

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

Chapter 41

The following day, all I could think about was what he said last night about going into heat. I didn't want to go into heat; I didn't want to do what was expected. Yet I wanted to mark my mate so that way the bond would form, and maybe he would let me come live with him in the Packhouse.

It was lonely out here, and I felt trapped. Kade had dropped off some sugar cubes. There were ten in a sandwich bag. I crushed them and put them in the sugar jar, hoping they would last.

For the most part, I spent the day sleeping, having nothing better to do, my mind wandering to Tyson, Ivy, and Gannon. How much my life had changed in a week, and I wasn't sure it was for the good anymore. Maybe it wouldn't have been so bad here if I had Ivy with me. When I woke up, I retrieved my phone to see multiple missed calls from Gannon. I was about to call him back when I heard tires on the dirt road. We had texted, or I voice texted him, but I hadn't spoken to him. And my messages were always brief because the voice text thing would jumble the words, and he kept asking me to repeat myself, so I gave up.

As the tires got louder, I glanced out the window to see Kade pull up. He smiles and seems to be in a cheerful mood. My bond flares and I set the phone down before rushing out the door.

"I have a surprise for you," he says as he leans down to kiss me before stepping back to look at me.

"I spoke with Alpha Brock today. He said Tyson is doing well. And once you're settled into the Packhouse, I can send someone to retrieve him," Kade tells me.

"Really?" I ask.

"Of course. Come on. Come on," he says, ushering me into the cabin. He takes his jacket off sitting on the bed.

"When can I come to the packhouse?" I asked, excited that I could get my boy back. That he would be with me and kept safe. I could get my bubbly Tyson back with me where he belongs.

Kade picks up my phone when he notices the screen on. He glances at it and unlocks it, scrolling through it. "Make me a coffee, love," he says, and I turn to the kitchen. When I made his coffee and handed it to him, he had a stormy look on his face. He quickly sets

my phone down. Taking the chipped mug, he sets it on the floor beside him before pulling me on his lap.

"I missed you," he says, nipping at my jaw. I could smell liquor on his breath, on his clothes, and a heap of different scents that had me sniffing him. It bothered me for some unknown reason. Yet I snap out of my strange fascination with his scent when he squeezes my b*m, his hands groping me, and I try to pull out of his grip, but he rolls on the side, pulling me with him.

Panic writhes through me when he starts tugging at my dress. His hands on my body made me cringe, and I pushed on his shoulders before panicking completely and accidentally kneeing him in the crotch. He growls, clutching himself and rears back.

"D**n it, Abbie! What is wrong with you?" he demands.

"I didn't mean it. You just startled me," I tell him, yet I shook violently as I moved away from him. He reaches for me, but I bring my knees closer to myself.

"I can't believe you! After everything, I have done for you! I was getting Tyson back for you! The least you could do is help me out. I have needs too, Abbie. B****y useless at everything you do!" he snaps while I stare at him with wide eyes at how angry he was getting.

"You better not carry on like this when you go into heat. We will complete the bond then. Until then, think about what you just did!" he growls, shaking his head. He retrieves his jacket before leaving, slamming the door so hard a piece crumpled and fell off.

Yet I was no longer here. No, I was stuck back in the basement as that vile man breathed on the back of my neck as he pinned me down. As unimaginable pain tore through me, my thighs were stained red with his brutality. Gone was the cabin, and I was transported right back there, right back where nightmares were my reality. Where monsters were real, and where I tried to end it once he was done with me.

I thought my life was traumatic before that day. But it opened up an entirely new world. I suddenly noticed the shadows in the house more. I now would take a second glance at everything I would only glance at, wondering if he was lurking there waiting. Constantly fearing it happening again.

Fearing seeing your own body because it bears its marks of it. Fearing people because you know how much one person can destroy you. It opens you up to realize how truly evil our world is. Now everything had you second guessing the ulterior motive behind one's actions.

Some logical part of me knew I wasn't there anymore, yet the flashbacks were so real that I might as well have been enduring it all over again. Everything felt real; I could still

feel his calloused fingers and the way my tunic tore when he scrunched it up over my hips.

The stinging of my flesh as he ripped my underwear down and felt the warmth of my blood as it cascaded down my legs. His scent was putrid, like rotting meat and steel. His voice in my ear and the taste of his fingers as he muffled my screams of agony.

Even the voices above us, the TV show Mrs. Daley turned up when she sold me to him so the kids wouldn't hear me. The tune that played at the start of it I would never forget. And I swear she used to turn that show up every time it came on, to remind me of what he did.

It was one of the worst triggers because that show was on daily, and the moment it came on, my surroundings faded away, and I was right back there. Right now, that jingle played on a loop, keeping me trapped in the memories of my innocence stolen.

Surviving trauma is one thing. Learning to live with what happened, however, is another entirely. It lingers, waiting in the background to be triggered. Only to remind you of how helpless you once were, showing you how easily destroyed you could be again.

And right now, I am plagued with memories I wished weren't mine. Wished weren't imprinted on my brain and all because of the way my mate's hands felt when he grabbed me. No way could I survive mating with him if just his touch repulsed me so much it sent me back here

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Chapter 43

Gannon POV

"Up, get out of bed." Liam says, clapping his hands loudly. I tug my pillow over my head, trying to go back to sleep, when he strips the blanket back off the bed. "Oh la la, what have we here? Sleeping in the buff, I see, me likey," he says moments before his hand slaps my a*s. The slap of his hand branded my a*s, and I could feel every d**n finger seared into my backside.

I snarl, rolling over onto my back and glaring at him. "Liam, you f*****g Twat!" I hiss, rubbing my a*s that I could feel was welted. "Get out of my room

"No, can do. I have a job to do, and you are coming with me." he declares. I groan, reaching for my blanket and tugging it back up, and rolling back onto my stomach.

"Go annoy Dustin or Damian," I tell him when he snatches my blanket, ripping it completely off the bed this time.

"Up, or I will make use of that a*s by turning it into my personal c*m dumpster." Liam snaps and I snarl, sitting up and tossing my legs over the side of the bed while he strolls over to my drawers, grabbing clothes out and tossing them at me.

I s****h them, slipping them on. "And where are we going?" I ask.

"Anywhere but this room. I am sick of watching you sulk," Liam says. Great, he woke me for no d**n reason. I yank my shirt over my head.

"Has Abbie called you?" I ask him as I slip my sneakers on. Glancing up at him, he shakes his head.

"When was the last time you spoke to her?"

"Days ago, a week, maybe more," I shrug while placing my other shoe on.

“She’ll come around, Gannon. She will realize what sort of man he is,” Liam says. Grabbing my belt from off the bedside table, I pull it through the belt hoops before doing up the buckle and following him out of the room.

“Maybe ask Kyson for permission to visit her,” Liam suggests as we follow the stairs. I had no idea where he was taking me, but I followed him to the kitchens and down into the basement.

“Kyson wants me to find all the archives on the Azalea Landeena,” Liam tells me, and I nod. We had a sneaking suspicion Ivy may be the missing Landeena princess, the rightful heir to the Landeena Kingdom.

Which meant Kyson’s treatment of her was for nothing. He believed she was the daughter of infamous serial killer Marrison Talbot, but as of now, we had doubts because too much didn’t add up.

I had mentioned to Damian a few times that I thought something was off with how she acted. She acted more like a Lycan instinct-wise than a werewolf. Kyson, however, refused to listen to us. Until now.

Moving to the far cells, we were dragging boxes out, going through them looking for anything and everything on the Landeena’s and their missing daughter, who would be around Ivy’s age.

We find a few files and go through them quickly before deciding to show them to Damian to see if they are of any use. Unfortunately, we barely scratched a dent in the cell. It was almost inaccessible, and it was stacked high to the ceilings and there were six others like it.

When we were done, Liam dragged me to training with the men and some of the old Landeena guard that survived after their Kingdom fell. I tried to call Abbie before, eventually. We were on patrol until late at night. Liam, I could tell, was trying to keep me distracted or, more like babysitting me.

When the shift ended we headed back to the castle. Stepping into my room. I groan when he follows me inside. “Come on, Liam, leave me be,” I growl, stalking toward the bathroom to shower. I showered quickly, yet when I stepped out, I found him still in my room and going through my stuff. I snatched the photo of Sia and Abbie out of his hands.

“Liam!” I snarled through gritted teeth. Liam exhales loudly before moving toward my bed and sitting down.

“By the way. Kyson granted you leave to visit Abbie,” Liam states, and I sigh, knowing he must have convinced him or had Damian convince the King

“You didn’t have to get involved,” I tell him, placing the photos back in my folder.

“When you get her back, are you going to tell her about killing her aunty?” I swallow, glancing away at his question.

“More importantly, are you going to tell the King about who Sia was?” Liam asks.

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Chapter 43

“It changes nothing. We handled her in the end and she never was able to go through with her plans. What is the point of dragging up the past? Nothing good ever comes of it,” I tell him.

“The King wouldn’t be mad that you killed the woman and her mother.”

“Are you speaking about your part in it or overall?” I ask him.

“Kyson finds out he will kill Abbie. Assuming guilt by association. Look what he has done to Ivy. I won’t risk it with Abbie,” I tell him, and he sits on the end of the bed.

“And what about Abbie?” Liam asks. “You have to tell Abbie about us. She will find out, Gannon. Secrets like this don’t remain hidden forever.”

“Tell her what? That my mate chose you over me? Or how I felt her Aunty for two years after she rejected me, felt the bond breaking every time she screwed my best friend? Or should I tell her how we both ripped her Aunty apart when we found out about each other?” I spit at him.

Liam sighs. “Abbie would understand. I just don’t want you getting her back, and then this one secret tearing you both apart again. She finds this out on her own. It will do exactly that.”

“The only person who knows Liam is you, so unless you plan on telling her, she has no way to find out,” I tell him. Liam sighs and shakes his head.

“Just think about it, Gannon; I will back you either way. But I think she needs to know why her parents were on the run.”

“We don’t know that for certain. We only just learned Sia had a twin. They could have been rogue for any number of reasons.”

“It makes sense, though. Why would Abbie’s parents become rogue voluntarily, Gannon? They were running from someone. We may not have known about them until Abbie walked into the picture, and you recognized the link after finding those files, but it

is now clear who they were running from. Abbie has a right to know about that. Or at the very least that her Aunty was your true mate,” he tells me before walking to the door.

“Get some sleep, brother. I will make sure your car is ready, so you can leave first thing in the morning to see Abbie. Hopefully, you can bring her home.” Liam tells me, shutting the door.

I exhale before retrieving my clothes and slipping into bed. Tomorrow I will see Abbie, and hopefully, I can convince her to come back with me. If not, I had no idea what else I could do. Though I know if I asked Liam, he would help me Kill Kade and sweep it under the rug. Unfortunately, that would mean killing his entire pack.

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Chapter 44

Gannon

Last night, the King granted me special leave while Ivy was transitioning. I had been in the car ever since. I tried to ring Abbie to speak with her and convince her, but she never answered her phone. Abbie had been ignoring my calls.

I am to report any issues, although I was angered that Kyson wouldn’t allow me to drag her out because forcing someone from their mate was illegal if they wanted to remain with them. However, I was tempted to break that law. I would take jail time or the lashings.

I know Kyson would be reluctant to hand the sentence down, but with pressure from the packs over, which he governed, it didn’t look good for a king to go against the law he helped create to stop Alpha’s forcefully marking multiple women and stealing them from their mates.

This is precisely why Kade never marked any of his wives. Technically, they were free if they found their mates. But Abbie, he did mark, knowing having a mate makes him stronger.

So, for now, my only option was to convince Abbie to willingly leave him. He didn’t deserve her. Neither did I, but I would spend the rest of my life trying to prove my worth to her if she would have me. As stupid as it might be to try, I had to.

Yet going against a mate bond was near impossible for she-wolves, and so far, my attempts to convince her of her mate’s infidelity have failed when I had managed to get a hold of her until suddenly she stopped answering all together.

We rarely came this far out into the pack. Even when invited to stay as we passed through it sometimes, we always stayed elsewhere. It was uncomfortable being in packs, never knowing which side they were on or if they were working for the hunters. You could never be too careful.

However, Alpha Kade had been good to us, always helped, and never questioned when we asked anything. We would even ask him to send his men out to scout for hunters in his area. He always obliged willingly, but he was a shitty werewolf nonetheless, the way he kept women as if they were trophies or some possession, not a person always infuriated me.

My phone starts ringing, and I pull over to answer it, knowing I would need to type in the address soon, anyway. Damian's name pops up on the screen, and I hit connect, placing it to my ear.

"Did you get the address?" I ask him, rummaging for a pen and paper in the glove compartment.

"Yes, I have it right here. Try to remain unseen, Gannon. It will raise suspicions if you get caught lurking without formal notice," Damian tells me, and I growl.

"What did you tell him?"

"I told him that Ivy wanted to send a care package." Damian tells me.

"Fine, I will stop on the way and buy some s**t in case. I can play the delivery boy." I snapped.

"Good idea, but please don't kill anyone, for god's sake."

"I'm just there to get my girl, that's it," I tell him.

"You can't force her; you know what will happen if you do," Damian reminds me.

"Maybe I am willing to accept the punishment, Damian."

"Then what becomes of her when you take her away? Think, Gannon. You force her, and she wants to go back. Then what? You would be banned from entering his pack. She is stuck there, and the King has to give you 1000 lashes and jail time. Don't make him do that. You know what happened last time he had to do that? And it nearly killed one of our men, and it nearly destroyed him."

"But that idiot forcefully claimed the girl; I am not claiming her, just taking her," I retorted.

"Same difference. Don't make me order you back, Gannon."

"This is Abbie, Damian," I breathe.

"I am aware, but our hands are tied, and he is the only Alpha we have an actual alliance with." Damian says. I glare out the windshield at the forest.

"What's it going to be? Am I ordering you back, or can you contain yourself?" I snarl.

"Fine, I won't force her, but if he has hurt her, I will f*****g kill him."

"The king said he saw Abbie, and she was in good health besides Kade's cheating."

*That's still f*****g hurting her."

"Gannon" Damian snaps at me

Fine, I will keep my hands to myself, just give me the address," i tell him, worried he would order me back home after driving all this way. I'm only a Gamma, just like Dustin and Liam, yet Damian was a Beta. Despite Liam being of Beta blood officially, he never used or resisted Beta Damian's commands, yet at this moment, if Damian ordered me back, I would ask Liam to overstep his ranking for Abbie. And he would that I was certain of

Everyone knows if it wasn't for the trials and Liam not wanting the position, the King would have had two Betas. Both of them were equally ranked by blood, yet Liam hadn't the responsibility of what that position would hold.

Regardless of Lian's position, Damian could order me back, and I would be powerless to stop him if he did. I jot down the address before hanging up and putting the address on the maps. It was indeed out of town, miles out. I expected her to be at the packhouse. That is where an Alpha's mate should be, not hidden away in some cabin. Nothing around her; he kept her from everyone, including the town.

I grow at the realization she was out there alone. Starting the car, I drive to the closest town before stopping at one of the general stores and filling a basket. I grabbed all her favorite fruits and candies I had forced her to try since she was sketchy, taking anything from me at the castle. Although, towards the end, she really dropped her guard, and I had her agree to be with me only for that fuckwit Kade to show up and ruin it.

I looked around for something else, but they didn't even have flowers in this shitty store. I thought that maybe she would like a book before remembering she didn't know how to read. Perhaps a comic, then. Maybe she could interpret the pictures with any luck. Perhaps I can get her to come back with me, reject her mate and teach her to read myself.

It takes me another half an hour to drive to the outskirts of Kade's territory. She was barely on the border as I pulled down the long dirt driveway. The place was surrounded

by dense forest as I pulled up at the house. Although, calling it a house would be too kind of a word, it was more like a shack. Even that might be too generous. The place looked like it was one strong gust of wind away from falling over.

I could see her at the clothesline, and she looked over her shoulder at my car as it pulled in, putting her hand up to shield her eyes from the sun so she could see better. I quickly stopped the car, sending a text to Damian that I'd arrived as requested. Abbie looked at the vehicle nervously as I swung the door open as she strolled over.

She lets out a breath of relief, making me wonder why she was worried about a random car. She looked the same, though she had a slight tan as if she had been outdoors a fair bit. Her cheeks were hollow, more than they were when she left, and her skin was sallow. She looked tired. Regardless, she seemed okay, I think.

"Oh, it's you?" Abbie says, walking over. "Why are you here?" she asks nervously, chewing her lip.

"What, that's it?" I ask her, raising an eyebrow at her. Her lips tug up in the corners before she rushes over, and I grab her, crushing her against me as I embrace her.

"Gosh, I have missed you," I tell her, and she nods, her skinny arms wrapping around my neck, and she shrieks when I lift her off her feet, hugging her tight.

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Chapter 46

"You were willing to be mine before Abbie," I tell her.

"That was before I discovered my mate, and you're a Lycan. It would never work."

"I would change you, make you a Lycan, but you need to reject Kade and come home with me."

"I can't, he..he... He loves me."

"But do you love him? Think about it, Abbie. If he wasn't your mate, and you are locked up here, would you stay or come back with me?"

"That's not fair," she says.

"Answer me," I demand.

“That would be different,” she looks around at the place. — —

“You live in a castle. Who would choose this place over that?” she finally says.

“Fine, then if he wasn’t your mate, who would you choose, him or me?”

“But he is my mate!” she yells.

“Exactly, the mate bond tells you to love him, to stay with him it is not a d**n choice, but if you had one?”

She bites her lip. “I don’t know! — please, you have to leave, you’re confusing me, stop. It all needs to stop.”

“Come back with me, even for a little while. Just come back, come see Ivy. You wanted to see Ivy, right?” I beg.

“It’s unsafe; I have to stay here; Kade will take me to see her. He promised he would.”

“I’m a f*****g Lycan. What safer place is there to be than by my side?” I curse while shaking my head and pinching the bridge of my nose in frustration.

“He’s my mate,” she says, though even she looks confused at what she wanted. That stupid marking on her neck. I wish I could remove it so she could think clearly.

I move toward her, and she backs up, her b*m hitting the kitchen sink. “Come back with me.” I ask, while rubbing her arms.

“I can’t, Gannon.”

“But you want to, don’t you?” I ask her, and she looks away.

“I can’t leave my mate. It would hurt him if I did.”

“What about the pain he causes you?”

“Ah, not this again. He wouldn’t do that; I’m his mate,” she says, trying to push past me.

“He has multiple wives, Abbie. Why do you think he keeps you out here?”

“You’re lying. I already asked him, and he said, you are just jealous.”

“Of course, I am jealous, but I wouldn’t f*****g lie to you,” I tell her.

“You need to leave,” she says, but I grab her, pushing myself against her and gripping her neck. My lips crashed against her plump ones, and she tried to shove me away when my tongue forced its way between her lips.

Abbie moans as my tongue invades her mouth. Her attempts to shove me off stopped before her hands ran up my chest, and she kissed me back hungrily. I grip her thighs, placing her on the edge of the sink and pressing between her legs when she gasps, pulling away from me.

“Why would you do that?” she growls.

“Still think a mate can’t cheat on a mate?” I ask her.

She shakes her head. “No, it’s because you’re Lycan. You did something!”

“I didn’t make you kiss me back, Abbie.”

“She-wolves are attracted to men of dominance, it’s... it’s... it’s in our DNA! You need to leave,” she says, shoving me away feebly. But she is much too weak to move me.

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Chapter 46

“Abbie, he is no good for you.”

“He is my mate; he is who I am destined to be with, him,” she s**s before pointing at me. “You made me; I wouldn’t have if you...” she shakes her head.

“It’s okay to love someone else, Abbie.”

“I don’t; I love my mate, 1.” she looks around frantically, and her body trembles and fear crosses her features.

“Really, because back home, you seemed to like me, too.” I remind her.

“Yes, before I found my mate.”

“You still do!” I tell her.

“Of course I do, Gannon; you’re Lycan, my blood it makes ...”

“Doesn’t make you love someone,” I tell her.

Seek us out, yes, but I can't make her love me. It was in their DNA that she-wolves sought out dominant males for safety, but that didn't mean they loved them. I know she loves me too, or she wouldn't have always sought me out or let me follow her around like a d**n lost puppy. Damian even offered to tell me to back off.

Still, she refused, saying she liked me being around her, and she never reacted to Damian like this, and he was of higher rank than me. Everything was fine before Kade came into the picture.

"You need to leave; I want you to leave, please." Abbie tells me.

"Come back with me."

"No! Just go. You can't force me. It's against the law. I may be stupid, but I know that much." she says, looking away.

"You are not stupid. Misguided, yes, but not stupid, Abbie. Don't say that," I tell her.

"Leave; I have asked you to, so please, Gannon. Don't make this harder than it has to be," she says, and I sigh. I pull my phone from my pocket and glance at the time. I was only granted an hour here, and I was already 15 minutes over.

"When you change your mind, you ring me; I don't care what time it is; I will come for you. Do you still know my number?" She nods. "My number Abbie." She sighs and rattles it off, knowing it by heart, Ivy had made her write it down after it mysteriously went missing from her phone. I kiss her forehead before nodding. "Answer my calls."

"I will be okay. Just leave," she says, and I chew my lip before turning and walking out the door. When I get in the car, I start the engine and look up to find her standing on the porch watching me. She waves before looking away, and I turn the car around. When I drive over the boundary, Damian rings.

"What?"

"Are you on your way back with her?" he asks me.

"She wouldn't come. There is no food in that place. It is a s**t hole."

"She has to come willingly. You can't take her."

"It's f*****g bullshit; I should just command her," I tell him and take whatever punishment Kyson delivers. She would have no choice. I am Lycan. She would do as I commanded.

"You do, and she will always question whether or not she made the right choice," Damian tries to reason. I growl, and eventually, he hangs up when I come to the town I stopped in earlier. I nearly drive through it before I curse and pull into the grocery store.

I fill a trolley with different foods before driving back, unable to get the thought of her eating bird eggs and whatever she could find in the forest out of my head.

Pulling up, I quickly unload them. I can see her asleep on the fold-out bed through the murky tiny window that had a crack in it. I place the

groceries on the porch before knocking and walking away, unable to trust myself not to drag her out kicking and screaming.

I turn the car around, tearing out of the driveway, but catch a glimpse of her as she opens the door. She glances down, staring at the groceries before looking back at my retreating vehicle.

I would be in so much s**t for going back and being late, but I couldn't leave her with no food, and Damian would lose his mind. Stuck in my thoughts, I knew Kyson wouldn't break a law that would put the Lycan Kingdom at more risk of war, but maybe he would for Ivy?

If Ivy knew, I had no doubt she would go off about Abbie living like that and if she knew what Kade was doing behind Abbie's back? I would find a way to tell her; I would accept the backlash from the King when she does.

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

Chapter 45

I bury my face in her neck, stealing a whiff of her scent.

"Why are you here?" she repeats.

"To see you, why else? You haven't been answering my calls," I tell her, placing her back on her feet. I stared down at her, she had lost weight, which should be impossible with how skinny she already was. Her pants rolled at her hips to hold them up and looked four times bigger than her. Her white shirt, I could tell, was one of Kades. She had her pants rolled at her ankle. She glances down the driveway nervously, and I look behind me.

"Expecting someone?" I ask.

“Kade hasn’t been by for a couple of days. He said he was out of town, but…” she pauses.

“But what?”

“Nothing, but sometimes this car comes and parks down the end. They never get out.” She shakes her head. “Probably just paranoid,” she laughs. “Coffee?”

I nod and turn back to my car, grabbing the bags out before following her inside. The porch creaks as I step on it, the wooden planks bending under my weight. The door even hung weirdly as she opened it, having to lift it like the hinges were busted. Stepping inside, the place seems even tinier. The kitchen, bedroom, and living room are all in one little room.

“Where is the bathroom?”

*There is an outhouse out the back,” she shrugs, turning the stove on before filling a camping kettle and placing it on the heating element. I stare around in disbelief at how Kade had his mate living. There wasn’t even a bed, just a fold-out couch or futon thing that was neatly made. I sit on the edge of it. The springs groaned, and I could feel the metal bar beneath digging into my backside.

“You should come back with me,’ I tell her.

“Not this again, Gannon, please.” Abbie whines, and I growl before remembering the bags clutched in my hands. I hold them out to her, and her brows furrow.

“Take it,” I tell her, and she sighs, walking over before grabbing the bags. She places them on the table and looks inside them, and her eyes light up as she pulls out some sugar clouds.

Those, I had noticed, were her favorite; she immediately opened the bag and grabbed one out. She offers me the bag, but I shake my head. I didn’t like sugary stuff, I only ever brought them for her when I took her into town to grab supplies for Clarice and noticed her looking at them.

That was also when I found out she only had candy before her parents died and only on special occasions when they could afford it. So, always made sure I had a never-ending stockpile on me when I would see her.

I watch as she stuffs another in her mouth before pulling her pants up as they slide down her hips. The lolly stained her lips red, coating them in sugar. I chuckle before watching her go to the tiny fridge and open it. I growl when I see it is nearly empty, besides half a bottle of milk and a block of cheese. Getting up, I check the cupboards to find them almost bare.

“Why is there no food here?” | growl.

“There is. Kade said he would come out soon to bring more,” she shrugs, retrieving coffee and tea bags.

“What the f**k have you been eating?” I snarl.

She chews her lips nervously and looks out the window at the forest.

“Have you been hunting your own food?”

“No, I promise, I killed nothing. I just took some bird eggs,” she gasps, confusing my anger at being directed toward her for hunting.

“Bird eggs?” I scoff.

“I tried to kill a rabbit, but I couldn’t do it, I swear,” she stutters.

“I don’t care about you hunting, Abbie. My point is you shouldn’t have to. You are an Alpha’s mate, not some f*****g slave or a dirty little secret,” I snarl.

“I’m not; he is introducing me to the pack soon. It isn’t safe. He is having issues with a neighboring pack,” she stammers, turning back to her kettle that started whistling.

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Chapter 45

“Do you know how stupid that sounds? You’re his f*****g Luna, and he has you living out here in squalor.”

“It’s not safe,” she defends him.

“The safest place would be by his side, don’t you think? Not out here along the border where anyone could get you.” I argue, but she had every excuse under the sun to defend him, lies he had fed her.

It’s like arguing with a brick wall. I f*****g hated this mate bond bullshit. It made she-wolves blind to their mate’s errors and gullible. All of it is made worse when he only has to show her the tiniest bit of what she perceives as kindness because she has known none. Abbie believes wholeheartedly that is how it works, that she should trust him blindly because he is her mate, that he is some blessing from the moon goddess

“No, you’re coming back with me,” I tell her, grabbing her arm.

“What? No, I have a mate; I can’t just leave. He will worry.” she says, however I wondered if it was more than that she looked miserable.

Worty? Where the f**k is he then, Abbie?” I yell at her, trying to drag her toward the door.

“No!” she screams, thrashing in my grip. “Gannon, stop,” she says before she starts crying. “He loves me, he said he loves me, he will be back she s**s.

“I f*****g love you. He doesn’t,” I scream at her.

Abbie whimpered, and I realized my claws had slipped out, nicking her skin, thankfully not deeply, and I let her go, watching it as it healed.

You have a mate out there somewhere. How can you say that?” she demands, tears in her eyes.

“No, I don’t; I want you. Why can’t you see that?”

“But I am not yours; I am Kade’s mate. He loves me, and I love him.” she murmurs but not even she seemed convinced by her own words.

“If you think this is love, you are mistaken; you don’t hide someone you love away. You don’t force them to live like this,” I snap at her. Her brows scrunch together, and tears well in her beautiful emerald doe eyes. She shakes her head before sniffing, wiping her hands on the front of her shirt. “You should go.” she whispers, unable to meet my eyes.

I swallow, and she wraps her arms around herself, rubbing her arms as she turns back toward the kitchen.

“Abbie?”

“Gannon, please, just don’t” she breathes.

*Tell me you’re happy here? Tell me something because this, this isn’t right; I would take care of you,” I tell her.

“I’m not yours,” she says slowly, emphasizing her words.

“But you could be. You just need to ignore the bond, Abbie. See-through his bullshit,” I tell her, but she shakes her head.

“It’s temporary. He will be back soon,” she says, pouring the hot water into her mug and jiggling the tea bag. I click my tongue, unsure of another way to convince her.

Rate this Chapter

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

Chapter 42

The next week was horrendous. The day after Kade left in a rage, I tried to call Gannon only to find out my credit had run out from texting Kade and ringing him. Plus, I rang the castle and got their answering machine, not realizing it didn't automatically disconnect when no one answered.

But that wasn't the strangest thing, though. I checked all through the phone, and I couldn't find his messages or his phone number anymore. My phone book is completely empty, and my messages are empty. The only number that remained was Kade's.

I ran out of food on the second day. Kade always had some excuse not to visit, or when he did, it was only briefly, and he quickly killed any excitement I had about seeing him. I never seemed to do anything right, yet today I was completely depleted. My energy reserves died along with any motivation. I missed home terribly. I never thought I would feel at home at the castle, but coming here, I missed it.

I missed Gannon: I missed Clarice, even Peter, though he drove me up the wall. Most of all, I missed Ivy. She was my safe place. The one person who only wanted the best for me. She was more than my friend. She was my strength, my armor, and my reason for living.

All morning I lazed around but knowing Kade was supposed to come over today, I decided I needed to do my washing. So I hand scrubbed my dress, knowing it would take all day to dry, when Kade's voice boomed in my head.

"Why aren't you answering your phone?" he asks. I blink and answer back only to remember I can't. Cursing, I listen only to hear my phone ringing. I raced back inside and managed to scoop it up to see Kade's number pop up on the screen. Answering it, he instantly starts talking.

"Love, the King and Ivy are trying to call you. Answer your phone when they ring back."

I glanced at the screen and noticed the writing on the front with the phone emblem. "Okay. When will you stop by?" I ask him.

"Today. I have good news for you. Alpha Brock said I can come to pick Tyson up next week. Would you like to come with me?" I chewed my lip. I never wanted to go back there again, but for Tyson, I would s**k it up.

“He really said that?” I ask. “Wait, does that mean I am coming to the packhouse?” I ask. Finally, everything was turning out the way it was supposed to be

“Yes, of course. I will message the King and let him know to call you back, okay? I love you,” he says, and I murmur it back before he hangs up. But he was getting Tyson, and I was moving to the Packhouse. I couldn’t wait to speak to Ivy. It felt like forever since I spoke to her.

Not even a few minutes later, my phone rings as I step out to peg up the last of the laundry.

“Finally, you called!” I squeal, unable to contain my excitement. Even better was that I could see her face if I wanted, yet trying to figure out how to turn my camera on without help was extremely difficult, yet the King was patient as he talked me through it. I cried excitedly, waving to her and gushing about how much I missed her when I finally saw her face peering back at me.

“Where are you? You look like you’re outside?” Ivy asks while squinting into the camera at the background.

“At the cabin. I was hanging out washing and didn’t hear my phone. Plus, I ran out of credit. I have been trying to reach you for days. I have been so worried about you. Kade said the King caught you before you could get to the bridge?” I ask her, and she chews her lip, glancing away briefly

“And someone could have told me how to hang up, too. I rang the castle phone, but it went to some message machine and ate all my credit,” I laugh. It was as if the first time in days, I could breathe, and all it took was hearing her voice.

“Your mate hasn’t put credit on it for you?” Kyson asks over Ivy’s shoulder. I squinted at the screen, and my eyes went wide. “Sorry, my King. I didn’t see you in the background,” I say. I thought he left after he explained the camera to me. His presence made me a little nervous now. I realized he was behind her all this time.

“It’s fine, Abbie. I’m not angry with you.” The King tells me, and I chewed my fingernail and nodded but didn’t say much knowing he was right there listening in i sigh.

“So, do you like it there?” Ivy asks, and I shrug, I couldn’t say much with Kyson there. What if he told Kade if I said I wasn’t happy here? Besides, everything would be okay after next week when I can finally move into the Packhouse and bring Tyson home.

“Yeah, it’s not bad. He comes during the day, but it has been two days since I saw him last. He says he is always busy with work and sleeps there sometimes I tell her

Kyson growls behind her, and Ivy peeks over her shoulder at him, and I wonder if I said anything bad that would get me in trouble with Kade. I couldn't risk angering him, knowing Tyson was so close to coming back home with me.

"What about the people in his pack? Do you like them? Did you make any friends?" Ivy asks.

"I haven't met any of them yet. He said soon, but I need to stay at home first. He thinks I will go into heat soon because I keep getting the worst stomach cramps. I asked him to take me to see a pack doctor because I don't think it is that. My chest feels really tight, and it hurts. I actually thought I was having a heart attack last night. It's not just my stomach, and I feel fine on days when he does come here," I admit before realizing I was saying more than I should. The King growls behind her again, and she peers over at him.

"I like it other than that, but I am hoping he will take me to visit you soon. He promised I could." I tell her, trying to do damage control. Ivy Smiled, also liked that idea

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Chapter 42

"If he can't Abbie, I will send Gannon to come and pick you up to bring you here," Kyson tells me.

"Really? I never got to say goodbye to Gannon. He walked off before I could," I tell him, remembering the day I left. I turned away for a few seconds, turned back, and he was nowhere to be seen.

"Yes, if he can't bring you here, I will send Gannon. I will put your phone on my plan so you don't run out of credit too. That way, you can call Ivy whenever you like." Kyson tells me. When I hear tires on the driveway, excitement bubbles within me, and I can't wait to tell Kade that the King said he would send someone to pick me up so I could visit Ivy. Or maybe we would stop on our way back from picking up Tyson. I know Ivy would love to see him.

"Oh, oh, I hear a car. I think he is here." I babble excitedly. "I love you, but I have to go," I tell her, wanting to tell Kade the King that I could visit.

"Love you too," Ivy replies.

"More than my life." I smile.

“More than my life,” Ivy replies before I hang up. I rushed out to the driveway, only to stop in my tracks, realizing it wasn’t Kade. It was that car again, parked along the road. My brows furrow. Maybe it was a similar car.

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

Chapter 47

Abbie

My mind was still reeling from the fact Gannon had driven all the way here. How I had missed him, but I knew it was wrong to have feelings for another when you had a mate. It was a betrayal. The worst sort of betrayal to the moon goddess to refuse the gift she had bestowed on us by giving us our mates.

Honestly, I never thought myself worthy of a mate, someone to love me unconditionally, until I met Kade. I missed him, and I wondered if it hurt him just as much as it did me when we were apart. For some reason, though, as I unpacked the groceries Gannon had brought back and dropped on my doorstep. I couldn’t stop thinking of Gannon.

I couldn’t wipe the goofy smile off my face as I chewed on one of the strawberry clouds; he was always giving me candy at the castle. The fact he remembered these were my favorite had me smiling like an idiot before guilt sank in that I shouldn’t be thinking of Gannon, so I scolded myself for my reckless thoughts.

It felt strange seeing the cupboards with food in them. Kade brought a couple of bags every few days, but nothing like this. I was always rationing everything, and even then, it still wasn’t enough to last before he returned. It had been days since I last saw him, and he never stayed long, only a few minutes before saying he had to get back to work. This place was quiet, sometimes too quiet for my troubled mind, and it made me miss Ivy and Clarice more. I just needed to hold out a little longer and everything would be ok.

Packing the last of the groceries away, I decided to go bring the washing in; I only had these pants and the shirt, plus the clothes I came here wearing, which we’re currently on the clothesline. Having to hand wash them every day in the sink which was becoming really tiresome,

But I didn’t want my clothes dirty if he returned, yet the heat and sun wore me out faster each day. Being confined out here, I found I spent most of my time sleeping. The hunger always eased when I wasn’t awake to endure it, the same with the bond, and its yearning for my mate made the heart hurt less if asleep.

Stepping outside, I shielded my eyes from the sun that was slowly going down behind the trees. I split some sticks to make more pegs. Not even pegs were provided, and

only half the clothesline still had wires which I had to fix myself. I couldn't wait to finally be able to go to the packhouse.

Kade had told me all about it and told me how beautiful it was. I just needed to be patient, and soon I would be free to be with my mate and not be at threat of the pack war he was currently stuck in.

Checking the clothes, I see the hems are still wet, so I flip them on the clothesline and hang them up the other way. Another half an hour and they would surely be dry, and I could iron them for tomorrow. Walking back inside, I stop when I hear the sound of tires on gravel, and my heart leaps with excitement, hoping it is Kade.

When I turn around, I see the mysterious black Mustang parked at the end of the driveway again. I stare at it, wondering why they came here every day but never introduced themselves or got out.

However, I realized today was different when I saw the car door swing open and a woman got out of the car. She was gorgeous, with curly long blonde hair half pulled up. She had sunglasses covering her eyes, and she looked high class. Everything about her screamed money.

She walked around to the front of the car, her knee-high black boots crunching on the gravel as she leaned on the hood. She had on a white cami and blue jeans. Her lips stained bright red from her lipstick.

She sits on the hood of the car, and I wave to her, wondering if she is a pack member and if I should say hello. Kade told me not to talk to anyone out here, so I remain where I am. She never waves back. Instead, she only stares at me.

With one last glance over my shoulder, I rush inside, closing and locking the door. Not that it would do much. The door's hinges were loose, and the bottom of the door was waterlogged and broken, making it challenging to shut and leaving a gap that the mosquitoes used to come in at night.

peer out the window at her, staying far enough back, hoping she couldn't see me. She sat there for a while, then eventually left, making me wonder why she stopped here every day. Once she finally left, I let out a breath of relief. My afternoon was sort of like clockwork.

I nap before bringing the clothes in, then hang them up along the window curtain on a coat hanger. I remade my bed before grabbing the comic book Gannon had brought me. The pictures told a story about a cat with stripes. If only I could read, the images may make more sense to me, but I am thankful, nonetheless.

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

Chapter 48

Feeling a bit hungry. I wander into the kitchen. The sun was down now, and the day turned to night. The nights were the longest, so cold and empty, and that's usually also when the most pain came. That horrible, heart-breaking pain that restricted my chest. My anxiety always peaked around this time, waiting for it to arrive. Next time I speak with him, I will ask Kade to take me to the pack doctor. Something had to be wrong, or it wouldn't be so frequent.

Walking into the kitchen. I grab a cup and fill it with milk, deciding to have milk and cookies. I am too tired to c**k, not that I had any reason to be, and the stove was temperamental and only worked when it wanted to. Dipping my biscuit in my milk, I bite it, the sugary sweetness makes me giddy.

Sugar always had that effect on me. Kade said it was because I wasn't used to having it, and after I annoyed him with my constant talking on the way here from the bag of clouds Gannon gave me before I left, he tossed them out the window and snapped at me and told me to keep quiet because he had a headache. I hadn't had anything sweet since besides artificial sugar cubes in my coffee that Kade brought last time he came here. He said it was a treat for being good, but it didn't even taste like sugar and had a funny aftertaste.

What if he came? Maybe I shouldn't have anymore? I didn't want to annoy my mate and make him leave, placing the half-eaten biscuit back. I would eat the other half tomorrow just in case he did come to see me. I hoped he would. Hoped he would have some news on Tyson, or me moving to the packhouse.

I placed the open packet in the fridge and decided to quickly spring clean to burn off some energy. I fill the sink with water and start cleaning the kitchen. Nothing I did improved its state, though.

The place was falling apart. Washing my cup, I place it on the sink upside down when I hear car tires again. My eyes widen with excitement, and I can't help the stupid smile that spreads across my face. Pulling my hands out of the water, I quickly dry them and race to the front door, tossing it open, unable to contain my excitement.

I squealed when I saw Kade's car parked out front, and he hopped out along with two of his pack enforcers who I had met back at the castle. Kade climbs out, looking gorgeous in his suit, and I rush down the steps, almost bouncing with joy. I ran over, about to throw my arms around me. Gosh, I missed him.

Only I am greeted with his fist. My head snaps back, and I clutch my face, blood spurting out of my nose and lip where his fist connected. Blood stains my shirt and my hands as I look at them. I am shocked, unable to process what just happened as I land on my back on the gravel.

Lifting my head, his hand reached for me before I saw the cruel sneer on his face. It was something I had never seen on him before. He grabs my hair, making me cry out, my neck arching back painfully. Kade says nothing, just rips me back toward the house; I clutch his hands, my feet slipping on the loose gravel as I try to stand.

“Kade? I cried out as he dragged me across the ground and up the steps by my hair. My hair tears painfully from my scalp when he tosses me inside. I scream in pain when I land on the hard floor on my hip. My hand’s jar as I throw them out, trying to break my fall sending

shooting pain up my arms. Kade kicks the door shut, and my eyes widen when he turns on me again.

“You f*****g w***e. Who were you with?” Kade bellows at me. I scrambled back on my hands and feet when he grabbed my hair again, hauling me upright.

“What do you mean?” I shriek as he yanks me into the kitchen.

“Whose car was here? Do you think I wouldn’t notice, wouldn’t feel your infidelity?” he screams.

“He brought me food; it was just Gannon,” I sob, trying to get him to let go. He does, and I stumble back into the sink when he growls, grabbing the back of my neck and plunging my face into the water.

choke and sputter in the dirty water. My hands grip the sides as I try desperately to pull my face out, only he shoves my face in harder until my cheek rests on the steel bottom. My throat burns and aches furiously as I begin to drown, inhaling the water and making my nose burn, but before I can, he ripped my head out, and I sucked in harsh ragged breaths.

“Did you f**k him, you w***e?” Kade screams in my face. I breathe harder, gasping for air. My hair and face are drenched, my shirt soaked, and the water in the sink stained red with my blood.

“No, why are...?”

But he shoves my face back in the sink, and I claw and scratch at the bench top, trying to get air. Water sloshes onto the floor at my feet as struggle against him, only for him to rip me out at the last second again.

“He brought me food, that’s all.” I choked out desperately, wondering what he was talking about. Kade yanks my head back, ripping open the pantry and fridge

He snarls, reaching for me again and slamming my head into the bench. Pain explodes through my skull, and I see black as my head pounds to its own beat. I collapse onto the floor. Blood pooled in my mouth as I tried to look around through my blurry vision.

He starts ripping the canned food off the shelves, tossing them at me, and I shield my head, my body becoming bruised and battered as he tosses them at me, the bond screaming for him to stop, and my heart twisting painfully in my chest. He snarls, picking up a bag of candy.

“Did you f**k him?” Kade snarls, and I shake my head, sobbing. My hands shake as he reaches for me, and I put them up to shield my face.

Blood trickles down the side of my head, from my nose and eyebrow. It stains the floor, my hands, and my clothes.

“Please, Please. I didn’t do anything wrong,” I shriek when he grabs my hair again, ripping my head back before stuffing the candy in my mouth. I try to spit it out, choking on it. “Filthy f*****g pig. You f*****d him, didn’t you? Thought you could get away with sneaking around behind my back,” he roars in my face, and spittle hits my face with his enraged words.

“You want to act like a w***e? I will treat you like one,” he growls.

Kade rips me to my feet by my hair, and he shoves me toward the door. I see my phone and desperately try to s*****h it off the counter when he punches me in the stomach, knocking the air from my lungs as I double over.

He smashes it on the floor, my phone breaking into pieces while I try to catch my breath. He kicks me in the stomach, and I retch. The little food I had eaten bubbles up my throat and spills onto the floor along with my blood.

Black dots dance across my vision, and flecks of gold as a wave of dizziness washes through me, the room spinning around me violently. My blood drips on the ground from the gash on my head. Kade’s feet stop beside my face when hands grab me, and I am tossed over his shoulder. He kicks the door, sending it flying into the front of the yard, stomping down the steps toward his car.

“Open the trunk,” he snaps at one of his men, who rushed to do his bidding. I thrash, trying to get him to put me down, begging and pleading with him, though it falls on deaf ears when I find myself tossed into the trunk, and he slams the lid shut.

I have no idea how long he drove, but I am sent hurtling into the rear seat when he jams on the brakes. My heart beats erratically, filling my ears with the pounding sound of it

when I hear the car doors slam, and I suddenly can't breathe, panic consuming me, and I try to s**k in a hiccupped breath as the trunk lid opens.

One of his warriors reaches in to grab me. I thrash, slapping his hands away and kicking when he punches me. My head whipped to the side, and I felt my eye swell shut instantly, I groaned, dazed from the blow.

"Hurry up," Kade snarled when I felt a needle jammed in my arm. It was like someone set my veins on fire as the poison raged an inferno through my bloodstream. "Don't worry, love, it won't kill you, but you won't be able to shift or heal, just a mild sedative," Kade mocks as I peer up at him through my swollen eye that feels like it is ballooning out.

The other man grabs me, tossing me over his shoulder, and I groan, feeling sick at the motion of him walking up steps before I am dumped onto the red carpet. I can't even sit up, wholly paralyzed yet wide awake. My mind races as I try to look around, yet all I can see is a bed with red blankets in the distance. Attached to it are different chains and ropes, and the room smells funny. The pungent aroma of incense burns my nose.

"Sit her up, and make sure she watches." Kade sneers when the man from before grips my shirt, leaning me against the wall. He grabs my head, which is now lolled forward; I notice I am dribbling blood and drooling down my chin. A woman walks in with barely any clothes on and blink at her.

She has on black lingerie, her hair is cut short in a pixie cut, and she is also wearing stilettos. "Yes, Alpha," she asks, yet I notice the tremble of her fingers and the shake in her voice.

"This is my mate, Abbie. She is being punished, so we are going to put on a show for her. Get on the bed, Blaire." The woman gasps and spins when he motions toward me with his hand, and she stumbles back, her face paling.

"Your mate?" she gasps and goes to kneel, her hands outstretched like she wants to help me when Kade snaps at her. "Don't touch the s**t. Now get on the bed," kade snarls at her.

The woman looks horrified at Kade. "But she is your mate," the woman says, and Kade growls.

"Are you questioning your Alpha? You remember what happened last time you questioned me?" he asks, tilting his head to the side, and she whimpers, offering her neck to him and nods. "Get your clothes off, and get on the f*****g bed," he snaps at her. She looks over her shoulder at me. My eyes welled with tears when Kade started removing his own clothes.

"If she closes her eyes, hit her," he orders the man holding my head up. Pain ripples through every part of my body, and my heart is crushed to smithereens.

Gannon was right; there was nothing wrong with me. The pain I felt now made worse because I not only endured it for so long, but I was also now forced to watch it as he f***d this girl right in front of me for hours. The pain was excruciating. I prayed for it to end. Kade climbed off the bed and walked over to me when he was done. Tears trek down my face when he stops in front of me.

"Open her mouth," kade says, and my eyes widen. I try to move but can't; I can't even speak. My tongue felt numb; I could only drool on myself. Tears burn my eyes when I feel fingertips on my chin, opening my already slack mouth. My eyes darted to the woman, Blaire, on the bed, sobbing into her hands when he stuffed his c**k in my mouth.

Kade grips my hair and starts thrusting it into my mouth. The taste of her coating my tongue repulses me as he uses my mouth before emptying himself in it. I gag as I choke on it. He then lets me go, and I crash to the ground in a heap, my entire body numb, even my mind, as I stare blankly at the dust underneath the bed, unable to lift my own head.

I stare beneath the bed, no longer listening, going deaf to my surroundings. Closing my eyes, I pretend to be back in mine and Ivy's room at the orphanage, remembering the times we would lay on the hard floor gazing out the window at night sky, making pictures out of the stars,

dreaming of what it would be like to be free. I never thought I would see the day when I would rather be back there than where I currently am

Kade left me on the floor and walked out, and it took hours before I could move my hand; I brushed my hair behind my ear. It had been annoying me and obscuring my vision for hours and tickling my nose when I breathed because I couldn't move it; however, I regained some feeling back. My fingertips brush the scar behind my ear, and I s**k in a shaky breath. "More than my life, more than my life," I repeatedly whisper to myself as I cry.

"More than my life.

It was all I had to hang onto, all I had left now. Because it had become startlingly clear everything he had told me was a lie, everything he said about Tyson coming here was just to stop me telling Ivy. Everything I endured was for nothing and the only thing I had now was the hope I could make it back to Ivy, so with that I chanted it repeatedly in my head.

"More than my Life."

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

Chapter 49

Gannon POV

The moment I got back, I learned our assumptions were right about Ivy. She was, in fact, Azalea Ivy Landeena, the rightful heir to the Landeena kingdom, and the King's broken bond because of his actions had caused what I hoped was reversible damage. The King was in a terrible mood because she was on the verge of her heat and denying him. She refused to forgive him. Yet as the days slipped by and Damian gave me every excuse under the d**n sun not to interrupt the King, I became more impatient. And I was on the verge of telling Ivy. or Azalea, I guess that would take some getting used to.

For so long, she was Ivy, and to think she was a princess all this time was astounding, though not completely unbelievable. We had our suspicions on something being off with her just merely by her eyes alone. That was the first thing that tipped me off that something was odd about the King's mate. I hoped that really stung the King for his actions. Yet knowing this information only added to my need to tell Azalea about Abbie.

Azalea had no idea about how Abbie was truly living or about Kade's infidelity, and if anyone could convince Abbie to come home, I knew it was her. So knowing this, I went in search of the King, finding him at his office. Yet no matter how hungover I was from last night, my mind was always clear when it came to Abbie. So I didn't hesitate once I made up my mind that today whether he wants to see me or not we would be speaking.

"Gannon?" Damian asks when he sees me stalking toward the office. He rushes over and steps in front of the door as I go to grip the handle.

"Move Damian, and I need to speak to him,"

"He is not in the mood right now, Gannon. And you smell like a f*****g brewery. Are you drunk?" Damian asks. I wasn't drunk, just extremely f*****g hungover, I wished I was drunk, then it would stop the nagging feeling pulling inside me telling me something was extremely wrong.

"He is never in the mood. Now f*****g move! It will take five b****y minutes." I snarl. However, Damian doesn't move, so I shove him aside and barge through the door.

The King groaned loudly when I entered. The door banged loudly on the wall as I entered, and Damian was right on my heels. Kyson clicks his tongue and tosses the document down he was looking at. Which only told me he knew exactly why I was here.

“Gannon, I have not got time for your drama with Abbie, right now.” There lay his issue he never has f*****g time to listen to reason.

“I wonder if Azalea would say the same thing?” I ask him as I drop into the chair across from him, and he growls at me. He looks at Damian as he wanders into the room behind me. I ignore his angry presence, as he comes to stand behind me.

*Not happening. Don’t make me order you off castle grounds. I am struggling enough with her going into heat soon. I don’t need you making it worse by causing an argument.”

“Kade is hurting her!” I snarl at him, punching the desk. “Enough! He is doing no such thing. Azalea spoke to her the other day, and she said she liked it there,” Kyson’s eyes go to Damian behind me who I could feel was nervously pacing the room.

“Because of the f*****g bond! She is blinded by the bond. I want your permission to go get her,” I tell him. However, the King shakes his head.

“I can’t do that, but-”

“You mean you won’t do it. You can override him, force them to reject each other.” I snarl and Damian grips my shoulder when I go to rise from my chair. I shrug him off but remain seated.

“Not without consequences, Gannon. We have been through this,” Kyson tells me. But f**k the consequences. “Azalea is in the corridor,” Damian tells the King, cutting into our conversation. I peer over my shoulder at him before turning back to face the king, who was rubbing his temples as if he had a headache.

“I am willing to accept the consequences. I will do it, it won’t come back on you,” I try to reason with him, but still he shakes his head.

“My answer is no. Damian, get him out here before she gets here. I’m not dealing with this s**t right now,” The King waves me off dismissively and I get up.

“Then you leave me no choice. You won’t do it, then I will tell the Queen!” I snarl, walking toward the door. The moment I step past the desk, Kyson grabs my arm, his grip bruising. Damian is quick to get between us, trying to diffuse the situation.

“You will do no such thing!” Kyson snarls in warning. But I was sick of waiting, sick of waiting for her to see reason. By the time that comes, it could be too late.

Noise from the corridors reaches my ears I hear Azalea speak.

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“The King doesn’t want you in there right now, my Queen.” I hear Dustin telling her, which makes the King jump at the sound of her voice. He peers at the door behind him.

“Grant my request, Kyson,” I warn him, knowing now was my only chance to let her know what was going on with Abbie. I knew he wouldn’t tell her, which left it up to me. I see his eyes glaze over and the mind-link opens up, and I know he is telling Dustin to take her away. I growl at him when my assumption is correct.

“Ivy! Call me Ivy.” she snaps outside. Clearly, she wasn’t the only one struggling to get used to her name.

“My Queen, the King • ” Dustin tells her

“I want to know what’s going on!” Ivy snaps at Dustin. Damian pushes between us as I walk toward the door. I sidestep him and move to open the door only for the King to shove me back, and the moment I move toward the door again. He shifts and attacks me, knocking Damian aside.

I know it was her coming into heat that made his temper short, but for Abbie I would take his anger. Either way, I was telling Azalea.

Yet the king wasn’t having it when he knocked the air out of my lungs and I hear the cracking of his wooden desk as he slams me down on it, just as the door bursts open. Azalea glances around, shocked while Damian picks himself up off the floor. His lip was bleeding where he

Dustin grabs her arm as if he is about to rip her out of the room and I shove Kyson off before swinging at him, only for Kyson to punch me and I hit the ground. I growl, trying to get up, stumbling from his blow. Once again, Damian tries to get between us when Kyson glares at him, and Damian backs away with his hands up.

“Stand down! She will see sense soon and come back! Stop this!” the King orders me and I grit my teeth at his command.

“This is f*****g bullshit! And you know it!” I snap at him.

“My hands are tied, you know this,” Kyson says, letting me go, and glaring down at me.

“You’re the f*****g King! You can make him give her back.” I tell him before peeking at Azalea. I press my lips in a line, knowing it would cause world war three between them, but I didn’t care. He would either grant me permission or deal with his mate.

“I wonder what Ivy would say to that. Would you give her the same excuse?” I sneered at him.

"If I knew what?" Ivy asks, stepping through the gap in the door where Dustin was trying to keep her out of everything.

"Nothing, Ivy. Go back to our room, Love." Kyson says before glaring at Dustin behind her.

"Don't glare at him! I want to know what's going on and why you are all fighting." she demanded, stepping further into the room.

I open my mouth to tell her when the King turns, a furious growl tearing out of him, but I glare back at him. Kyson turns his attention to Dustin who I notice reaches for Ivy..

"Dustin, get her out of here and keep her out!" Kyson snarls, and Dustin grabbed her arm, trying to pull her from the room when I speak, making everyone stop.

"Kade is mistreating Abbie," I tell her. Dustin tries to yank her out, but she shoves him off. She turns to Kyson, wanting to know what I am talking about when the King snarls, pivoting and in my hungover state I don't see his fist until it is too late. He punched me so hard, instantly saw black.

I wake up moments later, head pounding to Ivy screaming at Kyson. The King had his hands locked around Dustin's throat, and Damian was trying to break up the obvious fight while I tried to figure out what the f**k happened while I was out.

"Let him go, Kyson! You hurt him, and I will walk out those f*****g doors and out of your life faster than I stepped in it!" Ivy snaps at Kyson. Her hand grips his wrist.

"We will speak in the room. Now go!" Kyson tells her.

"No, I want to know about Ab..." she screams, ah so they were fighting over Abbie, and Dustin clearly got between them.

"Room now!" the King commands, cutting her off, and I instantly feel terrible, she still can't fight his Alpha aura and is forced to leave. Dustin sucked in a wheezing breath, and Kyson let him go, shoving him away and glaring at him.

"You know where you should be!" The King snaps at him, and he hurries off after Ivy. The King turns around to face us and Damian takes a step back just as I get to my feet. The King stalks toward me and grabs me. He shakes me and growls in my face.

"Do you have any idea what you have just done?" he snarls at me.

"She had a right to know!" I growled back.

"You disobeyed a f*****g order! I told you not to get her involved!" he snapped at me, his aura growing more potent by the second as fought the urge to submit to it.

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“And what about Abbie? Ivy may be the only one that can make Abbie see sense. Abbie trusts her,” I tell him.

“That may be so, but now you have just caused me a giant f*****g headache. I didn’t want to deal with this right now. Not when she is so goddamn close to going into heat, and the bond has just f*****g forged! I had to f*****g command her, Gannon!” he yells at me. I did not make him command her, that is on him. Just as every bad decision he has made when it come to Ivy was. I refuse to be the blame for it.

“You didn’t have to do anything, Kyson. You chose to command her because you don’t like being challenged, so don’t blame that on me!” I tell him, I just simply told her what he was refusing to do.

I understood his reasoning for not wanting to break the laws he created. We have laws even the King must abide by, and until Abbie asks to come back, his hands were tied entirely unless he wanted a war with 80 nearby packs. And he already had enough enemies without adding them to that list. Yet I wasn’t asking him to break those laws. I would do it so it wouldn’t come back on him.

“I know you are mad, but we can’t afford this c**p right now. You want something to do, go back to Silver Creek!” the King snaps at me. I growl at him. What use would it be in going back there? I had already whipped Mrs. Daley an inch from her life for what those girls indured at that woman’s hands. He shakes me, and I try to shake his grip off.

“I already got that b***h. She can’t walk, for god’s sake! What the f**k else could I possibly do to her?” I snarl at him

“Not Daley. But make sure she is dead before you return home. I have another job for you while we wait for Abbie to come back.” he says, his voice dropping low and the cruel glint in his eyes told me whatever he was about to tell me was going to be bad.

“No, Kyson. Not while he is like this.” Damian says, but the King smiles.

“You want revenge? Then take it out on the butcher. Daley will know his name,” the King tells me. My brows furrow at his words.

“The butcher?” Damian asks, and the King nods and looks at Damian over his shoulder before he turns back to me. My heart nearly stops at his next words.

“Yes. He’s Abbie’s rapist,” the King growls before letting me go. I blink at him, taking in his words, thinking back to how odd Abbie was with touch and nudity when I would take her on a run. The scars on her hips and thighs, when it dawned on me. My entire body trembled as my blood boiled, my canines slipped free of my gums and my claws

extended and the noise that left me was more of a roar, as burning with rage and disgust forcing my shift.

I wanted him to take his words back. I wanted to unhear them. I didn't want the picture of her so vulnerable and helpless like that stuck in my head. Someone touched her, did unspeakable things to her, and they were still breathing? Some part of me tried to tell me I heard him wrong. Yet the sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach told me I heard right, yet still I asked.

"He did what to my Abbie?" I snarl.

"I won't repeat it. It wasn't my place to say, but I was planning to tell you, anyway. Find Daley, and you will know where to find the butcher." The King tells me and my eyes dart to Damian who looks at me just as horrified by this information. I turn my gaze back to the King.

"I'm not bringing him in." I warn him, my eyes flicker as a coldness settles over me, so strong I thought it would freeze my heart at the horrors my girl has had to endure. The butcher would wish for death long before he would receive it.

"He's all yours," the King tells me as I try to breathe around my burning rage. I swallow and turn on my heel, slamming the door behind me. Walking back to my quarters, I head for Liam's room, knowing he has been sleeping since he came off the night shift. My hangover was now long gone, and I was finding it hard to shift back. Shoving his door open, I rip his blanket off and he groans, opening his eyes before seeing me shifted and he sits up.

"What is it?" he asks, rubbing his eyes.

"We're going hunting," I tell him, and he smirks instantly.

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Chapter 50

Abbie

Two days had passed, and Kade had left me to rot in this brothel. He came to torment me every day, so I wasn't surprised to see a woman walk in when the door opened. However, I was surprised to find it was the woman that used to park outside the cabin.

Her heels click on the floorboards. Today she wore a short black dress, and I could see the outline of her thong; it was that tight. I look away, back at the wall where I sat in the

corner. She was here to inject me with more of the s**t Kade had been using on me, or so I suspected. I will not cry. She did not deserve my tears. I kind of wished Blaire would come back. I wanted to know she was okay, and I hadn't seen her since the night I was brought here.

The woman crouches next to me and grips my chin, forcing me to meet her gaze. She sneers, shoving my face away. "Kade is on his way, and you will be on your best behavior for my husband," she says.

I gulp. Her words stung, but she could have him. I wanted nothing to do with the man, and I felt foolish for not believing Gannon. Felt stupid that I actually thought I would have some sort of happiness.

"Seems your little friend, that b***h of a Queen of yours has been asking about you, you do anything to jeopardize the life I have with Kade, and he won't be the one you need to fear. I will order every pack warrior to run through you, treat you like the home-wrecking w***e you are." she says turning her chin up at me.

I can't help but laugh. Of course, that piece of s**t's wife was just as depraved as he was. "Must have really sucked when you learned he had a mate." I tell her, glaring at the woman.

She slaps me before gripping my hair and yanking my head back, making me grit my teeth.

"Accidents happen. Remember that. This is my pack. Kade is my mate. You will learn your place," she says.

"My place isn't here. And you should mind your own business. Ivy will come for me," I snarl at her, and she laughs before gripping my throat.

"Why do you think Kade is coming? To see you?" she laughs, clicking her tongue.

"Your friend wan't be an issue after today. Kade is only keeping you, so he doesn't become weak. You do well to remember that you are nothing to him. Just a warm hole to f**k," she says when the door opens again.

His scent wafts to me before I see him, the bond recognizing him instantly. I now despise the reaction he stirs. I want his blood, and I hate that he can easily influence me the way it does.

"Ah, there are my girls. Having a chat, I see," Kade says, walking in wearing a tailored suit, and the woman lets me go and rises to her feet.

"Abbie dear, I see you have met my wife, Cassandra. Pretty, isn't she?" he says, sweeping her hair off her shoulder before cupping her neck and jamming his filthy

tongue down her throat. I avert my gaze, relishing the pain that is now coursing through my chest. When he had finished his disgusting display of affection, he spoke with venom in his voice.

“Now, the Queen has decided she wants to video chat with you today. She found out about Cassandra. And you love, will convince her everything is peachy, and that you are happy here,” Kade says, walking over to me and gripping my arm. He yanks me to my feet. Yet excitement bubbles within me. Nobody knew me better than Ivy. She knew my darkest secrets, my biggest shames. She would see through any facade Kade tried to put up.

Kade pushes me on the bed and grips my face and I try to pull away from his grip. When he kisses me, I am nearly tempted to bite his filthy tongue but learned last night not to do that after he knocked me out cold. My jaw still throbbed even this morning.

“It won’t work. Ivy will know something is wrong.” I spit at him when he stops.

“Now I had a funny feeling that you would say that, so I have a motivator for you,” he whistles, and I hear a struggle outside and a woman’s shrill cries and that of a baby. My heart leaps in my chest, and I get to my feet as a woman in lingerie is tossed on the floor on her knees, a baby clutched in her arms that was barely a few months old. I glared at the man who shoved her before turning my attention to Kade.

“Now you will put on your best performance. Abbie, meet Stacey. Stacey, this Abbie,” he says, and I swallow as he grips her hair, ripping her head back.

“Now Stacey, Abbie, over here is the one who decides if little Jacob here is going to get to live another day,” he says. Tears stream down her face. The baby was bundled up, clutched in her arm, and tucked to her chest. Her mascara runs down her cheeks as she looks at me pleadingly. Her bright red hair stuck to her face as tears smudged her makeup and lines trekked into her foundation.

Kade reaches for the boy in her arms, but I speak before he grabs him as she tries to fight him off.

“I’ll do it! You touch one hair on that baby or her head and I will refuse to do anything you ask. Leave her!” I snap at him, and he pauses his outstretched hand. He stands and clicks his tongue, letting her hair go, and she crawls quickly over to me, holding the baby with one hand,

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stopping by my feet. Kade snarls at her and goes to grab her, but I step over her, putting myself between them.

“Seems you do have a backbone after all,” Kade says.

“It will do you no good here. You f**k this up, you watch them die,” he adds.

“You touch them, and you die,” I tell him. I was the only thing standing in the way of having Ivy get the king here. And I knew she would cause hell in the castle for me because if our roles were reversed, I would do the same.

Kade nods and looks at Cassandra, who smiles sweetly before tugging her handbag off her shoulder. She pulled a smaller bag out that was clear and contained makeup. I sat on the edge of the bed, knowing exactly what would happen next. Mrs. Daley was good at this facade, too. When she wanted sponsors and she would cover our scars, she had plenty of times. If I can survive that b**h, I could survive anything.

Stacey cringes away from her, and Cassandra raises her hand to hit her when Stacey accidentally bumps into her. Rage courses through me, and I grip her wrist. We stand off for a few seconds. Cassandra is clearly shocked I would grab her, especially in front of Kade, who she was expecting to jump to her rescue, but he only chuckles.

“Now, now, ladies, no fighting,” he says, sitting in the chair in the corner beside the bed.

“You don’t want to jeopardize that future you want so badly, do you?” I ask her, and she glares at me.

“You are asking for death, girlie!” she spits, yanking her arm away.

“Good thing I don’t fear death. But I bet you do,” I tell her, and she glares at me. I sit on the bed, and Kade clicks his fingers impatiently at her.

I shut down, letting her play dress-up, solely focused on keeping the woman at my feet and her baby safe from these monsters, Kade remained the entire time taunting me as she dressed me up.

If I tried to resist, which I never did, he just saw my flinching when Cassandra would poke and prod a little too hard, as me being defiant. Even when she poked me in the eyes with a mascara brush she smacked me up the back of the head.

I glare at her and she sneers. “Stay still!” she snapped as she finished my makeup. When she is done, Kade does an assessment before nodding and waving her closer.

“You did good, my love,” he purrs, kissing her and I stare off at Stacey, refusing to show so much as a sliver of pain. When they were done with their affections, which was enough to make anyone sick with the way they sucked on each other’s faces, Kade

dropped the phone in my lap before gripping my face. His fingers wrap around my throat tightly threateningly.

“You do a single thing that causes me trouble, I will not only kill Stacey’s baby, but I will drive all the way to your Tyson in Silver Creek pack, and bring him here before tying the little brat to a d**n tree and making you watch as he burns alive,” he snarls.

I swallow not doubting he would do just that. After seeing so many atrocities in this place, I now saw the monster he truly was.

“Now you be a good girl, and do as I say. I may even reconsider letting my men have you for the night. They have been looking forward to having a go at the girl whose a*s is so tight, it’s all the butcher could talk about when I visited Alpha Brock,” he sneered.

My blood ran cold at the mention of the butcher, tears p***k my eyes and Stacey whimpered behind me. Cassandra laughed, and I felt the blood drain from my body at his words.

Kade laughs, a sickening cackle leaving him. “You think I didn’t know?” My face heats as shame fills me and I fight the memories that were trying to overwhelm me.

“Oh yes, Brock has quite a lot to say about you when I asked about that stupid brat for you. And to think I was willing to let you keep the boy until you betrayed me. He told me how Doyle wanted to keep you. Apparently, fought him real hard before your hearing trying to obtain you.” Kade says as he lets me go.

“I always wondered who he spoke of the few times I met him. I thought you were his mate with the wild fantasies he had of you,” kade taunts. Cassandra snorts a laugh at his words.

“I wonder if he wants another go at her? Maybe we could invite him to stay.” Cassandra sneers at me. Kade seems thoughtful for a second before his eye darkens. “Shut up! No one asked for your input!” Kade snaps at her, making her fall quiet.

“Now, you will behave and sit through the phone call. If you try to alert your little friend and you will not only be responsible for Stacey and her baby’s death but also Tyson’s. Are we in agreement?” He asks, as if I had any choice whatsoever. Stacey looks at me pleadingly to do as he says.

I nod and Kade picks up the phone before hitting call and handing it to me. My hands shook as it rang, and Kade growled. Sucking in a few deep breaths, I calmed myself enough to pull myself together in time just as she answered. It took all my willpower not to break down at the sight of her face.

“Abbie!” Ivy shrieked.

“Hey! Kade said you wanted me to call. I dropped my phone in the sink. You know I am clumsy.” I chuckle, putting on the performance of my

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d**n life, knowing how many lives rely on me saying the right thing. Yet Ivy knew me so well, I knew she would be able to read me by actions. I hoped she paid attention. I knew if she could pick up on me, she would play along and alert someone.

Her brows furrow at my words, “Have you got makeup on?” She asked, staring at my face that looked different. That is Kades first mistake here. Ivy knows I never wear makeup, she also knows my facial expression better than I do.

“Yep, do you like it? Cassandra helped me,” I told her, turning my phone so she could see I wasn’t alone. Cassandra waves to her, putting on a sweet smile, and I turn the phone back.

“How have you been?” I ask, and my eyes go to kade standing in front of me mouthing for me to go introduce Cassandra, tapping his ring finger.

“Cassandra, that is ...” Ivy asks, and T cut her off.

“Kade’s wife. They have three kids,” I tell her, smiling. Ivy falls quiet yet I could see the suspicion in her eyes as she peers at the background behind me.

“And you’re okay with that?” She asks. I flick my hair over my shoulder to the ear that held my scar, the same scar she shared with me when I tried to kill myself.

“Well, I can’t punish him for marrying before he found me,” I chuckled, as if it was no big deal and Cassandra was my new bestie. She appears confused, so I change the subject, telling her random c**p, knowing Kade is watching me. Kyson comes up behind her and into the camera’s view.

“Hi Abbie, you look nice,” Kyson says, sending me a wave. I smile and wave, saying hello when Kade moves to stand behind me, his hand gripping my shoulders in a warning as he squeezes them.

“My King.” Kade says, giving him a nod and they chat about pack business for a few moments, and Kyson asks him a few questions about rogue sightings. Before telling Kade and me how they discovered Ivy was the missing Landeena baby. I had so many questions yet had more pressing matters than Ivy’s parentage, though I was glad everything was sorted out on their end. I was happy for her, happy she would get her happily ever after.

“Well, my King and Queen, Abbie and Cassandra are about to go shopping,” Kade eventually says when Kyson finishes speaking. Kade wanders out of the camera’s view and I stare at Ivy.

“Well, I will try to call you again soon,” I tell her and she smiles sadly, then she purses her lips before her eyes light up.

“I was going to ask if you wanted to come up on the weekend?” Ivy asks me. She knows! She knows something is wrong, I thought. My heart sputtered as hope bloomed in my veins. She has to know.

“That would be awesome. I have missed you.” I tell her.

“Not this weekend, Abbie. A driver won’t be available,” kade says behind me, where he stood by the bed.

“It’s fine. I will send Dustin to come and get her and your wife; it can be a girl’s weekend,” Ivy tells him.

“The kids have a soccer match, and it’s Abbie’s first one. She doesn’t want to miss it,” kade says, and I nod quickly in agreement as he walks over to me before rubbing behind my ear.

“Yes. I promised the kids I would go. I forgot, maybe the one after,” I tell her, giving her a smile, yet her focus was on my hand rubbing behind my left ear. Come on Ivy, put it together. I prayed she did and did something quickly.

“Sounds great.” Ivy tells me. My smile waivers slightly with doubt as she smiles brightly, the sinking feeling returning.

“Well, I will let you go. Call me tomorrow night,” Ivy tells me as Kade pops back into view of her.

“I will make sure she does,” he says, kissing my cheek in a show of affection, and it took everything in me not to jerk away from him. I blow her some kisses.

“I love you,” I tell her. Ivy’s eyes narrow the slightest fraction.

“More than my life,” she says in reply.

“Yep. You know that,” I tell her, smiling, while my heart hammers in my chest. I reach up and rub the spot behind my ear. Ivy watched the movement and I saw her swallow and the look of panic in her eyes as her eyes went to mine.

“I love you. I will speak with you tomorrow,” she told me. I nodded before hanging up, praying she understood that wasn’t me.

The moment I hang up, Kade snatches the phone from me. I waited for the verdict of whether I did good enough in his eyes at convincing her nothing was wrong.

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