

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

Chapter 11

Gannon POV

Her tiny wolf tried to keep up, but she easily lost track of me, so I decided to double back, coming up from behind her. Abbie's wolf was sniffing the ground, trying to pick up my scent. She was by the river's edge, and her head swiveled from side to side, looking amongst the trees as she tried to locate where I went. However, doubling back and the added breeze were confusing her as she followed her nose before giving up and dropping her rump to the ground as she sat staring at the river.

Still, I didn't step out of my hiding spot. Instead, I watched her like some damn creep for a while curiosity goes the better of me, and I wanted to see if she would try to escape being this close to the border! I don't know why I wanted to see if she was tempted to; maybe because my fascination with the girl was quickly turning into an obsession.

After a while, I watched as she wandered closer to the water's edge, dipping her head, trying to drink from it. It was pretty shallow there, so I wasn't sure why she wouldn't just wade on in. Maybe she didn't want to get wet?

Yet as she attempted to close her front, her paws slipped slightly, and Abbie reared back, scooting further away from the bank. Her heart rate was easily discernible as it thumped erratically against her chest. She nervously glanced around as if she was trying to figure her way back before she huffed and yawned and laying down. Stepping out from the treeline and the tree I was watching her from. Her ears perked on top of her head. She instantly got to her feet. Spotting me, she rushed over and zipped between my legs, rubbing herself on my legs.

Shewolves were amazing in their wolf form, unrestricted for the most part. They had no control, and that was when they were predominantly closest to my species, baser instinct kicking in, just not as strong as a Lycans urges. Leaning down, I brushed my fingers through her soft thick fur, my claws bumping over the ridges of her spine. She was skinny, too skinny for a wolf. I briefly wondered how many times she had shifted because her wolf side should have the bulk of hard muscle, yet even though her fur, I could feel nothing but skin and bone.

My touch, however, seems to make her snap back to herself, and she drops to the ground as if commanded, her rational part of her brain retaking control of her actions. A whimper escapes her as if she thought she shouldn't have behaved in such a way.

The she-wolves I knew are always submissive to those of stronger potency, so it was not surprising she thought she would be in trouble for her actions. She reminded me of Ivy in this sense. Both girls were usually submissive, as if over the years, any sense of themselves was slowly beaten out of them until they were nothing but compliant to others' whims, so I wasn't surprised that Abbie would fight her own instincts even in this form. Crouching beside her, she instinctively turned languidly, flopping on her side and showing me her belly.

I chuckle, knowing Abbie must be internally cringing at her wolf side's actions. Yet if Abbie was anything like Ivy, she wouldn't understand her own instincts or Werewolf and Lycan heritage for that matter. It was one thing that infuriated me to no end about Kyson. The man was set in his ways and expected the girl to instantly be aware of her urges and to act on them. Damian and I kept telling him to be patient with Ivy. yet patience was never his strong suit.

Abbie whines as I rub her belly and chest before I scoop her up, making her yelp loudly. My heart lurched in my chest, thinking I hurt her as I dragged her into my lap.

"Did I hurt you?" I asked worriedly. That wasn't my intention, but sometimes I forget my strength. Yet she shakes her wolfy head from side to side and I know I startled her as I sat her in my lap, crossing my legs beneath her. She rests her head on my knee, but she pants as if thirsty after a few moments. I looked at the river, wishing she could answer me back when I spoke.

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