

The Viking'S Mate Hunt

Chapter 8 Call me Alpha

There was that wobbling feeling again. Bouncing from side to side, I groaned. My body ached, and I struggled to find my balance. Opening my eyes, it was dark, but after blinking a couple of times, I saw the sun forcing through the walls in small creaks.

Pushing myself against the wall behind me, I managed to sit up to discover my hands were tied behind me. Trying to move my feet only uncovered that they were tied up. Great! Back to square 1.

“Don’t look so disappointed little one.”

My heart skipped a beat, and I quickly looked around. I saw nobody, but I swear I could recognize the voice. That deep, hoarse voice. In my memory, yellow eyes and growing canines appeared.

“You again?”

I grunted, of course. Luca betrayed me; he didn’t have a plan. He led them straight to me. I closed my eyes and leaned my head back as he laughed.

I pretended I dozed off, I didn’t even bother answering him, and after a while, he stopped talking. My heart was racing in my chest, and a thousand thought was spinning around in my head. Everything Luca told me.

Suddenly the carriage stopped, and two doors were opened wide. I squinted my eyes as the bright light burned in my eyes. Before I could adjust, I was lifted up and thrown over his shoulder, and he jumped straight out of the carrier.

A squeal forced its way through my lips, and it was met by cheering, whistling, and howls. Howls? I struggled to adjust to the bright sunlight, but I saw people. Many people. Small houses and they all had that strange look. Leather clothes or thick, rough fabrics. Tattoos, braids, and shaved parts of their head. All different, but at the same time, they all belonged under the same category somehow, like well-groomed barbarians.

I felt like he was parading me through the place, and I had no choice but to hang there like prey over his shoulder. People stopped and stared. Men, men stopped and stared. I heard a couple of kids but didn't see them, and I got a glimpse of a young woman sitting outside a house by a little fireplace. But that was the only female I saw. Unlike the men, she didn't seem excited and smiled, and a lump formed in my stomach as I met her eyes. Sad, she looked like she was sorry for me, and that vague smile that didn't reach her eyes made me feel like she knew something I did not. What have I gotten myself into?

I straightened my back as a firm hand grabbed my ass before I was hoisted down, I glared at him, and he had the audacity to wink back before he bent down in front of me and untied my feet. I turned around, expecting him to untie my hands. Instead, I almost fell forward because he smacked my ass so hard it burned! I gasped for air at the sudden sting, and a burning sensation spread out on my cheek; these pants don't do me any favors by the impact, that's for sure!

I say nothing as he grabs my wrists and guides me in front of him. Grateful I don't need to see his face right now, as I can feel the blush blooming on my face. Was it wrong to enjoy the fact that my ass felt so tiny in his massive palm? Yes.. yes, god! Get your head straight!

He pushed me through a door, and it closed behind us. We entered a dark but well-lit room: no windows but a big fireplace and several burning candles. Walking further in, we ended up in front of two big chairs next to each other. I rolled my eyes a little; they looked like thrones for medieval kings. We stop, the room is open before the thrones, and a man is slumped down there, polishing a dagger with a thick leather cloth. Before I could study him bulky McBraid beside me here, he let his hand slide up my back to my neck and pushed my head down forward, so I nearly bowed. And kept my head there. I struggled against him, but his hand dug into my hair, and the grip tightened.

“Alpha, I found the runaway.”

He was looking down, not meeting the other man. I studied him from the corner of my eye; he didn't even try to look up. Respect and submission, damned. These guys really take their role-playing to the next level.

“Good Bo, hand her over to the girls and get her ready.”

The man answering had a deep voice, but it was so calm and confident it made me want to shake him. He can't just sit there and act like this is normal!

“Yes, Alpha. Not to step out of line, but she missed the..”

He paused a little like he was searching for the right word.

“Introduction. This is a little wild cat, I think she needs the encouragement.”

I furrowed and shook my head, I saw him grin beside me but his grip on my hair was still firm. I couldn't even stand up. I swallowed as the room got quiet, the metal clanged against the compact wood of the thrown and I more felt than heard him walking towards us.

“Rise!”

His firm tone sent shivers down my spine, and before I could even reach McBraid pulled me up with him, still with his hand dug into my hair. A tall, dark-haired man met my gaze, older and wider over the shoulders. His eyes were yellow, and he looked me up and down. But I felt more like I was being judged this time, and I squirmed under his intense stare.

“Your name?”

I cleared my throat before I answered, and to my frustration, it ended as a hoarse whisper.

“Elisabeth..”

He hummed, and looked at my pants, walked around me like he was assessing an animal, but for some reason. I didn't move, my heart was racing, and my throat felt so dry.

“Now it's Eir. You will always refer to me as Alpha Birger, with no exceptions. Do you understand?”

He kept my gaze and I just nod.

“Good.”

He grabbed my chin and turned my face from side to side, I felt like a mare on the market. Looking for all imperfections and suddenly I felt really subconscious.

“She will behave, won’t you? Take her to get ready, walk past the training grounds and let her see there.”

It was more a statement than a question, with no room or need for me to answer, so I didn’t say a word. They both stared at me, and he arched a brow, waiting. The grip on my neck and hair tightened again, so hard tears stung in my eyes.

“Yes, Alpha.”

“Good enough, Go!”