. I make my way into town, yet that nagging feeling in the pit of my stomach never dwindled. If anything, it only got worse.

The entire walk was a daze. Even once I retrieved the goods I was sent for, I stepped out of the shop, having no memory of even stepping foot in there. I was on autopilot while my mind was consumed with the man back at the castle. So consumed, I didn't even notice he had followed me to the small town until I walked into him.

"You didn't stick around to introduce yourself, little rude, don't you think, little mate?" A deep voice came before hands slid up my bare arms, leaving tingles from his touch.

I take a startled step back, and he puts up his hands in what I assumed was supposed to be an apologetic gesture. "Your name is Abbie, isn't it?" He asks.

I say nothing. Despite him being my mate, he was still a stranger, though every fiber of me being called for me to go to him, submit to him.

He glanced around, and so did I. No one was around, which only made me more nervous in his presence. "Liam told me your name. No need to be scared. I won't hurt you, love," he tells me. Still, my brain doesn't seem to be able to function, and he sighs loudly. "I'm Alpha Kade, but you can call me Kade."

"Nice to meet you," I tell him, trying to step around him, knowing no Alpha would want a rogue for a mate, and I could tell he was an Alpha. His aura wasn't as strong as Gannon's or anyone really I had met here, yet there was the power behind it that told me I was right in thinking that. He sidesteps, stepping back into my path.

"Trying to escape me, I don't mind a good chase, though I would rather not cause a scene here," he tells me, making me look up at him. He catches my chin between his fingers, forcing me to meet his gaze. His eyes flicker, and I watch his tongue dart out between his lips as he looked me over.

"You realize who I am to you?" He asks; his tone was curious.

"You're my mate," I whisper, waiting for his rejection so I can go about my day. He chuckles softly, leaning down, so close his lips are almost brushing mine.

"Hm, if you know, then why are you trying to run from me?" He asks.

I blink at him, and my brows furrow at his words. "I'm not; I am..." I stopped myself, knowing that was exactly what I was trying to do. He raises an eyebrow at me, his thumb brushing over my bottom lip.

"Good, I am a busy man and don't have time for silly games of hide and seek. So shall we?" He asks, letting me go and motioning toward his car. I glance down at my bags in my hands, knowing Clarice needed them for dinner tonight.

"I'll return you to the castle after lunch. The King okayed it," he tells me.

"You told the King who I am to you?" I asked. He nods his head, reaching for the bags I gripped so tightly my knuckles were straining against my skin.

"Of course. Now come on, there is a cafe down the road," he tells me, and a giddy feeling rises in my stomach. My mate wanted me? He wanted to keep me? He wasn't rejecting me! I thought for sure when he said nothing, that meant he was going to reject

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me.

Chewing my lip nervously, I glanced at his car. It was sleek and modern. He opened the door and motioned for me to climb in. My mother would have scolded me really good for getting in a car with a stranger, but mum always said mates were our biggest blessing. They would love us unconditionally and never leave us. When I was younger, I craved to have a relationship like my mother and father had. Though over the years, I never thought it would be a possibility for me. No one would want a broken rogue

for a mate.

Mum's words flitted through my head, a vague memory I had. "If you find your mate, and I hope you do one day, it would be the most magical experience of your life. You'll know instantly they are yours, and you are theirs. It's a love that compares to nothing

else," she once told me, and I wondered while looking at him if I would have that with this man. Mrs. Daley always told us we would never have a mate, that we were unlovable and vile. Hearing that enough over the years, I started to believe her. Yet as Kade waited for me to climb into his car, I wondered if she was wrong.

"I mean you no harm. Don't you feel the pull?" He asks, and I nod.

"You're not thinking of rejecting me, are you, Abbie? You wouldn't shun the moon goddess in such a way, would you?" Kade asks.

"No, of course not. I just didn't expect you to want me back," I answered honestly.

"Of course I want you. You're my mate. Now, who doesn't want their mate?" He asks, and my cheeks heat at his words.

"So shall we?" He asks, motioning toward his car again. A giddy feeling bubbles up within me, and I nod, climbing in the car. He leaned over me, plugging in my seatbelt before pausing as he went step away. His hand cups my cheek, his thumb brushing below my eye gently.

"You are a pretty one," he murmurs, and tingles rush across my face, his scent inviting, and I am unable to help myself as I inhale deeply, his scent strong like peppermint and white chocolate. Kade chuckles softly.

"Good to see the feeling reciprocated," he whispers, his eyes sparkling as they go to my lips. He then clears his throat, letting me go and shaking his head as he shuts my door.

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It was just on dark by the time I returned to the castle. Kade dropped me at the front gate, and I couldn't wipe the smile off my face. My mate wanted me, and he seemed nice. He told me all about his pack and the packhouse, about duties I would be expected to perform as his Luna. It was nice, though I was still a little wary. I waited for the other shoe to drop. I kept waiting for the rejection, but it never came.

Walking through the gates, I nearly jump out of my skin when Liam moves off the wall beside the iron gates.

"Gannon has been looking for you," he states, and I swallowed nervously. While with Kade I had completely forgotten about Gannon for those few hours. Guilt swamped me, and my heart beat faster.

"You need to tell him, Abbie," Liam tells me. I said nothing because I didn't know what to say. I never thought I would be put in a position where I had to choose

"Are you going to reject Kade or turn Gannon away?" he asks, stepping closer, and for the first time since meeting Liam, I took a step back from him. He didn't look happy with me, and his entire demeanor was off. He looked like the callous killer I had heard rumors of.

"He's my mate, Liam," I answered softly.

"Yes, but you're a werewolf. You can reject your mates," he says. My brows furrowed in confusion at his words.

"You want me to reject my mate?" I ask him, knowing doing that would be shunning the moon goddess for the gift she gave me.

"Kade is not a good man, Abbie." He didn't elaborate further. Instead, he turned on his heel and walked off before calling over his shoulder.

"You need to tell Gannon. If you don't, I will." Liam states, not bothering to stop. "Wait," I call out to him while chasing after him. He slows but doesn't stop as he walks through the double doors.

"You can't tell him. I barely know the man. You're acting like I am about to run off with him." I snapped, annoyed at the accusation in his tone. Liam turned on me instantly, and I backed up at the murderous look he gave me. My back hits the stone wall, and I gasp at his closeness.

"That is exactly what you will do. You will run off with your piece of s**t mate and forget him. Just like she did. Then I will be left to pick up the pieces." Liam snarled.

“He’s my mate,” I whisper, suddenly feeling tiny next to this man with the way he had me trapped and cornered. He reaches a hand up, and I flinch, but he only twirls a lock of my hair around his finger.

“Gannon loves you. Kade doesn’t. That man isn’t capable of love. I guess you’ll find that out the hard way,” he whispers before letting go and stepping back.

“What’s that supposed to mean, Liam!” I growl. He glares at my tone, and I didn’t mean for it to come out the way it did, but it was too late to take it back.

“Do the right thing, Abbie. You need to tell him. If you don’t, and I have to, I will skin your mate alive and make you watch. If you want to be with your mate, fine. But don’t lead Gannon along. You hurt him as she did? Not even Gannon will be able to save you from me.” he says, his tone of voice turning darker along with his eyes. Tears p***k the corners of my eyes at his words.

I didn’t want to hurt Gannon. I loved him too, so why was this hard to decide?

“I don’t want to hurt Gannon,” I tell him.

“Then you’ll tell him or reject your mate. If you want to be with that twat, Gannon will understand. But if he finds out because he caught you or I had to tell him, it will destroy him. But know this, Abbie. Just like you and Ivy are forever bound together, so are Gannon and me. Nothing will come between us.” he says while stepping toward me again.

His canines slip out, and his claws extend from his fingertips as he grabs my face. His thumb brushes over my cheek, and I swallow, feeling more like prey than I ever had in my life.

“You hurt him, and he may forgive you,” he tells me while his hand moves to my throat, his fingers wrap around my throat, his claws grazing the back of my neck and making my skin prickle with goosebumps as he leans in so close his stubble brushes my cheek.

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“But I won’t. And I am not the sort of man you want to make an enemy of,” he whispers next to my ear.

A tear rolls down my cheek, and I nod before feeling his tongue move across my cheek, licking up the tear that brimmed and spilled over.

“So just keep that in mind. Like you and Ivy come together, so do Gannon and me. He is a good man, but i’ll tell you a little secret. I’M NOT,” he growls before pecking my cheek and walking off and leaving me feeling sick with fear,

I stand there petrified, watching him leave when the door across from where I stood opens up. The King walks out of his office and stops, stunned to see me standing there crying.

“Abbie?” the King asks, and I look at him. His eyes went to the end of the hall where Liam was before he turned toward the stairs and disappeared. The King sighs and pushes his door open wider, and nods toward it.

“Are you okay?” he asks, and I nod my head.

“I need to get back to my room,” I tell him, walking off.

“Abbie, is this over Kade being your mate?” The King calls out, and I stop, suddenly angered that he would dare mention mates when he has locked his own mate away and rejected her over who her mother was.

“Even if it is, you would be the last person I would ask advice from, especially when your mate is rotting in a stable like a d**n farm animal.” I snarled before walking off. I heard his growl behind me, and I half expected him to order me out of the castle, but as I reached the stairs and looked back at him, he

stood by the window, looking out at the stables. Good, I hope the b*****d feels guilty.

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Chapter 33

Days later.

Every morning, I woke to candy on the end of my bed from Gannon. Ivy was staying in the King’s old quarters, and no one had been able to get close to her. Not even me. Clarice explained she was fretting for the King, and it turns she-wolves savage. However, because things have been so chaotic around here, I have hardly had a chance to see Gannon. However, he had been leaving candy and craft supplies in my room or his for me to find when I clean it. Which only made me feel more guilty when I found them each day.

This morning was no different when I found a bunch of roses on the end of my bed with chocolate. I pick them up, putting them in a vase on the windowsill before getting ready for work. Today, we were holding funerals for the rogues that were found dead, and I had to help Clarice in the kitchens to cater for it. Grabbing my uniform, I slip it on and move toward the door. Although the moment I step out the door, I find Liam waiting in the hall, leaning against Dustin’s doorframe.

“Gannon spent all afternoon looking for you, Abbie, while you were off with Kade. You still haven’t told him,” Liam states as I close my door.

“I haven’t had a chance because he has been busy,” I tell him, walking past him.

“Have you decided?” he asked, and I sighed; how could I decide when I barely know either of them really, yet I wasn’t sure I could reject Kade. The mate bond was stronger than I was ever told about. It made me crave my mate and filled me with loneliness when he was away.

“Kade is my mate, Liam. It is a blessing from the moon goddess,” I tell him, walking down the stairs.

“Not all mates are blessings. Kade doesn’t want you. He just knows by keeping you. It strengthens him,” he snaps, keeping up with me. I scoffed because it sounded ridiculous. Liam grabs my arm, stopping me.

“He is using you. How can you not see that?” he snaps.

“Using me?” I laugh. “I have nothing to offer him. He isn’t using me, Liam. You know nothing of our relationship.” Now Liam scoffs and folds his arms across his chest.

“So he told you has kids and a wife?” Liam asks, and I blink at him before getting angry. He would say that just because I want to try to make this work with my mate?

“You’re lying,” I growl.

“Ask him. To Kade, you are just another side piece with the added benefit that his wolf side will get stronger after having his fated mate.” Liam growls at me, and my hand moves before I even register what I did. My hand connects with his face that he would say such outrageous things about Kade when he has been nothing but nice to me.

The slap is loud, and I gulp when his head whips to the side before turning back to glare at me. “I will let that one slide since I know you are blinded by your bond, but I would not recommend hitting me again.” Liam snarls, stepping closer to me, when I hear Gannon’s voice.

“What’s going on here?” he asks, and I lift my head, looking to the top of the stairs to see Gannon walking down them. Liam arches an eyebrow at me before clicking his tongue. “I warned you,” Liam hisses at me, turning to speak to Gannon. Yet my hand reaches out, and I grip his wrist. He looks down at my hand before back looking at me.

“Tell him because I won’t lie if he asks me,” Liam says before walking off. My eyes dart to Gannon, who watched us as he came closer. He watches Liam leave, stopping next to me.

*Are you going to explain why you just slapped my friend?" he asked, gripping my hand that was trembling. He lifts it to his mouth, kissing my knuckles, and I pull my hand from his grip.

"Gannon, don't. You won't want to touch me after I tell you." I tell him, feeling guilty and knowing I was holding off. I didn't want to tell him because I wanted him to, but Kade was my mate.

My destined mate. Someone the moon goddess chose for me and I couldn't throw that away. If I did for Gannon, and Gannon left me, I would have no one but Ivy. Kade told me he couldn't leave me, that he didn't want to, that he loved me, and he would always love me. So I had no choice but to go with the safer option.

"Tell me what?" he asks, looking the way Liam left. Yet how did I tell him? How could I tell him that Kade asked me to leave with him? Gannon turns back to me, and my heart felt torn. I wanted Gannon. I also wanted my mate.

He cups my face in his hands, and I shake my head, tears spilling down my cheeks. "Tell me, whatever it is. I can try to fix it. Did Liam do something?" he asks, and I shake my head.

"You can't fix it, Gannon," I tell him, knowing this wasn't something that needed fixing or something he could control.

"Tell me, whatever is wrong, we can work it out," he says, pressing his forehead against mine. I try to push him away, but he doesn't budge, refusing to let me go. He lifts my face, staring at me with worry when I try to pull away again.

"What's wrong?" he asks, wiping my tears away with his thumbs. "...I found my mate," I whisper, and he shakes his head.

"What?" he asks, and I swallow, looking away, unable to meet his gaze. "I found my mate," I repeat, though this time, my voice sounded dead even to my own ears. Gannon lets me go, stepping away from me.

"Who?" he asks, clearly stunned by this information. However, I don't get a chance to answer when he asks another question.

"Is this why I haven't been able to find you over the last few days?" he snaps at me.

"Why Clarice has been avoiding me?" I say nothing, knowing that Clarice knew where I was, although I never asked her to lie for me.

"Who is your mate, Abbie?" Gannon asks.

“Why! So you can threaten him as Liam did?” I snap, becoming frustrated with everyone telling me to choose d**n sides, forcing my hand. Gannon growls.

“I would never hurt like that?” he says, and I instantly regret his words as he looks away.

“It’s Alpha Kade,” I tell him, and his head whips back to face me. His eyes turn black, and his canines protrude.

“No. You are not his mate,” he snarls.

“Yes, I am,” I tell him.

“No, Abbie, you can’t be with him. I won’t allow it!” he snarls.

“It’s not up to you, Gannon,” he’s my mate, not yours. He growls at me, and the angered look on his face frightens me.

“No, you don’t understand. He is not a good man; he-”

“I don’t want to hear your lies. First, Liam tells me he is married and has a family, and now you want to try to get between us too, mates don’t cheat on mates! Liam said it himself regarding the King. He would tell me if he had a family before me.” Gannon steps closer, but I step back.

“You’re wrong. But you need to listen to me. Kade isn’t who you think he is. I have known him for years-” I hold up my hand, having heard enough, and he stops, and I open my mouth to say something but then close it, not wanting to say something I will regret. Instead, I walk down the stairs toward the kitchens.

“Abbie!”

“No, Gannon. I don’t want to hear it,” I tell him.

“He is married!” Gannon yells at me, and I stop spotting Liam waiting by the doors. I growl, storming off to find Clarice.

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Chapter 34

Gannon POV

Liam wanders up the stairs toward me after she disappears, and I look at him before snarling. “What did you do?” I snap at him.

“Same as you. I told her the truth. She is just blinded by the mate bond,” he says, shaking his head.

“I can’t let her leave with him,” I mutter and Liam climbs the rest of the stairs and stops beside me.

“Sometimes you need to let them see for themselves. Everything comes to light eventually,” he states.

“I don’t want what’s left over after he breaks her,” I tell him. No way could I handle seeing that sort of heartache. The same heartache Liam and I endured.

“I know brother, but the King already granted him permission to take her when he leaves.” Liam tells me.

“He what?” I asked. Liam nods his head and frowns.,

“I saw Kade stop by last night, so I decided to listen in. Kyson told him if she wants to go she can.” my stomach drops and a cold feeling settles over me.

“No! I won’t allow it!” I snarled. How could he agree to such a thing?

“You stop her and she will question if she made the right choice,” Liam says behind me and I stop on the bottom step.

“She’ll come back Gannon” Liam calls out to me.

“I know she will. That isn’t what I’m worried about. I am worried about the state she’ll be in when she does!” I growl before storming off to find Kyson. Liam sighs and I peer over my shoulder to see him slip into the kitchens while I head to the King’s office. The moment I walk into the room, he sighs as if the weight of the world is resting on his shoulders and crushing him.

“You heard the news, I take it?” He says and I fall into one of the chairs by his desk. He doesn’t bother looking up from his paperwork.

“You can’t let her go,” I tell him.

“It’s already decided. She leaves in a few days.” He says simply.

“Kyson!” He looks up before leaning back in his chair and folding his arms across his chest.

“You know the laws, Gannon. I can’t stop her unless she directly asks me to force him to reject her.”

“She would never ask. He has her convinced he is some gift from the Goddess!” I snap at him.

“Mates are gifts from the Goddess,” he says and his brows furrow and I knew he was thinking of his mate that has been rotting away because of his neglect of her. However, my experience with mates and Sia, I would hardly call them a gift. That woman was a f****g curse! A curse I broke. And it nearly killed me doing it.

“I won’t try to and stop you from convincing her otherwise, Gannon. But once he leaves and if she wants to leave with him, I have no choice but to allow it.” he says.

“And if it were Ivy?” I ask as he stands.

“It’s not,” the king states.

“But if it were?”

“I’m not doing this with you today, Gannon. We need to head to the cemetery. Argue with me over this later. Preferably after I have had a few drinks so I can turn a blind eye to whatever it is you’re doing,” he says, walking toward the door. He walks out and I shake my head before pushing out of my chair.

I follow him toward the back of the castle. When I reach the hill, I see Abbie standing with Clarice while the king made his way to the bottom of the hill, checking the graves he dug last night. Abbie looks over at me, but I turn away from her, I knew what that man was capable of, so how couldn’t she see what sort of monster he is?

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Chapter 35

Abbie POV

I was waiting with Clarice for the burial to start. We were holding a luncheon in the ballroom for the staff, but I wouldn't be attending. I had agreed to meet Kade this afternoon, but still, I helped set it up after my altercation with Gannon. I noticed Gannon come down with the King. It saddened me when he looked my way, only to look away. Guilt coursed through me and I turned my attention straight ahead, holding back the emotion that threatened to choke me. In an ideal world, Gannon would have been my mate, however I have a mate and can't throw him away either. I have never had anything, and Kade was mine and I would fight for that, even if I didn't know what I was fighting for exactly.

The ceremony was just beginning as everyone waited on the hill. It was only moments later when I noticed movement at my side and I glance in that direction to find Ivy.

My shock must have been apparent because she smiles sadly before looking ahead and I don't miss how her eyes instantly seek out the King. I grip her fingers giving them a squeeze. She had missed so much and I had so much to tell her, but for now, it would have to wait,

The king is standing at the front where I see 13 fresh graves dug. He is staring off vacantly toward the path leading to the surrounding forest. I felt Ivy's arm brush up against mine, and I could tell she was trying to figure out what was going on.

Time seemed to stop, and the only noise was the soft breeze and the birds in the trees. I swallow when I see the open graves that had been freshly dug. Glancing around, we see movement in the far corner before a succession of coffins being carried to the grave sites where the king is standing.

Most of the coffins belonged to children, making me think of Tyson. What if he was one of the children? What if Mrs. Daley had killed him? It made my heart clench in my chest. Most of them weren't large enough to be adults. Four of them, I could tell were adult sized coffins, but the other nine were children's coffins.

The guards carrying them stopped by a grave and they set them down before music started playing from the violinist who stood by the river. It was complete silence while we all waited for the coffins to be lowered into each grave. Nobody speaks or even whispers. We merely watch.

When it finishes and the coffins are laid to rest, a horn blares again. After a few minutes, everyone starts climbing the hill and leaving to go back to work. The place is packed with people, but I only pay attention to the most important person to me here, Ivy. I grab Ivy's arm and tug her up the hill, back toward the castle. Excitement bubbled within me as I tried to contain my excitement about having her back in a semi-normal state.

This place was lonely when I was the only werewolf in the castle besides her. Not that she had shifted yet, but now she had returned to me; I felt like I could finally breathe again. Finally, I could let go of the pressure building on my shoulders because with her it was a little bit lighter and I would endure it for her, knowing she was by my side. We go back in through the laundry, following behind Clarice. The moment Ivy steps inside, I wrap my arms around her and so does Clarice.

"You're back?" I murmur while squeezing her tighter. Clarice cups her face in her hands, her eyes teary, and she lets out a breath that could not be mistaken for anything other than relief. Ivy grips her hands and opens her mouth to say something when the King suddenly enters the room. She stops, staring over her shoulder at him and I notice Gannon step in behind him.

"Get back to work!" the King snaps at us before stalking past us without so much as a backward glance. I press my lips in a line when I see the heartbreak on her face. Is the mate bond not the same for Lycans? How could he treat her so badly?

I swallow and look away as Gannon and Damian follow after him. Gannon doesn't even look in my direction, just clenches his jaw as if he couldn't bear to be near me. I bite the inside of my lip before returning my attention back to Ivy.

"He will come around" Clarice tells her, gripping her shoulders. Ivy shakes her head and looks at me. I smile at her sadly, and I hate how she put on her old maid's uniform. She was supposed to be happy! Happy because the King was her mate, but here she was forced back into a position I wished I had never needed to see her in again. She ignores Clarice's protests that she wasn't a servant and shouldn't help me when Ivy insists.

"I want to help Abbie. I am not his mate anymore. He has made that perfectly clear," Ivy tells her.

"You'll always be my Queen," Clarice whispers and I see Ivy swallow. Seeing her sadness just made the decision to leave with Kade all the more torturous. I couldn't leave her with the King while I ran off with my mate. Ivy follows me to help me do my chores, which I was excited about. It was the most time we had really spent together since being here.

I tell her about how the King returned yesterday morning and spent the day hand digging the graves himself and half the night, refusing any help when the guards tried to step in and take over. I also tell her about the castle gossip. However, I was too scared to tell her I found my mate and may be leaving her. Yet as the day went on and the time to meet Kade drew closer, I was becoming more excited. That giddy, excited feeling bubbling in me at knowing I was seeing my mate soon. Only for it to dampen when the guilt would return. It was like waves of pure happiness, then guilt over Ivy and Gannon, then fear of the unknown and excitement that I had found my mate, blissfully painful, a tortuous combination.

Yet when the time came, I couldn't help the spring I had in my step as we walked into the kitchen. Clarice sighs and looks over at me, where we stood on the other side of the kitchen counter. She then rolls her eyes before speaking, "Go on then," she says with a dismissive wave. A little excited squeal escapes me before I grab Ivy, quickly pecking her cheek, before rushing off out of the kitchen.

"Wait, where are you going?" Ivy calls after me. However, I don't stop. All day I had been trying to figure out a solution to my problems, one being that I couldn't leave Ivy, the other Tyson. I had to ask if there was any chance Kade would help me get him from Mrs. Daley. The other thing I had to ask was if he would allow Ivy to come with me, because if she couldn't come, I wasn't leaving her behind by herself.

Kade was waiting for me out the front by the gates. He smiles when I slip out the doors and I return the smile and walk over to him. He holds my door open and I don't hesitate to climb in, loving his scent that I knew saturated his car. Kade takes me to a different place today. Instead of a cafe or restaurant, he takes me for a picnic by the bridge.

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Chapter 35

“Are you excited about leaving in a few days?” he asks as we set out the blanket and sit on it. I frown and look at the river running under the bridge.

“I have to leave. Abbie. I can’t stay here. I have a pack to run back home,” he tells me when I say nothing. He passes me a sandwich and pulls some grapes out of a container out. He pops one in his mouth, watching me.

“What’s wrong?” he asks, watching me.

“Is it that Gannon you always talk about?” He demands, and I was shocked to hear the anger in his tone.

“Sorry. I hate how close you are. And I hate the way he stares at you.” Kade says,

“I have hardly seen him.” I tell him.

“He was watching you when you ran out to the car,” he tells me while taking a bite of his sandwich. I swallowed, tearing apart my sandwich and popping a piece into my mouth.

“Do you know Ivy? My friend?” I ask him, and he glances at me. “The King’s mate?” he asks and I nod.

“Yeah, I have heard of her. Why?”

*The King hasn’t been nice to her recently. I wanted to know if she could come with us,” I ask and Kade scoffs.

“And how would that be possible?” he laughs and my face falls. I sigh, leaning up against the tree.

“I can’t steal the King’s mate, he would kill me Abbie,”

“And I won’t go without her,” I tell him and his eyebrows raise.

“You would choose your friend over me?” he asks.

“She is more than just my friend. We grew up together,” I tell him, but he shakes his head.

“You’re asking the impossible of me,”

“We could sneak her out. The King doesn’t even need to know. He will think she ran away,” I try to reason.

"I can't believe you are serious about this. I knew you were simple, but d**n it, Abbie, the King is a Lycan. Do you have any idea what they are capable of?" he says. He was right. I was being foolish. It was a stupid idea. I look away, embarrassed, and blink back tears.

"I didn't mean to call you simple. Sometimes I forget it's not your fault," Kade says, reaching over and gripping my hand.

"I can't read that doesn't mean I am simple," I tell him. His words stung more than he would ever know. He was the last person I expected to call me names.

"As I said, I didn't mean it the way it came out, and I will think about what you said about your friend. Maybe we can think of something. Now what's the other thing you mentioned in the car you wanted to ask me?" Kade says, giving my fingers a squeeze.

I tell him about Tyson, and he listens intently, nodding his head. "I know Alpha Brock. I can request the boy if you want? See what he says," he tells me.

"Really?" I asked, excited. He would help me get Tyson back?

"Only if you behave. And show me that you can look after him when we get back home," he tells me. Behave? I thought his wording a little odd and wasn't sure if it came out how he meant it to.

Yet he was going to help me get Tyson. I could keep him and raise him. Now I just had to convince him to let me sneak out Ivy. And I couldn't wait to let her that I might have a way for both of us to be free of this place.

Rate this Chapter

Mated To The King's Gamma

Chapter 36

Abbie POV

I look for Ivy when I return to the castle before finally finding her in her room. Excitement bubbles inside me at the thought of getting her out of here. I knew I could convince Kade; I had to, or I wasn't leaving her behind. I couldn't abandon her, not when she was already so alone; she wouldn't abandon me either, that much I was certain of. When I push the door open and spot her, I rush into the room excitedly and over to her, where she sat in front of the fireplace.

Ivy looks relieved to see me and sits up on knees. "Where have you been? I have been looking for you," she says before grabbing my arms. She hugs me before I hold her at arm's length, making sure she is okay.

She looked rather tired, and I knew it was her mate bond affecting her this way and causing it. She looked so sad all the time. Despite her best efforts to hide it from me, yet I knew. She couldn't hide it from me, so I was excited to share this news with her. I knew it would give her hope.

"I didn't want to upset you, but I have some news. I found my mate!" I tell her while almost bouncing on the spot as I clutch her fingers.

"Oh, that's wonderful, Abbie. What's he like?" she asks me.

I blush and then start telling her all about Kade. And what we have been up to the places he has taken me before glancing at my hands, praying she agrees to come with me.

"He's great, but he asked me to leave with him. I just need to get permission from the King." I tell her.

"You're leaving?" she asks and I notice her eyes turn instantly glassy, but I know Ivy. She wouldn't dare say anything to stop me. She wants me to be happy and I wish the same for her.

"Yes, in a few days, but I have a plan. Come with me?" I ask, clutching her hands. Ivy looks at the floor, and she smiles sadly. I couldn't imagine the heartbreak she is going through. "I will convince him. I will convince him to help get you out. We can come up with a meeting spot." I tell her.

"Abbie, he won't go against the King," she tells me. I shake my head. "I will convince him. You'll see. He will let me bring you." I tell her.

"If he says yes, will you come?" I ask her.

"But he won't. No one would dare go against the Lycan King. Kyson would kill him if he took me, you have to see that?" she says.

"He won't know you're with us. I'll figure it out, you'll see. I will get you out," I tell her and she sighs.

"I don't want to get you in trouble," she says, but I shake my head.

"I'll convince him, you'll see," I tell her quickly, getting up and pecking her cheek.

After dinner, I head to my room only when I step inside. I find Gannon sitting on the end of my bed. I stop at the door and peer over at him wondering if he was here to argue more over Kade.

"Please Gannon, I don't want to argue with you," I whisper.

"I'm not here to argue, just come here," he says, patting the spot beside him on the bed. I glance at the spot before being nudged into the room from behind and I jump, looking over my shoulder to see it was Liam.

"She can use my old phone," he says, tossing it to Gannon.

"I factory reset it," Liam says, and I look at Gannon, wondering what they are talking about and why both of them were suddenly in my room.

I move closer to Gannon, slightly nervous next to Liam. When I am close enough to him, he reaches out and grabs my hand before moving further back on the bed and pulling me to sit between his legs.

Liam shuts the door and Gannon wraps his arm around my waist, resting his chin on my shoulder. I try to get up but his hold is too strong.

"*Watch," he says, holding the phone out in front of me.

"Gannon?" | murmur, knowing Kade wouldn't like me sitting on the man's lap, though it was hard not to lean into his warm embrace, his scent soothing and familiar

"Abbie, stop. I am not stopping you from going, but this? You need to learn, or I will risk the King's wrath and order you to reject him." Gannon says.

"What?"

"In case you need me, please. Just this once, listen to what I am saying. I understand you made up your mind. But I need to show you how to use this," / sigh, but decide to go along with it.

He shows me some features on the phone, opening and closing messages and the phone book.

"Gannon I can't send texts, I can't read," I tell him.

"This button here, you just speak into it and it will convert your speech to text, then hit send. Liam also set it up so it will read messages back to you," he tells me while showing me how to work the device.

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Mated To The King's Gamma

Chapter 37

"You are asking the impossible. How am I supposed to sneak her out?" he demands.

“She can meet us somewhere, and we can grab her on the way. Either that or I stay, Kade. I won’t leave her behind,” I tell him, snatching my phone back off him. He growls and I turn away from him, walking up the street only for him to grip my arms.

“Fine, fine. What is this plan you have?” he purrs. And I turn in his arms to look up at him. He smiles back at me. “I’m sorry, Love. I didn’t mean to upset you,” he tells me, cupping my face in his hand.

*Now tell me what you want me to do,” he says, and I smile. He was going to help me.

The breeze was cool as the day slowed down, and all the servants prepared for dinner and end-of-day tasks. Tugging the white sheets from the clothesline with Ivy, we folded them, bringing the corners together and placing them in the basket. Our interactions had been flat most of the day, and she had been quiet for most of it. I was itching to tell her that Kade agreed and I tried a few times, but then had to stop because someone was always around.

A guard, another servant, so amongst the blowing winds and the flapping sheets, I moved closer to Ivy before reaching over and dropping the pocket watch into the front pocket of Ivy’s apron. She glanced down before putting her hand in the pocket and feeling around for what it was.

“When the big hand is on the twelve and the little is on the seven, I am leaving,” I whisper as she examines it.

She chews her lip before glancing around nervously and I glance around, making sure no one else is around or within earshot. Then I reached into my shirt and produced a small key from my bra that I had to take off Gannon’s key chain when he wasn’t looking, which was a real b***h.

I had to wait for him to shower when he came off shift and I quickly used my key he gave me to sneak into his room before quietly sneaking around and finding the keys. He had caught me and I told him I was grabbing his laundry, which seemed to get me off the h**k. I drop it into her pocket before quickly retrieving another sheet from the line to fold.

“I stole the key from Gannon. It’s for the laundry door,” I whisper, nodding to the one we just came out of.

“Run along the river and head west. Keep going, and you will find a bridge. Meet us at the bridge. He said he would help me get you out. You have to be there at 7 PM sharp,” I quickly tell her while glancing around, and she nods. And for the first time in ages, I saw the sparkle back in her eyes as she tried to hide her smile while pulling another sheet down from the clothesline.

“You convinced him,” she smiles and I smile back at her and nod once.

"Yes, but he said if you're late, we can't wait. He said he doesn't want to be caught waiting outside the town limits," I tell her. Looking at the sky, the clouds are moving in dark and heavy and it was going to be one hell of a storm when it hit. I just hope she won't get caught in the middle of it.

"And you're sure he won't tell on me?" Ivy asks.

"He promised me," I whisper before reaching over and gripping her arm. "We will be free. Just not the freedom we used to long for, but actual freedom. Freedom to live," I tell her and tears p***k my eyes. "Always and forever." I tell her.

"More than my life," Ivy says in return. Those words meaning more to us than a simple I love you. It meant I was still fighting, fighting to remain by her side and her mine.

"More than my life. Always more," I tell her because the Goddess knows the only reason I am here is because of her, the only reason I still sucked air into my lungs each day, if it weren't for her I would have been dead the moment I tied that noose and around my neck, if she hadn't climbed up there with me placing it around hers too, the rope never would have broke, I would be dead. Because the Goddess knows I wanted it to end back then. Sometimes I still do until I remember I would be leaving Ivy behind.

We finished dragging the clothes off the line and walked back through the laundry doors when something hit me and I shrieked. I rub the spot on my lower back and growl. Laughter reaches my ears, I spin spotting Peter, the stable hand boy, then I notice a rotten apple splattered at my feet that he threw at me. That rotten little sod.

"Peter, you little s**t!" I hissed, dropping my basket and chasing after him, picking up rotten apples that had fallen beneath the trees. I start lobbing them at him. Peter was one of the stable boys. He was 15 and had a mop of blonde curly hair and was always up to mischief or making a mess any way he could. I shriek when he pelts another my way before throwing another, trying to hit him with the apples while screeching when he tosses one back and ducking.

gather more apples, filling my apron pockets, when Ivy picks one up and tosses an apple. Peter darts behind the castle wall just as Dustin walks around. The mushy apple smacks him in the face, and he freezes on the spot, stunned for a second before wiping the mush off. I chuckle, unable to contain it while trying to muffle my laughter. Peter hid behind him before popping his head out and sticking his tongue out at me, and I pin him with a glare. Dustin wipes the mushy apple off his clothes, growling. Bits of apples sticking to his crisp, clean uniform and a chunk was stuck in his stubble.

Dustin's eyes go to me and I gasp, pointing at Ivy who shakes her head. He raises an eyebrow at her, a devious smiling splitting onto his face.

"You think this is funny, my Queen?" he asks her, a smile on his lips. I snicker before stopping when he walked over to the apple tree, making me squeal and I rush toward

Ivy before using her as a shield. Dustin picks up a gross-looking apple that was nearly liquified in his hand.

Dustin tosses the apple in the air a couple of times, letting it break up more before he laughed and threw it. Ivy shrieks and ducks, falling on top of me only to hear him gasp, and Peter burst out laughing, holding his tummy, and pointing behind us. Turning my head, I look behind us to see Clarice covered in the rotted mush. We both tense, waiting for the scolding as she steps closer, examining her soiled apron.

She looks back up, and her eyes go to us on the ground where we are and both of us point to Dustin standing by the apple tree with Peter. We look in their direction to find Dustin pointing the blame at Peter.

Clarice glared, and we all froze in place as the old woman stalked toward us before ripping her apron off. "Apple war it is then," she huffs, a look of wild excitement on her face. Then she runs over and scoops up some apples. I giggle before jumping up and joining the fray.

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Mated To The King's Gamma

Chapter 38

The time had finally come for me to leave, and I was waiting out front of the castle, sitting on the steps. A small bag sat between my feet that Clarice had made up for me, so I had a few things to take with me until Kade organized clothes for me. Yet as the car pulled in, I jumped to my feet and rushed over to him. The bond tugging me to my mate, and I was ecstatic that Ivy could come with us. That I would eventually get Tyson back. Today was a good day. everything was coming together, though I would miss this place. Miss Gannon and Clarice, but Kade promised I could visit whenever I wanted.

smacked into his chest the moment he got out of the car, and he wrapped his arms around me, burying his face in my hair before pecking my lips softly.

"Get in the car, my love. We need to head home," kade whispers, cupping my face in his hands. Looking around, I tried to find Gannon but couldn't see him. So instead I turned to the King and gave a quick bow to him. Though shockingly Damian gave me a brief hug before I looked around again. He was just here seconds ago. Where did he go?

"Where did Gannon go?" I ask, a little disappointed. Alpha Kade grips my shoulder, turning me toward the car.

"You said goodbye to your friend?" he asks me and I look up at him, nodding. He inclines his head toward the car, and I slowly walk back to it before climbing into the

passenger seat and clipping in my belt. Kade shuts my door and I watch as he talks to the King, my hands sweat and I wipe them on my pants.

After a few minutes, he climbs into the car starting it. I wave to the King and those waiting. The King stiffly waves back and I peer up at Kade. "The King looks angry." I tell him.

"Probably busy." is all Kade offers. We drove to the bridge where we are supposed to meet Ivy, yet as time slipped on, and the closer it neared to 7 PM the more nervous I got. I paced along the walkway, looking to the path below. Once Seven came and went, I heard howls fill the sky and Kade gasps.

Nervously I look at Kade. "I don't think she is coming, love, she must have changed her mind," I shake my head, knowing she wouldn't have.

"No. She'll be here," I tell him, pacing again.

"Abbie!"

"No, she will be here," I tell him and he growls behind me. I peer over my shoulder at Kade, and he presses his lips in a line.

"The King knows of her plans. The gardener told him when he heard you speaking," Kade tells me. But the gardener wasn't there to listen.

"Abbie, don't make me do this, I don't want to hurt you, but we need to leave. Kyson will come for me when he finds out I was in on it."

"How do you know about the gardener?" I question.

"One of the guards sent me a message just now," he says, coming over playing with his phone. He shows me the screen.

"You know I can't read, do the voice to text thingy." I tell him.

"My phone doesn't have that feature," he tells me.

"No, we need to wait. She will come. I know she will" I tell him.

"Abbie, get in the car," he repeats, I shake my head.

Just go," I tell him, waving him off and turning toward the steep incline to go look for her when I feel his aura slip out and wash over me.

"Stop this nonsense and get in the f****g car! You are testing my patience. Now!" He bellows the order and I whimper as I try to fight his command yet my feet carry me to

the car with frighteningly quick steps. Kade growls, slamming my door before I barely get my legs in. While I sit there shaken that he just commanded me. He climbs into the car and starts it before he sighs heavily.

“The King is mad at me. You don’t want me hurt, do you? What would the Moon Goddess think if you got your mate killed, all because you foolishly wanted to wait?” He asks

“What if she tripped or something?” I ask, worried.

He puts the car in drive, and it starts moving. I reach for the door handle, but Kade’s hand drops on my thigh, his nails digging in.

“Do you not love me? Did you not hear what I said about the King looking for me?” He growls before once again his aura slips out.

“Sit there and be quiet! Think about the consequences if the King finds me. Imagine all the ways he could hurt me.” He orders, and I blink. My mind . overpowered and did everything he asked. For hours I imagined possible torture scenarios, my bond aching and cringing when finally he squeezed my fingers.

“I dropped my command. I’m sorry, love. I shouldn’t have commanded you,” he tells me, and I peer out the window feeling sick. If only he knew how tortured my mind already was and then he does that. Forces me to envision his death while my bond tugged painfully in my chest. The guilt forming an endless pit in my stomach.

“I’m sorry.” I whisper.

“That’s okay. You are forgiven. I bet you’re hungry. There is a truck stop ahead.” At the mention of food, my belly rumbles. He pulls in and there is a small diner. Stepping inside, we take our seats and Kade orders for us. He orders our food yet when it comes out I stare at the plate.

“You need to watch your figure. Can’t have a fat Luna,” he says as I stare down at the bowl of lettuce. “Lucky I am here to look out for you. I’ll make a Luna of you,” he says. I look at his eggs and bacon, but not wanting to sound ungrateful, i tuck in. My belly rumbles after we finish eating and climb in the car. I was still hungry and I pinch my shirt that was far too loose, wondering if I was overweight. Surely someone would have told me? Maybe not, but I didn’t think I was overweight. I always thought I looked sickeningly skinny with the way my hip bones jutted out and my ribs showed..

The drive takes hours and I reach into the back-seat to retrieve my bag, pulling my phone out. I have multiple texts messages from Gannon. Yet some part

of me told me not to listen to them in the car. Kade made it very clear about his dislike for Gannon and Liam, and I didn’t feel like arguing with him over any message he sent

So I tuck the phone back in the bag when my fingers touch a wrapper. Excitement bubbles in me and I pull the bag of candy clouds out. I open it and pop three in my mouth while reaching for the dial on the radio. Only Kade slaps my hand.

He had never done that before. He always let me choose the station when in his car. "I'm listening to that! What has gotten into you? You're acting out of sorts!" he snaps, glancing at me.

Was I acting out of sorts? Was it me? Yet why did I suddenly feel uncomfortable in his presence? Guilt smashed me for even thinking I was uncomfortable. The Moon Goddess would strike me down for my terrible thoughts about my mate. A gift she bestowed me.

"What have you got?" Kade asks when I pop another candy in my mouth. I show him the bag, offering him some.

"Strawberry clouds, do you want one? They are.." he rips the bag out of my hand.

"I knew you were acting up! For f**k sakes, you shouldn't eat candy. The sugar goes to your head." He winds the window down, tossing the bag before I could try to grab it. "You're so talkative and loud whenever you eat that s**t he gives you!" he snaps and I shrink in my chair.

"Seriously, Abbie, think of your health. And my sanity. It drives me up the wall when you're blubbering and bouncing on your feet!" he scolds.

He never complained before, and Gannon never said I talk too much. Yet that sinking feeling returned and I turned my gaze out the window.

Wiping a stray tear with my fingers. "You're not seriously crying over candy?" He huffs and I feel myself slip into a mask I had learned at a young age. A mask Mrs. Daley earned from us. One of emptiness. Tears won't help you, no they would get us beat back at the orphanage. Kade mutters something under his breath. Yet I turn my thoughts inward, blocking out the world and everyone in it. Going to a place no one could touch me. Going to a place I only visit in my dreams. Grandma's house. Where my childhood was good before it all got taken away from me when we had to go on the run.

Rate this Chapter

Mated To The King's Gamma

Chapter 39

I lose track of time and didn't come back to my surroundings until Kade shook my shoulder, making me jump back. "We are here, love," he tells me and I blink.

We had arrived already? I glance around to find it was late at night, yet this wasn't the packhouse that Kade had told me about. There was no huge sandstone mansion or gardens, no fountains and tall hedges and or any people in sight. I look at the run down cabin we had parked out the front of in confusion

"Where are we?" I ask him, noticing this place was completely isolated and surrounded by forest.

"A safe house. We have been having issues with neighboring packs. We don't want to alert them to your existence. It would put you in danger," he says. My brows furrow and I go to say something, yet he was already climbing out of the car. The wind was harsh as he walked around, opening my door. I climb out, rubbing my arms before retrieving my bag.

"How long will we stay here for?" I ask him, looking at the tiny porch that sloped on one side. The door had a huge crack and a chunk missing from the bottom corner.

"You will stay here until the mess is sorted with the other pack," he says while fiddling with his keys.

"Wait you aren't staying with me?" I asked, peering around at the tress, and into the shadowing darkness.

"No, I need to head home. Keep up appearances. If I don't return, they may come looking for me, which isn't safe for you," he tells me.

"But this place is safe?" I ask him. He nods his head.

"I will stay for a little bit. I sent a list to my men. They stocked everything for you. Come on, I will show you inside," he tells me. He ushers me to follow him before unlocking the door. He has to kick it a few times to get it to un-stick; the door was swollen from what looked like water damage. Stepping inside, the place was a dump, rubbish strewn everywhere, and it reminded me of some of the old abandoned buildings near the orphanage.

Inside was a double bed, the mattress heavily stained. No, actually, I believe it is a futon. Kade flicks the lights on and they flicker as he moves toward the kitchen

"You'll find everything you need here. I will bring more supplies and food as soon as I can. But with a tidy up it should be quite cozy," he says. He hunts around in the tiny kitchen, that I could reach my leg out from the bed to touch the counter it was that close. He returns with a box of matches and passes them to me.

"I need to go, but I will return tomorrow. Firewood is around back. You may need to chop some up. Some fresh bed linen is over there and food is in the pantry and fridge." he tells me.

“Wait, can you help me get the fire started?” I ask him desperately. I always sucked at it and Gannon, Liam or Dustin would always start mine back in my little room back home. Sometimes Damian too.

“Don’t be silly. It’s ridiculously late, I need to get home and shower to get up for work. You can manage fine on your own for one night. I will be back around lunchtime tomorrow,” he says.

“Please, let me come with you. You can sneak me into the packhouse. No one will see me, it’s late night no one be up at this hour,” I tell him, not wanting to stay out here by myself.

“Abbie, love. I need to go. I haven’t got time for the theatrics. Behave and I will be back tomorrow,” he says, pecking my forehead. He then turns to leave me here. I glance around, sitting on the creaky old mattress, the springs digging into my backside. It was freezing in here. It was so cold my breath was making clouds in the air.

I needed to start the fire, but after only moments of sitting, the cold seeped deep within my bones, making them ache. I reach for the sheets and blankets, huddling beneath them and pulling my phone from my bag. I turn the screen on and see the time and sigh. Much too late to call Gannon and wake him. Instead, I listen to his messages over and over of him telling me he misses me and asking me to call him back.

I can’t believe my mate left me here, I think to myself, before reminding myself it was for my safety. The sun was almost rising by the time I finally managed to sleep. Only it wasn’t long before Kade was waking me. I jump, startled when a hand touches me before peering around.

“I told you I was coming by at lunch,” he says. He looks around at the place, and I yawn, stretching my arms above my head.

“I’ll make you a coffee,” he says, wandering the few steps away to the kitchen. “I expected you to have this place cleaned up. I wanted to stay here tonight with you, but I suppose I can’t now. I can’t reward laziness,” he says, and I jump to my feet.

“I can clean it. I will get to work now,” I tell him, yet my belly rumbles hungrily, but I would ignore it if it meant he would stay the night here. Last night was unbearable.

“Sit. You don’t have time now. The sun will be going down soon,” he says, passing me the steaming mug.

“Ah, what time is it?” I ask, and he glances at his watch. “A little after 4 PM,” he says.

“But you said you would be here at lunch?”

"I got held back. I'm here now, though. Come here," he says, patting his lap. I wiggle closer, only for him to pull me onto his lap. I rest my head on his shoulder, and he chuckles when I inhale his scent.

"When can I come to the packhouse?" I ask him.

"Soon. Hopefully. A few of my men were killed last week after the other pack attacked. As soon as it is safe you will be home with me. I promise. I hate the thought of you out here alone; I want you by my side always," he says, kissing my cheek.

Chapter 39

"Then take me with you. I don't care about the risk. I will have you with me. I just want you," I tell him. "Abbie, please, it has been a stressful enough day. Can't we just lay for a little bit? Let me relax a little while here? I can't risk you. You are the most precious person in the world to me," he says, laying down.

I slide off his lap beside him and sip my coffee. My belly rumbles again, and I look to the kitchen. Getting to my feet, I move toward the fridge and open it, finding it bare besides some butter, campers milk, and a block of cheese.

Opening the pantry, I found dry cereal and a packet of crackers. I thought he said someone stocked the place? "Kade?" I call over my shoulder.

He looks over at me, and I point to the pantry. "I thought they stocked it?" he rubs his chin.

"Right, I will get onto them when I get back home and send someone out to grab some things for you."

"Maybe you could take me to the shop? I am hungry, and there is only cereal and crackers," I tell him.

"I'm sure that is enough for one day, I will be sure to bring more food tomorrow," he tells me while waving me over.

I look at the empty cupboard before closing it and wandering over to him, only for him to pull me down on top of him. He rolls, pushing me on my back and moving between my legs.

Kade kisses me, his tongue slipping between my lips and tasting every inch of my mouth. His lips trail down my neck, and I gasp at the delicious sparks as he nips and sucks on my neck. He lifts my skirt, his fingers reaching for the waistband of my panties and I pull away from him, shuffling up the bed. He growls, nipping my collarbone with his teeth as I wiggle up the bed.

“Why you gotta be such a prude? I am your mate!” he snaps when I tug my skirt down. Yet his words washed right over me as I was brought back to the basement in the orphanage. Plunged violently into memories I wished weren't mine, ones I wish would remain buried and never surface again.

“Abbie?” Kade whispers, gripping my face. “Why are you crying again? You are always crying! What did I do now?” he asks as tears p***k my eyes, yet I can't explain. The shame I felt burned me hotter than burning hot coals ever could.

Kade sighs, “I guess I better go. Try to have this place cleaned up so I can stay tomorrow night,” he says while getting to his feet. Panic bubbles up, filling me dread what if the butcher found me? I would be by myself?

“But you only just got here. I can clean the place. It won't take me long,” I tell him, but he shakes his head. “And try to clean yourself up a little for me before tomorrow. Your clothes smell off. I don't like it.” he says before leaving while I stared at the door after he closed it.

Once again, I am left alone for another night, only tonight, my stomach cramps so much I struggle to breathe. Pain courses through my chest, and I try to ring Kade, but he never answers. Hours pass while I endure it before finally, he calls me back.

Answering the phone, I shiver beneath the blanket, my teeth chattering so much they ache “Kade! Oh please, Kade! Something is wrong! My stomach and chest, it feels so tight. I think I need to see a doctor,” I sob into the phone.

“Is that why you have been disturbing me all night? Over menstrual cramps? For fucks sake, Abbie! I was in a meeting!” he growls.

“It's not those sort of cramps. Even my chest hurts. It was hard to breathe,” I try to explain, yet the hollowness writhing through me was the most unbearable as if a part of me was dying, and I couldn't find the words to explain it accurately.

“You're being dramatic!” he snaps before hanging up, and for the first time in ages, I break.

Why couldn't he just come and be here if he wouldn't call a doctor? That would be enough. I just wanted to be held, anything to take my mind off the agony that had torn through me so suddenly, yet as the time slipped by, the pain eased off. Why was he acting like this? Three times I attempted to call Gannon before putting the phone down. Shame washed through me, I should have listened. This was not at all what I imagined finding my mate to be. Yet I was too embarrassed to tell anyone, after everything and the fuss everyone made about me leaving.

Crawling and sniffing back was too embarrassing, and then the voices would start, the voices that criticize everything I had ever done or said, bringing back every memory. My

mind pointed out my flaws and reminded me of how pathetic I am. Reminding me that I should be grateful the moon goddess granted me a mate because no one else would have me,

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

Chapter 40

The following morning, I decided to take a look around. I had tried ringing Kade a couple of times before I decided to venture out and see what was nearby. If there was anything nearby: I doubted it very much. Besides the road at the end of the long driveway, I saw nothing but trees.

I had just finished eating the last of the crackers which I had for breakfast; the cereal was stale and rock hard. He told me someone stocked the place, but everything was already opened, and a half was gone. Even the milk went bad overnight. But hunger pains were something I knew I would get used to. Hunger was the least of our problems in the orphanage, and we would have to scavenge for food, or sometimes the kids would sneak us stuff.

That didn't last long, though, not after one of them got caught and smacked. We told them not to worry about us and that we would earn our keep. So I knew I could last a while without eating, but since Kade was ignoring me since I interrupted his meeting, I knew I had to look around to see what I could find in case he didn't return.

First, I investigated the back of the cabin, which was putting it nicely. It looked more like a cubby house some kids built. I found an old barrel which I figured would come in handy to do some washing, so I spent a good chunk of the morning soaking the bed-lined and torn curtains before rewiring the close line as best I could. It leaned to one side and had barely enough line to hang the linen and curtains on.

Once I finished that, the sun was high in the sky, and the heat made me exhausted, but still, I powered through the need to lay down and rest. I made my way through the forest at the back, wanting to shift, but instead wandered around looking for berries or anything remotely edible. I found a few birds' nests but was too tired to even attempt to climb the trees to retrieve them. I also found a small dam. It was shallow; the water looked slimy and murky. With a sigh, I turned back around and headed back toward the cabin.

Quickly checking the clothesline, I was walking back to the front door when I noticed the car parked along the road. I stared at it, wondering if it was Kade, yet as I walked across the vast dead lawn along the dirt driveway, it screeched as its tires tore off down the road.

Wiping my forehead, I turned back to the cabin, thinking they must have had the wrong address. Stepping inside the cabin, the tin roof had heated inside to the point that it was hotter inside than outside. It was like an oven, so hot that after twenty minutes, it was becoming difficult to breathe. I must have passed out because the next thing I knew, I was waking up to Kade shaking my arm. Startled, I lurched upright, and glanced around. I had fallen asleep on the futon.

“Some of my patrols saw you in the forest. What were you doing?” he asked. I blinked at him.

“Pardon?” I ask, rubbing my eyes and peering at the windows. It was dark outside. Did I really sleep the rest of the day away? I shake my head, trying to regather my thoughts.

“I said my patrol saw you sneaking through the forest. Now, what were you doing out there?” he demanded. My brows furrowed in confusion. It was only a forest.

“I was just looking around. I was also trying to see if there were any berries.” I told him. Kade clicks his tongue, and I reach out for him, needing some contact to know he is really here and not just in my dazed thoughts.

“I can’t have you running through the forest, Abbie. It is dangerous out there,” he tells me, yet I saw nobody, not a single person or strange scent. He growls angrily.

“And to think I was going to reward you, but after such behavior, I don’t know if I should!” he growls.

“I can come home with you?” I ask, excited.

“What? No! It’s unsafe; I have told you this,” he says, shaking his head at me. He gets up, moving toward the small kitchen.

“I see you cleaned up.” he states, glancing around at the small area. Yet I scoot to the edge of the bed when I see he has some plastic bags on the small counter. My mouth waters when I catch a whiff of something hot to eat.

My stomach growls embarrassingly loudly at the smell of food. Kade smiles, digging through the bag before coming over to me. He set a plastic container in my lap full of pasta and meatballs. “I had my housekeeper c**k you some dinner,” he says, passing me a fork.

I look up at him, waiting for him to sit with me. “You’re not eating with me?” I ask.

“No, I already ate before heading over here.” Instead, he watched me while I ate, which I had never ever been so self-conscious of before. His eyes made my skin prickle with goosebumps as if he was judging the way I ate. Or maybe I was reading too much into it. When I finished, I washed the container and turned it upside down on the counter.

“See what being good gets you?” Kade says, and I peer up at him. “Good?” I ask him.

“Yes, of course. You behave, and I reward you. Today I let you off easily with you wandering around. You understand why I can’t have that, right?” he asks. I swallowed because I didn’t see an issue with what I did, yet the look on his face when I didn’t immediately reply told me had done something terrible.

“I was only looking for berries. I was hungry.” I tell him.

“I told you I would bring you back food,” he says, rustling the bag at me.

“How do you expect to be my Luna when you can’t follow simple conditions?”

“But you never said I couldn’t look around,”

“Well, now you know. Don’t forget your place, Abbie! You are my Luna. I am your Alpha. What I say goes. What would happen if I presented a disobedient Luna to my pack? I would be the laughing stock. You need to think hard about your actions,” he scolds.

*Now, put these away before I change my mind. I will think of something suitable for punishment for your actions,” he says, walking off to sit on the couch. I stare after him before looking at the bag of groceries.

*That should last you a couple of days,” he says, and I nod. Pulling the stuff out. I found a fresh loaf of bread, coffee, and three liters of milk. Packing half the bag away. I turned to glance at Kade, who was texting on his phone.

“Did you get sugar for the coffee?” I asked, chewing my lip. I knew that brand of coffee. It was nasty and cheap. Extremely bitter tasting, Mrs. Daley called it visitors coffee when she bought it, and it was the only coffee we were allowed.

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