

Mated To The King's Gamma By Jessica Hall Chapter 69

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Gannon POV

A few weeks later.

Our room looked more like a playgroup, and it was driving me insane. Everywhere I stepped, I was stepping on toys or Legos. Abbie was always quick to clean up any mess, but Tyson was a tornado.

I groan as I push the door open, step into the room, and find crap scattered everywhere. I kick off my shoes, leaving them by the door. Abbie looks up at me as I enter before fiddling with the toy in her hand. I had just come off the night shift. Abbie sat on the floor with Tyson in her lap as they played with Lego.

Nervously, I move across the room, placing my phone on charge while I debate how to tell Abbie. Tyson wouldn't be sleeping in the room with us anymore.

Yesterday the delivery arrived, and I didn't know how to tell Abbie that her old room had been converted into Tyson's bedroom. It would start an argument; I knew that much, but our room was too small for all these toys, and I was sick of sleeping on the couch because the kid was a helicopter and decided he could spin around in his sleep.

I make it across half the room without my shoes, playing Russian roulette with the scattered Lego pieces, and I lose miserably. A growl escapes me as I bend down, picking the tiny Lego from my foot. Sighing, I look around at the chaos that was supposed to be my place of peace.

"Hey," Abbie says, chewing her lip and looking up from the Lego she was putting together. She stares at the Lego piece between my fingers, and I drop it back into the plastic tub she stores them in.

Tyson climbs out of her lap, rushing over to me, his tiny arms wrapping around my legs as he garbles at me, wanting me to pick him up. Grabbing him, he smacks my face and chest as I place him on my hip.

"I think it is time you get your own room," I tell him while he pats my forehead with his palm before rubbing it on my cheek. I think he liked the feel of my stubble as he babbled excitedly, viciously rubbing his palm on my face. I grab his wrist, kissing his palm.

"Wanna see your room?" I ask him, and he bounces in my arms.

"I'll clean up." Abbie says, mistaking my words that he made the room messy, which wasn't an issue. Kid's play and make a mess, but it was starting to bother me that I hadn't been alone with her in weeks. Liam set it up with Dustin last night for me while I worked.

I didn't have the patience for flat packs. Though Dustin looked like he was about to near wet his pants with excitement as he helped me carry up the boxes. He then volunteered himself and Liam, who looked horrified at having to do such a task.

"Want to see your new room," I tell Tyson, ignoring Abbie as I turn for the door.

"What?" she says, but I was already walking out of the room to her old one. Her feet bashed the floor as she chased after me. She reaches for Tyson, trying to take him from my arms, but I hold him a little tighter.

"What are you doing?" she snaps as I grip the door handle. I push the door open to find his Thomas the Tank Engine bed and the walls covered in kids' colorful crap.

Abbie stops looking around the room while Tyson babbles excitedly, kicking his legs and wanting to be set down on the ground. I place him on his new bed, and he instantly reaches for the giant sensory block full of noisy crap, spinners, and textured patterns. He flicks the buttons and starts cackling.

"When did you do this?" Abbie asks, peering around the room.

"I didn't. I had Dustin and Liam set it up for me, the delivery came yesterday." I tell her as she peers around the room, following Tyson as he examines everything.

"Now he has his own room." I tell her, and her head whips to the side to look at me.

"But he sleeps with us. He needs to be close, so I can see him," she says, and I knew this would cause an argument. But he can't share our bed forever!

"Our room is just there. This area is secure. Tyson can't get past the doors, guards are at every station, and Liam and Dustin are right across from him. There is also a monitor right there," I told her, pointing to it on the matching bedside table.

She stares at it while I wait for her to come up with another excuse. Yet I had already spoken with Kyson. This would do for now until we move upstairs to the apartment on the top floor. It was smaller than this quarter but was reserved for long-term guests, but this place

sometimes got a little loud of a night with men coming in out at all hours for their shifts. Abbie shakes her head, scooping him up, much to his dislike. She walks back out of the room toward ours, and I sigh.

“Abbie!” I call after her. She doesn’t stop to listen but marches into our room, clearly angry with me.

“No, he stays with us.” she snaps at me, and I grit my teeth, following after her.

“I’ll clean the room and get him a bigger toy box,” she says, setting him down on our bed.

“Abbie, he needs his own room. He can’t keep sleeping with us,” I tell her, and she pauses, looking at him.

“Fine, I get it. We’ll be out of your way then,” she says, and my brows furrow as she scoops up his clothes and toys, dumping them in a box. Tyson watches her climbing off the bed where she placed him and reaching for the blanket she was trying to put in the box.

“No, Bubba,” she tells him as he tries to pull it out.

“What are you doing?” I ask her, but she ignores me, cleaning the room up before taking the box and moving it to his room. I sigh, watching her place it inside the door before returning just as I move to grab Tyson, who was about to rush out after her.

Abbie plucks him off the ground before I have a chance to and turns on her heel, walking back to the room I had made for Tyson and shutting the door.

“Abbie?” I ask, twisting the handle to find she had locked the door. I grit my teeth and knock on it.

“Just go away, Gannon,” she says, leaving me in the hallway staring at the closed door.

“I didn’t say I wanted you to leave.” I yell at her through the door.

“No, just Tyson,” she retorts angrily. And I groan, scrubbing a hand down my face. I open my mouth to argue with her before closing it. Shaking my head angrily, I walk back to my room and slam my door.

She was being childish, and I was too tired to deal with her right now, so I climbed into bed. Yet as the night came and she still hadn’t returned to the room, I sat up, hearing the door open as the servant brought dinner up. She sets it down on the table.

“Abbie sent me up,” she tells me, and my brows furrow.

“And where is Abbie?” I ask her, rubbing my eyes.

“We just finished having dinner in the servant’s quarters. She is helping Clarice in the kitchens now.” A growl escapes me, which sends the servant rushing out of the room as I toss the blanket back and get to my feet.

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Chapter 70

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ABBIE POV

Tyson sat next to Oliver near the pantry, the boys playing with their mini dump trucks that they were running over cookies with while I helped do the dishes with one of the other servants. Clarice had bitched me out real good for being down here. Eventually gave in, and I had been down here for a few hours helping prepare food for the guards and royals while also preparing the servants’ dinner.

I also found something soothing about cleaning or cooking. It was a task that occupied the mind, one that had an end result that could be seen. It was better than the thoughts that usually occupied my mind or, more like haunted it. Ghost of fragmented and distorted memories, twisted and wicked as they forced me to relive the past repeatedly.

I supposed to the other servants here I looked like a madwoman wanting to be a servant, but it was better than being me. Better than being Abbie. Nobody wanted to her, you, as Mrs. Daley would say.

Yet here, being a servant was like being invisible. We were the ghosts that cleaned and moved about the castle, sneaking into rooms before quickly leaving. Servants are the shadows of our master. We lived with routine and repetition, no thinking, just working, my mind separated from my body as it handled the task it was told to do. Muscle memory takes over, and I no longer exist. I just float within myself as I move from task to task.

Apparently, Gannon had told Clarice he doesn't want me working now that I have Tyson. Yet he made it perfectly clear that Tyson was no longer welcome. Therefore, I was not. What he also didn't realize was working was the only peace I have known. I needed to work, wanted to work

Clarice grabs the roster down from off the wall, looking for a spot to place me on it. Drying my hands on a tea towel, I moved toward her and peered down to see where she was putting me and which floor I would be working on. I hoped for my usual floor since it was our quarters, and I could have Tyson with me. Or maybe with Azalea.

"I can go back to my old post. I live up there anyway." I laugh, and Clarice sighs, chewing on the end of her pen. She sets it down and looks up at me

"Abbie, Gannon will lose his head if I put you on this roster," she says, tapping it with her index finger.

"Which is why you won't be!" Gannon snarls, making me jump. Turning around, I spot him at the entryway. Gannon storms through the kitchen and passes me while looking for Tyson. Tyson instantly jumps to his feet across the room at the sound of his voice.

Gannon glares at me as he passes me, moves across the room, and scoops him up. The room falls quiet, and I glance around nervously as he turns to face me before stalking toward me. He was furious. Did the servant wake him? I told her to just set it on the table so she didn't wake him. I knew I should have taken it up. I know how to move around that floor silently.

"Why are you down here?" he snaps at me, and the tone of his voice was one I had never had directed at me before. And it shook me to the core.

My eyes widen when he snarls and reaches for me. All I saw was his hand coming toward me, hyper-focused on it for mere seconds, and it was all I could see besides the fury on his face. I squeeze my eyes shut, and my body tenses, a noise I wasn't sure I made or someone else did sounds around me. My heart was pounding so hard in my chest that I could hear it in my ears.

I recoil, waiting for his blow, my skin prickling and itching as I wait for the familiar feel of my hair being ripped out. Waiting for my head to bounce off the floor as he dragged me. Or the tearing of my flesh as Kade mauled me. Waiting for the pain.

Instead, he curses, and the voice isn't Kade's but Gannon's, "Fuck, Abbie?" he whispers, his hand falling heavily on my shoulder. I flinch at the contact, expecting claws, but instead. I got fingertips.

My eyes flew open to find I was on the ground. I don't know when I dropped to the floor or when I lifted my hands to cover my head. I don't even remember doing it.

I just remembered his hands, the furious look on his face, how my stomach sank, sending my body into a cold sweat, and the itchiness of anticipation as I waited for the pain to start.

“Abbie.” his voice whispers, sounding almost like a plea, and I find him kneeling next to me, guilt all over his face as I blink up at him. I could see Gannon, see him right in front of me, but my body expected was not registering that this man was not Kade. Glancing past him when i see movement, I also find everyone staring at me. My face burns with humiliation as I sit cowering on the floor.

“Out everyone.” Clarice bellows at the servants, clapping her hands at them to hurry, and they take off. Tyson was sucking his thumb. watching me with a strange look on his face. My hands reach for him, shaking like a leaf during a storm. Gannon doesn’t stop me when I

snatch Tyson from him, clutching him to me before I get to my feet and run for the door.

My legs burned from running upstairs and through the corridors by the time I got back to Tyson’s room. I set him on the bed, trying to will my beating heart that slammed against my ribcage painfully, each thud harder than the last before I started struggling to breathe. My vision

tunneled, and I glanced at Tyson, suddenly feeling faint as panic seized me.

His lips were moving, and tears flooded his eyes and streaked down his cheeks, his little face turning red as his hands grasped air and reached out for me. Yet I was deaf to my surroundings. The only noise I could hear was the beating of my own heart. It felt like I was having a heart attack. I could feel my blood pumping harder through my veins, the erratic palpitations in my chest.

I felt the moment my eyes rolled into the back of my head as I tried to suck in much-needed air. I was falling, yet I felt nothing as I hit the ground. There was no pain. I heard nothing despite knowing Tyson was screaming his head off, and as my vision darkened even more as my head hit the ground and jolted my eyes forward, the last thing I saw was the door opening and boots. Then everything went black.

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