

The Viking's Mate Hunt

Chapter 31 Date day

She had left without another word last night. Stomped her short feet out of my room. Not sure if she understood I meant every single word without even feeling bad about it or out of pure anger. I peeled off the makeup layers, the dress, and that goddamned corset. It had left marks on my skin, red and sore next to the red stripes after the cane. I wanted to crawl under the covers and hide from the world, but I decided to regain myself. I made myself a steaming hot bath and burned away all the nasty looks. The hurtful words and shame I felt. It all followed the water down as I unclogged the bathtub. I felt better, more like myself. I was nobody's doll, and no one, fay or not, would ever treat me as one again!

I managed to calm myself with that thought, that determination. Tomorrow will be different. I'm not here to play dress-up doll; didn't they say they needed to win my favor? Then we need to change things a little. I slept badly. Dreams of two black wolves, one drowning in blue flames and smirking fay, flooded my head. I tossed and turned. Woke up again and again. I jerked up as someone knocked on my door, and I realized it was already morning. Pulling my covers up, I answered them to come in. A young male fay, not one from the dinner and not one from last night. I studied him as he stopped right inside the room, looking away.

"And you are?"

"Sorry, my lady, I'm Deidrick. I'm here with your outfit for the day and to see to it that you get dressed.. properly."

He muttered the last word, but I heard him and arched a brow.

"Of course, you are. Tell me, what is today's agenda?"

I nearly felt bad. He looked so young and uncomfortable, but I reminded myself that they all started like this. He was a fay male, and I kept my voice uninterested and cold as I stared at him. Fully aware, it made him even more uncomfortable.

"My lady, that's not my jo.."

“I don’t care what’s your job. I asked you a question, are you forbidden to answer me?”

“No, it’s.. Okay, I guess there is no harm. “

He fidgeted with his fingers,

“The second day of Lilifoila is the official date day. The gentlemen chose the locations, but you chose the gentlemen. six of them. “

I used the cover as a makeshift dress as I got out of bed and had to bite my lip not to laugh when I saw his beet-red cheeks flush, and he turned away.

“Date day, so how does that work? Walk me through it. You can come in and sit down as I get ready.”

I washed up and dressed in the bathroom before I sat down by the mirror and kept an eye on young Deidrick. He sat so far out on the chair seat that he would probably fall off if I sneezed. Looking around the room, he suddenly found the flowers on the curtains fascinating. Cleared his throat and answered while his eyes were glued to a pink flower spread on the other dresser.

“Well, first, you met for breakfast. Then they tell you the locations they chose, and you choose those you want to attend. That’s about it. Can I ..!”

He looked in my direction finally and noticed I was wearing something else than he brought in, and I smiled.

“What? Something wrong with my attire?”

“No, I mean, no. But that’s not what I gave you!?”

“No, no, it’s not. You can give that old hag my regards and say she has terrible taste. I’ll be choosing my own outfits from now on. And yes, you can leave. When is breakfast?”

“But, I. My lady Eir! “

I spun around,

“When is breakfast? That’s the only answer I need from you.”

“In about 30 minutes. One of the gentlemen will come up and get you.”

“Fine. You can leave now. Thank you.”

Just before he left the room, I couldn't help myself.

“Deidrick? I'm sorry, it's not personal.”

Then I turned and got myself ready. Sure enough, 30 minutes later, there was a new knock on the door. I looked myself over in the mirror. Light and natural makeup, my hair collected in one messy braid over my shoulder: the black pants and a light blue feminine shirt with a couple of open buttons.

Sure enough, the old hag was waiting in the dining hall as my gentleman for the day led me down. She scowled at me and gave the boys next to her a look. I cleared my throat to get the room's attention. Here we go, this can go really and give me yet another thing to cry over or.. Let's go for or..

“Let me make this clear once and for all. I don't want to be here. I think you all are a disgrace to all men, and I've known many disgusting men, so that should say something. At this point, if we continue like this, I would rather spend my days in a breeding dungeon than with any of you. And you, old hag. If you try to get me whipped or caned again, I will sleep with one eye open because I will find you and slit your throat in your sleep. Do we understand each other?”

Gaps, one is choking on his drink. The old lady's eyes almost fell out as she clutched at her heart. All in all, a good reaction. I grabbed my chair and sat down.

“Let's start our “date day,” and if you even as much as try to talk to me or treat me as yesterday, I will find a way to make you pay. If you don't believe me, feel free to try me!”

I started to serve myself. I could feel all eyes on me; I didn't care; I was hungry. Slowly the rest began to eat; without even lifting my gaze, I asked,

“So, when will you start telling me about today's plans? I'm returning to my room after I finish my food. If nobody manages to tempt me by then; I'm spending the day alone out in the sun. I need to work on my tan. ”

If I looked up now, I guess the little old witch by the wall was about to choke, explode, and all that. Just that thought made me smile, even more so when she stomped out of the room and left us alone. It felt like a little victory.

The food was delicious, fresh juice, even coffee! Watermelon, pear, apple, and oranges are sliced up. I had a blast while listening to them tell me about their planned date. I made a number of looking at them and asking for their names as they began to talk. I might be pissed; they might not deserve anything from me. But I wanted to be the better person, and I wanted them to know it!

Unfortunately, all managed to state their case before I finished, so I had to pick. So today I'm going on a picnic in the yard, on a boat trip on the little lake behind the castle. I'm going shopping, parading the building. I only chose that one to get a better look and help me plan my next move. I'm having lunch on top of the tower, and last, the part I'm most excited about is hunting!

I'm no hunter; I never was. I can do snares, fish, and survive on berries. Hunting involves using weapons; in my head, that sounds perfect!

The picnic and the boat trip were like an old movie, only I didn't wear a big white dress and a little umbrella covered with lace. Good food but utterly dull. Slow, staggering conversations about the weather, flowers, dresses, and events happening here in the near future. It felt like they danced around me, afraid to ask anything they would not like the answer to. Afraid to actually get to know who I was. I should have been hurt by that, but I couldn't care less. Just wanted it over with.

I broke the shopping date after just 30 minutes after the cocky bastard dragged me into a little store with exclusive underwear. Fine, I suggested we go somewhere else. He answered by getting the ladies working there to close the shop just for us, so I could have a little fashion show for him. It didn't end well. We did not agree. He was the only son of a king in a bordering country, it didn't mean shit! He was a royal ass and acted like one. I stormed out and walked back myself. I only looked forward to the little guided tour inside the castle and hunting.

Astor met me with a smile, ready to show me around.