

The Viking'S Mate Hunt

Chapter 48 Locked up

“What were you thinking?”

Toke paced back and forth, still ranting. I've tried to get in a word since he basically dragged me back behind the walls. Everyone else had disappeared, sensing his mood. So now there was only us here in the massive empty hall. Lit up by the fireplace and a couple of burning lamps.

“What if they found you? Did you ever think about that? What they could have done to you?”

“But I..”

“No, because you didn't think! This is not your world! You can't just walk around shouting about equal rights! That doesn't mean shit here!”

“Toke! That..”

He abruptly cut me off again, and I don't know why I still try! I get that he is angry and worried, but he is taking it too far!

“Nobody cares what you think! What you mean! Make things better! It is the strongest that decides. The fastest or the cruelest! As simple as that, you better learn that!”

My heart hammered inside my chest, and anger and hurt raged through my body. What he said hurt, that he was the one saying it made it even worse. That what I mean doesn't matter; what I think doesn't matter. He is making it sound like I'm a mindless, stupid girl strutting around, unaware of my surroundings. Naïve and clueless to how society works, and on top of it all, what I think and mean.

I clench my teeth and clutch my shirt under the table while glaring. Following his pacing figure almost trembling with anger as he continued spewing out insults. When the lump in my throat felt like it was going to choke me, and the weight on my chest threatened to break my ribs, he slowed down.

He stopped and leaned forward on the table, head hanging down while breathing heavily for a couple of long minutes. When he didn't speak again, I figured he was done. He got all of it off his chest, so I stood up, wanting to leave the room. I've had more than enough for one day, and both of us could use some time cooling down.

"Are you done? Feel better now?"

I couldn't help myself, and finally, he looked up. Looked at me, and even when calm, the anger was smoldering in his eyes. Dark shadows seemed to draw up around his eyes.

"No! No, I don't, Eir! That was so reckless and dangerous of you! Do you even know what this little stunt of yours did to me? To Fury? How fucking scared we were!?!"

"No, and I'm sorry for that. But I didn't just"

"It doesn't matter! What you thought you were doing, planned, or that you, against all odds, came back unharmed. The point is that this will never happen again. Am I clear?"

"Of course, it matters! And no, no, you are not! Maybe it was a little reckless, but at least I.."

"No! Just no Eir! It is enough, and you did enough for one day! This will never happen was not a question. It was an order; from now on, you are forbidden to leave our hut without an assigned guard. "

His anger was back in full; I'm surprised steam didn't rise out of his ears!

"Forbid me? Our hut? Do you even hear y..."

"That was all! That is final! Rune is waiting to take you to the hut. Now! And you will stay there until I get back!"

I staggered back, staring with wide eyes at him as he roared. His voice more animal than human and filled the room like thick, suffocating smoke. The strength of his voice was like nothing I'd ever heard from him before. Unable to respond, I watched him walk away with my mouth hanging open. He could not be serious?

He had been serious. For the rest of the night, I was locked up inside Toke's little hut. He didn't even come back, and Rune stayed outside the whole time. Just shaking his head and blocking my way the one time I popped my head out the door.

The whole next day went by, and still no sign of him. Meals were brought in, but nobody spoke to me. It made me feel so alienated, like I was a criminal or traitor of the worse kind. After dinner, I stopped pacing and cursing at the walls. The air just rushed out of me, and I felt deflated as I watched out the little window.

The raging anger and frustration faded, but the aching lump in my chest remained. I get that he was talking out of anger, high on adrenaline, but his words hurt me. Made me feel useless and not letting me defend myself. I felt worthless, a feeling I was way too familiar with but never expected him to make me feel.

He had more than enough time to calm down, to think now, but still, there was no sign of him. That added even more to the pain. He didn't think he was wrong, that he had said anything wrong. A soft knock on the door yanked me out of my looming thoughts and misery, and I perked up. Staring at the door. I felt stupid, and it was hard to admit, but the only one I wanted to see on the other side of that door was Toke.

Having admitted that the disappointment was even worse when it wasn't him. it felt like a final blow, and the little hope that had sparked vanished. The young girl rushed in and picked up everything they gave me for dinner without a word like the rest. When she was done, she pushed a little cup in front of me, and I looked up;

"Tea, it will help you calm. Drink it while it is hot, and you will feel better."

With a sad smile and a slight nod, she was gone again. And I stared down at the little steaming cup. I never was a tea lover; I liked coffee. Black as my soul, I used to say. I scoffed off my own bad humor and grabbed the cup. The warm water was sweet, and the warmth from it spread out in my entire body.

I leaned back in the little chair and had to admit she was right. I did feel better, warm and fuzzy. Even the room looked a little brighter. My eyes wandered around, licking the details of the open fireplace. The little table, the massive fur sprawled out on the floor, and Toke. I blinked a couple of times. Toke? I didn't even notice that he arrived. Not before I tried to speak did I realize

something was wrong. My tongue felt thick, and I stumbled on my words. The warm colors of the open fire faded with the dark shadows closing in around me. I never managed to look up at him before the darkness swept me away.