

## Mated To The King's Gamma by Jessica Hall, Mated To The King's Gamma, c10

To open my mouth to ask but close it again." You want to go for a run?" she asks, and I nod, wondering how she knew.

"I have seen you looking at the forest every time you have gone out there. You don't have to ask Abbie if you want to go. Just tell me, and I will let the guards know so they can make sure you're safe. There are bears out there, so remain in the guard's perimeter," she says. I swallowed, looking at the door.

"You won't punish me when I return?" I asked. She looks appalled at my words.

"Honey, why would I punish you?" she chuckles, shaking her head.

"No reason. I just wanted to make sure it was okay. I don't want to get in trouble," I admit.

"Go for a run, Abbie, and anyone tries to punish you for it. They will deal with the King and me," Clarice says. She nudges me toward the doors leading to the clothesline.

"Go on, have fun. I will let the guards on duty know you're out there," she says. I nodded, yet I refused to get excited. Instead, I was still hesitant. Even as I approached the forest's edge. Glancing around nervously, I waited a few minutes to see if any guards suddenly rushed into the forest to search for me and drag me back, but I saw no one.

Stripping my clothes off, I laid them on a nearby fallen tree. Falling onto my hands and knees the dirt squished between my fingers as I focused on the shift. Feeling the first tremor, it slivered up my spine, fur grew along my naked body before it started twisting and morphing as I took shape and body of my werewolf form, my hands, and feet replaced with paws and claws, my face elongated, and my tail bone twitched as my tail zipped out. Shaking out my fur, I looked at my paws before becoming distracted by the swish of my tail. It took me a good five minutes to stop from chasing the damn thing as it eluded my teeth.

Stretching, I sniffed the air. The scent of pine cones and damp soil invigorated my senses, and my hearing perked at the crickets and tiny insects in the forest. I shot off, darting between the trees and jumping over logs. Nothing felt more refreshing than feeling the dirt beneath my paws, the air brushing through my fur as I rushed through the forest, cackling my head off. I felt free, alive, and so energized.

After about ten minutes of running, however, I heard the foliage move, and the wind changed direction, making me halt when I picked up an unfamiliar yet familiar scent that was harder to pinpoint since my sense of smell was ridiculously strong in this form.

Twisting, I look for the intruder while scampering backward when a huge Lycan steps out from between the trees. I drop my head before turning it, baring my neck to the beast. I felt like I was about to wet *myself* when the huge, terrifying thing walked toward me, making a whimper escape me.

“Don’t be frightened, Abbie, it is only me?” the voice says, and my ears twitch on top of my head, his voice *is* gravely and distorted from him being in this form, yet as I lift my gaze, he crouches before me before pulling a backpack from his huge furry shoulder. He unzipped it, and still, I couldn’t place him, yet I backed up when I saw him open the bag and reach inside.

“I won’t hurt *you*,” the Lycan says. Hearing a wrapper, I peer at his hand in the backpack before he pulls out red candy clouds, Gannon? I thought.

“Recognize me *now*?” he chuckles, and I bob my head as he opens the packet. He pinches one between his claws and holds it out to me, and my wolf instantly sniffs it before licking it.

Gannon laughed as *my* tongue swiped his fingers when I realized what he was doing when my nose brushed his furry *knees*. *Overrun* by my senses, I hadn’t learned he was drawing his hand closer to himself until I was practically between his legs. I freeze, and he sits leaning against the tree when his hands suddenly grab me, making me yelp loudly in fright.

He set me on his lap, his claws running through my fur as he brushed it.

“Well, aren’t you a little ball of fluff,” he laughs, stroking my fur like I was a d\*\*n pet, yet his claws felt nice raking through my thick coat. After a few *minutes*, I relaxed, realizing he was just petting me, not going to punish me. I found the burly scary man comforting for some reason, yet I couldn’t explain it but I felt safe

with him near. Although, when he rubbed my ears, I started purring like a d\*\*n cat and tried to scramble off his lap, only for him to drag me back and nip at my ear with his sharp teeth.

“Stop; I don’t care if you purr. I can purr too,” he laughs before purring, the noise rumbling from his chest was loud. My wet nose pressed against the center where it was loudest before I could stop myself, feeling its deep vibration before his fur went up my nose, making me sneeze.

Gannon laughs, and I lick his chin, mortified at what I did. I froze, which only made him laugh harder.

“It’s fine, Abbie; she—  
wolves are attracted to dominant males; I expect you to act accordingly,” he laughs. “It doesn’t bother me,” he says before licking my face  
and my eyeball, making my lashes stick together, and I had to blink to unstick them.

“See, it doesn’t bother me,” he says. My nose picks up the delicious scent  
of the clouds when I lay my head across his lap, my nose sniffing the air before my face  
was in his bag, sniffing around. I am never shifting again! Urges were impossible to control, I merely had to think something, and I was acting on them.

My teeth pull the candy bag out, my tongue slipping in the little  
bag, licking up the sugar when Gannon takes the  
bag, pouring some in his hands, my wolf side going berserk on the d\*\*n things, even licking  
his fingers and claws clean  
like a pig. Yet Gannon didn’t seem to mind, his hand on my rump while he let me lick the  
sugar from his palm before pouring more in his hand.

“Want to run to the river with me?” he asks when I finish eating the entire bag. I look up  
at the sky, knowing I should be heading back. Gannon looks up as well.

“The men can get their dinner. I already told Clarice you’re with me and told Damian. They said it is fine, Gannon tells me. I listen, my ears trying to gauge how far away the river is.

I could barely hear the water, so I knew it was a far distance, but he was already getting  
to his feet, and I slid off his lap,

“See if you can keep up,” he says, grabbing his bag and tossing it over his shoulder. He  
then shoots off between the trees, laughing. Instinct kicks in, and suddenly; I’m darting after  
him as if he is my prey.

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