

# The Viking'S Mate Hunt

## Chapter 47 Later Kitten

“No.. It’s Eir. My name is Eir.”

The silence felt thick around the campfire, everyone kept looking between us and it made me feel uneasy. Shifting slightly on my seat, trying to avoid his heavy gaze. He nodded slightly and shifted his focus back to his cup. Something that seemed to break the others attention on me to. Awkward!

“Sure, Eir! So, tell me, Eir. Where is your mother?”

My head snapped in his direction, and I squinted my eyes at him.

“Home.”

“Earth?”

“Of course! Where else?”

“Interesting. Tell me about her.”

I stood up and placed my cup down. I had nothing more to do here, it was time to go back.

“I need to go back. Thanks for the... tea?”

I didn’t really know what It was. It was sweet and warm at the same time. Made my cheeks and face warm up, so I’m guessing there is alcohol in the picture.

“No rush. I want to hear about her.”

“No.”

Now it was his turn to look at me through squinted eyes. Assessing the situation, assessing me. It was enough now. I didn’t want to talk about her, I had nothing nice to say. And my heart started pounding in my heart just by the thought. I knew she wasn’t evil. But she was sick. Sick, cruel and addicted to everything that affected her body and mind.

Even if I had some fond memories, they were old. So old I sometimes questioned myself if they were memories or dreams created by a lonely and scared child. Memories and images I created to escape the reality. The hunger, the darkness, and the pain. I lifted my cheek and looked down on the barbarian.

“Oh really?”

He stood up and walked up to me. Closing the distance between us, and now he was looking down on me. But I keep my stance and clench my jaw.

“Really. Thanks for your hospitality. And remember, keep an eye on the ocean route. “

I turn around and make my way back. Walking through the loud camp, my eyes glued to the dark forest line ahead. Just as I'm about to step out of the light from the flames, a hand grabs my shoulder. The hand is so big against my shoulder, almost like his fingers stretched down on my chest. I get spun around before I even get to react. Glaring right back at an overly amused barbarian.

“Now, now little girl. Are you leavening so soon? You didn't even ask my name! Tsk, tsk!”

He shook his head, but his amusement was evident in his crooked smile while looking down on me. I swallow meeting his gaze. I knew it was too easy, too smooth. What would happen now? They could not hurt me, could they? I wasn't running away. I had to show up at the Moon Stone, the council expected it. My heart started to pound in my chest.

Had I been too bold this time? I knew nothing about the barbarians, to be honest, I didn't even know much about the Vikings pack either. The sound of my pulse increased in my ears as his hand snaked down around my waist and lead me back. My feet reluctantly followed. There was no direct force, but there was no room for declining either.

This time I'm showed inside a huge tent. It looked bigger inside than the outside promised it to be, and I looked around a little surprised. The air is filled with smoke and warmth from the open flames. A corner is filled with fur, leather, colorful pillows, and blankets. A bed I assumed, much more luxurious than I had expected it to be! I pictured more small sticks and plain animal hides.

There was also a table, a chair, burning candles and something that smelled like both vanilla and cinnamon. Scented candles? Nah, that can't be it! A gentle push on my back lead me further into the tent and over to a chair made of massive logs. It is draped with thick and fluffy furs, and I was firmly placed down in it. My eyes widened as he kneeled in front of me.

A little uncomfortable I shift in the chair as he places his hands on my knees, still looking up at me. Like he is waiting for something, me on the other hand look everywhere else. Suddenly so very interested in this tent's décor and furniture.

"Tell me about your mother."

I frown and finally meet his gaze. That's it?

"I already said no."

"Nobody says no to me little kitten."

His grip tightens above my knees, his eyes look so dark but still, that smile play at the corner of his mouth. The defiance coil inside my chest as our eyes lock.

"Why?"

"Because I asked."

I sighed. I still had to swallow my ego, my opposition as it still fills my chest and throat. I know he is smiling; I know he is asking. For now. But there is no doubt, no was not an acceptable answer.

"Fine. Tell me what you want to know instead for a vague question like that!"

I sneered back. So, what I had to follow his lead, doesn't mean I will just lay everything out there. He has no idea what he is asking for. So, I lean back and cross my arms over my chest.

"How is she?"

"Most likely passed out, meaning she is fine. Next question."

I can feel how my chest tighten, and my old mask slips on when I talk about her. The emotionless, cold mask that hid my face. Protected me, a mask I haven't missed.

"Oh, okay. Did she ever get that garden she wanted? With sunflowers and small rose bushes?"

I arched a brow and shook my head.

"No"

"Does she still bake?"

I snorted, and finally he was the confused one.

"Look, I don't know who you think I am, or my mom. But obviously not who you think! My mom never cared for flowers; she can't even turn on the stov without burning down the fucking kitchen! "

The intensity in his eyes, and voice fade as he leaned back and sit on the floor by my feet. Obviously thinking, so I give him some time. Give him the opportunity to realis he is wrong. I almost rolled my eyes when he continued asking, apparently not ready to realize it.

"So, is she sick?"

"You can call it that."

"how?"

"Does it matter? I'm not the one you think I am, so neither is she. Are we done now?"

"Yes. We will take you back."

It was not what I had in mind, being walked up to the massive walls like a misbehaved teenager. Barbarians flanking my back, and I looked up at the one walking next to me. He was right, I never even asked his name.

"What is your name?"

He didn't look at me, his eyes glued to the gate about to open.

“Tew. My name is Tew. I will see you later kitten!”

As Toke, his father and a couple of warriors streamed out, he turned and walked away. Leaving me alone there in the shadows to face Toke.