

The Viking's Mate Hunt

Chapter 30 The Völva, Iris

Toke's POV

The old man took charge after that. The alpha in him never subdued, even if he stepped down. He sent my father to reach out to the Fae king. He was to talk to him, figure out what happened and where she was. Not under any circumstances was he to tell Eir was or could be my mate. With a wicked grin and wink, he also reminded him that he no longer had the authority to make any deals, wage war, or anything. Of course, he also has a strict message not to reveal anything about the title switch.

Meanwhile, I followed behind him like an obedient little dog over to the old volva's tent. Yes, I said tent. I had no idea how old this woman was, but she had always been here and never wanted to switch her little tent for a house or cottage. I remember when we were young puppies, we used to bet on who dared to go closest.

The hides that made her tent was dark and aged but still thick and solid. There was always smoke coming out of the top of the tipi-shaped tent, a sweet smell we never really figured out what was lingering around it. She wasn't evil, far from it. I know that now, but as kids, she was a witch from our darkest nightmares.

Her teeth were colored with a black and blue substance, the same with her lower lip. She had several face tattoos, three straight lines over her chin. A snake on her left temple and a giant bird with fallen feathers on the right. She still used the old ways as makeup, so charcoal, crushed berries, blood, and flowers. Dark over the eyes, blood red under. Her lips are thin and tight; I can't ever remember seeing her smile. But she was our vulva. Some say our seer has been living here since the Viking ages and was old even then.

I've never been in her tent like this, only waiting outside for my mom and dad when I was younger; now? Now we were going in. My grandfather scratched the hide two times before he pulled one aside. It was dark by the entrance; I could smell how the smoke filled the air. Thick, and then there was that sweet smell again. The only light inside was a fire burning in the middle of the little room, and her back was facing us when we entered. She didn't turn around

but continued with whatever she was doing. The smell of blood, steel, and death filled my nostrils.

“I’ve been expecting you, Alpha. Both the new and old, sit down.”

I cast my grandfather a glance. Had he already spoken to her? He shrugged and gave me half a smile. Then he made his way to the fireplace and sat down on a little piece of hide still with fur intact. She didn’t turn to us, but I heard something sizzle in front of her.

“Did you bring it?”

“Yes, it’s right here.”

Grandfather pulled out some white fabric; Fury perked up right away. I looked at it but didn’t understand what it was. Just some white clothing, but it made my heart race. I felt how Fury pushed forward to see, my eyes flickered, and I sniffed in the air with deep whiffs. With each deep breath, I felt warmer, the pulse in my ears became louder and Fury was ready to jump forward.

I held him back and shook my head several times, but still. Still, that alluring and intoxicated feeling wrapped around me. Adrenaline filled my body, and my senses felt clouded; it was so bad that, at one point, I jumped up and staggered back. My eyes, Fury’s eyes still glued to that white piece of fabric until my back touched the crisp hide walls, and my head snapped up. Only to see them both looking at me. Grandfather with a raised brow, her, the volva only nodded slightly. There was no trace of emotions on her face as she grabbed the white fabric and turned around.

“Sit down; It’s not going to bite you!”

With my heart still pounding in my chest, I took small steps back to the fire. That white fabric, that little piece of white fabric, had such a hold on me. It looked so plain, so harmless. Just a white cloth, is it magic? Is this the vulvas powers? Her raspy voice pulled me away from the stare,

“It’s not magic, pup. It’s your mate’s dress, some of her blood, and a little help from a burning flower.”

Both my hands slapped over my mouth as a growl escaped me, but she laughed. On the other hand, Fury was not amused and sent hundreds of questions toward me so fast and chaotic. “Is she hurt? Why does he have her

dress? Why blood? Why is there blood!” Over and over again, and she continued laughing; I felt like I was about to go insane! My talons pushed through my fingertips, and my teeth itched as she threw the white dress into the fire.

“Sit down, pup. We don’t need this. From what I’ve heard, she doesn’t want it back. This is to help you focus and to remember how to breathe.”

The old man snickered behind me, and I slumped down, watching the fire. I was acting childish. I acted on emotions.

“She is your mate; I don’t doubt that, Alpha. However, you two are the first destined mates here in decades! There is a legend about the girl that breaks the invisible spell cast upon us, but did you say she was human?”

I nodded,

“Hm. Interesting. Anyway, where are the traitors?”

I arched a brow.

“One is being skinned as we speak; the other is in the mountain.”

“Good, can I have his skin?”

I glanced at grandfather; he just shrugged. I’ve been told before that our volva Iris has her reasons for everything. It’s just not clear for the rest of us.

“I’ll have them bring it over when it’s cleaned. ”

“Good, now. Have you figured out why they worked with a fay? What they needed the girl for? ”

“No. He refuses to talk; the other one, well, he can’t talk anymore.”

“We know which fay he worked with, but we need the king confirms what we already know.”

My head snaps towards him,

“What?”

He smirked,

" I took the liberty to talk to the lone wolf, and I might have shown him his friends skinned hide to motivate him a little. Don't worry, he is still chained in the cave... and alive! The thing is, they were promised a spot on the Lilifoila days if they assisted the fay. He claimed it was in the girl's best interest and that the king would forever be grateful. "

"But the fay doesn't mix races? The farthest they go is letting humans in."

"Ah, so it seems. But this wolf claims that this is about to change. That the fay is conducting experiments on why nobody seems to find their destined mates and why no girls are born. For this experiment to reach the next step, they need to mix races."

He opened his mouth to speak, but my father came barging into the tent, huffing and snarling.

"They have her. He refuses to give her back, claiming the fay court deemed it necessary to save her for the female's best interest. What exactly that means, or who made such a claim? He wouldn't say! He laughed me off and told me that this would never happen if I could care better for our females. That cocky overgrown flamingo! From what I gathered, it is already too late; her first day there had ended. The second day is easy enough, dates and deal. The problem is the third day on the Lilifoila castle. That is the day for intimacy and courtship. We won't be able to reach her before that!"