

# The Viking'S Mate Hunt

## Chapter 4 Cosplay?

I laughed, but it abruptly stopped by the sound of a rumbling growl. Did he growl at me? I decided I could play this game too and did a theatrical courtesy bow back,

«I appreciate the request, but I'm afraid I have to deny it, barbarian. Shu, run away now and leave me be!»

Straightening up, it looked like he had grown several inches, and his eyes darkened, so I reached the limit!

«Shut up; we are leaving now! I can carry you, or you can walk! But note this! If you force me to carry you, I will make the walk worth my while!»

His hungry eyes flicker again, his stare greedily taking me in slowly and again, that deep growl. It rumbled down in his chest like an animal was trapped inside of him! I took a couple of steps forward again, and disappointment flashed over his face but was soon masked by irritation and slight anger. Moron!

He licked his lips, and again, my eyes widened; canines!

I watched as they slowly grew, elongating his normal teeth. Hell no!

« Fine! Be a drag! Now come on! I'm wasting my time, and they are waiting! Put that pretty little ass into motion before I do!»

They are waiting. No thanks, I mentally rolled my eyes, but to him, I smiled. The sweetest pouting lips smile I could muster as I looked up at him through my lashes before I slowly bit my lip and let it slide out between my teeth. I had his full attention, so to speak!

So while his head was stuck in the gutter, I spun around and ran all I could toward the edge of the cliff. Before I reached the edge, I shouted over my shoulder.

«Enjoy the view, perv!»

Then I jumped.

The moist air met me the moment I leaped out from the edge, the fall was so much longer than I expected, and even if I did jump on purpose, I couldn't hold back the high-pitched scream that left my lips only seconds before I crashed down in the wild, ice-cold water.

It all went by so fast that I didn't hear his answer or see him. All I saw was water and rocks everywhere! Over, under, and on my sides! My lungs were screaming for air as I tumbled down the strong stream.

Air! I need air! The cold water was relentless, it was in my eyes, ears, nose, and mouth, and after a frantic and prolonged struggle, darkness crawled over me from the corner of my eyes.

My body turned limp, and I was tossed from side to side; just as someone grabbed my shoulders, my eyes rolled back into my head, and the darkness took over.

The nice crackling sound from the fire was so soothing! I snuggled my duvet closer and curled up by the warm fireplace. I froze, fireplace?

My eyes flew open, and I sat up so fast I felt dizzy. It took me a couple of seconds to realize I was sitting on the ground right by a burning fire! My head and eyes slowly adjusted to the fact that I was no longer tossed around under water.

I stretched out, hand over my head, and yawned before I tried rubbing some sleep out of my eyes. Then two things happened! One, taking my hands down, I lock eyes with a man. Two, I felt the cold breeze leaving goosebumps on my skin, so I look down; my breast and nipples are strutting. Bare.

My eyes widen, and I yank the blanket in my lap up as I lock eyes with the stranger again.

«What the hell?!»

«No, Luca!»

Was he serious!?

«What?!»

«My name is Luca.»

I stared at him in disbelief. He looked different from the other guys, tall like them, yes. But he seemed leaner, not as bulgy and testosterone driven, if that makes sense. In my head, it does. His eyes are green, like the moss hidden in the deepest part of the forest, and the sunshine sparkles in the greenery. His jawline is sharp, and his chin is a little narrow. All in all, his facial features seem more pretty than the bulging monsters I just ran from.

However, it seemed like he made up for it with arrogance. He reminded me more of a type that blond would enjoy the company of.

«Why am I naked?»

I'm not sure if it was sudden embarrassment or anger. Usually, I don't care. Nudity, it is what it is. Everyone has seen breasts before. But my cheeks were burning, and I didn't appreciate being dressed naked when I wasn't even in a state of mind that I noticed! That's just wrong!

I scowled as he sighed dramatically and brushed his long, nearly white hair over his shoulder. I didn't really notice before he did, but his hair is long and looks so silky and lovely! Like in a hair commercial! I was starting to wonder if he was a man at all. A model? Then what the hell was he doing here in the middle of nowhere poking a stick in the fireplace and undressing unconscious girls?!

«Because you were soaking wet and cold when I dragged your ass out of the river. You're welcome, by the way!»

That shut me up and got me thinking, god, I was ungrateful, wasn't I? But that didn't mean he had to sit there smirking like a creep! I took a deep breath; fine! He did save me; ill have to calm down.

«Oh, yes. I mean, I'm sorry. Thank you!»

His sly grin turned to a beaming smile, and my heart skipped a beat. Damned, are everyone in this place so incredibly good looking?

«See, that wasn't that hard! You are welcome. You do have nice breasts! Can I touch them?»

My jaw nearly hit the floor; how can someone say that with a straight face? He was still beaming; excitement was written all over his face, like he had just asked to pet my super fluffy puppy or something.

« Wha.. No! That's just, NO! Where are my clothes!?!»

«Why not? I did save you? It's not fair that you keep them all to yourself!»

«What the hell is wrong with you? Where does it say, `save me and get a free boob squeeze?` Give me my clothes!»

This guy is even more shameless than me at my worst, which says a lot. A LOT! He threw some clothes over at me, and the disappointment on his face would have made me laugh in a different setting. Now, I have no idea what to do with myself!

What kind of place is this anyway and these are not my clothes! I lifted up the piece of clothing he threw at me and studied it in the light from the flames. A light pink dress? Incredibly short, if I might add, and a cleavage of a professional working girl is worthy. I threw it back right into his face.

«My clothes? I'm not wearing that napkin!»

He frowned and looked down at the dress. I lifted it and turned it back and forth.

«It's a dress!»

«Well, it's the same size as a napkin! Can't you just tell me where my clothes are? This is getting ridiculous! Look, I'm grateful that you saved me. I am! But I do not appreciate sitting here butt naked! I want my clothes. Please?»

He seemed taken aback by me saying, please, what didn't he expect me to want my clothes back and he started fidgeting with the fabric in his hands.

«I, well, I'm sorry! But that were no clothes fitting for a young girl like you! This is high quality! It's made by the Elven seamstress herself!»

«Elven, what? Fitting for a girl like me? Who the hell walk around in the thick forest in a skimpy little dress that barely covers anything? I want my pants, shirt, bra, and sweater! NOW!»

«I burned them..»

«You did what? Why would you do that?»

«You know as well as I! Those close were not fit for a young girl at her best age! It hid all your curves, breast, and hips! All the good and juicy parts! This! This, however, is perfect! If you wear this, you probably get a mate mark too!»

«What the hell are you talking about? And why the fuck would I walk around showing off my «juicy parts»? You need to get me some pants right now! Those were my favorite jeans! and my bra! What the hell was wrong with my bra!?»

«I have your bra, just not those ugly pants and sweater....»

«Those cost me a little fortune! Give me my bra, and I'll get out of here!»

He jumped up,

«I'll get you some new pants! Better ones! But you can't leave! The wolfs are still looking for you!»

He ran into the darkness, and I was left by the raging fire. Wolves? Did he just say wolfs? Quickly I shuffled closer to the fire and looked around.