

Mated To The King's Gamma By Jessica Hall Chapter 81

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Chapter 81

Read Mated To The King's Gamma by Jessica Hall Chapter 81 – Abbie POV

The only place I thought to go to was Azzy's room with the king. How could he rob me of my peace, I just wanted to go home and let this end. I was no good to anyone, I wasn't good enough for anyone, much less myself. I don't know how long I laid there before I noticed Azalea laying next to me. I could see her but it was like she wasn't even there.

"Abbie?" she whispered. The look of pity on her face made the reason I wanted to end it more evident. I was tired of people looking at me like the weakling I was. Azalea suffered enough because of me. Here she was trying to save me again. She has suffered more than enough because of me, so has Tandi. Everyone has paid the price for me.

The memories kept pulling me under, replaying over and over again. I couldn't get them to stop! The b**cher, Daley, Kade on repeat. It was like a never ending carousel of horrors I couldn't escape. They were sucking me under, drowning me in misery. I should have fought harder, but I didn't. I should have listened to Gannon, but I didn't. I should never have gone down to that basement. That one haunts me the most and I felt myself sucked into it, I fought trying to forget, trying to make it stop but nothing I did worked and I found myself back there.

We were 15 and I just finished helping Azalea hang out the washing, I remember that day so clearly, remember everything. I could still feel the breeze as we walked back inside and I retrieved the mop buckets from the closet and saw how dirty they were.

"I will quickly wash these," I tell her and she nods. Moving toward the stairs, clutching the railing tightly as she went to move on to the next chore I watched her go, her lashes tearing open and staining the back of her dress with each movement. She paused halfway up and I chewed my lip with worry. She had been having dizzy spells, we hadn't eaten in days and her hands shook as she clutched the banister trying not to pass out.

"Ivy?" she had whispered. She waves me off.

"It'll pass," she tells me yet she was as pale as a sheet. She kept climbing the last of the steps disappearing and I clutch the mop bucket and move toward the kitchen to see the

b**cher talking to Mrs. Daley. They both stopped and glanced at me and I went to stop and turn back around.

“Be a love and help me carry the meat from the truck down,” the b**cher told me. He always creeped me out, something was off about him, he was always trying to touch me. I shake my head.

“No I can’t, I am busy,” I tell him, holding up the bucket. I turn to leave.

“That can wait, you will help Doyle,” Mrs. Daley says and I freeze, turning back to look at her.

“Go start bringing it in, I will send Abbie to help in a minute,” she assures him. I swallowed looking at Mrs. Daley frantically. “Ma’am, I really can’t,” I tell her grasping at any excuse I could when she holds up a hand making me stop.

“You will help him, it will take you only a few minutes,” she snaps but I shake my head and start backing up.

“You will help him Abbie, Or I will make Ivy help him,” she snapped at me and I should have known something was up because she said Ivy’s name, she never referred to us by name, always you, or rogue or some other filthy vile thing she would call us.

We hadn’t eaten in three days. Mrs. Daley used to make us share whatever scraps were left over. We hadn’t eaten in three days. There was nothing left over for the last three days and I knew Azalea wouldn’t last much longer, she was fainting frequently and each time Mrs. Daley would catch her, would accuse her of slacking and whip her more, she couldn’t handle much more, she needed food and time to heal.

“You just need to help him stack the freezers, if you do, I will let you eat with the rest of the children tonight. A reward, I know you girls have been working hard today,”

“You’ll let us eat?”

“Of course,” she smiles. I swallowed glancing at the basement door where the freezers were kept.

“Will only take you a few minutes, he has already put half of it down there,” she tells me and I shiver runs up my spine, I ignore it, I shouldn’t have.

“So chop, chop, then you can prepare dinner and eat with the rest of them,” Mrs. Daley says. So I helped, I rushed around, helping carry the meat down. Taking the last box down and setting in the freezer I turn toward the stairs just as Doyle sauntered down them, I step aside letting him pass with the chicken he had but he doesn’t.

"Excuse me," I murmured, keeping my gaze on the floor. He clears his throat and I look up to see Mrs. Daley closed the basement door. My heart beat like a drum in my chest before I heard the TV turn up. Too loud. Too loud I thought.

The b**cher reaches for me and I shriek at the look on his face before he grabs my hair, shoving me toward the back of the basement where the freezers were.

I want to leave, you're scaring me," I tell him trying to pass him when he grabs my hair, bending me over the freezer as I struggle and kick. I almost froze in fear when I felt his breath on the back of my neck as he pinned me down.

I feel his calloused fingers skimming my thighs as he gripped my tunic and yanked at it tearing the bottom open.

Then the sting of my flesh as he ripped my underwear down and felt the warmth of my blood as it cascaded down my legs when he shoved his way inside me and made me scream. His hand closed over my mouth to m**ffle me. His scent was putrid, like rotting meat and steel as I choked on the breath stolen by the pain.

"I have waited so long for this!" he groaned, using his other hand to hold my head against the cold freezer top. The taste of his fingers as he m**ffled my screams of agony made me gag and retch

The voices above us coming from the TV grew louder, and I knew Mrs. Daley turned it up so the

kids wouldn't hear me. The tune that played at the start of it I would never forget. It taunted me as I tried to focus on it instead of the agony tearing up my backside as he raped me. It felt like it stretched on hours before he was finally done. I remained frozen in place staring off at the wall covered in cobwebs as I heard him zip his pants before he pressed his lips to my cheek. I squeeze my eyes shut. "Good, girl, hopefully by next week you'll be ready for round two" he purred before I listened to his footsteps climb the stairs.

I couldn't move. I was paralyzed with fear, paralyzed with the humiliation I felt as my blood streamed down my legs, I wanted it to stop, when I noticed the rope hanging on the wall. My hands shook as I reached for it and tossed it over the banister above before dragging a chair over to it as I made a noose. He would come back for me, he would come back. So I slipped it over my head.

I wouldnt let him do that again, I thought as tears streamed down my face. The chair wobbles and I am about to take a step off when I hear the door open. Fear momentarily paralyzes me again wondering if he came back when I see her.

Azalea had stepped into the basement and her eyes roamed over me and widened in horror as they take in my torn tunic, my thighs covered in blood. Then the rope around my neck.

"Abbie," she had whispered, taking a step toward me but I shook my head, I couldn't. I wouldn't live like this.

"Go, Ivy," I sobbed, my shoulders shaking with each breath I took and tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Not without you," she chokes. I shake my head and she moves closer before looking around the room. She moves toward a chair and places it next to mine. She climbed up on it and loosened the noose, slipping her head in beside mine.

"More than my life. Mine isn't worth living if you aren't in it, if you go, we go together because am not without you," she tells me.

We both jumped, but the rope didn't hold our weight. I felt the burn of the rope as it slashed through my neck and our heads clanged together before we hit the floor.

Azalea POV

I could feel every beat of my heart through every pulse point in my body. I could hear it in my ears as the scent of her blood wafted to my nose. I follow her scent, and the blood drops on the floor before finding Abbie soaking wet and lying on the bathroom floor. Her ear pressed to the tiles as

she stared vacantly at the bottom of the sink basin.

"Abbie?" I whispered, my heart breaking at the sight of her. I hadn't seen her like this in ages. Not

since she first returned home and before was after what the b**cher did to her.

Abbie doesn't answer, and I watch a tear slip down her cheek. When I saw Gannon, I had first thought he hurt her, and I am sure he did, but not in the way I first thought. I thought he had murdered her, but the moment I stepped into the bathroom, I realized she had hurt herself.

She had been through so much, and everyone broke, though I didn't think it would ever be Gannon that would cause her to snap. We were all waiting for it. I knew it would eventually come because, at some point, everything weighing us down and suffocating us becomes unbearable.

We just dealt with it in different ways.

Kyson, with his drinking, me with the way I shut down and turned everything inward. Liam with his sick games of torture and then Abbie. Abbie always fights hers because there is no comeback from the sort of vice she fights, and that is death.

I kneel on the tiles before lying down beside her, resting my head on the tiles beside her. She blinked at me, and by the hollow look in her eyes, I knew she was somewhere else, somewhere far away. A place that lives inside us and haunts us, plagues and destroys us, the past.

Moving my hand, I swallow as I place it on her cold cheek, brushing my thumb below her eye. Tears filled her eyes but didn't fall as she just stared back at me. "I can still feel it," she murmurs.

"Feel what Ab's?" I whisper.

"The noose. It's still there, so tightly wound I can't breathe," she whispers. I touch the scar behind her ear, the one that matches mine, a death we almost shared.

"I can feel it growing tighter, digging into my skin and burning through my flesh. I can feel the way it slides over my skin, growing tighter and tighter. Feel my blood rushing in my ears. I don't want to feel it anymore."

"What happened?" I whisper, needing to know. I couldn't help her if I didn't know what put her back in this dark place. A place I had only escaped from recently myself.

"I can't be what he needs me to be," she says, sniffing. She wipes her nose on the back of her sleeve. "He shouldn't be punished because I am broken,"

"You're not broken, Abbie,"

"But I'm not whole either. He deserves better than that. He deserves better than what I can give him. So does Tyson," she says.

"And what does Gannon need, Abbie?" I asked, and her brows furrowed. "A mate. Someone to love him that won't hurt him as she did," Abbie whispers.

"Who hurt Gannon?"

"She did. She didn't want him, and I couldn't have him. It's the same." her words confused me because I didn't know of this woman she spoke of.

"Gannon wants you, Abbie. Tyson wants you. And me? I want you, Abbie," I tell her, but she slips back away to some dark place again while I fight to bring her back. When I hear movement behind me, my eyes dart toward the door to find Gannon silently slipping into the room.

He moves behind her and sits on the edge of the bathtub. Abbie, though, doesn't even notice him. She was not here in the present.

"I don't know how to help her," he admits through the mind-link. But I was as baffled as he was. I was no doctor, no shrink, and I knew Abbie would never spill her secrets to strangers. So I knew we wouldn't get far with that suggestion.

I turn my attention to Abbie. She shivers, and her teeth chatter. She was drenched, soaking wet, and laying beside her had drenched me. She was soaking my clothes with her blood, yet she had

no open wounds. I lift her shirt slightly; she doesn't even respond to me touching her when Gannon's voice flits through my mind.

"She slit her wrists in the bathtub. I found a bottle of wolfsbane beside her. She drank it so she wouldn't heal; I had no choice,"

"Wolfsbane? Where would she get that?" I ask him, but I see him shrug. "I never got a chance to ask her," he replies, and my eyes flick back to her distant ones.

I grab her wrists, seeing the long thick scar running up each one, now closed, but by the thickness, I knew they were deep. I swallow and lift her hand, kissing her fingers.

"Come back to me, Abbie," I urged, but she just blinked. So instead, I lay beside her, holding her hand and reminding her of every good little memory we shared. Talking to her just so she knew I was here until she returned to us. Hours I laid on that floor, hours Gannon remained next to the bathtub, and I could feel Kyson nearby, yet couldn't hear Tyson, so I figured Clarice or Liam had him.

"Abbie?" I whisper, and she blinks.

"More than my life," I whisper for the hundredth time today, only this time she reacts, and her eyes move to look at me.

"We made a pact. You need to come back to me Abbie, or I will come with you. No matter where I will come with you. Remember that." she shakes her head.

"You don't want to go where I have been. The things I have seen, the things they did," she whimpers.

"What they did, Abbie. They can't hurt you anymore. I won't let them. Gannon won't let them. They aren't coming back. They are gone. Everyone from the past is gone. They are dead. We are still breathing, so don't let them win," I tell her.

"They already did. They don't have to live with what they did, but I do, and I will live with it for the rest of my life. I will live with it, not them, me. And me living with it makes them

live with it. I can't do that to Gannon and Tyson, don't you get it? I can't, Azzy." she says, sitting up. Her eyes burned with rage.

"I don't want to live with it. I don't want to force them to live with it!" she screams at me.

"I can't, I can't," she breaks, and I suck in a breath when she suddenly loses it.

She starts clawing at herself, ripping herself to pieces and ripping out her hair. Abbie lost it. She broke and broke some more, and it broke me seeing her give up because that's what she was doing.

Rage bubbled in me as hot as hers while Gannon grabbed her, but she screamed. Blood-curdling screams echoed off the tiled walls as her anger rose, and she started attacking Gannon as he tried to stop her from destroying herself.

"More than my life, Abbie! You promised!" I scream at her just as I feel hands grab me, trying to haul me away. Sparks rush across my arms, and I feel Kyson hold me.

"Let me go!"

"She will hurt you," he says, but I pull out of his grip. "Seeing her like this hurts me," I tell him. Scrambling toward her, she thrashes, kicking me, and Gannon pins her arms by her sides while try to stop her kicking legs. Gannon grunts when she tosses her head back, but his grip doesn't waiver. Even when the back of her head connected with his nose.

"Stop. We are trying to help you." I tell her, but she continues to thrash, this time kicking me in the chest and sending me flying back into Kyson. Anger and grief at seeing her like this licked through my veins. Burning hotter than the sun. It makes my skin prick with the intensity of its searing heat, and I lunge at her. My hands clamp on the sides of her head.

"Stop!" I tell her, and she freezes instantly. Yet her following my command didn't shock me. It was the glowing of my hands that did before I am plunged into memories that I know aren't mine. Memories I know are hers.

I blink around, my surroundings evaporating as new ones take shape, nightmares, things I wish I could unsee, yet I couldn't bring myself to pull myself out of her head.

Trapped, just like she was. Trapped in the past, that was darker than an abyss. Tortured and broken. I could hear their voices distorted as if they spoke underwater, yet I knew it was Kyson and Gannon. Tingles rush up my arms, and I felt like I was having an out-of-body experience.

Yet instead of looking down at myself, I looked down at Abbie in the tub, where she tried to kill herself. Her wrists slashed open, and she truly believed she was hurting them by

being here. Yet the devastation of Gannon finding her told a different story as he tried to save her.

Yet all while I watched her bleeding out, the walls of her bathroom were no longer tiled but filled with every bleeding memory, every tainted word, every bad thing painted on the walls here, bearing her tortured soul to me. I wanted to escape these memories when they weren't even mine. I couldn't imagine them being mine and the horror she lived with.

Yet the longer I stayed, the more I found I couldn't pull myself out of her head, out of her consciousness. I was trapped, and I was drowning in despair. I couldn't take it. I needed out; wanted out. It was too much, too much pain. Too much suffering for one soul, too much pain for one to endure.

My heart broke for her, over and over again, until I was left as dead inside as she was. I screamed inside, writhed, trying to break free, yet I had no idea how I was even here, how I invaded her like this.

"Kyson!" I screamed, trying to break free. I wasn't sure if I screamed his name aloud or only in my head, but sparks rippled violently over my skin before his voice was in my head.

"Give me control of our bond," he kept repeating, trying to manipulate it as he did my aura, but this was different. My bond was breaking, untrusting from the feelings swirling inside Abbie becoming mine. I had become her, trapped within her. Yet Kyson prompted and coaxed me.

"Whatever you're doing, you can control Azzy,"

"You used power to get in there. Use it to get out." his words made no sense because I don't remember doing anything. I just remember being angry at her, angry she was giving up.

She promised. She promised! "More than my life" this was not my life yet. I was trapped in the past that was hers, not mine. We shared it, but not every trauma. I look around the room I am in,

the walls of her destruction closing in.

"This is not me. This is not Abbie," I breathe, closing my eyes. This isn't Abbie.

"Breathe, Azzy," Kyson murmurs in the distance, only this time, when I open my eyes, the walls are no longer painted with her darkest fears. No, they were decorated with every memory I had of her, every good memory. The night of the festival when we danced in the attic together.

Playing in the sun when our parents were with us, painting with the children, the apple fight, her smiling face, and as my memories began to paint the walls, I felt her wake. Felt her adding her own, her and Gannon. Tyson. A small cottage with wildflowers and pebble footpaths and her mother.

Tile by tile, we built the walls up that kept her going, kept her strong, the little things worth fighting for until the blood evaporated and the bathroom was clean, and it was just us. Just us and every good thing we remembered.

“More than my life,” I whispered to her as my heartbeat slowed and I could finally breathe.

“How are you doing this?” she asks and tears brim and spill in my eyes.

“I have no idea,” I choked, seeing her whole and smiling.

“But it’s time you let it go,” I tell her.

“How?”

“By letting me replace the feeling behind it,” “You can do that?” she asks, glancing around at all her memories. “I don’t know, but I feel like can,” I tell her, holding up my hand. It glowed subtly.

“What are you doing?” she asks as I step closer to the walls of her mind. “Reinforcing these memories and overriding the others,” I whisper, pressing my hands to the tiles, and we are flooded with white light. I gasped, being thrown back into the real world, and I was shocked to find my hands in the same place, one on each side of her head.

“More than my life,” Abbie whispers, her vibrant green eyes peering back at me.

“Always more,” I tell her when I feel something dribble down over my lip. “Azzy?” Abbie frowns, her hand reaching toward my face just as I feel my eyes roll into the back of my head.

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Chapter 82

Read Mated To The King’s Ga*ma by Jessica Hall Chapter 82 – Abbie POV

I couldn't explain what she did; it made no sense as I watched her pass out. I could feel her in my head, feel her essence or presence tainting and touching the darkest parts of me, twisting and manipulating. Lifting the weight of my past from me.

I felt free.

It was as if I no longer was trapped in the nightmares I survived and was now merely an observer, dissociated from them. I still remembered everything, but the feelings that hunted and trapped me were no longer there. As if she erased those completely.

When she passed out, everyone went into panic, while all I could do was stare. I thought I killed her, but Trey Gannon was quick to whisk me out of there and away from everyone. Yet I wanted to check Azalea. Needed to know I didn't hurt her.

"She is awake, Abbie. Damian just mind-linked me." Gannon tells me. I nod my head, staring at where Tyson lay on the bed, nestled between out pillows.

"You need to shower. You're covered in blood, and I don't want Tyson waking you up seeing you like that." Gannon tells me.

"It was Tyson we fought over, then Sia. I recently learned my aunty was Gannon's true mate. He killed her. Yet I felt nothing for that woman. I hardly remembered her, my mother and she fought, and that was when we left my grandmother's house. Left the pack we lived in and went on the run.

It was also when we met up with Marrissa; at that time, I knew her as Della. We were attacked by bandit rogues, and Della and Jason came to our aid. After that, we remained with them. I was beginning to realize how small the world truly was. How interconnected all pasts were. But it left questions remaining, one I wasn't sure I wanted the answers to.

"Why did you kill her? Was it just because she left you?" I ask Gannon. Gannon sighs, kneeling next to me where I sat on the couch by the small bookcase of children's books that Gannon got for Tyson. Most of them were pop-up books.

"Abbie, you don't want to know the answers to these questions. They will do more harm than good."

"How can they? I didn't feel sorry for her; I barely knew her. I just need to know," I tell him.

"Why?" he asks.

“To make sure that isn’t the only reason you want me, because you couldn’t have her. Because I look like her.”

“You are nothing like Sia. Not even close. You have the same hair and eyes, that is it.”

“Then tell me.” Gannon sighs, dropping his head onto my knees.

“When I met Sia, I was visiting her pack. I had to take a message to the council for the king. I stopped over at her pack and met her at the tavern.” he tells me. His brows furrowed together as if he was trying to remember some detail. Yet my eyes were trained on his chest, the deep crevices that marred his skin. Skin tore apart by his claws when he tried to rip his own heart out.

“Anyway, Sia and her mother were being kicked out of the pack for something your grandmother did. She told me the council had found them another place in a pack closer to here. I helped her move on the weekends, yet she kept insisting I change her. I don’t know why it bothered me, but

for some reason, her insistence did. She also wanted to meet Claire and work at the castle. Another thing I didn’t like.

“Why did she want you to change her so badly?”

“Because your grandmother was dying, that is why.” Gannon says. So you never changed her.

“No, she kept mentioning it, and I lost my temper. At the time, I still hadn’t told the King. Once mates are usually found, especially when you are part of the King’s guard. The King does background checks, and most of the time, unless the King knows them, you need permission to change them. I never told the King about her or anyone. I knew something was off about her, and I was afraid of the King refusing me if I asked or finding something that I began to suspect about her. So I told her no, and we had a fight. She then rejected me.”

“What did you suspect her of?”

“Working with the hunters,” Gannon says.

“That’s why you didn’t want to tell the King, because he would have killed her?”

“Yes, and you mustn’t tell the King, Abbie, not the real reason. You saw what he did to Azalea when he thought she was the daughter of a hunter,”

“So, how does Liam fit into all of this, then?” I ask, trying to work it out.

He lets out a breath. "Liam didn't know about Sia, but the town she moved to was one he frequented a fair bit. He met her there, and they started dating. What I didn't know was that Liam actually knew her first."

"Liam knew your mate before you did?" Gannon nods his head.

"Yes, because your grandmother was human, her mate was a werewolf, and luckily passed the werewolf gene to his children. He then left her for his mate, but because she had children, she was allowed to remain within the pack. She was a witch, and also the same witch Liam used to visit her and get location spells done by her when we had trouble finding people the King would send us after," Gannon tells me.

"So she was cheating on you with Liam?" I ask him, and he stands up. I move over, allowing him more space beside me, and he falls onto the couch next to me.

"Yes, we didn't know about each other. I never went with him when he would see your grandmother. And a long story short. After two years of feeling her infidelity, I had enough and contacted her. I knew to break the bond on my side, I had to kill her. But when I rang her, she told me she had changed her mind, that she wanted to be with me. Little did I know that she told Liam I was her abusive Ex and had been harassing her. He intended to kill me. I met up with her,

and Liam got out of the car with her when I did."

"And he did nothing, just let you kill her despite loving her too?"

"At first, he was shocked, but a year earlier, he figured I must have found my mate. Because I tried to kill myself." He pats his chest, and I stare at the scars that litter his skin. "Liam found me and stopped me from ripping my own heart out. I went mad with the grief of losing the bond. All night he sat with me, feeding me his blood so I would heal quicker. I never told him, but he knew had found my mate. He never asked, but he knew, and we never mentioned that night again. It's also why we are so close. Him feeding me so much of his blood kind of made a bond," he tells me. I chew my lip. My aunty was a monster to do that. Cause someone so much grief.

"Anyway, when Liam got out of the car and saw me, he figured it out. He was disgusted with her, and she started screaming for him to kill me, but he stepped aside and he said to me. 'I start digging a hole to bury the b**tch in, and that is what he did. I killed her, and he helped me cover it up.'"

"You are nothing like her, Abbie. Yes, you have similar traits. At first, that may have been why wanted you, but you are nothing like her. Nothing like her, Abbie, even with my bond to Sia. I never loved her the way I love you." Gannon tells me.

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Chapter 83

Read Mated To The King's Gamma by Jessica Hall Chapter 83 – Gannon POV

It was hard explaining everything but she demanded to know and I was done keeping secrets from her. She knew about Sia, knew about her grandmother but not the full extent so I told her what she wanted to know. "It's fine, it will be okay."

"No, it won't," she murmurs. I know she was worried about Azalea knowing her family's part in it, worried about everything including me. "You won't do that again," she murmurs. My brow furrows at her words as I watch her walk toward the bed.

"Do what?"

Try to change me, you stole my choice. Just like everyone else did,"

"I wasn't going to watch you die,"

"I was ready to die!" she tells me. Her words made me sick to my stomach.

"No, you promised me and Azalea, you promised us, Abbie. More than my life, remember?" she rubs her eyes that were red raw from crying.

"I know I know but everyone decides for me, I don't. I don't want my choice taken Gannon and that is what you did You tried to force me to live, to live with everything," she tells me.

"I won't promise that, Abbie,

You will or we are done, I won't try it again. Whatever Azalea did helped, but I won't live with you if you are just going to force me to change, I can't sleep wondering if I am going to wake up to you trying to kill me," she says I swallowed, remembering the look of fear on her face.

"I don't want to fear you, so promise me," she pleads and my eyes go to Tyson.

"Gani?" My heart beat in my chest hard as I glanced at her.

"Please" I stare any head I can't lose her, I need her, I love her. I don't want to be here without her yet I found myself saying what she wanted to hear to risk not losing her

"I promise I won't try to change you." I tell her and she exhales

"But you have to promise to come to me when you're upset, don't bottle that shit up," I tell her and sew her lip

*Abte

Fre, promise' ste says, appug her han and i sit down on the couch watching her as she settles next to your

She now knew everyyoung everything was out in the open I had her back but I worried for how long I watched her lay on the bed with Tyson I was too scared to leave her side Yet a knock on the door had me pulled from my thoughts. Getting up I quickly answer it to see it is Liam. He looks past me into the room at the bed.

"Is she okay?" he asks and I sigh glancing over my shoulder to peek at her. I nod before stepping out the door and shutting it slightly, leaving it open just a bit so I could see her where she slept.

"Are you okay?" Liam asks me. I shake my head. Her words haunt me.

"She made me promise not to change her," I tell him not liking that part of the deal. Yet she felt betrayed by me, I could feel that much through the bond that was slowly forming after I marked her.

"You're worried she will try it again," he said, gripping my shoulder. I look up at him and nod before glancing back into the room.

"I will handle it, you won't lose her again," he says and my head whips to the side.

"What do you mean, if you change her and she would never forgive me," I tell him.

"Not what I said, but you don't need to worry. She will be fine, I will ensure it," Liam tells me.

"What do you mean?"

"Best you don't know, she can't catch you out on a lie, if you don't know what it is," he tells me before walking off.

"Liam!" I hissed, worried he was going to find some witch to perform some ritual on her.

"It will be fine, Gannon. The less you know the better, I won't let you lose her," he says before walking off. I grit my teeth regretting saying anything to him when I hear arguing. Damian's voice reaches my ears and I turn to give him some privacy while he dealt with his mate.

F**ck me it was drama after drama around here and I was about to lose my head. Yet as I went to close the door I heard Tandi's voice.

"Oi, what a face," I freeze looking back into the hall to see Tandi pass hunter to Damian.

"What are you doing?" he demands reaching for her arm.

"Getting f**ck away from you, watch your step son!" she snaps at him.

"Tandi!"

"F**ck you, call me a whore and think I will play nice," she snaps at him and I bristle. Yep I will stick with Abbie. Damian had his hands full with her. He can have her!

I quickly go to duck inside not wanting to get involved. "Gannon right?" Tandi says and I internally groan. She was Damian's problem why she suddenly gotta become mine.

"Yes!" I growl turning around the face when she barges past me. "Good, I am stealing your mate!" she says, slapping my chest before moving toward the bed. I glare at Damian out in the hall before rolling my eyes, "Fine," I mutter knowing he wants me to keep an eye on her. She rips the blanket back and grabs Abbie's arm making her wake up startled.

"Tandi?" Abbie murmurs.

"Yeop get up, I need a drink and away from all these f**cking men!" she snaps tugging on her arm.

"I have Tyson." she says quickly and Tandi looks back at me.

"Nope, the man beast standing in the door can watch him, now get up. Let's go find Azalea. Time to let loose," Abbie's eyes go to me and my shoulders drop but I see the ghost of smile grace her face. She loved Tandi, loved her confidence and no f**cks given attitude. I just hoped it didn't rub off on her too much.

"Go!" I tell her and Tandi yanks her out of bed hurrying her to the door.

They take off and Damian glares at me.

"What the f**ck!" he says, glancing down at Hunter in his arms. The boy begins to wake and he rocks him.

"You're letting them just leave?"

"It's fine, I will make one of the guards watch them," I tell him before mind linking Liam and tasking him with the job.

Damian growls and I sigh. "Coffee?" I ask him. His shoulders drop. "Yeah fine," he says moving toward my room and I believe half the reason was because he had no idea what the f**ck to do with the kid in his arms

Azalea POV

Opening the door, I find Abbie and Tandi. Tandi peers past me to look at Kyson asleep before reaching in, grabbing my wrist.

"Ah, you said you needed to speak to her, not kidnap her!" Trey hisses at her.

"Either come with us and shut up or stay behind. No party pooper's allowed" Trey looks at me, and I shrug.

"Where are we going?" I ask as I nearly stumble down the steps.

"To raid the liquor and find the deserts," Tandi tells me. Abbie giggles and shakes her head.

"I heard her giving Damian hell in the halls and went to see what the commotion was and was kidnapped too," she shrugs.

"Tyson? And Hunter?" I ask the girls, though I was glad to see a smile on Abbie's face after yesterday.

"Hogging the bed. Gannon is with him," Abbie tells me. "And Damian is playing Daddy daycare," Tandi says as we reach the bottom of the stairs. Tandi scouts the hall before jumping in fright when Liam comes around the corner.

Liam glances around before ducking behind the corner of the staircase with us. He peers down, then peeks around the corner toward the kitchen. "Who are we hiding from?" he whispers, and Tandi giggles.

"Idiot, we are raiding the kitchen!" she snaps, pushing past him.

"I could do with a midnight snacky poo,"

"This is a girl's breakout only," she tells him.

"Then why does ferret face f**ck get to come? And him?" Trey huffs at Liam, calling him names, and Tandi looks over her shoulder at Dustin and Trey dressed in the typical black uniforms, looking every part of my guard.

"Dustin, don't count. He is one of us." He huffs as if to say he is not a part of this escape. "And he is the fun police that decided to tag along," she growls.

“Well then, count me in as the corruption! I know where the hard liquor is kept. Besides, I am her guard,” he says, pointing to Abbie.

“Since when?” Abbie demands.

“Since you did a jailbreak on my best friend in your rainbow pajamas and bunny slippers. You look like you’re up to mischief.” Liam tells her, sending her a wink. Tandi sighs loudly.

“So much for keeping this a small gathering,” Tandi says, stomping off toward the kitchen. We flick the light on to find no one down here, and I can’t help but laugh as Liam makes himself at home, raiding the pantry and coming out with a huge armful of sweets and chips that he dumps into Trey’s arms. Trey shakes his head but says nothing, accepting his role in our escape.

“Do you girls drink?” she asks, and Abbie and I shake our heads.

“Oh, Clarice made Mudcake!” Liam states, spotting it on the top level of the fridge.

“Dustin, grab some glasses while I steal this,” he says.

“Clarice will murder you,” Trey tells him while Liam kidnaps the cake.

“Shush you! You saw nothing, and don’t you snitch,” he tells Trey.

“So why are we doing this again?” I ask, and everyone stops looking at Tandi.

“Ah, because we can! You’re the Queen. You can do what you want!” she shrugs, and I giggle. She had a point, kinda. I doubted any of the guards would step in unless I was putting myself in danger.

We sneak down to the ballroom where the orphanage was initially set up, but it is now clear since only a handful of children remained and were on the servant’s floor with Clarice and the other servants so they could be watched over.

“So, what did Damian do that you made you ditch him?” Abbie asks, accepting a glass of wine from her. Liam sips his bottle of whiskey, not bothering with a glass.

“Nothing really just irritated me.”

“Fascinating. Tell me more about your domestic squabbles,” Liam says, and she rolls her eyes at him.

“I wanted to go to the archives and find my daughter. He wants me to wait.”

"Why?" I ask, thinking it was a little odd of him. He knows Tandi wants her daughter back, as any mother would after learning they were alive all this time.

"He wants to be sure. He said he is worried Larkin is lying and she is dead. He wants to check it out himself first," she sighs.

"Yeah, I would say he is just looking out for you," Trey tells her, coming over with a blanket. He drapes it over my shoulder, eyeing the wine glass in my hand that Tandi gave me. I sip it, finding the taste somewhat bitter.

"What about you and Gannon after last night?" Tandi asks Abbie. The room fell quiet at her question, and I definitely didn't want to think of the state we found her in. Abbie leans into me, resting her head on my shoulder.

I'll be fine. Though I learned a lot about Sia, who was Gannon's real mate," Abbie tells us, and I had questions of my own about this woman. Liam clears his throat awkwardly.

"Liam was with Sia when Gannon was," Abbie says.

"Damn! And you think I am trouble? First, the Gamma's mate and then the Beta's mate. I'm starting to see a pattern with you," Tandi laughs.

"So what about Sia?" I ask Abbie.

"She was my aunty," she tells us, and my brows furrow and Tandi stares at her before downing her glass.

"I'll get more wine than, shall I?" she says, about to get up and retrieve the bottle off the small Lego table leaning against the wall.

"I'll do it," Liam says, plucking the glass from her fingers and wandering off.

"So your aunty then?" Tandi asks.

"Dead. Gannon and Liam killed her," Abbie answers.

"And you are still with him?" she asks. "I don't remember her. It was before I was born. All I know is what my mother told me about her."

"And what was that?" Tandi asks curiously.

"That they had a fight. It was why my mother and father left the pack. So I have no memory of her. I only remember my grandmother when mum would sneak me to see her when I was little."

I had hardly any memories that I could recall of Abbie. In fact, I could scarcely remember a time without Abbie.

“I don’t remember you ever leaving?” I tell her, confused. “What?” Abbie asks, looking at me, just as confused.

“You and Marrison came with us a few times. My grandmother! She had curly red hair and always wore those bone things around her neck. You told me she looked like the wicked witch,” Abbie laughs. My brows pinched together as I tried to recall this memory.

“She used to have the giant tire swing out the back under the banyan tree?” Abbie tells me. I shake my head.

“Well, turns out you were right about her. She was a witch and human,” Abbie tells me with a laugh, yet I was still wondering why I had no memories of this. Liam comes over to us and hands Abbie a glass, making me sniff the air.

I looked at Liam, swearing I could smell blood, but he looked fine. I shake my head, believing I imagined it, and sip my glass of wine that I still hadn’t finished. Abbie sips her glass and pulls a face at its bitterness.

“Wait, your grandmother was a witch?” Trey asks, sounding curious. “That’s what Gannon said. Why?” Abbie answers him.

“Nothing, just the name Sia sounds familiar to me for some reason” Trey tells her but offers nothing else.

“So where is your grandmother now, then? Maybe she can do a location spell on my daughter” Tandi says, mumbling the last part.

“Dead. We killed her seven years later when she came after Gannon for killing her daughter,” Liam says matter-of-factly as if Abbie wasn’t sitting across from him. “Woah, hold up! You killed her grandmother too?” Tandi asks, shocked. “Yep, and…” Liam’s words suddenly cut off when the door opened. The lights flicker on, and we turn toward the doors.

“Okay. I was woken up by a guard saying someone was messing around in my kitchen only to find my Mudcake gone, along with half the pantry!” Simultaneously, everyone points at Trey, who throws his hands up, and I giggle.

“And no one thought to invite me?” Clarice demands, wandering over. She plucks the whiskey bottle out of Liam’s hand and drinks from it before sighing.

“F**ck, I needed that! Those kids have been running rings around me all damn night,” she states before falling into our little circle on the floor. She hands the bottle back to Liam, who smirks and rolls onto his back on the floor.

"If you're going to raid my kitchen next time, an invitation would be nice, girls. Now, where is that cake?" she says.

"I'll get it," Trey says, wandering off. I watch everyone get wasted while I remain nursing the same wine glass. They looked like they needed to let loose.

It didn't feel right, and I was still sober along with Clarice when the sun came up. Who, I think, was sticking around to supervise, so we didn't cause trouble. Meanwhile, Abbie could barely walk and was in fits of giggles, and her face was bright red from all the wine. She had also lost a slipper.

Tandi is dancing on top of a table with Liam, while Dustin is on the verge of having a heart attack every time she gets too close to the edge. Liam was singing about some made-up song and kept calling Dustin his sweetpea, which ended with him being snapped at by Dustin.

Tlaughed, watching them make fools of themselves while sitting with Trey and Clarice.

"Always fun watching. Reminds me of when I was young," Clarice says, sipping her glass of wine.

"How old are you?" I ask. As far as Clarice was concerned, I didn't know much about her. Only now had it occurred to me.

"too old," she laughs.

"Have you always lived at the castle?" I ask her while watching Abbie hunt beneath one of the bunk beds for her slipper. She comes out and jumps up victoriously, clutching it.

"Pretty much. When I had my mate, we lived in town, and I used to walk here, but after he died, I preferred being at the castle. It was lonely in the house by myself. This place kept me sane." she tells me. Just the thought of something happening to Kyson twisted my heart, so I couldn't imagine losing him

"What happened to him?"

"He was a werewolf. I had been holding off on changing him, knowing how horrific it is to do so?"

"What do you mean?" I ask, remembering that Gannon had tried to change Abbie. Clarice shakes her head. "That is something best explained by your mate."

"So what happened to him, then?"

This was just before your parents' deaths. The hunter attacks were quite frequent, but they usually hit the packs. It was as if they used the packs for training when they hit

them. Anyway, when we learned of the attacks, he wanted to help protect them, that they were his people, and he had family there. I refused at first, but he snuck off. Kyson found him dead and brought him home for me. He is buried in the cemetery by the river,”

“And you never thought to find a new mate?” I ask her. “No, I loved my mate. After that, I focused on helping here. Put all my time into this place.”

“When I first came here. I was hired as a nanny. I raised Kyson, Liam, and Gannon all here. Damian, 100, I love all the staff as if they were my own. Then, once the King was older, he kept me on, and I stayed. Then I found my mate, then lost him a short time later, and all I had was this place, so I moved back into the castle.” she tells me.

So you never had a chance to have kids?” she shakes her head,

‘No, but I am hoping one day I will get to help you raise yours. When you’re ready, of course, to try again she tells me isinile sadly and nod.

A short time later, Clance nises to her feet and says she had to check the boys. Yet moments after she left the fun abruptly stopped when Damian burst through the doors furiously

“Take it back Trey is not the fun police My male is!” Tandi says, flailing her hand at him. Yet I had to agree with her because the look on his face was furious,

“You! Darntan snarls, and i glance between the table Liam and Tandi were dancing on and Damian. However, he was not looking at landi but at Liam. Liam looks over his shoulder before looking at Darruan ‘Me? He says. Domling at himself when his eyes widen as Damian snarls and

shifts. Tandi screams, flying off the table as it is upturned when Damian crashes on top of Liam.

The air expelling from Liam’s lungs was audible as he hit the ground with the angry Lycan’s weight crushing the air from him. Tandi tries to separate the pair of them as they pummel each other, and Liam is far too drunk even to shift.

“Damian! What has gotten into you? Get off him! Tandi screeches, ripping on his back. Abbie giggles as she drunkenly stumbles over to me with her bunny slipper in her hand, clutching it as if it was some prized possession.

“Get ‘em, Tandi!” she squeals loudly beside me.

“I don’t think Damian is playing, Abbie,” she looks at me before looking at them when Damian punches Liam so hard his nose breaks. “Woah! Not the f**king face! Body shots

only p*ick!" Liam spits at him. Just as Tandi hauls Damian off him, Trey strolls over to me, sitting next to me.

"You're not going to stop them?" I ask Trey, and he shrugs.

"Not unless you ask. Or they get too close to you" Trey yawns. I look at Dustin, who also just shrugs. "Liam can handle himself," he says.

"Stay the f*ck away from my mate!" Damian spits at Liam. And good old Liam just doesn't know when to shut his mouth, and I eye-rolled so hard I swear I could see a glimpse of my brain.

"Not my fault. She likes me more than you," Liam taunts. That Lycan had a death wish, and death was coming for him. As Damian spun on his heel so quickly, Liam only jumped out of the way of his foot as he went to stomp him.

Damian's foot misses him by mere inches when Liam punches Damian's inner thigh as he reaches down to try to grab him. Which makes Damian grunt, and he drops his head. Liam took that opportunity to uppercut him. I heard the sound of his teeth gnashing before all hell broke loose. Dustin sighs, stepping in front of us.

My heart skips a beat, and I grab Abbie ripping her away as they come flying toward us. Trey quickly moves to block me as Liam comes flying toward us from a kick to the stomach. Trey grabs him, shoving him away and toward the doors, while Dustin shoves us behind him to the side.

"Out now!" Trey snarls, pointing toward the door while glaring at Dustin, and I feel Kyson wake, and by God, they want to run before he gets here. Liam bows and looks at Dustin.

"Come on, Dustin, you can kiss my boo-boo's better," Liam purrs. Dustin growls and watches as he saunters out, and Trey blocks Damian as he follows after him.

"Go, Trey is with me," I tell Dustin, and he sighs, rushing off after him.

Tandi appears to be in shock, and she gasps when Damian turns his head to look at her. He looked menacing,

"Tandi now!" she shakes her head, eyes wide.

I'm good here. You go ahead,"

"It wasn't a question. Now!" yet his demand of her made her eyes narrow. She clearly wasn't

impressed by him making demands of her, and it wasn't like she was doing anything wrong. They were only dancing, or was that not allowed? I wasn't sure what appropriate male and female interactions were outside of my guards, so I wasn't sure.

Then again, Kyson, I knew, easily becomes jealous, especially with Trey. Dustin, not so much, but he has even had his moments with him. Abbie snickers behind me, cupping her mouth with her hands. She had been in fits of giggles since the first glass of wine. She couldn't even stand upright properly. Abbie was leaning against me, and I was sure she would topple over if I moved. Damian's head twists at the noise she makes before recognition dawns on him. His eyes soften slightly as he peers at her.

"Abbie, Gannon is on his way to get you. I sent Clarice to watch Tyson," he tells her.

"What! You speak to her nicely while I get yelled at for doing the exact same thing!"

"You're older. You should know better! And she wasn't dancing with the man whose initial is carved into her damn thigh!" Tandi rolls her eyes and folds her arms across her chest, popping her hip, which was a big mistake from where her pajama pants had ridden up, exposing the white scar marring her skin. Damian snarls at her as if she did it deliberately, and she realizes the mistake, quickly fixing her stance as his eyes lock on her.

He growls, stalking toward her, and my feet move when he grabs her. I shove past Trey as she squeals. Her small body hit the floor as he pinned her.

"Damian!" I snap as Trey races past me just as she screams. Trey tries to pry him away, and I see blood spill on the floor just as Trey rips him back. The inside of her thigh is all bloody, and Trey growls at him just as Kyson rushes into the room and rips Trey off Damian. Yet my eyes were on Tandi's thigh, torn to pieces by his claws. Tears bubble in her eyes as she looks at where he carved his name, or half of it, in her leg with his claws.

"I think I am going to be sick," Abbie says behind me, and I turn to see her face as white as a sheet. She staggers and is about to hit the ground when Gannon is suddenly beside her. He scoops her legs out from under her, and she pukes all over his shirt the moment he does.

"Sorry," she murmurs, wiping her mouth on the back of her hand. "But I feel better now," she nods. Gannon blinks down at her before lifting his head to look past me at Kyson.

"My King?"

"Go, Trey and I have him,"

"Night," he says, walking off with Abbie, who was officially passed out. I grabbed the napkins from when we had cake, pressing them against her leg, trying to clean it up.

Trey taps me on the shoulder, and I move aside, letting him tend to her, and rise to my feet to see Kyson glaring at his Beta while Damian was glaring at Trey's hands on her leg.

"Enough!" Kyson tells him in a warning. He was livid, and I hoped it wasn't directed at me. What a disaster this night, or more morning as it was now, became.

Tandi hisses, and his claws got her deep, the napkins barely doing anything to stem the bleeding. "Damian needs to heal you," Trey mumbles, looking over his shoulder at Damian.

"He mutilated me! I don't want him anywhere near me!" she snaps. "Just help me up; I will walk it

off," she groans as she holds her hands out to me, and I grab them, hauling her to her feet. Yet the moment she stands, blood cascades down her leg like a waterfall, Trey clutching her thigh in both hands.

"Don't be f**king stubborn!" Damian snaps, shaking off Kyson's arm on his shoulder.

"No! You're not touching me!" she snaps at him when he pauses, looking around on the floor where mashed-up cake and spilled drinks ruined the floor, and guilt smashed me at the mess we had made. Damian growls, s**tches the cake knife from the floor and stalks toward her. She stumbles back, her leg still clutched in Trey's hand.

"Get off her!" Damian snarls, and he holds the knife out to her. Her hands tremble as she hesitantly takes it.

"Enjoy it. It will be the only time I let you carve me up!" he snaps at her before dropping to his knees in front of her. He growls and looks up at her, and shakes his head.

"What? You don't get to act disgusted. You did it!" she snapped at him.

"I'm not disgusted! Look at it!" he snaps at her, and we all lean a little closer, and she narrows her eyes at him, pursing her lips.

"You best be bl**dy fixing it. I am not walking around with DAM on my leg!" she growls furiously. Damian looks over his shoulder at the King. Kyson shrugs, his eyebrows lifting almost into his hairline at her words.

"Well, you asked this time, so don't b*tch when it hurts," he tells her.

"Yeah, because you mutilated me! Now fix it!" she says, tapping her foot impatiently. He lifts his hand to her leg, his sharp claw slicing through her soft flesh, and she grits her teeth and bares it while I feel woozy just watching. Damian does it fast before running

his tongue across it and quickly healing the damage he caused, leaving behind only faint scarring.

Tandi examines it, scrutinizing it before a wicked smile graces her face as she runs her thumb over the knife in her hand, wiping the chocolate off it before sucking on her thumb.

“My turn! And you better not squirm,” she says, and I look away, noticing that he had shifted back and was now naked, kneeling before her.

“Your name only. You write something stupid on me, and I wil...”

“Do nothing. You cut me first!” she says, waving the knife in his face. He sighs, and Trey gets to his feet, reaching me at the same time Kyson does.

“That is not normal!” Trey says, shaking his head at them as Tandi carved her name above his pec, while Damian watched her, making sure she embellished nothing.

“Wait, I forgot to dot the 1” she says, stabbing the point into him and making him hiss.

“There,” she says, dropping the knife and walking off. She passes us and moves through the double doors, laughing to herself.