

Mated To The King's Gamma by Jessica Hall, Mated To The King's Gamma, c 7

Gannon

I had just dropped Abbie back to the castle and left her with Clarice when Liam found me. He was leaning against my door as I walked toward it.

"And where were you? I thought we were going to the bar," he asked, pushing off my door frame and twisting the handle and waltzing into my room. I growl at him when he jumps on my bed, making himself comfortable.

"Something else came up," I told him. Liam picks at my duvet twirling his knife between his fingers and eyeing me suspiciously.

"Does it have anything to do with a pretty little redhead I saw you in town with earlier?" I looked over my shoulder at him as I grabbed beers from the mini fridge that sat in the corner. I toss him one.

"If you already knew where I was, why are you asking?" he shrugs, popping the lid off and propping himself up with one elbow.

"Just curious, she reminds me of," I growled at him.

"Is that part of the allure you seem to have toward her, because she reminds you of your dead mate?" Liam says and I eye him swigging from my bottle.

"She is nothing like her," Liam shrugs,

"That may be true but you must admit they have an uncanny resemblance, don't you think?" he taunted and my hand moved before I realized what I had done, my fingers finding the blade I always kept strapped to my hip. It whizzed through air, embedding itself in the bed head beside his head. Liam didn't even flinch, just lifted an eyebrow at me.

"Apparently I'm right," he chuckles, yanking the blade from the headboard.

"I wonder if sweet little Abbie would enjoy your fetish for knives," he muses, examining it before moving so quickly I only just saw the blade coming toward my face and caught the blade before it hit square between the eyes. The edges slicing my palm and fingers as it slid through my flesh, the point just nicking my skin between my eyes..

Liam chuckles, sipping his beer and leaning back against the headboard.

“Or are you envisioning carving her up like your mate, slicing that tender flesh and watching her bleed out the way you did her?”

“F**k off Liam, you know nothing,” I tell him.

“Ah, but I do know you and that girl, timid little thing, and so jumpy. Scared of her own shadow she is,”

“What are you getting at?” I snapped, grabbing an old shirt to clean my bleeding hand. Liam shrugs.

“Just curious Gan. I don’t want you to break her. Be a shame really, I don’t mind watching her prance around in her little uniform,” his words cut off when I launched myself at him, my hands locking around his throat and he cackled his head off, laughing like a maniac.

“Seems I’m right, you like the girl,” Liam laughs.

“I don’t. I took her in town and that is it, for Clarice,” I added.

“I can smell lies, but if you wish to tell yourself that, we can pretend,” he says, sending me a wink and I growl, shoving him back on the bed before climbing off him.

“I took her to town Liam, nothing more,” I tell him, wandering off into the bathroom. I wash my hands and shed my clothes to shower. Liam leans on the doorframe, watching me.

“If that is so, then why were you by her door last night and the night before, or better yet, what were you doing watching her from the old guard towers? You know the ones. The ones that look directly in her bed room window?”

“Explain to me why you are following me?” I retorted, turning the water on and stepping under the water spray

Turning I look at him as his eyes wandered the length of me. I knew he was bisexual, his sexuality never bothered me and I was used to his comments and wandering gaze but he also knew I didn’t swing that way.

“Was curious about why you stood me up last night for one, and then this morning and ever since she got here,” he shrugs.

“Why, jealous Liam?” I laugh.

“Always, you know. I am not good at sharing,” he jokes and I chuckle.

“Don’t worry, you won’t have to share me. I am not interested in the girl,” I tell him

"We'll see, though it wouldn't hurt if you are, as long as it isn't for nefarious reasons Gannon," Liam says and I swallow.

"Yes, she reminded me of my mate, but that isn't why," I shake my head. I am not interested in her.

"I am going to run an errand for the King, join me or don't," Liam shrugs, glancing out the bathroom window toward the forest surrounding the castle.

"She is a beauty, though," he mumbles, and I nod. Abbie was beautiful, with her dark auburn hair and soft sensual features. She was small and petite and I liked that about her, liked the way she stared curiously at everything around her. Like she was deciphering codes, genuinely curious about people yet soft-spoken. She was an observer that much, I had noticed. She existed without being seen and didn't like the attention, but noticed everyone else, like she was waiting for something to jump out of the shadows at her.

"Hasn't she shifted yet, I could smell she had a wolf?" Liam asked curiously, still peering out the window and I leaned around to see what he was looking at. Abbie was hanging out washing, yet she stared off vacantly toward the forest. My brows furrowed, and I watched as she stepped toward the trees, looking longingly at them, when I heard Clarice sing out to her. She rushed back to the clotheslines as if she thought she would get into trouble.

"To me it seems she wants to go for a run," Liam says with a shrug, passing me a towel off the rack, his eyes trained on the girl. I swallowed because I noticed she hadn't shifted since being here and I knew she was of age. It made me wonder what her wolf looked like.

"I'll cover for you, if you wish," Liam offers, but I shake my head, no I needed to get away from here and slicing some poor sucker who was dumb enough to capture the King's attention. Enough, so it seemed like the perfect excuse to leave.

"No need, I need to get out here,"

"Out of here or away from her?" Liam asks and I growl and he smirks. "I'll meet you at the car, and I am driving," he says and I huff, but let it slide. Liam was my best friend and the only one that truly knew me. *We were alike in more ways than one.*

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