

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

Chapter 3

The Alpha calls us up to the stage and the butcher snickers as he takes a front-row seat. I refused to look at him, focusing on the small cafe that had blue and white little umbrellas out the front.

"Ah, choices. Now, what should I do with these filthy rogues?" The Alpha laughed. He knew exactly what he was going to do with us. He was just taunting and dragging the inevitable out.

I clutch Ivy's fingers when the Alpha grabs her arm and tears her away. My lip quivers and Alpha motions to the butcher as he climbs the stairs, and I felt his presence behind me as he yanked the hessian bag over my head like the Alpha did to Ivy.

"Brock, let me keep this one," the butcher says, gripping my shoulders behind me and my entire tenses.

"What do you want her for?"

"She has a tight a*s," he says, squeezing my shoulders as his hands trailed down my arms and I was thankful for the hessian bag, so I didn't have to see him touching me. Knowing was bad enough and I don't think I could handle seeing his face as the last thing I saw before I died.

The Alpha huffs, "No, I want them gone, besides you can have any of the girls at the brothel. Why would you want rogue p***y?" I hear him tell the butcher and I let out a breath of relief..

The butcher makes a strange noise behind me before I felt him bump his crotch against my a*s. All you baby, god you make me hard," he whispered before shoving me away and tears spilled down my cheeks. The Alpha gave his usual

speech about what a great Alpha he was and how the pack would thrive without a rogue presence here to tarnish this great little town before he handed down his sentence. The relief I felt upon hearing it was like no other.

"I now sentence you both to death by beheading," the Alpha says, his voice ringing out loudly across the crowd. The crowd cheers and acceptance settles over me, and the tension leaves my body. Finally.

Blindly, I reach out and find Ivy's hand and I clutch her fingers, letting her know I was right beside her and we would go together. "Don't cry. They don't deserve your tears," I whisper to her, hoping she heard me. She must have because she squeezes my fingers back and transforms her emotions.

The Alpha rips her away from me and I had to stop the whimper that tried to escape me. I could just see through the hessian bag enough to see him shoving her over the stone block. I swallowed. I wanted to go first. I didn't want to witness her death. Calm, Abbie, it will be over soon, I tell myself.

The sound of the blade dragging across the stone makes my teeth ache and I clench them, trying to stop the tears that were now freely flowing down my face and dripping onto my chest.

"What do you think you are doing?" a deep voice that made the crowd go silent filled the air. I held my breath trying to peer out the tiny gaps of the hessian bag before hearing a collective gasp.

"Putting this rogue out of its misery," Alpha Brock says.

"She is not even of legal age for this. Free her now," comes the voice, loud and clear, his aura menacing and stronger than any werewolf aura.

"Under whose authority do you have the right to demand that of me?" Alpha Brock asks, the sword sliding off the stone block and hitting the ground.

"Are you questioning me, Alpha? I assure you, if you don't heed my warning and let her go, I will be forced to take your life. Now free her and hand her over to me now," comes the voice, only this time I feel a rush. The stranger's aura bursts out of him, and I hear the Alpha take in a sharp breath and my knees shake and pain ricochets up my spine under the pressure of it, I bite my lip trying to stop the pain spearing me in place.

"Lycon," Alpha Dean gasped, and the pressure lifts a little but remained,

*Correct, and it is about time you recognized your superior, Alpham the man says.

"Pack law says we are allowed to decide how we choose to handle the rogues," the Alpha tries to argue.

"Yes, rogues of age, she has no wolf, or I would have sensed it. Now free her," the voice says, getting closer and the Alpha laughs nervously.

"You have no authority here. This is my pack," Alpha Brock stammered. Idiot, I thought. Lycans rule, they are the superior species, and my Alpha was treading dangerously into uncharted territory. Despite being the Pack Alpha, Lycans, no matter their status, overrule any werewolf and could do whatever they liked.

"You dare speak to a Lycan like that?" comes another voice, though this man's voice was deeper, his tone oozing authority, and his aura made me whimper before I could stop it. The silence was so quiet you could hear a pin drop. His aura was even stronger, and I forgot how to breathe under it. I thought the pain was bad before, but this was something else and if I was frozen in place under it I knew I would be on the ground writhing in agony.

"1, King Kyson, order you to free her now!" the deep voice sounds threatening, despite how calm he spoke. Alpha Brock whimpered before the sword falls from his hands, clanging loudly on the wooden stage beside us. Footsteps moved up the steps before I felt a presence move behind me and over to where Ivy was, yet the aura coming out of whoever it was made me tremble violently.

"You dare speak out against my Beta. Who do you think you are?" the voice booms loudly.

His anger made his aura stronger and my knees hit the ground hard, my kneecaps feeling like they were about to split down the middle. The air suddenly sucked from my lungs and I was suffocating under it.

I hear movement and a whimper as Ivy is dragged off stage and a tear slips down my face. At least she would be saved and free of this place. It was clear the man only wanted her and that was reassuring, though I hoped it wasn't with ill intentions.

Suddenly the pressure is lifted when the man drops his aura for a few seconds nothing remained but impenetrable silence when the Alpha growled on stage. My startled shriek was loud as Alpha Brock grabbed me in his tight grip dragging me toward the stone block. He bends down and snatches his sword from the ground and shoves me over the block.

I close my eyes, this was it, I was going home, I let out breath waiting for the sword to slice through my neck.

"No," I heard Ivy cry out. It's okay Ivy, I thought to myself, just go and live. I never wanted her to die with me, I wouldn't be a good friend if I did.

"Please, please don't let him kill her," she begged someone, and I worried she would get herself in trouble.

"Please, just let him kill me. I want to be with her," Ivy begged, and tears burned my eyes at her words.

"Stop, I want the other girl too." his voice booms, and I gasp.

"Hand the girl over. You heard the King" the King's Beta says. Alpha Brock growls but grabs me, hauling me to my feet, but he shoves me down the steps and I stumble before hitting someone. Hands gripped my arms and whoever it was growled at the Alpha. The hessian bag is suddenly lifted off my head and my eyes instantly go to search for Ivy, she was by another man who was watching her, I didn't understand the look in his gaze but I understood her expression, relief and I rushed to her.

I throw myself at her, clutching her. Ivy squeezed me and I couldn't help the tears. I wanted death, and this man wanted her, but where would that leave me now? Would I be cast away without Ivy, death I could handle, but the unknown without her I couldn't?

"Thank you." I whispered, though I wasn't sure if I should thank him yet, still I bare my neck to him and he nods once before his eyes fall back on Ivy.

"Follow me," he says. Turning on his heel, he starts walking. I look at Ivy before his Beta stops next to us. "You heard the King, follow him," the man says, looking at us both on the ground, though his words were soft, which I didn't expect of him. We scramble upright, rushing after him and ignoring the shocked looks of the town's people, We follow the King back to the orphanage and Ivy looked around nervously and so did I, What did he want with us or

her anyway? The only reason I am here is that she begged him to spare me. The King walks rather quickly; we have to jog to keep up with him. His Beta follows behind us a few steps before we stop. Mrs. Daley was standing out the front and rushes over, staring with her mouth open, gaping at us.

"Hurry up, girls. Get inside," she says, clearly shocked, but she recovers herself quickly. We go to do what she says when the King opens the car door of his sleek black car and steps into Ivy's path. He grips her arm, stopping her from passing him.

"Get in," he says, and we stop. I clutched Ivy's arm tightly while Ivy's fingertips hold the side of my shirt, not willing to let me go, either.

"Your friend can come, but you are coming with me, so get in the car. I don't like repeating myself," he says to her sternly. I swallow, worried she would anger him.

"Gannon, sir, may I ask what is going on?" Mrs. Daley speaks up.

“No, you may not,” the King snaps, but I could have sworn he said his name was Kyson. She went to speak again when the Beta spoke behind us as we climbed in the car.

“Be wise to close your mouth lady, the King doesn’t like to repeat himself,” his Beta warns.

“King?” she squeaks, as I slide across the leather seat.

“Yes, King Kyson,” the Beta confirms, and she drops her head. Instead, the King pays her no attention. He reaches inside the car and leans over Ivy. Instinctively I lean away from him, but he only starts pulling on some straps and clipping it in beside her waist.

“Seatbelts,” he says before pointing to the other beside me. I quickly copied what he did and clipped it in. Ivy looked at me and I stared out the window to find the man who was smoking leaning against the car door beside me and I quickly glance away.

The King speaks to his men outside the car, and I nervously glance around.

“What’s going on?” I whisper before tangling my fingers through Ivy’s and dragging her hand onto my lap.

“Maybe they are casting us out” Ivy whispered. I squeeze her fingers when the Beta gets in the driver’s seat, and the King in the passenger seat.

The car starts and then moves and I clutch my seat in panic and accidentally squeeze Ivy’s fingers too tightly, and I felt her try to pull away, making me loosen my grip as the circulation returned to her fingers.

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