

## Mated To The King's Gamma by Jessica Hall Chapter 91

Abbie pov

It was as if everything was planned, and I knew I was right; I knew this had to be the hunter's plan. One minute Clarice and I had just managed to settle the kids and feed them. The next, an explosion goes off, making us freeze as we stare at the double door leading to the corridor.

The ground shakes, and I look to Clarice frantically when more and more go off. I gasp, reaching for Tyson, when an entire wall inside the ballroom is blown out, and I am sent hurtling toward the wall opposite. The air was knocked out of my lungs as I twisted at the last second, taking the brunt of the impact, so I didn't crush Tyson.

Screams ring out loudly as my head pounded from smashing against the stone walls; I force myself to my feet, looking around at the chaos when Clarice yells for everyone to get out just as another bomb goes off.

Panicked servants make a dash for the doors as Clarice rips them open, and I stagger, my head spinning as I clutch Tyson, blood dribbled down my head, and every part of me felt battered as I stumbled out the doors, wondering whether or not to try to find Azalea when I hear her voice.

"Get to the tunnels!" My head whips up and turns in her direction just as Tandi and I rush out the doors. We meet up and take off along with the servants that survived the blast toward the back doors.

"There are tunnels in the woods! There's a bunker not far from here!" Clarice yells through the mind-link. Our feet pounded on the stone floor to the double doors that led toward the gardens when an explosion went off directly behind us, making me duck and cover Tyson's head.

Trey yells through the link just as someone outside opens the doors. Everyone screeches to a halt, and Clarice shifts, snarling savagely as she puts her body between ours and the door. Yet when the doors open, it is Trey.

He waves us forward, and everyone piles out as he points toward the forest. Servants rush out, ducking their heads, and I race to catch up to Azalea, clutching Tyson. Yet I was bleeding and struggling to hold him. On the verge of dropping him, Trey took him from me before we all started racing toward the tree line and the cover of the trees.

My mind raced as we stumbled out, and I could feel Gannon was alive. I could feel he was

okay through the bond. Turning back, I see Azalea running toward me, and I step aside. Azalea just managed to rush out the doors before the roof caved in completely.

Bursting through the doors, smoke filled the sky and the smell of gunfire. Shouting and screaming rang out loudly, and the place had turned into a war zone. It was hard to tell our guards from the hunters, except for the insignia emblazoned on their chest armor.

Azalea pushes me forward after Trey, and we race up the small incline when I see Clarice stop up ahead. Oliver, whom I could see beside her, was holding her hand until Peter grabbed him and took off with him; Tandi stood beside Clarice.

as she paused and looked back at us, her eyes widened, and a blood-curdling scream left her as she looked past all of us toward the hill of the cemetery. My head turned, wondering what made her scream like that when I gasped.

Logan wandered around the carnage like a little boy lost, dazed, and covered in dust and blood. Azalea just reacted and took off for the hill as Lycans fought men around us. She reaches out for him; Azalea gets him wrapping her arm around his waist, pivoting on her heel as she clutches him into her chest.

Out of my peripheral vision, I can see Gannon by the flat terrain before the hill down to the stables, fighting alongside his men, yet I couldn't tear my eyes away from Azalea.

Trey screams at Azalea and shoves Tyson in Clarice's arms while she runs to get back to the small amount of safety that the side of the building offers. I wave Azalea forward, and her feet slip on the grass; Logan rolls out of her arms, and she gets up, reaching for him just as I scream out to her as I watch the hunter lift his gun in her direction. My heart nearly stopped in my chest, but I reacted, and all I could think was not her.

She looked up to see me running toward her before, guns pointed at her, and a bullet whizzed past me and clipped her shoulder as she grabbed Logan. Azalea hisses but continues to run towards me. The growls and snarls tear through the air around us as I reach out for Logan in her arms when my eyes widen, looking behind her.

The hunter was now directly behind her with his gun trained directly on her back. I wasn't going to let Azalea die, she had given up so much for me, and I was going to make sure she lived. She was more than my friend. She was more than my sister. My life was her life.

I force my legs to move faster, my body collides with hers, my arms locking around her in a hug, and I spin her around. It was like I was punched in the center of my back, it stole my breath, and I jolted in her arms before seeing her eyes widen in horror, her lips part as she screamed when I leaned into her.

gasped, trying to force air into my lungs, but nothing I did would make them work.

Coldness began to spread from my back to my chest. I struggled to say my last words, mustering all the strength I had left.

Tears streamed down Azalea's cheeks as she held me in her arms. With the last of my life, I spoke what I knew she would understand; it meant more than any other words spoken because it was ours. "More than my life," I rasped out, choking on the pain those few words caused me.

I feel the life drain from me, hear my last breath leave my lungs as numbness encroaches on me, along with the coldest feeling. It was death washing over me.

"Abbie! No!" I hear her scream before I feel my eyes flutter shut when I feel Gannon's heartbreak as the bond pangs with immense pain and his howl. I felt more than I heard when I suddenly felt nothing at all

Gannon pov

I felt the moment the bond broke. It sliced through my chest and ripped out my soul. It broke every part of me, feeling her tether vanish, like losing a vital organ, something you can't live without. As I stopped, my eyes went to the other side of the castle to see Azalea clutching her, and I screamed, the sound coming out in a long howl as I watched her turn limp in Azalea's arms, and I started running toward them.

I fall to my knees, clutching her body in my arms, forgetting the war going on around us when a blade slices down my back, forcing my attention back to fight. I am forced to fight, his dagger embedded in my side, and I pull it free, my claws sinking into the side of his neck as I slash at him.

A pain I had never experienced shot through my chest, and at the realization that she was completely lost to me, the last remnants of the bond fading away as I fought to get back to her. This was my punishment for Sia, the moon goddess cursing me for all my *misdeeds*.

My surroundings completely faded away as I tried to bring her back, and when I couldn't help anymore, I clutched her, my heart breaking and splintering into a million pieces. I needed her, Tyson needed her, and I couldn't and wouldn't live with this agony; I couldn't, not without her.

I began pumping her heart, praying it would start again, blowing two breaths in her mouth. Her blood coated my lips with each breath I gave. I refused to believe she was gone; it

can't end like this. Come on, Abbie. You can't leave us like this. I pumped and breathed until my arms began to burn. I was lost trying to keep going. My fist banged twice with hard thuds to her heart, and still nothing. I howled till I was dry heaving with despair.

When hunters started coming from everywhere yet, I didn't care if they killed me. I was dead already without her. From up over the hills, out of the forest, and spewing out from

the castle, they just kept coming. Even those who ran for safety in the bunkers were now racing back onto the battleground as hunters chased them back toward us.

The Landeena guards form a circle around us and the Queen. Clarice flees with the kids, and Peter barely makes it past our circle of defense that offered little safety as all guards covered the Queen.

When Crux's booming voice echoes through smoke and dust as they surround us.

We were circled entirely as Crux stepped out of the shadows and smoke and onto the battlefield. His smug smile of triumph seared into me. He was a traitor to his own kind. A betrayer to all.

## **Mated To The King's Gamma by Jessica Hall Chapter 92**

Azalea POV

She was gone. And I watched in horror as Gannon stole her from me, clutching her to his chest, and I felt dead. Like I took my last breath when she did, all life left me. She died for me, and I felt completely and utterly numb until I heard his voice slice through the air as it mocked me. His slow, methodical clap made me see red as I lifted my head to see I was circled by the Landeena and Valkyrie Guards, shielding me instead of fighting.

My eyes scanned the destruction to find Kyson getting to his feet not far from me. The sight of my mate made my heart beat when Crux's voice brought me back to my surroundings.

He took Abbie from me. He wouldn't take my mate too. "I have waited for this day since I learned of your birth," Crux laughed. My blood boiled and sizzled, and my skin warmed with rage.

"The almighty Landeenas finally fall. The Landeena Kingdom should have been mine! He promised it to me! I took down my own mother's Kingdom for it!" he yelled as everyone halted under his voice. The hunter's guns trained on us. They knew we were cornered and thought there was no way out for us.

That fucking name! That fucking name everyone was obsessed with! The Landeena name meant nothing to me anymore. I know the sins that name carried. The heartache bestowed upon the Kingdoms from it and the reign of terror it has caused.

I could feel the blood of that name burn through me along with my mothers, feel it in my toes as they tingled along with my rage. Yet I wasn't just Landeena. My father's name brought shame to me. I no longer wanted it. Crux could have it. That name took more from me than anything else.

Yet as I watched Gannon clutch my sister's dead body in his arms as Liam tried to pry Abbie free of him, it angered me more. Gannon fights him, trying to draw her nearer, when Liam punches him and knocks him back, his hands replacing Gannon's as he brings his hand down on her chest, pumping her heart as if he could save her and bring her back to us. Turning my head and seeing my mate on his knees made pure white-hot rage sliver through me. The ground vibrated beneath me, and I could feel its energy, breathing life into me like it was part of me.

"Your father lied to me, then took Tatiana as his Queen! His enemy! He took her as his Queen and birthed her spawn! It was never yours, Azalea. Your father promised it to me.

The Landeena name was to be mine!" Crux roared in anger.

"You can have the fucking name!" I screamed in anger as I rose to my feet. My guard tensed and took protective stances encircling me, but I wanted to see the face of the man who thought he would be our downfall. See the life drain from his eyes when I took it from him.

"Stand down!" I scream at my guard when I see them move to protect me. My command rings out loud, my people drop to their knees, and Crux laughs, clapping his hands slowly as he strolls closer. Kyson's fear bleeds into me, and I could feel his eyes on me, his heart beating in his chest in sync with mine as I stared down Crux, who smiled sadistically.

"Landeena used to be Gods! The Landeena's were feared among the Lycania Kingdoms,

and your father brought shame to the name! But not anymore. His reign ends here, today, with you, just like the Azures. You're all that's left," Crux called out to me.

He was right because I could feel their blood singing in my veins, feel the power that had awoken and now writhed through me, strong like a flexing muscle. He was right. I am Landeena and Azure by blood, but that is not all.

"You're wrong. The Landeena's and Azures may be dead," I tell him.

"Almost," Crux said, pointing to me. I laugh, the sound wicked as the ground beneath my feet begins to shake, my aura pressing out, and I feel its strength as it wraps around my people like a shield.

"But I am not a Landeena or Azure. I am Valkyrie! And you shall not take my Kingdom!"

Kyson POV

I couldn't move as the power of her command rolled over everyone forcing us to our knees as she stood off, glaring daggers at Crux. Her eyes, emblazoned with her anger, glowed like beacons in the night.

"But I am not a Landeena or Azure. I am Valkyrie! And you shall not take my Kingdom!" Azalea roared when I felt her anger erupt like lava spewing from a mountainous volcano. The hunter's fear burned the air with a thick stench. I wanted to gag at the scent as their guns started going off as they unleashed their bullets, whizzing through the sky yet stopping on a shield she created around us, bouncing off its walls as she lifted her hands.

The ground split, creating a crater dividing us from them as vines shot from the ground, wrapping around the hunters like tentacles and ripping them into the earth as the violence from her rage fueled her guards' angry roars. Fire lit up the sky as her anger scorched the air around us and burned everything it touched, turning the grass black as it seared the

earth, yet locked under the safety of her aura's shield, it did not touch us.

Crux's eyes widen as the sky darkens, and he realizes he didn't beat her. He awoke her. A Kingdom shall fall, but in its place, the Empress of Lycania rises.

Her power turned the place dark as night. The clouds rolled across the sky angrily, furious as the skies screamed down just as hell reigned down on earth when her powers awakened, coming forth. Lightning streaked the sky and hit the ground, burning caverns into the earth as the volts plunged into our castle, obliterating everything in its path.

Rocks and mortar exploded from my castle as it crumbled and broke, sending the debris hurtling toward us. Yet they couldn't break past the barrier which she created. I gasped at the power, feeling it writhing through the bond and healing every inch of me. As she raised her arms, her shield shuddered as the wind whipped and howled around us when her scream of anguish from everyone she had lost, the ghosts of everything that tainted and haunted her, exploded in a war cry of command.

I now understood what the history books spoke of when they said the Landeena and Azure power. They were indeed Gods as I watched the air ripple with screams as her soul erupted from her like a shock wave, and it flattened everything in its path as it burst free of her.

The forest was flattened to the earth, our home. Our Kingdom was reduced to rubble as if a hurricane of her anger wiped everything out. Only leaving us as the bodies of our enemies as they exploded with her anger and blood rained from the skies, their blood staining us and bleeding back into the earth.

Just as fast as it erupted, it stopped, the silence so deafening I wasn't sure we survived it as her shield dropped, and I was able to move to her. Her sadness split her heart down the middle and tore her apart as I grabbed her. I clutch her tightly, hanging on to my lifeline, which is her.

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Liam POV

Dustin and I tried to remove Abbie from Gannon, but he refused to let go. Gannon wails as I rip her out of his arms, and Dustin all but tackles him to stop him from trying to take her from me. I tried to revive her. Gannon wouldn't survive this, not this time. Sia was one thing, but Abbie was his everything which is exactly why I had been feeding her my blood for days now, filling all her drinks in her fridge with my blood.

She made Ganno promise not to change her, yet I never made that same promise, and I refused to watch my best friend tear himself apart again if she tried to commit suicide.

After everything she had endured and survived, I knew she could survive this. Abbie was a fighter; I could bring her back.

Dustin tries to rip me off her seeing my attempts to revive her futile, yet they didn't know I had been feeding her blood; I growl, shoving him back. "Come on, Abbie," I growl furiously. Dustin and Trey grab me, hauling me off just as Gannon holds her again. Clutching her tighter.

"She's gone. She's gone. There is nothing you can do," Dustin tells me, but I shake my head, punching him before reaching for her again.

"No! I have been feeding her my blood," I snarled, tossing him off and placing my hands back in the center of her chest and performing CPR while praying we weren't too late. No sooner did the words leave my lips; however, did we hear her gasp. I blink, unable to believe my eyes while Gannon rocked back and forth, wailing loudly at his lost Love, her eyes open dazedly. Yet, they were obsidian as her hand rose and clutched Gannon's arms, making him jump as she sucked in a breath and her eyes returned to their emerald color, life returning to her deathly pale skin, and I fell back on my ass.

"Abbie?" Azalea whispered, choking on her sob as Abbie's hand moved to Gannon's hair.

"Abbie!" Azalea screamed, and Gannon jumped at the feel of Abbie's hand in his hair as he lifted his head. I sagged against Dustin, collapsing between his legs as he breathed heavily.

"I told you, brother, I wouldn't let you lose her again," I breathe out, catching my breath.

## Mated To The King's Gamma by Jessica Hall Chapter 93

### Chapter 93

Liam POV

They say luck comes in threes, and I was beginning to believe that old superstition as I sifted through the rubble. Brick after brick, rock after rock, and dust, well, you get the picture. Anyway, I was knee-deep in shit! Not literal shit but you know, the kind of metaphorical ... Aaah, nope! I am pretty sure that may have been actual shit and not a rock that time. I toss it over my shoulder, hearing a grunt and near squeal with joy when I find my trusty apron. I clutch it making sure it is in one piece. It has a small burn hole but never mind that; it adds character!

"Oh please, no. Of all the things to survive. That thing should have been the first to burn;" Dustin groans behind me. I narrow my eyes at him. What a vile thing to wish for! Does he not know how hard I worked to get it smelling like barbequed death and marinated Doyle steaks?

"That is not coming with us!" Dustin declares.

"I think I might wear it when we get married one day," I tell him, and he scrunches up his face.

"You will do no such thing!" he snarls, yet I was caught on the fact he didn't deny he was going to marry me.

"It's a piece of art! See this stain right here?" I ask, pointing to it.

"That is an impression of a face! I peeled it clean off. I think my butterfly impression is rather good. You can even see his bulbous nose," I tell Dustin, and he shakes his head.

"There is something wrong with you. You know that right?" he says, sifting through the rubble.

"You just don't know how to appreciate art," I tell him, shaking my head as I toss my apron over my shoulder and move a piece of wall from one of the chimneys. I nearly wet my pants with excitement. Okay, maybe I did a little. What can I say? I am old, and I'm allowed to pee a little. The old pipes aren't what they once were. Sometimes they leak.

I knew luck came in threes! I never doubted it for a second as I stared down at Crux. His mangled body is all crooked, his arm twisted the wrong way, he coughs, and I quickly lift my head to look around. Dustin had his back to me, salvaging what he could. Everyone else was too distracted as they, too, searched for what they could salvage. Crux coughs, and I quickly slap a hand over his mouth, not wanting to alert the others that



somehow, by the grace of the Goddess, this fucker was gifted an extra life. And gifted to meeeeeeee!

I started digging him out when I opened the mindlink looking for Gannon, who was over the far side with Abbie and Tyson. He hadn't left her side since she returned to us, though that sire bond I would have to do something about. Like I knew the risk and all when I was secretly feeding her my blood.

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She made Gannon promise not to try to change her again after his failed attempt. However, I made no such promises to her. And I knew Gannon was worried about her attempting suicide again. So I made sure that if she tried again this time, she would have my blood in my system so that she would change. I may not have made a promise to her, but I did make a promise to my brother. I think he scared her when his blood healed her, burned the wolfsbane right out of her

system, and he panicked, so he tried to drown her to force the change. She made him promise never to attempt to change her again after that.

It was just sheer luck that it worked. Because since she already had her wolf, it made it tricky to change her into a Lycan. Sometimes they would heal too quickly. And it was always the brink of death along with Lycan blood and venom in their system that forced the change. Completely dead, they are dead. But that dangerous edge between is what forces the gene to change. This is why, when changing someone, we usually need permission from the King.

Sometimes it doesn't go as planned, and intervention is needed, or resuscitation can take a few goes for the gene to kick in. Regardless, by my first stroke of good luck, it damn well worked! Though the sire bond was kind of a bitch. Mainly because I didn't want the girl looking at me all goo goo eyed. No, those eyes were reserved for my brother and my brother only. And my eyes are reserved for my Dustypoo.

And now the Goddess granted me the best prize and the third stroke of luck!

"Psst," I hiss at Gannon, and I see his head turn to look for me.

"Why are you whispering? It's a mind link. No one can hear you but me," he says, and I wave my arms in the air so he can find me. He nods and lifts his arms as if to say, 'what?' I wave for him to come to me, but he shakes his head.

"Get here now! I need you to help me haul the body off!" I hiss at him through the mind-link.

"Huh?"

“I want to make a kebab out of him. You know, up the bum,”

“What are you talking about?” Gannon snaps at me, and I roll my eyes at his tone.

“Come here, and I will share him,” I tell him.

“Huh?”

“You know, a head on a stick, a chicken stick or kebab. Quick before anyone notices, and they ruin my fun!” I tell him. Crux groans and I press my foot on his windpipe to shut him up while waving my arms for Gannon to come to help me.

“I swear if you are making me walk over there to show me something stupid or to toss an other rock at me, I will fuck you up!” he growls.

I wait for him to come to me while chatting animatedly to Dustin, who still hasn't turned back to see my treasure. And oh, what precious treasure it is! I was picturing ways to torture him that had my cock straining in my pants with my excitement. I wonder if Dustin would be down to fuck over his dead carcass? I shake that thought away. He definitely wouldn't be! Maybe he will let me fuck him while I wear his skin as a suit? I ponder that before deciding against it and decide skewering him shall be enough.

“What is it? For real? That smelly old thing survived, but my fireproof safe got destroyed? What the actual fuck!” Gannon curses.

“That is not all that survived,” I whisper and nod my head for him to look over the rubble at my feet. He peers over before looking around, a smirk on his face.

“What do you want to do with him?” he asks. See, this is why this man is my best friend and brother! He understands and gets me because he is just as fucked in the head as me. He gets it. He gets me and my need for sadistic, wicked torture. There is no better feeling than watching a grown man shit his pants because he knows he is looking death in the face. Or how their fear smells like burnt hair. The way the light fades from their eyes as they take their last breath. It makes me all tingly and hard just thinking about it!

“Help me get him to the bunker,” I tell him.

“Hey Dustin, can you go sit with Abbie and Tyson for me?” Gannon calls out. Dustin lifts his head from sifting through all the crap holding a broken cup he found, and he thinks I am sentimental about my apron. What the fuck does he want with a broken cup? He can't drink out of it. Half the side was missing!

Dustin nods before climbing over the crap to walk to the other side, where Abbie and Tyson are with the King and Queen, taking his broken cup with him. At least my apron is functional! If he's taking that thing with us, my apron is definitely coming!

Gannon and I start digging the bastard out, and he groans when Gannon accidentally steps on his busted leg.

"He's going to scream when we pull him off that roo bar," Gannon says as we examine the bar penetrating through his gut.

I glance around, trying to find something to muffle him before taking my shoe off and removing my sweaty sock. "What pretty lips? Now open up wide!" I snarl, and he coughs.

"Kill me!" he rasps out.

"Not until we get you to the bunker," I tell him, jamming the filthy sock in his mouth and slipping my boot back on. With another glance around, we quickly drag him out.

"You grab the..." I looked down, trying to find a way to grab him so that we could get a good grip on him for a quick getaway, but one leg was bent awkwardly. "You get the ass, and I will get the head," I tell him.

"You get the ass! You're the ass man, not me!" Gannon says.

"Fine! I will get the ass, just hurry up before someone sees us!" I tell him, and we struggle for a few seconds. Crux mumbles incoherently in pain before we take off for the old trail behind the garden under the clotheslines. As we reach the forest edge, we see Peter, and we both stop dead in our tracks, caught red-handed with our new plaything. Both of us eye him while I consider whether or not I will have to julienne his ass.

"I saw nothing," he says, strolling away and scooping up an apple off the ground. Good boy.

"Quick!" I hiss, and we rush for the safety of the trees.

Thank you, almighty Moon Goddess, for this blessing! I think to myself as I laugh. This shall be fun! Coming up, one Crux kebab! "Hopefully, he tastes better than the Doyle steaks. He was a bit chewy." I tell Gannon, and he chuckles. He thinks I am joking, but a chef must always taste his masterpiece. It was just a little nibble, and he tasted like shit, I think lover marinated him.

We got Crux down to the bunker, placing him in a section no longer in use due to safety reasons. It was even older than Kyson's father. We strapped the bastard down on a stone slab, re

breaking his distorted limbs. His screams are muffled by his gag. I had pulled out a set of my new tools. I was excited to put them to use, giggling to myself finally.

“What the hell do you have over there, Liam? Don’t think I didn’t hear you squeal like a school girl meeting her crush.”

I spun around with my new toys in hand. Gannon knitted his brow. Not sure what to make of it, I clicked my tongue in annoyance at his ignorance of my new gems of torture. “It’s a pear of anguish, you ninny!”

“Since this fucker liked to make his profits trafficking and prostituting children, why not send him out with a bang-up his ass? I have one for his mouth too. It came as a set.” I clapped my hands in anticipation of my fun.

I stripped down, putting my apron on. Just our luck, I found some of the medieval torture de vices while securing the tunnels leading to the bunkers. Gannon helped put Crux’s knee’s in the splitter after we cut him free from his clothes while I hummed to myself. Crux tried in vain to loosen his restraints. Gannon popped some wolfsbane under his gag before replacing it with the pear, twisting it to fit.

“Ah ah ah, Crux. Don’t think for a second I have forgotten about your other hole. Promise I’ll even spit on it for you,” I tell him, giving him a wink. I shoved it up his shitter, causing his muffled scream to vibrate around the pear occupying his mouth.

An hour later and this turd was still trying to hang on to his wretched life. “Liam, we need to hurry up. Abbie is going to come looking for me soon.”

“Fine, let me get my skewers. His pecker is barely hanging on anyhow. Sausage kabobs it is then.” Rolling my eyes at his party-pooing mood.

The shock of his dick now at the tip of my skewer was his breaking point. We listened as his heart sputtered to a halt and my lit up like a kid on christmas at my handy work. Though I was up set I couldn’t play a little longer.

Leaving him there we made our way back to the ruins of the castle. Abbie looks over at us and exhales. “I have been looking for you,” she tells Gannon, quickly moving to his side.

“For real, that thing survived?” she asks glaring at my apron.

“What does everyone have against my poor apron, it did nothing to you,” I tell her. She pulls a face at me.

“It’s alright, i will get you one just like it, blood an all,” I tell her.

“I think I will pass,” she tells me before staring at me dazedly. Fuck she was definitely sired to me. Ganno waves a hand in front of her face and she shakes her head, snapping out of it. Gannon

growls at her gawking tugging her closer.

“I’m gonna have to take care of that,” Gannon mindlinks me and I nod. Though sires were hard to break, it required him feeding her copious amounts of his blood to rid hers of mine, or an other way which I say he would be trying for.

Abbie didn’t love me, she knew that, not in that sense anyway and it was the first thing we explained to her when Gannon first started to pick up on it a few days ago.

“Ready to go?” Dustin says coming over to us and I nod to him. Dustin knew about the strange sire, he glances at Abbie. Not with jealousy just worry for Gannon. Yet he need not worry, we would take care of it and she would be just fine, his other option was to knock her up. That al ways seemed to remove sire bonds for some reason. No one knows why and I could only guess but for some reason it worked.

## **Mated To The King’s Gamma by Jessica Hall Chapter 94**

*Abbie POV*

Six Months later

So much had changed in the last six months. We *moved* to the Landeena Kingdom which is now the Valkyrie Kingdom. It took a lot of work to get the place they way Azalea and the king wanted it. This was Azalea’s fresh start, and mine.

Being here it felt like home, and we had settled into our new normal comfortably. I eventually took Liam’s advice and I started counciling two weeks after moving here with Clarice.

Azalea and I also started being tutored by the king three days a week, and Gannon and Cedric the other two days and it felt very freeing not having to ask what words meant or what this said. Our reading and math were caught up quickly. It helped that both of us had a huge de sire to learn. I needed to, for Tyson and both the King, Cedric and Gannon were patient teachers.

Liam and Dustin also started training me in all things Lycan, though it was hard to focus on anything with Liam constantly goofing around but I was relieved when the sire bond broke. Tyson was also tested and we found out he has some genetic werewolf disorder similar to what humans call autism, they said he may never shift, and developmentally he is delayed. Yet finally we had answers and he was making milestones, slower but still any pace is better than staying in one place. He was now toilet trained, also attending speech classes, he could now say a range of words though putting them into sentences he struggled but I knew he would get there soon

enough.

So for the most part everything was going great well except watching Gannon becoming frustrated as he realized he put the headboard on back to front and had to pull the entire thing apart again.

We sat on the floor in the nursery and Gannon was trying to set up a cot becoming frustrated with the thing. What is with men and never reading instructions. I shake my head, snatching the allen-key from him and setting it up myself. It took me all of ten minutes.

“Well, that is de-maning,” he tells me. Today we were going for the first ultrasound to find out what we are having. Gannon was over the moon when we learned we were expecting. So was I. I just hoped Tyson didn’t get upset, he had a fascination with my belly, yet I don’t think he truly understood what it meant despite us trying to explain it, so I knew it would be a surprise for him. Azalea was just as excited knowing her son would have a little friend to grow up beside just like me and her did.

“Come on, we need to head to your appointment, I want to know if my suspicions are correct,” he tells me. Gannon swears he can hear two heartbeats but I can’t seem to pick it up.

A few hours later.

The jelly was cool as Doc spread it across my stomach with a device in his hand. I stared at the screen above when squinted at the screen.

“I knew it. I was right!” Gannon says and I gasp looking at the screen as Doc chuckles. I frown wondering why I didn’t notice and Doc looks at me.

“Their heart rates are almost in sync, you’re still getting used to your senses Abbie,” he tells me and I nod. But now we need to buy another crib!

“So do you want to know the gender?” Doc asks, moving the device over my stomach and taking his pictures.

Gannon tells him he does and it takes a few moments and I can’t help but smile at his following words. Our family was now complete.

“Seems like you have a pigeon pair, one is a boy and the other is a girl,” Doc says and I smile when Gannon chokes up. “Thanks doc,” he mumbles and I chuckle. It was suddenly so real now, now we had seen them on the screen and knew their genders. And I knew that was what was up setting Gannon. He wanted kids but I think it was only now that it truly set in that our family was growing and he was getting the family he wanted. One I wanted with a man I loved more than anything.

The End.

