

The Viking's Mate Hunt

Chapter 21 Dirty

Toke's POV

She calmed down, not that she stopped glaring at me, but she calmed down. We, no, I had to get going because her scent was driving me crazy! I had felt the beat of her heart through her skin, traveling over mine and making my heart match her rhythm. I was just teasing her at first, but then I couldn't stop. I had to have more; I needed to be closer. Fury roared in my head, more, more, more!

Then her smell hit me. That sweet alluring arousal filled my nostrils, and I had to fight my wolf not to jump her. The scent filled my head; my lounges and swirled around in my body like a tempting mist. A greedy, fast-growing lust made my breathing heavy. Addictive and dangerous! When I finally snapped out of it for a moment, I had to turn my back. I needed to breathe in something else than her scent. Fury was panting in my head, my dick pulsed in my pants, and my hands were practically shaking.

As we walked through the forest, I cleared my head, and Fury calmed down. It had been so easy to tempt her, to arouse her! So easy to like it. I shook my head as we walked, the warmth spreading in my stomach just thinking about it. How soft her skin was, how my mouth filled with water when my lips hovered over the nape of her neck.

It has to be the hunt! Yes, that's what it is! The hunt, the fight, and the adrenalin rush that rallied up my beast! That's why I react this way! I need a bath and sleep, and then everything will calm down!

The question is how to make her agree to my deal. I shouldn't have mentioned what the mate mark was! That was a stupid move! But, if I can gain her trust, smooth talk to her a bit. She would come around, and she would see there was no other way. As far as she knew, nobody else could get her home.

I could hear the water ahead, the little river she jumped into and swam up earlier. I smiled to myself. She doesn't know how fast we run, even in human form. I watched as she swam, ran across a stream, shifted directions, and

rushed through some berry bushes. It was a good attempt. I'll give her that. Just not good enough to lose Fury or me.

The weather was warm now that summer was in full bloom, the nights short and days long. When we reached the river, the sun still shone brightly above us. I'm in desperate need of a bath but debating whether I should test her or make her watch me. Even better, make her bathe with us! Fury rumbled in my head, and I smiled like an idiot as I nodded to that for a little too long while watching her. She squinted her eyes at me, and I smirked. She is mine; after all, Fury hums in agreement. Without breaking eye contact, I opened my hangerock, and my amusement grew as her eyes widened.

"Your welcome to watch! I don't mind. It will all be yours after all!"

I winked at her and laughed as she seemed to choke on air and turned her back to me, muttering. But I noticed that beet-red blush before she did, and I could hear her heart pounding. I snuck up behind her watching her back like in a trance. I reached my hand out but stopped before I touched her. My hand rested in the air just centimeters from her back; her heartbeats were like a fast drum bouncing on my skin. I leaned closer to her ear,

"I think you're dirty too!"

She jumped and spun around, and that bet red blush reached new highs as her eyes landed on my twitching cock. Spinning around her hand managed to yank off my hangerok. Crossing my arms over my chest, I just watched her, and I grew as I watched her eyes glued to my member. Her head snapped back up to me, and her jaws tightened. I laughed as she stumbled a couple of steps back and headed for the forest edge. Shouting over her shoulder,

"I'm not!! I'm getting wood!"

"I got some wood for you right here, my little beet!"

I laughed my ass off as she gave me a vulgar gesture over her shoulder and shouted for me to go fuck myself.

Even on this warm day, the water was cold but incredibly soothing. As I swam back and forth in the mild stream, I entertained myself by listening to her. I could hear her break branches, swear and mutter. So far, I'm a dirty raccoon, a cocky asshole, and a horny dog! Nothing I can't live with! Fury snickered with me.

The first time she returned, she dumped the branches on the ground and walked straight back without looking at me. I found that I liked this game! I wonder if she kept an eye on me, too, because she didn't return before I had dried myself off and tied my hangrok back on. I kept my mouth shut as I started the fire. It was more than enough fun watching her look everywhere else than at me every time I caught her looking.

"You should swim too; I bet you are as dirty as I was!"

I winked,

"Of course I am! Nobody can be anything but dirty with your filthy mind so close!"

"Oh, so you get dirty around me now, do you?"

"That's not, NO! That's not what I meant! "

Fury paced in my mind as I stood up and walked towards her. She watched my every move. Her arms crossed over her chest, her glare burning on me. Not before I grabbed her and lifted her off the ground did she break the glare. Her eyes widened, and she screamed as I threw her into the cold river.

(Hangerok, sometimes spelled Hangerock, is the leather skirt Viking men used.)