

The Viking'S Mate Hunt

Chapter 46 Savage barbarians

" That pretty little ass is far away from home. Go back, Now!"

The angry roar made me jump. To focused on the black wolves in front of me I haven't noticed the man that came walking out of the dark forest line. With my pulse ringing in my ears, and my own heartbeat stuck in my throat my eyes followed him. His eyes shifted, but unlike Toke`s eyes, the beast`s eyes lighted up the darkness with a red ish hew. The more I look, clearer the man got. Tall, incredible tall! Toke could not compare at all! The man bulged with raw muscles; tattoos shifted with them as he moved. Dark swirling lines decorated his shoulders chest, neck and back. Even up behind his ear. His beard was thick and black as the night, his hair was the same color. His eyes never left me as he walked in from the side, towards the sitting wolves.

"What?"

"I said go back! Now!"

"Why?"

The snarling growl that pushed through the darkness was nothing but threatening, and the small hairs on my arms and neck stood straight up. Unwillingly I took half a step back, and my hands began feeling sweaty as sound of moving paws rustled through the dark forest edge around me. I didn't dare to take my eyes of him though, the predatory stare and slow sideways stalking from this man reminded me of a feral, staved panther.

"Because you not allowed to leave! "

My heart jumped by his loud and harsh words,

"Im not leaving."

The word was more confident than I was as they were spoken by a breath. That dark chuckles that snaked over the dark field like a snake did not make me feel any calmer at all.

“Oh really? Only on a midnight stroll? Hiding behind a dark hooded cloak? Don’t patronize me human! Leave!”

Im so sick of this! So sick of men telling me what to do! Thinking they can take every decision for me. So sick of it that for a moment it swallowed all the fear. Leaving me angry and impatient.

“Oh shut up will you! Im not Leaving! God, when they said you were savage, they were not exaggerating!”

I didn’t see his face in the dark shadows covering it, but the silence felt thick before he busted out laughing. Something that made me even angrier. My skin itched, and I swear I could feel my own blood boil under my skin.

“I said Shut up! Im not leaving! I need you guys to block the ocean way to! Im not playing puppy, running away with my tail tucked up between my feet. Leaving everyone to their own faith! No! Just do what you are here to do! Block the ocean way!”

I gritted my teeth and turned around. Muttered all the cuss word I could remember under my breath as I stumped back to where I came from. Idiotic men! Men, beast, savage dickheads! He stepped out from the shadows right in front of me just as the moon cast its cold light down. Sudden enough for me to almost piss myself and shout out the last

“Fur coated piss bucket!”

“Well, surprisingly enough it’s not the worst thing I’ve been called. It is a new one though.”

The massive dark man bathed in the cold light, with is arms crossed over his chest the muscles beneath shifted as the disgusting grin on his face grew. But quickly his wide jaw clenched and the shadows around his eyes seemed to grow. The shadows sharpening his features, almost to the point I could believe his face was more a skull than a mans bearded face.

“Why the water way? Who is leaving?”

“Nobody if you do what you are here for! ”

I took another step back, the confident trembled in my chest. Making it obvious it was not there, not the slightest. Only the imagination of it. A second,

that lasted an eternity grew tens between us as he seemed to try look through me. Threatening to steal that fragile little imagination of my confidence. Before a short nod, a short acceptance for the silence that grew around it.

“Fine. Follow me!”

There was no question in that statement, not even a room for objection as she strode of to the side he came from. The wolves that appeared behind him waited for me to follow. No snarls, growls or bared teeth, only intense staring until my body did what my head screamed for me not to. I flowed the overgrown barbarian into the thick dark woods.

For what seemed like an eternity we walked in silence through the thick dark forest. Only the rustling of leaves and grass as paws and feet walked through. The wolves walking up behind me huffed and puffed. Either they were very warm creatures, or they were walking very close. I felt like their heat or breath fanned the back of my neck with each step. Out of nowhere, a little camp appeared in front of me. A clearing with small tents, a couple of torches on high poles sticking up from the ground and a campfire in the middle of it all just popped out of the thick darkness. For a second there I thought I was dreaming. But as I followed the man leading the way more heads and more heads popped out of the tents, from behind them or just faces turning our direction as we neared the campfire.

I remember how rough looking I thought Toke and his pack had been when I first came her, especially compared to home or those dandy fey. These people however seemed to be a totally different breed. All seemed to have a slightly darker skin tone, black or at least dark hair and beard. Their sidecuts were shaved down to the skin and most of them were tattoos. None of them had short hair, one, two or many braids topped their head. But there was no colorful feathers, pearls or stones. Only simple leather straps twisted around or tying the braids or whatever hair doe was going on up on their heads. It was an unfair comparison, but it almost felt like Toke and his pack was the teenager version of these men. Some of the men we walked past reminded me more of ogres and troll than men. I was shown to a huge three trunk with a piece of fur thrown over as we came up to the fire. Looking around, there was 4 trunks placed around the fire like benches to sit on, but I was the only one sitting on a soft fur. The rest sat with wide placed feet and leaned forward, slumped over or resting their back to the wood warming by the fire. A copper cup was showed into my hands just as he slumped down so close, I thought he was trying to sit on my lap. Glaring at him I scooped a little to the side, not

leavening an ounce of doubt in anyone's mind what I thought of his closeness. Laughter and chuckles were all I got. Yeah, why was I not surprised.

Another figure slumped down on the other side of me, as close as the first and I started doubting these people ever heard of personal space. He clinked his cup to mine with an amused hum to my sneering grimace when he almost sat down on my lap to. Too focused on staring daggers at the one man, I didn't have time to notice how the other grabbed the back of my hoodie and pulled it all the way back. I squealed ready to bite these rude cavemen a piece of my mine but was interrupted as several of the older men gasped and mumbled between each other. My eyes locked with the man that followed me here surprised to see some kind of smile playing on his lips.

"Rosabella!"

A foreign name, rolled over his lips. But a name that tugged in my chest and made my stomach flip.