

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

Chapter 2

death and it would be foolish to run though I could see that Ivy wanted desperately to do so. So did I but a quick death is what I could live with. If we ran, Alpha Brock would tear us apart piece by piece and personally I believe we had suffered enough.

"Come on," I tell Ivy before she gets any ideas. We wouldn't even make it to the forest edge before they caught us. We walked toward the town square and we can hear people in the town getting ready for the Alpha. He rarely came to town and had no need to wait on servants at his beck and call; however, his presence was required today.

The Alpha got to decide our fates, and those wishing to join the pack were once a month herded to the square and put on display. The Alpha decided whether they let you join, cast you out, or killed you. I shuddered at the last option only because I knew he would put his hand up straight away, and the other option was to be sold. I didn't let my mind even go there. I had my heart set on death.

The hustle and bustle echoed loudly as we enter the square as pack members went about their day like we weren't about to be slaughtered by their Alpha. When a rogue turns eighteen he gets to choose our fate.

It was cruel, and wasn't killing our parents enough for him.

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Though I knew he would never let us go. Ivy wasn't eighteen yet but once Mrs. Daley declared I would be going before the Alpha she begged and pleaded to have her case heard at the same time. Mrs. Daley said she would see what she could do but only if she did all her chores. For weeks she bustled her a*s despite me telling her not to. She wanted to die with me. See we have a pact, it was probably silly but where one goes the other goes, even in death.

Mrs. Daley though was all too excited to get rid of us and when the Alpha visited next he Alpha Dean, who is Alpha Brock's father, granted Ivy's wish.

After today there would be no rogue orphans. Most of the orphans were pack members' children that had been lost in pack wars. Yet despite everything, I feel grateful that I am able to stand up on the podium with my best friend and have someone to die with. We promised to go where the other went. Though I couldn't imagine a world without Ivy in it, and I suppose she felt the same. She was like my sister, we grew up together and I would lay down my life in a h

heartbeat for her if I could but she would never allow that. She would lay beside me that how it has always been and always will be.

People step away from us as we enter, giving us disgusted looks. Rogues had a particular scent to pack wolves, alerting them to intruders, and that's how those here in the town square looked at us, with judging, unwelcoming gazes.

I squeeze Ivy's fingers tighter as she slows taking in those around us. People watched as we made our way to the stage and took our seats next to it. The wind was cool and moved my hair in the breeze. Townspeople stared at us, spat at our feet, one even kicked my foot as he passed us and I could feel eyes on me which had me nervously glancing around and I found the culprit. I shrivel in my seat hoping he doesn't come over, the butcher. Peeking at him he waves and blows me a kiss and I close my eyes, sucking in a deep breath, fighting the memories of what he did to me away, the way he violated me away. It's almost over, Abbie, almost over and we will be free, I remind myself.

My wolf sense could pick up his pungent scent from here and I tried to not let it in, tried to stop it from assaulting my nose.

Silence falls over the crowd of busy shoppers and those that came to just watch our fates. Everyone rushed to take their seats. Usually, the town square was an open space, but someone had lined rows of chairs for people, some still standing around when I heard car doors in the distance before Alpha Brock walked down the aisle between the chairs.

He looked to be in his thirties and only took over from his father a few years ago. He was cruel, and since he took over, no rogue has lived, so we knew we were doomed. We were outsiders and apparently, that was good enough reason to hate rogues. It was instantly assumed that without a pack rogues were unsafe or are defiant against pack hierarchy.

I swallow as he approaches; he sneers at us before walking up the steps and addressing the crowd. He wasn't bad looking, but he was cruel, which made him deeply unappealing. He was arrogant and also friends with the butcher. They were good friends and I had seen them together chatting and he always spoke vulgarly as I passed him only egging the butcher on more when I was younger. Though nothing would ever ruin me like that day did, the day Mrs. Daley sold me to him.

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