

The Viking'S Mate Hunt

Chapter 32 Hunting

Fuck, fuck!

I'm an idiot! I quickly changed direction as I ran. My scraped-up knees ached at the sudden movement. Small branches broke over my head, and something flew through the leaves, so I stepped aside and changed directions once again. With both hands, I held up the heavy and long dress, it was already dirty and drenched in mud! Someone spilled their red wine on my blouse and pants just before I went hunting. I didn't think much of it before now! My feet slid along the mud covered ground as I stumbled through a massive bush. Thorns ripped my skin and dress's skirt. I pulled on it, swore as the fabric ripped, and continued.

"Come out, come out wherever you are! Not so, though, now are we? "

His voice carried out through the trees, followed by two men laughing.

I'd looked forward to this hunt! The sun was shining, and the birds were singing in the lush green trees as I stepped out into the thick forest. My date was waiting there, and for once, there was a genuine smile that tugged on my lips. He was a handsome male, fay or not, but it was the excitement for the hunt that filled my veins with adrenalin. That was until I stopped right in front of him. The moment my eyes met his, I knew something was wrong. The handsome man's smile twisted into something wicked. A twig broke behind me, and slowly, I turned around to see that prick of a prince from the shop earlier. My red hand mark was still visible on his cheek and light blue under his eye. Fuck.

I stopped, just for a second, to lift the skirt again! Before I jumped down the rocky hill. Ran and balanced down the slope on big and small rocks rolled behind me, under my feet, and in front of me. That familiar swish sound came after me at an incredible speed again, and I sat down as it whispered right over my head. Those goddamned arrows! They were not to kill me but to spy. To find out where I was. The small, sharp stones scraped up my feet and cut through the tender skin on my ankles. I knew I was leaving a trail of blood, leading them straight to me. Fucking fay magic and tricks!

I could hear the river, I just needed to reach the river through the pulsating in my ears. Those dandy pretty boys would never jump in! So that's my goal! But first, first I needed to get there before they got to me! I'm not sure what that spoiled little prince would do if he caught me, but I had no desire to find out!

They had given me five minutes head start earlier. After he finished yelling at me. How outrageous I was that it was the death penalty to slap a royal. Slapping me right across the face wasn't enough to pay for my grave sins, just to scratch his itch I guess. An unpolished rock like myself should be so grateful I should crawl before him just because he spared me a second glance. I got it, loud and clear. I've hurt his ego. So I didn't hesitate when he said run. I just did.

My lungs burned for air, the sweet taste of metal filled my mouth with each ragged breath, and I'd lost both my shoes. My dress was getting heavier with each step as the fabric seemed to soak up every moisture it came near. Utterly useless! Halfway down the hillside, I heard them yell behind me, I spared a brief second to look over my shoulder only to realize they had seen right through my plan as they pointed to the river and gesticulated. Doesn't matter. I can still make it! Why the heck didn't I take that knife with me? It's still safely tucked away under the bedside drawer. I heard as they started running down after me. As more stones loosened, small rockslides started behind me. I didn't look, I stared straight ahead. Eyes on the goal! Don't fall! I could do this! Adrenaline rushed through my exhausted body, and I squealed with excitement as my feet landed softly on the green, lush field! The grass tickled and felt soothing against my sore and bleeding skin.

I made it! Still in one piece! Turning around, I smiled when I saw he was still just halfway down. Still struggling and balancing between the rocks. My smile fell. He, where was the other one? The prince? My stomach tightened, and I spun around as a movement caught my eye. I didn't even manage to see him before something hard hit my jaw. Stars sparkled in my eyes, and I stumbled back before the dark tunnel vision clouded my sight completely.

Two deep and mumbling voices argued. My whole head ached and throbbed. It felt like my head and ears were filled with cotton. I didn't dare to breathe, listening for that mumbling with every muscle tightened up. Like I would hear any better if I suffocated.

"Are you insane? We can't do that! We scared her; lesson learned! Now, we go back!"

The voices cut through, and they formed words in my head. Now, I wish I didn't hear any of it.

“And what? Just laugh it all off? Look at her, bloody, dirty, and unconscious! What do you think will happen to us now? huh? We need to make her disappear! ”

“We can't just kill her! We were supposed to scare her!”

“What do you think the king will do to you when he hears of this? And you know he will! That bitch can't keep her mouth shut even if you paid her to do so! Me? I can go back, cross the border and leave it all be. You? You will be executed if you're lucky! Not even your father can buy you out of this!”

I swallowed hard, still trying not to breathe. To pretend I was still out. Pain shot through my wrists as I tried to wiggle them. It felt like wire was wrapped around my hands. So tight it scraped against my skin like a sharp blade.

“Shush! She will hear us!”

“Nah, I knocked her hard enough to stay out for a week. Women like that only have it in their mouths! All talk, no action! See!”

I groaned and gasped for air as he kicked me in the stomach, and I hissed as a hand gripped my hair and forced my head back. I Didn't see clearly, and I had to squint my eyes to be able to see that grin gleaming toward me.

“Ha, so you are awake! Maybe you like it rough!”

He laughed and threw me back on the ground. Wiping his hands off on his shirt, like touching me, made him dirty!

“Tie her up over there!”

“Do that yourself!”

“What? Are you scared? Too much fight in this little girl? Fine, I'll make it easy for you!”

With my hands still tied on my back, I was defenseless as he lifted me off the ground by the collar of my dress, and I barely managed to draw my breath before his fist connected with my nose. Stars, bright, blinking stars, erupted infant of me as a sickening pain spread like wildfire. I didn't have time to be

sick, to be concerned about that disgusting cracking sound inside my head. Pain flooded my whole system until darkness and numbness were all there was.