

The Viking's Mate Hunt

Chapter 53 Elisabeths file

Tew's POV.

I had to hand it to the council; they arrived the moment they got the message. However, it didn't change the outcome. She was gone, and so was that so-called alpha. My men and I had searched each cabin and hut, and she was nowhere to be found. I even went through that old maiden prison, but it was nothing like I had expected it to be.

I knew the Vikings had a long tradition of retrieving girls from the other planet; it even went so deep now they had an official agreement with their government. They always left with their carriage filled with precious metals that other worlds valued so highly; in return, they got a stack of papers. The girls they had decided their world would not miss.

I went through their storage of files, and in the beginning, it was misfits and girls without families or many friends. Girls and young women, they figured, would not be missed or searched for. Homeless, addicted, or just plain unlucky in life. They were judged without even knowing that they were useless in their government's eyes.

But through time, it changed. First, small requests from the alpha or small favors from the other government. A girl that saw too much, a wealthy female heir in the way of her way more successful, but younger, brother. I even noticed how one of the girls had rejected the son of one of these men on the top; her files were later handed to the Vikings to collect.

I'm not sure what to feel about this; in one way, it was a natural development between two worlds where the needs changed with time. At the same time, it felt wrong, less like years of necessary tradition for our species to survive and more like transporting slaves. Doomed and judged young women with bright futures; they had families around them, parents and siblings that missed them—married and successful. They were ripped out of their world, out of the love and life they had built around them, only to get shipped away like merchandise.

My only intention was to look for her papers, but I ended up flipping through everything I came over. The worst part was a newer box; it was smaller, but the content was disturbing, to say at least. It detailed the number of girls that committed suicide, disappeared, or died in strange ways that could not be justified or explained. And through time, each year, that list grew.

Eventually, I found her file.

“Elisabeth Mathews”

My heart broke while I read through it, and the feeling that this other world was colder and more savage than this world came creeping under my skin. It had been countless reports about her family situation, fear of neglect, Police involvement, violence and malnutrition since she was Just a little girl. Some even had photos of her; a thin and fragile young girl staring straight at the camera was one that would follow me for the rest of my life.

Her cheeks were dirty, and her hair was tangled and matted. Even for a child, she was way too thin, bordering sickly. Pale and bruised, but her eyes were the worst. Empty.

Not the sparkling sense of hope and Joy all Kids had or should have. They were dark and hopeless—no anger, no despair or hurt, just Empty. I felt like even in a photo; she looked straight through my soul; she saw No light. No future, she knew it would not be better, knew nobody would save her. a child that gave up because nobody even bothered to try.

Despite all this, the little girl was over and over again returned back to her mother. One time, only one time, a caseworker was assigned to check in on her, but she logged down two entries, and then the case was stamped closed.

- Locked door, the house looked Empty.

- locked door, no lights. Only whimpers from a dog locked in a cage in the kitchen.

Four days later, there was a Police report; her mother was arrested in another state for possession of illegal substances. Police broke in; there was never a dog. A little girl has been locked up alone in a cold and dark house alone. After a week in the hospital, the mother agreed to check into an addiction facility. She never did. A week later, someone else rented the house; the rent

had not been paid in months. Electricity turned off about the same, and the landlord came over with the Police; the house had been empty for weeks.

I couldn't stomach reading the rest, only skimmed through it. The story went on; it was like nobody even cared that this young girl was suffering. It was a miracle the girl even grew up. Eventually, the public papers turned to school papers and records. Despite it, all her grades were good, and she never missed classes. A couple of notes scribbled on the side stated that the mother still did not respond or attend meetings at school. Even then, when she worked so hard and did well in school, the questions and accusations were scribbled with red markers on the documents.

"Dirty clothes. Did not buy a new computer as requested. Did not attend the field trip. Watch close; The student must be cheating. The student is required to take tests and exams in a different room. The student will, from now take all tests and exams in the head teacher's office. Had to talk to students about boys and have been seen with one of our honor students often at nighttime, with unacceptable behaviors. Honor student's mother threatens to move her boy to a better school. She claims this student is damaging her son's future and reputation. The student received a written warning for inappropriate behavior with a male student over the weekend, Complaints sent by the boy's mother."

It went on and on, one accusation more ridiculous than the other. Elisabeth never had a chance in that world, not that she was given one. But when she managed to work herself worthy to one. There was always someone there to make sure it didn't happen.

I collected all the papers on file about her and folded them before I stuck them down in the hem of my pants. Walking out of that miserable little room, my eyes landed on the alpha of this pack. Well, he was the former alpha, but I'm guessing he got his job back when his pride of a son snuck out in the middle of the night and disappeared.

"Where did they go?"

I've met Alpha Birger before, a proud and strong man I had felt respect for. Now that was all gone; the man looked old and tired as he took a deep sigh and shook his head.

"I don't know, Tew; I swear to Odin that I don't. All I know is that he wanted to leave; she refused, they argued. Then she left in the middle of the night, and

when she came back, he had lost the sanity he had left. Please believe that he is not a cruel man, Tew. But he will do anything to protect his destined mate.”

“Even kidnapping? You knew she said no! You knew Toke locked her up after she came back! “

We both looked behind us as a raging young woman shouted at him. He raised a brow in surprise, clearly not expecting this.

“I know he drugged her! He forced one of the young girls to serve her the tea! We all heard him yelling and cussing at her! Degrading her and her opinions! You are monsters! All of you! Don’t even try to pretend you are not!”

The girl continued marching in his direction, so angry her body trembled, and her eyes spilled over with tears.

“Rune, take her back to the new building.”

This girl was feisty, to say at least! Kept screaming and kicking. Spitting on the ground before she snuck her teeth into the man’s arm. With a roar, he tossed her to the ground; looking down at her, his eyes flickered.

“I’ll take her.. What is your name?”

She glared daggers at me but decided to walk with me anyways. She never answered my question about her name. But she had no problem spilling everything she knew that I needed to get her back. Ending the conversating with a whisper,

“She was my only friend..”

Are you enjoying my ongoing story? Please let me know what you think.