

## Mated To The King Gamma – Chapter 61

They growl and snarl, watching him. But the council members were all Lycan, and I felt his aura demand them to submit, forcing them to remain where they were.

“Now, I am willing to let this slide, so back up.” Denali ordered.

“She may be King Kyson’s Queen, but she will be held accountable for her actions,” Denali snarls and Dustin laughs maniacally.

Denali turns his head to look at him as Dustin sits up, his arms still cuffed behind his back. He starts ripping at his handcuffs, once twice, thrice, and I hear his wrists snap and shoulders dislocate before he rolls his shoulders, bringing his hands around to the front, Kendrick runs at him, but Dustin moves quickly, sweeping his legs out from under him and pivoting on his knee, so he was suddenly on Kendrick’s back, his knee pressed to the back of the man’s neck.

“And who are you? Let Kendrick up now,” Mr.Crux growls, dropping me at Denali’s feet. Dustin rebreaks his wrist before gripping Kendrick’s hair and ripping his head back.

“No, wrong question Denali. The question you should be asking is, who is Azalea? Does her name ring any bells to you?” Dustin sneers.

Denali looks down at me, and Cassandra covers behind him, clutching the back of his suit jacket. Denali looks at her, shoving her off and making her stumble. She shrieks, landing on her a#s.

Kendrick moves underneath Dustin’s knee, shifting, but Dustin growls before grabbing his head and twisting it so it faces him.

T heave, throwing up as he broke Kendrick’s neck. Dustin then gets to his feet and wipes his hands, pulling the darts from his legs and chest.

“Does the name Azalea Ivy Landeena ring any bells for you,” Dustin asks.

Mr.Crux, Denali, and the other man, Larkin, looked at me where I had collapsed on the ground, my blood was pooling around me, and I struggled to keep my eyes open, Kyson’s presence growing closer the only thing keeping me awake.

“The Landeena’s are dead,” Denali states, yet he looked unsure as he glanced between Dustin and me. Though I had no idea why my heritage mattered to the council.

“Ask her who her mother is,’ comes Kyson’s voice, my head turns toward him, and he growls when his eyes meet mine. The Lycans standing around us moved out of his way as he marched through the gates. He stalked straight toward Denali, like he was prey

before gripping his throat. Denali gasps as Kyson lifts the man bringing him nose to nose with him.

“You dare come into my Kingdom unannounced and attack my Queen,” He roared in his face. Denali grips his hands.

“The law states we can enter;” His words choke out entirely, and his face turns purple as Kyson’s grip tightens. Kyson nods to Dustin, who rushes toward me, pulling me up against him, so I am sitting up.

“Your laws are bullshit, and you know it, she told you I ordered her to command them, and you still put your filthy paws on my mate.” Kyson says. Mr. Crux grips Kyson’s shoulder.

“Crux, I will give you two seconds to correct that mistake,” Kyson warns him, and Crux puts his hands up in the air, backing away in surrender, Kyson looks at him.

“You will mind your tongue around my mate, now as I was saying, Denali. You are now being sentenced for treason,” Kyson snarls, letting him go. He falls to the ground at Kyson’s feet, gasping and choking for air, sucking in huge lungfuls while gripping his throat.

“Treason?” Larkin asks, rushing forward. Kyson growls at him, and he stops dead in his tracks.

“Now, I would like to introduce my mate,” Kyson says, motioning toward Dustin. Dustin scoops my b\*\*\*\*y body up in his arms, and I rest my head on his shoulder. Dustin crouches beside Denali, who lifts his head to look at me, his face flush and red as he gasped.

“Recognize those eyes, Denali?” Kyson asks, and Denali gulps, looking up at him.

“You made the mistake of thinking my mate was just an ordinary Lycan. Now you will be punished for treason and attempted murder of her majesty Azalea Ivy Landeena, the rightful heir to the Landeena Kingdom. I may fall under council laws, but-”

“How is it possible,” Denali asks, looking to his brother Larkin before looking at Mr. Crux,

“That kingdom fell” Mr. Crux says, stepping forward.

“Yes, and now it rises,” Kyson says, motioning toward all the Lycans on their knees. They all growl, glaring at the council elders. Yet my vision was becoming blurrier as my wounds bled all over Dustin.

“Now, can anyone tell me why the Landeena bloodline is exempt from the council’s laws?” Kyson bellows, looking between the three men.

"My King, I swear had I known," Denali stutters.

"No one knew. I knew the hunters would come after her. Only those in my castle knew her true identity, and you have not only harmed my

pregnant mate but broke the very laws you are supposed to uphold." Kyson boomed.

"We were only-" Mr. Crux says but one look from Kyson makes him shut up.

"Looking for a way to punish me, I am not stupid. I know the council has been looking for a reason to take me down for centuries. Had she mentioned who she was, I know you would have killed her before I got here, but now that I am. Who dares to answer the question I asked?"

Denali swallows, getting to his hands and knees. "Have leniency, I didn't know who you were," Denali says, gripping my arm, but Kyson puts his foot on his shoulder and shoves him back while Dustin stands with me, clutching me closer.

"My King, my brother didn't know. Surely you can't punish him for such an innocent mistake," Larkin says, rushing forward to defend his brother. Kyson turns to look at Denali's brother.

"He should have thought about that before he dares touch the Empress of Alpha's," Kyson growls before his foot comes down on Denali's head as he stomps it. Larkin wailed as Denali's skull crushed beneath his foot, and Crux ran at Larkin and grabbed him as he rushed toward Kyson. I lurched forward in Dustin's arms, throwing up as brain matter splattered the ground.

Kyson, ignoring a wailing Larkin, turns his attention to me before taking me from Dustin. "Shh, I got you now," Kyson whispers, his calling washes over me as he turns to face everyone.

\*I suggest you leave. Enough council members have died. Dustin, take that b####h to the dungeons," Cassandra screams and tries to run, but Dustin grabs her quickly, and Kyson turns to the rest of the Lycan still on their knees.

"Kill the lot of them," he says as my head rolls back, and I see what's left of Cassandra's pack start running, their screams ring out loudly when Kyson turns on his heel and walks toward the castle.

Kyson lifts me higher, burying his face in my neck, the sparks from his skin soothe the pain coursing through me.

"Hang on, love, I will take care of you," he purrs.

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Abbie

Gannon had told me Azalea had been hurt because of me and all the way home I worried. Well, he didn't say because of me, but that is sure what it felt like. She wouldn't have been put in that situation if it wasn't for me. She would never have endured what she did if I had listened and never gone with Kade. It ground my gears that even though he was dead, my past with him was haunting me from beyond the grave, that there were still repercussions from everything.

Gannon's phone starts ringing, and I glance at where it sat. Damian's face popped up on the screen, and Gannon pulled the car over to answer it. I wondered what bad news we would get this time because if Damian was calling instead of mind linking meant it was important. When he was mind-linked about the council, he nearly ran us off the road, so maybe that is why Damian was calling this time instead?

Gannon got out of the car and sat on the hood talking on the phone, he glanced nervously back at me through the window before turning away from me, and I could hear his voice rising, but he walked off so I couldn't hear the conversation.

We were pulled over on a highway. Cars zipped past, making the car shake. Gannon runs a hand through his hair before turning around to look back at the car. Leaning over the back seat, I grab his jacket. The temperature had dropped, and it was windy outside of the car. I pull it on and climb out. I wanted to stretch my legs anyway. We had been in the car for hours, and my a#s was going numb from sitting so long.

I stretched my arms above my head before walking around the front of the car while Gannon moved further away, talking angrily to Damian. I lean against the hood of his car and watch him, catching the end of his conversation.

"You should have just killed her. You could undo everything I have done, just get rid of her and be done with it," Gannon snaps, hanging up the phone. He growls, turning to face me. I rummage in his jacket pocket, finding some red sugar clouds. He always had candy on him. Yeti don't ever see him eat it. I shrug more for myself. I giggled, opening the little bag and pulling one out while he lit up a smoke.

"Everything alright?" I ask him, and he nods.

"It will be," he says, wandering over to me.

"You found my stash?" he laughs, pointing to the red sugary clouds in my hand. I smile, popping another in my mouth.

"You always have them, yet you never eat them?" I chuckle. The tips of my fingers turned red from digging them out of the bag. Sugar coated my lips, and I quickly licked them, savoring the sweet taste.

"I don't like sweets," he laughs.

"Then why buy them?" I ask.

"I buy them for you. I know they're your favorite," he says, and I let out a breath.

"What?" he asks.

"Nothing, you had me worried for a second, I thought," I shake my head, not understanding why my mind went there.

"You thought what?" He asks

"Nothing, it was a stupid thought, just don't worry about it," I tell him. His brows furrow, and he draws back on his smoke, watching me before blowing a smoke cloud in the air.

"How much further?" I asked him.

"About three hours. Why, anxious to get away from me?" he chuckles.

"No!"

"Come on then, let's go," he says, holding out his hand. I slide off the hood, and he walks around, opening my door. I shook my head at him, and I wasn't sure if he just liked opening doors or thought I didn't know-how. I shake my head and climb into the car. We drove, listening to the radio for a while. He was suddenly very quiet, and his aura was all over the place.

I pull the candy from my pocket again, and he glances at me. "What were you thinking before?" he asked, and I looked at him. He points to the bag in my hand. I didn't want to answer, suddenly feeling ashamed for even thinking about it, I know Gannon, and he isn't that sort of monster.

"What did Damian want earlier?" I asked instead.

"I'll answer when you do?" he retorts, and I sigh. I look out the window watching the scenery go by.

"So?" he asks. I shrug, turning back to look at him.

"When Azalea and I were little, the butcher used to offer us candy to help him in the basement. We never did. He always gave us strange vibes. We always thought there

was something off with him, so when he would ask, we used to tell him Mrs. Daley gave us chores, which she did anyway, so it wasn't technically a lie."

"You thought I was a creep?" he asks appalled, as he should be, no one would like being thought of that way which made me feel guilty yet as soon as he said it for some reason that memory came to me.

"No, just when you said you didn't eat candy it came to mind, it's just where my mind went for some reason,"

"Well, I am definitely not a pedophile. That I can assure you, and do you mean Doyle, that same butcher?" I cringe hearing his name but nod, looking back out the window. All that seemed like a lifetime ago, yet at the same time I would always remember every detail, remember it like it was yesterday, it only needed the right thing to trigger it and bring to the forefront of my mind.

"He's dead now. You don't have to worry about him," Gannon says, and I swallow.

"It's my fault, though. I went down into the basement with him. I knew I shouldn't have, but Mrs. Daley said she wouldn't feed us for a week if I didn't help him bring the meat down to the freezers. I shouldn't have gone down there. We always made sure we were never around and made sure we were busy when the butcher came to drop the meat off, we both knew something was off about him," I tell him.

"Then why did you?" Gannon asks.

"Because if I didn't, she would have made Ivy, I mean Azalea. Mrs. Daley used to make us share whatever scraps were left over. We hadn't eaten in three days. There was nothing left over. Mrs. Daley said if I helped him stack the freezers, we could eat with the rest of the children, so I went down there. If she said I would have got lashings if I didn't, I would have taken those instead, but we were hungry, and Azalea's back was badly torn up already. She couldn't take more lashings, and some were down to the bone. I just didn't expect what I got when I went down there," I murmured.

"That doesn't make it your fault, Gannon says.

"Anyway, Azalea found me afterward. We cooked dinner, and she fed us. We had a bowl of rice to share. Both of us were starving, yet neither of us touched it. That was the payment, a bowl of rice, Mrs. Daley then called us ungrateful, and Azalea," I close my eyes. Guilt flooded through me and shame.

"Azalea took 39 lashings for me that night. It was only supposed to be five. Then Mrs. Daley made it forty, but I wasn't going to tell her she was one short,"

"Was it supposed to be five?" Gannon asks. I nod, feeling terrible, knowing how much she endured for me.

"Yeah. Mrs. Daley threw the bowl at her when we refused to eat. It hit her in the face and split her eyebrow open. When she brought the cane down, she used to have this whip that went around the handle, which was usually reserved for Azalea." I tell him, sucking in a shuddering breath. A whimper escapes me at the memory of what she endured that night, just so I didn't have to.

"What happened?" Gannon asked.

"Mrs. Daley gave her the five lashings, but when it was my turn, Azalea..." My face burns with shame at my next words. "I couldn't sit, it hurt too much, yet Azalea was already hurt and still she did it,"

"What did she do?" Gannon asked. I chewed my lip and glanced out the window as that night burned through my vision like I was right there all over again.

"She attacked Mrs. Daley so she wouldn't hit me with the cane. Azalea slapped her, and I was so shocked I just stood there. We were petrified of that woman, yet Azalea slapped her. She got another five lashings for it, but then when it was my turn again, she got back up and hit her again, knocking her over." Tears burned my eyes, and I could still see the blood gushing from Azalea's face where the bowl hit her. Azalea had worn my stained clothes because I couldn't bear to put them back on afterward. Mrs. Daley already whacked her good for that before dinner for wasting clothes. Only to suffer more for me.

"Mrs. Daley smacked her head on the coffee table. She had a nasty bump, she then sent me to my room, but I stayed on the stairs. Mrs. Daley said Azalea was going to get 40 lashings for messing up her face before the Alpha visit."

"Forty Lashings?" Gannon asked, shocked. He growls when I nod.

"Most of the scars Azalea has are because of me. She always took most of my punishments after that. Mrs. Daley was brutal with her. That night Azalea collapsed on the ground, and I watched as she just kept whipping her over and over until she wasn't moving. I thought she was dead. I waited for Mrs. Daley to leave, and I helped her clean up as she did me," I tell him. The car was silent for a few seconds until I couldn't handle his silence any longer or his burning aura.

"So, what did Damian want?" I asked him, changing the subject.

"They have Cassandra in the dungeons," Gannon answers and I gulp, biting on my lip to stop it quivering.

"It's up to you what they do with her. That's what Damian called about"

"I get to choose her punishment?" I asked, horrified. Gannon grips the steering wheel tighter, his knuckles turning white under pressure.



"You don't have to do anything, you don't want to. You don't even have to see her if you don't want to. I can handle it when we get back it is up to you," Gannon says. I swallow and nod.

"And the council?"

"Kyson killed Denali and Kendrick. The other two he let go,"

"Why would he let them go?" I ask, confused.

"Because Mr. Crux has immunity. Despite Kyson hating him and Larkin he left alive, to serve as a reminder, that no one is untouchable. Denali and Larkin are from very prominent families,"

"What do you mean, Mr. Crux has immunity?"

"He has immunity because he is Azalea's cousin," Gannon tells me.

"Then why isn't he ruling?" I ask confused.

"Because he was an illegitimate child to Garret's brother. Plus, Kyson always held out hope Azalea was alive and that one day he would find her. He refused to believe she was dead until he had proof," Gannon tells me.

"What do you mean?"

"The Landeena's kept her a secret. Kyson knew he would be betrothed to any daughter they had, but for some reason, they never told anyone she was born. We never knew until we heard of their slaughter and found the nursery."

"So why did he think she would be alive?"

"Because Landeena, blood is special. When we learned, there was a child, and we couldn't find her, we at first thought the hunters took her

"But if hunters killed them, why would they want to keep the child?"

"Because Landeena's are venomous," Gannon says, and my brows furrow. I look at him, and he sighs.

"Landeena blood is more potent than even the King's," he adds.

"I am not sure what you are saying," I confessed.

"They were the only ones that could make a human a Lycan. Lycan's like me, can turn a normal werewolf into a Lycan, but the Landeena's could change a human into a Lycan,"



His words shocked me. "Wait... Does Azalea know this?" I ask and Gannon shakes his head.

"And you can't tell her, Abbie. Let Kyson do that,"

"I am not going to lie to her,"

"I'm not asking you to. I'm just saying don't mention it unless she says something, just don't deliberately bring it up. Give Kyson a chance to tell her first,"

"Why are they different, though?"

"Because they were the first Lycans. They were created by gods, or so the story goes anyway."

"So the Moon Goddess?" Gannon nods.

"But if hunters wanted to get rid of Lycans, why would they want to become one?"

"Same reason anyone would, to gain immortality. Landeena blood is the only blood that could make humans immortal. We believe that is why her parents kept her hidden from everyone except those in the castle,"

"They were worried someone would try to take her," I state with a sigh.

"And they did," Gannon says.

"So what, she just has to bite them?"

"Yes, there is a bit more to it, though. For me to change you, I only have to mark you ultimately, which is part of the reason why Kyson wouldn't do it. You could sire to him, basically become an extra mate. It's rare for that to happen when you already have a mate, but it has happened in the past," Gannon explains.

"Can Azalea do it?" I asked thoughtfully. Gannon clenches his jaw but nods. "Yes, but I would rather change you myself,"

"I know, but"

"You think you aren't worthy of me, but you are. I am the one not worthy of you, Abbie. I want to be with you. I don't care about your past or the s###t that has happened. I told you I could wait for anything more as long as I can have you as mine. The rest we can figure out. Just let me love you. That is all I am asking for," he says, cutting me off and becoming angry.

Gannon sighs heavily. "I'm sorry. I just want to be the one to do it,"

“Okay, I won’t ask Azalea.” I tell him and he lets out a breath.

“But-”

“But you still aren’t sure you want to be a Lycan,” Gannon says.

“No. I was gonna ask if we could do it tomorrow and not when we got back home,” I tell him, rubbing my temples.

“Wait. You will do it?” Gannon asks. I look up at him to see his shocked face.

I had been unsure, and he had asked multiple times, and the answer was always no. But the last day or so, I wondered if I should. I could be with Azalea, and I had Gannon. I loved Gannon, but I also worried he would get bored of me since I am not even sure I can have s#x or be with anyone that way. At least not yet anyway, but would he still want me anyway.

“Yes, I will let you change me but do we have to”

“No. We don’t have to have s#x, Abbie, but you know it would eventually send you into heat with me marking you. Azalea changing you won’t, neither would Kyson because he has a mate, but I don’t have a mate. So I wouldn’t just be changing you. I would be claiming you. I just want to be clear on that. You will go into heat eventually,” Gannon says. I swallow and nod.

“I know, just, I want a little bit more time,”

“And you have all the time you want, and I don’t have to do it tomorrow. I just ask if you are going to become a Lycan. When you choose that, I just hope you choose me to do it,”

“Okay. But we can tomorrow, I just want to check on Azalea first. Do you think she is awake? I wouldn’t mind ringing her too since it will be too late to see her by the time we get home,”

“You can try her on my phone,” Gannon says, handing it to me. I take it from him, and he tells me the pin number to get in it.

“You know how to ring her?” I nod. I had plenty of practice, but when I noticed the time, I decided to send a voice text since I can’t write, usually Gannon types for me.

I open up the messages only when I do I see a picture message from a thread he was in. I gasp at the mutilated body of a woman and Gannon looks at me. He glances down at the screen before trying to s\*\*\*\*h the phone.

“I thought you were ringing her,” He growls, trying to reach for his phone.

“Why is Blaire on your phone?” I ask, staring down horrified at the screen. Why? I had no doubt it was her. I would recognize her face anywhere, it haunted my dreams, and I always wondered what happened to her. I hoped she got free of the pack but here she was dead on his phone screen. Yet as I scrolled through the photos, I began to feel sick.

“Blaire?” Gannon asks.

“Pullover. I am going to be sick,” I tell him, and he rips the car to the side of the road.

I toss the door open, throwing up. I empty my stomach. Seeing her mutilated body made me sick, and I dry heave when I had nothing left but bile. Gannon raced around the car, snatching the phone from my hand and pocketing it. He goes to grab me, but I take a step away and stand up.

“Did you kill her?” I ask, horrified, wondering why he would send that to Liam.

“What? No!” he says, stepping toward me, but I take another step back.

“Abbie?”

“Why is she on your phone?” I demand, and his brows pinch. Gannon pulls his phone out and looks at the screen.

“You know this girl?”

“Yes. Her name is Blaire. She was one of Kade’s girls. Now answer me. Did you kill her?” I ask him.

“No. Of course not. She was one of the bodies we found, I sent it to Liam so he could forward them to the packs so we could try identify her. Wait \* she is from Kade’s pack?” He asks.

“Yes, I just said that. She was one of the rogues there. She worked in the brothel, I tell him. Gannon looks at his screen again and flicks through the pictures. He takes a deep breath and shakes his head.

“What?” I ask him.

“We found a nurse not far from Blaire but in the opposite direction.”

“You want me to look. You think they are linked?” I ask, taking a step forward.

“Just let me zoom in on her face. I don’t want you seeing the rest,” Gannon tells me. I nod, already wishing I could unsee Blaire’s body.

He turns the screen to show me, and I stumble back, clutching my mouth, tears brim in my eyes. "You know her?" he asks.

"She is the nurse who helped me escape. She undid my handcuffs," I tell him and I choke on a whimper. Gannon comes over, wrapping his arms around me, and he kisses my hair. "I'm sorry, love," he whispers, and I clutch the front of his shirt. He rubs my arms before pulling away from me

"We need to get back. I need to speak to the King and Damian about this," he says, and I snifle but climb back in the car, and he shuts my door.

He gets back in the driver's seat before reaching over and grabbing a blanket, a water bottle, and some mints. Gannon puts the blanket over me, and I shakily open the water bottle, gulping it down. He turned the heater up, the night turning colder. Or maybe it was my shock because he was still in a shirt and didn't look cold.

"Come on, let's get you home," Gannon whispers, pulling back onto the road.

Rate this Chapter

## **Mated To The King Gamma – Chapter 63**

Abbie

A few days later.

I felt sick knowing Cassandra's life was in my hands. Gannon groans, sitting up on the couch he usually slept on. I tried to take the couch, but he always refused. He stretches, and his back cracks before he turns his head, cracking his neck and making my guilt worse. I set his clothes on the bed, having pulled on my uniform already when he noticed me.

"What are you doing?" Gannon growled, seeing the servant's uniform I was wearing. I look down at it, flattening the front. I had pulled a black long sleeve skivvy on underneath it since the blouse opened a little along the neckline, revealing my mauled shoulder.

"I can't sit in this room all day, Gannon. I want to work." I tell him as he comes over to me. He starts tugging at the blouse, but I smack his hands away.

"You want to work? Fine, but not in this uniform. You aren't a servant," he growls.

"What does it matter if I am a servant or not? Clarice is a servant! Do you think so little of her, too?" I ask him, and he seems taken aback by my words.

“What? Of course not, Abbie. A job is a job, no matter the status. I just don’t want you in that d###n uniform!” he snaps, tugging at the buttons and undoing them.

“Gannon, stop it! I am wearing it. Now leave me be!” I snapped at him. He presses his lips in a line but puts his hands up in surrender.

“You don’t have to wear that,”

“I know,” I tell him.

“Do you? You don’t have to be a servant, you don’t even have to work if you don’t want to,”

“Why are you so against this then?”

“Because I don’t want you to think you are nothing more than a servant. I don’t want you serving me like I am one of your chores,”

“I’m not,” I tell him. He points to his bed where I set his clothes out, and bite my lip as he walks over to the bathroom and pushes the door open and growls seeing that I had cleaned the bathroom already and removed the dirty laundry.

“Really? Then why can I smell bleach?” he demands.

“I want a mate, not a house cleaner,” he says, pinning me with his intense gaze.

“And mates, do that sort of thing. They clean up after each other. Geez, Gannon, my dirty washing was in there too, and I sure as hell don’t want one of the other servants cleaning up after me.” I tell him and he seems to think for a second.

“You could work in the library or the kitchens, or,” he pauses.

“The stables? Gannon, I want to work as a servant. I know what I am doing. Kitchens are full and the library? What use would I be when I can’t read?” I ask him.

“Well, you can come with me.”

“I am not following you around like a lost puppy. I don’t see what the big deal is,” I tell him, walking over and grabbing my flats and socks. I sit on the edge of the bed, bending down to pull my socks on when Gannon snatches them from my hand kneeling in front of me.

He grabs my ankle placing it on his knee and I sighed, watching as he tugged my socks on.

“You know I don’t want a servant either right?” I chuckle.

“Huh?” he says, looking up at me.

I point to him putting my shoes on. “And you are always opening d###n doors and running my baths. I can’t read that doesn’t mean I can’t dress myself,”

“Is that why you think I do those things?” He chuckles, shaking his head and I shrug.

“Here I thought chivalry wasn’t dead. Apparently it is just non-existent,” he laughs, lifting my other foot to put the sock on. He kisses my foot.

“I do those things because I like doing them for you,”

“And same with me setting your clothes out and cleaning the room, and making our bed. It’s our room, I should be able to clean it,” I tell him.

“Our bed and our room, huh?” He laughs looking up at me. My face heats at how casually claimed his room as my own. He places his hands on my thighs running them up to my hips before wrapping them around my waist.

“If this is our bed, I should be able to sleep in it then, right?” He laughs.

I chew my lip. “I’m playing Abbie,” he says, leaning up and pecking my lips quickly. My face heats up impossibly more and he stands up. I look at the bed before looking back at him.

“Maybe you could sleep in the bed?” I tell him and he peers down at me.

“I was playing Abbie, I don’t mind the couch,” he says, tugging his shirt off and replacing it with the one I set out for him. When he was done he twirled his finger in the air, wanting me to turn around and I looked away while he removed his boxer shorts and pulled his jeans on.

Gannon groans annoyed and I glance back at him as he does his zip up.

“What’s wrong?”

“The King wants to leave early. He and Azalea had an argument,” he says with a sigh.

He comes over and presses his lips to my forehead before gripping my chin, forcing me to look up at him.

“There is no rush to do anything and if you want to clean the room, fine. I just don’t want you thinking you have to, OK?” I nod and he smiles, dipping his face closer to see if I would pull away.

When I don't he presses his lips to mine, softly and my lips part invitingly. Gannon groans pulling me closer, his hand going to the back of my head as he tipped my head back, running his tongue across my bottom lip first before his tongue delved between my lips, brushing mine gently. I kiss him back, wanting to let him have this small victory because right now that is all I could offer him.

Gannon is gentle and sweet despite the hard exterior and sharp edges as well as the blistering hot energy he exuded. Safe is what I felt with him, and I trusted him inexplicably. Trusted him the way I trusted Azalea. His fingers massage the back of my neck as he deepens the kiss before pulling back slightly. He sucked on my bottom lip, nibbling on it. I chuckle and he smiles against my lips before pulling away and hugging me. I hug him back enjoying his masculine scent as his arms engulf my tiny frame.

"I will be back in a few hours and- A knock is heard at the door and I look up at Gannon whose eyes are glazed over. He leans down, kissing my nose before stepping away.

"Azalea is at the door," Gannon murmurs, and my eyes widen. I was excited to see her, but seeing her while she was asleep wasn't the same. I needed to hear her voice and hear her say she was indeed okay. Ripping the door open, I ran into her. Her arms enveloped me instantly

"More than my life," she murmured.

."

"More than my life," I whispered back.

Hearing those words, to me, was the most soul-soothing thing. Most didn't understand our language, not like we did. Half the time we didn't need to speak, just the subtle facial movements, the way we moved, it spoke a language only we understood. We read each other's body language as if it was spoken language. So the crack in her voice told me she needed the hug just as much as I did.

Pulling back, I noticed the King leaning against the wall behind her, keeping watch and making me nervous.

"Ready?" The King asks Gannon, though his eyes never leave Azalea. And the way she sucks in her pursed lip as she tried to stop the action made me realize she was livid about something.

"Yeah, just need to grab my wallet,\* Gannon says behind me, I turn toward the doors at the end of the corridor. Azalea leans her shoulder against me. Before she even got two meters past Kyson, the harsh intake of breath she let out told me she was trying to keep her emotions in check

"Azalea!" The King snarled. She ignores him and continues walking toward the stairs.



“Where are you going now?” the King asks. She doesn’t bother answering and instead kept walking, and I press my lips in a line, a little worried. Azalea wasn’t usually defiant, one thing we were very aware of growing up was orders were to be followed. Only the King was her mate and she looked like she was deliberately trying to push his buttons for some reason.

“Where are you working today? I will come work with you,” she says, ignoring her growling mate behind us.

“I’m not sure yet,” I tell her, walking down the steps with her toward the kitchens.

“Azalea, answer me!” The King bellows from the top of the stairs. Dustin, I noticed was waiting on the stairs for her along with Liam. He smiles softly at us while Dustin raises an eyebrow at Azalea who continued to ignore Kyson. I could hear him stomping down the steps behind us

The King grips her shoulder, and she stops and growls at him. “I asked you a question?” he said, looking annoyed.

“I asked you one too! I got my answer. Here’s yours,” she said, turning back and stomping down the steps, she shoots him a look when she gets to the bottom.

“Trouble in paradise, my King.” Liam taunts. That crazy Lycan. Although, I actually think he may in fact be clinically crazy.

“Shut up, Liam.” Kyson snaps, and I was surprised at how angry he was becoming just from Azalea ignoring him. Clearly, he liked being the center of attention with her. Yet Liam was the first to move in front of Kyson though, when he reached his hand out to stop her again.

Kyson growled and it was so strange for me to see them put themselves in front of the King for her. Bound by a pack oath to choose her over him. However, I never realized it extended to his interactions with Azalea too.

I would have to ask Gannon why next time I speak to him. Gannon’s hand fell on Kyson’s shoulder not even a second later. My breath hitched in my throat when Kyson growled, turning his intimidating glare on Gannon before he sighed. He looks down at Azalea who just raised an eyebrow at him.

“It was a simple question, Azalea. I just wanted to know where you are going, so I can ensure you have proper guards,” the king says while pinching the skin between his eyes.

“Can’t know all my secrets now, can you?” she growls back before storming off. I hurry after her, wondering if she was talking about what Gannon told me the other day.

“Where are you going?” I ask her.

“Wherever you are going,” she chuckles when I catch up to her and loop my arm through hers. I giggle, but then again, she never goes anywhere, so I don’t understand why he would ask.

“Liam you’re with me, and Trey. Gannon is now watching the girls with Dustin,” I heard Kyson say as he reached the bottom of the steps. The King headed in the other direction. Liam huffs and growls, making both Azalea and I stop to look back at him. Gannon walks toward us with a silly smirk on his face.

“Great! See what your defiance gets me, my Queen. I have to hang out all day with his grumpy a#s and ferret face f\*\*\*\*r,” Liam taunts. Dustin snorts trying to maintain his expressionless expression.

“Liam! Now!” The King roars stalking off.

“I’m coming! Your royal pain in my f\*\*\*y,” Liam calls while jogging after him. Azalea shakes her head at Liam, and Dustin moves to her side again while Gannon follows behind us.

“So what’s up with you and the King?” I ask as we step into the Kitchens.

“Nothing. I just think he is hiding stuff. No. I know he is hiding stuff. I asked him about the council and what happened the other day and he never answered,” she says with a shrug.

Oliver and Logan were sitting at the bench, chopping pancakes, and Azalea messed up Oliver’s hair before eating a berry he holds up for her.

“Clarice is hanging washing,” Logan tells us. I smile down at them, while Gannon went over to help Oliver use a butter knife to cut the pancakes up that he was sawing at. Azalea looks in the fridge before pulling out some orange juice. She grabs some glasses when Dustin clears his throat. She looks at him over the fridge door.

“Your smoothie,” Dustin says.

“I got juice,” she says, holding it up and Dustin points to the blender. Azalea rolls her eyes walking over to it. She grabs the jug before pouring the contents down the sink.

“My Queen, you know he commanded me to let him know what you are eating,” she pours her juice, uncaringly.

“What he doesn’t know won’t hurt him. Tell him I am happily eating the lies he feeds me” she says holding up the juice to him before drinking it. She places some cups on the

counter in front of the boys with juice and hands me one. She offers one to Gannon and Dustin but they both shake their heads when Clarice walks in from out the back.

Gannon looks over at her from feeding Oliver some pancake on his little fork, before straightening up when she glares at him.

"He needs to learn to hold the fork properly himself, Gannon, Clarice says, she clicks her tongue before leaning down and kissing Oliver's little head.

\*He was struggling ma, let me feed him," Gannon says, sending him a wink. Clarice swats Gannon's a#s with her tea towel before flicking the kettle on.

"Have you girls had breakfast?" Clarice asks.

"Yep. I had some home truths for breakfast," Azalea says bitterly and Clarice gives her a look.

"And how did they taste?" she asks.

## Chapter 63

"Bitter, like the King," Azalea mutters, sipping her juice. I snicker, she was indeed in a mood, making me wonder if it was the pregnancy hormones. You could just make out the slightest bump if you looked hard enough. Her belly no longer looked sucked in from malnourishment instead her belly was flat with the slightest hint of a bump. It was trippy to see how fast Lycan baby's grew.

"I heard you and the King had an argument," Clarice says.

"You did?" she asks skeptical,

"Pretty sure everyone heard you both fighting on the stairs before you went to get Abbie," Clarice chuckles. Azalea cheeks turn slightly pink.

"Well, if everyone stopped keeping things that involve me from me, we wouldn't be arguing," she says while looking around at everyone who averts their gaze as she says it.

She bites the corner of her lip. "You all know what he is hiding." she states.

Clarice busies herself with cleaning the sink. Dustin found a spot on the roof to stare at, and Gannon was shoveling food in Oliver's mouth so fast the kid looked like a cartoon character, as he chewed fast before swallowing and opening his mouth again.

Azalea growls. "Of course everyone knows but us!" she says, motioning toward me and Gannon looks at me and gives a soft shake of his head. That movement does not go unnoticed by her either when her eyes go to mine.

I could never lie to her, and the knowing look on her face that I knew had me blurt it out like word vomit.

"Mr. Crux is your illegitimate cousin on your father's side. The council are suspected to be in with the hunters and your blood is special because you can change humans into Lycans," i blurted.

Gannon drops the fork he was holding and Dustin and Clarice gape at me while Azalea blinks at me, clearly shocked. Gannon growls before pressing his lips in a line. I had never intentionally lied to her, and I wasn't about to start now.

"How hard was that? Geez!" Azalea says, sipping her juice, and I let out a breath.

"Wait! Crux is my cousin?" she asks like that information she found the most shocking.

"Is that why he freaked out when he learned who I was?" she asks me, but I had no idea what she was talking about this time. I look at Gannon, who growls.

\*No. Because of your parents' gifts, they were probably worried you inherited them," Gannon answers and Clarice hangs her head. –

"What sort of gifts?" Azalea asks.

"I am sorry, I can't tell you that. And Abbie wasn't even supposed to tell you what she did," he says, shooting me a look. Azalea looks at Dustin for an answer, not even he was willing to speak up about it. She puts her cup down and shakes her head. Tears burning her eyes. I wished I knew so I could tell her."

"I am over this c\*\*p! They're supposed to be my family, and no one tells me anything about them. Yet all of you had no issues telling me what a s##t mother Marissa was to me!" she says storming off out the back door. Gannon and Dustin go after her, but she spins around with

a furious look on her face.

"Don't follow me! And don't come near me!" she snarled and I nearly staggered back at the command and Gannon rocked on his heels. She was gone before she even realized what she had done. None of us thought we could move an inch to go after her.

"B\*\*\*\*y hell!" Dustin says.

\*You b\*\*\*\*y mindlink him! Because until she undoes it, neither of us can go b\*\*\*\*y near her,” Gannon growls then rubs a hand down his face.

“Wait! Even me?” I ask, trying to go toward the door she walked out of. However, my feet wouldn’t let me go in that direction. At that same moment, Trey walks in completely oblivious to all us frozen. He was cupping his nose that was bleeding and walks over to the sink.

“I thought you were with the King?” Dustin asks.

“I was. Until Liam called me a ferret face f\*\*\*\*r, so I hit him,” Trey mumbles.

“Idiot. You don’t hit crazy.” Gannon says, and Trey glares at him before looking around the room after cleaning his b\*\*\*\*y face.

“Anyway, I was left behind,” he saysm shaking his head.

“Where is the Queen?” Trey asks glancing around for Azalea. Gannon and Dustin look at each other.

“Did you get hold of the King?” Gannon asks. Dustin shakes his head. “He is blocking me out,” Dustin answers.

“Ah, hello? Where is the Queen?” Trey says, waving his hands. Gannon shakes his head.

“She commanded us and none of us can follow her,” Dustin answers.

“She figured it out?” Trey asks, making me realize Azalea was right, everything about her was kept from us.

“Where did she go?” Trey said. Gannon growls and looks at the door. Trey snarls stalking off toward it when Gannon grips his arm.

“You aren’t trusted to be around her,” Gannon says.

“I am the last person that would hurt her,” Trey spat back at him.

“Bullshit! You’re not under the King’s oath,” Gannon snaps.

“Yes, not under oath to the King. But to the Landeena’s I am,” Trey snarls, shoving Gannon.

“Bullshit! You were a d##k to her when Kyson chucked her to the stables! And always interfering with my shifts, Dustin exclaims.

“I thought she killed my charge that is why. I didn’t know she wasn’t Marissa’s daughter. The King said she was. I believed him. If someone killed the King would you like them or their family?” Trey demands. Dustin looks at Gannon and Gannon tilts his head to the side watching him.

“Whose charge were you?” Gannon asks. –

“Baby Azalea’s. I was the one that reported Marissa. About her getting Azalea to call her mummy.” Trey says.

“Those reports didn’t have your name on them,” Gannon accuses.

“I had to fill out the same paperwork as everyone else did. You all know I come from the Landeena Kingdom! F##k! I helped search for her for years!” Trey snapped. “I would never f#####g hurt her,” he growled before stomping off out the door.

“Did you know that?” Gannon asked Clarice who shrugged.

“I knew he was from the Landeena Kingdom, and was in the castle. But I thought he was guard,” she answers.

“I’m finding his documents. Mind link the King and get him back here,” Gannon growls.

“What? Why?” I asked.

“Because, if Trey is indeed pact oathed to the Landeena’s, that means someone else in the castle was poisoning her. And we have been looking at the wrong person all this time,” Gannon says, storming out.

Rate this Chapter

## **Mated To The King Gamma – Chapter 64**

Abbie POV

Gannon was off doing an errand for the King about something having to do with Trey. So he and Dustin were looking through archives. He had been nagging me about Cassandra and what I wanted to do about her, but I had no idea. I didn’t like the idea of having someone’s life in my hands. Yet when he went off with the King, I wandered around the castle. Going down to the wine cellars, I was looking for the cobweb brush when I heard her calling out from the cells further down the corridor.

The wine cellar ran what appeared to be the entire length of the castle, with different underground corridors leading off in different directions, and the one to my left I knew went to the dungeons. Guards stood on either side of the arched tunnel leading to them, and I glanced at them. They paid her no attention while she continued screaming out for them to set her free.

Finding the cobweb brush, I head back toward the stairs leading into the kitchen's huge pantry. Only once I am halfway up do I stop. Cassandra had three children, which had been nagging at me. As much as I wanted the woman dead, I didn't want to punish her children for her crimes. Her husband and their father were dead, and her life is now resting in my hands.

Leaning the cobweb brush against the stairs, I walk back down the steps, over to the corridor, and stop in front of the guards.

"Miss Abbie?" one asks, and I chew my lip, glancing toward the dark dungeons.

"Can I see her?" I asked, looking at the man. He had a mustache and light blue eyes that were almost white they were that light. He glances at the other guard, who had a full beard, dark eyes, and long hair that cascaded almost to the waist and was tied in two braids.

"One of us will come with you," the other man says, and I nod. I start walking down the corridor when I hear her screaming out again, and I stop. Her voice grating in my head as memories of the same voice teased and taunted me while she would hold my head to stop me from trying to pull away from him. She was just as sick as him to do that to another woman. I hadn't realized I had stopped moving until the guard's hand fell on my shoulder. Only then did I realize I was shaking like a leaf.

"I'm right here. She can't hurt you, Miss; I have mind-linked Gannon," he says, and I swallow.

"Maybe this was a bad idea," I murmured.

"It's up to you. No one will force you to go in there, Miss Abbie," he whispers.

I looked at the man, and his dark eyes looked black under the dim lighting. I should feel embarrassed that he knew what she did to me, yet his gentle voice held no contempt, and I nodded my head but forced myself to keep going until I was stopped outside her barred cell. She sat in the cell's corner sobbing, her head in her hands and knees to her chest.

Cassandra looks up, and I could tell she was about to scream out again, but her words die out when she sees me standing there.



"I suppose you're here to gloat?" she says, resting her head back on the brickwork. She turns her head away from me. She looked like c\*\*p, her nails all chipped, her hair a mess, her clothes wrinkled, and she had no shoes on.

Turning to the guard, I hold my hands out for the keys, and he looks at me. "Abbie," he asks questionably.

"Keys, please." I tell him, and he pulls them off the key chain and hands them to me.

Cassandra looks at me and jumps to her feet as I put the key in, but I don't turn it. Instead, I noticed the bottled water just outside the cell door and pre-packaged sandwiches. I moved to the small table and grabbed two of the triangle packages and a water bottle before tucking them under my arm. My hands shook as I opened the cell, and my eyes went to her when I noticed the chain around her ankle that was attached to the wall.

Cassandra watches me warily as I enter, closing the door behind me. This wasn't the same scornful, confident, and entitled woman I knew. This woman was helpless and looked petrified of me. She knew her life was in my hands. Gannon told her that much.

I take a step toward her, and she takes one back, her back hitting the wall. I hold the water bottle out to her, and she looks at me funny, tilting her head to the side. She reaches forward and grabs it like she thought I would toss it at her.

She opens the cap and starts gulping it down thirstily. When she was done, I handed her the sandwiches, which she took, and I watched her for a second before taking a few steps back and sitting next to the cell door. She watches me for a second before also sitting.

"Eat. You look hungry. I am not here to hurt you, Cassandra," I tell her, and her lip quivers. She seemed shocked by my answer.

"Why not?" she asks, but peels the wrapper back on her sandwich and moans as she takes a bite.

"Because I am not you, I am not a monster," I tell her, and she stops mid-bite and looks at me. She chews slowly and swallows, picking at her sandwich with her fingers. I observe her, and she can't be much older than me. Without all the makeup staining her face, she looked very youthful, making me curious about who she really was.

"How old are you?" I ask her.

"Twenty," she answers with a sigh.

"Twenty!" I ask, knowing her oldest child was six years old.

“But Micheal is six,” I tell her, and she chews slowly and nods her head.

“I had him two days before my fourteenth birthday,” she answers, and I swallow. How different our lives have been, though that must have been tough to have a baby that young.

“I thought you and Kade were high school sweethearts?” She laughed and shook her head.

“No, that’s what he tells everyone. He is eight years older, although he doesn’t look like it. I was one of his working girls,” she says with a shrug.

“But you just said you were fourteen when you had Michael?”

“Yeah, I was also a rogue. Kade took me in when he met me at another pack, I was placed when I was thirteen. He saved me.” my eyebrows raise at that. Saved her? Knocking a fourteen-year-old up is saving her?

“I know it sounds bad because of the age difference, but he saved me. I was to be sold off to another Alpha.”

“He brought you?” I asked.

“Yes, and I worked at his brothel for a couple of weeks,”

“That is not saving you,” I tell her, and she looks down at her hands. “I know, but it’s better than who Alpha Dean would sell me to,” she says.

“Pardon, did you say Alpha Dean?” she nods.

“Yeah, my family was picked up outside his borders. He said I was old enough to be sold off, and he needed the money. He killed my parents right in front of me and handed me over to his son,” she says with a growl and shakes her. A lone tear slips down her cheek.

“Then what happened?”

“His son was done with me, and Kade was visiting. He offered me to Kade, but then Kade said he would buy me off him under the table, that no one had to know. They have been dealing in sales of the flesh ever since.”

“You mean trafficking?” I ask, and she swallows.

“I know what I did was f####d up, but,” she stops.

“When he brought me back, you figured I would replace you.” I tell her.

"I didn't want to go back to work, and I have children now. What would become of them?" she asked before stopping, hearing footsteps coming down the corridor, she glances behind me and gets to her feet, and I hear a thunderous growl echo off the walls and I stand. Gannon steps up next to the guard.

"Why is she in there with her?" he demands, and the man steps away from him.

"I'm fine, Gannon." I tell him, and he looks at me, tearing his eyes from the guard. He sighs and twists the key in the lock, and opens it. Cassandra whimpers and presses into the corner further.

I put my hand on his chest when he moves toward her. "Back off," I tell him, and he looks at me.

"You're not touching her," I tell him.

"She helped him. How can you say that?" Gannon snapped at me.

"And she will have to live with what she did, she is a monster, but even monsters have a story, even monsters can feel, and I am not a monster, and I won't be responsible for her children being orphaned," I tell him and I look at her.

"She is just as much a victim as I am," I tell her, tears burning my eyes. Gannon growls.

"No!" he snarls.

"It's my choice. You said it's my choice." I whisper, and he looks at me.

"She needs to be punished for what she did. She doesn't deserve to live after that." He snarls, stepping toward her, and she whimpers, cowering away from him and I grip his shirt in my fist, making him stop.

"My choice, what she did was wrong, but-" I look at Cassandra. "Fear makes people do foolish things. That is something I understand," I tell him

"No, I am not letting her go." Gannon snarled at me.

"You said I got to choose what happened to her, so mind-link the King."

"Abbie!"

"No, Gannon, either you get the King, or go see Azalea. I won't allow you to kill her. She has kids, and I am not leaving them orphaned to suffer the same fate I did," i tell him and he snarls. Gannon walks out of the cell, slamming the door. Cassandra whimpers before she collapses, her body shaking as she s\*\*s. "Thank you, thank you," she cries.

“Go home to your children and forget about me Cassandra, I was never a threat to you, but if you come back, I will let him skin you alive like he wants to do, and I will hand him the tools while he does it,” I tell her. She nods, glancing at him and her face pales.

“Don’t ruin your second chance. I won’t give you a third,” I tell her before walking out of the cell. Gannon growls and looks away from me and I stop beside him and place my hand on his chest. “Don’t be mad,” I tell him.

I’m not mad at you,”

“Yes, you are, but that’s ok. I don’t expect you to understand my request,” I tell him and he sighs but cups my face in hand before pulling me closer. He kisses my forehead, hugging me tight, and I wrap my arms around his waist and look up at him.

“Kyson and Azalea are on their way down,” Gannon whispers.

“Thank you,”

Azalea POV

Kyson leads me downstairs, and we pass Trey with a notepad in his hand later today we were going to visit mine and Abbie old pack after being poisoned I knew there was no way the King would leave me behind, to many attempts had been made on my life. Positioning, Cassandra and now having commanded the guard away and Abbie from coming near me, there was no way he would risk leaving me on my own. “Give it to Liam, and you’re on guard with me today and Damian. Meet us in the dungeons,” Kyson tells him.

Kyson led me to the back, where an enormous set of stairs led underground. Kyson kept a firm grip on my arm as we descended them because it was dark, and they were pretty steep. Once at the bottom, I look around and see this part is a vast wine cellar.

Kyson leads me around like he could walk this with his eyes closed and brings me to a dark tunnel, and I see Abbie, who goes running toward me before freezing like she hit a brick wall and became stunned. It was dark down here and cold, and I groaned, realizing commanded her too.

“You can go to her, but when we get home, we are going to have to work on you removing the command over them.” Kyson tells me.

“You will teach me?” I ask him.

“I don’t have a choice,” he grumbles, and I got the impression he didn’t like me being able to command anyone, making me wonder if I could command him, and that is why. Repeatedly I have heard Landeena’s blood is special. They have gifts, but after the way

he said it and the feeling through the bond, it made me wonder if my command would be stronger than his.

Reaching for Abbie, she stood frozen, and I rushed to her and hugged her. Abbie explained about Cassandra and everything that she and Gannon found out. I wished she could come with us, but when I looked over at Kyson to ask, he was in the cells with Cassandra, his entire body tense, and I could feel he wanted to kill the woman but was respecting Abbie's wishes. Yet he was angered because she didn't just affect Abbie, but I was punished for it, and I knew she would not get off so easily.

"You will endure the same punishment." I hear Kyson tell her.

"Kyson!" I called out to him. After hearing about Cassandra and Kyson commanding her to double-check what she said was true and confirming it, I felt the same as Abbie.

It was clear Kade brainwashed her. To her, he was a hero, yet she was entirely aware of her wrongdoings and apologized countless times. She just wanted to go home to her boys, and I agreed with Abbie she was as much a victim as we were in all this.

Kyson looks at me. "Let her go; I am fine. Enough blood has been spilled. Leave it be," I plead with him. Kyson growls and glares at her, and she backs away from him when he bends down, gripping the chain off the ground that wrapped around her ankle. He yanks it, ripping it clean off the wall. Cassandra shrieks, and my heart beats quicker, and I think he is about to whip her with the chain when he growls and drops it, but grabs her face.

"You come anywhere near my mate or Abbie, or I hear even a whisper of their names coming from you, I will have my guard hunt you down and string you up, then I will make your boys watch as I kill you for it, understood?" she nods and whimpers.

I feel his aura rush out, and she gasps like she is choking. "You will come nowhere near Azalea or Abbie. You will never speak or utter their names again," he says, his voice so calm it chilled me to the bone. She nods, and he shoves her away before turning to the guards, and his eyes fall on Dustin.

"Dustin, run her back to her pack and get back here and help Liam and Gannon," Kyson orders, and Dustin steps into the cell and grabs her arm, dragging her out when Abbie runs over to a small card table and snatches some sandwiches off it and bottled water before chasing after them.

Dustin stops, and she hands them to Cassandra before shocking me and hugging her. Cassandra stood frozen and looked pained, probably because of Kyson's command not to come near either of us.

"Thank you," I hear Cassandra murmur, and Abbie lets her go and wanders back over to me.

"That didn't feel right." Gannon says, glaring after the Cassandra.

"It wouldn't have been right either to punish her," Abbie says to him before groaning when she tries to step closer to me.

"I wish you could come with me. I don't want to go back there by myself," I tell her, walking to Abbie since she couldn't come to me.

And play this tug of war. I can't move to you. Only you can come to me, that would be an issue, but it's ok. I don't think I could go back there, anyway. I never want to see that place again," Abbie says and smiles sadly.

I felt the same way, but Kyson would not change his mind, and much as I was not too fond of going back there, it may also be a good way to put that place behind me.

"Are the outside cameras installed yet?" Kyson asks while flicking through the notepad.

"Yes, but not h\*\*\*\*d up on that side, but we have the far garden ones and front ones working. We should be able to see who went up that way." Trey answers.

"Have Liam watch them while we are gone." Trey nods, "Also, Clarice wants to know if you want her to pack you food and drinks." Trey says..

"No, I will buy anything we need on the way. I don't trust anyone right now handling anything to do with Azalea,"

"Understood. I will let her know," Trey says before rushing up the steps. We make our way to the dungeons. We had to go through the kitchens, and I could see Clarice busy going over sign-off sheet pages.

"My Queen, I am sorry. I will figure out who had access, I promise. I will wash everything myself and sit by the dryer." Clarice says.

"Thank you, Clarice," I tell her, and she nods, hugging me. Kyson watches her warily. In fact, he watched everyone present in the kitchen warily, and his aura was deadly, making them cringe when we passed them, heading toward the colossal pantry that was nearly as large as the kitchen.

Kyson led me to the back, where an enormous set of stairs led underground. Kyson kept a firm grip on my arm as we descended them because it was dark, and they were pretty steep. Once at the bottom, I look around and see this part is a vast wine cellar.

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"You will teach me?" I ask him.

"I don't have a choice," he grumbles, and I got the impression he didn't like me being able to command anyone, making me wonder if I could command him, and that is why. Repeatedly I have heard Landeena's blood is special. They have gifts, but after the way he said it and the feeling through the bond, it made me wonder if my command would be stronger than his.

Reaching for Abbie, she stood frozen, and I rushed to her and hugged her. Abbie explained about Cassandra and everything that she and Gannon found out. I wished she could come with us, but when I looked over at Kyson to ask, he was in the cells with Cassandra, his entire body tense, and I could feel he wanted to kill the woman but was respecting Abbie's wishes. Yet he was angered because she didn't just affect Abbie, but I was punished for it, and I knew she would not get off so easily.

"You will endure the same punishment," I hear Kyson tell her.

"Kyson!" I called out to him. After hearing about Cassandra and Kyson commanding her to double-check what she said was true and confirming it, I felt the same as Abbie

It was clear Kade brainwashed her. To her, he was a hero, yet she was entirely aware of her wrongdoings and apologized countless times. She just wanted to go home to her boys, and I agreed with Abbie she was as much a victim as we were in all this.

Kyson looks at me. "Let her go, I am fine. Enough blood has been spilled. Leave it be." I plead with him. Kyson growls and glares at her, and she back away from him when he bends down, gripping the chain off the ground that wrapped around her ankle. He yanks it, ripping it clean off the wall. Cassandra shrieks, and my heart beats quicker, and I think he is about to whip her with the chain when he growls and drops it, but grabs her face.

"You come anywhere near my mate or Abbie, or I hear even a whisper of their names coming from you, I will have my guard hunt you down and string you up, then I will make your boys watch as I kill you for it, understood?" she nods and whimpers.

I feel his aura rush out, and she gasps like she is choking. "You will come nowhere near Azalea or Abbie. You will never speak or utter their names again," he says, his voice so calm it chilled me to the bone. She nods, and he shoves her away before turning to the guards, and his eyes fall on Dustin.

"Dustin, run her back to her pack and get back here and help Liam and Gannon." Kyson orders, and Dustin steps into the cell and grabs her arm, dragging her out when Abbie



runs over to a small card table and snatches some sandwiches off it and bottled water before chasing after them

Dustin stops, and she hands them to Cassandra before shocking me and hugging her. Cassandra stood frozen and looked pained, probably because of Kyson's command not to come near either of us.

\*Thank you." I hear Cassandra murmur, and Abbie lets her go and wanders back over to me.

"That didn't feel right," Gannon says, glaring after Cassandra.

"It wouldn't have been right either to punish her," Abbie says to him before groaning when she tries to step closer to me.

"I wish you could come with me. I don't want to go back there by myself" I tell her, walking to Abbie since she couldn't come to me.

"And play this tug of war. I can't move to you. Only you can come to me, that would be an issue, but it's ok. I don't think I could go back there, anyway. I never want to see that place again," Abbie says and smiles sadly.

I felt the same way, but Kyson would not change his mind, and much as I was not too fond of going back there, it may also be a good way to put that place behind me.

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## **Mated To The King Gamma – Chapter 65**

Kyson POV

Azalea was in a strange mood. She was scared, not that she would admit it. I was kind of glad to get out of the castle with her. At least she would be safe with me. Or so I hoped. I hope bringing her back to this place doesn't dredge up unwanted memories for her or haunt her, especially after this morning. She knew I was keeping stuff from her, but I was only doing it to protect her, though some of it was for selfish reasons. Trey blurted that one out.

"Are you worried about returning here?" I ask her, but she shakes her head. Which only confirmed my original thoughts. She feared being at the castle. I was struggling to figure out who I could trust myself.

Every lead we had was a dead-end, and I knew this one would be too. They always were, yet still, we investigated.

"What are you worried about, then?"

“Everything.” she murmurs. I could feel the weight and pressure on her. She had been thrust into a world she knew nothing about. Laws, kingdoms, and her own family history were a mystery to her. Then, on top of that, she was worried about Abbie. She was always worried about Abbie. Concerned about who was trying to kill her and why. But most of all, she was curious to know who she was, and as determined as I was to keep it from her, I knew she also needed to know. So I would start teaching her to use her Alpha voice even if it means hers would one-day overthrow mine.

Yet feeling her through the bond, her nervousness and anxiety worsened the closer we got, and the overwhelming urge to comfort her grew stronger. I wanted to touch her, put her mind at ease, and let her know she was safe with me.

“Come here.” I couldn’t stop the edge of a growl escaping me, but she turned her head to look at me, pulling her attention away from the window.

“Seatbelt, Azalea. Sit up. Azalea. And now, you want me to remove my seatbelt to come to you?” she spits at me sarcastically while shaking her head. My little mate was growing more cunning. Her attitude I always found amusing until it was used against me.

growl and unclip my seatbelt before moving toward her. Sliding onto the seat beside her and slipped my arm across her tiny waist and undid her seatbelt before looping my arm around her waist and dragging her onto my lap. She growls, and I purr back at her. She would not escape me so easily. My hand snuck under her shirt to rest on her lower belly. The slightest bump fit in the palm of my hand. She sighs and relaxes against me as I caressed it. I couldn’t wait to watch her belly grow with our child, I couldn’t wait to see what sort of mother she would be. I wanted a big family, and I wondered whether she shared the same thoughts.

To me, her scent was like a balm, soothing yet also teasing, making my mouth water. She smelled sweet, cherry, and vanilla, and I couldn’t explain the strange urges her scent enticed. I have never liked sweets, yet her scent was addictive and inviting. She smelled delicious.

So I couldn’t help the purr that slipped out and vibrated against her back. My calling works every time, and I love how she melts under it. At least, that is one thing I will always have that she can’t resist. I bury my face in the crook of her neck, inhaling deeply.

My c##k grows hard beneath her, and I was glad Abbie didn’t come. I felt like I hardly got time with her alone anymore, so having her so close and all mine, I couldn’t resist the temptation her flesh was offering. My fingertips draw circles on her skin before teasing the waistband of her tights. My purr grew louder, and I could feel the effect I was having on her. Her arousal through the bond was intense and perfumed the small space in the limousine. Her scent became overwhelming. I was supposed to be distracting her and calming her, and all i managed was to work myself up.

“Kyson! Damian and Trey are in the front!” she hisses, gripping my wrist and trying to stop it from slipping lower. Ignoring her, I slip my hand beneath the waistband and cup her warm p####y with my hand.

“Kyson!” she squeaks, while squirming on my lap. I groan as her a#s brushes against my e\*\*\*\*\*n. Stroking the seam of her wet lower lips, she could deny me all she wanted, but she couldn’t hide the feeling I was enticing out of her.

Azalea squirms as my fingers tease her folds, drawing out moisture with each brush across her slit. “Hmm,” i hum before shoving my finger inside her.

Any words of protest she did have, die off as my thumb gently rubs against her swollen c###t. Her legs open wider for me, and I chuckle, kissing her shoulder and withdrawing my finger that was slick with her arousal before sliding it back in and curling it deep within her. Her inner walls clench around my finger, and she moans softly, and her head rolls back against my shoulder as she gives in to the feeling I was building up with the friction.

However, it was short-lived when I heard the screech of tires, and the limo slowed. I growl, peering out my window, and Azalea scrambles off my lap. My hand slides out of her pants, and an angered growl leaves me as the car comes to an abrupt stop. We were stopped by the side of the road, just outside the pack borders and men surrounded the vehicle.

Snarling, I hear Damian get out of the car and listen to him talking to Alpha Dean’s men, who were trying to refuse us entry. Reaching for the door handle, I toss it open and climb out. Six werewolves were arguing with him about there not being any announcement of our arrival. My

aura slips out as I stare at the man with his qun pointed at Damian’s chest. Damian snarls, unflinching, and daring the man to pull the trigger

“Issue?” I ask, shutting the door behind me. The other men were smart enough to back up, but one sniff of the air, and I could tell this man was the Beta. His scent was more substantial than the others,

“I would have thought after your Alpha’s experience with stepping out of line and giving my men orders, that the rest of you would have more sense. Apparently not!” I tell the man while coming up behind Damian. His mud brown eyes flick to me over Damian’s shoulder and he swallows. The other five had scampered off, leaving the Beta to fend for himself when they realized they were dealing with Lycan’s and not random fleabag werewolves with no authority or rights.

The man glances around, his curly brown hair blowing in his face when he realizes his pack members had abandoned him.

“No issue, my king. I didn’t recognize you,” he stammers. Lie, the flags on the front of the limo showed our immunity.

“Did you have trouble recognizing my Beta too?” I ask. He pales, glancing at Damian, who held his signature smirk.

- um — The Alpha, he... the man babbles like an idiot.

“Your Alpha what? Told you to ignore hierarchy? To hold a gun to a Lycan’s chest?” I ask the man.

“He said not to let anyone in without notifying him first,” the man stammers. Damian glances at me.

“Even the king’s guard?” I asked. The man nods his head.

“Yes. Said that we must be prepared after last time. Two of your men killed the butcher and Mrs. Daley and kidnapped two rogue children.” he says.

“You mean the pedophile I sent them here to kill? And the headmistress that mistreated your Queen?” I ask the man. The man shakes his head.

\*They were good people,” he claims, and my eyebrows rise into my hairline.

“Good people don’t rape and sell little girls!” I sneered, and he opened his mouth and closed it quickly. His hand trembled and I snatched the gun from his grip before he accidentally set it off. I tuck it down the back of my pants before punching him, and Damian whistles and leans against the hood. Nothing angered me more than this twit thinking he could deny my men from entering pack lands that were under my rule.

He grunts, clutching his nose as blood sprayed out everywhere. “Do not forget your place, Mutt! And it will always be beneath a Lycan’s feet! You dare tell my men they can’t enter on the ground I own again and I will have you tossed out and made rogue. Then you will see how your Alpha treats rogues,” I tell him. He nods, his eyes darting to Damian before he mutters an apology, and I turn, shaking my head and climbing back in the car.

Now, why are Alpha Dean and Alpha Brock so worried about my men and me coming here? Maybe this trip wouldn’t be so pointless after all.

I slid across the seat, muttering to myself, and my temper rippled just like my aura. “What’s wrong?” Azalea asked me. Just border controls, forgetting who they are speaking with,” I answer.

She nodded, and we started moving again, yet the further we got into the sleepy town that was in the middle of nowhere, the more anxious Azalea became. My earlier mood

was gone and replaced with anger for their Alpha, thinking he could tell me I couldn't enter without notification. Who does he think he is?

"Abbie told me Katrina took over the orphanage?" Azalea asks, snapping my attention to her and out of whatever mood I slipped into.

\*Yes, after Mrs. Daley left," I tell her, not wanting to tell her Gannon skinned the woman alive and hung her in the basement. The pictures he took made my stomach turn; Gannon was one sick b#####d. I shook the thought away and watched as she chewed her lip.

"What are you thinking right now?" I ask her, and she rubs her belly without realizing it. I tried not to smile at how she cradled the slight bump in her hand,

"I wondered if the children would still remember me," she says.

"You want to go back there?" I asked, a little shocked. She shrugs, chewing on her fingernail, looking unsure.

"I think I do," she finally answers.

"If we have time on the way home, we will stop in there," I tell her.

"So we are just here to see the Alpha?" Azalea asks.

"Yes. And once we are done, I will take you to see the children if you like." she nods, her eyes becoming a little glassy. I wasn't sure if she missed the children who lived there or because she knew she was coming back to this place and it scared her.

I knew this place haunted both her and Abbie. And after the tortures they endure at this place, I was once again second-guessing bringing her here.

It took another ten minutes before we pulled up out the front of the Pack house. Alpha Dean and Alpha Brock stood waiting out the front on the porch. However, when Azalea glanced out her window and looked at them, her mood shifted through the bond. Her eyes burned brighter, flickering, and almost glowed, her jaw clenched as she glared past me and out the window.

Climbing out of the car, I was surprised when I heard her door open. We had discussed she would wait in the car with Trey, but she got out. The convoy of cars also pulled up, and my men jumped out to secure the perimeter. Trey jumps out of the front passenger seat with Liam and Liam shut her door while Trey moved behind her. Damian glances at me, but I shrug, wondering why she suddenly wanted to come inside. Her mood had changed so swiftly I struggled to decipher the weird mood she was in, but seeing the two Alphas had awakened something within her.

The Alpha walked down the steps, holding his hand out to me, and I could hear Azalea walking around the other side of the car to me.

“What a pleasant surprise,” Alpha Brock says, his eyes glinting before moving to Azalea behind me. His lips part, and Alpha Dean also pauses to stare at her. It took me a second to realize why they had paused. Her aura was magnificent, so strong and commanding. She stops beside me, and Alpha Dean’s hand shakes as he offers it to her, and I hear Damian huff when she doesn’t take it and just stares at it like it was diseased.

“Lovely to see you again, Ivy,” he says warily, glancing at me. Azalea waves his hand away. I don’t know where this sudden confidence came from, but I enjoyed seeing the power she was using.

“That’s Queen Azalea, to you, Alpha. Now move,” she says, pushing past them and walking up the steps. They gaped at her, and Liam rushed ahead of her to open the front door. I had no idea what was going on with her, but I would run with it to see what else she did. The two Alphas all but fall over themselves, chasing after her and offering her coffee or tea, but she ignores them. Stepping into the foyer of the place, she snarls at them.

“No. I wouldn’t trust you not to spit in it! And we aren’t here to chat, we are here for ” she glances at me, and my eyes glaze over, and I mind-link her.

“Looking for all the rogue reports. And to go through their archives,” I tell her. If she wanted to handle this, I would let her because I don’t think she realized what she was doing, and I liked seeing the sudden fear on their faces that she invoked by using her aura.

These two men who were responsible for nearly destroying her but were now falling over themselves, trying to appease her. She tells them what she is looking for, speaking clearly and confidently.

“We don’t keep such files, Iv...My Queen,” Alpha Dean corrects himself. Azalea raises an eyebrow at him. And I could see Trey smiling behind her. He leaned down to whisper to her, and she glanced at him.

They gape at her, and I can’t believe they had the audacity to lie when they had no issue trying to label her as a traitor. And I knew very well that the archives were kept in the basement.

\*Your archives are kept in your basement. And you should have reports of every rogue that steps over your borders. If not, that is an infringement on your behalf, and if it is simply you refusing to hand them over that is punishable by death. Beheading sounds good?” She says, looking at me.

“As you wish, my Queen,” I answer.

“So which is it, you don’t have the archives I have requested or you don’t want to hand them over? Either way Alpha, you seem to find yourself in a direct violation of Lycan law and your next answer determines the severity of your punishment,” she says staring at them both. I had no doubt Trey was feeding her laws through the mind link. Both Alpha’s stumble over themselves to answer.

“What we meant is that we haven’t dug them out. We weren’t aware of your arrival or the King’s. If you come back in a few days, we could have them ready,” Alpha Dean answers her.

“If I wanted you to dig them out and remove any incriminating evidence, we would have called prior. But seeing as your pack is under investigation for the mistreatment of rogues, I don’t want you handling any such evidence or give you a chance to get rid of it completely.” she tells him.

“Mistreatment of rogues, my Queen. Whatever happened with Mrs. Daley. I assure you, your King has seen to her punishment,” Alpha Dean tries to say. She ignores his rambles.

“I would also like to see my files and Abbie’s. So if you could point me in the direction of your basement, that would be very helpful,” she says. Alpha Brock glances at his father before motioning down the hall, looking very ticked off he was being ordered around by her.

Azalea follows them to the stairs and up the corridor at the side before stopping at the door next to the steps. Alpha Brock opens the door and glances at his father

“May we ask what you are looking for exactly? Most of the files down here are outdated and have nothing of use to anybody.” he asks, and Damian answers.

“What we are here for is of no concern to you. She told you already. So if you would step aside,” Damian says.

“We can show you down. It will be easier if we help, and ...” Azalea growls, and her aura has him pressing against the wall.

“You heard my Beta. Now step aside, Alpha,” she sneered, the last word glaring at him, daring him to speak against her. He swallows. The charged air around her was so thick and angry I fought to remain where I was. Now that’s my Landeena Queen! The Alpha quickly stepping away from her and Liam goes down first to check the place before signally it was clear.

Azalea looks at me and opens the mind-link again and I knew she was waiting for permission. “Go on. If you want to take over, I won’t stop you,” I tell her and she quickly



steps inside and starts descending down the steps. I stroll past the Alphas when Alpha Dean stops me.

“Are we in trouble, my King?” he asks.

“That’s for her to decide,” I tell him before following after my mate.

Azalea POV

Stepping into the basement, the place was stacked to the ceiling with boxes of files, no order, nothing, just boxed and stacked. I did not know what I was looking for, and I had no clue where to even start. Damian comes up behind me, leading me to a table in the center and flicking a small lamp on.

“I’m sorry I stuck my nose in. It made me mad when I saw them,” I admitted to him. I was unsure where my bravado came from, but seeing my old Alphas ticked me off, and I hated how they made me feel lower than dirt, and I wanted to return the favor.

“No, you did well,” Damian says when Kyson comes down the steps. I waited to see if he was mad that I kind of just took over when I was supposed to remain in the car with Trey. I wasn’t supposed to step foot in here at all. Yet when he came down the last step, he had a silly smile on his face as he strolled over to me.

\*Ah, this will take forever,” Liam growls, rifling through boxes. Kyson comes over, places his hands on my hips, and buries his face in my neck. But Liam was right. This would take days to go through.

“So, what do you want to do now?” Kyson asks, and I look up at him.

“Pardon?” I whisper.

“You’re in charge, boss. So what now?” he asks, brushing his nose across my cheek. I gasp, looking around. Kyson purrs behind me before tapping my hip with his hand and wander about the huge basement before stopping having no clue, it would take days..

“Can we take them?” I ask Kyson, and he nods.

“For real, my Queen? You want me to cart all these boxes up?” Liam whines, jutting out his bottom lip and pointing to Trey, “He wants to do it,” Liam whispers, and I chuckle.

“No, I. “I press my lips in a line. There were hundreds of boxes down here. I look up at Kyson, and he shrugs, not offering any help.

“You’re in charge, and I’m not helping. So what are you going to do, my Queen?” Kyson says, and I peer back around the room. They wouldn’t fit in the cars. There were too many. I glance at the steps leading up before walking past Kyson and back up the steps

to the main house. Alpha Dean and Alpha Brock stood by the doors, looking terrified of the two guards beside them. Seeing them ground my gears, the humiliation of being put on that podium in front of the entire town square while they threw stuff at us made my blood boil as I remembered the last time I saw them.

“Have you got a trailer?” I ask them. They both shake their heads.

“Find one.” I tell them.

“You want us to find a trailer?” Alpha Brock asks, looking at his father.

“Don’t look at him. Find a trailer, I said.” I snapped, and he growls, the noise cutting off when I growl back at him. Only mine was a lot louder, and the power behind it almost made me gasp and jump before I contained those urges of shock. I felt the power ooze out of me, my aura coming out like a shield and suffocating the Alphas.

“You will find a trailer and attach it to the car. Then you will come back here, and you and your father will cart every box and piece of paper from that basement and stack them in it.” I tell them.

“Every box?” Alpha Dean says.

“Are you hard of hearing, Alpha Dean? Do I need to repeat myself?” I asked him, and he shook his head. Turning to the guards beside them, dropped my aura and spoke to them.

“Make sure they bring every box up. And if they miss one, Kill Alpha Brock.”

“Yes, my Queen,” they nod, and one smiles like he would enjoy that job. I go to leave when I pause to see Kyson leaning against the wall.

“Oh, and once they have attached the trailer, they have 18 minutes to cart them up,” I tell the guards.

“18 MINUTES!” Alpha Brock exclaims.

“Yes. Because 18 years is a wonderful age to kill innocent rogues, so I give 18 minutes to cart those boxes up.” I tell him.

“And if we don’t complete it in that timeframe?” Alpha Dean asks.

“I suggest you get it done, and you won’t have to find out,” I tell him before turning on my heel and walking out.

Stepping outside, I let out a breath. It was exhilarating holding the control, yet also petrifying. Adrenaline made my heart rate quicken and flutter in my chest

“Now what?” Kyson asks me. I bite the inside of my lip and look around and I see Alpha Brock rush off to his neighbor’s house.

“Will the guards make sure they retrieve everything?” I ask, and Kyson nods his head.

“Then can we go to the orphanage?”

“Are you asking?” Kyson says with a devious smile on lips. I swallowed, glancing at Trey, who raised an eyebrow at me and nodded toward Kyson. I shake my head and cringe, looking up at my mate.

“No. I want to go to the orphanage, so we are going,” I tell him. I was turning away from him when he grabs my arm. My heart lurches in my chest, thinking I pushed him too far, demanding him. Yet he only turns me to face him before his hand slips to the back of my neck, and he leans down while tilting my head back. His lips crash against mine, his tongue demanding as it invades my mouth, forcing my lips to part. He kisses me hungrily, his tongue tasting every inch of my mouth before he pulls away and smiles.

“I like it when you’re bossy,” he purrs.

“You say that now,” I tell him.

“For now,” he smiles, grabbing my hand. He kisses the back of it before draping his arm across my shoulders. We walk to the orphanage since it wasn’t that far from the packhouse. It was odd walking through the streets; this place no longer gave me the same fear it used to. It looked different, run down. People stared as we headed toward the orphanage and I paid them no mind, ignoring their curious gazes.

Once there, I stopped, staring up at the building I once called home. The place should be condemned, yet the kids all stopped as I stepped over the little brick fence. Most recognized me and rushed over, trying to touch me and pull me to play with them.

“Ivy! Ivy!” they called, trying to get my attention. Katrina, hearing the commotion, rushed out the front doors, looking somewhat frazzled. “Katrina!” I gasped before moving my way through the kids. I smack into the front of her as her arms wrap around me.

“Oh, sweet girl” she gushes, hugging me tightly. Katrina was the only one that was nice to Abbie and me. She holds me at arm’s length, checking me over. Her fingertips trailed over my shoulder, which was a little exposed. The ends of the lash marks on my back poke out the top. She smiles sadly, tears brimming in her eyes, and she sniffles.

“How’s Abbie?” she asks.

“She is okay.” I tell her, and she nods and wipes her eyes.

"You look good, sweetie," she says, hugging me again. One of the kid's tugs on my shirt, and I pick him up.

"Hey, Jack" i beamed at him. He played with my hair, tugging on it gently.

"Where is Abbie? She didn't come to visit us?" He pouts. He was seven years old and was missing his two front teeth. His blonde hair is tied in a bun on his head,

"No, she couldn't come," I tell him, and he nods sadly. Katrina leads us inside and turns the kettle on.

"Kyson said you're in charge now?" I tell her. She nods, and I look around the kitchen. It was the same. I started reaching for mugs and setting them out, and I could feel Kyson watching me. Katrina fussed, telling me not to help her, but I shoed her away, telling her to sit. She sighs and sits down heavily in a chair.

"Yep. But the Alpha cut back rations again. This place is falling apart, and Dad is sick, so I am back and forth," she says.

"No one to help?" I ask.

"Margret comes over when I ask, but you know how she is. I swear I could run this pack better than that twat, he keeps saying he hasn't got the money to put in this place, I checked his finances for him the other week again and he has gambled everything," katrina tells me, and I nod, passing her and Kyson a cup of tea. Margret was one of Mrs. Daley's friends, and she hated children, even her own.

"What's wrong with your father?" I ask her.

"Dementia. He needs a full-time carer now, but I can't with this place, and mum is just as bad, so she is no help, and I haven't got the funds to pay for one." Katrina tells me.

"I don't know how you girls kept up with all the chores here either," she says, shaking her head.

"We didn't have a choice," I tell her, and she nods.

"I'm sorry, Ivy.

"Azalea," Kyson corrects her, Katrina could call me what she likes, but she nods her head. She was the only person here that was actually nice and tried to help us, but she couldn't because Alpha Dean always had a soft spot for Mrs. Daley, despite Katrina actually having Beta blood.

"Don't be, and it's not your fault,"

“I could have done more.” I shake my head when one kid comes out and looks around. Tyson starts babbling. He had some disability that was never diagnosed because Mrs. Daley believed you could beat disobedience out of a child and saw speech impediment as disobedience

He motions toward his mouth, trying to speak, but it comes out in grunts and growling. “I never know what he is trying to say.” Katrina says as he squeezes his fists, shaking as he becomes frustrated, grumbling loudly.

I reached into the fruit bowl, looking for an apple that wasn't squishy. I clean it on my shirt and pass it to him. “Apple,” I tell her. Abbie and I learned distinct noises meant certain things to him. He babbles excitedly and takes it, rushing off.

“Apple,” she says with a sigh, and I sip my tea and nod.

“He likes the crunching noise they make, and he hates cornflakes, so don't give him those. He has a meltdown, Tyson doesn't like the texture,” I tell her, and she quickly jumps up and grabs a notepad from the fridge. She jots it down, and I tell her a few more noises he makes and what they mean.

“Man, I wish you and Abbie could stay here a while to show me,” she says. Kyson shakes his head instantly and I don't think I could even if he lets me. Too many bad memories here and I knew this place would give me nightmares when I went home.

Rate this Chapter

## **Mated To The King Gamma – Chapter 66**

“I have to take dad for brain scans next week I am hoping the Alpha will come over like he said. He said he would watch them for me,” she sighs

“Brock, what did you have to give to do that?” I ask, and she blushes, not looking happy about that. I click my tongue, already knowing the answer

“No one else?” I asked her, and I could only imagine what she had to do for her to get him over to watch all these kids.

“We can try to help find you some help?” Kyson offers, and she looks at him hopefully.

“Please. No one is willing to help, and I have my exams coming back up.”

“You're back studying accounting?” I ask her.

“Trying when I get a chance,” she says. I smile sadly before I place my cup in the sink and nod, knowing we will have to leave soon.

"You mind if I look around?" I ask her, and she shakes her head.

"Of course not, but upstairs is a little messy," she says. Walking back to the main hall and into the living room, I see the kids huddled around the tiny box TV in the corner.

"How many kids are here now?" I ask her.

\*111, Katrina answers. I sigh, looking around. The place is falling apart, and suddenly wish I could take them with me. Katrina couldn't look after them by herself, and this place was falling apart. I swallow, taking the set of steps upstairs, while Katrina tries to settle the kids that were becoming rowdy with afternoon tea approaching.

I look in all the rooms to see they are dusty; the beds are not made, and clothes piled on the floors. "What are you doing?" Kyson asks me, following me around.

"You don't have to follow." I tell him. I don't know why I came up here, yet I swallowed as I stopped at the stairs leading to the attic, dread filling me. That was mine and Abbie's room. How often were we forced to crawl those stairs after our lashings or our chores? It felt like a lifetime ago, yet also yesterday, everything is still so fresh.

Kyson touches my arm, and I jump, stuck in my memories. "Are you alright?" he asks before turning to Liam and Trey. He nods toward the stairs and they go back down them. "I'm fine," I tell him, blinking back tears. He looked like he wanted to say something, but I grip the broken banister and force myself to climb the steps. The door handle jiggles in my hand as I push it open.

"Why did you want to come up here?" Kyson asks, looking around at the small space. It was the same, everything left untouched. One filthy mattress we shared, one tiny dirt-covered window, and a bedside dresser. That was it. I went to the bedside dresser and opened the top drawer. I found a spaghetti necklace that one of the kids made for us and an old tunic. I hold it up and look at it. We hated these dresses and the stupid peasant skirts she would make us wear.

"Azalea?" Kyson whispers behind me.

"It's mine and Abbie's room" I tell him. My voice sounded distant to even my own ears.

Anger boils in my veins as I peer around the small tight space she kept us in. The other side was used for storage and had a cupboard that Mrs Daley would lock us in.

"Azalea, are you alright?" Kyson asks, and I glance at him. He is turning the wooden chair that sat in the corner. Suppressed memories come back about why that chair was up here. We had broken one similar, trying to get the Christmas stuff out of storage. Mrs. Daley made us hold the d##n thing above our heads, saying we needed to know the weight of the burden she carried having to look after us.

Most would think it's just a chair, but both of us holding two legs each above our heads for hours, we learned even the lightest things become heavy after hours. Each time we would drop it, she would hit the back of our legs with her cane.

Seeing Kyson move it, the sound of it screeching along the floor made rage burn through me. I growl, snatching the chair from him, and Kyson jumps, startled, as I toss it at the shitty little window. Glass rains down everywhere as I stalked toward the chair. Yet my focus was solely on destroying the d###n thing, like if I destroyed it, it would erase the memory. Erase Abbie's cries as her knees buckled from the cane. I picked it back up and started smashing it into the floor. Breaking it to pieces, the wood splintering off with each crash on the floor that shook under my feet until Kyson grabs my arms.

"Hey, shh, shh" he says, glancing down at the chair leg in my hand. He grabs it. "Give it to me, Love," he says softly before he takes it from me. My hands shook as I caught my breath and Kyson cups my face in his hands, forcing me to look at him. His eyes watching my face as I tried to regather myself. Yet this place, it was like I never left it. Some part of me would always be trapped in this place.

"I hate this place! Hate her! I hate what she did to us!" I cried, bursting into tears. I hated this place, hated everything about it, hated that one place could haunt and stain so much of my heart and soul, like it was screaming out to me telling me it would always hold me here and I would never escape it. The floodgates opened like I had been holding everything in for too long.

"She ruined us." I sobbed.

"No, love. She ruined nothing. And you're safe now. She is dead, she can't hurt you no more, this place is just a place," he says, hugging me. I bury my face in his chest, feeling like an idiot. It was just a chair. I broke a perfectly good chair. I inhale his scent, letting it calm me before I chuckle, knowing how many whippings I would get if Mrs. Daley heard me crying. Kyson probably thinks I lost my d###n mind, and even I questioned that possibility. I sniffle, feeling stupid and childish.

"You okay?" he asks and I nod, wiping my face and glancing around the small space and the broken chair. I needed to leave. I couldn't stay in here any longer. It hurt too much, and I wanted out, suddenly feeling claustrophobic. I rushed down the steps needing air, feeling like the walls were closing in around me and that I was going to wake up at any moment and everything had been a dream, and I was really stuck here still. Kyson chases after me, and I rush through the kitchen and burst into the living room, headed for the front door. But the faces of the children had my feet halting. Trey and Liam looked over at us, alarmed, and Kyson nearly ran into the back of me as I halted.

Little eyes peered back at me, and Katrina stared also startled. "Azalea, dear, are you okay?" she asks, but I shake my head. I was not okay, but as I glanced around this



dump, I was no longer trapped here. But all these children were. I look at Kyson in desperation. He seems to get what I wasn't asking out loud.

"No!" he exclaims, his eyes going wide. I tilt my head to the side, but he folds his arms across his chest and shakes his head.

"I'm not asking!" I tell him, and his lips part and he glances around at the children.

"No! What am I going to do with all these kids?" he hisses at me, but I ignore him and turn to Katrina.

"Ring the bus depot and find a driver," I tell her, and she seems confused.

"You want a bus?" she asks.

"Yes. Maybe two. I am taking them with me," I tell her, and she gasps, rushing over to me.

"You want to take all the children?" she asked, glancing at Kyson behind me, who was fuming.

"Yes. So ring the bus depot. I want a bus here now," I tell her, turning to face Kyson. He growls but nods to her, and she rushes off.

"Are you insane?" he asks, and I look at the children.

"Either I stay, or they come," I tell him.

"What are we going to do with all of them?" he asks.

"Some of the Lycan families might take them in" Trey offers, and I nod.

"And where do you think I am going to put them?"

"The castle is big enough," I tell him.

"Azalea!" he growls.

"No! You said I am running things here, and I say they are coming. Now get on board my King, or get out of my way," I tell him. He growls.

"Yes, I said that, but I didn't think you were going to bring an entire orphanage back with us!"

“Fine. You tell them then. Say no to them, Kyson,” I tell him, motioning toward the kids. He swallows and glances at their little faces and I smirk, knowing very well he wouldn’t or could utter those words. He presses his lips in a tight line.

“Fine!” he growls, and Liam chuckles.

“Come on, kids. Uncle Liam is helping you bust out of this c\*\*p box! Come on, let’s go!” Liam says, waving to all the kids to follow him. They glance around at each other and look at Kyson, unsure. He sighs and shakes his head.

“Go on then. Follow Uncle Liam!” he says, motioning them to follow him. The kids don’t need to be told twice and rush after an excitable Liam and Trey. I laughed, following them.

“Where to my Queen?” Liam calls.

“The town square. There is a bus stop.’ I tell him. Katrina races out on the phone, telling the driver to come to the town square.

“You’re lucky I love you.” Kyson growls, grabbing my hand. I laughed before racing after the kids and tugging Kyson along with me.

When we arrived back at the town square, I could see the Alpha still loading the trailer. Alpha Brock glanced over, noticing the children. He snarls and stomps over to them.

“What are you all doing here?” he snarls, and Liam growls at him, making him jump, having not seen him. Alpha Brock backs up with his hands up while the minute’s all stand frozen in fear. It angered me that they feared him.

“Seeing as you are still stacking boxes, I am assuming you didn’t make the 18 minutes time frame?” I ask him, walking through the crowd of children.

## Chapter 66

we got delayed,” he mutters. “See, the last box. Everything is there,” he says, pointing to his father, who was

He backs up further, “No. Um placing a tarp over the trailer

“That wasn’t what I asked. I asked if you did it in 18 minutes?” his lips part, and he glances at his father when one of the guards steps forward.

“That is the last box, my Queen. But no, they didn’t get it done in the timeframe,” he answers, and I nod, turning to look at Alpha Brock.

“Hmm... On the stage, both of you!” I ordered, my voice coming out strong along with my aura, which I was finding more effortless and easier to use. They both rushed up the steps and stood at the top of them.

“My King. is this really necessary? We did what she asked.” Alpha Dean says.

“But you didn’t. Your Queen gave you 18 minutes, and you didn’t complete the task in that time frame.” Kyson answers him as I wander over to the fruit stall that was just closing its shutters.

“How much for all of it?” I ask the elderly woman. She jumps, not seeing me come up behind her.

“You!” she sneers, pointing her withered old finger at me.

\*Excuse me?” I ask her.

“You! The rogue girl!”

“My name is Azalea Landeena! You will address me as so unless you want to join your Alpha!” I snarled. She stutters out an apology.

“Now I asked you a question. How much for the lot of it?”

“You want the entire shop?” she asks. I shake my head.

“No, just the fruit and vegetables,”

“Ium... just take what you want.”

“I don’t want to send you broke, ma’am. Despite your lack of manners,”

Kyson comes up behind me and touches my shoulder. “We have fruit at home,” he whispers, and I nod, picking up a tomato.

“I know” I tell him, turning around, tossing it in the air, and catching it as I walk and stop in front of the stage.

“Kids,” I call out, and they all turn to face me.

“Grab some fruit,” they rush off, taking fruit from the shelves.

They all return as the buses pull up. “Now, to show you the same dignity you showed me, Alpha,” I tell them. Some of the children are eating their fruit while I chuck my tomato at the Alphas. My tomato hit Alpha Brock square in the face, splatting with an

audible sound and covering him in tomato juices. Alpha Brock growls when Trey laughs before screaming.

“Food fight!” Like a mini-army, the kids turn. Their eyes light up with mischief as they toss their fruit and vegetables at the Alphas. Who try to dodge their attacks but can’t step off the small stage. When they are finished, I tell the children to grab more fruit to eat as a snack on the way before helping load them onto the buses. Once that is done, I wander back over to the Alphas covered in bits of fruits and vegetables and juices.

“You will both step down as Alpha until a new one is appointed. And ...” I looked at Kyson, needing his help: I wasn’t sure how to strip someone of their title.

Kyson’s aura rushes out, bringing them both to their knees. “I King Kyson of the Valkyrie Kingdom, hereby strip you Alpha Dean and Alpha Brock of your Alpha titles! I declare you both the very thing you despise so much. I declare rogue until you are accepted into another pack or your new Alpha declares you pack!” Kyson says, stripping both of them of their titles,

“Wait! Wait! I will do better!” Brock begs, wanting to step off the stage, but he is stuck under my command.

“You may approach” I tell him, and he jumps down and falls to his knees in front of me.

“Please! Please! I will do as you ask! Anything!” he begs, and I look at Kyson, who shrugs and tells me it is up to me. I bite my lip. Yet he had a point. They needed an Alpha. Glancing around, Katrina held up her hand behind Liam. She was technically Beta blood, and she was studying accounting. I smirk, knowing there was nothing more that Alpha Brock would hate more than having to answer to a woman.

“You answer to Katrina now. And until she deems you fit, you remain as rogues. You will also make sure she has time to finish her course and help her any way she asks.” I tell him.

“She is a woman!” Alpha Brock snaps at me.

“Yes! But she now so much more than that. She is your Alpha!” I tell him, and Katrina smirks and folds her arms, and I look at Kyson, knowing he was the only one right now that could make this happen. He would have to teach me to give someone their titles because I had a funny feeling it wasn’t the same as stripping them of their mate bond. And I was right.

Kyson waves Katrina forward and gets her to kneel, and he slices his palm, letting his claws slip out on his other hand.

“Open your mouth open,” Kyson tells her, and she obeys.

He squeezes his fist, letting his blood drip into her mouth. Before he says a pledge, she repeats it before declaring her as Alpha. She gasps, clutching her chest, and falls backward on her bottom, and I could feel her aura slip out stronger than before, showing she was now in charge.

Alpha Brock roars, getting to his feet, and he charges at her, and she glares at him, rising to her feet calmly.

“Sit!” she orders, and he freezes, falling on his a#s. Alpha Dean hung his head, looking ashamed of his son’s behavior. I was shocked at how easy it was for Katrina to command him. I hoped it got easy for me like that, and I would be able to have complete control of my aura and command as she did. He fell to his knees in front of her, doing as she commanded.

Once Kyson was sure Katrina had both Alphas under control, he escorted me back to the Limo and I climbed in the back and slid across the seat. My hands shook with adrenaline and I felt a little giddy. The feeling wearing off as the car started. I glanced out the window as the bus and the cars followed, however the bus headed down a different street, as the orphanage street was too narrow for the bus, with its low hanging trees to fit. We slow a little as the orphanage comes into view out my window.

That place will never hurt anymore children. I unclip my seatbelt and tap on the window. Trey wound the glass window down and I told them to stop. The car does and one of the other cars follows after the bus, while the other three stop behind us.

I open my door when Kyson grips the back of my pants. “You don’t need to go back in there. There is nothing there for you anymore,” he whispers, but I wanted no remnants of this place.

“I know,” I tell him and he lets me go and sighs. I climb out as do the guards, taking positions around the cars. Trey comes over to me.

“What’s wrong?” I shake my head, moving toward Liam as he steps out of the car.

“Have you got a lighter?” I ask knowing he smoked. He lifts an eyebrow at me.

“Terrible habit. Shouldn’t smoke when up the duff,” he tells me and I roll my eyes and hold my hand out for the lighter.

“I’m not smoking.” I tell him, and he pulls a packet out before lighting a smoke.

“Since we have stopped,” he says, handing me the lighter. I step over the gate, and Kyson grips my arm.

“What are you doing?”

“Making sure no more kids ever come back here.” I tell him, shaking his arm off. Guards rush ahead of me as I walk around the outside of the building to the small garden shed out the back. Kyson follows but just watches me as I reach above the low hanging tin roof for the padlock key. I feel around before pulling it down and unlocking the padlock.

Ducking my head, I step inside and see a red jerrycan. I grab it off the small shelf and shake it to find it had a bit of fuel left in it for the mower. I crack the lid and the fumes confirm it is indeed petrol. Stepping out of the garden shed. Kyson gasps, coming over and snatching

it from me.

“You are not playing with petrol!” he growls.

“Give it to me.” I tell him, holding my hand out. But he refused.

“Give me the lighter. I will do it,” he says, holding his hand out. I didn’t care who did it, as long as the place was reduced to nothing but soot and ash. I hand him the lighter when Liam bounces on the b\*\*\*s of his feet like an excited kid in a candy store.

“Can I help? Liam likes playing with fire.” he says, his eyes sparkling mischievously.

I glance inside the small shed when Liam clears his throat behind me.

“No fuel needed. I always have lighter fluid,” he says and I look at him over my shoulder to see him rummage inside his jacket.

“Here, hold this,” he says, passing me a knife. “Ah, and this,” he says, dropping a pistol in my hand. Kyson growls, snatching it from me.

“Liam!” he scolds him.

“It’s in here somewhere,” Liam mutters, pulling out an apron covered in blood. He sniffs it and pulls a face. “I was wondering what that smell was!” Liam mutters, chucking the apron over his shoulder and rummaging around some more. “Ah, found it!” he announces, holding up a bottle of lighter fluid. He then turns to Trey, who was watching him, like Liam was a madman.

“Here ferret face f###k, hold my s###t!” Liam says, dumping his apron and taking the knife from me and his pistol from Kyson. He loads up Trey’s arms, before removing his jacket.

“Genuine leather. Can’t ruin that,” Liam says, dumping it in Trey’s arms. Kyson growls as Liam skips like a kid to the back door. He gives a ninja cry, before kicking in the back door, and Kyson shakes his head.

“Can’t take this idiot anywhere.” he curses, stalking after Liam with the jerrycan in hand. Trey nods for me to follow him.

“Think that man needs a psych evaluation,” Trey mutters to me and nudges me with his elbow. I laugh, following Trey back out the front with the guards surrounding us

“Call the fire brigade. Don’t want it getting out of control,” Trey tells one of the guard’s, who pulls his phone out. Leaning against the hood of the limo, I listen to Liam singing at the top of his lungs inside the house. I also hear glass shattering before he comes to the front window on the top floor. He waves and I laugh before waving back.

“That man is unhinged,” I tell Trey as Kyson comes out, shaking his head. He reeked of petrol fumes. Kyson stops beside me.

“The fool is going to kill himself one day,” Kyson says, when Liam suddenly sets the curtains of the room on fire, with the lighter he stole from Kyson. He starts cat calling out the window and dancing.

“Liam, get out of there! The room is on fire, you twat!” Kyson calls out and Liam stops the weird a#s fire dance he was doing. The entire room goes up and he yanks the curtain rod of the window.

“You smell smoke?” he asks, smiling, and showing all his teeth. Kyson shakes his head again, as Liam climbs out the window, dancing on the roof and chanting about fire gods, or some c\*\*p. The room beside him catches on fire and Liam rubs his hands together, getting ready to jump off the small porch roof, when he suddenly vanishes. I blink before hearing a crash, as he fell through the porch roof. He groans sitting up, while Trey erupted in laughter.

Liam holds his hand up. “I’m okay!” he announces before rolling on his side. A tile falls off and hits his shoulder before shattering on the ground.

“That hurt my f\*\*\*y!” he says, rubbing his b\*\*t and skipping down the steps when the entire porch collapsed.

“Wow! Talk about in the nick of time!” Liam says.

“I swear, you have nine lives!” Kyson tells him with a shake of his head. We watched the place burn, the roof caving in and the air filled with black smoke. Once we heard the sirens on the way we climbed in the limo, knowing they would contain what was left of the burning rubble. But as the wind carried the smoke away I felt myself relax, as if it was also carrying my past with it. Ivy was no more. Mrs. Daley was no more. I knew my past and what we endured would always remain, but the sense of relief that came with watching that place burn gave me “hope, that maybe the memories would one day fade. Maybe they wouldn’t hurt as much. Kyson reaches over and squeezes my hand, and I



look at him.

“Ready to go home?” he asks, and I nod.

I was ready to go home, and for once the castle felt like home, as much as I was petrified of going back knowing there was someone there trying to sabotage everything, ruin me. It still didn't bring the fear this place did. And for once I felt free. Free of everything and this place. Free to try to move on. Because one thing I knew, if I could survive eight harrowing years here, I could survive anything.

Nothing breaks a soul more than being suppressed. Nothing breaks someone more than being shackled and trapped in a repetitive loop of torture. Kyson and I had our differences, different beliefs that came with different upbringings, different views of how we should be. Kyson was raised with a silver spoon, while I was raised with whips and canes. Both of us had our own struggles to contend with, and I knew what Kyson struggled with most was insecurities. While what I struggled with most, what was beaten into me, engrained making me meek and fearful of everything, something I was trying to work on, yet you can't beat a dog every day and expect it not to flinch when you pat it. Everything takes time, but I knew Kyson could be patient. I just had to remember I had to be patient with him, too.

I knew, I knew little about who I was, but I trusted Kyson would eventually teach me. As much as he angered me, I did trust him. And after today and him letting me have control, I trusted he would also one day let me find my voice. The one that was squashed and was suppressed living here. So with those thoughts in mind, yes, I was ready to go home. Home was something I never thought I would have, but now I realized home was anywhere Kyson was.

We met up with the bus at the first service station on the way out of town, which was waiting parked on the side of the road for our convoy. The bus followed us back to the castle. I felt terrible for all the children being cooped up on the bus that long. Although we did stop twice to let them burn off some energy, and at the last stop, the children were becoming too rowdy, so Liam climbed on the bus with them. When we

finally reached the castle, it was early morning. We had arrived and were pulling into the castle when Kyson shook my arm to wake me.

“We are home, Love,” Kyson whispers, and I yawn. It was still dark outside, but the castle was lit up like a Christmas tree.

“Clarice and everyone set up the ballroom as a sleeping quarter for the children,” Kyson tells me, and I was glad he thought ahead. I was too busy sleeping and forgot they would need somewhere to sleep. Kyson however, seems to think of everything.

I climb out of the limo, and Kyson grips my arm to steady me since I was still half asleep. The bus door opens, and Liam stumbles out, nearly getting knocked over as the

kids rush out behind him. He stumbles past us. "I need a f#####g drink!" he growls, looking worse for wear as he makes his way inside.

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## Mated To The King Gamma – Chapter 67

Abbie POV

Clarice had told me Azalea had kidnapped the orphanage children. Hearing this, I finally left the room. I wanted to see the kids, and I wanted to help. All day I spent building bunk beds and setting up the ballroom, and we changed it into a makeshift orphanage, though it was

far more glamorous than anything they were accustomed to. My mind kept wondering if Tyson would be among them. I refused to have hope. Kade had promised to get him for me, and I now realized it was only ever a way to get me to comply. A false promise, another lie he fed me, and I foolishly believed.

What if he wasn't amongst them? What if Mrs. Daley killed him with her cruel punishments? He was just a boy. My sweet boy.

I couldn't bring myself to ask Gannon. Some part of me didn't want Tyson to be used as a weapon against me, another false promise and another way to crush me. I knew Gannon was nothing like Kade, yet that fear lingered that I would be blinded by my heart's desires, which we all now knew overrode any logical or rational thought. I didn't trust my own decisions, didn't trust my instincts anymore because they were constantly wrong.

Gannon followed me everywhere, helped wherever he could, and it felt good doing something. It occupied my mind and removed the memories, even if only temporarily.

"You okay, Love?" Gannon asks, touching my shoulder. I flinch, not hearing him sneak up behind me. He was helping drag in toy boxes from the Lycan community. They had all sent any spare clothes and toys up to the castle until the King could order things in.

"Yeah, I'm fine," I tell him while fitting the sheet to the bed.

"Abbie, you haven't stopped. You should have a break," Gannon says. I shake my head, grabbing the pillowcases and pillows.

"Abbie!" Gannon says, gripping my wrists. "Stop. You need to have a break" he says just as the guards yell out that the King has returned. They're here! Excitement and hope bubbled up within me. Gannon sighs loudly and lets me go when I try to pull my wrists from his grip. I race across the castle, hearing them piling out their excited voices growing louder.

“What the heck is going on out here?” Clarice yells out. The kids, not hearing her, continue to rush around, and the castle staff look overwhelmed when I walk out. I stick my fingers in my mouth and whistle loudly, calling for their attention. Something Azalea and I used to do when they got too rough or too loud back at the orphanage.

The kids froze and glanced in my direction. The way their eyes lit up made emotion choke me before they rushed at me. I smile and am nearly knocked over when they spot me, all trying to hug and touch me. Reaching for them, I try to say hello to each one, grabbing them and hugging them when I hear a noise I had only dreamed of hearing again. Tyson weaves through the crowd, hands flapping as he makes his grunting noise.

He was alive! He was still alive. My hands reached for him, and I grabbed him from the ground, clutching him tightly. I bury my face in his neck and inhale his scent. His hand moves to my face, brushing my cheek. He was skinny, skinnier than when I left him. I could feel all his bones, yet he was here.

“I missed you, mister,” I murmur, and he makes his grunting noises, bouncing in my arms when I notice Azalea. I tried to move to her but couldn’t, so I had to wait for her to come to me since I was still trapped under her command.

She wraps her arms around me, and I hug her, tugging her closer. “You got them out.” I whisper, wiping my tears. Azalea nodded sadly. But now we had to find homes for them all.

“Katrina?” I ask.

“Now, Alpha,” she tells me, and I struggle to hide my shock, yet I am happy regardless. She would be an excellent Alpha. The King comes up behind her, and I glance at him behind her. He places his hand on her hip and pecks her cheek before he reaches over and messes with Tyson’s hair. Tyson stares up at him before sucking on his thumb.

“They never have to go back?” I ask worriedly as I look at all the kids rushing around.

“Nothing to go back to,” Azalea tells me. I stare at her, wondering what she means.

“I made them burn it to the ground. It’s gone, Abbie. All of it,” she tells me, and tears burn my eyes, flooding my vision.

“We are never going back?” I choke, tears slipping down my cheeks.

“Never! We are home now,” she told me, and I clutched her tighter, pulling her into a hug with one arm.

“More than my life,” I whisper.

“Forever more than my life. We have a home now, Abbie, and we have set them free,”

“We are free,” I say, sniffing. Though what was free? Because I knew I was, but somehow I was still trapped in the past.

“Free,” she repeats. I wipe my face before clearing my throat. Glancing at the children who Clarice was trying to get their attention. Azalea and I both stick our fingers in our mouths simultaneously and whistle. They stop, all freezing.

“Line up and settle down. You will wake the entire town,” she yelled out at them. They all immediately line up into four rows. I shake my head and sigh, some things remain the same, yet the kids listen, and when Clarice claps her hands loudly, they straighten up.

“Now we have breakfast cooked and ready for you in your new room, but everyone has to be quiet and use your inside voices,” Clarice says. The kids all remain quiet before she turns on her heel.

“Now follow me. Quietly!” She calls out to the kids, and they file in after her. I follow behind them. When I spot Gannon, I blink down at Tyson. He won’t win if he tries to make me; I won’t choose. I was not letting him go now that I got him back. He would not take him from me. As go to pass him where he stood at the doors, he stopped me with a hand on my arm.

“Who is this?” he asks, shucking Tyson under the chin to look up at him. Tyson sniffs the air, and he must be able to smell my scent on him because he then waves and grins at him.

\*This is Tyson. And Tyson, this is Gannon,” I introduce them, smiling down at Tyson when he pats my cheek with his tiny hand. Tyson makes one of his noises, and Gannon smirks.

“Hello, Tyson,” Gannon tells him softly before placing his hand on my lower back. I follow Clarice, my heart thudding in my chest as I try to keep up, yet as I see Clarice taking the kids to the ballroom, I know I would be expected to leave him there. I wasn’t losing him again.

I would die before I allowed someone to take him from me again. He was mine, and Gannon either accepted that, or we called it quits. Tyson wasn’t up for discussion, Clarice walks through the double door past the kitchens, and I look at Gannon before looking back ahead. However, instead of heading toward the ballroom. I stopped at the stairs, heading toward our quarters.

“Abbie?” Gannon asks as I climb the stairs. I don’t answer. Instead, I just keep climbing the stairs, and I know Azalea is following me. She knows I want Tyson. She knows I

love this boy as if he were my own. Gannon races up the steps behind me, but I keep walking to our room. "Abbie!" he calls out.

"Abbie, where are you going?" he yells.

"Tyson is mine. I want him," is all I say. I wasn't asking permission. He either accepts it or loses both of us. Gannon scoffs, but I ignore him and continue walking.

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Chapter 68

Gannon POV

"Is she being serious?" I whisper to Azalea behind me.

"Now she got him back. She won't let him go. And if you make her choose, you won't win," she tells me, and my lips part. I glanced down the corridor. She had already disappeared. Is this why she had been in a strange mood?

"What do you mean, now she has him back?" I ask, turning my attention to Azalea.

"Abbie was his primary carer. She raised him since he was newborn," she tells me. F##k! I never gave much thought to kids, but d##n, this was abrupt. I sigh, and Kyson comes up the steps.

"What's wrong?" Kyson asks, and I look at him.

"Looks like I have a son," I say. I wasn't sure how to feel about this, but I won't refuse her if this is what Abbie wanted and needed. Without looking back, I turned on my heel and jogged after her.

"Abbie is pregnant?" I hear the King ask Azalea behind me, and I roll my eyes. That would require us mating, and that definitely hasn't happened yet. And I also didn't see it happening anytime in the near future. It is only a couple of times that she has let me sleep next to her, and each time I woke to find her on the couch, it upset me but I knew she struggled with touch, scents, and everything in general when it came to men. However, having her in my room, I was thankful for. It meant she somewhat trusted me, despite what she had been through.

"No, Tyson!" Azalea tells him.

“Ah, wait. You both know we can’t keep them all, right? Clarice has the two boys already, and now Abbie has Tyson. You’re pregnant. I am not running a boarding school here!” Kyson tells her, just as I turn the corner to our quarters. I rush to my room and open the door, but she isn’t there. My brows furrow as I check the bathroom, wondering where she went when I hear a babbling noise from out in the hallway.

Turning around, I follow the noise to her old room. Knocking on the door, the room falls quiet, and I grip the handle pushing the door open to find her sitting on the bed.

Tyson was still attached to her hip and eating a candy cloud she had pinched between her fingers, his little lips sucking the sugar off while she held it, watching him.

“I am keeping him. And I understand if you don’t want kids. And I know he is a special needs child, so if you aren’t comfortable with it, I understand. I will ask Azalea to move me elsewhere if it bothers you,” she says dismissively as if she thought I would toss her away over him

“It would have been nice to be asked,” I tell her.

“I’m done asking. I’m done begging. It gets me nothing, Gannon. I won’t lose him, and I won’t give him up.” she tells me, hugging him tighter. She sniffs his hair and kisses his cheek.

“What do you mean? I never denied you anything, Abbie, nor would I!” I tell her, and she looks up at me before looking down at him.

“Kade promised. He promised, so I stayed. I stayed quiet. I stayed on the promise I would get Tyson back. Everything was going to be okay when I got him back, only he never kept that promise,” she says. Tears slip down her face and her lips quiver. Tyson is why she never said anything, why she remained. It wasn’t just the bond.

“Tyson is a deal breaker, just like Azzy, Gannon. Don’t make me choose. You won’t like the answer,” she whispers.

“Like Azzy?” I ask her, and she nods, her eyes softening as she stares at him through her tears.

“More than my life,” she says. Tyson babbles, leaning down to gnaw at the candy cloud between her fingers as I step into the room. I lean down, brushing his hair with my fingers.

“And you’re more than mine,” I whisper, and she lifts her head.

“More than my life and if he is part of yours. Then he is now mine also,” I tell her, and she blinks at me before swallowing. Her lips part, and she stares at me as if wondering if she heard me right.

“Come on, he needs a bath and is clearly hungry.” I tell her, holding my hands out for him. She looks at my hands.

“No one will ever take him from you, and I will kill anyone who dares try to take our son,” I tell her.

“You’re not leaving me,” she breathes out.

“Never!” I tell her, taking Tyson from her. I set him on my hip before offering my hand to her. She slips her arm on mine, and I pull her to her feet. Tugging her closer, I press my lips to her temple before walking out of the room with her and Tyson. I spot Liam smirking as he stands near

the door of his room as we pass.

“I hear I am an Uncle brother?” he says, and I smile down at Tyson.

“That would be correct.”

“I will go make him some food while you get him settled then,” Liam says, and I nod, watching as Abbie pushes our door open and walks to the bathroom to run him a bath.

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