

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

Chapter 14

It was early morning when I awoke the following day. I could hear rummaging around outside my door, and I hardly slept a wink. I

grounds, he had a target on his back, and now with Ivy, the fear of missing something was eating at all of us. Liam, I knew he hadn't slept. He wanted to come along, but the King needed him here to watch over the castle. Yet Liam not going with us had me on edge. He was one of our best men, yet I understood why. The royal guard would leave, and this place would be unprotected while gone, yet Liam would have no issues holding this place down by himself.

We could not fail; I refuse to lose another royal family. Kyson was the only bloodline left, and now, with Ivy by his side, it was detrimental that her safety was held above all. Even the King, we made a pact to him to protect his mate. He would not survive if he lost her, not after Claire.

Getting up, I go to see what Liam is doing loitering outside my door. Grabbing my robe; I pull it on and tie it around the waist. Yet when I open the door, I find it is Abbie stacking clean linens and toiletries in the basket that she had dropped. I usually find a fresh basket at my door every morning, yet I didn't know it was Abbie. I knew she cleaned the other rooms, but Liam and I usually took care of our own. I didn't like people in my room. Abbie jumps, startled, and backs up.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to wake you. I was trying to be quiet," Abbie whispers. I scrub a hand down my face, trying to gauge the time,

It was dark outside the windows in the corridor, so it must be early morning, yet I could smell the harsh cleaning chemicals and could tell she had been awake for a while, the night guard's doors open, and the scent coming from those rooms was hers, so knew she cleaned them.

"Abbie!" Damian calls from the hall. She freezes, looking over her shoulder at him.

"I'm nearly done, sir," she stammers.

"Clarice told you to remain quiet down that end. Just leave it," he scolds her. That explained why I never heard her dropping the supplies at my door the last few mornings. I thought it was Clarice. Abbie nods.

"I asked her to help me," I blurt, unthinking, and Damian pauses, folding his arms across his chest.

“You asked her to help you?” Damian presses and folds his arms across his chest. I knew he knew it was out of character of me. I never let anyone in my room. Yet the thought of her being scolded for a rule Liam and I had with our rooms being off-limits didn't sit well with me. It wasn't like she intended to wake me, and if she hadn't, I would've assumed Clarice was still in charge of supplying mine and Liam's rooms. Glancing at his door, I saw the basket neatly stacked by the door.

Liam waltzes in behind Damian, coming off the night shift. He clamps a hand down on Beta Damian's shoulder as he passes.

“Brother – Abbie, I told you just to let yourself in,” Liam says, winking at me as he passes Damian. Damian gapes at him as Liam moves toward his room while Abbie is like a deer caught in headlights.

“Since when. I am not even allowed in your b****y rooms, but you're letting—?” Damian shakes his head.

“That's because you're not as pretty; the last thing I want is you going through my panties drawer, Beta,” Liam chuckles, unlocking his door. He tosses the key to Abbie. “My lady,” Liam purrs, and I glare at him.

She scrambles to catch it and I knew he must have overheard Damian scolding Abbie and my words in her defense.

Damian shakes his head. Yet he was one for peace and order, and if he thought Abbie was disrupting that, I knew he would pull her from this floor. I know she was only here as a favor to the King and for Ivy. We usually tended to our rooms using the supplies Clarice left for us. I stepped closer to Abbie as she held the key to Liam's room.

“See, no harm done, Beta,” I tell him, and then he mutters something walking off. “We leave tomorrow, Gannon, so pack light,” Damian tosses over his shoulder as he moves toward the King's quarters.

“You didn't have to lie for me,” she says, and Liam stands leaning against the door frame, watching her and me with avid curiosity.

“Well, for one, I never lied for you. I just went along with what Gannon said and if he trusts you in his room, then it is fine by me.” Liam says, and I glare at him. Yet I couldn't say I didn't want her in there because I just told Damian I called her here.

“Or should I be worried about having her in my room, Gannon?” Liam questions, and I clench my jaw. The b*****d was baiting me.

“No, of course not,” I tell him, pushing my door open wider. She glances at me, unsure, before reaching down and grabbing the basket. I step aside, allowing her to enter, and she rushes past me and into the room. Liam chuckles, grabbing his own basket, walking

into his room, and closing the door while laughing. Turning around, I see her look for the bathroom.

I step in, closing the door. "Are you sure you don't mind me being here? Clarice was quite firm on me not entering yours or Liam's

room in particular," she says.

"I will speak with Clarice," I tell her, and she nods once before rushing to the bathroom to start cleaning it while I quickly race around, cleaning my room and hiding all the d**n weapons I kept in here before she came out. When I was finished, I walked over to the bathroom to find her restocking it and picking up my dirty laundry. I move to help her, tossing everything in the basket.

"Sorry," she mumbles.

"It's fine. What time do you go into town with Clarice?" I ask her.

"Um, when I finish this floor," she says, scooping up the towel by the shower.

"Let me get changed, and I will take you," I tell her.

"You want to come?" she asks, and I freeze.

"Ah yes, I had to go to town, anyway. You might as well come with me," I tell her, which was a complete lie. I had no purpose in going into town. I was surprised at how easily it rolled off my tongue. Shaking my head, I walk into the closet. I shut the door, and I could hear her rummaging around in my room as I got changed into my black uniform. When I came out, she was opening the blinds and windows, and the bed was made. I squint at the light. I never opened those.

Hated the thought of anyone seeing me in my room. Abbie cracks a window sitting a bowl with dried pot-pourie on the windowsill. I scrunch my nose up when she rummages in her apron pocket before pulling out dried lavender and crunching it between her fingers. That would explain why the halls always smelt of lavender.

"What are you doing?" I ask her, and she jumps.

"If you don't like the smell, I can get rid of it," she tells me, and she steps closer to remove the bowl.

"No, it's fine," I tell her, taking the bowl from her hands and setting it back where she placed it.

"We used to do it back at the orphanage, it seemed to help the kids sleep," she tells me.

“You used to look after all the kids?” I ask her. She nods her head, and I don’t miss the way her eyes lit up as I mentioned them.

“Yes, there was one-“She stops shaking her head. “I should go,” she said, and I wondered what she was going to say, yet the look on her face, whoever she thought of, upset her, so I didn’t press for more.

“Come on; I will drive you,”

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