

## chapter 6 Gamma Hall Jessica Kings Mated Mated To The King's Gamma Mated To The King's Gamma by Jessica Hall

### Chapter 56

"We need to get to Dustin! But I can't shift," Ivy chokes out, while nodding toward the treeline, and I look up at the steep incline when I am suddenly tackled. I scream when Kade sinks his teeth into my neck, re-marking me and reinforcing their bond. Wolves burst from the trees and across the road, coming out from behind the service station, racing toward us. He rips his teeth from my neck and turns toward his men.

"You can't touch the girl!" Kade screams at them while pointing at Ivy before turning his attention back to me. He grips my shoulders, slamming me onto the ground. My head bounces off the ground and I see the stars above, blurring as they twinkled back at me.

"Submit!" Kade screams at me. My body seizes at his command and I blink dazed at him.

I shake my head, trying to fight it off, and Ivy falls on the ground beside me trying to shove him off.

My eyes go wide when I see wolves rushing straight at us, snapping their teeth and snarling at us. I close my eyes, waiting for my death and I reach out and grip Ivy's fingers, as my head rolls to the side to look at her.

"More than my life," I whisper, tears filling my eyes as my lips quiver.

"More than my life," Ivy murmur, closing her eyes and I do the same waiting for death. Together we wait for death, like we had before. Their paws on the earth grow closer when I hear a feral snarl rip through the air, bouncing off the trees, and I hear the wolves' claws digging into the soft ground as they skid around us.

My eyes fly open to find Dustin stepping over the top of us in his Lycan form. Dustin kicks Kade in the face as he tries to stand. Blood drenched him as he moved to block them from us. Dustin growls, but it comes out with more of a roar. The wolves jump back, and Kade gets to his feet and staggers backward.

\*Kill him," Ivy murmurs to Dustin. My eyes flicker as I fight to remain conscious.

"If I do, it may kill Abbie," he growls, and I look at Ivy, tears glistening in her eyes.

"Reject her now!" Dustin tells Kade speaking through gritted teeth. However, there was no command behind it. Rolling on my side, Ivy grabs Dustin's leg, and his hand reaches down, gripping her arm to pull her upright.

“Order him!” Ivy choked out with a gasp as I tried to get up.

“I can’t.” Dustin grinds out, and I look at him, not understanding.

“You’re Lycan” Ivy whispers to him.

“I’m under oath. Being a royal guard, I can’t break a mate bond. It is the law and pact sworn to be upheld. I am bound by that oath, Azalea!” he snarls.

Kade laughs, getting to his feet and I glance at him, my entire body trembling.

“Come here Abbie.” Kade orders, and I feel the command as my eyes glaze over. My body obeys and forces me to my feet and I take a step toward him, though I wanted to run from him. My heart skips a beat as I dazedly start walking around Ivy toward my mate, tears p\*\*\*k my eyes, a whimper escaping me unable to fight the command. Dustin grabs my arm, and Kade clicks his tongue.

“I wouldn’t do that if I were you.” Kade says to him, as his pack of wolves start circling around us. We are severely outnumbered. Dustin glances around nervously. Lycans are lethal, but against 50 plus wolves, I am not sure how we would fare when Dustin was the only one that was shifted.

“You are aware of the repercussions, Dustin! Don’t be foolish!” Kade snarls. Dustin’s grip on my arm is unwavering, preventing me from going to Kade despite the pain the command was causing me. And his other hand holding Ivy against him when she moves behind him her hand locks around my arm.

Ivy rips me backward and away from Kade. Gripping my arms, she shakes me but my fresh mark seemed to have done something because couldn’t break the urge to go to him.

\*Abbie, reject him!” Ivy murmurs, shaking me.

Kade laughs and steps forward, which makes Dustin growl threateningly.

\*You can’t touch me! I am just collecting my mate. I haven’t injured your Queen, only tried to hold her. Though by law I could! Considering she tried to take my mate from me by force.” Kade says c\*\*\*\*y. “You do anything, and I have a lot of witnesses.” Kade says, motioning around to his pack. Dustin moves in front of us, but even I knew if he attacked Kade, the rest of those wolves would rip us apart.

“Abbie, reject him!” Ivy begs and I try to fight off his command.

Kade laughs louder and claps his hands. “She really doesn’t know, and she is expected to be our Queen? Pathetic! Foolish girl. You would expect the King to have more sense

to pick a mate more suited to the position and keep his w\*\*\*e on the side! She can't run a pack. Noble blood or not, she isn't fit for the title," Kade chuckles.

"Hold your tongue, mutt! You do not know what you speak of!" Dustin snaps at him.

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"No? Your oblivious Queen isn't aware of the law. Should I educate her simple mind?" Kade mocks.

Ivy glances at him over her shoulder. "For Abbie to reject me, I have to accept it. Which I won't. She will never leave with me."

"No! She rejects you, she can come home," Ivy tells him.

"Wrong. There's a minor flaw in the King's law. Both parties must accept. And if one doesn't, it is decided by the council. Only then is it forced. But until then, she is mine! And I would like to collect her, now!" Kade says, moving toward us. I peek at Dustin out of the corner of my eye, whose entire body tensed, and Ivy glances back at me. She shakes me furiously, her eyes flickering and glowing fluorescent and her teeth turn to points.

"Reject him!" she snaps at me.

"Abbie, reject him!" Ivy yells in my face, the words more of a roar and I am jolted by it. Something she said clicks, and I feel Kade's command snap and straighten, blinking away the haze of his command, shaking my head.

"I don't know how. It didn't work," I murmur, coming out of whatever stupor I was in.

"He is an Alpha, you have to reject him as your mate and as your Alpha. State your full name and reject him using his title," Dustin murmurs, not taking his eyes off Kade. "But he is right, Azalea," Dustin glances at me. "I can't force him to accept it," Dustin whispers.

"Reject him," Ivy tells me, a spark of pure determination glistens in her eyes as she shakes me, her features twisting into a feral snarl of her rage. Kade just laughs evilly. Stepping toward me, his hand goes to wrap around my arm.

"Come Abbie," Kade says, clicking his fingers at me when I pull away only to be resized by his command. Ivy swallows, when my body pushes past her and she grab both my arms, jerking back back to her, her grip tight.

Reject him!" Ivy growls, and much to my astonishment, I do, feeling her aura wash over me stronger than anything I have ever felt before. My body turned and looked at Kade, the words spilling from my lips clearly.

"1. Abbie Marie Barker, reject you, Alpha Kade, as my mate and Alpha!" I snap. Kade growls, clutching his chest while I shake my head and blink rapidly, the command falling off me.

"1. Alpha Kade, reject your rejection!" he snarls and I whimper, knowing it was of no use. Yet I feel Ivy begin to shake and she lets me go stepping past me. Her aura makes me cringe as it slips out powerful and strong.

"Accept it!" she roared, and it was like a burst erupted out of her. Her words didn't feel like words, but something else entirely. All the surrounding wolves yelp and cry out. I feel the tingling sensation wash over my body and out of me as the command took hold of him and made him tense.

"1 Alpha Kade, accept your rejection, as my Luna and Mate!" Kade blurts out, unable to fight the command. I scream, clutching my chest and falling to her knees as it felt like my heart was ripped from my chest and burned to a crisp. Kade staggers backward, clutching his chest, looking dazed while I try to breathe through the pain.

Rattled by what happened, Kade shakes his head. "You stupid girl!" he snarls before lunging at Ivy. Dustin was quicker however, and punched him, sending him flying backward when all the wolves suddenly ran towards us menacingly.

"Run!" Dustin screams as he starts fighting them off and keeping them from us. The sound of flesh tearing mixes with the horrible sound of whimpers and broken bones as Dustin grabs any wolf that got too close. The sounds are savage, but as he got rid of one, another came in

its place

My heart thuds painfully in my chest, and Ivy grabs my arm, pulling me to my feet. We run for the trees, and I hear Dustin fending them off. Wolves start dropping like flies as he takes them out. We start racing up the hill, only for one to slip past him, pouncing on us, and knock us down.

The moment we both hit the ground, Ivy's weight crushing me when the weight lifts abruptly, and a furious growl rings through the air. His feet are next to my face and I gasp, looking up to see the King in his Lycan form. The wolf that attacked us was held off of us by his hand wrapped around its throat. He squeezes his hand, and I squeeze my eyes shut tight when I hear the sickening crunch of its neck breaking and he flung it away. The wolf hits a tree, the King tossing him aside like he weighed nothing.

The King glares down at Ivy, and I dropped my gaze back to the ground at the angry look on his face when he steps over us. Gannon is right behind him, and he grabs both me and Abbie, pulling us to our feet and away from the fighting.

\*Thank Goddess" i hear him murmur, clutching us tightly in his arms. I look down toward Dustin, who is now fighting the wolves. Suddenly. Kyson's aura slipped out, and his voice boomed around us, echoing through the night.

"Enough! Now, stop!" he bellows, and everyone freezes under his command. Dustin clutches his knees breathlessly. Kyson stomps past him and shoots him a glare as he makes his way to Kade.

Kade backs away from the King, his hands up in surrender. At this moment, he truly looked like the Lycan King. He towers over everyone, standing tall and intimidating. Power oozes off him and his aura feels deadly, suffocating the wolves pinned to the ground by it.

"I have done nothing wrong! I was merely getting my mate!" Kade chokes out before falling backward as the King's massive Lycan form

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growls menacingly. stalking toward him with calculated steps.

"Wrong!" Kyson says with a deadly calm. Somehow, that made him even more sinister as I watch him approach Kade. Kade shakes his head, and the wolves all looked away from him, cowering and whimpering.

"I hereby sentence you to death for treason!" King Kyson tells him, stepping on Kade's foot and making him fall on his a\*s.

"Treason? But I didn't commit treason!" Kade stammers, his voice more of a petrified squeak.

"Wrong! You touched my Queen! Your pack just tried to kill her!" The King snarls, grabbing the front of his shirt and jerking him forward.

"And for that, I sentence you to death!" The King snaps before punching him square in the face. Or I thought he hit him until I heard Kade gasp and the sickening sound of flesh on flesh and a gross tearing noise. The wolves near him wail, writhing on the ground in what looked like pain. The King shoves him backward, letting him go.

His back is tense when he drops something on the ground, his breathing loud while the muscles of his back flex. Kyson looks around at the wolves as they all run for the trees when I notice a Cassandra standing out the front of the service station. I can't make out her features with my blurry vision but seeing her for some reason made goosebumps rise all over me as she watched. She then simply turns and walks away, disappearing into the night.

I feel the bile rise in my throat when I realize what Kyson dropped was kade's heart. Kyson then turns toward us, and his eyes go to Dustin. Ivy struggles in Gannon's grip when I watch, horrified, as Kyson stalks toward Dustin like a predator hunting its prey.

Dustin doesn't even move like he simply accepted the repercussions. Lycans burst from the treeline forming a circle around us, looking for any threat having caught up with their King. Damian is among them. I turned my attention back to Dustin, only to see Kyson punch him so hard it knocked him out cold. Dustin drops at Kyson's feet and he just takes it. He doesn't even fight back, just allows the King to hit him.

Ivy whimpers seeing her friend hurt, and the King's head snaps in her direction. He snarls, his upper lip pulling back to reveal his razor-sharp teeth. He moves toward us, and Ivy presses closer to me, a sob tears out me seeing his anger at her. Would he hurt her for helping me? Gannon tries to soothe me whispering in my ear.

"Grab him!" Kyson snaps at Damian as he passes him on his way toward us. His eyes do not leave Ivy. Damian rushes to do his bidding and grabs Dustin, tossing him over his shoulder. Kyson nods to Gannon, and he lets Ivy go as the King approaches. His eyes look her over before he grabs her.

"You disobeyed me!" The King growls. "And now you're injured!" he snaps at her. Ivy groans in pain and tries to defend herself, my hands raise to reach for her when Gannon pins my arms by my sides.

"But Abbie ..." Ivy tried to say before he cut her off.

"I don't want to hear it!" he growls before his teeth sink into her neck. She grips his shoulders and chokes on a sob when his teeth sink into her neck and she struggles for a second before falling limp in his arms. I see red as she goes unresponsive, how could he! How could he hurt her when she was trying to help! And I push Gannon away before attacking the King for hurting her. My hands hit him as I try to stop him biting her.

"You f\*\*\*\*\*g a\*\*\*\*\*e! You p\*\*\*k! You didn't even let her explain! You just made her submit!" I screamed, punching into his side in a fit of rage. He looks at me as if I am merely a small child chucking a tantrum. Gannon grabs me around the waist, tugging me back but I thrash falling forward in his arms while flailing as he restrains my arms. I snarled angrily, leaning forward and biting the King's arm like a d\*\*n savage before realizing what I just did as Gannon jerks me backward.

The King blinked down at me, where I was breathing heavily in my anger.

“I will f\*\*\*\*\*g kill you! You . You savage neanderthal!” I screamed, my face heating and I knew I was turning red-faced from my boiling anger.

Gannon growls before snapping at me, his voice below my ear as his arms hold me stronger. “He didn’t make her submit. Stop! Look!” Gannon snarled at me, pointing to where the king lifted Azalea’s shirt. Her wound was already healing, though the King’s hand was filled with her blood. The King shakes his head. “I’m sorry, my King. I will calm her down,” Gannon tells him, but i escape his strong embrace, turning to dead weight and slipping out of his arms. I move to check on Ivy. The King looks at me, a blank expression on his face while he took me in.

“See? He isn’t hurting her,” Gannon whispers, coming up behind me, and I worry my lip between my teeth before I let out a breath.

“You couldn’t have warned her first? Instead of just going all caveman and biting into her!” I ask him.

“Warn her, like you did me when you bit me?” The King growled and my face heats with embarrassment.

“I thought ... Never mind. F\*\*\*\*\*g neanderthal men! Anyone would think you were raised by cavemen!” I snap, rubbing my temples when my eyes fall on the dead body behind him. Kade laid in the dirt, and I blinked at what became of my mate. Tears p\*\*\*k my eyes at another person lost to me. Someone who was supposed to be mine was taken away from me. I hated him! I hated him for what he did, but he was mine, and yet I couldn’t look past my hate to feel grief for him.

“Can we go home now?” I ask, my voice barely audible to my own ears, I sounded defeated and dead inside, and I was. I look at Gannon,

and he nods his head.

“My King, we have three cars here. They are on the top road.” Damian says, coming over to us with Dustin tossed limply over his shoulder. Gannon leads me away to where Damian said cars were waiting.

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Jessica Hall·**

Chapter 57

Abbie

Everything was chaotic when we arrived back at the castle. One moment, I was walking through the castle doors. The next, Damian was screaming for help with the King. Gannon had to follow Dustin to the King's quarter, where they took Azalea, who was still unconscious. It was weird calling her that. Ivy, she had been Ivy to me all our lives, yet I understood her desire to get rid of the name Della or, should I say Marissa, had given her.

Standing in the corridor, I didn't know what to do with myself as Damian, and another man carried the King to his quarters. The King mumbled, but his words made little sense. I wanted to go to Azalea but knew it was not the time, but now I found myself lost as I stood there watching the flurry of people rushing around crazily.

Did I just go back to my old tasks when I was here? Should I look for Gannon or maybe Clarice? I wasn't sure what to do with myself, and I found myself walking around blindly until I was suddenly in my old room. I hesitantly knocked in case Beta Damian had got himself a new personal servant. However no one answers, and I push the door open and peer inside. It was getting late, and I assumed I would see Clarice in the morning to ask where she wanted to put me.

Stepping into the room, I find the bed bare, so I walk down the hall to the closet and retrieve some blankets and pillows. The task was made more difficult by my wounds. The stitches pulled so tight that some were cutting through my skin like cheese wire.

Bloodstained nearly every inch of me. It was congealed in my hair and under my fingernails. I quickly made the bed and then decided I couldn't sleep in this state, so I made my way to the laundry searching for clothes. Finding the uniform for servants, pajamas, and some socks, I grabbed them off the shelf before retrieving a towel and rummaging through the first aid kit for antibacterial soap. Limping to the servants' bathrooms, my bones ached. Every inch of me did.

Stepping inside, I find it empty. One side of the bathroom held stalls for showering while a half wall divided up the middle to the toilets and basins, long mirrors ran the entire length of the center wall on both sides.

As I passed it to head into one of the shower stalls, I glanced at the state I was in. My normal auburn hair was matted, twigs and leaves tangled in the knots. The clothes I was wearing were torn, and I could still smell his scent all over me. Gannon's too, but Kade's was still there. My heart panged at the thought of him.

The way he lay dead in the dirt. My mate, though cruel, was mine, or supposed to be. Looking at what was left of me as I peeled off my clothes, I was disgusted.

My skin marred from years in the orphanage was already horrifying to look at, though my scars were never as deep or jagged as Azaleas. I



always felt terrible for how she hated her appearance and the lashes that marred her.

She had taken so many whippings reserved for me and I had done the same for her. Looking at them, I used to think it was a reminder of what we endured and survived. Though the marks that were left at the hands of Kade, I saw something so much worse.

I never survived at all. Moved from one hell to another. Looking at my ravaged flesh, I wasn't sure anyone would look at me again and be anything but disgusted by the sight of me. The multiple marks on my neck from him had turned my flesh black like it was rotting away my skin, the skin raised and jagged, same as the scars etched into my heart. The hollow void felt like it would never be filled again and remain bottomless. I pressed my lips together to stop from crying out when I peeled my shirt off, dumping it on the floor.

I hiss as I force my pants down my legs. The blood saturating my pants stuck to my skin and made me feel like I was being skinned alive. Tears blurred my vision, and I bit back the sob as my stitches opened and blood cascaded down my leg in a stream. I tried to step out of my pants when hands fell on my hips, making me jump and hiss as the stitches along my arms and ribs tugged from the movement.

"I was looking for you." Gannon murmurs. He kneels, peeling them off, and I grip his shoulder, stepping out of them. He kisses my hip bone, which protrudes beneath my skin. The blood rushed to my cheeks, knowing I was now standing naked in front of the man.

"Why are you in the servants' bathroom?" he asks, standing back up. Keeping my back to him, I covered my breast. Not that there was much point with giant mirrors. I knew he could see every vile inch of me if he glanced at them.

"I didn't know where else to go. You disappeared, and I didn't want to bother Clarice to find out where I was stationed. So I went back to my old station," I tell him.

"You should have just gone to our room," Gannon whispers.

"I am Beta Damian's servant. I don't think he has another. No one was in the room when I went in there," I tell him. I grab my soap, placing it on the niche before hissing as I start the shower. Gannon growls behind me while I examine my arm, which is black and blue, where Kade mauled me, the stitches pinching my skin holding it together. The water sprays out, bursting from the showerhead in a wide spray, making my injuries burn and sting.

"Can you shut the door?" I ask him, not wanting to turn around. I hear the door close and sigh, stepping under the water, only to cringe away. My head throbs as I wet my hair before turning around. I rub my eyes to rid them of the water. When I opened them, Gannon was standing in

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front of me

The door closed behind him, but he was inside the stall. I quickly tried to cover my b\*\*\*\*s, though I had no idea why. When I asked him to close the door, I didn't mean for him to come into the shower with me.

Gannon's eyes run the length of me, then quickly dart away. My stomach sinks. This was why I didn't want to turn around. I knew what he would see, and my mutilated skin was anything but pretty. I looked disgusting. My skin carved up, and the pieces forced back together like

broken puzzle pieces. Turning to face the back wall, a lump forms in my throat.

"Can you get out? Pease." I whisper, though I knew he would hear me with his heightened hearing.

Embarrassment washed over every inch of me, and I suddenly wanted to scrub myself raw, as if I could clean away the vile marks that laced my skin.

"Am I scaring you? I won't hurt you, Abbie," Gannon murmurs next to my ear before his chest presses against my back. He reaches past me, grabbing the soap out of the niche in the wall.

"I saw the way you looked at me, Gannon. Just go. I don't want your pity." I tell him. He growls, the sound vibrating against my back.

"The way I looked at you?" he asks, sweeping my hair over my shoulder. He dips his face into my neck, his nose runs up the side of my jaw.

I swallowed before answering, my voice coming out shakier than intended.

"Yes. I know I look disgusting, so please, leave," Gannon growls before his hand holding the bar of soap wraps around my waist, tugging me flush against him. I became startingly aware that he was indeed naked behind me. Felt every ridge of muscle and bump press against my back and a\*s.

"I only looked away because I could tell you were uncomfortable with me staring Abbie, not because I didn't like what I could see." he purrs.

"But he ruined me. I'm broken," I tell him, my voice cracks at speaking those words aloud. Like suddenly saying them made the realization sit heavier on my shoulders. I

was like a broken doll, the porcelain all broken and cracked, held together with glue, marred and made ugly, never to be whole again.

“We are all a little broken Abbie. You’re still beautiful. You always have been. And you always will be. Nothing he has done to you changes that.” Gannon says while reaching for my arm that was shielding my chest and the stitching. Gannon kisses my shoulder, and I shiver at his gentle touch.

“Don’t hide from me. You never have to hide from me Abbie,” Gannon whispers before gripping my wrist, his thumb rubbing over the back of my hand. I sighed and dropped my arm while his hand holding the soap moved over my torn-up flesh. Gannon purrs, and I found his scent soothing as the steam heated the small space.

My body relaxes, and my shoulders drop as I lean back against him, letting Gannon help wash me. I nearly fall asleep against him when he washes my hair, my body putty in this man’s huge hands. Despite the sheer size of him and the way he could break me in half, he was gentle. His fingers massaging my scalp and removing the congealed blood and gunk. Gannon chuckles, the sound making my eyes open to notice I was falling asleep.

“I wish I could heal you,” he murmured as he turned me around to rinse the soap from my hair. My eyes trail over him. I had never seen him without at least a tank top on. Of course, I had seen him with no shirt on when he shifted, but he was covered in fur and never in the light. His skin was as ravaged as mine.

Littered with scars that went all the way to his hips. My eyes went to his honey-colored ones when I gasped at the sight of the thick scars branding his skin. My hand reaches to touch the enormous deep scar in the center of his chest. Claw marks raked across his flesh like someone had tried to rip his heart from him. The lines were brutal and ridged, and his chest rose and fell heavily as I traced my fingertips gently over them. Gannon’s hand moves, his fingers move under my chin, and he tilts my face up, so I meet his gaze.

“Don’t hide yours, and I won’t hide mine,” he whispers, his thumb brushing over my bottom lip.

“Are these from the wars?” I asked, a little shocked. I thought Lycan could heal quickly

“No. They are self-inflicted.” Gannon says, looking down at his torso.

“You did that to yourself?” I ask, horrified. He tilts his head to the side, examining my face.

“Why?” I blurted.

\*The same reason you gave yourself that. To end it," he says, his hand moving to the side of my face, his fingertips trail down the scar behind my ear. My hand moves over his, and I touch the scar and swallow. The memory of how I got it and Azalea hers will forever haunt me. That day, I wished I could remove it from my memory entirely. If only the rope held and didn't snap.

"More than my life," Gannon murmurs.

"That is what you and Azalea say?" he whispers. I swallow and nod.

"More than my life Abbie. You are worth so much more than mine. You hold on, and I will for you. I have for you."

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"Azalea told you?" I asked him, suddenly feeling dirty.

"No, the King did. Azalea wouldn't betray you. She explained how you both shared similar scars and the meaning behind the words you speak with each other. Not what the butcher did, but I got the picture. Doyle confessed when I found him."

"You met him?" I ask, feeling bile rise in the back of my throat.

"Yes, and we killed him for what he did. Mrs. Daley too. He will never come after you again. I will never let anyone touch you again."

"You killed him?" I ask. I was surprised at how little I felt about that information. He had confessed to murdering someone, but I felt nothing.

"He hurt you, so I made him hurt too," Gannon tells me, and I nod, biting my lip. What do you say to someone that confesses to killing for you? I should be worried he would, yet I felt nothing. Not sadness, not relief, just, nothing.

"I wish I could heal you," he murmurs, and my eyes dart to him, his eyes roaming over my marred flesh before moving to the marks on my neck

"Kade never deserved you. I hate that his marks lay on your beautiful neck." I touch them, and they feel bruised, the movement making me wince.

"You will let me remove his mark from you one day. I can be patient, Abbie," Gannon says, and my brows furrow at his words.

“Can you remove them?” Gannon chuckles darkly.

“Yes. When I mark you, when you agree to let me be yours,” he says, and I step back. I wasn’t sure I wanted anyone to have that sort of control over me again. Not after what Kade did.

“Shh, not now. When you’re ready. I will wait. For now, having you back is enough for me,” he says, stepping closer. His arm goes behind me, and the water cuts off.

“What if I am never ready?” I ask, wondering if he would walk away.

I wasn’t sure if I could be with anyone, though I used to want to be with Gannon. I still do. I just wasn’t sure how that would be possible now. So much has changed. I have changed, and I knew it wasn’t for the better.

“I’m immortal, Abbie. I have all the time in the world to wait for you,” he says before turning and grabbing the towel hanging on the h\*\*k. He wraps it around me before pulling me closer. His lips press to my forehead.

“You’re worth waiting for,” he murmurs, and I sighed, closing my eyes and just enjoying his closeness.

## **Mated To The King Gamma – Chapter 58**

Gannon POV

A few days later

This is what I was worried about the moment she left those castle gates. Worried about the state she would return to me in, and I cursed myself for not going against the King, for not stepping in sooner. This could have all been avoided if I had just killed him. Kyson had given me the week off to help her adjust yet she hardly spoke.

She hardly left the room at all. Almost as if it was her little bubble of safety. I knew it wasn’t healthy and her silence was deafening. disturbing almost as if she was no longer here. She even refused to shift and go for a run. Even though I would catch her constantly looking out the window at the forest.

Deciding I needed to do something about it, I went to see Kyson, wanting to take Abbie away for a while and get her out of this castle. Her depressive state was only getting worse.

I wasn’t even sure if it was because of her lost bond or if she was just haunted by the memories. The King was leaving today. He had business to take care of, and I wanted to see him before he left in case he got held up and didn’t return for a few days.

Though I highly doubted he would be gone long, The Queen wouldn't handle his absence long, and I knew he hated leaving her. The fear in his voice when Liam and I got the call that she took off after Abbie floods me. Never had I felt so much fear. Fear for the Queen, fear for Abbie. Because I knew the only reason Azalea would defy the King was for Abbie. That night had haunted me since.

"Where are you?" the King had asked. We were on our way home with the boys after killing Mrs. Daley and the butcher. My spirits had lifted until that mind link had opened..

\*10 minutes out. What's up?" I had asked.

"I am on my way back home, but further out, I need you to get Azalea and bring her home." the King told me which I had thought was a little odd, because why would she leave the castle at night?

"Azalea?" I asked.

"She ran off with Dustin to go after Abbie. You need to get to her until I get there."

"F###k! That b\*\*\*\*y idiot should know better than to take Azalea into hunter's territory at night!" I was furious when I found out that Dustin had helped her. Now that had shocked me, simply because such actions would have severe consequences. Though at the same time, I was

glad for Abbie's sake. Yet I also worried for Liam, since he and Dustin were close. I knew Liam loved Dustin; I just wasn't sure if it was reciprocated

Yet the moment the King told me of Azalea, the pact, I had overridden everything, and there was no way I was heading back to the castle. No, the pact to protect our Queen would always override everything, which now kind of bothered me because that meant overriding protecting Abbie if it came between choosing between them.

Pacts weren't taken lightly and required the King's blood and hours of orders forced on us so we couldn't break them. The only one who could break it was the King.

He could force us to break it, but that would also be extremely difficult for him to do. We would still run back for her the moment the command would drop. We could also fight the orders if they were specifically putting the Queen in danger. Exactly why we all turned on the King when he banished her out of the castle. Most that signed up for it passed out and couldn't pass the royal guard.

Only 11 of us made it through the process, two of whom were dead now. It worked similar to the council not being able to be commanded.

"Which road?" I asked, infuriated that Dustin could be so reckless.

“Highway,” the King answered. That is the worst road to travel on at night.

“Abbie?” I asked.

“Perfectly fine. We are seeing her on the weekend. You can come but bring my f#####g mate home!” the King told me.

“I will bring the Queen back to you. What of Dustin?” I asked for Liam’s sake. He wouldn’t handle watching him, cop lashings or worse banishment.

“Leave him for me.” The King growled, cutting the link. I told Liam everything, and he was just as disappointed with Dustin. I had him take the boys to Clarice and made him pull over. On foot, I could cut through the trees. I had known if the Queen went after her. She sensed something from Abbie, and the worry ate at me the entire way there. Worried I would get there and find them both dead.

Yet now, as I walked through the castle to the cars, I worried she was already dead inside. She was a shell of who she was before, and I just

hoped my plans to take her away from here, even if only for a little while, would bring her back to me. Walking outside, I find guards getting ready to leave

I am standing beside the King’s car when he walks out. “I thought you had the week off?” Kyson asks me, and I quickly open his door. The King ducks his head, stepping inside.

“I do, but I wanted to speak to you before you left,” I tell him while peering in the car at him, when I notice Trey. Suspicions had been raised about him. Azalea snuck past him the night she went after Abbie, but not just that, so many other things like her being poisoned, his dislike for her that the king was blind to, though he had changed his tune since he learned she was a Landeena.

Liam didn’t trust him, and that was enough for me; I usually agreed once he sensed something was off about someone because he had a knack for reading people. Liam, I swear, had an inbuilt radar for bullshit and something did not add up with Trey.

Trey clears his throat behind the King, and I step aside and nod to the King, wanting to speak with him privately. The King climbs back out of his car

“What do you need?” Kyson asked me as he stepped out of the car.

“I want to take Abbie away for a few days but wanted to clear it with you first,” I tell him.

“Of course. Where are you taking her?”

\*Dont know yet, somewhere, but I will be back before my week off is over,” I tell him.

Take your time, Gannon. I can manage without you. Besides, when was the last time you had time off, anyway?" He asks. I think for a second, and not even I could remember the last time I took time off.

"Thank you." I tell him.

"Just make sure Azalea sees Abbie before she goes," he tells me, and I nod just as Damian climbs in the car as well. The King turns away from me, about to climb in the car, when he opens the mind-link as I go to shut the door.

"Have Doc come to take blood from Azalea for me before you leave." He tells me, and I nod.

"Still no luck with the tests?" I ask, and he shakes his head.

"Will do. Anything else?" I ask.

"Yes, enjoy your time off," The King tells me, and I smirk, shutting the door before going to find Abbie, who I knew wouldn't have left the room.

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## **Mated To The King Gamma – Chapter 59**

Queen Azalea

Walking out of my room, I was greeted by Liam, who came over and looped his arm through mine like we were best buddies. "And what adventure are we going on today, my Queen?" he asks, and I chuckle, looking around for Dustin.

"Dustin went to get your breakfast," Liam says as I glance around.

"I'm not hungry. I just want to see Abbie," I tell him with a frown as I walk down the steps toward Gannon's room. Abbie hadn't left the room since that first night back, and I know that is why Gannon wanted to take her somewhere, and I wanted to see Abbie before she left.

Kyson told me she was leaving through the mindlink. It always freaked me out when he used it. Not used to having someone in my head, let alone being a part of something. Abbie was a rogue again, and I hated that, but she refused to let Gannon mark her. Every time I asked Kyson to make her part of the pack, he said she refused and he couldn't unless he changed her.

I knew why. She didn't think she was worthy of having good things, but that wasn't all. If Gannon couldn't change her, then she wouldn't be a Lycan, and I don't know what I



would do without Abbie. Gannon stopped by not long after the King left to let me know he was taking her somewhere and that they were leaving after lunch.

Walking through the winding corridors and toward the back of the castle I finally arrived at their door. I knocked but got no answer. Looking up at Liam, he gripped the door handle and pushed the door open, and stuck his head in the door.

"I think she is showering." Liam whispers, although he had a strange look on his face like he knew something I didn't, so I push the door open wider and step inside.

"I will wait here. Gannon isn't here," Liam says, sniffing the air and looking away from me awkwardly. I give him a nod before stepping into the darkroom. The curtains were closed, and no light made it a little difficult to see as my eyes adjusted to the darkroom. I managed to kick my toe on a coffee table and felt like cursing the d###n thing. Making my way to the bathroom, I knocked on the door.

\*Abbie? It's me." I call out to her, but I get no answer. However, it sounded like she was crying behind the door, and I suddenly knew why Liam didn't want to come in. Glancing around the room. I open the door and close it behind me. Turning to face the dark bathroom. I find the mirrors are covered over with large sheets of black paper, the bathroom darker than the main room, the air thick with the salt of her tears and the billowing steam.

I instantly broke out in a sweat. It was like a sauna in here. Muttering could be heard from the huge glass shower stall that was fogged up.

"Abbie? I whisper, opening the shower screen. I find her in the bottom of the shower, scrubbing herself viciously while pressed into the corner. Her skin is bright red from the heat of the scalding water. I knew she wasn't okay. Everyone knew that but seeing her like this broke my heart. She stops like she hadn't realized I was here. Her head lifted and she just stared vacantly ahead. A scourer clutched in her hand, something you would clean a heavily stained pot with, not skin.

\*I can still feel his hands Az. Still taste his vileness in my mouth," she whispers while staring off vacantly. A tear slips down her cheek before disappearing down the drain along with cascading water. Her lip quivered as I stepped into the shower, my clothes becoming saturated, and the water was scalding hot. I move over to her near the far wall and sit beside her. Some parts of her skin were bleeding like she had scrubbed herself raw. The scars that littered her body are raw and angry but thankfully healed, now just raised from the scrubbing.

"Sometimes it is okay to remember the dark parts, Abbie. Just don't stay there too long. Don't let it trap you, don't give him the control he no longer has over you," I tell her, and she turns her head to look at me. I grabbed her hand, clutching the scourer, and laced my fingers through hers.

"I don't want control. I want to forget. I want to hate him and not still love him. How can you still love someone even after they do something like that? I should have listened to Gannon. I should have stayed," Abbie whispers.

"It was the mate bond. That wasn't really love, just some twisted version of what you perceived as love," I tell her.

"I was naive! And stupid!" she scolds herself.

"No, you wanted something more than what we have been given. And that's not your fault," I tell her. I sat with her, letting the boiling water scald my legs. Thankfully she only had her legs under the water, the rest of her was pressed against the wall. Yet her skin was raw and raised.

"I can't live like this, Az. I don't want to anymore. I don't want to be the broken doll,"

This wasn't my Abbie, this Abbie had given up. This was what was left. She looked as helpless now as she did when we first stepped into that orphanage. Only then we were younger, and children. Children only know what we are told, accepting of whatever fate we are handed because we don't know better.

Yet now that we are older we see the horrors of the world with a different light. We see the monsters, the lies and understand nothing about

our childhood was normal. What we thought was normal no longer is, and this new normal we are still uncertain of. Comfortable with pain because it was normal, comfortable in our own misery that was normal, so broken was normal. How do you fix normal?

How do you break the cycle of a thought pattern? Pain is not normal yet it was all we know, or I did know until I met Kyson, Abbie hasn't met her new normal, she is still suffering in the version we grew up with. And I knew she was tired, tired of the old normal. She wears her resilience like armor, but now laid bare I knew for once she didn't want to keep carrying it.

"You're not broken." I whisper despite the fact she looked it.

"I am. I don't know who I am anymore." she whispers, staring off vacantly.

"You're my best friend. My sister. You are more than my life," I tell her, squeezing her hand.

"No, we are you! We are rogue. We are whatever they let us be and nothing more," she says.

“Only if you let yourself be. You are not what he did to you Abbie. You are not what the butcher did to you, and we are not what Mrs. Daley made us believe,

“You aren’t. You are a princess and soon to be Queen you are Azalea Ivy Landeena. I am rogue. I am nothing, and now everyone knows what they did. Everyone knows the dirty things I wished I could forget! I am sick of them looking at me with pity! Sick them looking at me with disgust! Sick of being what he made me!”

“Then be Abbie,” I tell her putting my head on her shoulder.

“But I don’t know who she is” Abbie murmurs, her voice emotionless.

“What they did to you is not you, but a reflection of them. That is who they were, Abbie. They are dead, and you are still breathing. They don’t get another chance, but you do. So take it, don’t let them chain you down in the memory of what they did. They don’t deserve it. Live because you can and want to,” I tell her and she shakes her head and pulls her knees to her chest.

Abbie puts her head in her hands, and cries. Her shoulders shook, and I couldn’t begin to imagine what she was going through, but she would get through this. She had to because this world wasn’t worth being in without her.

“You sound like Gannon, but even he looks at me the same as everyone else. Even you do. I know you can’t help it, but ...” she choked out, her entire body shaking.

“I don’t look at you with pity. Abbie. I know who you are, and that is all I see. I see you, and this is not you. You are better than them. I see the girl I am willing to die beside. The girl I jumped with. The girl that kept me going when she wanted to give up herself. And you are not giving up. More than my life Abbie. I am right here, and you are staying right here with me. You go, I go. So which is it? Are you jumping? Because if you are, I am jumping with you.”

“You have a mate and a are Queen, so don’t say that. I am nothing compared to you,” she says and I hear in her voice how much she truly believed that

“You are everything to me. You always have been. My title doesn’t change that. And you have Gannon and will be my Beta. So don’t tell me you are nothing because the only reason I am still here for any of this, is because of you.”

Abbie chuckles and shakes her head but lifts it placing it against the wall. “I am a werewolf. You are a Lycan, I can’t be your Beta, and I wouldn’t know the first thing about being a Beta.”

“You think I know how to be Queen?” I laugh, sitting up to look at her.

"I can't even read. But we have people here that will help us. I have Kyson. You have Gannon, and me."

\*Yeah, until he tosses me aside, when I can't give him what he wants,\*

"He wants to change you and mark you. He isn't going anywhere. And even if he does, I am still right here," I tell her.

"You would change me?" she asks.

"Wouldn't think twice about it! But we may have to ask how though, because I am not sure how to," I chuckle, and so does she before her smile falls

"Who would have thought freedom would be worse than the chains that restricted us," she whispers.

"Freedom isn't something given, Abbie. It's a mindset. Only we can free ourselves."

"Do you feel free?" she asks, and I sigh.

"I don't know. But I know we aren't the orphan rogues anymore. I don't know who I am either, but I am determined to find out. And I prefer we find out together," I tell her and she swallows

"More than my life, she whispers

"More than my life," I reply

"More than my life," Gannon's deep voice says, making us both jump. Neither of us heard him come in, and I swiped my hand down the glass to find him leaning against the sink basin.

"Gannon?" Abbie sighs, shaking her head beside me.

"How long have you been there?"

"Long enough. Now hop out, we are leaving," he tells her but she doesn't move.

"I told you I am not going." Abbie says, staring vacantly ahead.

"You are. You can't stay in here, love. So please," Gannon begs, crouching down in front of us when he opens the door. I look to Abbie, who makes herself smaller like she was trying to hide her body away from him.

Gannon's eyes flit to me for a second before he scrubs a hand down his face, and I see the blacked-out mirror behind him, glancing back at Abbie and looking at her scarred skin, we nearly looked the same.

Hers were jagged, but my back looked like it had gone through a mincer, and so did my arms and the backs of my legs, yet the front of me wasn't so bad. Abbie however, was marred, but hers were less jagged, though I had no doubt hers caused her more pain because the scars would heal, but the marks on her heart, I wasn't so sure.

Nonetheless, I could tell she was ashamed of her body, what had become of it, and if that was what was preventing her from leaving the room, she needed to know she had nothing to be ashamed of. Her scars couldn't be hidden by clothes like mine could, but that didn't mean she should feel ashamed of them.

\*Can you get out, please?" she whispers, her knees close to her chest.

"I have already seen you naked, Abbie," Gannon tells her. Her face flamed red, and her lips quivered, and I knew I was right. And by the way she scrubbed her skin raw, I knew she felt dirty, felt on display by the marks that marred her.

"I can't go out there," she whispers, and I look at the scars that ran down her neck and mutilated her shoulders and the cuts on her face that left white lines once healed. To me though, she was still beautiful. I remember the shame I felt when the King asked me to get changed in front of him, the way Abbie begged at his feet for me. Gannon sighs but gets to his feet and walks out, he looked angry but never once voiced that anger at her.

"It's just skin, Abbie," I whisper. Yet to her, they were memories, and I understood that, and I hated mine too. Hated the way it looked against my skin. Hated the reminder.

"He mutilated me. It is one thing that everyone here knows, another having the world see," she croaks.

Trying to feel for the mindlink, I push on it, hoping I could open it myself, yet when I struggle, Kyson opens it for me. It was so weird trying to feel for him in my head. The bond was one thing, but the mind was something else, and Kyson made it look easy, but it wasn't.

"Why do you feel embarrassed?" Kyson asks.

\*Abbie hates her body." I tell him.

- And that makes you embarrassed?" he asks, and my face heated as hot as my shame.

"Hmm, I don't like this feeling. Where are you?" The King asks.

"In the shower with Abbie,"

"I see."

"Not like that. I have clothes on. But.."

"But what?"

"I want to take them off"

"Your both girls, I don't see a problem with that," my face heated even more. I was not afraid to be naked in front of Abbie. God knows how many times I had been naked in front of her and her me.

"Spit it out, Azalea. Your worry is making me queasy. What is it?"

"Say I want to walk around in the castle naked?"

"Definitely not." Kyson growls. Which angers me and fuels my next answer.

"I wasn't asking permission." I tell him, though I was kind of hoping he would give it because I didn't exactly want this to cause an argument.

"Then why are you telling me?"

"So you don't have to find out from the staff," I tell him.

"Azalea!" he snaps.

"Will be naked walking the corridors!" I answer.

"Like hell you are!" I cut him off, only for the mindlink to open up again as he forced his way back in my head.

"Somebody shut off the d###n cameras!" Kyson snarled through the mind-link, opening it for all the castle staff. Their voices flitted through my head making me dizzy.

"Do we have cameras?" I asked.

"Yes. They were installed two days ago. You are not doing this." Kyson tells me.

"I am!"

"Why are we cutting off the cameras?" Gannon's voice says suddenly through the mindlink. So many voices were making my head hurt and I struggled trying to shut them off only for Kyson to force back in my head.

“Do not let Azalea leave the bathroom!” Kyson growls at him.

“Pardon, my King?” Gannon answers. Abbie touches my arm as she stands, making me jump and pulling me back to focus on the room.

I watch her grab a towel and wrap it around herself, and I stand, stepping out of the shower. My face is already heating. I start shredding my clothes, dropping them in a wet heap as Abbie sticks her head out the door. Kyson was yelling at me through the mind-link and the guards and I tried my best to ignore him.

“I will get you some spare clothes,” Abbie says.

“Don’t bother,” I tell her, and she glances at me but quickly rushed into the room. Kyson was still talking through the mindlink, arguing with guards to leave Gannon’s quarters. While Liam asked neverending questions, it was hard trying to keep tabs on how many people’s voices were suddenly flitting through my head.

I grab a towel and dry myself, and Abbie runs back into the room with a cami and shorts, trying to pass them to me while she starts pulling on a turtle neck and long pants.

“Here,” she whispers, but I shake my head.

“Az?” I went to step past her when she stops in front of me.

“Gannon is out there,” she says, gripping my arm when he suddenly opens the door standing completely naked. I had no idea where to look, so I stared up at the roof, and so did he. This is awkward.

“Hang on, we’re doing this in style,” Liam says through the mind-link and I look at Gannon who sends me a wink.

“I swear, Azalea when I get home ...” Kyson starts.

“Well, that sounds like a challenge, my King.” I tell him.

“Put some clothes on! And Liam, stay away from my mate!” he snaps.

“What? Na, I am streaking with her. Got my best apron for this! If Gannon is strutting his stuff, so is me! Sometimes you gotta air out the skinsuit,” Liam says.

“I said clear the halls!” The King commanded.

“Everyone remains at their posts!” I commanded back a little shocked at how easily I did.

The King growls "Azalea!"

"My King?" Clarice says, through the mindlink.

I could hear Abbie asking what was going on, but I grabbed her hand almost blindly as everyone's faces flitted through my head along with their voices

"I can't do this with you in my d###n head!" I tell Kyson.

"Good because you aren't doing it!" he growls.

"What is going on?" Clarice asks

"Azalea is about to streak through the d###n halls!" Kyson tells her.

I focus on the mindlink, trying to get him out of my head. When I manage it, I am still standing in the bathroom though now I can see Gannon. I made sure to keep my eyes above the waist. I did not want to see more than I needed to. However, I was shocked to find his flesh

torn apart more than ours.

"Are we doing this?" he asks, looking at me.

"Doing what?" Abbie squeaks looking between us.

"Oh good, I am not late," Liam says, busting into the bathroom with only a floral apron on.

"Oh la la, my Queen! Lovely birthday suit," he said, not even being subtle as he looked at me. I swallowed under his leering gaze.

"Eyes off my mate Liam!"

"Hitting above your belt there, my King," Liam chuckles, earning a growl through the mindlink Kyson kept forcing open. Liam reaches past Gannon, grabbing my wrist jerking me to him, and loops his arm through mine while Abbie stands stunned. She grabs my arm as Liam tugs me toward the door.

"What are you doing?"

"We are showing you. You aren't the only one a little broken," Gannon says, offering his arm to her.

"Man, the King doesn't shut up. Bit bossy if you ask me. How do you put up with him?" Liam says. As Kyson kept trying to order his men out, when I realized something, his



commands on Liam and Gannon were not working. That realization hit me at the same time it hit Kyson that I knew something was amiss.

“Azalea?” he asks.

“I love you, but I am doing this for Abbie,” I tell him, and he growls.

“Them cameras better be f#####g off?” he calls through the open mindlink.

“Already off,” I hear Dustin call back.

\*Well, now this is definitely an adventure, so I guess we are off” Liam says, opening the door and bowing. Abbie giggles behind me, and I glance over my shoulder to see Gannon put his hands over her eyes when Liam Shakes his a#s at her. I try not to laugh and close my eyes, willing myself to step out the doors and not run back for the bathroom.

“You are in so much trouble when I get home!” Kyson snaps at me.

Anger courses through me, and Abbie gasps. I open my eyes at the sound and gasp myself. All the guards were still stationed where they were, their clothes at their feet in a heap, their eyes straight ahead and hands over their privates. I look at Abbie, who was fully clothed, gripping Gannon’s arm tightly, looking like she wanted to run back into the room.

“Ready, my Queen?” Liam laughs, looping his arm back through mine. I nod my breathing heavy and look straight ahead before I start walking. I headed for the King’s quarters, and I could hear Abbie crying behind me as she followed Gannon. Every staff member lined the halls naked, eyes straight ahead, thankfully. My chest warmed knowing they did this for her. Kyson growled through the bond angrily, and I could almost sense the angry look on his face.

As we walked the halls, I felt a strange weight lift from not only me but Abbie as her crying stopped. Each person we passed bowed or nodded and she looped her arm through mine. She rests her head on my shoulder as we climb the last set of stairs to find Clarice and Dustin standing up top naked.

“I knew you were a fine lady, Clarice, but d##n!” Liam says, giving a whistle.

“Liam, you are not too big for me to s\*\*\*k or wash your mouth out with soap!” she scolds.

“Lucky me! Which knee would you like me over?” he laughs, and she folds her arms across her chest and her eyes narrow at the man.

“My Queen,” she says and nods. Dustin walks over and opens the door for me.

“Abbie?” I whisper.

“You didn’t have to do this,” she tells me, yet the tension in her body had left, she looked more relaxed.

“Yes I did, you needed to see,” she looks out at all the naked guards and staff.

“Did you have to make them do it too?”

“No one made them do it, Love,” Gannon whispers, and everyone in the hall bows or tips their heads to her, and her cheeks flush pink.

“So, can I take you somewhere now and can I put some pants on, it is a little chilly?” Gannon asks, and I give her a nudge.

“Go, no one cares what you look like,” I tell her, and tears brim in her eyes as she hugs me.

“More than my life,” she whispers.

“More than my life,” I tell her.

“More than my life,” all the guards and staff murmur in unison, making my heart skip a beat.

I look at Dustin, who nods, keeping his eyes on mine. I wait for Abbie to disappear around the corner near the stairs before racing to the cupboard for clothes.

“You’re a good friend,” Clarice says, wrapping a sheet around herself.

“I can’t believe everyone did it for her,” I chuckle. Clarice chuckles.

“Yes, but also you. You are our Queen, where you go, we follow, even if it is doing something as silly as being naked,” she says when Kyson’s voice booms through the link.

“For god’s sake, please tell me she has clothes on now!” he growls.

“I have clothes on.” I tell him, and he growls and goes to say something, but I cut him off.

“I will deal with you when you get home,” I tell him.

“With me? You better b\*\*\*\*y run when I get home!” he snarls.

“Good, I will do it naked,” I tell him, and he growls, but I shove him out of my head.

“He is a little angry.” I sigh.

“Don’t worry, my Queen, you have an entire castle to back you,” she says, and my brows furrow, remembering how I was able to override the commands of Kyson.

“How?” I ask her.

“How what?” Clarice asks.

“They all listened. Kyson commanded them, and they listened to me instead,”

“Ah, now that is something you need to ask your King about, my Queen,” she chuckles before walking out. I sigh and sit on the bed. Now to deal with my King when he comes home.

The day passed by quickly, I had a doctor stop by to take blood. I worked on my reading with Liam and Dustin. At first I was a little embarrassed by my earlier spectacle, but as I walked the halls it was like it never happened, everyone was completely normal despite all of us being naked this morning.

After dinner, I went to bed, yet I could feel Kyson’s burning anger dissipate, he almost seemed giddy and excited to get home which thought odd and it made me wonder why his mood had switched, because his anger festered all day through the bond. It was still there yet not even a quarter of what it was earlier.

Crawling into my nest, I was rearranging the edges, twisting them as I tried to get comfortable looking for my mates scent that had only gotten weaker throughout the day, it was making me anxious. My eyes opened when I heard the door open and Kyson stepped in. I sat up waiting for his wrath, having decided I was too tired to argue with him, so I would just listen to his ranting if it meant I could sleep.

Kyson was quiet as he moved toward me. He stopped next to the bed and shrugged off his jacket tossing it on the end of the bed. His silence was worse as he watched me, undoing his cufflinks, he set them on the bedside table before unbuttoning his shirt. His scent filled the room, making me purr involuntarily. He smirks when I do, watching me fight the urge to throw myself at him.

“You are in trouble,” he says and I gulp, waiting to hear it.

“But I think I can forgive you,”

“You think, or you have?” I ask, forcing myself to remain where I am. I wanted to bite him, taste his skin and inhale his scent, like a d###n animal. It infuriated me yet my mouth watered all the same. Kyson raises an eyebrow at me before taking his shirt off and offering it to me, I reach out for it wondering what he is playing at. He lets me take it

before walking off into the bathroom. I hear the shower turn on yet he still hasn't answered me and his silence was almost worse than his wrath.

"Kyson?" I called

"My Queen," he says in return, making me purse my lips at his weird behaviour. When he finishes showering he comes out and tugs the duvet back I was huddled under.

"You didn't eat all your dinner," he growls, reaching for me. My skin tingles from his touch and his warmth instantly bleeds into me as he lays me on top of him.

"I wasn't hungry." I tell him, nipping at his chest, he lets me, brushing his fingers through my hair, as the calling slips out of him.

"I thought you were angry?" I ask.

"I am," he answers and I sit up, straddling his waist.

"You don't seem angry?" I tell him.

"Clarice said you didn't eat your lunch either?" Kyson growls, his fingers tangling in my hair, he tugs me back down and pulls my head back before brushing his lips against mine gently.

"Who cares if I ate, did you find out anything about the murdered rogues?"

"No, nothing, and I care if you aren't eating and so should you," I roll my eyes pushing off his chest only for him to tug me back again. His lips brush gently across mine.

"Because you're eating for two," he purrs before his tongue invades my mouth.

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## **Mated To The King Gamma – Chapter 59**

Queen Azalea

Walking out of my room, I was greeted by Liam, who came over and looped his arm through mine like we were best buddies. "And what adventure are we going on today, my Queen?" he asks, and I chuckle, looking around for Dustin.

"Dustin went to get your breakfast," Liam says as I glance around.

"I'm not hungry. I just want to see Abbie," I tell him with a frown as I walk down the steps toward Gannon's room. Abbie hadn't left the room since that first night back, and I know

that is why Gannon wanted to take her somewhere, and I wanted to see Abbie before she left.

Kyson told me she was leaving through the mindlink. It always freaked me out when he used it. Not used to having someone in my head, let alone being a part of something. Abbie was a rogue again, and I hated that, but she refused to let Gannon mark her. Every time I asked Kyson to make her part of the pack, he said she refused and he couldn't unless he changed her.

I knew why. She didn't think she was worthy of having good things, but that wasn't all. If Gannon couldn't change her, then she wouldn't be a Lycan, and I don't know what I would do without Abbie. Gannon stopped by not long after the King left to let me know he was taking her somewhere and that they were leaving after lunch.

Walking through the winding corridors and toward the back of the castle I finally arrived at their door. I knocked but got no answer. Looking up at Liam, he gripped the door handle and pushed the door open, and stuck his head in the door.

"I think she is showering." Liam whispers, although he had a strange look on his face like he knew something I didn't, so I push the door open wider and step inside.

"I will wait here. Gannon isn't here," Liam says, sniffing the air and looking away from me awkwardly. I give him a nod before stepping into the darkroom. The curtains were closed, and no light made it a little difficult to see as my eyes adjusted to the darkroom. I managed to kick my toe on a coffee table and felt like cursing the damn thing. Making my way to the bathroom, I knocked on the door.

\*Abbie? It's me." I call out to her, but I get no answer. However, it sounded like she was crying behind the door, and I suddenly knew why Liam didn't want to come in. Glancing around the room. I open the door and close it behind me. Turning to face the dark bathroom. I find the mirrors are covered over with large sheets of black paper, the bathroom darker than the main room, the air thick with the salt of her tears and the billowing steam.

I instantly broke out in a sweat. It was like a sauna in here. Muttering could be heard from the huge glass shower stall that was fogged up.

"Abbie? I whisper, opening the shower screen. I find her in the bottom of the shower, scrubbing herself viciously while pressed into the corner. Her skin is bright red from the heat of the scalding water. I knew she wasn't okay. Everyone knew that but seeing her like this broke my heart. She stops like she hadn't realized I was here. Her head lifted and she just stared vacantly ahead. A scourer clutched in her hand, something you would clean a heavily stained pot with, not skin.

\*I can still feel his hands Az. Still taste his vileness in my mouth," she whispers while staring off vacantly. A tear slips down her cheek before disappearing down the drain

along with cascading water. Her lip quivered as I stepped into the shower, my clothes becoming saturated, and the water was scalding hot. I move over to her near the far wall and sit beside her. Some parts of her skin were bleeding like she had scrubbed herself raw. The scars that littered her body are raw and angry but thankfully healed, now just raised from the scrubbing.

“Sometimes it is okay to remember the dark parts, Abbie. Just don’t stay there too long. Don’t let it trap you, don’t give him the control he no longer has over you,” I tell her, and she turns her head to look at me. I grabbed her hand, clutching the scourer, and laced my fingers through hers.

“I don’t want control. I want to forget. I want to hate him and not still love him. How can you still love someone even after they do something like that? I should have listened to Gannon. I should have stayed,” Abbie whispers.

“It was the mate bond. That wasn’t really love, just some twisted version of what you perceived as love,” I tell her.

“I was naive! And stupid!” she scolds herself.

“No, you wanted something more than what we have been given. And that’s not your fault,” I tell her. I sat with her, letting the boiling water scald my legs. Thankfully she only had her legs under the water, the rest of her was pressed against the wall. Yet her skin was raw and raised.

“I can’t live like this, Az. I don’t want to anymore. I don’t want to be the broken doll,”

This wasn’t my Abbie, this Abbie had given up. This was what was left. She looked as helpless now as she did when we first stepped into that orphanage. Only then we were younger, and children. Children only know what we are told, accepting of whatever fate we are handed because we don’t know better.

Yet now that we are older we see the horrors of the world with a different light. We see the monsters, the lies and understand nothing about

our childhood was normal. What we thought was normal no longer is, and this new normal we are still uncertain of. Comfortable with pain because it was normal, comfortable in our own misery that was normal, so broken was normal. How do you fix normal?

How do you break the cycle of a thought pattern? Pain is not normal yet it was all we know, or I did know until I met Kyson, Abbie hasn’t met her new normal, she is still suffering in the version we grew up with. And I knew she was tired, tired of the old normal. She wears her resilience like armor, but now laid bare I knew for once she didn’t want to keep carrying it.

“You’re not broken.” I whisper despite the fact she looked it.

“I am. I don’t know who I am anymore.” she whispers, staring off vacantly.

“You’re my best friend. My sister. You are more than my life,’ I tell her, squeezing her hand.

“No, we are you! We are rogue. We are whatever they let us be and nothing more,’ she says.

“Only if you let yourself be. You are not what he did to you Abbie. You are not what the butcher did to you, and we are not what Mrs. Daley made us believe,

“You aren’t. You are a princess and soon to be Queen you are Azalea Ivy Landeena. I am rogue. I am nothing, and now everyone knows what they did. Everyone knows the dirty things I wished I could forget! I am sick of them looking at me with pity! Sick them looking at me with disgust! Sick of being what he made me!”

“Then be Abbie,” I tell her putting my head on her shoulder.

“But I don’t know who she is” Abbie murmurs, her voice emotionless.

“What they did to you is not you, but a reflection of them. That is who they were, Abbie. They are dead, and you are still breathing. They don’t get another chance, but you do. So take it, don’t let them chain you down in the memory of what they did. They don’t deserve it. Live because you can and want to,’ I tell her and she shakes her head and pulls her knees to her chest.

Abbie puts her head in her hands, and cries. Her shoulders shook, and I couldn’t begin to imagine what she was going through, but she would get through this. She had to because this world wasn’t worth being in without her.

“You sound like Gannon, but even he looks at me the same as everyone else. Even you do. I know you can’t help it, but ...” she choked out, her entire body shaking.

“I don’t look at you with pity. Abbie. I know who you are, and that is all I see. I see you, and this is not you. You are better than them. I see the girl I am willing to die beside. The girl I jumped with. The girl that kept me going when she wanted to give up herself. And you are not giving up. More than my life Abbie. I am right here, and you are staying right here with me. You go, I go. So which is it? Are you jumping? Because if you are, I am jumping with you.”

“You have a mate and a are Queen, so don’t say that. I am nothing compared to you,” she says and I hear in her voice how much she truly believed that

"You are everything to me. You always have been. My title doesn't change that. And you have Gannon and will be my Beta. So don't tell me you are nothing because the only reason I am still here for any of this, is because of you."

Abbie chuckles and shakes her head but lifts it placing it against the wall. "I am a werewolf. You are a Lycan, I can't be your Beta, and I wouldn't know the first thing about being a Beta."

"You think I know how to be Queen?" I laugh, sitting up to look at her.

"I can't even read. But we have people here that will help us. I have Kyson. You have Gannon, and me."

\*Yeah, until he tosses me aside, when I can't give him what he wants,\*

"He wants to change you and mark you. He isn't going anywhere. And even if he does, I am still right here," I tell her.

"You would change me?" she asks.

"Wouldn't think twice about it! But we may have to ask how though, because I am not sure how to," I chuckle, and so does she before her smile falls

"Who would have thought freedom would be worse than the chains that restricted us," she whispers.

"Freedom isn't something given, Abbie. It's a mindset. Only we can free ourselves."

"Do you feel free?" she asks, and I sigh.

"I don't know. But I know we aren't the orphan rogues anymore. I don't know who I am either, but I am determined to find out. And I prefer we find out together," I tell her and she swallows

"More than my life, she whispers

"More than my life," I reply

"More than my life," Gannon's deep voice says, making us both jump. Neither of us heard him come in, and I swiped my hand down the glass to find him leaning against the sink basin.

"Gannon?" Abbie sighs, shaking her head beside me.

"How long have you been there?"



“Long enough. Now hop out, we are leaving,” he tells her but she doesn’t move.

“I told you I am not going.” Abbie says, staring vacantly ahead.

“You are. You can’t stay in here, love. So please,” Gannon begs, crouching down in front of us when he opens the door. I look to Abbie, who makes herself smaller like she was trying to hide her body away from him.

Gannon’s eyes flit to me for a second before he scrubs a hand down his face, and I see the blacked-out mirror behind him, glancing back at Abbie and looking at her scarred skin, we nearly looked the same.

Hers were jagged, but my back looked like it had gone through a mincer, and so did my arms and the backs of my legs, yet the front of me wasn’t so bad. Abbie however, was marred, but hers were less jagged, though I had no doubt hers caused her more pain because the scars would heal, but the marks on her heart, I wasn’t so sure.

Nonetheless, I could tell she was ashamed of her body, what had become of it, and if that was what was preventing her from leaving the room, she needed to know she had nothing to be ashamed of. Her scars couldn’t be hidden by clothes like mine could, but that didn’t mean she should feel ashamed of them.

\*Can you get out, please?” she whispers, her knees close to her chest.

“I have already seen you naked, Abbie,” Gannon tells her. Her face flamed red, and her lips quivered, and I knew I was right. And by the way she scrubbed her skin raw, I knew she felt dirty, felt on display by the marks that marred her.

“I can’t go out there,” she whispers, and I look at the scars that ran down her neck and mutilated her shoulders and the cuts on her face that left white lines once healed. To me though, she was still beautiful. I remember the shame I felt when the King asked me to get changed in front of him, the way Abbie begged at his feet for me. Gannon sighs but gets to his feet and walks out, he looked angry but never once voiced that anger at her.

“It’s just skin, Abbie,” I whisper. Yet to her, they were memories, and I understood that, and I hated mine too. Hated the way it looked against my skin. Hated the reminder.

“He mutilated me. It is one thing that everyone here knows, another having the world see,” she croaks.

Trying to feel for the mindlink, I push on it, hoping I could open it myself, yet when I struggle, Kyson opens it for me. It was so weird trying to feel for him in my head. The bond was one thing, but the mind was something else, and Kyson made it look easy, but it wasn’t.

“Why do you feel embarrassed?” Kyson asks.

\*Abbie hates her body.” I tell him.

- And that makes you embarrassed?” he asks, and my face heated as hot as my shame.

“Hmm, I don’t like this feeling. Where are you?” The King asks.

“In the shower with Abbie,”

” I see.”

‘Not like that. I have clothes on. But..”

“But what?”

“I want to take them off”

“Your both girls, I don’t see a problem with that,” my face heated even more. I was not afraid to be naked in front of Abbie. God knows how many times I had been naked in front of her and her me.

“Spit it out, Azalea. Your worry is making me queasy. What is it?”

“Say I want to walk around in the castle naked?”

“Definitely not.” Kyson growls. Which angers me and fuels my next answer.

“I wasn’t asking permission.” I tell him, though I was kind of hoping he would give it because I didn’t exactly want this to cause an argument.

“Then why are you telling me?”

“So you don’t have to find out from the staff,” I tell him.

“Azalea!” he snaps.

“Will be naked walking the corridors!” I answer.

“Like hell you are!” I cut him off, only for the mindlink to open up again as he forced his way back in my head.

“Somebody shut off the d###n cameras!” Kyson snarled through the mind-link, opening it for all the castle staff. Their voices flitted through my head making me dizzy.

“Do we have cameras?” I asked.

“Yes. They were installed two days ago. You are not doing this.” Kyson tells me.

“I am!”

“Why are we cutting off the cameras?” Gannon’s voice says suddenly through the mindlink. So many voices were making my head hurt and I struggled trying to shut them off only for Kyson to force back in my head.

“Do not let Azalea leave the bathroom!” Kyson growls at him.

“Pardon, my King?” Gannon answers. Abbie touches my arm as she stands, making me jump and pulling me back to focus on the room.

I watch her grab a towel and wrap it around herself, and I stand, stepping out of the shower. My face is already heating. I start shredding my clothes, dropping them in a wet heap as Abbie sticks her head out the door. Kyson was yelling at me through the mindlink and the guards and I tried my best to ignore him.

“I will get you some spare clothes,” Abbie says.

“Don’t bother,” I tell her, and she glances at me but quickly rushed into the room. Kyson was still talking through the mindlink, arguing with guards to leave Gannon’s quarters. While Liam asked neverending questions, it was hard trying to keep tabs on how many people’s voices were suddenly flitting through my head.

I grab a towel and dry myself, and Abbie runs back into the room with a cami and shorts, trying to pass them to me while she starts pulling on a turtle neck and long pants.

“Here,” she whispers, but I shake my head.

“Az?” I went to step past her when she stops in front of me.

“Gannon is out there,” she says, gripping my arm when he suddenly opens the door standing completely naked. I had no idea where to look, so I stared up at the roof, and so did he. This is awkward.

“Hang on, we’re doing this in style,” Liam says through the mind-link and I look at Gannon who sends me a wink.

“I swear, Azalea when I get home ...” Kyson starts.

“Well, that sounds like a challenge, my King.” I tell him.

“Put some clothes on! And Liam, stay away from my mate!” he snaps.

“What? Na, I am streaking with her. Got my best apron for this! If Gannon is strutting his stuff, so is me! Sometimes you gotta air out the skinsuit,” Liam says.

“I said clear the halls!” The King commanded.

“Everyone remains at their posts!” I commanded back a little shocked at how easily I did.

The King growls “Azalea!”

“My King?” Clarice says, through the mindlink.

I could hear Abbie asking what was going on, but I grabbed her hand almost blindly as everyone’s faces flitted through my head along with their voices

“I can’t do this with you in my d###n head!” I tell Kyson.

“Good because you aren’t doing it!” he growls.

“What is going on?” Clarice asks

“Azalea is about to streak through the d###n halls!” Kyson tells her.

I focus on the mindlink, trying to get him out of my head. When I manage it, I am still standing in the bathroom though now I can see Gannon. I made sure to keep my eyes above the waist. I did not want to see more than I needed to. However, I was shocked to find his flesh

torn apart more than ours.

“Are we doing this?” he asks, looking at me.

“Doing what?” Abbie squeaks looking between us.

“Oh good, I am not late,” Liam says, busting into the bathroom with only a floral apron on.

“Oh la la, my Queen! Lovely birthday suit,” he said, not even being subtle as he looked at me. I swallowed under his leering gaze.

“Eyes off my mate Liam!”

“Hitting above your belt there, my King,” Liam chuckles, earning a growl through the mindlink Kyson kept forcing open. Liam reaches past Gannon. grabbing my wrist jerking me to him, and loops his arm through mine while Abbie stands stunned. She grabs my arm as Liam tugs me toward the door.

“What are you doing?”

“We are showing you. You aren’t the only one a little broken,” Gannon says, offering his arm to her.

“Man, the King doesn’t shut up. Bit bossy if you ask me. How do you put up with him?” Liam says. As Kyson kept trying to order his men out, when I realized something, his commands on Liam and Gannon were not working. That realization hit me at the same time it hit Kyson that I knew something was amiss.

“Azalea?” he asks.

“I love you, but I am doing this for Abbie,” I tell him, and he growls.

“Them cameras better be f#####g off?” he calls through the open mindlink.

“Already off,” I hear Dustin call back.

\*Well, now this is definitely an adventure, so I guess we are off” Liam says, opening the door and bowing. Abbie giggles behind me, and I glance over my shoulder to see Gannon put his hands over her eyes when Liam Shakes his a#s at her. I try not to laugh and close my eyes, willing myself to step out the doors and not run back for the bathroom.

“You are in so much trouble when I get home!” Kyson snaps at me.

Anger courses through me, and Abbie gasps. I open my eyes at the sound and gasp myself. All the guards were still stationed where they were, their clothes at their feet in a heap, their eyes straight ahead and hands over their privates. I look at Abbie, who was fully clothed, gripping Gannon’s arm tightly, looking like she wanted to run back into the room.

“Ready, my Queen?” Liam laughs, looping his arm back through mine. I nod my breathing heavy and look straight ahead before I start walking. I headed for the King’s quarters, and I could hear Abbie crying behind me as she followed Gannon. Every staff member lined the halls naked, eyes straight ahead, thankfully. My chest warmed knowing they did this for her. Kyson growled through the bond angrily, and I could almost sense the angry look on his face.

As we walked the halls, I felt a strange weight lift from not only me but Abbie as her crying stopped. Each person we passed bowed or nodded and she looped her arm through mine. She rests her head on my shoulder as we climb the last set of stairs to find Clarice and Dustin standing up top naked.

“I knew you were a fine lady, Clarice, but d##n!” Liam says, giving a whistle.

“Liam, you are not too big for me to s\*\*\*k or wash your mouth out with soap!” she scolds.

“Lucky me! Which knee would you like me over?” he laughs, and she folds her arms across her chest and her eyes narrow at the man.

“My Queen,” she says and nods. Dustin walks over and opens the door for me.

“Abbie?” I whisper.

“You didn’t have to do this,” she tells me, yet the tension in her body had left, she looked more relaxed.

“Yes I did, you needed to see,” she looks out at all the naked guards and staff.

“Did you have to make them do it too?”

“No one made them do it, Love,” Gannon whispers, and everyone in the hall bows or tips their heads to her, and her cheeks flush pink.

“So, can I take you somewhere now and can I put some pants on, it is a little chilly?” Gannon asks, and I give her a nudge.

“Go, no one cares what you look like,” I tell her, and tears brim in her eyes as she hugs me.

“More than my life,” she whispers.

“More than my life,” I tell her.

“More than my life,” all the guards and staff murmur in unison, making my heart skip a beat.

I look at Dustin, who nods, keeping his eyes on mine. I wait for Abbie to disappear around the corner near the stairs before racing to the cupboard for clothes.

“You’re a good friend,” Clarice says, wrapping a sheet around herself.

“I can’t believe everyone did it for her,” I chuckle. Clarice chuckles.

“Yes, but also you. You are our Queen, where you go, we follow, even if it is doing something as silly as being naked,” she says when Kyson’s voice booms through the link.

“For god’s sake, please tell me she has clothes on now!” he growls.

"I have clothes on." I tell him, and he growls and goes to say something, but I cut him off.

"I will deal with you when you get home," I tell him.

"With me? You better b\*\*\*\*y run when I get home!" he snarls.

"Good, I will do it naked," I tell him, and he growls, but I shove him out of my head.

"He is a little angry." I sigh.

"Don't worry, my Queen, you have an entire castle to back you," she says, and my brows furrow, remembering how I was able to override the commands of Kyson.

"How?" I ask her.

"How what?" Clarice asks.

"They all listened. Kyson commanded them, and they listened to me instead,"

"Ah, now that is something you need to ask your King about, my Queen," she chuckles before walking out. I sigh and sit on the bed. Now to deal with my King when he comes home.

The day passed by quickly, I had a doctor stop by to take blood. I worked on my reading with Liam and Dustin. At first I was a little embarrassed by my earlier spectacle, but as I walked the halls it was like it never happened, everyone was completely normal despite all of us being naked this morning.

After dinner, I went to bed, yet I could feel Kyson's burning anger dissipate, he almost seemed giddy and excited to get home which thought odd and it made me wonder why his mood had switched, because his anger festered all day through the bond. It was still there yet not even a quarter of what it was earlier.

Crawling into my nest, I was rearranging the edges, twisting them as I tried to get comfortable looking for my mates scent that had only gotten weaker throughout the day, it was making me anxious. My eyes opened when I heard the door open and Kyson stepped in. I sat up waiting for his wrath, having decided I was too tired to argue with him, so I would just listen to his ranting if it meant I could sleep.

Kyson was quiet as he moved toward me. He stopped next to the bed and shrugged off his jacket tossing it on the end of the bed. His silence was worse as he watched me, undoing his cufflinks, he set them on the bedside table before unbuttoning his shirt. His scent filled the room, making me purr involuntarily. He smirks when I do, watching me fight the urge to throw myself at him.

“You are in trouble,” he says and I gulp, waiting to hear it.

“But I think I can forgive you,”

“You think, or you have?” I ask, forcing myself to remain where I am. I wanted to bite him, taste his skin and inhale his scent, like a d##n animal. It infuriated me yet my mouth watered all the same. Kyson raises an eyebrow at me before taking his shirt off and offering it to me, I reach out for it wondering what he is playing at. He lets me take it before walking off into the bathroom. I hear the shower turn on yet he still hasn’t answered me and his silence was almost worse than his wrath.

“Kyson?” I called

“My Queen,” he says in return, making me purse my lips at his weird behaviour. When he finishes showering he comes out and tugs the duvet back I was huddled under.

“You didn’t eat all your dinner,” he growls, reaching for me. My skin tingles from his touch and his warmth instantly bleeds into me as he lays me on top of him.

“I wasn’t hungry.” I tell him, nipping at his chest, he lets me, brushing his fingers through my hair, as the calling slips out of him.

“I thought you were angry?” I ask.

“I am,” he answers and I sit up, straddling his waist.

“You don’t seem angry?” I tell him.

“Clarice said you didn’t eat your lunch either?” Kyson growls, his fingers tangling in my hair, he tugs me back down and pulls my head back before brushing his lips against mine gently.

“Who cares if I ate, did you find out anything about the murdered rogues?”

“No, nothing, and I care if you aren’t eating and so should you,” I roll my eyes pushing off his chest only for him to tug me back again. His lips brush gently across mine.

“Because you’re eating for two,” he purrs before his tongue invades my mouth.

Rate this Chapter

## **Mated To The King Gamma – Chapter 60**

Azalea POV



Two days had passed, and I never thought I would be so excited for Kyson not to be home. He was driving me up the wall, watching me constantly, stuffing vitamins down my throat. A week and he was already overbearing. Kyson had explained that one week in human pregnancy is equivalent to three or four weeks for Lycans, but if this was a week, I would hate to see what a fortnight would bring. However, I was excited to know that Abbie was coming back tomorrow, there was only so much to do around the castle, and Kyson forbade me from helping Peter, the stable boy. Also, from helping Clarice, I was bored out of my mind.

So today, when I woke up to find he had gone somewhere, I was a little relieved not to have him breathing down my neck. However, he had allocated me a babysitter in the form of Liam. Liam was alright, a little crazy but definitely entertaining, and Dustin didn't seem to mind having him around either.

"My Queen," Liam says while walking into the room. I roll my eyes and scoot the edge of the bed when I see him walk into the room. In his hand was the dreaded vitamins and some smoothie Kyson had been making me drink three times a day that tasted dreadful.

"Bottoms up," he says, holding out the green chunky-looking drink and the pills.

"I will pass on that," I tell him.

"Your royal pain in the a#s said I was to ensure you drink this lovely concoction that looks like snot, and baby s##t, my Queen," I shake my head.

"Can't be that bad," he says, thrusting the cup toward me.

"Have you tasted it?" I ask him.

"No, but I watched him make it before he left, and he was very insistent that you drink this lovely glass of vileness,"

"What he doesn't know won't hurt him or my stomach," I tell him, cringing. It was a taste you would never forget.

"Just a sip and I can say I watched you drink it," Liam offers. I raise an eyebrow at him, he would have to pin me down to get me to drink

that.

"If you can stomach it, I will try," I challenge. Liam shrugs and sighs, holding the glass up.

"Not much I haven't had in my mouth, my Queen, but if it gets you drink it, I shall have a little sippy sip," he says, while bringing the glass to his lips. He tips the glass up, drinking a mouthful. I watched him try to swallow, covering his mouth with his fist as he

gagged and coughed. He forced it down like he was swallowing a golf ball looking very pained. At the same time Dustin walks in behind him with my breakfast.

“Good God, that tastes worse than that prostitute I went down on,” Liam gasps shaking his head and I pull a face, and he shrugs and Dustin gives him a look of disgust. “What, the woman could have told me. How was I to know she was a hooker, and I was her fifteenth client for the day,” he mumbles the last part. I pull a disgusted face, and so does Dustin. I really could have gone without that information.

“Wait, if she was a prostitute, how did you not know?”

“To be fair, I was pretty drunk. I thought it was a hotel. Turns out, instead of a mint on my pillow, it had a woman,” Liam says, taking another sip of the drink as he rambled. He heaves, spitting it all over Dustin. Dustin tenses, his face covered in the green substance, and Liam drops the glass on the tray Dustin is holding. Liam frantically starts digging in his pocket before pulling out a small glass bottle that fits in the palm of his hand. I knew it was liquor by the potent scent. He chugs it down quickly. gulping it down until the small bottle is empty.

“Ah, nasty,” Liam says, wiping his mouth. I press my lips in a line trying not to laugh at the horrified look on Dustin’s face as he stood frozen. Liam, finally turning his head, notices he spat the drink all over him and chokes on his laugh before turning serious again when an enraged Dustin glares at him.

“Well, that shirt was d##n ugly anyway, all good. I will get you cleaned up,” Liam says, taking out a handkerchief to scrub Dustin’s face.

Dustin growls. “It’s my uniform. You are wearing the same one,” Dustin says while Liam cleans his shirt and face.

“One sec,” Liam says, licking the handkerchief wrapped around his finger before scrubbing at Dustin’s chin.

“They’re good as new.” Liam exclaims.

“You did not just clean me with your spit” Dustin snarls.

“Ah, come on, Dustin, not the worst part of me you have had on your face,” Liam says, and Dustin’s face turns bright red. He shoots Liam a look.

“Liam!” Dustin snaps.

“What, I was just saying. Liam shrugs

“Little sensitive this one.” Liam says, sending me a wink.

“Do you have no manners? She is the Queen. You can’t speak like, ah,” he thrusts the tray at Liam before storming out.

“Wonder what crawled up his a#s... Besides me, of course,” Liam says, watching him leave. I didn’t know what to say to that, so I just ignored Liam’s comments and wandered off to the bathroom, shaking my head. I showered quickly and got changed, wanting to go find something to do.

The castle was pretty quiet today as Liam escorted me downstairs. Most of the guards went with Kyson because they were raiding a nearby pack, so only a handful was left here, and the place was locked up like a fortress.

“We could go for a walk in the gardens, my Queen. The King doesn’t,” Liam falls silent, his hand gripping my shoulder. Liam stepped down the last few steps before I suddenly found myself slammed against the wall, his hand going over my mouth.

My heart beat erratically as he held a finger to his lips. Gone was the fun-loving man I was used to as his eyes flickered oddly, a sadistic gleam in his eyes as they darkened and his canines protruded past his top lip. I could hear Clarice frantically talking down the hall before the doors next to the staircase burst open. Liam shoved me behind him as men in armor flooded the halls from every direction. My hands shook as I clutched the back of Liam’s shirt, where he shoved me behind him.

Guns raised, four other men, who I could tell were Lycan, walked in wearing suits. Clarice rushed in after them bursting into the foyer.

“May I ask what this is about, MR Crux,” Liam asks, motioning for Clarice to come to him with his hand. She rushes to his side and whispers something to him, and I only catch the last part about how they took the guards out. She glances at me nervously behind him. Liam nods but doesn’t move his eyes from the men surrounding us with their guns trained on him.

The mind-link opens up as Liam calls for the guards, yet no one answers. However, Kyson does feel the open mind link and invades it.

“What is it?”

\*The council is here. Get home,” Liam tells him.

“Don’t let them in. I am on my way.”

“Too late,”

“Azalea?”

“Get here, Kyson. I am all that is left,” Liam growls, slamming the link shut.

“How may I help you, gentlemen,” Liam asks, walking down to greet them.

“We have had a complaint,” the tallest of them says.

“So you thought you would break into the Kingdom? The King isn’t here, so I am sure we can reschedule,” Liam says. The tallest of them would even match Kyson in height, his obsidian eyes stared at me curiously, and he sniffed the air.

“Clarice take the new girl upstairs,” Liam says, but the man steps forward, and Liam’s hand falls on his chest. The energy shifts and Clarice grabs my arm, pushing me up the stairs.

“She remains. We aren’t to see the king but to find two women, an Abbie and Queen Azalea,”

“As I said, the King isn’t here, and neither is Abbie or the Queen, Liam growls, looking at the man who still had his eyes on me. The men surrounding him moved in closer the moment Liam moved, guns pressing against him, and my heart thudded painfully. I felt sick.

The man watching me tilts his head to the side. “Now that would be a lie because she reeks of the King’s scent,” he growls.

“And as I said, the King is not here, so I will escort you off the premises, gentleman. No need to frighten everyone here.” Liam replies.

Clarice grabs my arm, and I follow her when another voice fills the room. The command behind it makes me freeze.

“She goes up those stairs shoot him, and the woman.” I stop, and Clarice gasps, as her eyes meet mine, the fear behind them as she stared at me made me swallow while I tried to figure out what was going on.

“Clarice, take her upstairs,” Liam says, and I swallowed, turning my attention back to these men surrounding Liam.

“What is this about?” I demand, and the man smirks as my command roles over him but has no effect.

“If you would come with me, my Queen,”

“She is not going anywhere with you.” Liam snarls, turning his head to the man watching me intently. The men holding guns step aside to allow the other three men into my line of vision, all of them dressed impeccably in tailored suits.

"You must be Azalea. I see you have met Mr. Crux. I am a council elder. My name is Denali," he says. He seemed to be the one with the

most authority out of the lot of them. It oozed off him. He smirked, his cold blue eyes looking up at me as he swept thick blonde hair from his face. He had a thick accent I couldn't place.

"And this is my brother, Larkin, he says, motioning toward the man beside him in a blue suit, his blonde hair tied at the nape of his neck, he was a little shorter, but he had the same cruel, sharp features as Denali. "And this Kendrick," he says, motioning to the last man that was missing an eye. A long jagged scar went from his hairline to his chin, his lips scarred and twisted into a snarl.

hin, his lips scarred and twisted into a snarl. he says, motioning

He took a step toward me, and Liam moved quickly, stepping into his path and grabbing the front of his suit jacket.

"Touch her, and I remove your other eye," Liam snarled. Kendrick snarls back at him; however, Denali is the one who speaks.

"No need for that, Liam, you are outnumbered. We are here for the rogue girl and the Queen, no reason for things to turn messy."

"Not without the King present," Liam says, turning his attention to Denali.

"We are well within our rights to enter. As council members we have immunity into any pack even the King's Pack. We also have a warrant and an entire pack to back the claims. She will be given a chance to have her say, but for now she must come with us"

"What claims?" Liam demanded.

"There are only two laws that are upheld to this degree, Liam. You know that, so if you would follow me, Queen Azalea, we can settle this and bring the other girl," he said, motioning toward me.

"Abbie isn't here," I tell him.

"Very well, this won't take long, we brought the truth serum, so it should be settled quickly," he says, motioning for his men. They move toward me, and all hell breaks loose as Liam suddenly shifts. Denali is instantly ripped backward along with the other two men when the guns start going off. But I don't get a chance to see what happens as Clarice rips me up the stairs. I could hear gunfire and fighting, screams and footsteps chasing after us.

"Kyson," I screamed through the link.

“An hour out, f#####g pull over,” I hear him scream at someone through the link.

“Hide, I will find you,” he says, cutting off the link. I felt him shift through the bond just as Clarice stuffed me into a room. She looks around, and so do I as I hear footsteps. My entire body shook, and I found myself in the forbidden room across from Kyson’s old quarters.

“Stay here. I will lead them away.” Clarice says.

“Lock the door,” she says, cracking the door open and peering out. I went to go after her when she slipped out and shut the door. I quickly locked the door and glanced around toward the window. Hundreds of people stood out front the gates, and I stepped back so they wouldn’t see me.

“Where are you?” Kyson says through the link.

“The room across from your old Quarters,” I tell him, watching in horror as I see Dustin lying unconscious on the cobble driveway along with a heap of guards. Men were handcuffing their hands behind their back, all of them unconscious with darts sticking out of them. Yelling could be heard, and I could hear Liam fighting still as he was dragged out, yet he was hit with another dart, his body twisting and arching as he was forced to shift back.

Multiple darts were in his back, legs, and neck when a guard wearing black camo lifted his gun and shot him in the chest three times with more darts. His legs went out from under him and blood-drenched his entire body when I heard a shrill scream.

I watch petrified as Clarice is dragged out kicking and screaming with the two boys she had taken in. Denali wipes his face with a handkerchief as he walks out toward the gates when I spot her. I was certain it was the same woman.

The woman that watched from the servo after Kade was killed. Denali talks to her through the gate. I couldn’t hear what they were saying, but the three other men also stood off to the side, watching him before he turned around. The man with the missing eye wiped the blood off his face before snarling and kicking Liam in the stomach. My hands went to my mouth, so consumed with fear, I forgot Kyson, who was talking to me through the link.

“Azalea!” he snapped. Denali turned around before reaching for a microphone of one of his guards. He turns to face the castle bringing the microphone to his mouth.

“Queen Azalea, you have been summoned by the council, so you need to step outside,” He says, slowing. He looks up at the windows, and I remain back out of his line of vision.

“You have two minutes to step out, or we will use deadly force, beginning with,” he looks around before one of the guards grabs Oliver. Clarice loses it, shifting and attacking the guard when Mr. Crux punches her knocking her to the ground before grabbing the boy.

“Two minutes or the rogue boy dies,”

“Azalea!” Kyson snaps at me.

“They’re going to kill them if I don’t.”

“Don’t you f#####g dare.”

“They have Oliver,

“Azalea, I am not far out. Remain where you are.” Kyson says as I watch in horror as they push tiny Oliver to the ground on his knees. Mr. Crux pulls a pistol from inside his jacket and presses it to his head.

“Two minutes Queen Azalea, I can not kill any Lycan here but a rogue, even a child I have the authority too,”

“I have to go.” I tell Kyson.

“No, remain where you are,” he orders and I grit my teeth.

“How far out?”

\*20 minutes,

“It’s too long.” I tell him, forcing his command off.

“One minute,” Denali calls over the microphone, and Oliver cringes away from the gun held to his head.

“Azalea?” Kyson says, his panic smashes into me. Mr. Crux presses it to his temple, and I rush toward the window, throwing it open.

“Wait, I will come down,” I scream to them. Mr. Crux lifts his head to look at me while Mr. Denali smirks.

“We thought you would change mind.” He nods toward some of his men, who race toward the castle.

“They will meet you at the foyer doors,” Denali called through the microphone, and I nodded, moving back inside the window. I glance around at the baby’s room. One that was made for me had Kyson found me when my parents were killed, however nothing

here offered any sort of protection. Swallowing down the bile in my throat, I move toward the door and open it.

The moment I stepped out of the safety of the castle doors, I was surrounded and grabbed. They dragged me to the front of the castle, and Kyson was in my head the entire time, telling me to stall them. His fear was potent, and I wondered what sort of history he had with the council that they would be daring enough to go against the Lycan King.

“Azalea, my Queen. So lovely for you to join us.” Denali purred, and my skin crawled as he approached me. He clicked his fingers at one of his men, who shoved me toward the iron gates and handcuffed my wrists to the solid bars. My heart skipped a beat as everyone took a few steps back as they watched beyond the gate.

“Fear not. You will have your say. We just have a few questions for you. This is merely a precaution,” Denali says, gripping the back of my neck to turn my face toward his.

“Are you really that gutless that you had to wait for my mate to leave?” I ask him, and he laughs sadistically.

He stepped away, and I could see Oliver kneeling next to Clarice, crying, huddled in Logan’s arms. Turning my attention back to Denali, he sneered at me.

“It is a mere coincidence that the King wasn’t home. We were sent the report and investigated; this is just a questioning,”

“If that is all it is, why did you feel the need to take out my guards and handcuff me to a damn gate?”

“Because we are aware of the pact the guards hold, they will fight. We haven’t hurt them, just made them more compliant,” he states.

“What Pact?” I asked, a little confused.

“The King never told you?” He asks, and I glance around at the crowd of onlookers watching me.

“Regardless, I am here to administer the serum, ask the questions, and choose punishment if necessary.”

“15 minutes, love Keep stalling. Leave the link open, so I can hear what is going on. Help is coming.” Kyson says in my head. I swallow when Mr. Crux approaches with a vial.



“The Landeena Kingdom, head to the castle your Queen needs you,” Kyson calls through the link. I didn’t have time to process his words, and I knew the town was a good 15 minutes from the hill on which the castle stood.

“What is this about?” I ask, knowing full well by the woman standing on the other side of the gates watching me. Denali follows my gaze and motions for one of the guards to let her in. The gate is opened beside me, and the smug b####h steps inside her heeled boots clinking on the stone driveway before they close it nearly jamming my fingers. She moves behind me and stops beside him, folding her arms across her chest.

“Cassandra,” I snarl.

“So you do know each other, wonderful. Cassandra here says you commanded Abbie to reject her husband, Alpha Kade and made him

accept the rejection, she also claims that you also stole the pack’s future Luna,” Denali says.

“That is not true. Abbie tried rejecting him. He was abusing her,” I told Denali before glaring at Cassandra. “With her help,” I growled.

“That wasn’t what I asked. I asked if you abused your power as the King’s Mate and broke a sacred law regarding mate bonds?”

“As I said, he was abusing Abbie. He sexually assaulted her,”

“And where is Abbie to verify this?” Denali asks, tilting his head toward me. He nods to Mr. Crux, who moves toward me with the vial. I clench my teeth together.

“Kyson!” I rush through the mindlink.

“Any minute,” Kyson replies when Denali grabs my hair ripping my head back while Mr. Crux pinches my cheeks, stuffing the vial in my mouth. Denali checks his watch while I cough and gag at its taste, yet something about it reminded me of Kyson.

“You can fight the effects,” Kyson links to me. “Focus, love, that serum is made from my blood. You can resist it,” he tells me.

A minute or so goes past, and Mr. Crux nods to Denali.

“Did you command Luna Abbie to reject her mate, Alpha Kade?” Denali asks. I grit my teeth. Fear so palpable it made goosebumps rise on my skin as the urge to answer rolled through me, making my body tense.

“Nearly there, fight it,” Kyson snarls when I hear a commotion outside the gates. Denali glances out the gates to the cobble road where Kade’s pack stood before waving some

of his men to sort whatever is happening out. They rush out the gates, and Kade's pack members murmur amongst themselves looking down the road.

"Answer me," Denali demands. I don't know what Kyson meant about fighting it. Fighting against it caused me to break out in a sweat, my stomach twisting painfully.

"Yes," I gasped. Fighting breaks out outside the gates and down in the gully before the driveway in. Denali looks toward the commotion outside the gates.

"Enough proof, bring the whip," he says, wandering off to talk to someone behind me. I look over my shoulder, twisting my neck to see what is going on behind me. I gulp when I see the barbed whip in the man's hand, Denali was talking to the man with one eye, glancing nervously back at me.

"Tell them I commanded you too," Kyson yelled through the bond.

"I can't," I said.

"You can and f#####g will, your pregnant Azalea, tell them I commanded you too," I try to open my mouth to lie, yet whatever the truth serum contained wouldn't allow me to breathe a lie.

"Azalea!" Kyson booms in my head. I choke on the words, trying to spit them.

"Don't you dare fight me? I'm sorry, love, I have no choice," he murmurs when I feel his command smash me through the bond and mind link. It rolled over me, causing crippling pain as he ordered me to blame him.

"Kyson ordered me to do it," I blurted. Mr. Crux gripped my face, and Denali came back over.

"Excuse me?" Denali asks.

"Say it again!" Kyson commanded through the bond, sweat glistened on my skin, and I felt like I would be sick.

"The King ordered me to command them," I choked out, gasping for air. Denali and Mr. Crux look at each other before turning to Cassandra.

"Is what she says true?" Denali asks her. She opens her mouth and closes it.

"Well?" Denali snaps.

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”

I don't know. I only got there to see her command them both. What does it matter? She still did it," Cassandra says in her nasal voice.

"Good girl," Kyson says, letting the command slide off me.

Denali and Mr. Crux talk amongst themselves while Cassandra digs her smokes out of her leather jacket.

"How could you, after everything you did to her?" I ask Cassandra. She pops her hip, lighting a smoke before stepping closer.

"My husband is dead because of her. Your mate killed him. I now have to raise my kids without their father because of that b####h," Cassandra spits at me. I growl, my canines slipping past my gums as anger courses through me. She turned to face the council members who were whispering amongst themselves behind me.

"She still commanded them, but I have one more question before we proceed." I turn my head, and he steps closer.

"Did you know it was against the law to break a mate bond against their will?" Denali asks. My brows furrow, wondering why he was asking, yet the urge to answer hit me instantly.

"Yes." I breathe

"And you still did it?" Denali asks.

"He was hurting her, so yes,"

"Well then, regardless of whether the King commanded you, you knew better. Being his mate, you are capable of fighting his commands, therefore will be held accountable," Cassandra smirks at his words puffing on her cigarette.

"What are they going to do to me?" I asked Mr.Crux, who was still standing beside me. Though I already knew by the whip in Kendricks's hand. My heart raced a little faster when Mr. Crux started ripping the back of my dress open.

"You broke a sacred law, you may be the King's Mate, but you abused your authority, so you will be punished. 1000 lashes, or until Cassandra deems fit," he chuckles. "About time the King is held accountable for errors," Mr.Crux sneered. I swallowed and chuckled.

"Silly girl, just because you're the King's mate, that doesn't give you the power to break the law,"

"He was abusing her," I scream at him.

“And where is your proof?” Mr. Crux demands.

“Ask me, or is your truth serum, not 100 percent,” I spat back at him. He grips my chin, pinching it tightly.

“Truth or not, you broke the law. We uphold it. We were looking for a reason to take him down, but if we can’t, you will do,” he laughed.

“Coward,” I laughed. Mr. Crux grips my hair, yanking my head back painfully.

“Oh, Kendrick will. He won’t hold back, not after the king took his sight,” I swallow, and my breathing becomes a little harsher.

“Your people are coming. Tell them who you are. It will buy you some time, I didn’t want to risk but we have no choice”

“What?”

“Your parents-” I didn’t get a chance to listen to what he said when I felt the crack of the whip bite into my flesh, making me scream, hooks slashed up my spine and dug into my shoulder, and my scream was deafening when he ripped them out.

My knees buckle underneath me. My blood sprays across those on the other side of the fence when all hell breaks loose. Kade’s pack starts running toward the fence, suddenly trying to get in. My knees dragged across the ground from the force of the gate being pushed inward. I couldn’t see past them to see what was happening and didn’t care when the whip tore into me again.

Gunshots rang out, and I hung limply in handcuffs, my wrist bent backward painfully and on the verge of snapping under my weight. I feel the barbs tear out of my skin, ripping my flesh away. My head hung limply, and all I could think about was the pain radiating through my back when someone’s head was shoved through the iron-barred gates beside me. I blink deliriously, finding it odd. How did it fit through the bars?

Screams rang out loudly, but all I could do was blink at the man’s head stuck between the bars. It took me a few moments to realize he only had a torso, from the waist down was missing. My head rolls to the side, and I see the men in armor backing up, guns trained down the driveway as they fire. I thought my eyes were deceiving me when I watched around 50 Lycans ripping into Kade’s pack members and the council’s men, ripping them limb from limb. People running everywhere to escape.

I couldn’t tear my gaze away from the horrors on the other side of the gate, my eyes wide, and I felt sick to my stomach. I could hear screaming, and I turned my head to find it was Cassandra. Her hands cupped her mouth as she watched her pack getting torn to shreds. Suddenly I dropped to the ground, and I didn’t even realize someone was uncuffing me. My body was limp as I stared around at the slaughter. Hands grab me

ripping me against someone's chest. My back arches as I try to get the pressure away from my back.

Seconds later, the iron gates burst open, and I had a knife pressed to my throat by the person holding me as the Lycans stalked into the castle grounds.

I was vaguely aware of Kyson talking to me, yet I could not understand what he was trying to tell me.

"Get the car ready?" Denali says. The Lycans circle us before dropping on their knees around us. The whole thing was surreal as I looked around, trying to figure out what was happening, when I noticed Dustin roll as he started to wake.

"Take so much as one step toward us, and I will kill her. You have all just interfered with the council. There are severe penalties for obstructing justice." Denali says, walking past me to address the Lycan's kneeling.

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