

The Viking's Mate Hunt

Chapter 52 Who are you little one?

Kids.

They are like kids. Explosive and selfish. ALL OF THEM!

Toke thinks he can decide for me and still expects me to share a room with him like that was the most natural thing in the world. Arcane is not a second better. Acting as if he cares, protecting me, keeping an eye on me, and even trying to give me a little pep talk. At least, I think it was that.

Then he completely changes again, spinning around, acting precisely like Toke.

Why do the men in this world keep acting like females can't think for themselves? Helpless little creatures that would follow their every move without question. I know I'm unfair right now; I know Arcane only stepped between again. But it still irked me; why didn't it occur to any of them to freaking ask? Just ask me what the fuck I want?

Instead, they are having a pissing contest on the deck, shouting and growling, circling each other like hungry wolves. I didn't want to be here; I didn't see a reason to be here. I had grabbed my little bag and found my own way down below deck. Crawled down some steep stairs, and at the end, a long hall opened. On each side, there were several doors. I carefully opened the doors, and many of the rooms were already occupied, but a couple was still available.

I took it upon myself to choose my own while the animals up on deck played around, showing muscles. I picked a room at the end of the hall, and I made sure it wasn't more prominent than any of the others. Didn't want to risk taking Hade's room or the room suited for an alpha like Toke.

Looking around in the little room, I realized I didn't even know how long I would stay on this ship. I didn't even know where we were heading; I mean, why would anyone even tell me? Anger and frustration, it seems to be everything in my life right now. I closed my eyes and let myself fall back into the little bed with a deep sigh. One deep breath, two and three.

I've been doing all this wrong. Getting angry, hot-tempered, and sulking. I need to calm down and remember how to be clever. I'm not accepting a life like this, it's my fucking life, and I'm the only one to get to decide how to live it. Right, I need to remember who I am. Who I used to be. Life was never easy back home, but I never gave up. I found loopholes, weak spots, and whatever I could to make it work in my favor. I can do this here too!

With my body filled with determination and new hope, I jumped up and looked around the room again. With new eyes, with new interest. There is always something helpful lying around, one way or another. This world might look different, the people a different kind, but it was very much the same—power, greed, rank, and pissing contests. Money and riches might not be the same here, but I was still here. But then again, lust, sex, and men weaker than they cared to admit were easy tools. Tools I knew how to work.

My body might not be bulging with muscles, but my body surely knew how to work what we had to work with. A sly smile grew on my face, and a familiar feeling bloomed in my chest. Confidence. I never needed to degrade myself; all I had to is work with the right tools. Take what I want and what I need for a change.

The door squeaked behind me, and for the first time since I arrived here, I was me again. Turning to face whoever entered with a slight smile, not fear or apprehension. I did not expect to have to jump and then ask how high. Hades' stopped, looking around the room and tilting his head to the side, looking back at me.

"Oh well then, what happened to you?"

Mimicking his gesture, I tilted my head to the side. Let my eyes rake over him shamelessly before I met his gaze with a slight shrug.

"Don't know what you are talking about, Hades. "

A low chuckle bounced around me, but this time I did not let the dark amusement affect me. In fact, in return, I raised a brow, sitting down on the edge of my bed. Letting the silent question fill the space between us, and I struggled to hide my smile; seeing this made him uncomfortable.

This is what I need, making them all uncomfortable, don't show them your next move, I whispered in my thoughts. Without shame, I stared at him, and

the seconds grew long and intense until he finally broke our stare. Awkwardly scratching his neck while pretending to study the plain wooden walls.

“You know what, Hades, I’m tired. So if there weren’t anything you wanted, I would like to be left alone.”

Without looking in his direction, I stood up and started unbuttoning my shirt with my back turned. Pulling it over my head, I could still feel his presence in the room, but he didn’t say a word. With confidence and new strength, I turned to face him while I started opening my pants.

“You still here?”

All the confidence I had mustered lacked in my question and came out as a high-pitched quack. Just as I turned around, I almost crashed into Hades’ chest. Freaking supernatural creatures, I muttered. I didn’t even hear him move.

“What? Don’t think I, a mere weak girl, can’t undress myself?”

I staggered a couple of steps back, wheeling back the little sense of power I just managed to establish. I pulled my pants down and threw them right in his face.

But without a word and an emotionless facial expression, he grabbed them right before they hit their target.

“You should be more grateful; Toke left everything for your sake!”

His dark voice rumbled, and my heart rate picked up almost simultaneously as I raged.

“And you should too! Be grateful you were born with a cock! “

I spat at him. Sat down and started pulling my so-called undergarment off. Hades grabbed my hand, but with a hiss, he let me go the moment his hand touched me. As he burned himself on my skin, confused, I looked down at my wrist and back up at Hades. His face had changed; he dropped my pants to the floor and stared at me like I just grew out two heads.

“What the hell is that!?”

I looked down where he was pointing, and the little birthmark I had showed right under my left breast.

“A deadly disease! Now run before your cock falls off and hair starts growing on your tongue!”

He shot me an angry glare and stormed off; my laughter followed him out as he slammed the door behind him. Can't believe that worked! Maybe they are more superstitious here than I've realized; that could be useful! In a rush, I locked my door from the inside and crawled back into the bed.

My stomach growled, but I'm not leaving this room right now. Best to just sleep it off!

I must have dozed up because loud banging sounds ripped me out of the soft nothingness, and blinking; I realized my room was completely dark. The knocking turned to hammering and I rushed over to the door, unlocked it, and yanked it open,

“What?!”

Still fuzzy and sleepy, I trembled backward as Hades pushed me back inside and slammed the door behind him. With no words, he walked right up to me and lifted my chin with his index finger. His touch felt like a switch being turned on; all tension and questions left me as I breathed out. Drawn into his eyes, everything around me faded away; even my limbs felt numb as I disappeared deeper and deeper into his eyes.

“Interesting, tell me, little one; Who are you?”

When I answered, it wasn't me, not my voice; I listened as enchanted as him while the words and sounds were produced in my mouth, pushed out between my lips. It wasn't me, but they came from me, but I was careless, diving into his beautiful eyes; the shell of my body belonged to someone else,

“Oh, Hades. Always the sweet talker. Let her go; your spells and magic are not meant for her. My name is not meant for you to demand; I am earned!”