

The Viking'S Mate Hunt

Chapter 2 Little bunny

Sometimes I doubted it; could things be worse than this? But the only thing I could feel hit home, we don't belong in this world. Even if it was a total ramble, I never felt like I belonged here. There was never any room for me or my mom, for that matter. We were scum, a disgrace. It didn't matter that I was a straight-A student and had as good as full attendance at school. I would always be scum, something that belonged in the gutter.

Mom's skin felt damped and cold against my fingers as I tucked her dry, splintered hair behind her ear.

"In the next life, Mom. In the next life."

These are the only words that stuck with me from I was a child, from when she still had clear days. When we had to go to bed hungry again, the power was out, or my shoes were destroyed, and she could not get me new ones. She always cradled me in her arm, brushing away my tears.

"In the next life, baby girl, in the next life."

My tummy rumbled, and I cried in hunger, and for many years those words didn't make sense to me at all. But as time passed, as I saw her slowly disappear in front of my eyes, I understood in the next life.

I closed her door, and with both hands along the wall, I found my way to the stairs in complete darkness. I fumbled in the dark step by step until my foot finally found the cold wooden floor. A door behind me was slammed shut, and I jumped around. But all that met me was utter silence and more darkness.

"Mom?"

"Hello?"

No answer. Did she bring someone with her? It would not be the first time; I cursed under my breath and turned around. The stairs behind me squeaked, and I stopped in my tracks. Listened. There it was again; someone heavy slowly walked down the old stairs.

“Hello? Get the fuck out; the party is over!”

I shouted; my hand slid down my pocket, and I grabbed pepper spray. Still no answer, but the squeaking sound filled the air again. Like the old wood complained beneath the weight of someone big.

“Get the hell out! Now!”

“ Run, rabbit. Run!”

The voice came out of nowhere, deep and carnal. The hair on my arm stood straight up, and a chill crept down my spine.

Rumblings and laughter filled the darkness. I heard someone shouting after me as I spun around and ran straight out the door. My heart pounding in my chest, I stumbled towards my car. Don't look back, don't look back!

Frantically I yanked the car door, fuck! But I didn't lock it! Fuck, fuck! My hands started to tremble as I searched my pockets, but nothing! Where is the key?

The front door opened behind me, and I kicked the car angrily and ran straight for the road.

“Little bunny, little bunny. Wolf is hungry!”

What kind of sick bastards is this!? I still hear that creepy laughter behind me as I run for the road; I'm not staying to find out! The thud of my heartbeats pulsates through my ears, and my breaths are fast and shallow. Just as the road is in sight, someone grabs my shoulder harshly. Adrenaline pumping through my system, I spin around as fast as possible and plant my fist right in some dude's throat. God damned, he is tall!

He lets me go, and the little sadist inside me smiles as I hear him cough and gasp for air behind me. I was aiming for the nose but breaking his throat will do the trick! My victory is short-lived, the air is knocked out of my lungs, and I'm thrown several meters down the road. The pavement scraped up my skin; the sounds around got overthrown by the loud sound of my heart. As my vision blurs, I swear I see a wolf towering over me. Great, just great!

My eyes roll back, and darkness devours me completely. The wolves can have me; I don't care anymore.

In the next life, Mom, in the next life.

I was floating on a comfortable cloud, birds squeaking around me, and the air was so fresh and light. I took another deep breath, smiled, and opened my eyes.

It wasn't a comfortable cloud; I was ruled back and forth on some kind of small wooden floor, maybe a wooden hanger? It was hard, and it smelled like shit here! Looking around, I realized I wasn't alone, but at the same time, I felt incredibly lonely. At least eight girls were sitting around me, and one was sobbing. The other ones stared emptily down at the wooden floor. Hands and feet bound with a thick rope.

There were no birds, and it was a horse carriage. The squeaking was from the old wood and wheels. My side ached, and the skin on my knee stuck to my pants. Great, they were even torn! They were nearly new! Lifting my knees up, I managed to roll up into a sitting position.

Green grass, trees, and open sky. Where the heck did they take me? At home, it was falling! Dark, wet, and cold! Not to mention I haven't seen so much greenery or woods since I was a kid.

I shook my head a little, not going down that memory lane! It was a couple of tough years, but at least I learned a lot. I wobbled back and forth as the wheels crunched over uneven gravel. There wasn't even a real road here! How long was I out for?

«Where are we?»

I didn't ask anyone in particular, but nobody answered. None of the girls even lifted their heads to look at me. Furrowing, I looked them over. Some were dirty, and all had fresh or old marks of tears down their cheeks. The crying girl had small leaves and sticks in her hair and something that looked like blood on her chin and sweater. Human trafficking? Kidnaping?

«Are you all deaf? Where are we!?»

I raised my voice, and all of them hunched down like they could make themselves look smaller than they already were.

«hush! Shut up! You'll get us in trouble! We don't know! Okay? Nobody knows. So shut up! »

One of the blond girls spat at me. With intense blue eyes, she looked down at me, sizing me up and down before she huffed. I had no problem seeing she was an upper-class girl. Long cherry red nails, one even with a shimmering diamond on. Golden bracelet, expensive dress, and heels I could only dream of. But nothing of this could help her now. The swollen red lines around her eyes and the smothered makeup under her eyes and down her cheeks were evident. She had cried like everyone else; I didn't like this one bit!

I yanked and twisted my hands; the thick rope around my wrists burned against my skin, but it moved! Rolling my shoulders while shuffling my hands up and down, the rope wasn't that tight! I'm not staying around to find out what kind of crap this is! Looking over my shoulder, I saw the back of two men, and my eyes widened. They were massive!