

The Viking'S Mate Hunt

Chapter 5 Magic pants

This is leather! Thick, brown leather pants! And they have to be at least three sizes too big! The pants Luca came back with look massive; I know I should not complain, but he did ruin my pants! And this is supposed to be better? It felt heavy in my hands, and the dark brown fabric looked thick and uncomfortable.

«Just put them on! It's from my mate's stash, so you should be grateful! Gawd, I'm beginning to think you've never seen any of the work from the seamstress! »

«Mate stash? That sounds so weird! And no, no, I have not, okay!?»

«Fine, just put them on. It will work. »

I gasped. Just as I zipped them tight, they suctioned in and became so tight! Like they were painted on, and I struggled to even move!

«What the...»

«Good, now squat down a couple of times. Oh, good god, don't give me that look! Just fucking do it! »

«Stop yelling! »

I felt so stupid squatting down, and I was so sure they would tear and bare my ass. Fuck how did I end up in all this? But to my surprise, as I squatted down, the pants seemed lighter, like they fitted perfectly. Firm but soft against my skin. Not one single place on my body were they too tight or too loose. What is this? Why haven't I heard of these before?

«See! Told you! »

I could not help smiling back at his smug beaming face.

«Oh my god! These are incredible! »

«I know; as I said, they cost me a fortune! They will custom-fit whoever wears them first. Better now? Lift your knees a couple of times too. Every part of it needs to move around you and find your shapes. »

This time I did just as he said, lifting my knees one by one. The fabric that usually scrunches up behind your knees dissipated, and I never thought I could be so excited about pants!

«Great, now bend over.»

And as the obedient little idiot I am, I did. Touching my toes, so excited. These are like magic! But I quickly got up and glared at him. Suddenly very aware how I just bent over and showed my ass in his face.

«Oh yes! Just like that! God, they fit nicely.»

He groaned behind me, and just as I turned, I saw him adjust his dick in his pants. So, I made the mistake of forgetting I was dealing with a little perv!

«Pervert! Don't you have any filters at all? That right there!? That's just disgusting! »

«Why would I? How would you know I wanted you if I didn't tell you? I think you should choose me as your mate! I do have other clothes from the same place, you know! »

With a grimace, I just stared back at him for a couple of seconds; there was that word again. Mate. Why couldn't he just say friends like a normal person? And why the hell did I have to end up being saved by the one person that doesn't think before he speaks, literally eating me up with his eyes and is totally shameless?

I sighed; I guess men are the same, no matter what part of the world you're in. Horny pig, but I can deal with that.

«Sure, we can be friends. But you got to tone down that creepy attitude! No girl would fall for that! Just makes you sound like a fuck boy...»

He laughed, threw his arm over my shoulders, and guided me back to the fireplace. Oh god, what's wrong with me? He is an ass, but I don't think I have even seen someone this pretty! His skin is flawless, nearly shimmering up close. A light mix of vanilla and dark chocolate filled my nostrils while I walked

so close, so I took a deep whiff. Why didn't I meet guys like this at home? All I got was smelling like days old smoke, alcohol, sweat, or like an axe fabric just crashed on their heads. This was so much better, subtle, but oh so tempting!

«You silly girl, I don't need other girls if you become my mate! It would only be you and me forever!»

«Hei, hold on just a second! Friends, I said friends. Why do you keep saying, mates? Being friends doesn't mean you can't get a girl! I can't deal with your horny ass for the rest of my life; please go get a girl!!»

He looked at me for a long time, and I tried not to notice how his eyes lingered, adjusting my black top. This top was incredibly form-fitted, but in return, it really made my breast look perkier. I'm not going to complain; I'm not mentioning it. I will never give the pants back! And everything is better than that napkin dress!

«Hei! What..!?»

I pushed him a little back as he leaned closer and smelled me! He smelled me! I haven't showered since, I don't know, since I was at Gabe's house! Yuk! But even if my hands were firmly placed on his chest, he kept leaning closer and taking my smell in with deep breaths. It felt like he was about to lay on top of me, so I jumped back and got up to my feet, and so did he.

«What are you doing? Boundaries Luca! Boundaries! That's just creepy!»

«How long have you been here?»

«How long? Do I smell that bad? Great! I have no idea! I don't even know where here is!»

Frustration got the best of me, and so did the embarrassment; who likes to smell like sweat and crap next to a demi-god-looking model? Pervert or not. A little subtle, I tried to smell myself.

«Your human, aren't you? »

I arched a brow and laughed. Was he also one of those cosplayers? Maybe one of those who took things a little way too far? Damned. All the pretty ones are either gay, taken, or buttshit crazy!

«Of course I am! What else would I be? A unicorn with titties? Get a grip, man! »

«Oh god! I should have known! »

I frowned; he leaned forward and hid his face in his palms.

«What? »

«You came here with the wolf? And the rest of the girls? »

«No wolves, just bulging ass-holes, but yes, there were a couple of other girls. Tied up, I might add! »

«Fuck... we need to leave! NOW! »