

The Viking'S Mate Hunt

Chapter 25 The Fay King

I had thought the lady that did my hair back in the wolf's village was set in her ways. That was before I met Ethan! We nearly had a fistfight because I refused to wear the dress he had brought me! Still naked, I had wrapped myself in the covers and glared at the bright pink princess dress he dragged in. It was flashy and enormous, with gold and silver details embroidered all over the corset part. The back was open, and the cleavage deep. Another dress princess dress with a ready-for-the-nightclub feeling over it. Ethan would be what we referred to as a pretty boy in my world, his face flawless, skin perfect, his brows plucked so detailed it could have been photoshopped right onto his face. But he looked horrified when I asked for pants and a sweater. What is wrong with this world and comfortable clothing?

We compromised at the end; even if he spent the time, he did my makeup and hair, huffing and puffing like I was forcing him to wash the floor with his toothbrush. I got my pants! They were not as comfy and perfect as my old ones, but they would do! Black tight pants and a white shirt with buttons. He claimed it was the only thing they had! I didn't believe him for one second but took it. The bra was a useless piece of lace, but at least it was a bra, and I got a white singlet. In exchange, he decided how my hair was looking, and even if I flat-out refused the heavy makeup, we met in the middle. A little light makeup, still more than I would have used normally, but I had to admit; it looked okay.

My hair was full of perfectly crafted waves down my back, he even sprinkled some glitter-like substance over my hair, and I felt like a five-year-old heading for her princess party. A little neckless with a green diamond like stone shaped like a long heart, and matching earpieces.

"I don't need those."

"You will wear them, or ill accidentally lose my scissors all the way down your pants legs!"

A light blush crept on his cheek, and his mouth was a thin line. Damned, how important is this anyway?

“Fine.”

I picked up the pieces and started putting them on while watching him in the mirror. Giving my hair a final touch.

“What is the Lilifolia days?”

His eyes never left my hair, answering,

“It’s where you meet your mate, of course!”

“Well, I’ve never heard of it. “

He sighed deeply and muttered something about that, not surprising him since I was practically a savage wolf by the looks of it before he answered.

“10 potential males are hand-picked, strong, rich, and with good genes. You will spend this week dating them, getting to know them, and testing their, well, let’s call it stamina! Before you choose at least one of them and let them mark you at the end of the week.”

My face paled, and my heart nearly stopped.

“What??”

I hear my own voice, just a hoarse whisper far away, and he stops whatever he is doing with my hair. I didn’t meet his eyes, just stared at my own reflection in the mirror. My chair spun around, and Ethan was crouching down in front of me,

“Breath, remember to breathe, or you’ll faint! I don’t have time to do your hair again!”

His voice was playful, but the joke brushed past me.

“What if I don’t choose one? What if I don’t want one?”

My heart was racing, panic filled my chest. This is insane! Did they bring me here to mate me to one of theirs? Oh, not one, five!

“If you refuse to pick one of them or a couple of them, the king will pick one for you.”

My eyes met his,

“But I’m not like you! I’m not Fay! Can’t I just leave?”

My heart was racing, and so were my thoughts. I didn’t like his answer one bit. Apparently, I had to be saved. Someone claimed that the wolves would kill me, attacking me and that I was left defenseless. The Fay court decided upon themselves that it was their duty to protect me as the damsel in distress that I was. So now I belonged to them. Myra had squinted her eyes when she saw me, looking me up and down before she glared at Ethan. I didn’t care, my mind was elsewhere. Walking down the stairs, I heard voices, and I embraced myself. I will figure this out, it’s not the end! I could practically feel Ethan shudder and let a single tear escape behind me as I grabbed my perfectly done hair and pulled it back in a ponytail.

I’ll face this like everything else thrown my way, with my head high. I need to keep calm and focused. I escaped the wolves once, I managed to stay hidden longer than expected. I can handle a couple of male fays eager to settle down. They are men, after all, fay or not! As we descended the stairs, Ethan disappeared. Myra’s breasts led the way down, strutting out as she pushed her chest forward and straighten her back. It made me want to laugh but, at the same time, feel an ounce of respect for her. I might not like this, but she owned it! She claimed all attention in the room; no, she craved it and loved it all at once! All eyes were on her, and it gave me a little time to assess the room and the people. About 15 men have spread around on the open floor, all now facing us; most eyes lingered on Myra’s bared chest as they bounced for each step she took down the stairs. By the wall was a massive golden throne, and the man sitting there was watching me. Green eyes took in my attire as he sipped from a golden grail. The king. A look of disdain spread on his face as he took me in. Good!

I followed Myra straight past the crowd of waiting men, and she bowed before the king. I made a half-hearted attempt to copy her.

“My King, this is Eir!”

The room turned quiet, and I quickly looked around in concern. A younger man came up to the king as he handed him the golden grail and got up.

“Why is she dressed like this?”

“She refused the dress, my King.”

My heart pounded. I should have worn that stupid dress. What will happen if I manage to offend their king?