

Mated To The King's Gamma By Jessica Hall Chapter 76

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Chapter 76

Read Mated To The King's Gamma by Jessica Hall Chapter 76 – Azalea POV

We stepped into a courtyard I had never been in before. My heart nearly stopped when I saw Ester tied with her hands chained above her head to the wall. Her clothes were torn at the back from where the whip had slashed her flesh. However, the wounds were healed, and she panted. Kyson growls, and anger coursed through the bond. Peter stood with a whip in his hands that he swiftly dropped, shaking his head and looking at Kyson pleadingly. Clarice stood off to the side, nibbling her fingernails. The skin on her face had tears trekking down it and dripping off her chin.

Though Trey's expressionless face as he sneered at Peter shocked me the most. This was his sister, and he showed no care for her at all. It was shocking.

"Again! You have twenty more, Peter." he snarls, stalking over to him and snatching the whip from the ground. He thrusts it at Peter, who flinches away from him. Bile rose up my throat, and I looked at Kyson, squeezing his hand, and he turned his head, looking at me.

"It's only twenty," I tell him, and Ester glances over her shoulder at me. Her face flushed red, and she panted before looking at Kyson.

"Hurry up, Peter. Finish it!" Kyson snaps.

"Prick." I hiss under my breath, and Kyson growls, leaning down to whisper in my ear.

"Watch your tone," he whispers next to my ear.

"Watch yours." I retorted, ripping my arm from his grip. I make my way over to Clarice, who explains Ester was taking it rather well, and Kyson overhearing that, did not sound impressed.

He walked over to Liam and talked to him before Liam walked off. Though I was quite shocked at how fast Ester was healing. The moment the whip pulled away, her skin closed. Being whipped was one thing. Seeing someone else made my skin prickle and itch.

I couldn't stand the sound of the crack being made, the way it whipped through the air, the sound of tearing flesh. Flashbacks smashed me as I tried to block them out, and I wanted nothing more than to run. At this moment, I truly hated Kyson. Hated who he had become.

Yet once Peter finished, her skin was red and angry but no longer bleeding. That seemed to bother Kyson. He wanted blood, and plenty stained the stone ground, yet he was not sated by it. For the most part, I stared at the rose bushes, blocking out what was going around me until I heard Ester shriek when Liam walked in with a bucket. The potent scent of Wolfsbane reached my nose, and Clarice whimpered beside me, and I sat up straighter.

"Kyson!" I hissed. He growls, I know they need to be punished, but this seemed excessive even for him. I watched in horror as he dipped the whip in the bucket, and my heart lodged in my throat, and tears sprung to my eyes as he pulled it out. The cracking sound sent spray everywhere, and her scream I felt to my core.

One scream and it sent me back to a dark place and had me twisting where I sat on the edge of the garden. The contents of my stomach spewed out into the garden. Kyson, though, was almost rabid, not caring he made me sick.

Not caring for her screams or Peter's begging. He wasn't present, lost in his anger, and by the 100th one, Ester hung limply in the chains, yet still, he didn't stop. I was trapped in the darkest parts of my mind. The darkest places I thought I would never be trapped in again. Only this time, my mate's actions trapped me there until Clarice shrieked beside me.

Her hands that held me gripped me tighter and Peter's blood-curdling scream made goosebumps rise, and my ears rang loudly, ripping me out of my own head that was tormenting me. Peter lay on the ground, and Kyson stood over him with the whip in his hand. Ester was a bloody mess, and I could have sworn that some of the white meaty-looking bits of her back were exposed down to the bone.

"Leave him," Ester breathed. Yet she couldn't move to lift her head. I gaped at the scene before me. Peter clutched his face. That was bleeding profusely. Kyson was enraged and, at some time, had shifted.

I swallowed as he breathed heavily, and the nearby gardener was pale as a ghost as he looked at Peter and Ester. He reached forward, gripping Peter's arms.

"Please, no more! She can't take it anymore! Let me take her place." Peter pleaded.

"No!" Clarice shrieked.

Kyson snarled, his upper lip pulling back over his teeth, and a sinister glint was in his black obsidian eyes. He tilts his head to the side.

“I’ll allow it,”

“He is a boy!” The gardener defended. I had no idea when he got here, but he obviously cared for Peter.

“He can’t even heal!” Kyson shrugs, turning back to Ester. The whip cracked in the air, and her scream made my blood run cold when Peter

escaped the gardener’s clutches and tossed himself in front of his mother. Trey clenched his jaw and looked ahead, the only sign that he disagreed with Kyson’s actions. He was controlled solely now by his rage and hate for the pair. I saw him raise the whip, and I never even registered the movement as I tossed myself in front of my brother.

Peter couldn’t heal, I couldn’t, and I wouldn’t allow Kyson to kill them. The sentence he gave Ester turned lethal when he had Liam bring out the Wolfsbane. Enough was enough.

I felt the sharp tendrils of fiery pain split up my back and tear my dress and shoulder. I hissed, and my back arched, but I gripped Peter, managing to stay upright as my own scream reverberated around the area.

Pain licked up my spine, and I clenched my teeth when I heard a roar. Gold flecks flitted brightly, tainting my vision, and a collective gasp was heard when suddenly Trey smashed into the wall beside Ester. I turned to see Liam trying to hold Kyson back, and I realized Trey had attacked my mate. Trey got to his feet, and my command rolled over him moments later.

“Stand down!” I snapped at him, and he whimpered, yet just that simple command made me s*ck in a harsh breath as I turned to face my mate, who was now staring in horror at me. He takes a step toward me with outstretched hands before shaking his head.

“Move!”

“She has suffered enough!” I seethed through clenched teeth.

“When I say she has,” Kyson growled, challenging me, but I refused to move. I nod toward the gardener, who comes over and grabs Peter, dragging him away when I start undoing the front of my dress.

“Fine then. I take her place.” I tell him, popping the buttons on my dress.

“No!” Kyson snarls.

“You would have allowed Peter but I won’t allow that. Therefore, he takes his mother’s place, and I take his. So which is Kyson?” I tell him, letting my dress fall to the ground,

leaving me in just my undergarments. Everyone averts their gaze, as I knew they would. Ester groans, and I glance at her and swallow when I see her flesh sizzling. It must hurt. The one lashing down mine seared up my spine like wildfire, and I wanted to douse my back with water.

“Azalea, move!” and I do. I turn around, offering my back to him, and he gasps where he had struck me instead of Peter. I knew what he saw. Years and years of healed lash marks and one like Ester now had carved in her back.

“Azalea!” Kyson snarls, and I hear him come behind me, his long furry fingers wrapping around my arm as he grabs me and spins me to face him.

“What is Kyson? Can’t bear to see your mark on my flesh yet revel in hers? No! I won’t allow it!”

“Then I kill her.” he sneers, and Peter screams.

“You said lashes! You are already killing her. Look at her!” I screamed furiously in his face. He seemed taken aback but did look at her back, her flesh torn open and blood pooling at her feet.

“Enough or I take her place,” I tell him, and he looks at me. His eyes narrowed, and I could see the fury behind them, the argument I knew that was coming, but here with witnesses, he refused to give a show to them. He wanted us a united front, but I would not stand by this a moment more. I never agreed in the first place but understood it had to happen, but he said he wouldn’t kill her and any more lashes would.

We stood off, neither of us willing to bow to the other, and the air between us became tense.

“Know your place, My King. Landeena’s word is final.”

“Not over me it’s not, My Queen. You may be Landeena, but I am your mate, and Alpha hierarchy still holds weight,” he snarls.

“Want to test that theory?” I asked him, though it was a test. I had come to notice he would back down when my title came into play, making me realize I was so much stronger than him. He seemed surprised, and his eyebrows rose, yet my assumption was correct. With hierarchy, the Alpha was always most assertive, the most dominant in a mate bond but not against a Landeena, and that realization was eye-opening when he took a step back from me.

“Just remember, you may have power. That doesn’t mean you know how to use it.”

“Yet, Kyson. Not yet. But I think you and I both know you are dreading the day I do,” I tell him, and he growls.

“Release her!” he snaps before turning his gaze back to me. “Cover up!” he snaps, turning on his heel and storming off.

Gannon POV

I shouldn't be here, I should be down there watching that bastard take his punishment, paying for his sins, yet at the same time, Abbie and I have done nothing but argue. I could see if I went down there and stood by my king's side she wouldn't forgive me.

Yet sitting here I felt useless, and Tyson's crying was beginning to give me a headache.

“He wants his blanket,” Abbie tells me and I ignore her. I loved her to death but she babied him far too much and he was spoiled rotten,

“Gannon, he won't sleep without it.”

“He can go one night without it Abbie, it won't hurt him.” I tell her.

Hearing a knock at the door I glance over at it and so does Abbie. She looks back at me, and I sigh, forcing myself up from the bed and moving toward the door. I answered the door, and Abbie got to her feet to move toward the door before freezing mid-step when she spotted Azalea. Abbie groaned, unable to go to her, yet the longing on her face was evident..

“Man, you need to find a way to remove the command,” Abbie says, flopping back on the floor next to Tyson, who was playing with some wooden blocks, Azalea walks into the room while I remain frozen, unable to myself, not expecting the visit. Azalea leans down, kissing his head and messing Tyson's hair before sitting beside him. I glanced at the door, half expecting Kyson to be with her, but he was nowhere in sight. Turning back to face them, I move toward the bed, having to take a wide berth so as not to step toward my Queen.

“I heard the King made you watch?” Abbie asks as Azalea chews her lip and nods.

“I'm sorry, I couldn't watch that. I could kill him for making you!” Abbie growls, and I growl at her, annoyed because I should have been down there, not Liam, though he would have come just to watch regardless, nothing that man loves more than seeing the pain in another's eyes.

“Mind your tongue, Love,” I tell her, and Abbie rolls her eyes at me and I lay back on the bed trying to ignore them and offer them some form of privacy

They talked for a little while, but I could tell it was straining on Abbie because she couldn't move toward her and had to consider her intentions when moving around our own room.

“Can you go into town for me?” Abbie asks me. I sigh and force myself to get back up.

“He needs to learn to sleep without it,” Abbie shoots me a look.

“Gannon!”

“Fine.” I growled, leaning down to take Tyson. I prop him on my hip.

“What’s in town?” Azalea asks.

“That microfiber blanket. It tore in the wash.” Abbie tells Azalea. Tyson has sensory issues, and certain things irritate him. To Tyson, it was a comfort thing. Yet he can’t cart a blanket around all the time and needs to learn other coping mechanisms.

“I think there is one in the room Kyson made up for a baby room for me, across from his old quarters” Azalea tells me. Yet I didn’t want to ask her to retrieve it and was about to tell her I would go into town when we all looked toward the door as it was pushed open, and Kyson stepped inside.

“This is where you disappeared to,” he says, looking at Azalea; he stops behind her, and she looks up at him as he reaches down, offering her his hand, and he pulls her to her feet.

“Are you okay?” he whispers, burying his face in her neck. Azalea sighs, leaning back against him.

“Yes, now you’re here,” she tells him, and he kisses the side of her neck.

“Where are you off to?” Kyson asks, looking up at me,

“He was heading into town to get Tyson a blanket, but I think there is a microfiber one in the room across from your old quarters Azalea told him, turning her head to look at him. I shake my head.

“No, it’s fine. Gannon will buy one.” Abbie quickly says, and I hum in agreement.

“No, it’s fine. I think Az is right,” Kyson says, pressing his lips to her cheek.

“I will ask Matt to bring it over.” Kyson says, and set Tyson on the bed.

*Are you sure?” I ask him.

“Yeah, not like anything in there is getting used.” Kyson says, and guilt washes through me. Here I was worried about Tyson and his blanket when they would do anything to have their son back.

"Come on, we should go. Besides, I am sure Abbie is sick of trying to move around the room without intentionally walking in my direction" Azalea laughs and I see Abbie watching her with concern.

"Or I could show you how to drop your command." Kyson whispers behind her, and she looks up at him.

"You'll show me?" Azalea asked, and Kyson leaned down, bumping his nose against hers before brushing his lips on hers. I smirk, loving seeing Kyson be affectionate with her, he was almost an entirely different person with her, and I wondered if I was the same with Abbie

"Yeah, I think if I don't, my Beta may quit" Kyson laughs, making me chuckle.

"About bloody time!" Abbie says excitedly.

"I can only use it when I'm angry." Azalea tells him, chewing on my lip, and he sits down, pulling Azalea into his lap on the floor. Abbie sits on her butt across from her where she stood.

"I can explain it to you but I know you will hate it, but I can command you to drop it. Which will be easier, and you can feel the pressure behind it." Kyson says. "If it works, I will try anything. I would like a proper hug." Azalea says with a chuckle, looking at Abbie excitedly, who I knew was desperate to get her hands on her too.

"And I would like to walk toward you without having to do the one, two-step," Gannon I tell her.

"So it is similar to a command. A command you add pressure, force you will on them," Kyson says, letting his slip out slowly, though I found it wasn't as discomforting or maybe because he didn't intend it to be.

"To rescind it, you pull it back into yourself. So reabsorb your aura and command," he tries to talk her through it and it was hard watching him manipulate his aura with her. The oath liked it despite there being no ill intention behind his actions.

"So you can try, or if you want, I can try to command you to drop the command, though I am not sure if I actually can command you now."

"What do you mean?" she asked him and I knew he would have a lot of answering to do. Azalea was inquisitive.

Kyson sighs and looks at me, and I smirk; raising an eyebrow at him. "Landeena command can kill. Your command is more potent than mine. I just know how to use mine. You don't," Kyson tells her, and she appears rather shocked,

“Wait! I could have hurt all of them?” she stammered, glancing at us nervously.

“Yes, but not before you had awoken your gifts,” Kyson tells her.

“Cedric said something about awakening my gifts,” she admits.

“You spoke to Cedric?” Kyson asks her, and she nods her head.

“He was showing me how to use the mind link.” Kyson presses his lips in a line but adds nothing on the subject.

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“Here, feel for my aura, and I want you to push on it and force it back, okay? If you can do that, you un-command them,” he tells her while Abbie waits patiently.

“Yeah, but I don’t want to hurt you,” she argues with him.

“You can control it, Azzy. How much force you put behind it is something you can feel. You will know when to stop or if I am resisting it,” Kyson says.

They practice a few times before she finally figures it out and can lift the command. She removes Abbie’s first and then mine. The relief felt upon the weight of it lifting off me was refreshing. Knowing I was pact oathed to her yet unable to go to her, my skin constantly crawled with unease.

“Practice enough, and you will be able to do it via a mind link without having to be in front of them,”

Just as Kyson and Azalea were getting ready to leave, a knock was heard on the door, and Matt, one of the guards, handed Kyson the blanket, but he shook his head, pointing to Tyson, who had his hands out for it.

“More than my life,” Azalea says, turning toward Abbie.

“Always, more than my life,” she says while clutching her face between her hands. Abbie kisses her cheek.

“Come see me tomorrow, or I can come to see you now,” Azalea laughs, and I avert my gaze to the King.

“I sent Liam, Damian, and Dustin to the brothels to investigate the rogue trafficking and the council’s involvement.” i nod.

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Chapter 77

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Gannon had told me that Damian was back, and we would have two new additions to the castle. Looking out of our window, I could see the cars. Beta Damian stepped out and was arguing with someone, yet the angle I was at was blocking my *view* of them.

"Bloody hell, woman! How many times do I gotta tell you I am the King's beta! I live here! What do you think? I would bring you here if I didn't?" Damian snaps when I hear a child start *crying*.

"Great! Now you woke him," Damian says, standing upright, and I notice the toddler in his arms.

"Give him here! Give me my son!"

"No! Do you want him? Then get out of the damn car!"

"Man, they have done nothing but bitch and fight the entire way back," Liam groans.

"Fine! But if your King abuses me for trespassing, you can bet your damn ass I will whoop his!" the feisty woman snaps.

"Good! Whoop his ass! He is right behind you. Let's see what you got, short stuff!" Damian shouts. "I would love to see it!" Damian snaps at her. The woman turned around so fast I heard Azalea gasp and rocked back on my heels.

"What is going on?" The King growls. Damian scrubs a hand down his face, looking exhausted, probably more defeated. I wasn't sure.

"Kyson, this Tandi. Tandi, his royal highness King Kyson, you know the one you want to beat?" Damian mocks. Yet Azalea's eyes were pinned to the woman, and her eyes were also on Azalea, her mouth opening and closing like a fish.

"Taylor?" she choked.

“Ivy?” Taylor stammers, looking just as shocked to see her. I thought she was dead; I could never have imagined seeing her again. Though I had always hoped she was alright I just believed that was wishful thinking,

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“Taylor?” Damian says, taken aback, but my feet were already moving as I raced to her.

“Taylor?” No, I couldn’t have possibly heard that right. The Taylor we knew was dead, killed by Alpha Brock and Alpha Dean for being a rogue. *We were* forbidden from going with her and received lashes that day.

“Oh, my gosh, it’s really you!” Azalea shrieked, throwing her arms around her.

“What are you doing here?” Taylor cries, clutching Azzy. She started crying, and I couldn’t contain my tears either.

“Wait! What about Abbie?” she says, holding her at arm’s length, and I bounce on my heels, wanting to rush down to see if it truly was her. Maybe I was having one of my moments. I had them before, and I knew if I could just touch and feel her, I would be certain. I wondered if I was dreaming. I sometimes suffered from differentiating between fantasy and reality, though I truly hoped I wasn’t having some psychotic break.

“She is here I can’t believe you’re alive!” I cried, clutching her face in my hands.

“Hang on, what is going on? Who is Taylor?” Damian says, and Azalea looks at Taylor.

Before I even realized what I was doing. I was on autopilot, looking for my shoes. Gannon asked me what was wrong several times before I even registered his voice speaking to me. “Abbie, what’s going on?”

“Taylor is alive!” I gush, needing to see for myself

“Whose Taylor?” Gannon asks me,

Gannon stared at me in confusion as I stared at him. What did he mean? Who was Taylor? I had no time to explain; I just needed to get to her, touch her to make sure she was real and not a figment of my imagination. But I knew he wasn’t going to let me run down until I gave even a brief explanation.

“Taylor was one of the rogue girls we were with at the orphanage. Ms. Daley hated how close we were and constantly tried to separate us. She said we were plotting against her anyway. Mrs. Daley’s friend broke a vase and blamed us, rogues. Taylor stood up for us, and it got her beat and kicked out. One day Azalea and I woke up to her gone. We looked everywhere surrounding that hell hole before we had gotten up the courage to ask Ms. Daley. She whipped us good for even asking.”

Gannon furrowed his brow, "We never saw any other girls close to your age in the documents we had taken from the Silver Shadow pack. This is just more confirmation of what we already suspected."

I had no time for semantics; I needed to get down there; I took the stairs two at a time in my rush and rushed out the front doors. Just as I all but bolted through the door, I nearly knocked Trey over.

"Hello, can someone tell me what the fuck is going on? Did you give me your whore name?" I heard Damian demand, and I gasped at what he called her. Yet Taylor snarled, spinning on her heel to glare

at him.

"It's a long story and Abbie?" Azzy glanced over her shoulder at me moments before my hurried footsteps caught everyone's attention. The moment Taylor turned to look at me, I stopped in my tracks before I stumbled out of the door and down the steps. In a state of shock, Trey gripped my arm to keep me steady as my mouth opened and closed in shock. As I look at Azalea with the same shock that she clearly felt upon seeing Taylor, I find myself looking at Azalea, needing that confirmation from her.

Several steps behind me, Gannon and Tyson emerge from the castle. My bottom lip quivered when Azzy nodded to me, telling me what I was seeing was real before my feet were moving quickly, and I collided with Taylor. There was barely enough time for Taylor to catch me as my legs and arms wrapped around her.

I couldn't believe my eyes. It couldn't be Taylor, but it was. She was alive! Ms. Daley had gotten tired of us asking for her. She spun on her heels, almost snarling at Azalea and me. Mrs. Daley screamed in our faces, telling us she was dead and that she couldn't wait until the day it was our turn so she didn't have to look at our faces ever again.

"I thought you were dead," I gushed, squeezing her tight. Taylor, who apparently is now named Tandi, reaches over and grabs Azalea, squishing us together as she embraces us. "How, how?" Abbie says, placing her feet down as tears stream down her face. Kyson, Gannon, and Damian all just stood there gawking at us while we fussed over each other when Tandi turned to Damian and pinned him with her glare.

"My son, now. I did what you asked," she said, and Damian looked at her, but it was Gannon who

nudged Damian to hand her son back

"Give her son back. She looks like she bites, like an angry gremlin," Gannon mumbles, and I press my lips together to stop from laughing.

“She fucking does. She bit me already, twice actually, while pitching a fit,” Damian growls in annoyance as he reluctantly hands her son to her.

“You have a child?” I asked, making sure I heard right, and I pulled back the blankets to take a closer look at the toddler in Tandi’s arms. Turning back to Gannon, I hold out my arms for Tyson, who flails in Gannon’s arms, wanting to come to me.

“Who is this little one?” Tandi asks while reaching out and gripping Tyson’s little fingers as I hold him. I had so many questions, like where she had been all this time when she had a baby. I didn’t have a chance to ask before Damian was asking us to take Tandi inside.

“Gannon, Abbie, take Tandi to my quarters and help her settle in, please. I need a word with the King and Queen,” Damian says, and Tandi’s head whips to the side to stare at Azalea. I guess Azalea hadn’t had a chance to tell her yet. Tandi’s eyes widen when recognition hits her at Damian calling her Queen.

“Azalea, Queen Azalea Landeena, I knew I heard that name,” she exclaimed.

“Have you heard of the Landeena’s?” Azzy asked her, shocked because I knew she couldn’t read like us unless she had since learned, maybe she had.

“Yes, of course,” Tandi says. When the King speaks, “Everyone has. It is in every history book, love. You and Abbie were the only ones oblivious to who they were, who you are,” he purrs at Azzy when Tandi speaks up while shaking her head, answering one of the many questions I had for her.

“No, I can’t read. No, I heard about it at the brothel when the hunters come in sometimes. Amazing the things you hear when you aren’t supposed to be listening,” she says, blowing out a breath.

“Hunters?” Kyson asks her, lifting his head to look at her.

“Yeah, the ones that work for the council, Larkin, introduced me to a couple of them. They creeped me out,”

“You know Larkin?” Kyson asks her.

“Yes, she does, and that is what I need to speak with you both about. Because I just stole his son,” Damian says, and I gasp at his words. JH kidnapped a council member’s son? Surely that would have consequences. Kyson straightens, and I look at Tandi’s son in her arms. I wondered what sort

of trpcicussions this would have. But I also wondered why the hunters would be working with the council, aren’t they supposed to care and preserve the Lycan and werewolf way of life?

"You said the hunters work with the council?" Kyson asks Tandi. She nods her head and shrugs as if this was something we should already know.

"Yeah, I have seen them a few times. Larkin and Crux seem, pretty buddy, buddy with them. They hold meetings at the brothel. They all wear patches and call themselves the rebels." her brows furrow as if she is thinking hard, trying to remember some detail.

"Mr. Crux holds the meetings. He has worked with them for years, and they have meetings yearly for some blood ceremony or some crap. Bloody freaks always drinking each other's blood from a cup, and they call me diseased since I am rogue, those fuckers sitting around drinking blood as if they think they are bloodsuckers," she says with a swift shake of her head.

"Did you say blood?" Azalea asks her, looking a little shocked by her words. Why would the hunters be drinking blood? Tandi nods. "Yep, like clockwork. Every February, on the 1st day of the month, is the annual meeting. They talk shit and spout changes within the council. Dawning their stupid insignia's about how Crux will take over once the royals are dead." she says with a shrug as if we should know this already

Turning my head, I see the worry on Azalea's face. She had enough going on, and I didn't want this to be another added worry for her.

"Dustin has some documents you will want to see, too. We got Alpha Brock and Dean. They have been trafficking rogues for years," Damian says before turning to look at Gannon and give him a subtle nod. Gannon walks over to escort Tandi and me inside the castle.

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Gannon pov

Weeks Later

Ever once Tandi came back and we learned the horrors she endured after she *was removed from* the orphanage, Abbie seemed to have some form of *survivor's* guilt, she had been *working* herself to the bone daly Taking Tyson with her *everywhere* she went Helping Tandi with settling into the castle, she hadn't been sleeping and *was always* cleaning,

Abbie and I *were* constantly fighting over Tyson and her working so much as I tried to understand what was going on with her. When one day, she snapped. She told me it was her fault Tandi got in trouble that day, that if she hadn't asked Tandi to defend Azalea, she *never would* have ended up in the brothel. She *never would* have been sent away. Despite her thoughts being unreasonable, she solely believed she *was* responsible for what happened to Tandi. Even after Tandi told her multiple times, it would have been that *way anyway*, that no matter what happened that day she would have ended up there

Tandi had told her Alpha Brock had always intended to sell her off. Abbie, however, *refused* to believe her, and I *knew* her hearing the stories of Tandi's sufferings had brought back memories of *her own*. She hardly slept, and I was forced to drug her a couple of times just to make her sleep *because* she was becoming increasingly unstable, her mind more fragile with each passing day. Her thought patterns *were toxic* and her erratic behavior *was* beginning to worry me.

I wanted to tell Azalea and the King yet I also knew they had a lot going on themselves and no one else *seemed* to notice the change in her, except Liam and me. It was almost like she put on a show *for everyone*, pretending to be holding herself together. I had always known sooner or later she *would* break after she *came back from* Kade, I just didn't think it would be guilt for another she broke

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I thought she *needed time* to heal, but I *was* beginning to wonder if she needed professional help. Help I couldn't *give* her because as the days slipped by repetition she *seemed* to live by, almost as if she *was* on autopilot,

"Abbie, you *promised* he *would* sleep in his room tonight," I tell her as she tucks Tyson into bed. Our bed.

She *promises* the same thing *every night*. The few times she did put him in his bed, she paced the halls or *waited for me* to fall asleep before sneaking into his room so she could be near him. A few times I *even awoke* to her laying by the fireplace with him or on the couch. Yet the more I pushed, the *more* distant she *seemed* to become, the more unstable.

I was getting nowhere with her it *seemed*, and it was starting to piss me off because it was as if she *wasn't* even trying, I had become a piece of the furniture in her existence, just someone that was always there. Kind of like Tyson's *comfort* blanket. He always had it, couldn't go without but at the same time didn't want it, especially when he would get tangled up in it.

"Tomorrow night, I promise," she tells me. Yet tomorrow never *seemed* to come.

"You promised yesterday," I tell her, but she shakes her head.

“No, I didn’t,” she says, her brows furrowed in confusion. That was another thing I noticed. She seemed to be having memory lapses and losing time. I often wondered where her mind took her, but at the same time, I also didn’t want to know because I could tell wherever it was, it haunted her.

“Abbie, his own room, I want to sleep with my mate. I am sick of being kicked,” I tell her, reaching for him. She rips the blanket back up that I pulled away. I tossed my arms up in the air becoming fed up.

“No, he stays. What if someone takes him, or what if he wanders off?” she tried to tell me. I was so sick of the excuses. There wasn’t an excuse she hadn’t given me.

“No, Abbie. You know he can’t get out, this place is secured, and Liam and Dustin and every other guard know to watch him and keep an eye out for him. He is perfectly safe,” I remind her, and she watches me as I scoop him up. Yet the look on her face makes me growl before setting him back down when I see her lips start quivering and the fearful look on her face.

“I am over this shit, every goddamn night with you!” I tell her before storming off and out of the room. She won’t sleep in the bed unless he is in it and it is driving me up the wall. I have never done anything to warrant her fear of me when it comes to the damn bedroom. She knows I would never force her to do anything she isn’t comfortable with, yet still, she fears me sleeping beside her.

“Gannon? Wait! Where are you going?” she panics as I reach for the door, at the same time, she grabs my arm. I shake her hand off, pushing the door open.

“I need to go; I will come back later. Just leave me be, Abbie,” I tell her, knowing if I stayed, I would say something I would surely regret. Instead, I go find Liam, needing to vent my frustrations because right now, I was at my wit’s end with her.

Mated To The King’s Gamma By Jessica Hall Chapter 79

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Chapter 79

Abbie POV

I watched as he left. He really left. He walked out, and I glanced back at the bed nervously before looking back at the door. I hear him knock on Liam’s door down the hall and I move *toward* ours when I hear Liam’s voice.

“What’s up, brother?” I just managed to hear him say. I crack the door open just a little to listen. I knew it was coming but I thought I had more time, that maybe it wouldn’t hurt so much when it did. Yet hearing Gannon’s following words crushed me.

“I can’t do this with her anymore; I can’t. She is impossible. She-” he doesn’t finish, just sighs.

“Come on, let’s get a drink,” Liam says, wandering off with him. I shut the door, tears burning my eyes at what he said. Did he mean he didn’t want me? Did he finally realize I wasn’t enough for him, that couldn’t be what he needed?

My thoughts festered, racing through my head as I waited for him to return yet after an hour realized he wasn’t going to. Panic started to grow and writhed through me as I tried to calm my racing heart and thoughts. Not wanting to wake Tyson, I slipped into the bathroom and sat on the floor. He was leaving me. He was going to leave me because, just like Sia, I was hurting him. I was no good for him, he deserved better. They all did!

Tyson deserved better. Tyson deserved a mother that wasn’t afraid of her own shadow, afraid of his father’s affections. Gannon needed a mate, something I could never truly be for him. I loved him, yet couldn’t do what was expected of me. I didn’t want to see the disappointment on his face when he realized I was tarnished, used, and ruined, and I didn’t want to endure the flashbacks that came with touch.

I felt dirty, felt gross as I stared at the tub. Maybe if I bathed, I would feel better, not so dirty, maybe could wash away the filthy parts of me, and Gannon wouldn’t notice them. So I ran a bath and hopped in

| scrubbed my skin yet no amount of scrubbing would remove the scars, remove the sense of their touch, remove what they did to me and what I was too weak to stop them from doing.

I was too weak to be the King’s Gamma’s mate, too vile and gross and now he saw that and nothing! did would fix it, he would leave me.

My actions or lack thereof were hurting him, breaking his heart as Sia did, just as my actions hurt Tandi that day and ruined her life. Just as I ruined Azalea’s because she suffered so much for me, she took more than her fair share of my punishments trying to protect me.

I was useless to all of them, always the burden and now I was seeing that with startling clarity, and that guilt was killing me, rotting me from the inside out as the tears refused to stop flowing when I spotted Gannon’s razor.

It was at that moment I realized I could fix everything. Everything would be fixed if I weren't here Gannon would move on and find someone who could love him the way he deserved, and Tyson would have a new mother who would cherish and love him.

But most of all I would be set free, and they would be free of the burden that is me. So with that, I ran the razor down both arms. I didn't feel it, I thought it would sting, but I felt nothing. Nothing at all yet the wounds closed too soon.

growl, cursing my stupidity before slashing and hacking at them again. Still, I healed, tears burned my eyes when I couldn't even do that right. Getting out of the tub, I hunted around for something

sharper. I had to do this, had to set him free of me, and I know he would never give me up, even if that meant killing himself. I owed them all this, owed them for my failings.

I was sifting through his stash of knives when I found a bottle with a mushed plant in it. I shook it, trying to figure out what it was before popping the cap and sniffing it. I recognize the scent instantly as a smell from my grandmother's house.

That creepy room she had that was off-limits. Wolfsbane. Taking the bottle, I wondered how much it would burn as I stepped back into the tub. The water had gone cold and I turned the hot water back on, leaving it on to heat the water as I built up the courage to put not only myself out of my misery but everyone whose lives I was ruining.

Sinking down into the water, I stared at the bottle in my hand before tipping it to my lips. I could fix it, I could make it go away and I could go away with it.

Mated To The King's Gamma By Jessica Hall Chapter 80

Mated To The King's Gamma By Jessica Hall

Chapter 80

Gannon POV

Liam and I went out the back. We made a detour for Liam to get his stash of vodka. As I sat out in the back gazebo out in the main courtyard, Liam cracked the bottle open, passing it to me after he took a swig. I didn't know where to begin, I knew it wasn't her fault, but there was only so much I could help with. Abbie wasn't seeing it or was refusing to see and acknowledge it.

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I love Tyson, and I love Abbie, but what was the point of making him his own room if she never allowed him to sleep in it? She knows full well I would never force myself on her. All I want is to be able to sleep in my bed with her without being kickboxed by Tyson in his sleep.

“Just say it, brother. You don’t have to feel guilty for whatever it is. Not with me,” Liam tells me.

I let out a slow torturous breath, “I don’t know what else I can possibly do to help Abbie. We went and made her old room into Tyson’s new room. He loves it, but she won’t let him sleep in it. That can’t be healthy for him, her, and especially me. She says she knows I’m not Kade, and she knows I would never force myself on her, yet she continues to use Tyson as her own safety blanket. I am barely getting any sleep because of it.” I groaned, it was driving me mad. I felt like I was constantly walking on eggshells around her, trying not to step on one of her many triggers. It was becoming impossible.

“Maybe you should let her see a therapist, there is only so much you can do. Have you talked to Azalea? You know they are just as tight as we are with each other, if not more.” I shake my head.

The King had enough going with Azalea after losing their baby, Abbie is to be my mate. I had to figure out a way and not burden them with her. I hand Liam back the bottle, he accepts it taking a

sip.

“Gannon, I am about to say something you might not wanna hear. Abbie was abused by not one but three spineless pieces of shit. It has been one drama leading into another. She has never been normal. Everything that has happened to her since the loss of her parents has proven trusting anyone leads to more of the same.” Liam tells me, I knew what he said was true I was just frustrated

Fuck we all had issues, Liam was a prime example of that with his upbringing, mine with my own yet we still had good moments and my childhood wasn’t nearly as traumatic as hers.

“She knows you would never treat her that way, but she can’t turn it off. Look how long it took me to be better, well, better than I was. Shit, man, I’m still all types of fucked up after what my father used to make me do, it doesn’t go away you just learn to live with it. And half the time I still don’t,” he says, holding up the bottle and shaking it before passing it back to me.

Isip it thinking over his words. Yeah Liam was far from sane, yet he was also smart, smarter than most gave him credit for, the horrors he has lived with make me sick and only Clarice knows what he truly suffered with at the hands of his father.

I know what he has told me and maybe Dustin knows a little but he was a very guarded man that

lived with his own demons, demons I don't even want in my own consciousness.

However, Liam was right. There was only so much I could do, "I will tell her that in order for her to get better, she has to talk to someone other than Azalea and me. It isn't good for her or Tyson. I don't want to lose her or my son." If I could kill them all over again, I would make it all much longer and more painful. I was about to walk off when Liam tugged me back, taking his bottle out of my hand. "You do that, but this baby stays with me." Gave me a wink before taking it to the head.

"I would offer, but we all know I would probably fuck her up as much as me, yet maybe get to speak with Clarice at least. You know she used to be a counselor before she worked as a nanny," Liam tells me and I nod before walking back to my quarters.

I walked up the stairs to our quarters when the smell of blood permeated the hall, "Fuck! Abbie!" I bolted to our room hearing Tyson screaming. Going into the bathroom made my blood run cold, Tyson was trying to shake Abbie. Blood was in the tub and running down its sides as water spilled over the

sides and out the door. A bottle of wolfsbane lay on the floor thankfully the lid was back on it or it would have burned him.

"Tyson, look at me. Let me help mommy. I need you to step back for me, bubba." I tell him while also trying to keep a hand on Abbie so she doesn't slip beneath the water.

Tyson was clutching his blanket in a vice grip. I pulled a knife from my boot, fishing Abbie closer to me. Her head bobbing from side to side, cutting my wrist, I forced my blood past her lips.

"Tyson out!" I ordered him, feeling guilty but he didn't need to witness this, he already saw too much. He rushes out and I turn back to Abbie, my heart thumping frantically in my chest as panic swallows me "Come on, Abbie! Don't do this to me." My wrist tried to heal and I bit into it to keep it open before opening her mouth forcing more of my blood into her, when that still wasn't working I gripped her under the arms and sank my teeth into her neck flooding her system with my venom. I couldn't lose her. How stupid of me to leave her while she was upset.

Abbie's eyes began to flutter, and the color began to return to her cheeks and lips and Tyson whimpered behind me just standing outside the bathroom door. "See Tyson.

Momma's okay, Go wait in the room and I'll bring her right out." I tell him and she begins to sputter and choke on the water.

Tyson reluctantly went into the bedroom, I turned my attention back to Abbie. Her eyes bulged from her head and she began to stutter, "Wha...what did you do? Why did you try to stop me?" she says, glancing around frantically when I see her eyes go back to the razor she used resting on the side of the bathtub.

Abbie gasped as she looked down at her wrists and saw her wounds healing quickly and pushing out of my arms, flailing about. I couldn't let her try to kill herself again, I had no other choice. So I grabbed her, I sank my teeth into her shoulder this time trying to flood and overwhelm her system with my venom. She fights me and I bite my wrists jamming it over her mouth while she screams and flailed about trying to stop me. I won't lose her!

I pinned Abbie marking her repeatedly and forced her head under the bloody water. I pray I didn't fuck up and the Lycan genes kicked in. Her hand's claws raked my arms and she thrashed spilling water everywhere, kicking and screaming under the water when Tyson started screaming and rushed

in hitting me, screaming for her, his nails scratching me down my arms and back as he yanked on my shirt

"Da, Da. Sto," he wailed yanking on me and I fall back on my ass on the wet tiles and she jumped out of the water, sitting up and clutching the sides of the tub as Tyson reached for her but before he could she choked and sputter spewing up water and giving me a frightened look.

"Abbie? I.. I-" she stared at me for a second before climbing out of the tub and snatching her gown off the hook on the bathroom door.

"Abbie, wait!" I called out to her but she was already gone and I heard the bedroom door slam just as Tyson went to chase after her. I scoop him up and he fights me.

"Wait, stop," I tried to soothe him as he screamed for her. "Daddy wasn't hurting her," I tried to tell him yet I knew that was a lie. I grab Tyson, setting him on my hip and step out the doors to find Liam coming back to his room. The bottle in his hand drops and shatters on the floor.

"Gannon?"

"Find Abbie! Help me find Abbie," I tell him and he takes off down one hall and I take the other. Yet after half an hour and no sign of her I went looking for Azalea hoping she was with her, yet when I reach her bedroom Trey tells me he hasn't seen her. Trey looks at me horrified and grits his teeth. "What have you done?" he asks, I shake my head. I just needed Azalea.

"I need Azalea," I tell him. "Mind link the king!" I snap at him and he swallows glancing at her door before I feel him open up the mindlink, phasing me in so I can listen.

"Trey, which moron is at my door?" the King snarls at him.

"That moron would be me, my King," Trey said, though I could hear the amusement in his voice and the King calling him a moron.

"What is it?" Kyson asks while I impatiently move from foot to foot, if he refused I would break the King's door down.

"Gannon wanted me to ask if the Queen would help him find Abbie," Trey tells him.

"Tell him we are busy." The King retorts. I growl and Trey glances at me and Tyson.

"Tell him it's important that she left Tyson!" I tell Trey.

"I did, my king. He said he wouldn't ask, but she left Tyson and took off, and he can't find her."

"She left Tyson?" The Kings ask him.

"Yes, my King and Gannon said "... "That she would never leave him behind," the king finished for him, and I sighed.

"We'll be right there," the King tells him and he cuts the mind link. I look at Trey who waves me off because I was becoming antsy standing here doing nothing when I should be looking for her.

"Go., I will inform them that.." He glances down at me nervously.

"Something happened," Trey tells me and I rush off with Tyson to check the servants quarters and the communal bathrooms,

One word from Azalea had the entire castle searching for her yet no matter *where we searched we couldn't find her*. Hours pass and we all start backtracking when I spot *water marks on the floor and find a bloody handprint by the stairs*. I sniff the air picking up her scent and start climbing the stairs. We must have just missed her, I only just searched for her in this part a minute ago, Climbing the stairs I follow her scent to the King and Queens room.

King Kyson POV

I follow after Azalea. We end up with every guard looking for her when Gannon says he found her, but she won't come out. We learn she is hiding in our quarters, and we head to our quarters to check if she was hiding up there, as he claimed. Gannon was beside

himself, Tyson crying in his arms, and Gannon's shirt was covered in blood. Azalea freezes in her tracks as her shock hits me through the bond.

"What did you do?"

"I didn't mean to, but she tried to leave..." he didn't finish, and my heartbeat in my chest at seeing him in such a distressed state while Tyson wailed loudly. Azalea rushed over, ripping him out of Gannon's arms, who growled at her when she did, trying to reach for him, but the poor kid was petrified of whatever he had just witnessed and clung to Azalea, his arms around her neck.

"Stand down!" Azalea snarls at him, and he freezes just as Damian comes rushing around the corner with Clarice and Liam. Everyone stops staring at Gannon while Azalea tries to calm Tyson down.

"Where is she?" she demands, fury blazing in her eyes. Gannon's eyes darted to our bedroom door, and I looked behind me before turning back to look at Gannon. Azalea gasps, knowing he must have done something terrible for her to run and hide in our room.

"I didn't mean it. I would never hurt her. She tried to leave me," Gannon says, clutching his hair. I watch the fall and rise of Azalea's chest, her eyes trained on the door before she moves toward it. She passes Tyson to me as she moves toward the door.

She stops next to it and grips the door handle before looking at her hand, which is covered in blood. She looks at me horrified before her eyes go to Gannon before she growls, shoving the door open.

She slips inside the room, and I turn my head to look at Gannon. "What did you do?"

"I tried to change her," he says, dropping to the ground and fisting his hair. My lungs compress in my chest.

"Gannon!" Clarice whispers, horrified, knowing precisely what that means.

"There was no way Abbie would have been ready for that after everything she had been through!" Clarice scolds me.

"She wouldn't stop fighting me," I murmured.

"Because you tried to fucking kill her!" I yell at him.

"No, she was trying to kill herself!" I whisper.