

## Mated To The King's Gamma By Jessica Hall Chapter 71

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Gannon POV

The look on her face would forever haunt me. She looked at me as if I was a monster. I only went to take her hand. Yet the way she reacted was if I punched her. Her entire body collapsed in on itself as if to shield herself. The fear in her eyes when I spoke her name, the way her eyes darted frantically around, made my stomach sink.

I did this to her, and she reacted to me like this. It angered me. I wasn't angry at her but at myself. I had forgotten where she came from and who she recently returned to me from. She raced from the room, nearly knocking me over as she snatched Tyson from my arms. She smashes her hip on the counter as she darts past Clarice, but I don't think she even felt it.

Rising to my feet, Clarice steps aside, staring worriedly after her as she escapes. Walking out, the guards pointed me in the right direction, and I knew she was headed toward our quarters.

It was the only place she had to go, and I knew Abbie wouldn't be running to Azalea because Azalea had her own issues at the moment with the pregnancy and Kyson keeping her locked away, worried she would be poisoned again.

We still hadn't caught the culprit even after he used his command on all the staff. So there was no way she would give the Queen more to worry over.

Climbing the stairs, I see our bedroom door closed but spot the light beneath Tyson's and hear his wailing screams. I run toward the door, wondering what is going on for him to be screaming like that. Shoving the door open, she hits the ground.

I reached to catch her, but it was too late. "Tyson, shh, shh," I murmur, rolling her onto her back. She stared up at the ceiling, her eyes unfocused as Tyson climbed off the bed, his little hands clutching her shirt and shaking her.

"Shh, buddy. Mumma is okay. She just fainted," I tell him, scooping my arms beneath her. I lift her up and stand.

“Grab your blanket and Binky,” I tell him, and he blinks, trying to register what I am saying: Abbie sometimes signed to him, and I tried to remember, but after a few seconds, he seemed to catch on and snatched the corner of his blanket and his Binky.

He follows after me and runs ahead, pushing the door, his little feet getting tangled in the blanket dragging behind him, and he slips, his chin hitting the floor, making him scream. Cursing, I use my hip to shove the door open and set her on the bed before rushing back to Tyson. I grab him under the arms.

His chin was bleeding where he banged it, and I quickly moved him to the bathroom, sitting him on the bathtub’s edge before grabbing a face washer and dabbing it. It wasn’t deep, but he would have one hell of a bruise in the morning.

He took only a few moments before it was forgotten, and he was transfixed on the scars that laced my chest, poking out from beneath my shirt. I sigh, taking it off and grabbing him. If it means keeping him quiet, he could poke and prod them like he usually does.

Sitting on the bed, I place him between us and lean over to check Abbie. Her face is scrunched up as if she is dreaming. But her heart rate is even, and so is her breathing. I was used to her panic attacks. They were frequent when she first returned.

The slightest noise would set them off, but this was the first one she had had since Tyson got here. Tyson smacks my chest, his fingers fisting my chest hair, and I growl when he tugs the hair on my chest.

He continues smacking me and making the noise I recognize he makes when wanting to draw. Sighing, I get up and grab the bucket of textas off the bedside table Abbie didn’t remove from the room and hand them to him. There were only three colors but in every shade of those three colors. Blue, green, and red.

He hated the other colors for some reason, and we had to hide them away. He rummages in the bucket finding the shade he wants, and I sigh, laying on my back and letting him have at it. His tongue pokes out as he traces my scars and kneels next to me while his elbows dig uncomfortably into my sides.

He had some fascination with coloring them in: Abbie’s too, though I usually distracted him with mine when he would spot hers. Abbie was self-conscious and always drew her back to dark places when she would get sudden memories.

She wasn’t out for long, but Tyson had passed out by the time she woke. His feet pressed against her side as he laid half across my chest.

“You’re okay.” I whisper, reaching over and brushing her hair with my fingertips. She exhales, squeezing her eyes shut, and her face reddens as it always did when she had these panic attacks. She found them embarrassing, and I knew it would take her a while

again before building up the courage to face Clarice and the servants after what happened.

Guilt gnawed at me, knowing it was my fault this time. I rearrange Tyson, moving him between us and tucking the surrounding blanket over him. Abbie rolls to her side, inhaling his scent while I watch her.

"I didn't mean for you to leave the room, Abbie. You didn't need to run from me," I tell her.

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"I need him in here with me," she whispers.

"Abbie, he can't sleep in our bed forever. I get hardly any sleep, as it is with him kicking the crap out of me in his sleep."

"Then I'll sleep on the couch with him," she says like it is no big deal and as if I would allow that.

"That is. I groan, pinching my nose.

"That is not the only reason. I miss you. I miss being able to touch you and hold you. I can't do that with him between us."

"I can't sleep in here without him, Gannon," she murmurs, brushing his hair with her fingers.

"Why!" I snap, becoming annoyed.

"Because you will expect things. You don't expect things with him here!" She snaps at me, and I blink at her in shock.

"You think this is about sex? Abbie that is not what I meant. I have never asked you for anything more than you are comfortable with!"

"And I am not comfortable sleeping in here without him,"

"You were before he came along!" I tell her.

"Because you always sleep on the couch!" she yells, and Tyson jumps, stirring awake. I sit up, horrified at her words.

“Why are you here if you can’t stand to be near me?” I ask her.

“Can you even answer that?” I ask her when she says nothing. Standing, I peer over my shoulder at her as I grab my shirt to find her sitting up.

“I feel safe with you,” she whispers.

“Not safe enough to stay in a room by yourself with me,” I retort, tugging my shirt over my head. Abbie says nothing, just looks down at her hands, picking the skin around her nails.

“I’m sorry,” she murmurs so softly I almost miss it.

“I have never hurt you or done anything to make you fear me. I am not Kade, Abbie. And if you can’t see that by now-” she looks up at me, and I pause. I don’t finish what I was going to say as she looks at the door. Instead, I leave before I say something I will regret. Leaving her there by herself. Walking across to Liam’s door, I knock once before opening the door. Liam sat on the floor, sharpening his knives.

“Go, I will keep an eye on them,” he says without looking up from his sharpening stone as he runs the blade’s edge across it.

“When I don’t move, he looks up.”

“Go, Gannon. Leave the door open. They’ll be fine,” he says, and I nod before walking off to find a guard to beat the crap out of.

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Abbie POV

The quilt that gnawed at me as he left brought tears to my eyes. He didn’t deserve a broken mate. How he even wanted me after everything was beyond me, and still, I

couldn't stand being touched. Even the briefest of hugs had memories crashing into me. I was useless to him.

When I am sure he is out, I move off the bed and start cleaning up. He never said anything, but I knew the mess we made upset him. Maybe if I clean the place, he will forgive me? Yet some part of me knew it was because I was inadequate, not enough for him. I wasn't even enough for myself. I wasn't anything, nothing. Never enough for anyone. My mere existence was to be used and tossed away. The only thing I was good for because taking it was the only way he would get anything from me.

How long before he got sick of waiting? How long before he turned out like the rest of the men that had stumbled into my life? That thought scared me, and left me trembling as I scrubbed the tiles in the bathroom.

I scoured the bathroom until there were nearly no bristles left on my scrubbing brush. The sun was beginning to rise, and I looked to the window when my shadow cast along the wall. My brows furrow in confusion. How long had I been here?

It never ceased to amaze me how I could lose track of time. As if on autopilot, shaking my head, the bathroom was so clean it almost glistened, and the bleach I had spent most of the night and early morning inhaling burned my throat and nose. It was all I could smell. — Packing up my cleaning supplies, I wandered back out to find the bedroom open again.

Gannon had opened it when he left, and I shut it while I cleaned only for it to open again, yet I thought I closed it? Walking over to it, I shut it only for it to push inward.

"Door stays open, Abbie. I can't hear you with it closed," comes Liam's voice. I open the door. Liam nods, then moves back to his room, leaving the door open to his room.

"Did Gannon ask you to babysit me?" I ask him.

"No, I offered," he says, going back to the newspaper he is reading. I shake my head, moving back into the room and over to clean washing. I start folding it and hanging everything in the closet. When I am done, I move to Gannon's dresser and open the top drawer, rearranging it to squeeze his clothes in the drawer.

My fingers brush at something that felt like leather. Lifting up the pile of shirts above it, I find what appeared to be a diary. I grab it out, wondering why it was in there and not on his bookshelf. I sat it on the dresser's edge and rearranged the drawer when I saw the corner of what appeared to be a picture sticking.

After fixing the drawer, I felt something under the drawer's lining. I move the velvet liner and find a manilla folder. I pull it out, set it with the diary, and close the drawer.

Grabbing the diary, I pull on the corner of the picture hanging out and find it is a picture of my mother. I blink at the picture, wondering where he got it from before opening the diary to see a photo of me. I stare at the picture, wondering when it was taken, and I glance at the book, wishing I could read it.

Grabbing the folder, the door pushes open, and Gannon's scent wafts to me, and I move toward the bed and open it, about to ask him where he found a picture of my mother, only to gasp at what I see inside the folder.

"Abbie, no!" Gannon blurts, rushing toward me, but it is too late. I have already seen what it contained. I wished I could unsee what I saw, but like everything else, it was now permanently burned into my brain.

The papers and pictures scatter on the floor as I drop them. My hands tremble as I look down at the photographs in horror. My parents, all bloody and torn apart, deep claw marks tore half my mother's face off and down her chest, blood everywhere while her eyes were wide open, staring back at me vacantly, and my father's head lay beside his body, no longer attached to him. So much blood.

Gannon grips my arms, kneeling on the pictures I couldn't tear my eyes away from. "Abbie? Abbie, you know, to stay out of my drawers,"

"I just wanted to clean for you," I murmur. Liam rushes into the room behind him and stops when he sees the pictures and papers scattered everywhere. He frantically starts picking them up.

"Why do you have those? Why?" I ask. What could he want with such horrific pictures? Why is my mother in his diary? I had so many questions, and I pulled away from him. His head drops, and he curses under his breath.

"Liam, leave them, but take Tyson for me," Gannon murmurs, and Liam sets the papers on the dresser before scooping up a sleeping Tyson from the center of the bed. I move to take him, wondering why he had to leave, but Liam rushes past me, and Gannon grips my wrist.

"He will watch him," Gannon tells me, and I look back at him before seeing the picture from the diary of my mother smiling, looking happy. I pick it up, hoping to remove the image of her mutilated, mauled body from my memory.

"Why do you have a picture of my mother?" Gannon sighs and wipes a hand down his face.

\*That is not your mother?

"Ah, yes, it is," I tell him.

“No, her name is Sia. And she was my mate.” of all the things he could have said, that was not anywhere on the list of reasons sifting through my head. It was like he punched me in the stomach. I suck in a breath, feeling winded by his words. Sia, my aunty? I shake my head, trying to figure out what is going on

Wait, then where is she then?

“You knew my mother’s twin?” I asked.

“You know your mother is a twin?” Gannon asks in return, looking rather shocked.

“Yes, my mother had told me about her. They didn’t get along,” I had never met her before, and mum didn’t speak much about her, but she always grew sad when I asked about her family.

“Sia was my mate,” Gannon says softly, as if that would lessen the blow his words had.

“Was?” I ask. I didn’t like how he used past tense when referring to her. Yet his following words squeezed the air from my lungs completely as my body forgot how to function and breathe.

“I killed her, Abbie,” he murmurs, and the pained look on his face I could see bothered him as much as it did me.

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## **Mated To The King’s Gamma By Jessica Hall Chapter 73**

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#### **Chapter 73**

Read Mated To The King’s Gamma by Jessica Hall Chapter 73 – I tried to process his words. I tried to understand what he was telling me. Yet why would he do such a thing?

“You killed my Aunt?” I asked him, trying to process this information. I had never met her but had heard about her, I knew only as much as my mother had told me, “You can’t tell anyone, Abbie,” Gannon says, and I glance at him over my shoulder. My brows furrowed in confusion.

“Not even Azalea,” he breathes, gripping my arms, but I tug away from him. I had so much running through my head. Is that the only reason he wanted me? I glance down at the picture. She was my mother’s identical twin sister, and I was the spitting Image of my mother and of Sia!

“Say something, Please, Abbie,” he says, reaching for me again, but I take a step back from him and hold up my fingers.

“When?” I ask him. Gannon stretches, placing his hands behind his head as he stares up at the ceiling for a second.

“When Gannon, why? I have so many f\*\*cking questions right now,” I tell him angrily. Gannon lets out a shaky breath.

“I met her at her old pack, Vermillion Pack. I was on a job, and that is how we met,”

“And what you didn’t want her, so decided to kill her?” I ask him. Gannon shakes his head. Was I some rebound for her? Some sick amusement for the love he lost? I couldn’t wrap my head around how f\*\*cked up this was.

“No, there is more to it than that. I never rejected her, Abbie.” I swallow nervously, not sure if I wanted the information yet knowing I would never be able to live without knowing the curiosity behind it would eat me up.

“Then what happened?”

“She rejected me. She chose Liam over me!” he says, sitting on the end of the bed.

“Liam? She was with Liam?” Gannon nods.

“And Liam helped me cover up her death?” he tells me, so not only was Gannon hiding this from me, Liam was too. Was I some big joke to them, some oddity they could reminisce on?

“When?”

“I met her twenty years ago and discovered she was my mate. I killed her two years later after she tried to kill me. I couldn’t keep living like that.”

“Like what?”

“Feeling her with him? Two years I felt it, two f\*\*cking years, she rejected me but bonds don’t break for Lycans. I felt every time she was unfaithful to the bond, every damn time Abbie,” he tells me, and a lump forms in my throat. That was a pain I did know, all too well, and I couldn’t imagine living with that for the rest of my life.

“Is that why. you?” I point to his chest, and he looks down before nodding his head. He hangs his head, placing it in his hands.



"She was tearing my heart out. What did it matter if I did it myself," he breathes.

\*And her body?" I ask him.

"Outside her old pack along with her mother's," Gannon tells me.

"You killed my grandmother?" it just gets worse. I always wondered why she never came for us when we ended up in the orphanage. I believed she would come for us, save us from Mrs. Daley. It wasn't until a few months in that hope died along with everything else.

That was when it really set in. We were never getting out of that place, no one was looking for us, and no one cared for two rogue girls. We were vile creatures, she called us, and that hope and longing that she would one day come to get us, telling me she never stopped looking for us for the first few months, gave me hope. Then hope died along with me in that place.

"Is that all?" I ask him.

"Some things aren't worth the risk of you knowing Abbie; I wish I could, but it will only hurt you, and I won't risk that,"

"What do you mean?" I ask him.

"Your grandmother, Sia, they weren't good people. They were traitors to kingdoms," I tried to remember anything that made his words make sense.

Yet all I could remember was the cottage my grandmother lived in. My brows scrunch together as I try to sift through memories, yet they are so blurry and tainted.

I was so young, but one memory that always stood out was the back room. It was the one and only time my grandmother scolded Azalea and me. We were playing hide and seek, and I walked into it, it had strange markings on the walls and a huge star on the floor.

No, now I know it was a pentagram. It smelled funny, the air thicker, yet I remember that memory so clearly because my mother and

grandmother had a huge fight over us going into the room. I was hiding under the big wooden table that held jars and jars of weird things, specimens, and herbs. I remember thinking it looked like a laboratory, only one from the middle ages, spooky. I ended up coming out of my hiding spot because the place gave me the creeps, and that was how Azalea found me. She heard me knock over the huge plant, it spilled soil everywhere, and we tried to scoop the soil up and put the plant back, yet when Azalea grabbed the plant, it burned her hands, and she screamed. I panicked and called out to my mother.

My grandmother kept saying it was no big deal, that we wouldn't remember, yet I do. I remember her trying to get us to drink the murky water. I refused; Azalea though didn't. She accepted it, not wanting to upset my grandmother, but I spat it out. I couldn't bring myself to swallow it.

I also remember my grandmother crying, trying to stop my mother from leaving. I remember my mother screaming at her.

"They aren't our enemy, Mom. Sia, I expected this from her, but you, hasn't our family lost enough? I won't lose my daughter to them too. You promised you weren't mixed up this anymore. You lied to me." she yelled.

"They took your father from us!" my grandmother screamed.

"No, mom. You pushed him away with this crap. Working for the very people who hunt them. He found his mate. You can't compare to a mate bond. You don't understand how hard it is to go without them, Sia couldn't understand, But I can. He left you; it s\*\*ks, but it's been years, years, and you still blame a woman who doesn't know you even exist! I am done," My mother yelled at her.

"Abbie, say goodbye to your grandmother," my mother said, nudging me towards her.

"Lina, I will do better. You don't have to do this. Let them stay, I already lost your sister; I can't lose you too,"

"You already did. You did the day you chose to help them. You despise the packs, Lycan's so much, yet you forget I am one. If you despise them, you despise me too," my mother says before grabbing both mine and Azalea's arms and tugging us toward the forest.

"They worked for the hunter organization," I tell Gannon, recalling the last memory I had of my grandmother:

"Your grandmother was supplying them with wolfsbane, and Sia worked alongside them, she was responsible for helping them scout out the packs. And when I met her she was too eager to get into the castle, she got mad and told me her mother was getting old and dying and that I had to change her, so she could change your grandmother. She was my mate, but for some reason, something told me she was up to something. She kept insisting I get her a job in the castle, even insisted on asking the king for his permission personally," I nodded in understanding.

"And my grandmother?"

"They moved to Ravana Pack not far from here. I ran into her one day, and she threatened me. She then tried to follow through with that threat."

“So you killed her?” I tell him, and he nods his head.

“And me?” “You’re not like them,” I shake my head. I knew I wasn’t like them, but I needed to know if my family was the only reason he wanted me in the first place.

“The fact I look like my mother, Sia? Is that why you were interested in me?” I ask him.

“I told you at first, yes, you reminded me of her, but that wasn’t why, Abbie. I wanted you because you are everything she could never be. You are everything she never was for me,” Gannon told me.

“And what is that, Gannon? Because I am really struggling right now to believe I am nothing but a mirror of the past for you and an extra chance for you.” I told him.

Gannon reaches for me, and I go to step back, but he grips the front of my shirt, pulling me to stand between his legs.

\*You are not Sia. Sia was my mate, I was bonded to her, yet the love I had for her is nothing compared to how I feel about you. I love you, Abbie; everything about you. If she were standing right beside you, I would choose you; without hesitation, I would choose you over her. I thought I loved her. But I didn’t even know the meaning of that word until I found you.” Gannon tells me, he wraps his arms around the back of my legs pulling me closer before pressing his head against my chest between my b\*\*bs. I sigh, running my fingers through his hair before hugging him back.

Some part of me still had some doubts, but I was here. She wasn’t, and I wouldn’t hurt him the way she did. But I also couldn’t give him what he needed, yet I knew he spoke the truth as he said those words. Because what I felt for Kade was nothing compared to how much I loved the brutish man who had his arms wrapped around me.

His hands on me didn’t make my skin crawl the way Kades did; they didn’t make me panic unless I wasn’t expecting his touch, but as soon as I realized it was him, that panic always died down. Gannon calmed me, kept me here in the present. With Kade, I was always anxious, waiting, and fearful. He didn’t care for me. He didn’t even try to.

No, he was just another monster like the butcher, another torture I was forced to endure. Whereas Gannon was like fresh air, I don’t know

what would have become of me if it wasn’t for him when I returned. My dependence on Gannon was as strong as it was with Azalea. It wasn’t that I just wanted him; I needed him, needed him in ways he could never possibly understand. He was my life jacket. He kept my head above water and stopped me from drowning in despair. He was the one person who made the darkest part of me come alive again and gave it light, gave me a reason to keep living because I wanted to for him. Just like Azalea, he was more than my life.

Kade wasn't even a quarter of the man Gannon was. He would never hurt me as Kade did. The mate bond told me I loved Kade, but it wasn't love, just some twisted version of what I believed was love. Love doesn't hurt. It doesn't make you want to tear your own soul apart just to stop it aching.

Love doesn't break you. It rebuilds you, rebuilds the broken pieces that you thought would never be put back together. It makes you feel whole and valued. Even with Kade, my mind always went back to Gannon, despite the bond telling me it was wrong for wanting him; despite my beliefs, it always went back to him.

Hearing a knock at the door I glance over my shoulder to see Liam pop his head in, Tyson squirmed in his arms, wanting to be set down on the ground, and the moment he did, he rushes toward us, climbing up into Gannon's lap and forcing himself between us.

"Sorry, but I am supposed to be on guard duty. Dustin is covering for me," Liam tells me, and I nod.

"Thank you, Liam," I tell him, brushing my fingers through Tyson's hair as he rubbed his palms on Gannon's face. Tyson liked his stubble, and one thing I loved about Gannon was his patience he never seemed to run out with Tyson.

Most found his screeching and crying, the hand flapping annoying because they didn't understand it. I didn't understand him or what he was trying to say but Gannon and everyone here saw past all that. They saw him. They saw the little boy I raised from the time he was born; they saw our son. And nothing made my heart swell more than seeing him smile up at the man he now thought of as his father.

"Anytime, Abs," Liam says, nodding and closing the door behind him.

"Some little boy needs a bath. What did uncle Lim feed you?" Gannon asks him, scooping him up and making his way to the bathroom, his entire face covered in sticky sweetness and chocolate. I smile, following behind him, knowing once I got him cleaned up, I was supposed to meet Clarice and take him down to see the other kids for a playdate.

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## **Mated To The King's Gamma By Jessica Hall Chapter 74**

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#### **Chapter 74**

**Read Mated To The King's Gamma by Jessica Hall Chapter 74 – Trigger warning!!!  
Read at Own Risk!!! Or skip the Next two Chapters!! Azalea injured!!**

Azalea POV

The Next Day

I woke up, and it was already the middle of the day. Light breaking through the open drapes and lighting up the back of my eyelids made me open them and squint around the room, peering at the windows; the sun looked pretty high in the sky and a cold draft caressed over me, making me shiver. The heavy drapes shifted with the breeze.

I inhaled deeply; the scent was wrong and I couldn't pick out why I felt that way until I realized Kyson was no longer in the room and it was missing his intoxicating scent. My den was quiet, and the scents blew away with the breeze. It unnerved me and made me restless. Chucking the blanket back, I forced myself out of bed, and I rushed toward the window, slamming it shut with a growl.

Why would he open it? I snarled, catching my reflection in the glass. My hair was a mess, and I was naked, yet I could still smell Kyson's faint scent on my skin, but my nest smelled nothing like him, just me. My skin itched, and I missed my mate already; with a sigh, I stared past my reflection before jumping back when I spotted the grassy patch on the hill.

The kids were all playing and rolling down the hill, racing each other to the bottom. I chuckle when I see Abbie and Clarice watching over them. Abbie was sitting at the top with Tyson in her lap. Clarice was playing with the kids and rolling down the hill with him. Laughter rang out loudly outside. They all seemed so happy and I wanted to join them while they had fun.

Turning around, I moved to the closet and grabbed a dress from off the hanger. It was a loose-fitting long sleeve dress, and I tugged it on after finding some undergarments. I was just pulling the dress over my head as the mind link opened up, and Kyson's voice flitted through my head.

"You're awake, I will come back up," Kyson tells me.

"No, you don't have to. I am going to play with the kids outside. What are you doing?" I asked him while tugging the dress down over my little bump. I caress it with my hand. My skin was feeling harder as the life within me grew each day.

"Going over the files with Gannon. Are you sure I will come back to be with you if you like?" Kyson says.

"No, unless I should I come help?" I asked him. I suppose I should; the children could wait, and Clarice and Abbie had everything under control by the look of it.

"No, just take Trey with you. And you have an ultrasound appointment this afternoon. I will come to grab you just beforehand."

"Are you sure?" I asked, slipping some sandals on my feet.

"Positive. Have fun. I love you,"

"Love you too," I tell him, cutting the mind link. I pull my hair into a messy bun on my head before walking out and finding Trey and Liam by my door.

"Afternoon, Azalea," Trey says from where he stands.

"My Queen," Liam says with a slight bow.

"Hey, Liam, Trey. I am going to see Abbie and the kids, and Kyson wants you to come with me," I tell Trey, and he nods, offering me his arm, I looped my arm through his, and we headed for the stairs leading to the ground floor. Halfway down, I spot Peter kneeling on the steps and scrubbing the wooden beams of the guardrail with a toothbrush.

"What did you do now, Peter?" I asked. The boy seemed to be getting into an awful lot of trouble lately. Peter looks up at me and grins, showing his pearly white teeth.

"I was mucking around with the gardener, and I threw a mud pie at him but missed and hit Clarice and her white sheets," Peter laughs.

"And why were you throwing mud pies?" I asked, trying not to laugh.

"He threw one first! So he should be helping me clean the damn stairs! I swear she punishes me, so she doesn't have to do it." Peter pouts.

I shake my head and continue down the steps when Liam comes up behind us.

"My Queen?" he calls from the top. I stop on the middle landing, looking back up the steps toward him.

"I want to go shower and eat. I have been on duty since last night. I have called Dustin to take over for an hour. Is that alright?" Liam asks.

"Just go. He won't be long anyway. Besides, Peter will tell him if anyone comes up here," I said, looking at Peter, who nodded his head.

"You're fine. I will keep watch," Peter says, and Liam's eyes narrow at him on the stairs.

"It's fine. I will wait for Dustin. I was just letting you know, My Queen," he says.

“Seriously. Liam. Just go. Dustin will be here soon. What could happen?” Liam, for some reason, looked very indecisive and was staring at

Peter weirdly like it was the first time he was truly seeing him.

“Why does Clarice send you to clean these stairs?” Liam asks.

“Huh?” Peter said, looking up from his scrubbing.

“Why were you up here yesterday?” Liam asks him while tilting his head to the side. I have no idea what he was talking about, but Peter’s brows furrowed in confusion as he peered back at Liam.

“Pardon? I don’t understand. Clarice sent me to clean the stairs,” Peter says to him before glancing at me. He tosses his toothbrush into his tool bucket and his can of polish and rag while staring at Liam with fearful eyes. I walk back up the steps, wondering what got into Liam because I didn’t like the way he was watching Peter.

“Yes. But why these stairs?” Liam growls, pointing at them. “There are plenty of stairs in the castle,” Liam says to him while stepping down a step, and I look at Trey, who seems just as perplexed at Liam’s strange behavior, making me wonder if Liam was drunk.

“I dirtied Clarice’s sheets,” Peter stutters.

“That wasn’t the question I asked,” Liam says; his ice-cold tone of voice sends a chill up my spine when I feel his aura slip out. It wasn’t like Kyson’s. It was weaker, but as one of his Gammas, it was a lot stronger than a normal Lycans, and Peter whimpers under the pressure of it.

“Liam!” I hissed, rushing to Peter. Sweat glistened on his forehead, and his hands clenched into fists on the steps.

“Did you remove the scents from the King and Queen’s room?” Liam asks, and I gape at him.

“Liam! He is a child! Drop your command!” I snarled at him as Peter gripped my arm, looking at me pleadingly with tears in his eyes. “Kyson!” I call through the link before Liam’s voice pulls me back when he addresses me.

“My Queen, every day he cleans the same stairs. Why would Clarice send him to do the same ones every day?” Liam says before his eyes move to Peter again.

“No. No. I didn’t.” Peter gasps.

“Didn’t what? Why were you up here yesterday?” Liam asks, motioning for me to come to him, but Peter clutches me tightly. “Don’t let him hurt me. I did nothing.” Peter begged, clutching my dress and arm like I was his lifeline.

“What’s going on?” Kyson asks through the link, sounding frantic.

“... I don’t know. Liam is accusing Peter,”

“Peter?! Accusing him of what?” but Liam’s booming voice made me jump before I could answer. Trey growls at him behind me.

“Answer me!” Liam commands, taking another step down. Liam’s eyes go to Peter’s hands clutching onto me.

“Liam, calm down. He is just a boy,” Trey says.

“And the boy will answer,” Liam growls back.

“To bring lunch up and help Clarice with what you asked of her. I didn’t touch the clothes or anything in the room. Clarice wouldn’t let me. She made me stand at the door while she passed me baskets,” Peter blurts out under the command, unable to fight his aura any longer.

“Why the same stairs?”

“Clarice said to clean ones where she could see me,” Peter blurts.

“Clarice said to clean them?” Liam asks.

“Well, not specifically these stairs. Just where she could see me if she left the kitchen. These are the closest steps,”

“So, why did you choose these steps?” Liam asks, stepping down another step toward him.

“Liam! Enough!” I tell him.

“No. I was just thinking. And out of everyone that has been questioned, Peter never was,” Liam says, his eyes darting to Peter holding me again and then to the tool bucket on the step in front of him. The closer he got, the stronger the scent of liquor I could smell emanating off Liam. He was drunk.

“He is a boy!” I tell him, outraged that he would take his drunk ramblings out on Peter. Peter looked petrified, and his hands shook as he clutched me, tears trekking down his face.



"I was a boy once too, My Queen. And I had already killed someone long before I was his age," Liam says, his steps calculating as he takes them one at a time. I glanced down at Peter, who growled when I heard the mind link open up. And Trey's voice flitted through it.

"My King, was Peter ever questioned?" Trey asked, and I tried to focus on my surroundings as Liam stalked down the steps toward Peter, and the savage gleam in his eyes frightened me when Peter whimpered.

Prying Peter's fingers off my dress, I stand and take a step up. I got halfway up the steps, blocking Liam from him.

"Ah, no. Why? Has something happened? And Azalea answer me? I am on my way." Kyson growls, and Liam reaches for me to jerk me to his side when I feel a sharp pain in my side that steals the air from my lungs before I hear Trey's ear-piercing scream behind me. And it was like time slowed right down. I saw Liam's hands reach for me, and his eyes widened, but I staggered back, my hand going to my side when I felt the pain twist through my abdomen, my eyes going to my side to find a dagger in my flank and Peter's hand holding the hilt, my hands soaked in my blood.

I gasp, choking on my breath that I couldn't seem to catch, when a snarl tore out from behind me. "That's for my mum!" Peter says when I am slammed against the banister. I tried to grip it to stay upright, but the entire thing gave way as my weight touched it. My scream is stolen by the heart-stopping realization that I am falling. My stomach plummets somewhere deep within me. I felt the blood drain from my face, turning me cold at the sensation. Just as Liam nearly impales himself trying to catch me, Trey tackles Peter, who just stared vacantly at me as I grasped for something to hold and only grasped air.

My body hit with a loud thud. Pain enveloped me, and I felt my head hit the stairs on the ground floor stairwell. The wooden railing crashed down on top of me, and I couldn't move. I just stared at the ceiling and the floor above, where Trey had knocked out Peter.

Liam jumped off the second floor after me, his feet hitting the ground only seconds later. But it was too late. I felt the warmth of my blood trickling down my neck, my head pounding, and my back throbbing. The coppery taste of blood filled my mouth, and I tried to breathe around it, but only choked. It was like when you knock your foot when it has pins and needles, that strange sensation, yet my entire body felt like that. My eyes felt like they were pulsating in my head to a rhythmic beat in my skull.

My vision is also throbbing and so was my surroundings. I could see Liam was putting pressure on my side, and I could fuzzily see his lips moving fast as he screamed. Or I think he screamed because I heard no sound leave him. No sound other than my heart beating in my skull.

I was fading, my vision becoming tunneled and I couldn't move, yet the oddest sensation warmed between my legs as if I wet myself. I had no idea why I felt that above all the pain. But for some reason, it was all I could focus on. Like that was the most important sensation above all the pain. My mind was transfixed on the warmth leaving me when everything went black.

Kyson POV

We had found a few things in the documents from the Alpha Dean's pack, such as Mr. Crux's name linking to multiple brothels in the state. It looked like he was helping traffic rogues because sizeable sums of money had been sent to Alpha Dean's accounts when they suddenly stopped abruptly a few years ago and enormous debts started accumulating. Debts from Crux's casino.

As we sifted through the boxes, we found other strange things that didn't add up, which had me going down to the underground storage. Gannon and Dustin were pulling everything we had on Crux from the archives, and we set them on the huge wooden table in the storage room.

"While we are down here, pull all the staff records for me," I tell them, and they move back to the storage boxes and start bringing them over, dropping them at my feet.

I dig through the boxes looking for council records, anything really. "You two start on the staff files. Go as far back as 14 years when the Landeenas were killed."

"So before Azalea's fourth birthday?" Dustin asks and I nod.

"There has to be a reason someone is targeting her and it has to be someone on the castle grounds. Check all the guards, under oath or not. Also, all the cleaners, gardeners, everyone that has been on the payroll," I tell them and they both start sifting through files.

We had only been sorting through stuff for a few hours when Gannon pulled Trey's file again, and another file with his medical records confirming everything he had told us. We really needed to come up with some sort of electronic filing system. This was ridiculous.

It was a couple of hours later that I felt Azalea wake up. She told me she was going to play with the children, and I told her to take Trey with her.

"Did you know Ester had spent time in the Landeena Kingdom?" Gannon asked me abruptly, making me look up as I closed the link.

"What?" I asked, and he held the file out to me.

"A year. Her parents reported her as a runaway, she was located in the Landeena Kingdom and granted the right to stay by Garret," Gannon tells me.

"What year was this?"

"The year before Azalea was taken. Says she left a month before the attack after a fallout with Queen Tatiana," Gannon says and I flick through the files. I read it thinking it was odd because why would she go there and return a year later?

Yet we found nothing else and she started working here two years later, I knew her grandparents. They worked for my father, but I hadn't seen them in years.

So when her grandfather called me asking for a job for her, I gave her one. Her parents were very strict people apparently, and she spent most of her childhood being raised by her grandparents. I am pretty sure that was where she was living again. I tried to pick my brain about

why she had an odd relationship with her parents, trying to remember what their falling out was for, but I didn't really involve myself with her.

I felt the mind link open up moments later and Azalea called me through the link, only to cut it off like she had dropped it when Trey opened it up.

"My King, have you looked into Peter?" Trey asks and I open the link to her, too, trying to get a hold of her.

"No. Why? And Azalea, bloody answer me!" I snarl as my eyes roam over another of Ester's files, and I was only half-listening to what Azalea was saying when I remembered something and started flicking through the files. Trey mentioning Peter while going over Ester's files made me remember something about her having a brother. I knew she had an estranged relationship with her parents since they had adopted Peter! Peter! My eyes widened in realization.

"It's Peter!" I growled when Azalea screamed through the link, and I raced to get to her. My heart is hammering in my chest.

Dustin and Gannon were chasing after me, and I skidded across the floors as I smashed out of the cellar, my shoulder smashing against the doors, and into the kitchen's pantry before I raced out of the kitchen. I lost my footing as I twisted to head for the stairs at the same time. I heard someone scream.

My heart felt like it stopped when I saw a figure shoved off the staircase, and I registered that figure was Azalea. Her arms flailed about just as the entire banister railing came down after her. My feet tried to get traction on the floor just as Gannon and Dustin burst out of the kitchen doors. I raced to catch her when Liam jumped after her. Her body hit the stairs with a thud before I could reach her.

I froze and blinked in shock. I was too late. Trey tosses Peter into the wall, and his body falls limply on the steps. All I could do was stare in shock as Liam turned his head, screaming for help, his hands pressed down on the knife in her side. Azalea chokes, blood spurting out her mouth and dribbling down her chin, ripping me from my shock when I see Gannon and Dustin trying to move but are both unable; I race to Liam's side as her eyes roll in the back of her and I move to her. I grip her face.

"Azalea!" I choked as she passed out.

"Get a doctor!" I scream the order, and Gannon and Dustin rush off.

"Stay with me. Stay with me, Love," I tell her when I feel my knees warm, making me glance down to see her dress turning red. Blood pooled and ran down the steps from between her legs.

"No. No, no, no. NO!" I panicked, sliding my arms under her before I took off running toward the doors. I clutch her to me, and Liam races ahead, shoving doors open and screaming for the guards to open the gates.

Blood coated my arms from her head and from it gushing out between her legs, my clothes becoming drenched as I ran down the bitumen road, shifting while running. My ears picked up the heart beating inside her starting to slow, but she was still much too early for any life to be born and viable.

My legs falter when I hear it stop, and her pulse weakens. Seeing the doctor's surgery ahead, Lycans looked around, shocked, as the doctor burst out his surgery doors with his gear before spotting us, and his mouth fell open. The next second, he raced back toward the doors, forcing them open and screaming at his nurses to get a gurney.

Moving through the old brick building, the nurses rush out, and I place her down, Doc sets his bag on it before rushing off with her, and I go to follow when Liam's hand grips my shoulder.

"You'll just get in the way." Liam says, but I could heal her. I was about to say that when Liam spoke, seeming to know what I was going to say.

"Some things can't be healed, my King. Let Doc work," Liam says, and moments later, Damian bursts through the surgery doors. He looks at me, his eyes then moving to Liam's hand holding my shoulder.

"Come on, let's wait outside. There is nothing you can do right now," Damian says, and I shake my head.

"Come on. Come have a smoke," Liam says, pushing me toward the doors, and I am forced to take my eyes away from where Doc took her through the double doors to the day surgery area. Liam pushes me out the doors, nudging me, and I reluctantly step

outside. And he shoves his smoke packet in my hand, yet I don't light one when he pulls two from the packet and lights them, keeping one for himself and passing me the other.

"Azalea will be okay." Liam says, blowing smoke into the air. She is tougher than she looks," he says.

"The baby?" I ask him. Neither of them says anything. Even though I knew that if she was alright, the baby wasn't going to be. Which made me wonder if Azalea would be alright after all.

The doctor confirmed that when he stepped out the doors twenty minutes later. He tugs his gloves off.

"Azalea?" I asked.

"Alive. She is still unconscious. I stitched her up. The bleeding stopped, but you could probably help that healing process," Doc says, and I nod.

"Our baby?" I ask, grasping on to any form of hope.

"I'm sorry, My King. The fetus didn't make it," he tells me. Fetus. I hated the way he said it, but she wasn't quite near her second trimester yet. My legs buckled under me, and I hit the ground hard at his words. My heart sank, and my stomach dropped at the information.

I failed her! I should have figured it out earlier. Peter was a child and the last person I would have suspected! I failed her, and it cost us our baby and nearly her life! How do I tell her that?

"Azalea needs you, Kyson. Get up," Damian says.

"We lost the baby," I murmured. Trying to wrap my head around everything.

"I know, but if you don't get up and get in there, you may lose her, too. Now up." Damian says, gripping my arm, and Liam grabs the other; they haul me to my feet.

"One foot in front of the other. Come on, big fella. Your Queen needs you. Break later, not in front of her," Liam says, pushing me towards the doors.

It took hours for her to wake up, and Damian went back to the castle to retrieve some clothes, so I wasn't walking around in just a hospital gown. I had just walked back into the room to find that she was sitting up. I felt nothing through the bond to tell me she had woken, and I only stepped out a minute to change quickly. As she pinched the front of her gown, I watched her look inside before rubbing her thighs.

Her lips quivered, and she looked at her hands. Doc and I had cleaned her up so she wasn't soaked in blood, but the way she looked at her hands was like that was all she saw. Moving closer, her head lifted, and she looked at me. Her voice held no emotion, and I felt nothing through the bond at all, like the bond no longer existed.

"Did you feel it?" she asked, and my hand stopped beside her face as it reached toward her. I swallowed and stepped closer, cupping the back of her neck and messaging my fingers through her hair. Still, no reaction through the bond.

"I could feel it, feel it leave me," she whispered, staring vacantly at my chest.

"I know, love," I whispered, and she sat frozen, staring off.

"How about we get you home?" I asked her, and once again, she said nothing, didn't move, not even blink. She was an empty shell, and I fought the urge to growl. I would kill him, but first, I needed to take care of her, but he would die for doing this to her once I found out why.

Azalea had no reaction when I picked her up, none at all. I took her home, sat her in her nest, and laid down.

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## **Mated To The King's Gamma By Jessica Hall Chapter 75**

### **Mated To The King's Gamma By Jessica Hall**

#### **Chapter 75**

Read Mated To The King's Gamma by Jessica Hall Chapter 75 – Three days later

She hadn't gotten out of bed in three days, she hadn't slept, and she hadn't eaten. Doc came and checked her yesterday and said it was to be expected, and I was too frightened to leave her side since I still felt nothing through the bond. It was like she wasn't there at all, yet she was because I was staring at her.

I brushed her hair back before trying to move her up the bed so she could rest on me, but she slid straight back down into her nest, burrowing back beneath the blankets as if they would somehow protect her from the world.

Sighing, I place the book down I was reading to her and wander off into the bathroom. I ran a bath. She needed to get moving, something. I would take anything at this point. Not even my calling roused any reaction from her. Even the mind link was blocked. I filled the bath with bubbles and lavender, it made me crinkle my nose, but I knew she

liked the smell. Walking back out, I retrieved one of my shirts from the closet. She was still in the hospital gown, but I was determined to get her into something else. Hopefully, get her to eat or speak.

Once I had towels and a shirt for her, I checked the water and waited for it to fill before shutting the water off. Stepping into the room, she was still in the same spot, and I had to untangle her from the blankets. I grabbed her, and she remained still as I removed her gown while

she sat on the edge of the bed.

Goosebumps covered her skin, and I stripped my clothes off before grabbing her and climbing into the bath with her. I set her between my legs, and she remains motionless while I wash her hair and clean her. We stayed in the water until it went cold, and I pulled her back out, drying her off and tugging my shirt over her head. Yet it angered me when she just rolled back into her nest that had no order.

Clarice had sent up soup for me to try and get her to eat, but she just rolled over. Reaching for my whiskey, I swig from the bottle. It was the only thing that kept me from losing my damn mind. The silence was killing me; not feeling anything through the bond was lonely. I just wanted a reaction. Any reaction would do, so I knew she was still with me.

I eye the nest, pissed off with how it obscured her from me as she hid under the blankets when the bottle slipped from my hands and

shattered on the floor. I snarl at the mess I made.

My anger became too much and forced the shift. I stormed over to the bed, ripping at her nest, trying to fix the damn thing, yet I only managed to tear apart the mattress. With a growl, I dropped onto the bed. I was about to mind-link Damian to ring Doc again when I felt movement on the bed before feeling her hand run across my fur to my chest before she laid her head on my chest.

Astonished, I stared at her. It was the first time she had moved toward me, and it had to be when I wasn't in human form. I was tempted to change back, but I didn't want her to slide away in case she didn't move back into place.

I turned my face and sniffed her hair. I let my calling wash over her. She snuggled closer, and I sighed. Well, it was something, I guess.

When she woke a few hours later, I shifted back, and she immediately burrowed back under blankets. For the next few days, I noticed she only came to me if I was shifted and not in human form, so I had spent most of my time in this state.

Hearing a knock on the door. I moved off the bed. Azalea had helped me fix her nest today; we changed the sheets and fixed it up, but she didn't rebuild it like I hoped, which saddened me; I had gotten used to the thing, such a bizarre thing for she-wolves to do, but still, I hated not curling up in it with her.

Liam enters with strips of raw meat, cubed cheese, and crackers Clarice had sent up.

"Still the same?" Liam asks, and I nod. It had been over a week, and still, she hadn't eaten. She was dropping weight like crazy. This time struggled as I was going to try to make her eat while in this form. The claws would make it a real pain, yet she seemed more comfortable with me in my Lycan form.

"I was thinking," he said as I went to turn away from him. I stop and turn to look at him.

"About what?" I didn't want to hear about Peter or his theories right now. I only cared about Azalea. Peter was locked in the cells, and I would deal with him when I could.

"About why she won't go near you when you're not shifted," he says. My brows furrow when I feel him open up the mind link.

"You can't mate with her," Liam says, and I growl, looking back at the bed before looking at Liam again.

"Something to think about," Liam says, and I nod, making me wonder if he was right. Yet I couldn't live in this form. I missed wearing clothes and using my hands properly. Claws and buttons don't mix.

Liam walks out, and I move toward the bed and sit on it before propping her up on pillows so she is sitting up. My claws nick her arm by accident when I grab her, and I sigh, leaning down and licking the spot where I broke the skin. I watch it heal.

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Chapter 75

"Sorry." I tell her, and she just stares at me, but she doesn't even flinch. I pinch a beef strip between my claws only to drop it. I growl, trying to pick the damn thing up again, only to drop it again when she moves to pick it up herself.

Her movements were robotic-like. She was on autopilot. Though excitement bloomed in me, she managed to eat half of what was on the plate, and despite me insisting she eats more, she wouldn't. I set the plate aside and laid down with her again, eventually falling asleep. It felt like all we did was sleep and read. It felt wrong.



I wanted to hear her voice. Yet it was Trey talking to Abbie outside the doors that woke me. I jumped to my feet and saw that it was late in the afternoon, the sun slowly going down out the windows. I could see the kids playing on the hill as I stood; I moved toward the door. Maybe Abbie could get her up.

### Abbie POV

The last few days have been chaotic. The entire castle was tense, and I couldn't imagine what Azalea was going through as I peered down at Tyson playing with his blocks. For days I tried to wake her, or get any reaction out of her. Kyson would bring her to me since she still hadn't been able to remove the command, half the time when I would see her, I don't even think she was aware of me being near. Though the command over me to not follow her, we had found loopholes after Clarice and Gannon had been teaching me ways to approach that I found quite confusing but nevertheless seemed to work.

I learned with Azalea's command as long as I didn't think of the intention to go to her, only the action, I could sometimes bypass it, but it was extremely difficult to do. Kyson had told me she was barely functioning and I was his last resort to pull her out of it. He seemed so sure it would work and the disappointment on his face when I couldn't speak volumes of how much he wanted and needed her back.

Yet I knew as soon as I saw her she was catatonic. As if she was trapped within the confines of her own mind. Yet I knew that feeling, and until she wanted to come back to us, I knew she wouldn't. One thing I learned over the years was that slipping away was all too easy.

Switching it off and not feeling was sometimes the only way to survive and I knew that was what she was doing. Azalea wouldn't come back to us until she was ready until her walls came down and let her feel again, but I worried for that moment, the moment reality crashed her back to her surroundings and forced her to live with the agony of her loss.

It wasn't until the last visit that I managed, after hours of navigating the stairs and walking around the castle that I was able to get to her room without her command forcing me back. Only all that time and effort was wasted when I suddenly had to help Clarice which forced me to leave Tyson in the hands of Trey only to return and find Tyson on the bed with Azalea and she was awake. I didn't realize the weight I was carrying without her by my side until it lifted and I saw her sitting up. She was okay, or as okay as she could be given the circumstances.

Maybe it was the familiarity of Tyson or longing for the child she lost that had her react to his presence. Kyson then asked me to leave Tyson with him a little longer because it was the most reaction we had had out of her in days.

During the time Azalea was lost to us, we had learned so much, we learned who was behind poisoning her, and I was shocked to learn it was Peter. He was the last person we would have suspected. I still couldn't wrap my head around the fact he was capable of such a thing Gannon and all the royal guards wanted to kill him, yet it made me want to know the reasoning behind it. No one is born a monster, and I struggled to see him as one. I knew Peter as a funny, energetic boy, and I struggled to differentiate between his two sides.

Peter's hate stemmed from Ester being kicked out of the castle, he had some twisted plan that if he got Azalea out of the picture, his estranged mother would be allowed back. I found Peter's story quite sad, longing for a mother that never wanted him. So Azalea was not the only victim but so was Peter. He was just a boy, lost, craving for the affection his mother never granted him. I just hope Azalea would recognize that within him because I know the King wants to kill him.

I wasn't sure what was more shocking; Peter being responsible for Azalea losing her baby or that Ester was his mother. It seemed, in some way, that everything and everyone were linked. And just to make things more confusing than learning that Peter was also Azalea's half brother and Ester was a half-sister of Trey.

I knew that with the King's anger, it would be any day now that he delivered the punishments bestowed on Peter. It sickened me, knowing what he would have to endure, something Azalea and I were all too familiar with, and I wouldn't wish it on anybody.

Gannon and I fought over different opinions on what should become of Peter. Gannon was loyal to the King and was oathed Azalea, which I believed clouded his judgment, nothing I said or did in defense of Peter got me anywhere with him. It saddened me because besides me, Clarice, and the gardener, he had no one on his side.

Though it put me in a terrible spot, Azalea was my sister, and I know I will never be able to forgive Peter for the heartache he caused her and caused all of us when he did what he did. Yet, at the same time couldn't wish ill will on anyway, not after the childhood Azalea and I were forced to live, not after seeing firsthand what pain and suffering it causes.

I look up as Gannon walks into the room. He leans against the door. "Why aren't you ready? Azalea is down there, Abbie,"

"And she wouldn't expect me down there. What am I supposed to do, Gannon, take Tyson down with me just so I can watch you force Peter to whip his own mother from an inch of her life?" Gannon growls, not seeing reason. Only seeing his need to break the boy that broke his Queen.

Yet I knew deep down that Azalea wouldn't want this and had only agreed to save her half-brother from imminent death had she not suggested a different punishment.

After a while, Gannon realized I wasn't going anywhere and sighed, moved toward the bed, and laid down. Glancing, I watch as his mind links someone before looking at me.

"Liam said he would take my place. Ester has been taken to the courtyard along with Peter already," I swallow, knowing that while I sit here, someone else was suffering, and that didn't sit well with me.

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