

## Mated To The King's Gamma by Jessica Hall Chapter 86

Damian POV

I was livid, and I knew Gannon said he would get one of the guards to watch over them; / just didn't expect it to be Liam. And why would she agree? And she was acting like it was no big deal, and I was the one overreacting? I stalk after her as she storms off toward our room, where I left Clarice to watch Hunter and Tyson.

"Tandi!" I called out to her, taking the steps two at a time as I tried to catch up with her. She ignored me, practically running from me, which only infuriated me more. This wasn't the end of this conversation, I wasn't done speaking to her yet, but she was ignoring me, which was really getting on my last damn nerve.

I wasn't done with her yet. Tandi and I had more to hash out. I shouted behind her, "Where do you think you're going?" She didn't even turn around to respond and once again just kept walking,

"Away from your dumb ass, that's where!" I jogged to catch up with her. For someone with short legs, she could move fast when angry. I grabbed her shoulder and spun her around. Big mistake on my part. She looked like the devil himself as her furious eyes glared at me.

"What the fuck do you want, Damian? You already carved over Liam's letter. You want me tattooed too with your face on my back!" she snaps at me.

"What are you expecting? Me to be okay that you fucked Liam? How do you think it makes me feel? Everyone has had their hands on you but me." I retort, just as angry with her that she would go get drunk with one of the guards whom she fucked!

Her eyes were blazing and turning pitch black as she jabbed me in the chest with her finger, "You act like I had a choice; you think I wanted to be made a whore, that I enjoyed it? Maybe a few of them, but that's beside the point. You are so unbelievable. Since you are so anxious for your turn, here is your chance!" she snarled at me.

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I just stood there, not knowing what to do or say. Tandi never had a choice in any of it. Before I could clean up, sticking my foot in my mouth, she grabbed both my hands, placing them on her boobs. –

"Is this what you want? You want to put your hands on me? Here you go. Well, what are you waiting for? You want me to be your whore don't you?"

"Tandi, that's not what I meant." I tried to tell her

she just

gripped them tighter, holding them in place as she walked me backward.

“Yes, the fuck it was, so have at it then!”

I moved my hands from her breasts, making her even angrier. “You don’t get to throw that shit in my face and try to backpedal!” I snarled at her when she shoved me,

“I didn’t make you a fucking whore, so don’t put that shit on me!” I snap at her, and her eyes widen, and her lips part slightly in shock. It lasts all of two seconds before they narrow, and she growls as her canines slip out in her fury.

Tandi began pushing me on my chest, hard at that. When that didn’t work, she punched me. An involuntary growl escaped me, and I grabbed her. Tandi growls back and bites me below her name as she thrashes, trying to escape my grip.

“Fuck you, Damian!” She then headbutted me, causing me to loosen my hold. My forehead was throbbing, and I was unsure how she didn’t knock herself out because fuck that hurt and made me see black for a few seconds.

Regaining my senses only for her to jump me knocking me flat on my ass; I used my arms to block her. She was strong as hell for someone so small. I try to get up, only for her body to crash against mine, her legs lock around my waist, and I only just manage to remain standing as I catch her. I struggle with her as she attacks me, trying to restrain her.

She lets out a sound of annoyance when she tries to gain advantage on me when I feel her canines pierce my neck, marking me inadvertently. She popped her head up in shock at the realization of what she had done.

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Before she could think of what she had done I grabbed the back of her head, kissing her forcefully. She bit my lip, drawing blood, kissing me back even harder. Her legs wrapped around my torso. She groans, mauling my mouth, and I press her against the stonework of the wall. My dick was at attention as I ripped her bottoms off halfway down as best I could while her legs were wrapped around me when someone cleared their throat, and I glanced in the direction the noise came from.

Gannon was staring up at the ceiling instead of at me. “We have rooms for a reason!” he snapped, and Tandi shrieked.

“Noted. We were getting there,” I growl just before he shuts his door, and I chuckle, shaking my head before feeling her hands tugging at my pants, freeing my cock from the confines of my pants.

The heat and slick from her pussy teased my tip. I thrust in her hard, causing a throaty moan to escape her lips and her claws to dig into my back. "Harder!" I did as I was told, pinning her to the wall as I rammed into her pussy.

Yet hearing voices down the hall, I hurried to our room and kicked the door shut behind me, slamming her back on the bed, my lips moving to her neck while her hands clawed at

1. me.

"Hunter!" she hisses, gripping my hair and lifting my head as she turns her head toward the cot.

"Clarice has him," I tell her, and she looks at me before nodding. I lean down, kissing her, only for her to pull away after a few seconds.

"That is not where I want your mouth," she says, and I chuckle, all too happy to oblige.

"Well, what are you waiting for then," I pulled out, unsure if I liked how demanding she was as or not but fuck it made my cock harder the more she ordered me around. I move down her body, dropping my head between her legs, sucking on her clit, making her hips buck off the mattress as I taste every part of her.

I groan when I taste her slick coat my tongue as she comes undone, her hips moving against my face as she rode out her orgasm. Seconds later, she grabbed my hair, pulled me up her body, then forced me on my back and straddled me. I watch as she tugs her top over her head. I kneaded her breasts as she mounted my cock. A groan escapes me as I feel her walls grip me as she sinks down on me.

She rode me like a bronco with the bed screeching across the floor, causing me to grunt. She was wet and tight, placing a vice grip on my cock. I sat up against the headboard to stop my head from banging into it. This woman was going to be the death of me. If it was

like this, I'm okay with it; it was good I didn't have to worry about breaking her, yet I was slightly worried she might break me. She forced her breast into my mouth and placed her hands on the headboard.

Tandi hopped off me quickly, and I wondered what she was doing and was about to reach for her when she moved down my body, pushing my legs apart, inhaling my dick in her mouth.

"Fuck!" I curse as her tongue runs along the side of my shaft. Looping her tongue around the head had

my eyes rolling in the back of my head. When I tried to place my hands on her head, she pinned my hands with hers on the bed. Just before I could blow in her mouth, she stopped, and her lips left my cock with an audible pop.

She turns around in reverse cowgirl style, giving me a view of her magnificent bubble butt. I squeeze her ass as she sinks down on me with a moan; I like this position watching her bouncing up and down. Before I knew what was happening, we crashed down with the bed frame in pieces. Tandi began to laugh hysterically with me as she tried to right herself.

“Come here,” I told her.

Lifting her up and placing her on top of me. I kissed her deeply, forcing my tongue into her mouth. Before I rolled her with me, her legs wrapped around my waist as I pushed her onto her back and slowly re-entered her.

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### **Abbie POV**

I was never drinking again! My head felt like it had been crushed in a vice, and my mouth felt so dry. How do people drink every day? This was horrid. I don't understand how Liam and the King managed to be alcoholics. I felt like death as my eyes fluttered open.

Yet instead of being in bed with Tyson, I was staring at the empty bed. Lifting my head, fingers trail down my spine and make me shiver when I use my hands to push up so I can look around. Only I find I am laying on top of Gannon. I peer down to find myself completely naked before dropping back down on top of him to cover my nudity.

“I didn't sleep with you. Well, I did sleep as in the closed eyes kind of sleep in the dream state,” he mumbles, rolling on his side. I shriek, becoming trapped between his huge body and the back of the couch.

“Why am I naked?”

“You said you were hot and kept taking your clothes off,” he mumbles, yawning before pressing his lips against my forehead.

His lips pull up in the corners. “I bet you have a wicked hangover,” he chuckles.

“My head hurts,” I tell him. He hums before sitting up slightly and looking over the arm of the

couch. He reaches his hand over to the small coffee table, retrieving a bottle of water. Yes! Water! Liquid! I thought, snatching it from him and twisting the cap off. He laughs, sitting up, moving toward the bathroom, and returning with Tylenol. Gannon pops two from the packet handing them to me, and I quickly swallow them before dropping back down on the couch. I planned on living here for the next few hours until this headache went away

Gannon moves to sit back down, and I wiggle over so he has room, my nipples going hard from the lack of body heat. He lifts an eyebrow at me as I pat the couch.

“You are going to let me lay with you?” he asks. Wasn’t that what we were just doing? I thought to myself, a bit late for modesty, I slept damn naked on top of him.

“Ah, yes, I am freezing, and you’re like a hot water bottle,” I tell him, and he chuckles before grabbing the blanket and laying back down.

“You could put clothes on,” he says, laying back down and tugging me closer.

“That feels like far too much effort,” I groan, snuggling into his side. “Wait, where is”

“Clarice has Tyson,” Gannon mumbles, slipping his arm beneath my head and the pillow as he tucks me closer. I inhale his scent while his fingers draw circles on my lower back as he shuts his eyes, going back to sleep. Yet thanks to this headache, sleep didn’t want me, so I found myself watching him.

His scent encases me as I watch his face relax as he tries to go back to sleep and I lean closer, pressing my lips against his. His eyes flew open at the action, and he jerked his head back. I giggle at the shock on his face, yet I feel different.

Truthfully, I had since whatever Azalea had done to me. As if all fear and weight of my past no longer suffocated me. It was still there but no longer at the forefront of my mind, and watching Gannon sleep, I realized he truly wasn’t those monsters.

I slept naked next to him, and he didn’t touch me or try anything. Just slept.

“Abbie?” Gannon murmurs as I sit up on one elbow. Gannon pushes my hair back behind my ear. His brows furrow and his lips part to say something, yet I cut whatever he was about to say off as I lean down, pressing my lips against his. He groans, and his lips part at the demand of my tongue as it slips inside his mouth.

His arm around my waist pulls me closer while the other slips into my hair as I deepen the kiss, my tongue tangles with his, but he lets me have control when I feel him smile against my lips.

“Are you feeling alright?” he mumbles against my lips, attacking mine. I nod my lips, not leaving his, as I lift my leg over his waist to straddle him when he grips my knee and pulls away.

“Abbie,” he whispers.

“What?” I ask, smiling as I peck his lips but he shakes his head.

“We should stop,” he groans, moving his lower half away and making my legs slip off his waist.

“Isn’t this what you want?” I asked him, confused.

“Is that what you want?” he asks in return, and I nod, moving closer when his hand grips my hip, and he clears his throat, stopping me from crawling on top of him.

“Abbie, stop. I don’t want to scare you,” he says, his voice coming out more of a growled warning. I swallowed at the noise he made as he moved onto his back.

“Gannon?” I asked, confused by his actions, he always says I refuse to touch him, so I do and now he doesn’t want my touch. I move to crawl on top of him only for him to move

quicker and grip my leg before I place it over him.

“Abbie,” he says in the same warning tone, his grip on my thigh tightening as he held it off him.

“Gannon, I am fine,” I tell him and he sighs but lets my leg go shutting his eyes, and I drape my leg over his waist to find he has an erection. I gasp at the feel of it touching my naked leg and swallowed.

“See, that’s why Abbie. You are making me aroused,” he says, and I chew my lip, looking down at him only to find him watching me, waiting for me to flip out at him.

“I won’t hurt you,” he whispers, cupping my cheek in his hand. I lean into his touch, loving the warmth of his skin and the scent of his wrist by my nose. Sucking in a breath of his heady scent I move on top of him and he adjusts himself, pulling me higher and away from his hard cock. I wiggle lower only for him to grab my arse; his hand grips my ass cheek before he suddenly freezes.

“Shit, Abbie, I didn’t mean,”

“Will you stop? Do I look freaked out? I just want to touch you,” I tell him before grabbing his hand and placing it back where it was on my ass.

“You want to touch me?” he asks and I nod. Well, I was trying to but he was making that difficult

“You know you don’t have to?” he whispers.

“I want to, I want to be able to touch you, Gannon,” I tell him and he sighs and lets me explore his body. I had countless times, yet never did my hands wander the way they did right now as my fingers mapped out every part of his exposed chest and his abs as my hand moved lower toward the waistband of his pants when he wrapped his arm around my waist and sat up making me shriek not expecting it.

He sat

there for a second as if gauging my reaction to his action as I straddled him. His erection pressing against my lower region makes me look down when he grabs my chin, forcing my gaze to meet his.

“I would never hurt you,” he whispers, brushing his thumb over my lips.

“We can stop. Do you want to stop?” I shake my head and my hands move over his chest to his shoulders.

“Then say it, I want to know you understand, Abbie; I want to know it is what you want?” he whispers as his fingers trail down the side of my neck to where his mark lay. I shiver as

his fingers graze over it.

“You won’t hurt me,” I whisper.

“Never,” he

says, tugging me closer before pressing his lips against mine softly. My arms wrap around his neck and I push closer so my chest is flush against his as I kiss him harder when he stands, gripping my leg and wrapping it around his waist while not breaking our kiss. His fingers tangle in my hair as he moves toward the bed before stopping beside it before he sits on the edge of it

“Is this alright?” he asks around my lips, sucking on his. I nod in answer, not caring where he puts us as long he doesn’t stop kissing me.

Yet the longer he did, the less

I thought of what I was doing, my mind solely consumed with him. I tug

him closer when he suddenly rolls and makes me gasp when I find myself on my back with him pressed against me. He holds all his weight on his arms and peers down at me, his eyes move to my chest and back up.

“Am I allowed to touch you?” he asks, and I wiggle beneath him, feeling my face heat as I nod; I wanted him to touch me and feel his hands on my body. He smiles, leaning down and brushing his lips against mine. His tongue sweeps into my mouth as he kisses me deeply. His pelvis brushes against me and I find I don't shy away, not even when I feel his hardness press against me.

Gannon presses closer and a moan escapes my lips when he presses himself against me, touching some nerve that makes my hips buck and my eyes widen. I gasp, pulling away from him. “You like that?” Gannon asks, watching me as he rolls his hips against me again, making something tighten inside me as his cock brushes the same spot.

I nod my head, shutting my eyes. “That's what it should feel like Abbie, pleasure not pain,” he whispers, and I open my eyes to look at him.

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“So can I touch you, you can tell me to stop,” he murmurs, leaning closer, a smile on his lips as they brush mine. I nod he kisses me, plunging his tongue into my mouth and tasting every inch of it before his lips moved to my neck and over my collar bone; tingles rush over my skin where he touches.

I feel the mark on my neck warm, and tingle as his lips move lower and his tongue swipes over my peaked nipple, making it harden impossibly more as he teases it with his tongue. His lips move to the other when he moves lower, his lips and tongue running down my ribs to my hips, making me squirm when I feel his arms move under my bent legs, making me sit up. He kissed my knee, his eyes watching me as his lips trailed and sucked down my leg when I realized he was about to put his mouth down there.

“Gannon!” I hiss when I feel his warm breath sweep over me and I groan as he blows his hot breath over me.

“Do you want me to stop?” he murmurs, laying on his belly. I chew my lip, unsure about having his face down there.

“I won't hurt you, Love. You can watch, say stop, and I will,” he ran his nose up the inside of my leg, making me shudder.

“And it won't hurt?” I ask him. He shakes his head before trailing his tongue down the inside of my thigh. My legs close almost entirely on his head when I feel his tongue sweep across the apex of my legs. His hands grip my thighs before I can crush his head.



“No pain, just pleasure, Abbie,” he whispers, looking between my legs while I think when I open my legs for him. I watched him, and he watched me back as he lowered his head before his mouth was on me. His tongue sweeps between my lower lips to my clit.

I moan at the feel of it, and I hear him chuckle before sucking it into his mouth, and my head rolls on my shoulders at the intense feeling of it before I fall back on the bed while he kisses my most private area.

Yet I couldn't stop the intense feeling building or the cries spilling from my lips as his tongue swirled and sucked my flesh. When the feeling grew and became too much, I gripped his hair.

“Stop!” I shrieked, feeling on the verge of combusting, and I was worried I was going to wet myself or something. Gannon stops immediately.

“You don't like it?” he asks as I try to catch my breath. I shake my head. “No, it was just getting too intense,” I breathed. Gannon laughs, making me lift my head to look down at him.

“It's supposed to feel like that, Love,” he says. Am I supposed to feel like wetting myself? I wondered if he was mad.

“Let me; I'll show you,” I shake my head. He has gone mad. He wants me to pee on him?

“Abbie, I can assure you whatever you are feeling or are currently too embarrassed to say is normal. It should feel like that,” he tells me. “And it gets better,” he tells me, making my eyebrows pinch.

“Do you trust me?” he asks, and I nod. I did trust him. I trusted him with my life.

“Then you know I wouldn't do anything to upset you,” I nod, staring down at him as he lowers his face between my legs again, giving me the chance to pull away. Still, when I

don't, his mouth covers me again, and the feeling builds quickly, making me want to pull away as it climbs higher, making my muscles tense and quiver.

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I pull away, and his hands grip my thighs. “Relax, Love,” he mumbles against me when he starts purring. Only this time, his purr sounded different. It wasn't so much a sound but more of a feeling as it awoke some primal part of me I didn't know existed. Forcing calm over me, and as soon

as it did, my body turned to putty in his hands, making me realize it had to be the calling thing Azalea had told me about

Yet Gannon's mouth didn't let up when I reached some peak before an intense crescendo. My entire body tensed at the feeling before I crashed and fell blindly into bliss.

My entire body spasmed, my toes curled as it rocked through me in waves, and my inner walls fluttered and pulsed, making me cry out as he slowed, letting me ride out the intense pleasure that left my entire body exhausted and tingly.

When the feeling began dissipating, I found myself breathless as Gannon crawled up my body before kissing me, his tongue delved between my lips, and I could taste myself on his tongue, making me groan into his mouth.

I wrapped my legs around his waist, yet they felt so heavy they crashed back onto the bed. Gannon chuckles, pecking my lips before looking down at me as I yawn, suddenly feeling sleepy.

Gannon kisses my cheek and moves to hop off me when I grip his shoulders. "Rest; we can do more later," he tells me, but I shake my head. That didn't seem fair, and I knew he was aroused. I could feel his cock straining against his boxers as it pressed against me.

"But—"

"I'm fine, Abbie," he whispers, moving away when I wrap my arms around his neck.

"But I want to," I tell him before yawning again.

"Go to sleep," he laughs, but I refuse to let go, wanting to give him something. He sighs, settling his weight back against me.

"What do you want to do then," he asks, though it was clear he wasn't going to have sex with me when my eyes fell to his neck. Before I could even suggest it, my canines slipped free, protruding extremely fast as an overwhelming desire to mark him washed over me.

The next second they were in his neck, and he grunted. My eyes widen in shock as I feel them slip into his neck and through the

muscle. I didn't even ask. I almost choked at the thought as his blood flooded my mouth and coated my tongue as panic coursed through me. His hand tangles in my hair.

"Shh, you can mark me," he whispers and I seem to forget that he can feel me through his mark on my neck. I relaxed when I swallowed his blood and it was like every nerve ending burst in my body when the bond was forged. My entire body tingled, and my skin buzzed when overwhelming happiness flooded me, bringing tears to my eyes when I realized it wasn't mine but his.

### Gannon POV

I was buzzing after Abbie marked me. Relief flooded me that she was officially mine and me hers. Making my way down to the King's office, I grip the door handle. It felt like forever ago that we went over everything; we were no closer to knowing what was going on.

"How is Abbie?" Kyson asks me as I sit down beside Damian; I couldn't help the smug smirk that slipped into place. I didn't have to say anything by the smile the King tried to hide when his eyes noticed my neck. He presses his lips in a line trying to hide his smile.

I clear my throat awkwardly. "Good, yep. Everything is good," I chuckle.

"Azalea?" I ask, changing the subject.

"Damian and I were just discussing whether we should postpone the trip to Landeena," the King answered me.

"No word from Larkin?" I ask, and Damian and he both shake their heads.

"Nothing," Kyson tells me, and I sigh, leaning back in my chair. Great, I was hoping we would have some news from Larkin. At least for Tandi's sake.

"Do you want me to send Liam and Dustin to the Cypress in search of him?" I ask, but he shakes his head and scratches his chin as he thinks.

"Not yet. We will give him today if no answer by tonight, and he is still unreachable. We storm through the council," he tells me, and I nod, trying to figure out his mess.

Damian gets up from his seat before pausing. "What is it?" Kyson asked him. He had been quiet since I stepped into the room. He almost looked nervous.

"Tandi wants—" Kyson cuts him off with a wave of his hand dismissively.

"All the children that were adopted had their pictures taken. All documentation is in the cellars. She can have access to them. I will let the guards know," Kyson tells him, and Damian nods.

"Do you really think Paige is one of the children?" I ask. Larkin could be lying, but I highly doubted it. He genuinely appeared disgusted with Tandi's claims and believed Brock

didn't kill his child.

"I hope so. If not—" Damian pauses, looking at me.

"If she isn't, permission granted. You don't have to ask, not when it comes to children," Kyson tells him, and Damian nods when I open the mindlink to him.

"Just say the word," I tell him, letting him know if he wants Brock handled, Liam and I will take care of it.

"I may take you up on that," he says, and I nod once before turning my attention back to the King.

If Tandi's daughter wasn't here in Valkyrie. The next place we would be going is to drag the information out of Brock by any means possible.

Damian leaves, and I go to follow him when Kyson calls out to me, making me stop.

"Ah, Gannon, a moment please," he nods toward the door wanting me to shut it.

"Close the door; I need to speak with you," he tells me, and I sigh, knowing already what this would be about; reluctantly, I shut the door and retake my seat.

"Sia?" he asks.

"Liam told you?" I ask, or maybe Abbie let it slip to Azalea, but Kyson shakes his head.

"No, Dustin did," Fuck, yet I nod my head, knowing Liam must have told Dustin, which I expect he would; they were together after all. I wasn't mad, though. A little heads-up would have been nice.

"Dustin told me about Liam's involvement but said nothing about you. I want to hear it from you," he tells me.

"Sia, Abbie's aunty, was my mate." I breathed out loudly, feeling as if I was repeating this story. For so many years, it was

kept between Liam and me; lately, I seemed to be constantly repeating myself. Yet the more I spoke of it, the easier it became, and I found it hurt a little less.

“And

Liam helped you cover up her death?” he asks, and I wondered if he was hurt that I didn’t tell him, yet once Abbie came into the picture, my reasoning for hiding it became stronger, especially seeing how he treated Azalea at the start..

“You did not need to keep that from Damian or me. I figured something went down,” he says, pointing to my chest where the edges peaked out above the collar of my shirt.

It wasn’t a secret per se, just not something I brought up and not something anyone was game enough to ask about.

It was very obvious to us Lycans what I tried to do, so I didn’t feel the need to speak about it. And there is only one pain that would force you to want to take your life.

“And her body?” Kyson asks me.

“Outside her old pack along with her mother’s,” I tell him.

“The mother?”

“Came after me years later when she learned what happened to her daughter,” he nodded in understanding.

“How

did Abbie take this news?” he asks, my brows furrow. That would have been a massive shock and blow to her, but she was okay. She understood and took it better than I could have ever imagined.

“Not well at first, but she understands why I did it,” I admit.

“Is that all?” he asked me. And I wondered how much Dustin did tell him.

“There is more, but I can’t tell you, my King. I won’t risk Abbie,” I tell him, and he nods slowly, pursing his lips, leaning back in his seat, and watching me.

“If I look into Sia’s background, what will I find, Gannon?” he asks, and my heart skips a beat at his question yet it wasn’t a command he was only asking so I could lie, but he was my King, but my friend first.

“Are you asking because you already know, my King?” I ask in return.

"I'm asking as a friend. I am asking for my Queen. Your Queen. If there is anything I need to know, this is your chance to tell me," Kyson tells me and I knew right then that he had an inkling or some sense of what I was hiding.

Unable to meet his gaze, I look away.

"Abbie's parents weren't involved," I murmur; I won't let him hurt Abbie, he would have to kill before I let that happen, yet I was done with the secrets and the lies.

"Abbie won't be punished for her family's mistake, Gannon. You have my word, but the fact you never told me you found your mate in the first place has me worried. The fact you didn't tell me says either you knew I wouldn't approve or suspected something was amiss," he says, and I turn my gaze back to him, I tilt my head to the side.

"I want your word, my King. Abbie stays out of it," I tell him, addressing his title, not my friend, knowing there are two separate sides of him. A king demands, Kyson asks, and I wanted to know which part of him I was dealing with.

"Your Queen would have my balls if I tried. Rest assured, Gannon. I have learned from my mistakes, I won't punish her like I did Azalea. We may be products of our parents, but we aren't them," he tells me, and I knew Azalea would never let Kyson harm her, but I also didn't trust his Lycan side when it came to the hunters and Claire.

"Sia worked for the hunter organization, and so did her mother. Liam and I found out she was one of the hunter's suppliers." I tell him, and he presses his lips in a line, and I know! confirmed his assumption as he stares off above his head. A look on his face I had seen a million times when he was trying to control his temper. I just wasn't sure if he was angry at me not telling him or mad at Abbie's family's involvement.

"Suppliers?" He asks me finally after a few tense seconds.

"Yes, her mother was selling Wolfsbane to the hunter organization,"

"She was growing it?" he asks, looking a little shocked, but that was one part Liam and I couldn't figure out; she had plenty in her house, but no growing plants or anything to suggest she was growing more like she was the middle person in her dealings.

"We found no evidence she was growing, but she definitely obtaining it from somewhere"

"You won't keep anything like this from me again. I understand why you did. But we could have figured it out together." he tells me.

"Sia was trying to weasel her way into the Kingdom. She was very insistent I change her. I wanted to wait. When I refused her, she went to Liam and tried to have him kill me,"

"She wanted access to my kingdom?"

"It appeared so. All she talked about was coming here and me changing her. It set off alarm bells, yet I never figured out her intention. She never told Liam anything that was suspicious, either. Then, when I thought we figured it out and she was willing to accept me, I walked into an ambush. Luckily, Liam knew me better than her. Brotherhood won over the mate bond," I tell him the gist of it.

"You can go, maybe see if Abbie and Azalea want to help Tandi. It will keep them distracted while we try and figure out this Larkin issue," Kyson says, and I nod, all too happy to get out of here and back to my mate.

I make my way back to my room only to see Liam stepping out of my room with a tray in his hands.

"Everything alright?" I ask him, glancing at the empty tray.

"Yep, fine, Clarice sent food up; I told her I would bring it up," he tells me, clamping a hand

on my shoulder before walking off. Shaking my head, I wander into the room and find Abbie dressing Tyson. The toast was set on a plate beside her and a drink.

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She picks up her glass, sipping the cordial and pulling a face. Tyson reaches over, stealing a piece of her toast and ignoring his cereal, and Abbie laughs, drinking most of her drink and picking up the other piece of toast.

"Something is wrong with the water around here, and I swear I can taste iron or some type of metal," she said, shaking her head. "Does it taste funny to you?" she asks, holding up the glass. I move toward her, taking it from her. I take a sip of it before glancing at the red cordial. My brows furrow, trying to figure out the weird taste of it. It tasted familiar for some reason.

"It does, doesn't it?" she says, watching me.

“Might be the old copper pipes,” I shrug, shaking my head. She shrugs while drinking the rest. I would have to let Kyson know so he can have someone test the water because it tastes a little funky.

Abbie POV

Later That Afternoon.

Azalea and I were going over all the orphanage documents and photos looking for Tandi's daughter when Tandi handed me another stack. She let out a breath, her shoulders drooping when that pile also didn't contain her daughter.

“How old would Paige be now?” Azalea asks her.

“Seven in February,” she answers with a sigh.

“Well, that rules these kids out,” I tell her looking down at a bunch of kids that are no older than three, I hand them to Azzy to look at, and she takes them and nods her head.

“We might have to do a DNA test. She could be different from how you remember?” Azalea suggests to her

“I will recognize her,” Tandi says with confidence.

“How can you be so sure?” Azalea asks her.

“I'm her mother, and she has a scar. She had a scar on one side of her face. It required stitches; it went from her chin to her hairline. She fell off the stairs when she was three and landed on a glass table,” Tandi tells her as I rummaged through yet another box removing the boys and those too young to be her daughter..

“Brock beat me good for that one, considering I wasn't even watching her. The asshole had me entertaining one of his friends, and he was supposed to be watching her for me. He broke three of my ribs that night,” Tandi says. My stomach dropped hearing that as she sifted through the photos.

“Well, I will start with this pile,” Azalea tells her, accepting the pile I pass her. Tandi spoke so easily of such tragic circumstances as if desensitized to her own trauma; it saddened me how much she had suffered since I last saw her at the orphanage, back when she was Taylor. It made me wonder if it would be that easy for me one day.



"This place gives me the creeps," glancing around the huge basement. A shudder runs down my spine as the draft brushes over me. Rubbing my arms, I set the box back on the shelf. We spent hours down in the cellars combing through every child's information when Tandi tossed the last one in the box. None of them was Paige. She gets up just as Damian walks in to check on us.

"Hun?" Damian asks as she walks toward the stairs. She pulls her arm away before he can grab her and runs off up the stairs and turns, looking at Azalea and me; I chew my lip upset we couldn't find her.

"None of them were Paige," Azalea tells him. Tandi was so excited when we came down here, only to leave heartbroken. Damian swallows, staring after her as she takes off.

"Go, Damian, take the afternoon off. I will speak to Kyson and let him know," Azalea tells him, and he nods before thanking her and wandering off. I turn back to all the boxes we had pulled out and start restacking them. Once I am finished, I retrieve Tyson, head back to my room, and open the door to find Liam kneeling inside the walk-in closet by the mini fridge that Gannon had stored there.

"Liam?" I ask him.

"Oh, hey, Abs," he says, leaning back and giving me a wave.

"Drink?" he asks, holding up a bottle of cordial. I nod, accepting it and opening the cap.

He watches as I take a sip, and Tyson wanders over to him, peering inside the fridge he was restocking. "I would have done that," I tell him as Tyson reaches for a bottle of cordial.

"Don't let him drink the red ones," I tell Liam as he opens one of the bottles for him.

Liam glances at me.

"It won't hurt him," he says, and I chuckle. I know cordial won't hurt him.

"The red makes him hypo," I tell him. "Ah, right, sorry, I forgot he has sensory issues," Liam tells him, retrieving the yellow bottles he was also stacked in the fridge.

"Shouldn't you be working?" I ask him.

"I am just helping Clarice," he tells me before standing and closing the door on the fridge.

"You know Clarice used to be a counselor of sorts before she came to work here," Liam tells me.

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“Okay!” I tell him, wondering what he is getting at.

“She used to deal with PTSD, Abbie, she helped me a lot, and I know she won’t turn you down if you want help,”

“Gannon is worried,” I breathe, knowing that is the only reason Liam would bring such a thing up.

“Not just him; we all are. Sometimes talking helps,” he says.

“And it helped you?” he shrugs.

“Not sure, but it was less of a burden when I wasn’t carrying it on my own,” he tells me before passing my Tyson. I set him on the bed, and Liam handed him his blanket.

“Something to think about,” he says, and I nod before he leans down, pressing his lips to my forehead.

“And congrats on your mate,” he chuckles. “Gannon was practically bouncing with excitement over you marking him,” Liam tells me. My face heats, making me wonder if he heard us earlier.

“He is a good man Gannon,” Liam tells me, and I nod, yet I remember his words when he threatened me over Gannon. He said the same thing then, too, before telling me he wasn’t good.

“So are you, Liam,” I tell him. He shakes his head.

“A few people would say otherwise,” he tells me.

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“That’s because they don’t know you. They don’t see past the crazy. But I see you,” I tell him, and he nods. “Just as I see you,” he says before walking out.

Liam and I were going over the timeline in the ballroom and adding in all the parts about Sia. Looking at how they overlapped, not only with the attacks and council but also with Ester.

Abbie, however, had to leave. She said she felt unwell; I knew it was because she couldn’t see Peter be commanded over his mother. Yet we proved his intentions

and innocence, which I knew relieved Kyson tremendously. As everyone else went to bed, it was just Liam and me here.

I was staring at the board as a whole as we wrote the last parts when the mindlink opened up.

“Gannon, get to your quarters immediately!” Kyson says through the link.

“Are Abbie and Tyson alright?” I ask, noticing the distress in his tone, yet I was already walking out of the ballroom.

“Azalea and I will take Tyson for the night. Just get to your room!” Kyson snaps at me.

## **Mated To The King’s Gamma by Jessica Hall Chapter 89**

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“I’m on my way. What is going on?” I asked when I felt Abbie’s distress which made me pick up my pace as I took the stairs two at a time.

“Can’t you feel her, Gannon! Abbie is in heat!” Kyson says. I swallowed and stopped in panic, knowing once up there, it wouldn’t just be her overwhelmed with instinct but myself, yet the bond tugged painfully with the need to go to her, and I started running up to the room.

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As I climb the last staircase, I see Tyson in Trey’s arms, and the King slips out of my room, making me growl at him as her scent permeates off him. He holds his hands up and backs away from me while I shake the urge to attack him off for touching her. The entire reeked of her heat, and my cock strained painfully hard in my pants.

Stepping into the room, I see Azalea leaning over Abbie. “Gannon can make it go away,” she reassures my mate, reason told me nothing was wrong with Azalea being near her, but instinct far outweighed logic right now as I growl at her, making her jump up and move away from her.

“It’s Azzy, Gannon,” Abbie whines, and my head whips toward her. I blink, trying to rid the haze before moving toward the bed, and Azalea rushes out.

My instincts were taking over my sensibilities. Abbie had been through so much, and I had to force myself to remember that. I didn’t want to hurt her. But by the moon goddess, her scent was trying me into a rut. I could feel my pupils dilating. She was balled up in the middle of the bed panting.

u rougher as I answered, “Abbie, do you understand what you are asking t know who was more frightened at what this meant, her or me. Yet her 35 skyrocketing, and she groaned, her face flushed as she writhed in pain r gan shredding her clothes and let out a breathy response, “Yes, I do,” she said in rd voice She was ripping her own clothes off as I went towards her. Her skin kard with sweat as she was now lying on the tattered remains of her clothes.

pred my hardest not to let her scent overtake me, but it was too late. A snarl escapes me making her jump. The last thing I wanted was for her to fear me. I climbed on the bed Sony pulling her down directly under me.

I need you to listen to me very carefully. Abbie. It is going to hurt at first. That is something I cannot prevent from happening. Her breathing was coming out in shaky mervals as she nodded, "Are you sure you understand what I'm saying, Love?"

"Yes, Gannon. Please make this pain stop!" she cried out Her skin was so hot, her heat making me sweat as her skin heated against mine and I pressed my weight down on her watching her reaction to me pushing her into the bed.

ve she doesnt freak out, I let out a deep breath before i kiss her, my tongue delving

pasi hesaps as i taste every part of her mouth. Abbie let out a moan and kissed me back

amor lyther tongue tangling with mine as she rocked her hips against me. My hand trails down her side, pushing her leg apart before trailing my fingertips over her core.

My heart skipped a beat, wondering how she would react when I slipped my fingers inside te because I needed to stretch her or I may hurt her. My lips travel down her cheek. Then Oherned, as i rub my fingers over her clit while sucking on her mark Abbie's hips lift, 201 my finger inside her at the same time, letting my calling wash over her. Her

a la canch around my finger, and I withdraw it slowly before adding another, stretching 1.21

Snem m tanirubbed herinner walls with my fingers, eurling them deep inside her Henna Duck and demand more So itwisted and pumped into her with my thumb Cooking heat Herr po rocked to the rhythm I set as she became lost to her heat and care teef over to her basentonctowhich made me relax a little

My cock was becoming panfully hard the longer i tried to delay the inevitable Abbie sucked and licked my lops and neck Her clawa dug into my back attempting to tug me

closer to her. She pushed my hand away and grabbed my dick. Her tiny hands stroked my length and I groaned at the warmth and softness of her hand wrapped around me. There would be no turning back from this.

As she stroked me, she pulled me closer before letting me go. Her hands moved over my chest as she kissed and nipped my flesh. I pressed the head against her core before looking at her for confirmation, yet she was too far gone to her heat.

But the way she lifted her hips was enough confirmation as my tip breached her entrance. I thrust slowly, breaching my head past her opening. A slight hiss escaped her followed with a groan making me still until she pushed back against me.

It was taking all my willpower not to bury myself in her as I slowly advanced until I was completely sheathed in her confines, allowing her to get used to the sensation and the fullness.

I rocked back and forth until she told me she wanted more. Only then did I increase my pace, pumping deeper, grinding my hips against hers.

“More, I want more!” I don’t think she knows what she is asking, I would die inside if I hurt her, yet her claws scratching down my back told me I was doing anything but hurt her. Yet that didn’t lessen my worry. The last thing she needed was for me to break her again.

Abbie must have sensed my fear gripping my face as she looked into my eyes, “It’s okay, I trust you.”

She kissed me passionately as I pumped harder and faster. Her body responded to my thrusts with sounds of pleasure. Her muscles contracted, putting a choke hold on my cock. Abbie was a moaning mess as I felt her orgasm wash over her, milking my dick, her body spasming, and her walls clenching me tightly as she came undone and cried out.

I kissed her, swallowing her screams as her orgasm washed through her. And it didn’t take long before I felt my knot swell. With a groan, I spill myself inside her tight confines, my knot locking us together, her walls flutter around me and squeezing me tight as I ride it out, and my lips go to hers.

We both lay there breathless, I rolled her with me, placing her on top waiting for my knot to go down. I brushed the hair from her eyes, “Don’t move, Love. I knotted you and need you to stay still while it goes down.” Abbie’s eyelids became heavy as she nodded in response. I held her against my chest, closing my own eyes as I felt her temperature start dropping as her heat abated.

I wasn’t sure how much time had passed. My knot had gone down, allowing me to slide out of her. Abbie stirred, and her scent flared up again.

This was the difference between she-wolves and Lycans. Their heat could last from hours to days, whereas Lycan females only need a knot to make their heat die down. Abbie groans, rocking her hips against me, her teeth grazing down my chest as her claws rake down my sides.

She purrs, licking and nipping my skin, and I grip her hips, lifting her back onto my cock, this time letting her do as she pleased while she followed her instincts while she was in the throes of her heat.

Time passed, and I lost track of it as her heat lasted longer than even I expected. Yet when it finally stopped, we were both exhausted, and my body felt heavy as we both fell asleep. However, the rest we weren't granted when I heard the mind link open.

"All guards look out for Tyson, Gannon, and Abbie's son," Kyson yells across the link, which has me sitting upright.

"What about Tyson?" | boomed through the link. Yet Dustin was the one who answered, and Abbie was already out of bed with renewed energy, and so was I, as fear and panic coursed through us. My adrenaline was pumping as Dustin explained what was happening.

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Azalea POV

"He isn't inside in the kitchens or laundry. I checked the cellar too," Tandi calls out as we search for Tyson.

"I just don't get why he would run off," I tell her as she reaches me.

"We'll find him. He couldn't have got far," Tandi tells me, looking around. The storm had really picked up. The clouds closed in and took the light with it as thunder boomed loudly and lightning streaked the sky with flashes of streaking light.

"He was right here, though. He was right here, tugging at my shirt, looking at them .."

"The ducks!" | blurt, my eyes going to the stables. The ducks were no longer on the little hill above the stables, and my heart fluttered in my chest.

"The lake!" | shrieked in panic as I took off toward the stables. I rush to the narrow path and look down toward the lake and small pier. I couldn't see him anywhere when Tandi nudged me.

"There!" she says, pointing toward the stables where the ducks were huddled outside the stable doors. My eyes widen, and I take off down the path toward the stables. The wind

whips my hair around my face as I reach the bottom just as thunder rumbles across the sky. Followed by the loud crack of lightning.

The duck's squawk and quack, flapping their wings as I step through them. I rushed into the stables, almost slipping, catching myself on the stable door as I turned and peered inside. Relief floods me when I see Tyson chasing a baby duck between the stalls. He had it cornered and was trying to coax it out with a piece of straw.

"Tyson!" I breathe in relief, clutching my chest. My heart was racing so hard that I thought I would have a heart attack. At the sound of his name, he looks over his shoulder. "Du, Du," he cackles with laughter.

"Yes, duck, duck," I chuckle as Tandi walks in behind me.

"There you are, little man. Gave us a fright," she says as I scoop him up off the filthy floor. The horses were spooked and carrying on. Hay was blowing around the stables from the open doors, making the wind whistle loudly.

"Come on, we should get back before this storm hits. I don't think it will be long before the rains pelt down," Tandi says as the wind chimes and buckets clang noisily and the rafter creak, the tin roof groaning under the wind; the horse's hooves on the floor are loud as we make our way back out.

"Du, Du," Tyson says, squirming in my arms, wanting to catch the petrified baby duck.

"No, we can play later. Don't you want to see mummy?" I ask him when we hear a bang.

"Help!" | stop looking back into the stables at the spooked horses.

"Did you hear that?" I ask Tandi. She looks around but shakes her head, and we head toward the doors.

"Help!" I hear the sound of choking coughs as we draw nearer to the last stall before the doors. I stop looking at the spooked horse inside.

"I heard that!" Tandi says before we hear the loud banging noise thump again. The horse jumps and goes up on its back legs, knocking some bales of hay down that were stacked on top of each other in there with the horse, which I thought was a little odd.

"Help!" comes a croaked voice again before rapid, loud coughing.

"Tanner?" I call out as Tandi opens the gate of the stall. The horse rushes past, and we barely jump back in time as it barges out of the stables taking off into the storm.

"Damn it!" Tandi curses as she tries to stop it.

"One of the guards will grab her," I tell her.



“Down here!” comes a barking cough, and Tandi turns to look at the floor and the giant floor-to-ceiling stack of hay that covers the entire rear wall.

“Tanner? Is that you?” I yell out.

“Who is Tanner?” Tandi asks, kicking the hay around to see if he has fallen over in the ruined stall.

“The gardener and one of the stable hands,” I tell her when the coughing gets louder, and Tandi looks behind the bales of hay on the far wall of the stall when she steps on something hollow. She stomps her foot down, and I peer into the stall.

She bends down and sweeps her hand across the floor.

“Down here,” comes the barking noise again, and Tandi sweeps her hand furiously. “Larkin?” she yells, and I place Tyson down to help her.

“We can’t find him! Where did you go, Azalea?” Trey calls through the mind link.

“We found him,” I quickly tell him, having forgotten with all the noise and becoming distracted. I gasped when Tandi hit a handle and looked at me. “Is that a trapdoor?” I whisper to her, forgetting about Trey in my head.

Tandi pulls on it, but it doesn’t budge. “Here, help me,” she groans, and I grab the other handle, and together we rip it open. I fall on my ass, tripping over one of the fallen hay bales. Tandi jumps back as it flings open.

“Ah, thank god!” comes the croaky voice of Larkin.

“Larkin?” Tandi says, peering down into the trapdoor. I get to my hands and knees and peek into the trapdoor, finding blue and purple lights. Larkin was tied to a chair that had fallen over. All around him were rows and rows of potted plants beneath the lights on tables. I sniff the air.

“Wolfsbane!” I whisper. My eyes widen at what I see, and I open the mind-link to report to Trey, Liam, and Dustin.

“Trey, we found ..” when I see darkness. Pain rattled across my head, and it was like everything slowed down.

One second I was peering into the trapdoor. The next, I was on the ground, my eyes zoned out as my head hit the floor, when a shovel clanged loudly next to my head.

My ears rang loudly, and I could feel the trickle of blood slowly sliver into my vision as it dripped from where I was hit.

Tyson, I could vaguely hear, was screaming, yet despite being near me, his voice sounded distant. I tried to make sense of what happened before Tandi yelled, and I blinked, fighting to stay conscious, when she was shoved into the trapdoor and slammed the lid

shut.

“Just like that bitch Marissa! Just gotta stick ya nose where it doesn’t belong!” I hear an angry voice. The mind link opens, and the last thing I hear is Kyson’s panicked voice when Tanner grabs the scruff of my shirt, fisting it below my chin as he lifts me before I see his fist fly toward my face, and darkness swallows me.

I swallowed, my tongue feeling thick in my mouth, and my arms hung limply by my head. I turn my head, looking around to find myself upside down over Tanner’s shoulder, and we are deep within the woods. The mind link was going crazy when I heard shouting in the distance and smelled the smoke from a fire somewhere.

The stables are on fire, and I hear people shouting. Tanner curses and mutters, trudging through the woods, and I remain silent when I hear his phone ringing.

“Kyson!” I murmur through the mind-link, barely able to hold a conscious thought. My head was pounding like a drum, my skin laced in goosebumps from the dropping temperature.

“Where are you, Azzy?” he rushes out.

“Woods. Tanner.” I murmured. My consciousness waned, and I felt queasy and so heavy as I swayed with each step he took.

“What else did you expect me to do? Just meet me at the tunnels! The plan can still go ahead! The hunters are already on their way. This changes nothing!” I hear Tanner yell at someone on the phone before darkness sweeps over me once again.

## **Mated To The King’s Gamma by Jessica Hall Chapter 90**

Abbie POV

The storm outside was brutal, and I had been waiting for Azalea to wake up. I needed to see for myself that she was okay after we finally got Tyson back. Once she woke, I could finally relax, but I also needed to go help, Clarice. The castle was in utter chaos with everything going on.

“Though now I know you’re awake and okay, I might go down and help Clarice and check on Tandi, if you don’t mind?” I tell Azalea.

“No, of course! You didn’t have to wait with me,” she tells me. I raised an eyebrow at her as if that was the silliest thing I had ever said. Azalea winced as she tried to roll her eyes at me, causing me to laugh softly. I leaned over, pressing my lips ever so lightly to her head. I didn’t want to cause more pain than she was already experiencing.

“More than my life,” Azalea whispers.

“Always more,” I replied before cradling Tyson and wandering toward the door, I passed Liam as I left her knowing Gannon was going down the dungeons to swap places with him while they tried to torture information out of Tanner the gardener. I headed straight for the ballroom to find everyone rolling out mattresses and blankets. We lost entire wings from the storm. A tree had even fallen through our wing. The destruction it was causing was terrible.

Yet we were safe. That was all that mattered as I set Tyson down to help Clarice board up the windows. Tyson rushes off to play with Oliver, who was sitting with Peter.

Gannon’s POV

I pull the funnel out of his throat slowly, and Tanner chokes, gurgles, and sputters on the wolfsbane. His tongue sizzled in his mouth, his blood-drenched the floor, his hand trapped in the vice was almost completely split down the middle, and Kyson twisted it, hearing the last crunch as the vice-grip completely closed, splitting his hand in half.

His screams made me buzz with excitement, grabbing the old lead sprinkler. It was a Medi-evil torture device used to shower victims with molten lead. However, we improvised. Instead, I filled it with sulfuric acid. It was essentially a giant ladle with an iron handle. The sphere at the bottom is filled with acid. I began shaking the lead sprinkler, showering Tanner with acid.

His screams were hoarse yet still horrific as I sprinkled it over his legs. “What have you

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got planned with the hunters? Where is Ester, Tanner?” The King asked him. I pull the lead sprinkler away, yet his flesh continues to be eaten away. Kyson then reaches for the baking soda to neutralize it. His screams turns to wailing as he runs out of breath from choking on wolfsbane and the harsh screams leaving him.

“I hope they kill all of you!” Tanner rasps. Kyson clicks his tongue and moves to his feet. Grabbing the top of his foot and his ankle, he yanked and twisted, turning his foot, so it was the wrong way. The bones break, and Tanner screams. Kyson lets his foot go moving to the next.

“What are they planning, Tanner? This will end when you tell me what I need to know,” Kyson growled.

Tanner laughs, the sound sadistic as he cackles his head off like this is some sort of joke.

“Has the storm stopped?” he asks before he chokes his own blood. I slap him, but he still chokes on his own blood, and Kyson quickly removes the silver strap holding his head in place before turning his face so he doesn’t choke before we get the information we need. He spits the blood out and smiles wickedly as he dazedly looks up at the ceiling.

“Pain, such a fickle thing. You won’t break me, my King!” he sneers at the last part before he laughs. Kyson growls menacingly, grabbing his other foot, about to break it.

“Oh, how she screamed, yet no sound came out. That is when you know you broke them,” he taunts, and I look at Kyson, my heart racing in my chest as the words spill from his lips.

“Plop,” he chuckles. “Just plopped right out at her feet.” Tanner laughs sadistically. The moment he said that, I knew exactly who he was talking about. Claire, he wanted Kyson to kill him, to put him out of his misery.

“Although, it even made me sick when she stuffed your nephew back in her. Like I knew she was unhinged, but she lost the plot. Completely lost it. Even made me sick. You should have seen the look on Claire’s face. Killing her mate. Now that was priceless. Fucker didn’t stand a chance. She woke up as I drove that dagger through his chest. But her baby? She was dead the moment he fell at her feet. Almost as if her soul left her as she stared down at him.” I washed the blood drain from Kyson’s face as his breathing got heavier, and fur sprouted across his arms as he tried to remain in control. I wanted nothing more than to kill the bastard, but we needed information.

This piece of shit deserved more than we would give him, but I had to keep Kyson’s head in the game. “He’s baiting you, Kyson! He wants you to kill him!” I snap, gripping his wrist as his fingers go to wrap around his throat. Kyson was on autopilot, not realizing his finger began to encircle Tanner’s throat.

Tanner laughs and giggles. “That bitch just couldn’t keep her mouth shut! Had to run to your sister when she caught Ester and me packing our deliveries to send to the council. She ran, she did.” he laughs.

“Who ran?” I demand, and my grip on his wrist tightens when I feel his hand start shaking, hovering above his throat.

“Marrissa! She moved into the castle and found Ester, didn’t she? I started plotting to out her, but then she had to go a step too far by following us. Bitch ran straight to Claire. Just couldn’t mind her own damn business! Had to get involved.”

“Claire, always the goody two shoes. Did everything by the book. She should have taken it straight to you. Instead, she confided in the council and asked to have a meeting with us the next morning. She had rung the council, and Crux gave us a little heads up. So we took care of it!” Tanner laughs.

Kyson’s other hand moves to grab him as a feral snarl leaves him, but I was expecting it, so I grip his hand before it comes down on his head, and he growls at me.

“Keep your fucking head or get out!” | snapped at him.

“The Hunters. What is their plan?” I demand before I start turning the handle on the rack. Stretching his limbs. Tanner screams as his body stretches.

“Plop,” Tanner laughs just as Liam wanders down the steps, whistling as he comes down.

“Storm has blown over. *Wow!* Look at you growing like the weed you are!” Tanner laughs at his words.

“I always did like you, Liam,” Tanner chuckles. Liam tilts his head to the side, and I twist the handle beside me. His body is forced to stretch, and his skin tears under pressure. His screams ring out loudly.

But still, he *refuses* to answer, and Kyson shoves Liam and me to the side, plunging his hand through his diaphragm. He fished through his innards, and Tanner gasped through the pain.

“Wait!” he rasps with his lips turning gray, and Kyson does.

“Where are they?” Kyson *roared* in his face as his eyes widened in horror, mouth open in a silent scream. Tanner smiles, his eyes fluttering and his eyes rolling in his head, and I know he is about to pass out or bleed out, whichever comes first. Despite laying on his deathbed, he smiles, and my heart thumps erratically in my chest at his following words,

“They’re already here.” Tanner breathes.