

The Viking's Mate Hunt

Chapter 12 Toke

Toke's POV.

Outside the air filled with howls and cheers, but I slumped back and poured that thick, warm liquid down my throat looking over at my good friend Rune. I could feel the excitement of the whole pack flush through me, but all I felt was boredom.

«You don't want a mate, do you? »

Rune's words sounded lazy, and the words shuffled a bit before he busted out laughing. He was drunk, no doubt about it. I lifted my glass in a toast and we emptied yet another. He always spoke freely around me, even more so when mead warmed his body and fogged up his brain.

«I do, but I've already attended two hunts. I could have had a mate, but I don't want a scared-to-death rabbit that twitches every time I breathe. Not even the hunt is a challenge anymore, and the women no longer worth it.»

He frowned, thinking so hard I could hear the gear in his head squeak. Tilting my head back, I laid lazily over my dad's throne. What had become of us? I grew up with my dad's and grandfather's stories, about strong and fierce women fighting beside their mates. Now? Now they were all scared little girls confined to the fireplace by their cozy little houses. Girls that lowered their heads in fear and bowed in submission without even needing to. Human girls that didn't even belong in this world.

Not even the mate bond worked the same way as before. It has become more and more a mark of ownership than a mate mark. The bond only working one way has weakened it through the years, and if I have to settle for that. At least I'll need a mate worth my time. A fisty thing willing to fight for her cause every now and then.

«That fay princess, that's a woman of my taste!»

We busted out laughing. She was a spoiled brat, and, of course she was. One of 4 girls born in 15 years, she got whatever she wanted and pointed at, and she pointed a lot!

«Then just crawl back into her bed chambers! The only thing she havent done to get you back there is mark up the route with bright paint! »

We both laughed again, she already had 3 mates. The fay`s had another system than us. They could not break through the seal like we could. So every female born needed to have at least 5 mates in total. I knew very well she had her eyes on me, I`ve been in her chambers more than once, but to be frank, she was boring. Spoiled, boring and uptight. Besides, the fay`s didnt accept other spieces, like shifters to be mated to their females.

I would however like to make her beg. Not spoil her the same way as the rest, she would need to beg me. I would like to see the stuck-up little princess crawl on her knees in front of me, that would be the real challenge. She wouldn`t even bend down to pick up what she lost on the floor. Her mates and servants did that for her.

We laughed again.

«A dirty fantasy, no doubt! But you know Fay`s won`t mix races. They are too pure and important to be blended with the rest of us, and would you really want to share your mate?»

«Im good at sharing! As long as they all know im above them. That they too would have to look to me for permission. Crawl before me!»

I burst out laughing again, just saying it sounded ridiculous!

But oh what a tempting thought!

My thoughts were harshly interrupted by my father`s mind link. Even Rune straightened up, listening.

I rolled my eyes but listened. No need to anger the already edgy Alpha. He was still pissed enough that I`m not attending this year`s hunt. Still irky that I on purpose came back without a girl the last two times i attended.

«Toke! Get your ass over here. Now!»

«We already went through this, I'm not hunting this year.»

I tilted my cup, disappointed it was empty, I threw it on the floor. It bounced over the hard wooden surface, Rune arched a brow toward me. He seemed so sober compared to mere seconds ago.

“I think this might change your mind! Get your drunk ass over here!”

He closed the link, and I knew I had no choice.

The moment I walked out the door, my wolf perked up. There was excitement and lust in the air, the hunt did this to the unmated pack members, but this time something was different. He started pacing in my head and even I got carried away, adrenaline rushed through me, and with Rune right behind, we jogged down to the arena.

The pack link buzzed in my head, what has everyone so excited? On the open arena, my mom and dad were waiting, with Bo and a couple of warriors. Mom was angry, dad amused and the warriors didn't seem to be able to decide which side they were leaning against. Again, this excitement. The bustling energy in the air I couldn't quite grasp.

I tried shaking off this restless feeling as I approached, and gave a slight bow to my father. The Alpha.

«Alpha, what is happening?»

«You are attending the hunt.»

I frowned, and look at my mother. She has been supportive of my decision till now, but she nodded firmly.

«I thought we settled this already.»

«Yes, you can still choose to not attend, but that will ensure you never get the Alpha title.»

My wolf stirred, and I clenched my fists. I needed to be Alpha, and so did my wolf. We were born and raised to take over. If someone else took the throne, we would have to submit or accept life as rogues.

My wolf would never submit, and neither would I.

He just looked at me, and without any other explanation, he opened the pack link and announced :

«All unmated males between 18 and 35! This year's mate hunt will be special! You can all participate. »

Cheers and howls filled the village behind me. Letting everyone participate? What was he up to now? There are always 15-20 unmated males to attend, and they all stood out in the tournament to get those spots. Some had made other deals that benefitted our pack or dad but that was a deal hard to make.

My dad paused and looked at me.

«The one to claim the runaway, the rebel rabbit will also claim the Alpha title.»

Old Viking names and meanings:

Toke – Thor, and helmet

Bo – The resident

Rune – Secret

Birger – Keeper

Ulf – Wolf

Eir (Old Norse: ['eɪr], "**protection, help, mercy**") is a goddess or valkyrie associated with medical skill.