

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

Chapter 15

Abbie

I rushed out of Gannon's room, taking his dirty laundry with me and grabbing Liam's. That was set out by his door. I rummage through my pockets, about to slide his key back under his door. I know he only lied for Gannon, yet as I bent down to slide it under, Gannon spoke.

"He gave it to you, meaning he doesn't want it back, Abbie," he says, and I look at the key. I nod, pocketing it when Gannon holds his hand out to me. I open my palm when he drops a key in it.

"My room key," he says, simply taking the basket from beside me. I try to take it from him, but he shakes his head and begins walking. I follow him, and as he turns into the hall toward the kitchens, I try to take it from him again, not wanting to get in trouble with Clarice.

"Morning, Abbie. Beta Damian—" Clarice stops when Gannon bumps into my back, coming up behind me.

"Gannon dear,"

"Hey Ma," he says, stepping past me and pecking her cheek as he wanders to the laundry. Clarice watches him go before turning to me.

"Is everything alright? Damian told me you woke Gannon this morning and—"

"She is allowed in mine and Liam's room. She has the keys," Gannon says, and Clarice gapes at him.

"I can have her moved to a different floor. I know how you and Liam like your privacy."

"I wouldn't have given her my key if I was worried about my privacy," Gannon tells her, and my face heats as he smiles at me. Clarice's brows furrow, but she nods before moving toward the clipboard on the wall.

"The King has asked me to go into town to grab some things that I had ordered, so while I grab the garments, you can go to the store for me to pick up some supplies," Gannon plucks the papers from her hands when she stops beside me.

"Or I could take Abbie and collect it for you," Gannon tells her.

“Gannon, I don’t expect you,” he pecks her cheek,

“Come on, Abbie, I will be back soon with her,” he says, grabbing my hand and ignoring her.

“Well, okay then. Don’t forget the garments, though. The King needs those before he leaves tomorrow. They’re for—”

“I know, ma, I’ll be back soon,” Gannon tells her, tugging me along with him. We walk down to the garage again.

I watch as Gannon retrieves his keys from the little locker by the door before he points to his car. I chew my lip and walk over to it, but as I reach for the handle, his hand grabs it, opening the door for me.

With a sigh, I climb into the car. He walks around, climbing on the driver’s side and starting the car while I plug in my seatbelt.

The drive to town was filled with Gannon’s loud music, yet he seemed in a good enough mood. Yet I felt a little odd after yesterday. Surely it wasn’t normal for him to spend so much time with a servant.

“So, what did you have to get in town?” I asked him while I unclipped my belt, but he was already out his door with that lightning quick Lycan speed. Before I could even reach for the door handle, he was opening it.

“Ah, actually, that was a lie. I don’t need anything from town,” he says, and I stare at him. He scratches the back of his neck, and I don’t know what to say. Surely he didn’t come to town because I was coming here? Yet his following words confirmed as much.

“I ah.. wanted to spend time with you,” he had admitted, and I raised an eyebrow at him. “Why?” He shrugs, and the look on his face told me he wasn’t sure either.

“Hmm, well, saved me from walking,” I tell him, stepping past him to head to the store. Gannon chuckles before following me and taking the basket, and marking everything off Clarice’s list. When we were done there, I followed him to some old shop that had heaps of garment bags hanging in the windows. Upon entering, a bell sounds to notify the person working here that they have customers.

After moments a woman appeared, and it seemed Gannon knew everyone, or at least they knew him. The lady went to retrieve whatever it was from behind the door out back of the shop. She reappeared moments later with a suitcase.

“Pressed and folded, ready for the King’s trip, measurements should be spot on checked them myself” the woman tells him. Gannon thanks her, and I follow him out to the car when he grabs my hand tugging me to the candy shop.

“Liam ate all that licorice already?” I asked him, and he chuckled.

“No,” he says, tugging me inside. He buys more clouds and chocolate Freddo frogs before passing them to me.

“What? You like them,” he says, taking me back to the car.

“You don’t have to buy sweets,” I tell him. Yet his constant attention worried me a little. Was he expecting something in return?

“Well, do you like flowers?” Gannon asks. My brows furrow.

“Everybody likes flowers,” I tell him.

“Not everyone. I don’t like flowers. The pollen makes my nose itch,”

“Then what do you like?”

“Probably best you don’t know what I like. It may scare you,” he says, and I watch him for a second before thinking it probably is best. I had a strange feeling that Gannon had a side no one wanted to see.

Gannon opened my door for me, and I was beginning to wonder if he thought I didn’t know how to open it myself, shaking that thought away. I climb back into his car, and he shuts the door before climbing into the driver’s side.

“So, what did you do for fun at the orphanage? You and Ivy, I mean,” I thought about his question. It wasn’t always bad. We had our brief moments. We loved the kids and loved the paintings they did. I loved drawing, and Ivy used to sneak me spare pieces of paper when she came across it. Sometimes I would draw on the backs of the kids’ paintings they would give me.

I liked baking, not that we ever got to try the delicious-smelling treats we made. “I used to like drawing, and I can bake,” I shrug. I couldn’t think of anything else I was good at or liked doing.

“We played with the kids,” gosh, I really had nothing else other than that.

“You like kids?” Gannon asks, and I nod. “Yeah, the kids were great when Ty=” I shake my head. Just the thought of him was nearly making me cry, and I didn’t want any lashings, so I stopped speaking. I fiddled with the paper bag, pulling out one of the clouds and biting it.

“I like these,” I tell him, changing the subject away from Tyson. I wonder if Mrs. Daley was looking after him, and if she wasn’t, who was? He needed Ivy or me. Mrs. Daley

didn't know him. She refused to get to know him. If she did, she would see he was a sweet

boy.

"Abbie?" Gannon asks, touching my hand and making me jump. I looked down at his hand on mine, only then realizing I was picking at the skin around my fingernails.

"Are you okay?" Gannon asks.

"Yep, we should get back. Clarice is probably wondering what's taking so long, and I have to hang the linens," I tell him. He goes to say something but then stops, starting the car and driving onto the road.

Once we get back, I thank Gannon before racing the groceries back to the kitchen. When I am done putting them away, I go to the laundry and unload the washers into my basket. Chucking another load on, I reach down to grab my basket only to find it gone. I glance around and find Gannon. The man was like a ghost that just appeared out of thin air. And he stole my basket.

"Come on, I will help you," he says, and I chew my lip, glancing toward the kitchens, wondering if I will get in trouble with Clarice if he helps me.