

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

Chapter 51

Gannon

Liam came with me. I had to make sure whoever I brought with me had a strong stomach to handle what I had planned for the b****d that touched my Abbie.

Liam was part of the guard, and the man had an iron gut, but half the time, you never realized he was there. The man was silent as the night when he wanted to be. He was also just as f****d up in the head as me, it's probably why we got along so well. He was also the only person who knew my mate before I came to work as Kyson's personal guard.

I never spoke about my past. It haunted me, but out of everyone, Liam and I had no secrets, he even helped me cover up what I did. Kyson was aware something had happened, yet I don't think he truly knows what or who she was to me.

Kyson, Damian and Liam were my best friends, but I knew some things Kyson and Damian would look at me poorly for, especially after what I did to her, so I never told them. However, I was pretty sure they suspected something was up because I never showed interest in looking for my mate, and that was because I had already found her.

I met Sia twenty years ago, and she was a normal she-wolf. She rejected me the same day I met her. The only issue was that Lycans can't be rejected. The bond doesn't just go away for us. The bond doesn't end until one is dead. Werewolves could reject each other, it was painful for them but the bond would sever.

Even so, it took twenty years after her death for the bond to die out completely, something I never thought would happen. I assumed I was stuck with longing for a bond that didn't want me and was dead and buried for her betrayal. A betrayal I couldn't look past. I held out hope she would come to her senses. That was when I learned werewolves could reject their mates. One difference between our species became so obvious to me the day she did it.

Ironically, she could reject me and feel nothing toward me while I would be left pining for her and feeling her betrayal, and in some cases, it could kill us. After two years of feeling her betrayal, I killed her. Liam here helped me destroy the evidence. I knew Kyson and Damian would have forgiven me for it or convinced me to hold off longer, but I didn't want their pity. I didn't want their concern when it wasn't needed; I had it handled.

At least I thought I did. It made me cold and unfeeling, and I detached from everyone. The only time I felt anything was when Kyson would send me to do the jobs nobody wanted, and usually, Liam came with me for those jobs. I relished in it, relished their screams, and eventually grew an appetite for it.

Then Abbie came along. I didn't want her screams. However, I wanted her. I wanted her love, and I had never wanted another woman since Sia and was content forever to be alone. Yet, she stirred up feelings I thought I was no longer capable of from the moment she came into my quarters by mistake. An obsession which I wasn't sure was healthy but still better than the void I have felt for the last twenty-plus years.

"So we are going back for that headmistress?" Liam asks finally, something he didn't do very often. I look over at the man, surprised that he asked anything at all. He had a massive scar down one side of his face that went from his hairline to his chin. Liam was almost blind in that eye, which is funny considering he was our best gunman. Not that we had much use for guns, but they made things easier than risking the King when he traveled.

Like the rest of us Lycan men, he appeared to be in his mid-thirties, but he was nearly 90 years older, still young considering how Lycan's age

"Her and another, I answer him as he unrolled his knife pouch to make sure he brought them all.

"Who else?" he asks as he ran his thumb down the blade and let it slice his thumb as he tested how sharp it was.

"The butcher, when we find out who he is."

"A butcher?" he chuckles. "Well, that is interesting. I wonder how he will feel when he realizes it will be his meat you're cutting into?" Liam says, glancing at me and smirking.

"So the Alpha and his mutt son know we are coming?" Liam asks.

"Nope. But I have the paperwork if they kick up a fuss."

"To bring him in?" he asks, and I snort and smile.

"Well, I suppose they wouldn't have sent you if it was as simple as taking them in," he says, rolling the pouch back up.

"So what did he do to the King?" Liam asks.

"Not to the King, to Abbie," I explain, and he exhales before pushing his fringe from his eyes. Liam falls quiet, his lips pressing in a line.

I knew he would have to, for Ivy. I heard the call go out earlier in the night about her title change, yet I was used to calling her Ivy. I nearly

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choked on my spit that he would allow it, but I think he would allow anything she requested if she batted her eyelashes at him. She would learn he was putty in her hands. She just needed to recognize that.

Going at Kyson headstrong wouldn't get her anywhere, but she had other ways to get what she wanted. She just needed to come out of her shell and play on that which I know Kyson was dreading when she figured that out.

He knows he is screwed when she does, especially with her bloodline. Landeenas were known to have certain gifts, so it would be interesting to see if she inherited any of those traits. She had her mother's eyes, so it would be interesting to see if she received her mother's abilities. Or would she inherit her father's? Or both? Only time would tell.

"Enough said," he says. We spend the rest of the drive in silence. The long windy roads were boring, and I pull over and swap with Liam when I feel myself nodding off. By the time we arrived, it was the early morning hours, the sun just creeping above the trees of the sleepy town.

Liam smacks my chest, which is what woke me, and I was instantly alert as I saw the town limits as he drove in.

"Orphanage first." I tell him, and he nods, heading straight for it. I leaned over into the back, tugging my jacket out of the bag. The morning air was a little chilly this morning. We pulled up out of the front of the building.

The place needed to be condemned, though someone had built a ramp for the old b***h to get in now that she would spend the rest of her life in a wheelchair. However, she wouldn't have to worry about the future because hers ends today.

He pulls over to the curb, and I climb out of the car, shutting the door gently. No children were awake; I could tell because no noise came from the place. So, I knew that everyone was still tucked into their beds. I step over the small brick fence out the front and hear Liam open the trunk

"Not needed here, there are children here," I tell him.

"So, what are we doing here, then?" he asks.

"Grabbing the old bat, getting a name and leaving," I tell him, and he sighs but shuts the trunk. I continue to the door and knock, waiting to

the back of the building, however, I find the back door unlocked and shake my head. Stepping inside, it was colder inside the orphanage than it was outside.

“F**k! It’s like the arctic in here!” Liam snarls.

“I’m assuming she would no longer live upstairs,” I tell him, looking at the beaten spiral staircase.

“Not unless the old bat grew wings and can now fly,” Liam laughs.

“Oh, she will fly alright,” I tell him, walking through the bottom level, looking for where she may have had her room moved to. It was the sounds of banging around that alerted me to which one. It sounds like she fell out of bed, and her annoying screeching voice as she cursed made my upper lip pull back over my teeth as I pushed open the door. The room stunk of p**s and s**t.

“F**k me. We haven’t even touched her, and she already s**t herself,” Liam chuckles, and her head snaps up to look at us from where she was trapped beside her bed, her wheelchair overturned. Her eyes go wide, and she cowers away.

“Haven’t you done enough?” she says, visibly shaking.

“Nope, but I will make it quick. All I need is a name,” I tell her, gripping her shoulders while Liam turns the wheelchair upright. I lift her, dropping her into the seat, and she clutches the armrests.

“How about a nice cup of tea, love? You look rather parched. I make an outstanding brew,” Liam says, grabbing the handles and steering her out.

“There are children here!” she says, flinching as she passes me when I hold the door open for him to push her out.

“Well, it wouldn’t be an orphanage without children?” I tell her, following behind as he took her to the kitchen. Liam zips around the kitchen, and I shake my head. He liked the theatrics, and I know he was just easing her into her death.

“What have I done this time? What did the King order you to do to me?” she asks, her lips quivering.

Liam chuckles, finding an apron and putting it on before flicking the kettle on. “The children will be up any minute. I have to start making their breakfast soon,” she claims and Liam snorts.

“You? You can’t even reach the bench. What use would you be in a kitchen?” Liam asks her and her eyes p***k with tears.

“Either way, today you will be put out of your misery. So you answer honestly I will make it quick. You don’t and,” Liam turns quickly, plunging a knife into her hand, his other hand clamping over her mouth as her eyes widen and she screams.

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her hand, the knife all the way through to the handle and stabbing through the wooden armrest.

“Oh right forgot” Liam says, ripping it out.

“Ah, none of that. You’re a big girl” Liam scolds when her mouth opens to scream, the sound shrill, as it quickly dies out when he waves the knife in front of her face. He then cleans it on the apron around his waist. “Need to get me one of these,” he says, admiring the floral apron.

“Do you have one with skulls instead of flowers? I am not complaining, though.”

Mrs. Daley shakes her head, tears falling down her cheeks and her mouth wide open. She reminds me of one of those clowns at the carnival where you pop the b***s into their mouth.

“Never mind, I will just keep this one. Suits me right?” Liam taunts, wiggling his jean-clad a*s at the withered woman. “Does it make my a*s look big?” he asks, and I shake my head, trying not to laugh as he parades around the kitchen. She shakes her head.

“Now that was a lie, wasn’t it? It’s alright. I will let that one slide. One sugar or two?” he asks as she just stares at him wide-eyed.

“You look like two. Let’s make it three, though. You seem like a bitter b***h,” he says, turning back to make coffee.

Liam hands me mine when he is done making them, and I sip it, watching Mrs. Daley hiss when he forces the cup into her injured hand.

“Bottoms up! It is nice and hot. Don’t want it to go cold,” he says, sipping his own. “Ah, now that’s a nice brand. What is that?” he asks, looking back at the counter. It was some expensive coffee, from the looks of it.

“Hmm, where did you order this?” he asks.

“Online,” she stutters out.

“Good. You can write down the site before I kill you,” he says. Mrs. Daley whimpers and points to the fridge where a card was stuck to the board up top. Liam walks over and plucks it off.

“Well, that was easy,” he says before pocketing the card with the same name-branded label as the coffee jar. Mrs. Daley sips her coffee like it would delay the inevitable, and we decide to entertain her. Liam keeps making small talk with her until I finish mine, and I place my mug in the sink and wash it before putting it to dry. Turning around, I lean on the counter and watch the woman shake like a leaf as she watches Liam.

“So, I hear you have a mighty fine butcher in town,” Liam tells her, and her hand freezes as she goes to tip the cup to her lips and I watch her gulp.

“Now that looks like a guilty face, now doesn’t it, brother?” Liam says, nudging me.

“Very guilty. Do you have something to confess, love? Want to get it off your chest before you meet your maker?” Liam taunts.

“What do you mean?” she says, and I click my tongue.

“I was hoping to do this the easy way. I am not here for you, but if you want to be difficult, I need a little practice anyway. I haven’t sliced and diced for a while,” I tell her, holding my hand out for Liam’s knives.

He pulls the rolled-up leather pouch from inside his leather jacket pocket, handing it to me. I roll it out along the bench, picking them up and showing her each one, and Mrs. Daley begins to sweat, her eyes flickering between us and Liam Smiles sadistically, as I turn to her.

“Which one?” I ask her. She shakes her head, clutching her mug, but Liam takes it from her.

“I never I had to feed the children. It was only the one time... she probably doesn’t even remember” she starts stuttering.

“I want a name,” I tell her, picking up the boning knife. I turn it between my fingers before moving toward her. Her blood pools around her feet from her hand. Her lip quivers as I stop in front of her. I touch the back of the blade to her cheek and slide it down to her chin before tilting her head up to look at me with it.

“Name or the ear goes first. Then the toes, then I will deglove your hand,” I tell her calmly. I had every intention of doing just that if she didn’t answer. Her horrified gaze meets my cold, grey eyes. She knows I’m not lying.

“Doyle Mathews,” she blurts out.

“Address?” | ask.

“3 Lincoln Way”

“Wife, children anything we should know about?” I ask, but she shakes her head.

“Figures a pig like that would have no family,” Liam sneers.

“Go check it out and load him up,” I tell Liam, who ducks out quickly. When he leaves, I clean up the blood on the floor and wrap Mrs. Daley’s hand in case any of the children wake up.

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Liam was gone for about twenty minutes when my phone rang. I pull it from my pocket just as a little girl comes down the steps, rubbing her eyes. Reaching for a tea towel. I cover Mrs. Daley’s wrapped hand.

“Yep?” I answer the call, watching the child as she walks down the stairs. She looked up, hearing my voice, and I waved to her before kicking the wheelchair. Mrs. Daley smiles fakely and waves to her, earning a strange look from the child who waved briefly as she stepped off the last step.

“Got him and I’m on my way back,” Liam informs me.

“The trunk?”

“Nope. He showed me to his store, he is tied to a chair in the cold room,” Liam laughs.

“Even better,” I tell him, hanging up.

“And what is your name?” I ask the little girl when she remains frozen on the step. I could hear more kids moving around upstairs.

“Kimmy, sir,” she says, and I bend down, scooping her up.

“Are you hungry? What do you usually have for breakfast?” I ask her, and her brows furrow, and she yawns again, her tummy rumbling.

“We haven’t had breakfast since Abbie and Ivy left, Sir. You came with the King?” she whispers into my ear. I nod and look at Mrs. Daley, who drops her head. I growled

before turning my attention to the girl, her hair looked like a haystack on her head, some parts matted like it hadn't been brushed for a long time.

"What did they usually make?" I ask her.

"Pancakes, but Mrs. Daley can't get the flour from the basement, and the bag is too heavy."

"Right, I will get the flour. You go do whatever it is you kids do in the morning."

"Can we watch cartoons?" she asks before her eyes go to Mrs. Daley, who purses her lips.

"Yep, and make sure you turn the volume all the way up," I tell her, setting her on her feet just as a few more kids start rushing down.

It took minutes before the place was filled with chatter, and I duck down to the basement and find the flour. No wonder none of them could carry it. I could tell they had tried because flour was poured on the floor like they had been scooping it out of the bag with cups. I shake my head, grab a fresh 50-pound bag, and head up the steps.

Liam walks in just as I drop the bag on the bench. "What's with the flour? You gonna batter the old hag?" Liam laughs.

"The kids are hungry," I tell him, turning my attention to Mrs. Daley.

"When does the staff come in?" I ask Mrs. Daley.

"Katrina comes in at lunch," she says.

"Call her in early." I tell her, and Liam hands her his phone. She dials the number and does as she is told while Liam goes out to count heads to know how many pancakes to make.

"Who wants pancakes?" I hear him scream out and all the kids cheer.

"Alright, alright, settle down. Uncle Liam is going to make them, so settle down and watch your dancing puppet show," I hear him say just as a little boy stumbles down the steps with a blanket dragging behind him.

"103! F**k me, that's a lot of pancakes," Liam says, coming back in before his eyes go to the boy. I sniff the air, realizing he is a rogue, and Mrs. Daley growls before realizing who is standing next to her, and I glare at her, making her drop her head and flinch away.

The boy cowers, whimpers, and runs from her, heading back up the stairs, but I grab the back of his pants, plucking him off the steps. He is only about three years old and wore holey pajama pants and had no shirt. He is covered in goosebumps and holding a filthy blanket.

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His little arm had a bruise, and he cried when I grabbed him, like he thought I was about to hurt him. "Shh, shh. What's your name?" I ask him, yet he eyes Mrs. Daley, clearly petrified of the woman. He is all skin and bone, his big brown eyes had no light, his cheeks hollow and his eyes sunken in, his curly black hair sat on his shoulders and was matted and knotted.

which I thought was strange, however seeing a rogue child was more bizarre, and I had a feeling it was just for show in case the King stopped by. One thing is apparent – none of these children were cared for properly, and that really grinds my gears.

"Like he can't, or he doesn't know how?" I ask her. She shrugs, and her eyes dart to Mrs. Daley. It was clear she was scared of the woman.

"Mrs. Daley is leaving today. She is retiring. You can speak freely, she won't hurt you," I tell Kimmy. She bites her lip before scratching the back of her matted blonde hair.

"I heard Mrs. Daley fighting with Katrina. Katrina wanted to take him and his brother but Mrs. Daley wouldn't let her."

"He has a brother?"

"Had. We haven't seen him for two days. He bit Mrs. Daley when she smacked Oliver," Kimmy says, pointing to the boy in my arms.

"His name is Oliver?" Kimmy nods.

"The brother's name?"

"Logan, Sir," she says, and I nod.

"What about Katrina? Does she hurt you?" Kimmy shakes her head, and she looks at Mrs. Daley nervously, who stares ahead, looking out the window above the sink vacantly. She knew she had f****d up.

“Mrs. Daley had the butcher hurt Katrina for sticking up for them. He broke her arm, but she is ok now.”

“Kimmy, can you find some clothes and socks for Oliver?” I tell her, and she nods, holding her arms out for him. He goes to her, and she takes him upstairs while I turn Mrs. Daley’s wheelchair with my foot.

“Where is his brother?”

“The kid is a menace! He bit me like a savage!” she sneers.

“Where is the boy?” I snarl, and Liam glares at her before twisting his knife between his fingers in a warning.

“I would answer him. We don’t like child abusers. But you already know that,” Liam wams her, and she gulps.

“In the laundry room outside,” I growl, storming outside in search of it before finding it behind the shed. I could hear whimpering when I approached the wooden door. Pushing it open, I find another small boy inside a cage underneath the bench next to the washer. Anger courses through me as I bend down and snap the lock. He looks to be about Kimmy’s age, though he is freezing cold, and clearly bruised and battered.

“Did Mrs. Daley do this to you?” The boy shakes his head, moving to the back of the cage. “I won’t hurt you. I am here to help,” I tell him.

“My brother! Help my brother!” he whimpers, cringing away when I break the front door off and open the dog cage.

“Who put you in here? Did Katrina? I won’t hurt you, and I won’t let them hurt you.” I tell him while taking my jacket off. I drape it over his skinny frame, and he shakes his head.

“No, she tried to help me.”

“Who brought you out here, then? Daley couldn’t have. She wouldn’t have got down the back steps.”

“The Butcher did, Sir,” he says as he stares at my outstretched hand.

“Come on, you and your brother are coming home with me. I won’t hurt you, but I need you to come inside where it is warm. Liam is inside. You will like Liam, he is making pancakes,” I tell him. He hesitates before dropping his hand in mine, and I pull him from the small cage.

“How old are you?”

"Eight, Sir," I nod before seeing his bare feet and scooping him up. I carry him inside before stepping into the kitchen.

"Where is Daley?" I ask, noticing her wheelchair gone.

"She went to get more flour," Liam says, winking at me.

I smirk, taking Logan to the living room before wrapping the surrounding blanket from the couch around him. I then went and got firewood and filled all the fireplaces, lighting them.

The smell of pancakes wafted through the place. Eventually, Katrina walks in just as I got the living room fireplace going. She was a young

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woman in her twenties, with brown shoulder-length hair. The kids seem to like her, jumping around and trying to get her attention. She

stopped when I stood up and stared at me.

"Who are you?" she asks, looking at me nervously. She sniffs the air before baring her neck to me.

"Gannon. Liam is out there. I assume you are Katrina?"

She nods her head. "Mrs. Daley?" she asks.

"In the basement," I tell her, and she nods before her brows pinch, and she opens her mouth to say something before spotting Logan by the fire, and her eyes widen. Oliver was sitting on his lap. She rushes over, and I grip her arm. ren

"I won't hurt them! I am not Daley!" she spits at me, and I let her go.

She rushes over and fusses over them. I sigh before walking to the door.

"Help Liam feed the children. You just got promoted to headmistress," I tell her, and she nods. Walking to the kitchen, I can hear groaning and pained wails coming from the basement.

"Want a hand?" Liam asks, and I look at him covered in flour...

"Nope," I tell him, snatching the knives from the counter and opening the basement door. I hear Liam flick the radio on that sits on the

Stomping down the steps. Mrs. Daley tried crawling away where she had been pushed down the stairs, her legs tangled in the wheelchair as she clawed at the ground.

“Change of plans. I wanna hear you scream,” I tell her. Reaching down, I grip her hair and yank her head back. “And you will scream!” I snarl.

Liam had to keep turning the music up. Mrs. Daley’s screams echoed around the basement. Eventually, her screams cut out completely, her body b****y and lifeless, having skinned the b***h alive. Oh, how I loved hearing them scream. Although I could have gone without the e*****n it gave me. Blood coated the stone floor red, the smell was pungent, and the place reeked of raw meat.

Washing my hands in the filthy sink, I dry them on a hessian bag I found sitting beside it before looking at the old hag’s pelt hanging up on a h**k from the ceiling, admiring my handiwork I head for the stairs with a shrug. The rickety old steps creak under my weight as I climb them. Opening the door, I shake my head when I see Liam shaking his a*s and dancing to the music he had blaring loudly. Liam was still wearing his floral apron while doing the dishes.

Katrina comes into the kitchen with another pile of plates clutched in her hands, a tea towel draped over her shoulder. She gives me a wary look and hesitates for a second, then hurries past me toward the small kitchen. I watch as she sets the plates on the bench beside Liam. He grabs her hand and twirls her around before pulling her to dance with him, tugging her body flush against his.

Only then does he spot me standing by the basement door. He smirks, before letting her go and drying his hands on the apron.

“About time! I thought you were trying on Mrs. Daley and wearing her skin as a suit with how long you were taking.” Liam laughs. Katrina stares wide-eyed at me, turning my head to look at her, and she hastily looks away.

Liam undoes his apron and sets it on the counter before pecking Katrina on the cheek. “Be seeing you later, doll face,” he says, sending her a wink. I shake my head as he walks towards me when he stops at the door leading out to the hall. “On second thought.” He turns back and snatches the apron off the counter. “You don’t want this, do you?”

Katrina shakes her head. I was pretty sure she would give him her kidney if it meant he would get away from her. Probably even cut it out herself.

“Good, it looks better on me anyway,” he says, chucking it over his shoulder and sauntering out.

“Ah, Mrs. Daley?” Katrina asks me when I turn to follow him.

“No need to worry, I already hung her up to dry. Just let her air out for a bit,” I tell her, following Liam back through the place. I stop when I pass Oliver and Logan, who are both still sitting in the same spot, huddled underneath a blanket, watching the other children playing with some puzzles.

“I will be back in a few hours to pick you up. I have someone I want you both to meet,” I tell them. Oliver rests his head on Logan’s shoulder, sucking his thumb

“Who?” Logan asks me, hugging his brother closer.

“A woman named Clarice. You will like her, and she will love both of you. She will take good care of you,” I tell him as he chews his lip while looking at his little brother. He nods, so I turn on my heel before walking outside. When I do, I am confronted with Alpha Dean and Alpha Brock, who must have been having a heated argument with Liam.

“Can I help you?” I ask them, coming behind Liam and stepping over the small brick fence that ran along the footpath.

“Don’t you mean can I help you? This isn’t your pack, and we were called here about a disturbance.” Alpha Brock states.

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“Is that right? Well, last I checked, werewolves were lower on the food chain. So, I suggest you move along before you meet the real big bad wolf!” I snarl. Alpha Brock looks at Liam and me before focusing back on me and looking me up and down.

“Well, the King never informed either of us that you would be showing up. If we had known, we would have prepared for your arrival,” Alpha Dean adds, glancing around nervously.

“No preparations needed. If you will excuse me, I have a butcher who needs butchering,” I tell them before smiling and shoving past them

“Exactly why are you here?” Alpha Brock asks.

“Little slow, this Alpha is. No wonder the pack is going broke. Not one brain cell between the two of them,” Liam says, and I smirk at his words.

“The two rogue boys inside will be leaving with me when I return. Touch them and you will be hanging alongside Mrs. Daley in the basement.” I tell them before climbing into the car.

They glance at the orphanage behind them as we drive off. Liam gave me directions to the butcher’s shop in town. It just so happened to be in the small town square, and we received a few nervous glances as we climbed out and headed inside the small place.

A huge glass display fridge is out the front taking up half the store, but I can see a room out the back behind the till. Pushing through the hinged door beside the fridge display, I went out the back of the small store to the freezer room. I can hear muffled yelling as I approach the enormous steel door. Twisting the handle, I yank it open and step inside. The room is freezing, and I shiver instantly.

“Oh, a little frosty in here,” Liam chuckles. However, my attention is solely on the butcher, who stared with big brown eyes. He was in his mid-forties, still dressed in plaid pajama pants, his hair a mess and sticking up at odd angles. His teeth chattered, and his lips were blue. His chest was bare, and his nipples were hard. Goosebumps covered every inch of him.

Liam had skillfully tied him. There was no way he would have been able to shift to get out of his restraints.

The butcher’s eyes glance between us both, and Liam pulls on his lovely floral apron while I grab one of the rubber ones hanging up outside the freezer room door.

“Bring him out,” I call to Liam, who obeys, rubbing his hands together excitedly.

Liam unties him, and the moment he does, he runs, bolting out the door, but nothing a punch to the windpipe couldn’t fix. My fist connects with his Adams apple. He gasps, clutching his throat. I take a fistful of his hair and slam his head into the steel table. He drops to my feet,

and Liam comes out shaking his head, clicking his tongue before kicking him in the ribs, making him grunt.

“Now listen here, pork chop. I am old, tired and just made over 100 pancakes, so do me a favor and climb up on the steel bench. My back is aching.” Liam tells him while tying the back of his apron.

“There must be some mistake! I don’t even know what I did! You have the wrong guy!” he stammers, eyes wide with fear.

“Is your name Doyle?” I ask, and he nods.

“Do you know a girl named Abbie?” I ask him, and his eyes widen. “So you do know Abbie?” I ask, and he looks between us but shakes his head.

“Well, now that’s a lie, isn’t it? Because Mrs. Daley told us about you, and how you paid her to rape the girl. Stole her innocence and all that,” Liam says, tilting his head to the side observing the man.

“No! I never took that, I swear. Mrs. Daley lied. I never took the girl’s virginity. She is still pure, I swear. If Abbie says I did, she is a liar. I know better than to take her virginity. She isn’t worth as much if she is sold off,” he blurts out, and I look at Liam.

“What do you mean?” Liam asks, clearly as confused as me. The King would not lie or send me on a wild goose chase.

“I am saying you didn’t buy ruined goods. I heard how the Lycan King took her in. She is still pure, I swear. If she is saying she isn’t, she is a liar. Tell the King she is still pure. I know better!” My eyebrows raise. He thought the King would buy a s*x slave? Does he not know the King could have any woman he wanted? Not that he wanted any other than Ivy.

“You know better?” I ask, and he nods, looking at me pleadingly. What the f**k is wrong with this man? I thought I was f****d in the head, but he just took it to another level.

“I am a little confused. Are you Gannon? He is claiming to know better, but rape is apparently still acceptable?” Liam asks me.

“What? No! I paid for her. She is just some w***e!” he says, and my blood boils at his words. My claws slash down his face, slicing through to the bone before I grabbed his throat, picking him up I slammed him on the table.

“Please, please, she’s still pure! I only f****d her a*s! I left her virginity. Buyers value that!” the man begs. Liam’s claws sink into his thigh at his words.

“You seem to be very confused. We don’t care about her virginity status, we care if you hurt her. But keep talking, you are making your death more painful. Two things we hate, rapists and anyone that hurts children, and you did both those things! Now you will pay for your crimes in

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Chapter 52

blood!” Liam growls before dragging his claws out of his leg. His screams echo around us, shrill and loud as Liam pulls them out slowly, twisting his fingers as he did. His hands clutched my hand around his throat.

“Help me move him. Flip him on his stomach,” I tell Liam, who walks off into the freezer. He returns, bringing back the ropes he had tied this scumbag with. We flip onto his stomach before binding his hands and feet to the legs of the table. He thrashes wildly and continues to scream.

Liam starts whistling as he cuts the vile man’s pants off while he cries and begs. Walking into the freezer, I look for a broom, finding one in the back corner by the grate and drain in the floor. Grabbing it, I walk back out to find Doyle crying hysterically and begging Liam to free him.

His words cut off, and his head lifts, his mouth wide open on a silent scream as he gasps when I shoved the broom handle up his a*s. His entire body shakes, his legs trembling uncontrollably. Blood trails over the steel table.

“I swear you’re still pure. A**I doesn’t count, right?” I ask him while I walk around the table. I grip his hair, yanking his head back. He pants, eyes wide, and I smile when Liam gives the broom a jiggle, and he makes a pained groan. I drop his head, and Liam walks over to the wall and pulls down a bone saw, chucking it to me. He then unrolls his pouch of knives, selecting one.

“So slice and dice, or will we be more creative today?” Liam asks.

“Please, please! Just let me go!” the man begs.

“Don’t cry, beefcakes. Gannon here will make sure we tenderize your rump before we make you eat it. We can stuff it some more,’ Liam tells him, slapping his a*s. “If you want. I reckon you could take another, pretty loose back there,” Liam adds. The man whimpers and s**s before pissing himself, urine cascading down the sides of the table along with his blood.

“What’s that?” Liam asks when Doyle mumbles something incoherently.

“Think he said he wanted the other broom,” I tell Liam, who smiles sadistically while the man screams and thrashes as much as possible.

Liam comes out with a mop, and I shrug.

“It’s alright, I will spit on it first,” Liam tells him before shoving it up alongside the other one. His screams were music to my ears and rang out loudly, making me shiver.

“Now, do you like your meat medium, raw, cooked all the way through? How should we serve it to you?’ Liam says, cutting a chunk of his a*s cheek off with his knife. The

butcher screams wildly, and I grab my saw before using a rag as a tourniquet. I know he will heal quickly. but the tourniquet will ensure he does before bleeding out. Wrapping it just above the knee, I pull it tight before grabbing my saw, and I start cutting into the back of his knee.

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

Chapter 53

Gannon

For two days, I listened to his screams when they finally cut out. Liam sighs and pouts, "P***y! I wanted to feed him his bowel first." Liam growls, looking down at Doyle's limbless body.

"Well, maybe you should have thought about that before you removed his heart," I say, pointing to his hand. Liam looks at the hand that is holding Doyle's heart. "Oh, yeah, that would have done it," he says, tossing it over his shoulder.

My skin itches from all the blood caked on it. Thick like gravy, I was surprised he lasted this long, and if it wasn't for the blood bags Liam got, he probably would have died yesterday when we removed his arms. Liam whistles happily when the bell rings, signaling someone is here.

"Yes! Customers. Missed my calling, I did. I reckon my steaks look pretty good. Wonder if they want to try my marinated Doyle steaks or the Doyle sausage," Liam says, excitedly taking the tray he had been placing his were-steaks on. He was taking the butchering too seriously. I laugh as he grabs his tray and races to the front of the store before I hear the shrill scream of a woman before the bells sounded as she rushes out.

"But it is a delicacy! Marinated him myself for 12 hours!" I hear Liam call out to her. I shake my head, taking my rubber apron off. I hang it on the h**k next to the freezer door. Liam comes in with his tray in hand, looking rather upset that the woman, whoever she was, didn't want to try his Doyle steaks.

"Wasted all that time marinating those," he says, tossing the tray on the counter. He washes his knives and places them in his satchel. Grabbing the soap, I scrub my hands clean when Liam growls. Peering over my shoulder to see him glaring down at Doyle.

"B****y b*****d, look what you did! You owe me a new apron! You better hope I can wash this out!" he snarls, taking off his apron. I raise an

“What? He got his filthy blood on it. Look at this!” he says, trying to clean his apron in cold water. “He turned it pink. I’ll just say it is salmon. I can pull off salmon, right?” Liam growls, scrubbing his apron that he has come to love.

“I’d like to see someone tell you that you can’t,” I laugh before looking down at my jeans. Not even the apron could save them. I sigh, walking out through the shop to the car and retrieving the bag from the trunk. I always brought spare clothes. The town square was pretty quiet as I finally got outside. There are plenty of stares, but no one dared say anything. I was kind of waiting for them to break out in a dance, like a flash mob, with the way the noise stopped abruptly, and everyone froze.

Shaking my head, I pop the trunk, grab a fresh shirt, and pull it on. Hearing the butcher’s shop bell jingle, I glance over my shoulder, and a scream rings out from an elderly lady sitting out front of the bakery eating a scone under a blue and white umbrella.

Liam struts out naked, drenched from head to toe in blood. He shakes off some congealed blood that has plopped on his foot as he shakes his head. His apron is clutched in his hand, and he shakes it out.

“That is not coming in the car. Put it in the trunk,” I tell him.

“But how will it dry?” he whines.

“I gotta grab Logan and Oliver. The kids will freak if they see you like that,” I tell him when a shrtek reaches my ears, and a crowd forms around the old woman.

“Are you itchy?” Liam asks, scratching his b***s. I chuckle, shaking my head when people rush over to the small bakery. Liam glances over there, and so do I and I see the old woman choking. Another woman pats her back frantically, and Liam sighs and shakes his head before

He starts performing the heimlich maneuver on her, which was a sight to see. Everyone scatters as he grabs her. His arms wrapped around her, his naked a*s tensing as he performed the task. A piece of scone flies from her mouth, and she sucks in a breath before he lets her go. The woman collapses on the ground and Liam clicks his tongue, sitting her up, his junk right in her face. She gasps, her eyes going wide when she realizes his d**k is like an inch off her face. She looks up at him with wide eyes.

Liam winks at her. “I got something you can choke on, love,” he says, blowing her a kiss. She looks at him, appalled, his d**k slapping her cheek as he turns to walk back to the car. I snort and shake my head at him as he leans into the trunk to retrieve some clothes.

He pulls on some shorts and a tank top before moving toward the passenger side, and I jump in the driver’s seat, starting the car. The engine revs loudly as I tear out of the

town square, headed for the orphanage. Liam lights a smoke, and I click my fingers at him before he growls, pulling the smoke from between his lips and handing it to me and lighting another. I drawback on the smoke weaving through the streets to get the kids.

“So what do you plan on doing with them, anyway? Since when did you become fatherly?” Liam asks, and I shrug. I never gave much

thought to kids until I met Abbie. Maybe I could keep them? I shake the idea away. Abbie might not want kids. I suppose we would see when I got her back.

“I’m not keeping them,” I tell him.

“So, why are we taking them?”

“Clarice,” I tell him.

“Ah, I see, a fine woman. Too bad she could never have kids. She would have been an excellent mother if she was given the chance at having her own kids,” Liam says.

“Well, she is a mother. She practically raised Kyson and half the servant’s kids, yourself included. Clarice will look after them, and love them.” I tell him, and Liam nods.

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

Chapter 54

Abbie

My stomach twists with hunger. I am absolutely starving, and he still hasn’t let me eat since being here. A few girls tried to sneak me food but earned a beating for it, so I turned them down when they offered. Watching my mate f**k nearly every girl in this place was torture enough to watch, without having to watch them cop a beating for it afterward. So when the door opens, I sigh and climb off the bed, moving to my corner, knowing what to expect already.

Flopping on the ground, I lean against the wall. Only Kade enters and stops in front of me. Usually, Cassandra came in every few hours to dose me full of whatever c**p it was that prevented me from being able to shift. However, she was nowhere in sight.

“Get up!” he says, kicking me in the thigh.

“Pardon?” I ask, confused. This wasn’t what usually happens. Kade always makes me watch before he would stuff his filthy c**k in my mouth, forcing me to taste them. He growls, and I glance at the door when he kicks me again.

“Get up and get on the bed!” he says before reaching down and gripping my arm and hauling me to my feet. I struggle in his grip, my hand whipping out and slapping him before I drop my weight, refusing. He snarls, ripping me back off the floor by my hair and dragging me toward the bed. I thrash when his fist connects with my face. My vision blurs, and my neck aches as my head snaps back. Blood spurts from my nose as I stumble backward, my hair ripping painfully from his grip.

Dazed, I blink up at the ceiling when I hear his furious growl as he reaches for me. His face twists in rage, and his canines slip from between his parted lips. I lift my leg as he pounces on me. He grunts as my foot connects with his b***s, and I roll trying to get away when he grips my hair, ripping my head back.

“You will obey your Alpha!” he snarls.

“You are not my Alpha!” I scream. He growls before shoving me back to the floor. I crawl toward the wall and pull myself up. His snarls behind me grow louder when he suddenly stops.

“Get on the bed!” he yells. I feel his command wash over me before it suddenly slips off like I was made of Teflon. It didn’t stick! And I laugh hysterically.

“I said, get on the bed!” he commands once more, but it rolls over me again and slips right off. Turning around, I can’t control the laughter escaping from me.

I have no idea why I was laughing, yet it made me laugh harder as I looked at him. The furious look on his face was almost comical suddenly, or maybe I had lost the plot. He looked at me like I was insane, but I was not getting on that bed. A beating. I could take one of those. S**t, I spent half my life taking those. So if I had to choose, I would take a beating over, letting him take more from me.

Wiping my nose, the blood stains the back of my hand. “What’s wrong, Alpha? Can’t put your Luna in line,” I taunt.

“Get on the bed!” he screams, turning red-faced. I giggle at his pathetic command.

My muscles tense, pain slivering up my spine. That command feels stronger, rushing over me like a tidal wave, the pain crippling, yet still I

expected it, endured it, survived it.

Once again, I start becoming numb to my surroundings, numb to everything. So, let him hurt me because the pain I can handle, but can he? | know it must hurt him, but me?

No, pain was in my head. Something I could switch on and off, desensitize myself to. So that is what I did. Most would call me mad for what I intended to do. Calm washes over me as I let my mind float. I go on autopilot, then I poke the wolf.

* Surprised you have a pack. Mrs. Daley's commands packed a better punch. And she was an omega!" i laugh, and his eyes turn black, shifting in rage at my words.

His malt-colored wolf charges at me. His paws hitting my chest sends me flying back against the wall. My brain rattles inside my skull as it smashes against the brick wall. He snarls, stalking toward me, and suddenly, I am seeing double, yet not a sound leaves my lips. Not even when his razor-sharp teeth tore through my flesh as he mauled me.

"Don't cry. Tears won't save you. I am done shedding tears for this monster," I remind myself. When he got no reaction from tearing into my thigh, he tore into my shoulder and arm. Blood drenches and pools around me. My body shook, but I did not make a sound, just stared and went to my safe place. Zoning out, my mind taking me to a place no one could touch me.

I was an empty shell, only coming back to my surroundings when his teeth snapped at my face. His fur puffs out as he growls when I hear a sob. In the commotion, my eyes flit toward the door to see a woman. Tears stained her cheeks, but none fell from my eyes; I felt nothing as I stared back at her fear-stricken face.

Kade growls, and I turn my attention to his enormous wolf standing over me. He whimpers when he backs up, sniffing my thigh where he

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Chapter 54

tore it apart, and I glance down. So much blood, no part of me left unstained, left unmarred.

"Are you done?" I ask. My voice came out unwavering, yet I couldn't recognize it as my own. Kade turns his furry head to the side, examining me, and I stare back, unblinking.

Kade shifts back, his bones snapping as he crouches before me. For a second, I thought I saw guilt flash across his features. "You will learn. You only had to get on the bed." he says, his eyes scanning over my mauled flesh. "It didn't have to be this way!" he snaps, making my eyebrows rise. I laugh and shake my head, yet I can feel my blood draining out of me. Felt the blood leave my face, the cold sweat beading over my skin, and I smiled.

"Get the Doctor!" Kade screams as I feel myself fading, the room becoming dull.

“Abbie? I.. you need to stay awake,” Kade says, and I feel the tingles spread across my skin as he tries to stop the bleeding. I was bleeding out, I knew it, and he knew it.

“Get the Pack Doctor NOW!” screams Kade as my mark burned my neck, and I relished the pain of the bond dying along with me.

“Does it hurt?” I murmur, my eyelids closing. My head falls forward, unable to keep it up when he grabs my face. His fingers pry my eyelids open, yet I only see white.

“What?... Hurry up!” Kade screams, and I hear people running up the steps toward us.

“Does it hurt?” I repeat.

“You think I wanted to do this? Of course, it hurts! ...”

“Because I feel nothing.” I giggle.

“Hang on, Abbie,” Kade says, and I snort.

“For what? Certainly not for you!” I mumble, my lips going numb.

“Hang on for me. I didn’t mean it! You should know better!” he stutters frantically.

“Just hang on,” he says as my body feels more and more limp. I slid down the wall I was leaning on, my face pressing against the carpet, and I could hear the frantic beating of my heart drumming in my ears. I focused on that sound, waiting for the moment it would stop when everything went black.

Nothingness, complete oblivion, is what I expected. Yet when my heavy eyes open, tears brimmed in my eyes. The beep of hospital equipment reaches my ears as I blink up at the ceiling. Why? How could life be so cruel and bring me back?

“Thank Goddess!” I hear a gasp before Kade suddenly hovers over me. His hands were pawing at me, and I looked away from him.

“I thought I lost you! The Moon Goddess must have heard my prayers,” he gushes, fussing over me like he was some fantastic mate and not the person who did this.

“She heard yours, but mine fell on deaf ears.” I groaned. F**k, if she had heard mine, I would have been dead years ago but here I am still, the so-called Goddess f*****g s**t up and not giving me the luxury of death.

Kade grabs my face in his hands. Sparks rush over my entire body and make my whole body heat up. The bond reacts despite knowing what

fresh.

Kade f*****g remarked me! Our severed bond is now stronger than ever by the feeling of the sparks that coursed over my entire body. Kade purrs while I just think of how I failed to sever the bond and was again stuck with the miserable b*****d.

“That was close” Kade sighs, kissing my forehead like he was some loving mate. I just blink and say nothing.

“Well, at least you learned your lesson. Then, after all this mess, we can go home. Cassandra said she would make you a nice dinner. We need to get you up to full strength so we can complete the mating process. I will ask the doctor to give you something to bring on your heat,” he says before walking out. This could not be happening. I swallow and try to move my hand to brush my hair back to find I was handcuffed to the bed by one hand. I tug on the handcuff, yet it doesn’t budge. Sitting up, my entire body starts aching.

My leg burns the most, and so did every inch of me. Using my other hand, I tug the hospital gown down a little, groaning as I do. My shoulder is covered in stitches. Rolling the skirt up. I see my leg is the same. His mark may have saved me but didn’t heal me. That is when I noticed the drip attached to my hand. I follow the line to see the blood bag and another bag.

I choke when I realize it had the same label as the s**t Cassandra had been pumping into me. No wonder I look like Frankenstein. Kade was still preventing me from shifting, and Goddess knows how long that drip had been attached to me because it was dark outside, and I wasn’t even sure it was the same day.

I lay back down when I hear Kade talking to the Doctor and listening to their voices grow nearer. Kade saunters into the room, a massive grin on his face.

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Chapter 54

“The doctor said you can come home tomorrow, isn’t that great? He will prepare the injection just before you are discharged,” he tells me.

A nurse comes in a few minutes later with a tray of food. She glances at Kade nervously, and I can tell she fears him with the way she averts her gaze to the floor and drops her head, her curly dark hair covering her face.

“Hurry! Hurry!” Kade snaps at her as she wheels a small table over that slides under the bed before turning the tabletop so it sat above me. The smell of food makes my belly growl hungrily. My mouth salivates. She sets a tray on the table, and Kade clicks his tongue and growls.

"It's too much! I said something small until after her heat!" Kade snaps at the woman. Taking the tray, which smelled divine, he took a pudding cup off it before thrusting the tray at her. She glances at me, and my stomach screams in protest as he takes whatever was under the plate cover from me. He slaps the pudding cup on the table. The woman bites her lip but takes the tray looking at me apologetically. She goes to hand me the spoon, but Kade slaps it out of her hand.

The more I stared at her, for some reason she reminded me of someone I just couldn't think of who? It was her eyes and cheekbones. They looked familiar. I had no idea why I felt that way.

"Idiot! It could be used as a weapon." he snarls at her. The woman blinks at him.

"She is handcuffed, Alpha. Where would she go?"

"Until I complete the mating process, no utensils. I don't want my mate to harm herself," Kade growls.

"Maybe I can feed her? You said she hadn't eaten in days. The doctor recommended this meal to help strengthen her," she tried to argue, and I saw the malicious glint in his eye.

"It's alright. I'm not hungry. Just thirsty." I tell her, not wanting to get her into trouble. Yet my belly rumbles loudly. We all hear it in the quiet room.

"See?" Kade says, snatching the juice cup off the tray. He thrusts it at me, and my hand shakes as I take it from him.

"Now leave! You are the last person I want to see in her room!" he snarls, and she nods before rushing out. I stared after her as she ran out.

"B****y fool! Are you alright, my love?" he says, and I look at Kade and nod.

It was like his personality switched back and forth. He takes the juice cup and pokes a hole before handing it back. I tried to figure out why the woman looked so familiar. I knew I hadn't seen her before, but something about her gave me déjà vu.

Shaking the thought off. I drink my juice cup. Kade only allows me half the pudding cup and watches me dig it out with my fingers. It was humiliating, but I remained quiet, hoping he would leave soon. After about an hour of sitting in silence watching Kade fiddle with his phone, he stands up from the blue chair and walks over to me.

Leaning over the bed, he grips my chin, tilting my face up to his before shoving his tongue down my throat. The bond reacted, but I just went to my safe place, went to the dark parts of my mind, and floated.

"I need to go, but I will be back first thing in the morning. The doctor will send someone in to give you some drugs to help you sleep," he says. I nod my head robotically.

I tried everything to get out of the handcuff, but nothing worked. It was that tight the tips of my fingers were going numb from putting strain on it trying to break out of it. My will to escape dying along with the last part of my will to live when the crippling pain washed over me.

on my side, I hug my belly with my free hand. Half an hour later, the pack doctor comes in again. The man is an older gentleman. He looks over my notes and shakes his head. He checks my drip when the woman from before comes in.

"Alana will give you something to help you sleep. And in the morning, I will give a small injection into your ovaries to bring on your heat. You were fortunate. You almost died, if it wasn't for Kade's quick thinking of remarking you, we would have lost you," the doctor says.

"Yes, so lucky to live with my pig of a mate!" | sneer, and he nods, having not paid attention to what I was saying, too busy looking at the charts in his hand.

"You can give it to her, Alana, then observe her two hours," he tells her, and the woman comes over to me. She smiles sadly as she walks around the bed and takes my arm in her hand. The doctor watches as she stabs the needle into my cannula port in my free hand.

The doctor sighs when I feel the top of my hand become wet, and I look at her. Her eyes meet mine, and I look down to see her hand covering the needle as she squirts the contents on my skin, not through the cannula, spilling it all over the bed. She then places my hand over the spot

"Hurry, I haven't got all night." the doctor complains.

"I'm done, Doc," she says, dropping the syringe into the small green plastic bowl she brought in with her. He nods, and she makes her way over to my drip, changing the bags out while the doctor walks out.

She waits a few seconds before rushing over to me and grabbing my hand just as the Doctor Walked back in. I feel something metal brushing my palm, and she quickly makes out she was tucking the surrounding blankets around me.

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Chapter 54

“You may feel a little groggy, don’t fight it,” she says, staring at me before glancing at the hand she had placed a key in, and the doctor clears his throat

“Alana, bed four needs changing again. Mr. Masters wet himself again,” he groans.

“Yes, right away, Doc. Just need to change out her bag on the drip,” she says, and he nods, walking back out.

This time when he leaves, he doesn’t return. Alana rushes over to me and starts unplugging the machines attached to me, and I wait for the beep only to peer at the monitor to see she had switched it off.

“I found a spare key in Doc’s office. You have two hours to run east,” she whispers. –

“Why are you helping me?”

“My sister, Blaire, told me about you. Now, don’t waste any time. He will feel you once you get too far away,” she says before glancing over her shoulder.

Alana pulls a piece of paper from her cleavage and tucks it under my bottom. “I got your friend’s number. Blaire gave it to me. She stole it from his phone and sent it to me. He then killed her for touching his phone, but I wrote it down. You must have been worth dying for, or she wouldn’t have sent it. Blaire wanted to ring whoever it was. She never said who in the message. I would give you a phone, but all calls are monitored and listened to. East, there is a town there, ring from there. You try before you leave the town limits, and he will know about it.”

“What about you?” I ask.

She doesn’t answer, just rushes over to the window and opens it before running out, closing the door behind her. I swallow, pulling the paper out with a number scribbled on it. Waiting a few minutes to make sure no one was coming in, I then used the key to undo the handcuff. I rub my wrist before forcing myself off the bed.

My legs collapse under me when they touch the floor, and I clench my teeth to stop from screaming. Pain ravages me from my injuries and Kade’s infidelity, but I force myself up and over to the plastic bag sitting on the chair that Kade brought with him.

Opening it, I find a man’s shirt and some jeans. I swallow when I realize they must be Cassandra’s jeans. I looked over my shoulder at the door, but no one seemed to be in the hall. Pulling my hospital gown off, I pull the shirt on before gritting my teeth as I pull the jeans on.

My stitches tug and pull painfully. Sweat coated me from so much effort. As I walked to the window, I tried to figure out where the east was. She could have pointed that out, or I should have asked. My skin burned as the jeans rubbed my mauled leg, and I

struggled to lift it over the windowsill. Breathing harshly, I pull the other over before sitting on the ledge.

After a few seconds, I brace myself for the pain and jump. It was only about a two-meter drop, but it felt like I had jumped from a lot higher when I hit the ground. Pain rattles through me as I land on my bad leg. Choking on a sob, I fight the urge to pass out as I rise to my feet, using the wall for support.

I see no one around and take off, running as fast as my legs allow. My legs were killing with each movement and the bad one dragging behind me, but I still bit down on the instinct to stop and push on. The pain would not stop me. Ivy would come for me. I know she will come. I just need to get to that town.

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Chapter 55

My feet ached from running, my muscles ached and my body screamed at me to stop. I wanted nothing more than to lay down, to catch my breath as I ran blindly through deserted dark streets. I had no idea if I was even running in the right direction, or how far the town was, making decisions at each corner harder.

The fact I couldn't read any of the signs made it even harder. Yet still I ran praying that Ivy was on her way to me. Praying she picked up on my subtle message, hope was all I had especially once the howls rang clearly through sky.

His voice in my head demanding me to return to him, yelling and screaming at me. Then he would tone it down, trying to make out he wasn't a monster.

"You tell me your whereabouts love, I will come get you. You stop at anyone's door and hand yourself in and we can go home and put this past us." He tells me though I knew what waited for me if I did.

"F*****g w***e! When I find you, I will make sure you can never run from me again!" he snarls angrily after a few minutes. Then back to the coaxing in gentle tones, only for his true colors to shine through.

By the time I was out of the town and on a long stretch of road, my feet were bleeding, my shirt drenched with blood and I was limping worse, then when I started. My hand pressed firmly against my side as I tried to stem the bleeding. Yet hope came in the form of a service station. It's light a burning beacon, and I picked up my pace, nearly

there, yet I'm not oblivious to how the howls grew closer and the sound of revving engines of cars tore up the town behind me, headed my way

Reaching the service station. I rush inside, scaring the man behind the counter as I locked the glass door.

"Ma'am?" the man says as I peer out the windows. Turning around, his eyes run the length of me where I was dripping blood on the floor.

"Someone is after me! I need your phone!" I gush, moving toward him. He seems stunned by my b****y appearance before shaking his head and looking for his phone. "I have a first aid kit," he tells me after passing the phone. He asks questions and unlocks the door while peering out. I reach into my pockets to find the piece of paper with the number on it that Alana gave me, while trying to answer him too. My hands shook as I punched the number into the corded phone to ring Ivy. I mean Azalea. I'm trying to wrap my head around her new name but seem to resort to the old one out of habit. When the phone starts calling, I hold it to my ear.

"Pick up. Pick up." I whisper, not realizing the call had already connected.

"Abbie?" she asks,

"There should be a microphone picture. Press it so I can hear," Dustin says in the background, it sounded like they were in a car. "Are you there?" I ask while glancing around the windows.

"Yes, can you hear me?" Ivy asks, the phone volume turning a little static and crackling.

A sob escapes me. "Ivy! Oh please, thank God!" I gasp.

"I'm right here," Ivy tells me. And I can't seem to get myself together enough to speak.

"Did she answer?" the man from the service station asks. "She answered," I tell him, peeking over at him as he watched out the window.

"Thank you so much," I quickly tell him, before listening to the static through the phone.

"You there still?" I ask.

"Yes, I am. I am..." The phone crackles before the phone drops out of reception. I curse and hit redial, it immediately starts ringing again, and Ivy answers it "Abbie?" she asks.

"Listen, I need you to come to get me. I was wrong about Kade, Ivy. Send Gannon. Please! I want to come home! I am..." she falls silent. "don't know where I am. I can't read the sign. I am... Where am I?" I ask, turning to the service station manager.

“Metro service station. It is in Langley,” he tells me.

“Metro Service station in Langley. Abbie is there!” Ivy tells Dustin, obviously hearing him in the background.

“Are you okay. Abbie? We are nearly there,” Ivy tells me and I sigh.

“You have to be quick. I know he already knows I ran. Wait, you are nearly here?” I ask.

“You never said it back,” Ivy tells me, and I break down sobbing into the phone. She knew something was wrong. I hoped she picked up on it during the call. Immense relief floods me.

“I thought you didn’t figure it out!” i choke, wiping my eyes on the back of my hand, and the phone goes grainy again.

“You always say it back,” she tells me and I nod my head.

“What sort of car did you say your boyfriend drives?” the man asks beside me when a car pulls into the service station. Kades car. I gasp. “A black one.” I murmur when I see him climb out of his car and I duck before I hear a bell chime as the door opens.

13:44

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Chapter 55

“Get down behind the counter,” the man says, and I hold my breath, dropping to sit and lean against the counter, with the phone still clutched to my ear.

“He found me! Hurry!” I whisper into the phone. I hear the service station attendant speak above me and I glance up at him.

“Can I help you, sir?” he asks before I hear Kade’s voice.

“I’m looking for a girl. Abbie, come out. This human won’t save you from me!” Kade’s voice growls and I flinch at his tone.

“Sir, I have not seen a girl,” the man says.

“I can smell her. Now come out Abbie, before I kill this man!” I hear Kade growl out.

I swallow and my skin prickles with goosebumps as I hear his footsteps grow closer. When the man is suddenly grabbed by the collar of his shirt and ripped over the top of the counter. I scream jumping to my feet in time to see Kade snap the mans neck. His

eyes dart to mine and I drop the phone racing toward the rear of the building where I saw the man go to retrieve the first aid kit. Kade snarls and gives chase and I find a door. My palms hit hard and it burst open. Once outside I look around briefly before taking off across the road toward the mountain so I can hide in the forest.

“Abbie!” Kade snarls and adrenaline pumps through my veins dulling all my pain as I run for my life. The howls grow louder in the distance as his pack closes in. I slip on the loose dirt and twigs as I force my body to start climbing up the mountain only to be tackled. Kade’s fist slam into the back of my head before my side making me wheeze and I feel my ribs crack. My scream is deafening and hurt my ears.

*Think you can run from me! Who were you on the phone to?” He says, ripping me backward by my hair.

** F**k you!” I spit at him, just as I hear a loud crash like a car accident, coming from above. I kicked and thrashed while screaming for help.

A furious growl tears out of Kade, and he tosses me into a nearby tree. Pain washed over me as I got to my hands and knees, only for him to grab my hair.

“Ivy!” I scream out clearly through the forest praying she could hear me when he starts dragging me down the mountainside with my flailing and thrashing.

Kade drags me out down the hill and onto the grassy patch. I escape his clutches and begin running again when his body hits mine from behind and he pins me to the grass of the small meadow at the bottom of the mountain.

My eyes try desperately to scan my surroundings, my vision attempting to correct itself. But everything looks extremely fuzzing except the neon sign which blinks frantically. All I can hear is the static noise emanating from it. The service station is about 300 meters from me and across the road. I scream when Kade starts ripping me backward from the woods. Kicking and screaming, I thrash around trying to loosen his grip begging him to let me go. Those pleas fell on deaf ears, however. Kade ignores me as he rips me out of the treeline once again.

When I hear noise off to the side and I pray it’s help and not his pack members when I start screaming, letting them know I don’t want him as a mate. Isn’t there laws? I wasn’t sure, but I was willing to do anything at this point.

“I reject you! I reject you!!” I scream. Kade tosses me to the ground, and I try to crawl away from him as I struggle to get back to my feet.

“Doesn’t work like that, love. That is not how you reject someone!” he growls at me, stalking toward me. On my hands and knees, I was struggling to remain conscious when I heard a scream making me peer over my shoulder to see Kade spin around. Ivy comes from God knows where, drenched in blood, twigs and dirt covering her and I

realize it must have been their car I heard crash on the road up the mountain. She rushes at him with a rock in her hand, Kade deflects her blow and she crashes on top of him.

The rock flies from her grip as he lands on top of her and it rolls away, stopping next to me. Kade growls, trying to pin her. "What are you doing here?" he snaps at her, holding her down on her back. Snatching the rock I get to my feet staggering toward them. I raise both hands above my head clutching the rock and slam it down on the back of his head. Kade abruptly freezes before he growls and looks over his shoulder at me.

Kade's blood runs down the sides of his face and drips onto Ivy from where I hit him with it. Kade turns to attack me, but Ivy grabs his ankle, tripping him, and I lift the rock again and smash him in the head with it again, and he goes limp on the ground, face down and unmoving.

Ivy sits up and I look at her, then rush over to her. Tears stream down face, as I take her in. Dirt, and twigs in her hair, she is covered in the same dirt as me. The rock dropped from my hand as I stepped over Kade and moved toward her to help her sit up. Ivy clutches her stomach, which was bleeding like a steady stream and saturating her torn and filthy pants.

"*Ivy!" I gush, clutching her arms; I haul her upright. A sigh escapes her, and I grab her face in my hands, sobbing uncontrollably. Only when I do her eyes go behind me. "Abbie!" Ivy gasps. My head turns seeing him get to his feet and I rip Ivy to her feet with a strength I wasn't sure how I possessed given the state we were both in.

"Can you shift?" Ivy asks me, but I shake my head. "You?" I ask and she looks down at her bleeding wound and also shakes her head. I whimper, and Kade groans when howls in the distance ring out loudly, sending my blood cold. An icy shiver slivers up my spine.

"The pack! He called his pack!" I panicked, knowing we needed to get out of here before they find us.

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