

# The Viking's Mate Hunt

## Chapter 44 The Moonstone

Elisabeth/Eir's POV

"Bullshit!"

I winched as Toke's voice roared inside the dimmed room. Slamming his fists at the massive wooden table and glared at the councilmen. The attack had stopped, but from what I understood, it was only a temporary peace. The old men had been polite enough, questioned Astor and me.

"Now, calm down, young Alpha! There is no need for foul language or raised voices."

"But it is lies! All lies! They haven't even seen her! There is no way they have evidence to prove these claims!"

"If you sit down, we can discuss this as proper men. You might even learn what supports their claims!"

I what claim had been made, but obviously something dire. Toke was enraged, to say the least, and most of his men seemed tense and cold. Leaning forward on the table, Toke took a couple of deep breaths. When his father squeezed his shoulder, he seemed to break out of his raging thoughts. His muscles relaxed, and with a frustrated huff, he slumped down in his chair.

"Good, then we can begin. So, you will be glad to hear we have decided the fay king has no right to his war. His claims seem to be false, and all accounts if we are to believe the young human. He will get a choice of reimbursing you for your loss and stress. If not, he will be forced to show up in court in front of the official council, and we all know how that can ruin one's reputation."

Seems to be false.. I scoffed a little louder than I attended to! Realizing all eyes were now on me, I crunched back, trying to hide in the shadows. They all turned back, continuing with their business like it was nothing. Seems to be false, I repeated to myself. He was a monster! A narcissistic monster! what about all the other girls that lived in his realm, under his so-called protection? Ridiculous!

“Verry well”

The councilmen cleared his throat to announce he was not done speaking! The mumbling around the table quieted down, including my own muttering.

“So it is your right to complain about this, of course, but that will not be taken into consideration today. Further complaints about the king and his attack will have to go through the full council. And then, back to the Barbarian’s claim and the human girl. The council already went through the evidence, their original claim, and statements. Taking this additional information into consideration, we have decided it will be best to meet by the moonstone.”

“This is, no! No! This should not even be an option! And why would we even risk taking her there? For all we know, they plan to take her right under our noses! Why? Is she special somehow? Or would it be only to hurt us? Are they planning a new war?”

“That is enough!”

The elder man’s voice held incredible power as it boomed. Causing everyone to shut up, even Toke stopped his breathless ranting.

“I do understand the frustration! However, should I take this as your way of saying you do not trust the council? Is this the Viking’s official retreat out of our neutral and peaceful agreement? You should think this, though! I mean, really think about it and what it could mean if you refuse! In my opinion, it is a fair suggestion. Both sides get to present their case, and the girl will have a say in her own destiny. With that, I say thank you for your time. We will be in touch regarding the king’s faith and the time to meet. The moonstone doesn’t judge, and it doesn’t take sides. It is a safe place to right a wrong or solve a disagreement! I suggest you talk to your father. The former Alpha, maybe even your Volva. Learn about this process and what it means. Not at least what it means to stand alone outside the council’s protection!”

I didn’t really get what was going on here, but I did understand it evolved around me! Moonstone, council, and barbarians. My head was spinning. Fey, wolves, mates and claims. This is just crazy, and my head is about to explode! Old men, magic, drop dead gorgeous men that turns into animal, somehow this should have been my dream come true. Instead, all it is so far is bickering, headache and frustration. The old men walked past me and gave me a slight nod. One by one, and when they finally left the room I slumped down in a chair. A deep frown seemed to have appeared on Toke’s face, and

even if I didn't know what all this really meant. Or him that well, for that matter, it didn't feel good. It felt like my world would suddenly change again, and I haven't even gotten used to what is right here and now.

"What now? What does it mean?"

Toke sat down and leaned his head in his head before he straightened up and answered.

"Now, we wait."

"Wait? For what? Are they the law here or something? And, the barbarians? Is that the pack you talked about the other day? The one you hoped I never had to meet. Are they dangerous? Why do I have to meet them? "

The questions suddenly poured out of me, like a dam that busted, and I began to feel dizzy. Why couldn't they just shift and scratch ting out between themselves? Why did I have to be part of this?

"Calm down. I can't remember half of what you asked! Let us just sit back and think a bit first!"

"Think? And what do you suggest I think about? I dint even get what just happened here?"

This time Toke's father spoke before he could answer. The man I remembered as Alpha when I first arrived here, but this time he didn't feel so frightening. His voice was deeper, calmer and there was no trace of irritation as he began to explain,

"The council is what could be considered the royal family, or government that bind our spices. They make sure we all have basic rules between us and manages to keep it civil. Some have chosen to stay out of this arrangement but that also make them easy targets. They have no protection; can't rely on the safety this agreement gives. Trades, health, social encounters, growth and wealth, all this is under the council. They don't interfere in anything except what goes one between borders, or particular heinous crimes. The barbarians, they are much as us in many ways. A different werewolf pack located elsewhere. They are, well, savages. They still kill each other to settle disagreement's, still take their chosen mates by force, they fight as entertainment. Drink warm blood for protection, worship ascent goods unknown to even us. They are strong, fierce and feared by most. I didn't even

know they had accepted the council, but to hand over a claim like they did. They have to be. This all means we wait for a day. When that day arrives, we travel to meet them. You have to meet them, and they will explain their claim by the moonstone. The moonstone detects lies, if you get caught lying inside its circle. You would be cast out, and loose. No matter what the claim was, lying by the stone strips you off all rights. The other part gets whatever they asked for. I suggest you rest, pack what you need to travel a couple of days. It won't be long before we get the summon."

"I say we run! You can still lead the pack! Give me one of the ships and I will bring her to the other side! We leave tonight!"

Toke's voice was hard and determined as he got up and walked out without waiting for an answer.

"Can he, I mean, we. Even do that?"

"No dear, no you can't. That will be dangerous!"

Just as he said that howls rose to the sky. First one, then two, and three. After that more and more. I looked at the old alpha, that uneasy feeling in my stomach swirled around like an anxious animal trapped in a cage.

"They sent guards. The Barbarians are already here."