

The Viking's Mate Hunt

Chapter 28 Obey, look good and shut up!

“Straighten your back. You have a terrible posture! Draw your breath and hold your stomach in.”

The old lady's judgment rained over me. I held my breath, and my nails dug into the back of the chair as she tried to squeeze my organs out with that dreadful corset. I've decided to play nice by, the rules here, but this old hag is making it hard!

“Nobody likes a woman not capable of taking care of herself! Remember, you must show yourself to be delicate, graceful, and beautiful. That's all you have to do is suck it up! Even for a human, you are poorly maintained!”

She whispered the last part, and I gritted my teeth as the corset dug into my ribs.

“Be polite, interested, and smile. For goodness' sake, smile! Not pout like a spoiled little brat!”

I gasped for air just as she managed to tie shut the corset as tight as she wanted it. That inhuman thing made it hard to breathe! It didn't even do me any favors! I looked like a stuffed sausage!

“Why? Why is all this so important? Why should I pretend to be something I'm not?”

I hissed at her while trying to catch my breath, ogling the old lady while she fetched a dreadful-looking princess gown.

“Because that's how you land a gentleman, my dear!”

“No, no it's not! That's how you “land” a man that only cares for looks!”

She scoffed and walked into the bathroom. She was a short, round, and older woman. As she walked away, I also noticed her ears. She was human, just like me! Walking back, she had her arms filled with makeup bags, brushes, and things that sparkled. I shivered. Nothing of this was me, I had never been the dress-up kind, and all this was more like a masquerade! Putting everything

down on the dresser, she didn't even look at me as she pushed me down in the chair and started to brush my hair harshly.

"Do you really think you have anything else to offer dear? No, nothing that matters. Your job is simple but important, look good, be good, and give them babies."

She yanked my hair back with a firm grip as I tried to get up from the chair. Anger is boiling under my skin. What century did this woman live in?

"Do you hear yourself? You are human too! You can't be that fucking old! We have rights as any other, and this is utter bullshit!"

She tightened the grip on my hair so hard that I whimpered as she leaned down to my ear and met my gaze in the mirror.

"None of that exists here! They might treat girls as princesses, their prices possessions, but it all costs! It costs is for you to obey, behave, and be a nice little thing to look at! You can try to oppose; do you really think you're the first? The king will throw you into the breathing dungeon! There, you will be chained up, become the warrior's little plaything and just pray to the goddess that you get pregnant as fast as possible so you can get out of there for a while. Believe me, girl! That is not a place you want to be! So shut up, listen and do as I tell you! I might sound like a bitch, but I do know this place! And I do know how to survive here!"

Stunned, I sat down and let her words sink in. Dreadful images of a dungeon appeared in my head. I need to get out of here, these fay's are insane! We didn't share another word between us, she worked on my hair, curled it, and braided it. shiny silver drops and colorful glass pieces decorated my hair. My long lashes were thick with mascara, my cheekbones had never been so high, and the innocent blush on my cheeks was a lie. She left me alone before dinner, and I studied myself in the mirror. I didn't recognize the girl looking back at me. A lie, a mask, I didn't like her or what she stood for. But I knew what I needed to do, play the game. I need to play the game to win it!

I missed the forest, I missed Fury. Even how brief the time was, I felt so safe and appreciated. He saw me, just me. Nothing more, nothing less. I've never asked for more than that, but it was the first time I got it. I must be going crazy here, I'm missing a wolf. A wolf that came to catch me and imprison me in another way, but now that deal didn't seem so bad after all. He never expected me to do anything else than follow him and let him mark me. Here?

Here is a totally different story, they might claim to be so mighty and better than the shifters these fays. They are not, their ways are cruel, and none of them seems to see the girls or women as anything else than property. Pretty things that give them pleasure and kids. It disgusts me to the core. I took a deep sigh and reminded myself; Play the game, play the game to win it!

I looked back at myself in the mirror as I heard steps outside my room, I can do this! I can play a pretty little fuck thing! Eventually, I will learn something that can be useful! Or find someone that is useful! If I'm nothing but a plaything in their eyes, they're nothing but tools in mine! A knock on the door made me straighten up, I put on my new mask. Smoothened my dress with my hands, lifted my cheeks a little, and plastered on a bright shining smile,

“Come in!”

A little shyly, I cocked my head to the side and looked at the male that came walking in, the blush already applied to my cheeks made my job so much easier.

“Hi!”

I heard my own voice, so sweet and coquettish I wanted to cringe. But I stayed in my new character and I already knew, I had this male just where I wanted him. His throat bobbed, and he looked at me from head to toe before he bowed slightly. Taking a deep calming breath that

“My name is Anthoan, my lady, I'm here to get you for dinner.”

“So nice to meet you Anthoan! I'm Eir!”

I gave him a slight curtesy bow before I giggled sweetly. Anthoan strode to my side and offered me his arm. I accepted and looked up at him through my lashes. This is going to be a long dinner, I thought to myself before I smiled at him again, and we walked down the hallway.