

The Viking's Mate Hunt

Chapter 35 A kiss

Elisabeth/Eir's POV

It was bad, really bad. It played over and over again in my head like a bad dream. I watched as they kicked Astor in the stomach, face, and back. Over and over again, I heard bones break, how he choked on his own blood. Nothing I did helped. I screamed, tried to jump their backs, hit, and kicked. They threw me away like a dirty rag doll before that final punch in the face made my vision blur.

I remember he wanted to throw me down the river. I remember fighting, clawing at the ground, kicking, and screaming. But still, I was dragged closer and closer to that roaring waterfall. Suddenly everything turned black. A surging pain hit me right in the face, but after, there was only numbness. Caught in a dark slumber, I heard the sound of my own heart, my ragged breaths; I heard how my lungs whined with each breath. The air around me smelled sweet and metallic, and far away, I could hear the scream and shouts. Like I was captive in my own sound wall, protected against the war around. All I knew was that I was alive, and tears streamed down my face.

The ground beneath me started shaking like horses were running by. I remember my body working on its own accord, my hands dragging me forward on the ground. My nails dug into the hard soil, grasping at straws and grass to help. I heard my own voice, but it didn't sound like me "Fury!" I can't remember why "Don't hurt Astor!" My head was hurting; was he still alive? Did I really have such low standards that even on the brink of consciousness, I longed for a beast that had hunted me down? No, a beast, yes. But he was the only beast, a creature that had ever treated me with a shred of respect and care.

Warmth spread out on my skin, and the numbness and pain faded. Was this dying? I didn't care any longer. Trapped in a cruel world filled with monsters, and the world I came from wasn't any better. Why not let go, as everything feels so nice? I relaxed and leaned into that sensation that spread out on my skin. The warmth made my heart flutter. I leaned into it and let the darkness devour me.

It was the worst nightmare I've ever had! But to realize I actually woke up from it was hard. My body was warm and sweaty, sheets were sticking to my body, and my hair was damp against my face. The room was dark, not a single light, but that warm sensation was still there. Thick fur brushed against my skin; maybe it was still a dream. The little girl was safely tucked away by the black wolf. It didn't matter; it was a safe place. Dream or not, what is real anyway?

My hands found the warm creature, and I curled up against it. Felt its warm breath fan my hair. A rumbling sound spread out, not a growl, not a purr, just a soothing rumble. Wrapping around me like a warm fur coat. Melting against this animal, dream or not. It felt so safe and quiet.

"Eir? Wake up? Can you hear me?"

I groaned and stretched my hands out, only to realize the warm creature was gone. I groaned again. So, it was just a dream! I jolted up as warm skin touched my cheek, and a wave of electrical lightning bolts shot right through me. Traveled through my chest, made my cheeks burn, and ignited a warm smoldering between my thighs. Irritated and flustered, reality finally hit me. It was Toke! Toke! I made it out! I didn't think; I practically jumped up in his lap and threw my hands around his neck. Never, I never thought I could be so glad to see that arrogant prick again!

I didn't care how stupid I looked; or how desperate I must come off as. I'm out! I'm out of that dreadful castle! That terrible forest! Safe! I was not prepared, however, for him to embrace me back, for my cheek to press against his bare chest. To realize the dud was freaking butt naked! I wrinkled out of his arms, and after a long struggle with him switching between sniffing my hair and laughing, he finally let me go.

But he didn't get up or out of my bed. Our eyes met, and I got caught in the swirling green flicker. I've been sleeping next to Fury tonight! Not a dream, Fury. Somehow, this made me relax. I was hypnotized, just staring into his eyes. The green swirled with the blue, like the most beautiful ocean I've ever seen. Sun rays bathed in the water and made them almost sparkle.

It felt like I was swimming, flying in warm air, and a wave crashed against my chest. Leaving me heaving for oxygen as small shock waves washed over me. So warm, so gentle, like soft silky pillows pressed together. Only breath and thud of our heartbeats brushed between my lips. It took me seconds,

maybe even minutes, to realize he kissed me, and I was kissing him back! I pulled back, his eyes were hooded, and he crawled into the bed after me.

My heart was about to break out of my chest! It pounded against my ribs; I was short of breath as I pushed myself back until I met the wall. One hand before the other, he stalked towards me. The muscles on his chest shifted and swayed smoothly under his sun-kissed skin. His eyes were just green, and canines were barely visible between his parted lips. My heartbeats followed each breath, up my throat and through my lips. My eyes widened as his fingers brushed against my shoulders and neck. Still, not a word would leave me. I just stared. Claws his fingertips had claws, and as they gently scraped against my skin, goosebumps erupted.

My hands pushed on his chest,

“Fury! Stop!”

I knew it was Fury; he was the one in command. I don’t know how I knew this, but I felt it. Saw it in his demeanor, and I pushed harder. Again, with more strength, I pushed him off. He growled a little while I snarled back.

“His junk is all over my lap! Fury, get the fuck off me!”

I blushed furiously as I shouted at him and tried not to notice what was about to poke me.