

The Viking'S Mate Hunt

Chapter 29 Dreadful dinner

I buried my face in a pillow and cried. No, screamed as loud as I could while the tears stained the pillowcase. I've never felt so humiliated, so on display like tonight. I was a dressed-up mare at the market!

The old lady that dressed me was in the room all night, keeping an eye on me with two other servants. They stood against the wall like they were just decorations while we were eating, drinking, and discussing what could be changed with me and how much effort it would cost them. My skin was touched and smelled. I was turned around and studied from all angles. What I ate, how much, and how I ate it. How I held my glass wrong, the sips I took too big. My hair is too dry, my skin is too pale, and my eyes dull. I seemed uneducated, thin, and had a temper. My ass to flat, I'm a little too short, and my breasts could be bigger. Anger, hatred, and self-loathing swirled in my stomach. Like I was going to be sick. I never cared about what others thought of me, but this was awful.

They broke me down piece by piece, going over in detail what was wrong. The worst part, I just had to sit there and smile. Like a fucking idiot, I cried inside. Walk up, lifted up my arms, turn so they could see my back and rear end as they continued discussing it. Because that was what I was tonight, a it. Not whom, not a girl, not me. Just an object they needed to be 100% sure they wanted or could be sculpted so I could be what they wanted.

Growing up, I got used to the name-calling. The lack of attention and care. Whore, scum, worthless. They hurt a bit at first, but they didn't mean anything. I knew they didn't mean anything, so they didn't affect me. Now, I felt naked and raw. Like they slowly peeled off my skin to reveal what was beneath. In the end, I was so numb that their voices faded out, I moved like a doll, and I didn't even notice that tears had escaped before I was led back to my room.

I can't stay here! For the first time in my life, I was scared. Scared that this was a place, that this was people that could actually break me. I had objected once, early in the evening. No not really object either, I just answered a little snarky back when one of them suddenly began to complain about how I sat and how I chewed. In front of them all, the old lady had the other two servants drag me off my chair, pull my dress up and strike my back and ass ten times

with a cane. The wounds ached and made the dress stick to my skin. With a low, threatening whisper, I was told this was just a warning, next time, if I did not behave, it would be much, much worse.

They smiled as they watched me get whipped. Like I was the night's entertainment, it was finally worth watching. It all filled my head now as I cried my anger into the pillow. The smirks and amused grins swirled around in my head as poisonous snakes as I struggled to hold back embarrassment and pain.

The only positive thing about nights is the beef knife now cutting into the skin beneath my sleeve. It's little but sharp. I shoved it under the bedside table as I heard steps down the hall. I quickly got up and sat in front of the mirror, pulling silver and colored beads out of my hair. I merely spared her a glance in the mirror as she strides into my room, stops, and looks around like I would be hiding someone there. She then walked over and tried to start on my hair. I jumped up and pushed her back.

Her eyes were wide with shock as she struggled to regain her balance, but my eyes were locked to hers as I stalked towards her. Right up in her face, she tried to stay calm. Straightened up and loosened her shoulders, but her voice disclosed her. It was deep but a little short and shaky.

"No need to be so brisk! This night went better than I expected."

She shrugged and tried to push past me, I grabbed her shoulder and spun her around. She was shorter than me, older, and even with how skinny I was, I was still strong.

"Get this straight old hag!"

I nearly spat in her face, rage still crawling under my skin. The bleeding wounds on my back burned and fueled my anger.

"I will have to `obey` your sick rules and disgusting regime while others look, but here? Here I won't ever see your face again! If you ever try to touch me or show up here again, don't believe for a second I won't kill you!"

The air between us became thick, only slow breaths and heartbeat filled the void before she tried to shrug me off, but I dug my fingernails into her skin. Refusing to let go or break eye contact.

“Let me go, girl! Don be so dramatic! You might be a raccoon that can clean up nicely! But I know your kind! Your all the same!”

I don't know what got into me, but something under my skin burned. My hand flew up and grabbed her throat, and in one swift move, I had her strangled against the wall. My chest burned, and my stomach was filled with lava pushing out. She made a weird choking sound as she tried to say something right before her head collided with the hard surface. I stared at her, and I felt nothing. Only the burning sensation flowed through my body. Even my voice seemed different, hoars as I heard myself speak.

“Try me! This is my one and only warning! And I wish you would try me!!”