

The Viking's Mate Hunt

Chapter 18 We have time

Toke's POV.

So, it didn't go as planned, and even if I hate to admit it, she is different. So very different, feisty, stubborn, and clever! And what kind of a human fight a wolf? I didn't even know her name yet. There was so much about this girl that puzzled me. she broke my fucking nose! She threw stones at me and a knife that hit me right in the shoulder. Had it been any other, my wolf would have torn them to shreds long ago. But he didn't. I wanted to be mad at her, even if my nose, eyebrow, jaw, and the deep cut from the knife now had healed; it had been painful as hell! But what did my beast do? Whine because she fell and hit her head. Useless puppy!

He growled in my mind and kept urging me to check on her, but I pushed him back. I found her, I got her, and the title was as good as mine. But as I kept stealing a glimpse of her from the corner of my eye, my curiosity for her grew. My wolf wanted to claim her and acted strange. Maybe it was just the rush of the hunt? His right to claim his prey? I didn't think so, but what else could it be? I do have to admit, though, she put up an acceptable fight for an untrained human. As she started to groan and move, I decided we had a little more time. Time to see who this girl was, how she was, and why my wolf acted so differently.

The alpha added an extra day to the hunt, so following that logic, we still had two days. I made sure to cover my tracks as I went up this way, so most likely, we would be left alone. She is the first girl to run this way, a smart strategy when I think of it since they all just usually run straight ahead. The wolfs usually do the same. But this time, I caught a little footprint not far from the arena as we entered the woods, and the wolf insisted we run this way.

I had dragged all the branches out of her cave and placed the little dears hide over it before I laid her down. That's when I found out that she had two leather bags with water and a couple of apples stuck away in her little hiding place. All I knew of humans up till now was that they were mostly scared, weak, and lacked so many necessary skills to survive. But this one.. I shook my head and turned the meat around so it wouldn't get burned.

I could feel her eyes on me as she sat up, but I pretended I didn't notice. Focusing on the meat but keeping a close eye on her from the corner of my eye. I took away her knife, and after a hard lesson, I kicked away the loose rocks around her. Those little bastards hurt like hell! Part of me hoped that she would run again; another hoped she stayed. I was hungry, and I didn't want the bears to eat up my dinner as I chased her down. Again!

Fury, my wolf, was a whiny little thing today. He paced around, and for a second, I swear I could feel how stiff and sore her body was. How her stomach growled in hunger, I shook it off. It's only because I heard her groan and her stomach growl. It was that simple! But even I felt how I softened as I spoke to her,

"Can we eat before you try to kill me again, please?"

I smiled as I saw her grimace at me, but her eyes landed on the grilled deer meat, and she swallowed hard several times. Fury pushed, nagged, and bothered me until I rolled my eyes and got up to fetch one of her water bags. She leaned back and eyed me up and down before she snatched the water out of my hands. Still, she hasn't said a word. Not even... I paused, not even when my wolf had pushed forward, announcing that she was his, "Mine!"

My cheeks burned a little, I never expected my wolf to be a hopeless romantic, and I nearly laughed as he bared his teeth at me in my head.

I had taken out that little piece of bark in her cave to and broken it in half. Now I served her a steaming hot piece of meat on it, and this time, she took it without looking at me like I had just crawled out of the latrine area.

We eat silently, but I can't stop myself from stealing glances at her. She has thick and ash blond hair, a couple of freckles over her nose bridge, long dark lashes, and for once, a girl that hasn't shaved off her brows. They all looked so strange here without all that face paint they used. Her lips glistened in the fat from the meat, plump and full; in the corner of her upper lip, she had a little scar. The scar is barely visible, but it ran over her lip. Her eyes made my chest tighten, clear blue, intense, and apparently perfect for glaring daggers at people.

I shook my head. What am I doing? I need her to get my rightful position, and I'm in my right by being curious, noting more, nothing less! I could always read through her file when we got back. However, I have a feeling she's not coming back without a fight, and I want to keep my nose in one piece for a little while

longer. I looked back over at her, and my heart skipped a beat, and Fury started laughing so hard I had to turn away. My cheeks were burning, and my joint was aching. Nobody should suck their fingers like that while eating! I cleared my throat,

“We should make a deal.”

I could feel her stare burn on my skin, but I didn't meet it. I needed her. She needs me. Why not make the best of it? Her voice was so alluring; warm lightning bolts shot through me as her sweet voice filled the air between us. The most seductive, yet it carried a venom-dripping lash with every word. She was not bothering to hide the fact that she despised me.

“ Really, don't give me that you need me, bullshit. I was fine until you arrived, I'll have to endure your irky presence one more they, and I'm free.”

I raised a brow, and then I laughed.

“No, your not, and if you haven't noticed.. I already found you. So, we can make a deal, or I'll drag your screaming ass with me back now. Your choice.”

Her jaws clenched, and a light blush crept up her neck and cheeks. Anger, what a feisty little thing! This could be fun!