

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

Chapter 19

For two days, Ivy was gone, and when Clarice told me she was on her way back, I remained by the front door for over an hour. I needed to ensure she was okay. I was excitedly bursting at the seams when I saw the limo pull in. The King said something to her before she rushed over and hugged me. I squeezed her tight, relieved she was okay.

Grabbing their luggage Ivy helped me haul it to the laundry room. "Abbie, I have something to tell you," Ivy says, nudging me as we walk down the corridor. She had a guard following closely behind her.

"What?" I ask, glancing nervously at her. I see her lips tug up in the corners slightly before she leans into me. "The king wants me to be his mate," she whispers, and I stop dead in my tracks.

"Mate, as in his mate, he wants to make you his Queen?" I asked her, and I blinked back tears.

"Means we will be free, we won't have to go back, Abbie, we can stay here for good," she tells me.

"We can stay?" I ask as she grabs my arm, tugging me along. She smiles and nods, leaning her head on my shoulder as we walk through the kitchens.

"We can stay, we will have a home, and the King said he would get Gannon to change you. If you want to be turned, then we will be together forever, forever Abbie, we will have a home, a real one." Ivy tells me, and I feel the warmth spread through my cheeks at the mention of Gannon.

"What's wrong?" she asks as we load the clothes into the washers.

"Nothing, but are you sure Gannon will want to change me?"

Ivy shrugs, "If not once the king changes me, I will ask him how to change you and do it myself, but I think Gannon will change you" Ivy tells me.

I dump the detergent in the washer when she leans in next to me. "I think Gannon likes you," she giggles.

"What makes you say that?" I laugh.

“Just something the King said, he said that Gannon has never shown interest in anyone that he also asked Damian and him if he could have you as his personal servant; he doesn’t want you working as a servant,” Ivy shrugs.

“We would be safe here, Abbie. I think the King is a good man, don’t you think?” I nibbled my lip but had to agree. He had done nothing that caused us harm, although he was a little intimidating. However, before I could agree, Clarice walked in.

Clarice smiles warmly at me, Ivy, and me, and we tell Clarice the good news. I couldn’t help my excitement that I could stay with Ivy and that she would become the King’s mate. This was the best news we had received in eight years, and it was like all our missed Christmases came at once.

“You have your chores, Abbie,” Clarice tells me, and I almost forgot with my excitement, and I rush to grab my cleaning supplies, and Ivy comes to help me.

“Ivy, the King, has told me you are no longer his servant,” Clarice says, making us stop.

“But I want to help Abbie with her chores,” Ivy tells her. Clarice looked at Ivy’s guard, who also didn’t know what to say. He only frowned. Ivy introduced him as Dustin, and he was silent. I already knew who he was; I had seen him sneaking into Liam’s room and Liam his a few times.

“I’m sorry, Ivy, but unless the King allows it, I can’t let you put on that uniform. Those here would treat you like a servant in that uniform, and I don’t want any staff killed for that mistake,” Clarice explains. Ivy looks at me, and her shoulders sag.

“It’s fine; I can just wear this, I guess; I will speak with the King later,” Ivy tells her. Clarice glances at the guard nervously, thinking she will get in trouble. Dustin shrugs, and Clarice sighs, wiping a hand down her face.

“Very well, but you make sure you tell the King you wanted to help. I don’t want to be scolded for making you work.” Clarice tells her, and Ivy rocks on her heels excitedly. My heart soared, knowing I could spend the day with her.

“But what else is there to do if not work?” Ivy asked, and she was right. It would be b****y boring sitting in my room all day. I would rather work, and I knew Ivy would feel the same.

“Live,” Clarice answers, squeezing her shoulder gently and walking off.

For hours, Ivy followed and helped me. When it became later, the guard stepped away from the wall in the room we were cleaning,

“Ivy, the King, is looking for you; he wants you back to your chambers,” he says. Ivy’s shoulders drop, and she presses her lips

together, wanting to stay, but I shoo her away.

“Go, maybe the King will let you hang out with me while I work tomorrow,” I tell her, and she sighs.

“I will ask. Hopefully, he will say yes. He did say he had to go away tomorrow, so I don’t see the harm in it,” she says, hopefully, while looking at her guard.

“Well, you can ask when I take you back. He is quite insistent you turn to your chambers now,” Dustin tells her. Ivy quickly hugs me and pecks my cheek.

“I’ll convince him and see you tomorrow,” she tells me, and I giggle, watching her go. I was nearly finished with my chores when I saw Gannon stick his head in the sitting room where I was dusting.

“Abbie?” he says, making me turn to face him. He waggles his finger at me to come to him, and I wander over, wondering if I did something wrong or if he wanted me to clean something. He grabs my hand and takes the duster from me, setting it aside.

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Chapter 20

You didn’t take your presents,” he states, walking me to his room. I chew my lip and peer up at him to find him watching me. He sighs, pushing his door open, and the gifts he bought me are still sitting in the center of his bed.

“Did you not like them? Are they the wrong ones?” he asks me, and I shake my head.

“I can change them,” he asks.

“No, no, it’s not that, I just you shouldn’t” I s**k in a breath when Liam waltzes into the room and falls on Gannon’s bed. He props his arm behind his head and smiles slyly. Gannon shakes his head at him but turns back to face me.

“What is it, Abbie?” Gannon asks, and I tear my gaze from Liam.

“You shouldn’t buy gifts for a servant, Gamma,” I tell him, using his title since Liam was around.

“Gannon, not Gamma. You don’t address me by title. We have been over this. And why can’t I, Abbie?”

“Because it is wrong,” I tell him, and he looks at me as if I am absurd.

“Wrong how?” he asks, and I feel Liam’s eyes on the side of my face, making me nervous as he watches us.

“It’s just a gift,” Liam says.

“Yes, but servants don’t get gifts, not for free,” I tell him.

“What do you mean? That is what a gift is, or have I been doing gifts wrong all this time? Gannon? I don’t understand this one; bought Dustin some boxers with my face on them the other day. Maybe I should have asked for something in return,” he chuckles.

“Liam, give me a moment, geez, go annoy Dustin,”

“Gladly, I might be able to con him to s**k my d**k,” Liam says, sending me a wink. I cringe at his vulgar words. Liam gets up and pats Gannon on the back as he passes.

“Don’t forget you leave early tomorrow,” Liam tells him.

“And yes, I can cover your shift if you want to spend time with Abbie,” he calls over his shoulder as he walks out.

Gannon goes through the presents he bought, sitting on the edge of the bed. He reaches over and grips my hand. “Dustin told me earlier that Ivy told you the King wants to change her and make her his mate?” Gannon says, and I nod.

“What if I said I wanted to do the same with you?” I chuckle.

“You barely know me,”

“And the king barely knows Ivy, Abbie. It is no different, not really anyway.”

“But what if you find your mate?”

“I won’t and it wouldn’t matter even if I did.”

“Why would you want me, though?” I ask, a little shocked by this information. He scratches the back of his neck nervously

“Because I like you. Why else?” he says nervously.

“Liking someone and loving them are two different things.”

"We could learn to love each other, Abbie. We would have all the time in the world," he says, reaching forward and tugging me between his legs. He wrapped his arms around my legs and looked at me. Even sitting face to face, he was that tall.

"Will you think about it?" he asks, and I chew my lip but nod. Ivy did tell me Gannon would change me and I did like him.

"But what if I find my mate?" I ask him, and he sighs.

"Well, I am hoping you don't, but if you did, and you wanted to be with them, I would let you go if that is what you wanted," I nod my head, and he lets me go, turning back to the bags.

"Please take your gifts, Abbie. I got them for you, and I expect nothing in return. I just wanted to see you smile," he says. I can't help but smile at his words, my cheeks heating when he reaches up, brushing my cheek with his hand.

"There it is," he says before cupping my face in his hand.

13:27

Chapter 20

"I have to go with the King tomorrow to your old pack."

"You're going back?" I ask him. And he nods.

"I have a bit of a strange request to ask, and you can say no if you like," he says. My brows furrow.

"What is it?"

"Can I count how many lashes are on your back? The King wanted to know he counted Ivy's while she slept, but he wants to punish Mrs. Daley, and he needs to know what charges to bring against her," Gannon tells me.

"He wants to punish Mrs. Daley?" I asked, a little shocked.

"1 You and Ivy never should have been treated like that. I have counted the ones on the back of your legs," he says, looking away as if he did something wrong.

"But can I count the ones on your back, as I said you can say no?" I swallowed. It's not like he hasn't seen my back before or my b**t. I chew my lip.

"You just want to count them, that's it?" I ask, unsure yet I trusted Gannon.

"That is all, Abbie," he says. Yet the thought of Mrs. Daley getting scolded by the King excited me when I knew I shouldn't wish harm on anybody, but I hated her, hated more than anyone. So I nod my head.

Gannon taps my thighs, gets up, closes the door, and returns to sit on the bed. Turning around, I unbutton my dress before pulling my arms out and only leaving my waist covered. Gannon pulls me to sit between my legs, and I feel his fingers tracing my skin. His touch leaves goosebumps on my skin, and my face felt hot when I felt his lips press against my shoulder.

"Thank you, Abbie," he whispers, and I turn my face to look at him. He helps me pull my arms back into my dress before turning me as I stand to help me with the buttons. When I do up the last one, his hand bunches my dress on my hip as he tugs me closer.

"I promise she will be punished," he whispers, and I nod. Any punishment was good enough for me. She needed to know the error of her ways and I wished death upon her. What she let the butcher do would forever haunt me, bruises and lashes heal, yet what he did scarred my mind, and she allowed it. Tainted my dreams and haunted my soul.

"Can you check on the kids?"

"I can try if the King allows it. We will be in a time crunch. The King wants to get back so he can change Ivy and take her as his mate," he tells me, and I sigh. I would love to know how my Tyson is, but if the King was genuinely going to punish her, maybe that would make her change her ways.

"What's wrong?" Gannon asks.

"Nothing I worry about, the children, especially the younger ones," I admit. Gannon brushes his knuckles across my cheek.

"Maybe one day I can take you back to see them," he says, and I smile.

"Really?" I ask before my smile fades. What if I ran into the butcher? I feel a panic bubble within me. I can't go back. What if he takes me, keeps me like he always said he would?

"If that is what you want," Gannon says. My skin itches at the thought of the butcher, and I scratch the back of my neck, only for Gannon to capture my hand.

"One day, you will tell me what makes you so nervous," he says, kissing my fingers.

"Maybe one day," I tell him, and he tilts his head to the side, observing me; I observe him back when he leans in, and I hold my breath, wondering what he will do when his lips brush mine softly. I gasp at the sensation, and he tugs me closer, yet he doesn't

deepen the kiss or press for more. When he goes to pull away, I pull myself together. It's just a kiss, I tell myself, trying to remind myself that I like Gannon.

So I kiss him back; I feel him smile against my lips before feeling his tongue sweep across my bottom lip, not forcibly. He was seeing if I would invite him in, and I did. My lips parted when his hand moved to the nape of my neck. His fingers massaged the back of my neck before tangling in my hair. His tongue brushed mine, and his taste overwhelmed me as I kissed him back.

When I eventually pulled away from him, he sucked on my bottom lip but allowed me space, and my face flamed at what I let him do. Yet I liked kissing him, and he appeared to like it too because he smiled at me before pecking my cheek.

"I have work to do, but can I come to see you later?" he asks, and I nod. Wondering if more kissing would be involved. I turn to walk

out when he grabs my hand and tugs me back. He nods to my present.

"Draw me something," he says, and I chew the inside of my lip. I nod, accepting the gift before rushing out, and I hear him chuckle

as I close the door. I raced back

he drew moments later.