

# The Viking's Mate Hunt

## Chapter 27 My mate!

Toke's POV

"They broke the agreement! That's reason for war!!"

Fury's carnal roar coated my voice and bounced off the dark walls. Even the alpha flinched and sat back on his throne. The burning sensation that rippled through my body could only be described as an incredible surge of power and rage. Like right before I shifted, but Fury held back. We balanced on the edge between our two souls and bodies. I could not explain it, but I needed her back! I needed her back now! Even the anger towards the Fay, that they broke our century long agreement, and trespassed on our lands, could not compare to that need.

"Get her back, NOW!"

Mom blinked, and the alpha's jaw clenched.

"I will reach out to their king! But it was just a girl. Since nobody got her, nobody took your title away, son! Calm down!"

Hearing him call her just a girl like she didn't even matter. Just a girl, a worthless girl! I couldn't stop it, not that I wanted to, but I couldn't either way!

Fury pushed through, not shifting form, but adjusted to fit in mine. I felt myself grow taller; with each step, I took toward the alpha. My lounges grew with each ragged breath, and my eyes flickered. I watched in horror as my own hand shot out and grabbed around the alpha's throat. A scream left my mother's lips as she pushed further back into her throne. I didn't even look at her. My, no, Fury's eyes met the Alphas. Long black claws grew out from my fingertips, wrapping around his throat. His eyes flickered to, his beast pushed forward, and he sneered at me. Anger shone through his eyes. The alpha wolf peered back at Fury, and I heard myself speak, growling out the words,

"Don't you ever speak of my mate like that! It will cost you your life!"

He blinked once. Twice. Then his wolf submitted, to both my and my father's surprise. Then Fury's words echoed through my head. Mate. Mate! She was my mate! Realization hit me, and it hit me hard! Even the Alpha's eyes widened,

"No, that's impossible! "

He hoarsely whispered as my hand still squeezed around his throat. His throat now seemed so fragile and thin in my massive hand. My skin was so dark against his pale skin that the power he once had over me, was gone. The energy shifted, and I let him go like I burned my fingers. But the sensation didn't stop; it surged through my hand. It filled me up to the point I thought I would explode. Whispers, voices, and sounds filled my ears. My head. I could hear the power swish through my veins. Fury lifted his head. He knew I knew. My dad knew. The old alpha had resigned, and a new one had stepped up. I had stepped up. The first time in history that the title wasn't formally given away or killed for. Fury took it; we took what was ours. For our mate! I found my mate!

The voices and whispers died down, the surge calmed, and I met my father's eyes. Because for the first time in my life, that was all he was. Not my alpha, not my leader or trainer. He was my dad and only that.

"All leave! I need to speak with my father alone!"

The authority in my voice surprised even me, the alpha voice, and all left without a question. Just me and my dad were left with the burning candles that lit up the dark room. He had managed to rise up and sit back on his throne, eyes still glued to me.

"How did this happen?"

There was a hint of hurt in my voice; this was not how I pictured I would rise to my title. Parts of me felt more like a thief than a worthy assessor. But Fury brushed it aside; we didn't take anything. We were ready; he was ready. The goddess decided it was time. He looked at me for a long time, watched me, and studied me before he sighed and leaned back. A defeated old man that accepted his new faith.

"We should talk to your grandfather. Is she really your mate? Your real mate?"

“I don’t know; Fury claims she is. All I know is I need her back; I need her back now!”

The conversation ended there; we never talked much, so why start now? I sat down in my mother’s throne and slumped down. We both had enough with our own thoughts. If she was my mate, my destined mate, that meant it wasn’t a legend. It was still possible, but how? She was human? Her smile flashed through my head, her plump lips curved perfectly. The sound of her laughter as small colorful bubbles that busted in my ears. It made me feel warm, and I sat there smiling to myself without even noticing it. The slow, heavy steps of my grandfather pulled me out of my own head, and I shook my smile off. With each slugging thud outside the cabin, we knew he was close. At the same time, we looked at each other, and our eyes met. Fury’s ears laid back in my mind, and my heart pounded in my chest. I could taste the thud between my lips, it’s been years since I saw grandfather—the old alpha Viking.

“Are you sure?”

“No, Fury’s sure.”

I swallowed hard, and we both looked towards the door as it slowly swung open and dad whispered,

“Be sure, make sure he knows what he claims! You know your grandfather.”

The door crashed into the wooden wall, shaking as a tall, dark figure stepped over the threshold. Even after so many years, the old man emanated power. His aura was thicker and more demanding than most. His one eye took us both in. The other white and blind, swirled like a snowstorm. I felt myself, and my father hold our breath. Long before I was born, before my father was born, my grandfather sacrificed his eye to the old gods. To honor Odin and his all-seeing eye.

“Is she your mate?”

The old man’s wolf beast roared through the room, the yellow in his eyes shining in the dark room before they landed on me. His voice was old and ragged, but still, it filled the room. Demanded the room, even our wolves leaned back. I opened my mouth to answer, but as a bolt of flashing lightning, Fury again forced forward, demanding his place.

“Yes, old Viking, she is our destined. She was stolen, and we will wage war to get her back!”

The old man paused. Only his raspy breath filled the silence between us before he answered,

“Very well, my son! But first, we need to be sure!”