

The Viking'S Mate Hunt

Chapter 22 Can I pet him?

Her head shot out of the water, and she heaved for air as the cold water drenched her hair and clothes. I had to sit down; I laughed so hard I had trouble breathing! But then I got trouble breathing for a totally different reason. The sun colored the sky in a warm orange, yellow, pink, and purple color, and the last sun's rays made each water drop glimmer as glitter on her body. She stood up, and everything moved in slow motion. Her lips parted as she leaned her head back and pushed both hands over her head, getting rid of the water trickling down her face. Her shirt clung to her body. There wasn't an inch I didn't see. Her back arched slightly, and her breast pushed against the thin wet fabric. My heart was caught in my throat as my eyes drank in her perky breast with greedy hunger. I swallowed as my eyes wandered down over her flat stomach and her waist. I was violently thrown back into the real world as cold water splashed all over me, and I jumped up.

Looking down at myself, dripping with water and still confused, I looked toward her. Her eyes bore into mine, and she splashed another wave of water all over me before I remembered that I could walk, that I had the capacity actually to move. Fury did not agree, and he sent such inappropriate images through my mind that I stumbled on my own feet. Lick and bite every part of her body, teas and please her till she screamed my name. I adjusted the dick in my pants and bit my lip just as our eyes locked. Lightning flashed in her eyes. Aw, what a feisty little thing! A slow grin grew on my face,

"There you go! You look so beautifully clean!"

I burst out laughing again, she looked down, and her cheeks burned with rage and embarrassment as she grabbed her shirt and held it out from her body. Like the stunning water nymph she was, she marched out of the water, soaking wet, and headed straight for the fire. She didn't even glare at me! Quickly I walked into the wood, bickering with Fury. I spent nearly an hour walking back and forth between the trees. Shaking the images of her out of my head, convincing myself it's Fury's fault! That I was still tired! I even braided the thought that Luca, that cunning fairy cast a potency spell on her or something! But it was me, only me, and I was a weak mother fucker.. No, apparently in a weak ass pig and dirty raccoon!

The night was cold. She refused to get undressed and hang her clothes by the fire, and I got some new vulgar gestures when I suggested so. I'm no longer a dirty raccoon but degraded into a perverted dog. But as the darkness devoured everything around us, she started shaking. Her lips turned light blue as she cradled up as close as she dared by the fire. Now I felt awful. I looked at her concerned, like this she would end up being sick! It would be my fault, a stupid prank that gave me a boner.

I had to do something, it wasn't even midnight yet, and it would be colder. I got up, walked out, and returned with my arms full of dried branches. I spread them out on the ground beside the fireplace, three layers to create air between her and the earth. Then I walked back, and after three more trips, I covered it with a thick layer of dry leaves. She finally began to look at me, but when I smiled at her, she quickly looked away again. My heart dropped, but it's okay! I can fix this! I didn't even bother to correct myself or think twice. I did something stupid, and I can make it right without it being anything else.

The hide I had was still a little stiff, but it was better than nothing, and it was warm. I sprawled it up in front of the warm flames with two sticks before I threw more wood in. As I walked back into the darkness, I could feel her curious eyes on me. I wanted to smile, but I could still hear her shudder, shake, and her teeth chattering. I used her knife to clean a couple of branches so she could hang her wet clothes up.

When I came back, I started talking while I worked. Trying to distract her, draw her attention away from the cold creeping in under her skin.

"I'll build an easy shelter with these, it doesn't look like much, but it helps trap the heat from the fire. The branches on the ground it pretty much the same as you did in the cave. I just made sure there was air between the layers."

I finished up and dragged two new logs into the fire, ensuring it would burn most of the night. Then I sat beside her and gave her the hide.

"I know it's still a bit stiff, but it's warm and soft to lay on. Take your wet clothes off and hang them on those sticks by the fire. And no, I won't look. "

I turned my back to her before I continued,

"You should use the hide under you. Tell me when your wet clothes are off. I'll give you my hangerok as a blanket."

“Won’t you be cold?”

I smiled at myself,

“No, don’t worry about that. I’m always warm. Perks of being a werewolf!”

“But, but you will just sit here, naked?”

I heard her rummaging and huffing behind me for a couple of seconds before she spoke again, her voice more embarrassed and lower than earlier. Maybe even frustrated.

“Can you, can you please hang my clothes up? I can’t do it while holding up this skin at the same time!”

“Sure, can I turn around ?”

“Yeah.”

I did my best not to look at her as I turned around and grabbed her clothes. The guild hit me once again. They were still soaking wet and ice cold!

“I won’t be naked, by the way. I’ll let Fury take over.”

“Fury?”

“Fury is my wolf.”

“Your wolf is not you?”

“Yes and no, we share a mind. But this is my body, and the wolf is his. When I shift, he is in control. Of course, we can talk together and all that, but he decides.”

“So, what if he kills me in my sleep?”

“He won’t; he will protect you. And his body is even warmer than mine; he will keep you warm if the hide is not enough.”

“Can, can I pet him?”

“Well, you can touch him. But don’t call it petting. He will sulk for weeks thinking you see him as a puppy!”

She laughed. It was the prettiest sound I had ever heard. Light and bouncing. Like tiny colorful bubbles bursting in my ears and fueling my chest with happiness and something warm and fluffy.