

The Viking's Mate Hunt

Chapter 51 You cant stay

Eir's POV.

For a while, I've just been stumbling around here on this little island, sulking and hurting. That all changed now, I felt more anger than hurt. I had no idea what was going on with Toke; I refuse to believe that Fury accepts this behavior. One thing is that he thinks he can treat me like I'm an object, a thing he owns. Speak to me like I'm a child that doesn't understand what is going on around me or is even able to make my own decisions. He turned to rage and force. Thinking back, I still unconsciously folded my arms around myself, feeling the aching wounds on my upper arms. His claws had cut into me and pierced my skin. I had jelled and cried for him to stop, but it was like he didn't even notice or care. I'm no longer sure which apply anymore.

Despite the anger I felt towards Toke; I just wanted him to snap back. Go back in time and be the same as he was, but as the first day passed and the second. I got a feeling that would never happen. Arcane protected me that time, and he made it a habit to stay close. He never spoke to me or acknowledged that he looked after me, but every time I turned, he was there. Pretending he didn't see me or notice me, and I was grateful. It made me at least feel a little less alone.

But the second day had passed, and everyone was packing up. Toke kept his distance, but I caught him staring my way every now and then. For a second, I almost hoped it was regret I saw in his eyes; I believed there was still time to fix this. But that was until I caught him staring at me while I reluctantly had to pack my things. He looked between me and my things, lifted his chin, and gave me a slight nod. "Finally!"

It was all he said. Finally, like I've been having a tantrum, refusing to pack because I didn't get to go to the party I wanted. An ice-cold feeling pierced through my heart, and my cheeks burned as the rage flared up. Quickly I turned my back to him, refusing to let him see the tears threatening to spill over as I tightened the little leather bag Hades had given me. I didn't have much, but Toke had at least packed down some of my things, and I've managed to make some simple stuff the days I've been here.

Throwing the bag over my shoulder, I walked away, down to the water without looking back. Down in the thick forest, I turned right and wrestled with branches and bushes until I finally reached a steep cliff overlooking the open sea. Letting the little bag fall to the ground, I walked out to the edge. Closed my eyes as the cold and salty air brushed against my cheeks. I have no idea why, but the fresh feeling pulled out everything inside me; my chest tightened, and a lump formed in my throat as tears spilled down my cheeks.

Slumping down, I let my feet out over the edge, hinging in the air. I didn't want to leave, not at all, and I hated the feeling of not having a choice like I didn't matter. It felt unfair, wrong, and terrible. Anger and sadness crashed together, and I could not decide if I wanted to scream my lungs soar or cry my eyes out. Maybe both? The cold wind bit my cheeks as it brushed against my tear-streaked skin, and the slight burn felt nice for a change like a little pinch pulling my attention away.

I opened my eyes and let them rest on the calm waves; as far as my eyes could see, there was only wave after wave. One after the other, eventually, it became impossible to see where one started and the other ended. I could just stay here, or I could go back the same way Toke and I came from. Everything but this, running away from god knows what to god knows who. It doesn't feel right, and I'm not sure if it is my stubbornness that's affected me or if it was something else. The only thing I knew, I didn't want to!

Living the rest of my life like this, feeling worthless and scared. Wondered who Toke really was, why he changed, if he changed at all, or if this was him under pressure. I knew I couldn't rely on Arcane staying close the rest of my life; eventually, he would grow tired of it or get his own life new meaning. Then, would I have to tippy-toe around wondering if Toke would snap again? Or be afraid to raise my own opinion about anything at all? I leaned out and looked down. The waves threw themselves against the stones down there and crashed into the rocky mountain wall.

"It won't do any good; besides, drowning is incredibly painful!"

I almost fell over as someone slumped down beside me and grabbed my shirt, yanking it back up. Gasping for air with wide eyes, I stared straight at Arcane's profile as he looked out on the waves.

"I didn't; I mean, I wasn't.."

I stuttered as I tried to catch my breath again. I didn't, did I? No, no, I did not. I didn't want to die, of course not! But a silent voice deep down scoffed; part of me wanted to give up, let the pressure crush me, and be done with it. No, I didn't. I might feel out of place here, weak and useless. But I had no desire to die; I'm not that tired, not yet.

"Of course not, but just remember, Not only will your lungs scream for air as you automatically gulp down water. You will feel every part of you shut down as the pain increases. When you reach a sudden point, the pain will devour you. You want to scream, but it will only result in more water in your lungs, and slowly you will drown."

"Thanks for that!"

I muttered, scowling down at the water with newfound fear.

"I didn't plan on jumping; besides, I can swim!"

He chuckled and leaned back on his arms, letting his eyes rest on the moving water ahead.

"You can't stay either; this place is for nomads and restless souls. It is not a place for a girl."

I rolled my eyes while he continued,

"So, the only option left is to go with us. You can't go back. As Toke said, you don't know these barbarians. He might act like a little pup with a temper tantrum right now, but at least the barbarians won't touch you when you are with us."

"Oh, shut up!"

My frustration almost burst into laughter as his head snapped in my direction, and utter shock was displayed on his face. But I bit it down and turned my eyes out on the water too. I'm so sick of everyone telling me this is not a place for a girl, not a place for you, not a decision for you, and so on. I'm sick of it!

"I'm not stupid, you know; I'm not slow or dense between my ears, Whatever you guys call it here. I did meet them, you know, the barbarian. Still don't know what that really wanted. But I do know one thing, they at least let me speak! They heard what I said! And if they are that bad, then what is Toke?"

Besides, it was all a misunderstanding. I'm not Rosabella, even if Tew thinks I am."

"What did you just say?"

His voice was suddenly very high, and I frowned at him.

"That I met them?"

"No, that name? Why did he call you that?"

"I don't know. He kept insisting I told him about my mother, and then, out of nowhere, he called me Rosabella. Why?"

"Nothing, come."

He got up in a hurry, grabbed my arm, and lifted me up. I stumbled, confused, after him, as he picked up my bag and marched through the thick forest. Practically dragging me after him.

"What? "

I tried to open his hand and yank my wrist out of his grip. But he only held harder and marched down to the ship.

"Enough chit-chat. The ship leaves now. "

Yet again, the choice was made for me. Before I knew it, I could feel the fine sand beneath my feet. Then I was ushered up by a vast wooden fleet placed against the railing of the ship and pushed into the sandy beach, so it worked like a makeshift bridge from the land all the way up to the ship.

He didn't let go of my hand before the ship was far from land, too far to swim, and I watched as the little island disappeared into the horizon.

"Come, I'll take you to my room."

Toke walked past and grabbed my bag; I held it back and glared at him.

"Move. She has another room!"

A deep voice boomed behind me; I clutched my bag to my chest. Like it was the only thing I had to hold onto, and I watched as Toke's eyes darkened.

“Stay out of it!”