

The Viking'S Mate Hunt - Free Novel by MariaElise

Chapter 1 How it started

“Aah, yes!! Harder! Harder Gabe, I’m almost there! Oh yes! “

I moaned loudly, arched my spine, and threw my head back.

Was it true? Far from it, I already had to spit in my hand and rub it between my legs two times so that he would think I was still soaking wet for him.

“I’m coming, Gabe! Harder!”

I breathed out my moans and slightly turned them up a notch, not screaming, but almost. A slight trembling in my thighs, dragging my nails up his back and squeezing his dick a couple of times while he was pounding me like a dog in heat would get him there faster.

I should get a fucking Oscar!

His grunting became more carnal, like a dying squirrel, and his hips stiffened.

I tightened the muscles in my pussy yet again while lifting my ass off the bed and releasing my scream. I rolled my eyes back before I closed them.

An Oscar for fucking! That would have been something to show off! I had to hold back the laughter.

“Fuck, baby! You’re so tight!!”

He slumped down on top of me, nearly knocking the air out of my lounges. Warm and sweaty, yuk! He was turning limp inside me and started covering my neck with sloppy wet kisses. A shiver went through my body, and I grabbed his shoulders and pushed him a little back. I just needed the car key so I could go to work!

I made it just in time! I worked at an old, run-down gas station outside of town. Late shifts and night shifts it was a crappy and tedious job, but at least I got paid, and the old couple running it was super sweet. The shift dragged out; a couple of bikers stopped by, and a young couple that was lost. That’s it!

A quarter past midnight, I was finally on my way home. I was staring straight ahead on the dark road—no road lights, no passing traffic, and not even a single house. Driving home in the darkness always made me this way, spaced out. I never had any idea of what awaited me at home. Home. I scoffed. It was an old dump, but the only place my mom could afford to rent, and this time, we managed to keep it for over six months. Would all my things be scattered outside the house when I came home? It would not be the first time a landlord had thrown us out because Mom missed one too many payments.

Would we still have electricity? Was it on fire? Was it filled with drunk, high, and nasty people? Was this the time I came home and found her dead?

I jumped in my seat, and the car made a sharp turn; sweat formed on my temples as I struggled to regain control. The car parked on the side of the road, and my heart was pounding. My grip on the steering wheel was so tight it hurt, but I didn't notice before I had time to calm down enough. My knuckles were white when I finally let it go.

“What the fuck was that!?”

I shouted out to myself, did I run over an animal? Did I space out so much that I imagined things? I swallowed hard. Should I go out and check? And then what? Bring an injured stary home? I couldn't afford to take it to a vet!

God, I need to calm down! I don't even know if I hit anything; maybe I missed it. Or it was just a freaking shadow. Rummaging through my purse, I found my phone, 10% great. Just turning the flashlight on made it drop 8%

The crisp night air brushed against my face as I set one foot out the door, and my whole body froze! My head snapped to the side, and my heart was pounding again, trying to break through my chest. Nothing, there was nothing there! A branch broke, and I jumped back in, slammed the door shut, and locked the door behind me.

Fuck, fuck, fuck! It's just an owl! I murmured as I fidgeted with the key. My hands were shaking, and I missed it! The keys fell to the floor, and I dived down after them. My imagination was running wild; suddenly, the gavel crunched, behind the car, at the passenger side, under the car, and I fucken jammed the key in the ignition and pressed the pedal as hard as I could.

Gravel and dirty skyrocketed behind the vehicle before it jumped ahead, and I held max speed all the way home. Not once did I look in the mirror, and not once did I slow down. I'm going home now!

Driving up to the dark house I call home, I finally felt like I could breathe again. The place looked quiet, with no cars in the driveway, my things didn't seem to be thrown out on the sidewalk, no loud music, and no one was stumbling around puking outside.

This can be a good night or the end of everything as I know it.

The only sound is the squeaking of the door as it opens; it's so quiet. Way too quiet. She's usually home by now. She can't drive, and the last bus passed half an hour ago. The air is cold, but still, it smells old and dense.

Fuck, the power is out again. I flicked the switch a couple of times before I gave up. I was so sure I had paid the last bill! I sighed and looked down at my phone—5%. Great, I need to find somewhere to charge it before I can sleep.

I decide to walk through the house to look for Mom before I head back out; maybe Gabe is still awake. I can fake another orgasm if that means I can sleep in a warm bed and get my phone charged at the same time. With the cold light from the moon shining through the windows, I make my way from room to room. Nothing. Nobody.

Not before I reach the bathroom. I saw her the moment the door slid open, her dark and fragile silhouette against the cold and white floor. I held my breath, not daring to go in. I wait, but it's impossible to see if she's breathing or not.

"Mom?"

My voice barely carries, and as a pathetic whisper, I breathed it out between my lips.

Nothing, kneeling, I touch her hand. It's ice-cold, but it always is. Suddenly she groans and yanks her arm back. I breathed out in relief, but anger, disappointment, and hatred washed over me as fast as the ease left my lounges. Like always, I hold it in. Bite my lip and start to scoop her up in my arms.

Sitting down on the bed beside her, I can see her face in the cold moonlight; the woman I call mom is no longer my mom. There is nothing left of her; not

only is she just skin and bones, bruises, and open wounds on her arms, ankles, and between her toes.

Her memories had faded, and her personality drowned in liquor years ago. The only thing she knew and cared about was her next hit, money, and mumbling shit about my father. A man I never knew or met.

The only thing I knew of him was what she rambled about when she was about to pass out,

“He is a monster! I saved you. He is a monster! We don’t belong in this world! A monster! A nightmare! I saved you!”

**Dear readers, this is an unedited story. in the first round, its only run through Grammarly. Grammar and spelling errors might occur. Hope you can enjoy the story after all. This story is my attempt to try out a more “fast-paced” story I am open to criticism and suggestions. **