

# The Viking'S Mate Hunt

## Chapter 26 Silver eyes

Standing in between the fay king and Myra, I watched as each and one of the guys stepped forward to greet me. It was an awkward ordeal, smirking, flexing their biceps. One turned around and bounced his ass up and down, while another showed off his ears like they were laced with gold. I was supposed to pick five of them, while the king picked another five. I had no idea whom to pick. I didn't want any of them, no matter what the king or Myra said. Over half of them were still staring at Myra. Either eating her up with their stare, flirting and showing off to her, or just flat-out ogling her breast, I rolled my eyes and decided just to rip the bandage off. I need to play nice until I have a plan. Can't risk being locked up somewhere or forcibly married off to some bulky horn dog with pointy ears.

"I'll take the half that's not eye fucking Myra."

The king choked on whatever he was drinking, and Myra laughed. They all looked at me now. I just crossed my hands over my chest and arched a brow. The guilty ones stepped back, a couple of them tried, and I stared them down until they stepped back. Leaving seven of them.

"Minus the one cleaning his toenails and... You!"

I pointed at a random guy and whispered sorry while I shrugged.

"Highly unorthodox, but ill accept it. Bring in the last five!"

The king's voice boomed and filled the room completely. My eyes followed as two men opened two doors beside the throne. I have no idea why these last guys were picked and looked at by Myra. She seemed actually to get my silent plea, and she leaned closer. Whispered to me without taking her eyes off the opened doors.

"These men either come from powerful families, are highly prestigious in some way, or in one way or another managed to come on the king's good side, and he granted them this opportunity as thanks. For them, it's a great honor, and they will do whatever they can to win your favor!"

She winked at me, and I thought I might be sick.

“You might skip Lilifolia, and save us all some time.”

This got my attention, and I looked at the king with hope as a smile curved on his lips.

“How?”

“You might pick one right now!”

My stomach sank. How is that any better? My mood turned sour, and I barked back at the king,

“And why would I ever do that?!”

He snorted and huffed, looking away from me like just looking at me was hurting his eyes.

“One might think you would want to choose your good friend and savior. He is, after all, the one that informed us about your unfortunate circumstances.”

As he finished his sentence, my eyes landed on Luca. He stood a little behind some of them, but when our eyes met, he beamed like the sun. Like we were good old friends that finally got to see each other again, and my fists tightened.

“Oh. He is now, is he.”

I murmured more to myself, but to the king, I answered,

“Oh, now, why would I do that? There is so much good meat to choose from here, and it would be a shame to let it to waste!”

My voice was dripping with venom, but Myra laughed out loud and bumped my shoulder,

“Oh, you nasty little thing, are you not!”

“Do I have to accept all the men the king chose?”

“Yes!”

She answered quickly and in a hushed voice, and all laughter vanished in a heartbeat.

“He will ask you if you accept them, but for the love of all living in the light, do not say no!”

I pressed my lips together not to say anything stupid as my eyes met Luca’s.

He beamed and smiled so brightly towards me like he was trying to melt down the darkness within inside me as I saw him. After a couple of very long seconds, he realized and at least had the decency to look away.

“Myra has packed some change for you, the bags are already at the castle. You will leave with the chosen males right away. Dinner awaits you there. Do you accept my choice?”

Reluctantly I answered as lightly as I could,

“Yes, I do. Thank you, Fay king.”

The words sounded awkward in my mouth, but the king already seemed bored and lazily waved his hand and dismissed us.

Then everything happened so fast. Myra showed me into a horse carriage with 3 of the men, and the rest came behind us in other carriages. The ride over to the castle was awkward, to say at least, but I thank whatever gods were present that Luca didn’t ride with me. One sat beside me and had long shimmering blond hair. The front of his long, lush locks was gathered in a golden thread behind his head. His eyes were intense, and I couldn’t help myself from staring back. They were silver! Silver eyes swirling with purple! I kept on staring, something that seemed to amuse him, but I didn’t care. They were so beautiful and scary at the same time!

“My name is Astor. “

His deep voice pulled me out of my staring. I blushed at his deep and husky voice, and I swear I’d heard him read smut back home! If not, he should! I awkwardly cleared my throat, and my blush deepened as I saw the other two staring at me, smirking.

“Sorry, I’m Eir! “

“It’s quite all right, Eir. Do you like my eyes?”

“Ehm, well. They are pretty unique! Why are they silver?”

He laughed a little, and his smile was so warm and sweet I actually smiled back before remembered where I was and what the heck I had gotten myself into!

“It’s a family trait. I come from a long line of silver tails.”

“What are silver tails? “

He laughed, and this time the other guys laughed with him. Then he winked at me and promised to show me someday. I grimaced, and they laughed even harder!

Luckily the carriage stopped, and I hurried out. So, in a hurry that I tripped myself and fell out nose first in the dirt. Swearing.

Hands grabbed me and helped me up,

“Thank you!”

Embarrassed and in pain, I did my best to smile as I lifted my head and looked right into Luca’s eyes. I hear Astor’s voice behind me, like in a dream asking if I’m okay. Luca looks past me, then back to me.

“You should stay away from Astor!”