

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

### Chapter 12

Yet I didn't hear her get in the water. Turning slightly, I held my hand to her, making sure not to turn my head. Her fear was potent in the air as if she was unsure of the water or maybe me.

I couldn't be sure, but I had to hold in my gasp when I felt her tiny hand slide into mine. I grabbed her hand, my claws sliding over her wrist, when I heard a splash before both of her hands suddenly gripped my outstretched arm, and she coughed. Her fingers pulled the fur out along my arms, and I turned quickly, using my other arm to wrap around her waist while her legs latched around my hips in a grip that would be crushing if I were human.

She continued to cough and sputter for a second before rubbing her eyes with one hand and opening her eyes. "Are you sure we won't get in trouble?" She asked, her hands moving to *my* chest, where she gripped my fur tightly as if she was afraid I would let her drown. I moved further out to where not even I could stand.

"You're with me. Why would you get in trouble?" I ask her. Abbie says nothing, and I try to *un*wrap her legs. Her grip on my fur tightens, her nails digging into my skin.

"What are you doing?" She shrieks.

"I won't let you drown, Abbie," I tell her, gripping one of her wrists and prying her grip off me. I set her hand on my shoulder, and her other hand moved to grip the other.

"Use your legs, and kick them under the water," I told her, and after some prompting, she eventually *un*latched them from my waist. I swam backward as she moved, her legs treading water.

We lost track of time after an hour or so. It was pitch black, yet she seemed to have fun until I noticed her teeth chatter. I was confident enough that if she fell into a body of water, she would be able to get her self out, though I still wouldn't trust her to go swimming alone.

Abbie gripped my shoulders as I swam back to the bank. I tried not to laugh at her white legs and a\*s. She didn't need to know I could see her completely because I could see beneath the water before I moved to lift her back onto it when she whispered.

"Gannon, I'm naked," she shrieked when I grabbed her waist to hoist her up. I didn't have the heart to tell her I could see her the entire time. The water was far from murky, though I knew to her eyes it would have looked it. For me, I could see every part of her, but she didn't know that.

I would allow her that sense of privacy. Besides, I had seen her change plenty of times in her room when she didn't know I was watching her.

"1111 close my eyes," I chuckle, and she nods. I lick her cheek before lifting her onto the bank. Yet when I don't hear her shift, my ears p\*\*\*k.

"Abbie?" I asked because I could hear her heart beating and her breathing.

"Don't look. I am having trouble. Just give me a second," yet minutes passed, and still, I did not hear the crack of her bones, and I could hear her frustrated breathing as she tried.

"You haven't shifted much, have you?" I asked her.

"I have, but this is only the second time I have gone for a run," she admits, and I sigh.

"Abbie, I am going to have to open my eyes," I tell her, and her heart rate quickens.

"No, I can do it, just give me a second," she panicked.

"Abbie, you should have told me *you* didn't go for runs often. I wouldn't have worn your wolf out," I told her.

"Huh?" she asks

"Your wolf side needs stamina. Had I realized, I wouldn't have taken you so far out from the castle. In my bag is a shirt you can put on," I tell her. I heard movement and her rummaging around in the bag.

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"Are you covered?"

"Ah, kind of," she *murmurs*, and *I* open my eyes to see her trying to tug *my* shirt down her legs. As *I climbed out*, I noticed *her* normally wavy red hair was straight as a pencil from being wet. She steps back as *I* approach her.

"*I* have *no pants* on," she squeaks.

"*I* know," *I laughed*, holding my hand out to her. She looks at it before sighing and taking it as *I* scoop up the bag, *tossing* it over *my* shoulder.

We *started* the *long* trek back to the castle, yet the longer we *walked*, the slower she became as *mozzies* attacked *her* *flesh*. *Her* hands *swatted* at her naked legs as she tried to stop them from biting her. *We were at least another thirty minutes from the*

castle at this pace. Stopping, I adjust the bag on my *shoulder before* grabbing her under the *arms*. She squeals as I pick her up.

“Abbie, wrap your *legs around my waist*,” I tell her, but she doesn’t, and I growl as she remains stiff as a *plank in my hands*. *Hugging her closer*, I crush her against my chest before lifting her legs around my hips *and placing my arm under her b\*\*t*. She squeaks, shoving off my chest.

“Are you done; stop *hitting me*,” I tell her, nipping at her neck before licking her cheek. Her heart *hampered against my chest*, and her *skin was ice cold*.

“It’s *quicker, I can run with you*,”

“Just run?” she *gasps*, stopping her attack and looking at me. I stared at her, wondering what she *thought I was going to do*.

“What else?” I asked her. She looks away, and I growl when I feel her dig her knees into my ribs as she *moves up higher*. I hoist her *up before realizing* where her pelvis was resting before. Surely she didn’t think— *not only was that impossible while I was in this form*, I never would force her but did she think I would? *Shaking that thought away, I start walking*.

“Wrap your *arms around my neck*,” I tell her. Abbie does, looking over her shoulder at the trees when she *turns back*. Her nose bumps into mine, and she giggles. “Sorry.” she mutters, her cheeks reddening, and she *glances around before* looking down.

“Gosh, you’re tall,” she stammers as if she had only just noticed *that as I ducked under a tree branch*.

“And fast, so you *may want to tuck your face into my neck*,” I tell her, pushing her face into my shoulder *with one hand*. I feel her breath move through my fur, and her arms squeeze tighter around my neck.

“Ready?” I ask her, *and I feel her nod before I take off running through the woods*.

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