

The Viking'S Mate Hunt

Chapter 34 Warrior puppy

Toke`s POV.

Fury ran as a black lightning bolt between the threes.

He heard her scream. That silent sound traveled with the air through the dense forest, but his sensitive ears snapped it up. Rage exploded in his chest, and I gave him all control. He didn't even care that the others fell behind us as he bolted. The closer we came, the more evident her smell became. Her sweet voice sounded so different. That normally so feisty and sassy mouth sounded scared. And I didn't like it one bit! The panic and fear I've been feeling the last couple of days manifested deep inside my chest. She was hurt. What had they done to her? The desperation to see her again had been eating me up alive!

His eyes zoomed in, and there she was! My heart skipped a beat, but the rage darkened my vision too.

Her nose was bloody, blue, and yellow. Her eyes were swollen and blue. She had a long dress on that probably was white at one point. Now, it was stained with mud and dirt. Torn up, blood stains on her sleeves, skirt, and front. They were still too far away, three males! Fay. Of course, it had to be fucking fay! Fury`s chest rumbled as we sprinted to close the distance between us. One of them was dragging her along the ground after one arm. She didn't go quiet, screamed, kicked, and shouted. Threw what she managed to get a grasp on at him. Dirt, sticks, and finally, a small sized rock hit him right between the eyes. My lips tugged into a wicked smile as I pictured all the way I could make this male fay scream. Bleed and beg for mercy!

A piercing pain flashed through my chest. So deep, Fury almost tripped over his own feet. He kicked her, and we felt it! He fucking kicked her right in the ribs! Something snapped, and even Fury`s vision darkened. There was nothing but instinct, sound, and movement. A roar shook through the trees, rage was all I felt. All he felt, the next thing I knew, fresh blood filled my mouth. Flesh tearing, bones breaking between my jaws. Snarling screams and blood. Blinding rage, blood lust, and the need to kill. It was the only thing on his mind, the only thing on mine! I had felt her pain, her pain! Heard her rib

break, the pained scream that left her lips before he let her fall to the ground. To keep him alive was no longer part of my priority. Dead, I needed to see him dead!

The bitter stench of magic filled the air around us, and he was gone! Just like that, he ran away! No, two of them ran away! The rage calmed, my senses came back, and Fury's eyes landed on Eir. Her mouth was half open, and with wide eyes, she stared back at us. Fury whimpered. The massive killing machine crawled on the ground like a puppy begging for forgiveness. She didn't move, she was barely breathing! The details of what's been done to her became clearer as we approached. Her tear stained cheeks. She has bruises and scrapes on her feet, legs, and arms. Her whole body was covered. Fury whimpered again as his snout pressed against her mud covered hand. It was the most painful and long stretched 30 seconds in my life before she lifted her hand. Her fingers brushed over his black fur.

"Fury! "

Her lips were so dry they had split up in several places. But hearing her voice again sent shivers through my body, and I swear I heard Fury purr like a little kitten against her soft touch. A slight movement caught his eye, and he jumped around, the fur along his neck and back puffed up. Teeth bared, and a deep warning growl rumbled through the air. Fay! There was another Fay! Fury's muscles tensed again. Hunched down and ready to attack. But Eir's hand buried down in his thick fur and griped a fist full. Slightly tugging at us,

"No! Don't hurt him! He saved me!"

Her voice sounded so weak, so different my heart wanted to break as she tried to raise her voice.

A sharp yelp left Fury's throat as she pulled his fur. Still not taking his eyes off the fay male. Why did he help her? What did he want? Did he want her? Fury growled each time he exhaled. Jealousy pulsed through him like a poisonous snake. But the strange sensation spreading through my fur, through her hand, craved my attention. Warm sparks danced on my skin; I had no other way of explaining it. Her scent filled my nostrils and curled around my brain like a warm, fuzzy cloud. and before I knew it, Fury had turned around again. His snout was buried in her hair and pressed against the nape of her neck. A need so strong I had trouble holding back spread out in his mind and threatened to take over his body. Lust and the need to possess. She was ours, she belonged to us! Nobody would ever touch her again. Mark

her! Bite her. The thought rushed through his head, the beast struggling to resist. His warm tongue slid along her bloodied neck, her pulse thumped against it. Called for him, his teeth itched. My teeth itched. Bit her! A foreign voice rang through our minds. Mine! Ours! Mark her!

Fury was consumed by this strange power, these needs, and it wheeled me in. All we saw was her neck, the sweet skin on her neck. Without realizing that we had moved, we inched closer. The warmth of her, the smell of her, and her pulse were now so near I could taste and feel it all on my tongue. Then she fell.

It snapped us both out of whatever spell consumed us, eyes flickering as we watched her. Realized that she had fainted