

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

Chapter 18

Abbie POV

The following morning.

I walk out of the billiard room down the corridor, and my eyes light up when I spot Ivy coming toward me. I was about to run to her when I realized the King had come around the corner and was next to her. He has a hold of my hand. Ivy, also noticing me, smiles and moves toward me before freezing, yet my gaze was on the possessive way he gripped her hand as if he was afraid she would run off. Ivy pauses and I frown.

However, the King looked down at her and said something while I waited to see if she was allowed to come to see me. He glances down at her before bringing her hand to his lips. My eyes widen. Why was he being affectionate toward her? My breath lodged in my throat as worry courses through me for her. Surely, he isn't forcing her to be his s*x slave. The thought horrified me. I know it happens, but she was my Ivy. I don't know if I could live with knowing she was suffering like that.

The guards didn't even bat an eyelash at his outrageous affections toward her as if they expected, yet whatever he said had her rushing over to me. Her body crashed against mine as she embraced me, and I squeezed her tight. It felt as if it had been ages since I last saw her.

Upon colliding against her, a sob burst from my lips as I smother her in my hug. The relief I felt upon realizing she was okay, or as okay as she could be given her situation, was as if a weight had lifted. Ivy squeezes tight, proving she missed me just as much as I missed her.

Pulling away, I see tears streaking down her face and I wipe her tears, and she wipes mine. "I was so worried when I didn't see you for a few days; I thought they got rid of you," I murmur, remembering to keep my voice out of earshot.

I didn't want to see her punished for my words, and I also didn't want to be reprimanded before holding me at arm's length. I glanced over at her, looking for lash marks or bruises, but I found none. She appeared to be okay.

"Where is your uniform?" I ask her, noticing she wasn't wearing the usual staff uniform all the servants here wore.

"I have to go with the King somewhere. He told me to wear them," she says, and my brows furrow. Wait, where is he taking her?! glance over at the King to find him talking

to his guards and Clarice. Panic made me worry she had done something wrong. Was he shunning her from the castle or selling her? I felt my stomach pool with dread at the possibilities.

“You’re leaving the castle?” I asked, unable to keep the panic sound in my voice. Ivy glances over her shoulder at the King before looking back at me, and she nods her head.

“But you’re coming back, right?” I ask. I feel the blood run from my face. And I glance down at my clothes again. If he was getting rid of her, I wanted to go with her. I don’t want to remain here without her. We had a pact. Ivy is all I have left, and I refuse to go on without her. I couldn’t. She is the only reason I didn’t kill myself. The goddess knows how I tried to end it. If it weren’t for her, I would have.

“Yes, I will bring her back, Abbie,” the King says, pulling me from my thoughts, and I quickly straighten just as Mrs. Daley taught us, making sure not to meet his gaze. I give a little curtsy, not wanting to be whipped for disrespect, and turn my neck in submission

“It’s time to leave,” the King says, leaning down next to her and placing his hand on her hip. My eyes dart to his hand before going to Ivy. Wondering if she was okay when he suddenly pulled her away from me and toward the guards at the end of the hall.

“I love you,” I blurt, she needed to know I loved her, and the King stopped when she looked back at me. Ivy lets his hand go and rushes back to me, her arms wrapping tightly around my neck, and I fight back the tears. She pecks my cheek, and I squeeze her extra tight, not wanting to let her go.

“I love you too,” she whispers to me. I didn’t care if I got scolded for it or even whipped. I held on just that a little bit longer. I needed that last hug in case it turned out to be my last one from her. If she didn’t return, I would follow and give up, find a way to end myself to be with her.

“So much, more than my life,” I whisper in her ear, and my voice cracks as my throat becomes clogged with emotion.

“More than my life,” she whispers back before letting me go. The king watches us curiously, and it was hard for me not to demand where he was taking her as she walked back over to him. My lip quivers as I pray to the moon goddess to return her to me. Moments later, I saw Gannon walk past and before I could stop myself, I gripped his wrist. He stops and looks down at me before watching the King and Ivy leave out the doors.

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“He won’t hurt her, will he?” I ask him, looking up at him to realize I still had a hold of his wrist. I jerk my hand back. “Sorry.” I murmur, dropping my gaze. It was clear he was busy and going with them, and I was obstructing him.

Gannon sighs before gripping my chin and tilting my face up, and my face heats, knowing we were drawing the attention of the guards in the hall.

“What are you talking about?” he whispers.

“The King, where is he taking her? Is he selling her?” I ask him, and Gannon seems taken aback by my words.

“No, of course not. I won’t let him hurt her, Abbie; I promise she will be back.” I s**k in a breath and nod.

“I will be back in a few days. You have the key to my room still?” I nod my head, and he brushes his thumb along my jaw. “She’ll be fine. And I left a present for you on my bed,” he says before shocking me and stepping closer. He hugged me quickly and kissed my forehead before walking off, leaving me stunned while he left.

The rest of the day, I was in a sour mood. I worried for Ivy no matter how many times Clarice reassured me she would be fine. After a while, she sent me upstairs. I think she got sick of my never-ending questions about the King’s intentions with her.

I was about to step open the door to my little room when I remembered what Gannon said, and I fished the key out of my apron pocket. Moving toward his door, I place the key in his door and twist it. Pushing the door open, I glanced around before stepping inside.

On the center of his bed was a paper bag, and I giggled, already knowing what it was. Opening it, I find candy clouds, chocolates, and a wrapped present beneath. I unwrap it, removing the decorative wrapping to find an art book, charcoal pencils, and some pastels.

I look around, shocked he remembered. Yet why would he buy it for me? I smiled before hesitating. Wait, did he expect something in return? I wondered.

I swallowed, setting it back on the bed before rushing out of the room, leaving everything behind. No one gives you something without expecting some form of payment, and I know the sort of payment that comes with food and niceties. Rushing to my room, I step inside and lock the door. I won’t make that mistake again.

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