

The Viking'S Mate Hunt

Chapter 42 New life to an old house

I felt restless, and the pack was restless. Nearly all the female stayed out all night. I had a bad feeling about this, and it didn't get any better as Eir met me by the door after breakfast and announced they were ready to show us what they had made; with our help, she so graciously added after a little pause. But she shone like the sun where she was standing in the doorway, and there was no place for my worry or suspicions. Shortly after, I had done just as she asked, bringing the rest of the pack up to the old house. The house we all knew as the female's first stop. It had been building for that back in the days, and never had it been used for anything else. I'm not quite sure why, but I have a feeling it is because we all know, deep down, it wasn't right what it had been used for, and for them, this house only carried bad memories and trauma. So, we avoided it. Simple as that. Out of sight, out of mind. So I thought.

Now we looked towards the house and nervously shifted our weight from one foot to the other. The mated males had struggled this night; I knew that felt it and could even see it on some of their tired faces. Men like me, still unmated with a mate present, we had hell this night. Smelled them every now and then and knew they were here, close by. But we had no idea how they felt, if they were okay, in trouble. Nothing. It had been incredibly exhausting! And now, to add to it all, we stood here in front of this old house. We all expected to see the females as exhausted and struggling as we felt, but no. As the door opened, they came walking out all smiles and rainbows. Happy, cheerful, and even well-rested. That's so unfair on so many levels if you ask me! And how is this even possible?

My shoulders slumped down a little, and so did several around me. A little defeat added to the mix of puppy-eyed men; gee, they mastered the skill of rubbing salt in a wound without even trying.

Eir took the word and spoke to us all. My mother was standing behind her on one side, smiling, with another new girl on the other. Can't say she was smiling as my mother beamed, but I'm pretty sure there was happiness lurking in the corner of her eyes. Eir, on the other hand, was still smiling, still shining like a sun. She spoke like a true leader, confident and clear. Her demeanor was so heartwarming and contagious that it even took us a couple of minutes

to realize what she said. Take in what it all meant, and we had been smiling like blind fools that didn't understand a thing.

“First, I would like to say thank you all for helping! This was a last-minute project, but with your help, it was possible anyway! You might all be wondering what all this is, and I will now tell you before showing you all around. Remember how you agreed that women need some schooling/Teaching how to live and survive here? Well, this is just that! And not that. You have so many resources here, with these girls, and it is all going to waste here! We have carpenters, chefs, teachers, scientists, farmers, and engineers. You name it! But what is your main concern? That they learn how to cook your food and sew your ruined clothing so you poor men won't starve right by the fireplace or run around naked. This place will help females learn what they need to survive here and also map what they can bring to the table. To make this place better, to make them feel like they can find a place here and belong! There are rooms here for those who want or need a place to sleep. We can cook, teach, craft, and help each other here. That means, in the next five years, this will be the first woman shelter this place has ever seen. A twist to the name, of course, but that's what we decided to call it, and that's what it will be!”

There was a lot of muttering and cursing under their breaths around me, but nobody said anything. We followed the females inside, and I hate to admit I was impressed. Their working room was ten times better than any of ours; not even the alpha's own meeting area or the war table even came close! Workbenches, a flat wooden wall that could be turned around or even covered with paper so they could write on it! In one corner, there were several drawings of buildings and tools I'd never seen before. Sketches Eir called them, future plans that could make anyone's life here better. Like, I didn't know what a sketch was! I just don't make them that often, maybe even ever. But so, what? It was a little and quick guided tour, and the group dissolved. Some look around, and others seek out their mates. I found Eir,

“This, you should have talked to me about this! And why was it necessary to humiliate the men like that? It is not like its a female versus male scenario going on here!”

“Why? So, you could tell me it was no need for something like this? That females here can only birth kids, smile and act like your mothers? Maybe it was unnecessary, but you think it's perfectly fine looking down on the females here! Put them all in that pretty little box wrapped in teeth and claws to make sure they don't stary out of the “perfect little picture” they are supposed to fit

in! its not mates you have! You told me mates were something special, this is just kidnapping females as houseslaves, birthing machines and..”

“No!”

I cut her off harshly with a low growl, but Fury and me was seething at this moment. Our leadership was being tested; our alpha position was questioned!

“ I mean, no! Of course not! But this could have been a decision made by us all, as a pack together! ”

“You mean the men should have been able to decide what the females should do and not? Make sure they couldn’t do anything that may make them less reliant on you, men? Of god forbid, actually make a change?”

“That’s not what I meant, and you know it! This is too much, too big of a change! And nobody will allow their mates to move in here! You must understand that!”

This was when she glared at me, a really scary death glare too,

“Allow them? Are you telling me these females belongs to the males? That they are their properties? Is that what I am? Your freaking piece of clothing with no will or say? ”

“That’s not what I meant, and you know it! I will let you keep this place, I will let it be what you intended it to be, and your visions are good. But I still think you should have discussed this with me first! And, I will not give my permission for mates females to run off and hide here. That rule is final! Unmated, new girls can have a limited time to stay with her. To adjust to their new life and all that. A limited time!”

I turned around, ready to end this conversation,

“Tell me, mating and marking. It is permanent, right? Is it also voluntarily, then?”

I turned and met her, still annoyed,

“Of course it’s not! You know this already! You know how the hunt works! Do you think they track them down, hunt them, and then sit dem down, asking to bite them? While they are still scared as hell because they have never seen a

werewolf before or shouting their lungs out for help? You might not like it, not accept it! But for now! This is how it is, how it's always worked here! These things can't just be changed overnight because you think they should! ”

I stomped away, still feeling her burning stare on my back, but right now, I didn't care. It was not what I meant to say, what I had planned to say. But god damned, that woman could make me angry! I froze in my steps as a loud boom spread over us, people shouting from the entrance, and the smell of smoke reached my nostrils. I didn't even have to give the command, and my warriors were next to me in seconds as we rushed towards our gates. The wooden fence shook again as we arrived, and again. Something heavy and big was thrown at our defense. We were under attack!