

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

Chapter 17

Gannon POV

Abbie's excitement was contagious as we went for a run. However, this time, I made her bring her clothes with her knowing how quickly her wolf got excited.

We also went swimming for a bit, yet she seemed to enjoy herself despite her hesitation. Out here, when it was just us, it was like the world's problems melted away, and she had no cares in the world, yet at the castle, she slips back into the servant role she was accustomed to.

I hated seeing her stuck in a servant role. Earlier I spoke to Damian about making her my personal servant, which would mean she would be free to do as she pleases; he said I needed to speak to the King. Though I doubt he would object to it as long as Abbie agreed. So I was hoping to have a chance to speak to him when we visited the Landeena castle.

Turn around, Abbie squealed as she doggy paddled to the water's edge. I chuckled, turning my back to her. She had panties and a bra on this time, so I don't know what she was worried about. Besides, I had already seen her naked, not that she knew that. I heard her grunt as she tried to climb the embankment. We were in a different area today not so far from the castle, yet the ledge was higher. Hearing her continuous struggle, I turned around and gripped her hips, making her squeak.

"Gannon," she squealed as I tucked her against me before climbing out and sitting on the edge. I sat her on my lap, our feet dangling in the water. Her skin looked extremely white against my dark fur. Yet she never feared me in this form.

"Why don't shift back?" she asks as I bring. I nuzzle her neck, and she drops her chin yet doesn't move to climb off me. My huge hands rub her belly as I look over her shoulder to find her bra completely see-through. Her perking breast and pink button nipple peaking out.

Deep gravings marred her flesh when I noticed the claw marks across them. I had seen the lashing on her back, counted those when she hadn't noticed me watching her in the water, yet I hadn't noticed the ones on her b****s before.

I rested my chin on her shoulder. I looked down at her skin. Claw marks were on her thighs and her hips, looking like someone had gripped her and lost control.

Mrs. Daley do these?" I asked without thinking, my hand moving to her breast as my clawed thumb brushed over the indents of the scars left. She froze, her entire body going stiff on my lap as she peered down, realizing her bra was see-through. I internally curse when she scrambles off my lap, trying to cover herself.

She climbs off me, rushing toward the bag, fetching her uniform, and slipping it on. My brow furrow in confusion and I turn, seeing her trying to do up the buttons, and I groan. Hauling myself to my feet, I walk over to her.

"I didn't mean to upset you, Abbie,

"You should have told me it was see-through." she snapped, doing the last of the buttons.

"Where did the scars come from?" I ask her.

"Same place the rest did, the orphanage."

"They look like claw marks," I tell her, reaching down to grab the bag. I grab my shorts and shirt before turning my back on her and quick shifting. I pull my shirt on first, not wanting her to see the marks on my chest. Pulling my shorts on, I turn around to see her doing the last couple of buttons on her dress.

"We should head back," she says, scooping the stuff up. I didn't understand why she was getting so upset about her bra being see through. Her entire demeanor changed. She was pulling her hair into a bun when I noticed the scar usually concealed by her hair. It ran across the back of her neck and behind her ear. Reaching out, I traced the distinct pattern, and she jerked away from me.

"I noticed Ivy has a similar scar to that, though the opposite side," I mutter more to myself. She touched the back of her neck before reaching down for the bag, and she went to toss it over her shoulder when I took it from her.

"What did I do? Why are you in such a rush," I tell her, gripping her hand, but she pulls away from me, staring up at me like she was looking straight through me. Her gaze seemed distant, far away.

"Abbie?" I ask and she shakes herself, coming back from wherever the heck she just went to.

"What do you want with me?" she asks almost robotically.

Chapter 17

"Pardon?" I ask her, and she blinks.

“Nevermind, we should head back,” she says, walking off while I stood dumbfounded, trying to figure out what just happened.

“Abbie, what do you mean?” I ask while catching up to her.

“Your intentions, everyone wants something, everyone takes something, so what do you want? Why are you keep being nice, hanging out with a servant?” she asks, not bothering to look at me. Yet I noticed the subtle way she sniffs the air, looking for which direction to go. She was like in flight mode, as if she wanted to run from me yet knew she could never outrun me.

“I just like hanging out with you. Why is that a bad thing?” I ask.

“Because you’re a man, you’re a Lycan. I am a servant, a rogue,” she says, stopping in as she scans the trees before finding the track and following it.

“I don’t want anything, Abbie,” I tell her, and she peers over her shoulder at me.

“So, will you tell me where you got the scars and why you and Ivy have matching ones?”

She touches her neck. “More than my life,” she murmurs.

“What does that mean?”

“Means exactly that,” she says before walking off. We walked in silence the rest of the way back. Her silence bothered me and made me wonder what I did to earn it. She seemed troubled. Lost in her thoughts, and the moment the castle came into view, she rushed off.

“Abbie?”

“I have chores to do,” she called, rushing off. Now that was a lie. I cleared her afternoon with Clarice. Yet walking inside, I found no sign of her, so I followed her scent back to the stairs and climbed them to see her slip into her room and close the door. I stared at her door for a second before the mind link opened up, and Damian asked me to come to see him. I groan, about to knock on her door.

“I’ll be right there,” I reply, shaking my head and heading to the King’s office. I would speak to her when I returned from my trip.

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