

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

## Chapter 5

Two days passed, and I hardly saw Ivy, seeing her in small intervals here and there. The King kept her ridiculously busy and spending so much time in these quarters was boring. The men on this floor were hardly here, and I found myself hoping they were just so I had something to clean. My days are turning repetitive and becoming a constant. Mopping floors that were never dirtied or wiping non-existent dust.

Filling my mop bucket, I dropped in some cleaning chemicals and grabbed my mop. I struggled under the weight of the sloshing water as I made my way from the laundry, passing Clarice in the kitchens, who was busy making lunches, and out to the foyer. Water sloshed over the sides, spilling onto the floors, and I cursed as I set the bucket down before using the mop to clean up the mess I had made on the steps.

With a groan, I reached for the bucket, only I found a hand to grab it for me; I had no idea where he came from and didn't even hear him come up the step behind me. He grabbed the bucket and started walking up the steps. He said nothing, and I glanced at Gannon, who didn't even look back and continued carrying the heavy bucket to his quarters before setting it down on the top step.

"Thank you," I called after him, but he didn't even acknowledge the words that left my lips just kept walking toward his bedroom. I watched him slip into his room and close the door. With a sigh, I started scrubbing the clean floors. I didn't see him come back out of his room, and the floor was so quiet I was sure he must have slipped past at some point. Clarice sent lunch up with Ester and some lunch for me. She had blonde hair, and her servant's uniform was a little too tight. Sometimes when she bent over, I could see her ass cheeks poking out from the bottom. I thought it a little inappropriate given how many men lurked

around here, though they didn't seem to mind her half-clad body and her b\*\*s busting out the top.

She thrust a plated sandwich at me. "Here, I haven't got all d\*\*n day. Some of us have real work to do," she snapped at me. I set my dust brushed down and reached for the sandwich when she dropped the plate. I didn't understand what her problem was. It was clear she d

idn't like Ivy and me. The entire castle heard about her ranting and raving about Ivy taking her job. Yet I had done nothing to her. The plate shatters on the ground, and she huffs.

"F\*\*\*\*\*g clumsy half-breeds, seriously get it together," she snaps, sashaying her hips as she walks off. I sighed, grabbing the dustpan and broom to clean up the broken glass.

"Ester!" a booming voice growled behind me, making the woman stop. Her entire body tensed as she reached the stairs.

Footsteps behind me had me peeking over my shoulder to see who it was, and I was startled to see that Gannon was still up here. I for sure thought he had snuck out when I returned the mop bucket to the laundry. His footsteps stopped beside me, and I peered up at him to find his imposing body standing beside me. Instinctively, I shied away from his anger and swallowed, dropping my gaze back to the task at hand.

"Yes, Gannon," Ester purred in a sickly sweet voice. I rolled my eyes, and it was clear the woman was a power-hungry whiny brat. I pick up the ruined sandwich, dumping it in my little bucket before grabbing the dust broom when it is snatched from my hand, making me jump. He grabbed my arm and hauled me up right as I looked up to find him holding it.

"Clean it up." Gannon growls at her. The order rolling off him made my knees buckle, but his grip on my arm kept me upright as my legs threatened to go out under his command. Gannon held the dust broom out to Ester, and I gasped. Ester pins me with a glare that threatens to set me on fire before pursing her lips.

Yet even Ester didn't appear to want to challenge this man as she stalked forward and snatched it from him before bending down to clean up the broken glass. Her ass cheeks poked out from under her skirt, and Gannon growled, making me look at him to see him look away from her. His grip on my arm tightened as he pulled me away from her.

"And f\*\*\*\*\*g find a longer dress. No one wants to see your ass on display," Gannon snarled at Ester as he pulled me toward the stairs. I swallowed, wondering if I was in trouble because he still hadn't let my arm

go. Was he taking me to Clarice to tell her of my clumsiness? Unease pooled in my stomach as he trudged down the steps.

. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to," I told him when he stopped on the steps. He looked at me and seemed to

realize he still held my arm.

“Sorry,” he muttered, letting me go. I stood awkwardly while his eyes ran the length of me before his gaze settled back on mine.”

“You shouldn’t let her speak to you like that. Ester can be a b\*\*\*h, but she holds no more authority in this castle than any other servant, so don’t put up with it, or she will walk all over you,” he said, and I glanced back up the stairs. Did he not realize I was only a werewolf? She definitely held more authority than me and could rip me to shreds. I was not stupid enough to cause confrontation, especially with a Lycan.

“Come on,” he says, and my brows furrow, but I don’t move. I was stationed to remain in the Beta’s quarters.

“Now, Abbie,” Gannon calls as he steps down a few steps. “But I have to,”

“I said now, come on,” he says, stopping and looking at me expectantly. I chew my lip, wondering where he is taking me, but I know better than to refuse. I follow him, and he leads me to the kitchens, where he gives me a nudge through the doors ahead of him, where Clarice looks up at me.

“Finished already, dear,” she smiles before her brows furrow when Gannon comes in behind me. Her eyes widened, and Clarice wiped her hands on the tea towel she was using.

“Gannon Love, I am sure whatever she did,” Clarice quickly defends me, but he says nothing, stepping past me and walking toward the pantry. Clarice rushes over to me. “You didn’t go into any of the forbidden areas?” she whispers, and I shake my head when he returns with bread and condiments. He points to a stool beside him.

“Abbie, sit!” he says, and Clarice and I look at him before she quickly nudges me to do what he asked. My hands shook as I used the bench to climb up onto the high stool. I sit there playing with my fingers.

“Everything alright, son,” Clarice asks, touching his shoulder.

“Fine, ma,” he says to her, pulling bread out from the bag when Ester comes in, dumping the dustpan and broom in the cleaning cupboard. Gannon growls at her.

“You can finish mopping the entire floor and take Abbie’s duties for the day,” Gannon says to her without looking up from making his sandwich. Ester growls, but he doesn’t even look up at her.

“Either that or I will make you shovel s\*\*t with Peter in the stables, Ester, so choose,” Gannon says, and she huffs but storms out. Clarice looks after her and glances between Gannon and me.

I shrug, unsure what to make of it, when Gannon sets a BMT sandwich in front of me, cutting it in half before cutting his own.

“Eat,” he says, tapping the plate and Clarice nods to me, and Gannon takes the other stool beside me, eating his own sandwich.

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