

Geek Wolf Chapter 2 - Tips

Jasmine Flume took a deep breath of the clear Alaskan air. She leaned over the railing of the cruise ship, gazing out at the steely gray sea. The dark Prussian blue sky overhead was dotted with low clouds.

This was Jasmine's first vacation in five years. She'd been working nonstop all that time, writing thousands of words every day to meet the demands of her publisher.

Her audience was always hungry for more and she was happy to oblige them, but with everything going on back at home she really had to get away. Her last novel had been a raving success. She'd won several awards, but she had also picked up a crazed fan.

Jasmine watched the little town of Selkie, Alaska growing closer as the cruise ship chugged along towards the harbor. She had chosen this isolated location for her getaway because the fan had become a stalker.

He'd left a dead cat on her doorstep. She didn't know for certain if it had been him. His usual MO was taunting messages on social media, stalking her reviewers and readers, and talking about how she needed to be taught what real love looks like.

Jasmine had assumed he meant by him, but who knew what happened in the mind of a lunatic? He seemed so committed to harassing her that Jasmine didn't feel safe in her home anymore.

She was lucky to have a lovely home in a lovely neighborhood in wine country. It was a dream come true and a constant inspiration for her books. She loved to write the sweet stories about couples finding each other among the grapevines and walnut groves.

Jasmine was doing her life's work and living the dream. Unfortunately, all her dedication to writing about love had left little time for her to find her own. At thirty-two years old she was still single.

If this was one of her books, the heroine would find her true love on this quaint little island, but Jasmine knew that real life wasn't like love stories.

She had booked a two-week stay in a luxury resort cabin right outside of town. Jasmine smiled as the cruise ship came into port. The passengers would be disembarking soon so she returned to her room to pack up her things and prepare to disembark.

Jasmine booked a ride to the cabin, grabbed her things, and headed out onto the deck. The passengers were already disembarking so she took her place in line and walked down the deck onto the pier.

The sun was high in the Alaskan sky, and she smiled at the thought of a grand adventure. She walked down the dock and her phone led her to her ride. She waved at the driver and climbed in the back seat.

“Hi,” she said. “That was fast.”

He smiled through the rearview mirror and welcomed her to Selkie.

“This is my first vacation in years. I am thinking that this was the right choice. I should get plenty of rest and relaxation.”

“Selkie has a lot to offer. We have a community theater, art galleries, amazing restaurants, first run films at the theater, unique shopping, and all the attractions of Alaska. You can even rent a boat to go sports fishing if that’s to your liking.”

“I’m not sure that is the kind of activity I’m looking for, but I do want to visit these little shops,” she said as they drove through town.

Everything looked so quaint and old-fashioned. The stores boasted local handicrafts and artwork as well as books and clothes and any number of interesting things.

When they passed a seafood restaurant, Jasmine’s stomach grumbled. She had only eaten a little bit of breakfast and was famished now that it was after lunchtime. The resort had a buffet laid out at all times, and she patted her stomach in anticipation.

She hoped the fresh ocean air and amazing seafood would help her become fitter and healthier than when she arrived. She loved her curves. They were some of her best features.

When the driver pulled up in front of the resort, Jasmine was enchanted by the massive log hotel that made up the main building of the resort.

“Thank you so much for the ride,” she said as the driver pulled her bags out of the trunk.

She grabbed the handle of her rolling suitcase and started up the concrete path to the front door. Inside she was greeted by a receptionist who booked her into her room.

“It’s right down this path and to the right,” the woman said, pointing at a map. “Number 422. I will get a porter to take your bags.”

“That’s all right. I got it. I’ve got to get my appetite up for the lunch buffet.”

“They’re just changing over now in the main dining room.”

The receptionist pointed towards the entrance to the dining room. Jasmine could already smell the delectable foods on offer. She took her bags out the back door and

followed the map to her cabin. It was down a private little path and was surrounded by trees. Birds sang from the boughs and the spring sunshine warmed her cheeks.

Jasmine passed her key card over the door and stepped inside. The front room had a living room, dining room, and even a mini kitchen in case she wanted to make her own coffee and snacks.

There was a fireplace, a full couch and loveseat, as well as a table that seated four. Through the door into the bedroom, she found a queen-size bed with a fluffy quilt and a television. There was also a modern bathroom with a Jacuzzi tub and shower. It was certainly luxury living.

After quickly settling in, she returned to the dining room. Jasmine grabbed a tray and examined the many buffet tables. There were soups and meats, side dishes and fruits, vegetables and desserts. But the most amazing offering of all was the seafood.

Jasmine started with a salad and a bowl of clam chowder. She sat down at her table and began to spoon the chowder into her mouth. As she ate, she heard several women at the table next to her talking and laughing about their trip.

“You know that Selkie is full of shifter men,” one of them said.

“We have to sign up for mate dotcom,” her friend laughed.

“I heard Selkie has one of the highest percentage of shifters in the country,” the first one said.

“Just because there’s so many shifters around doesn’t mean that we are going to get matched with one. Shifters only have one special person. A fated mate. They don’t want to be with anyone else,” said the second.

“Just imagine if we found our fated mates while we’re here. Wouldn’t that be just like a love story?”

“Things like that don’t happen in real life,” Jasmine said aloud.

The women looked up at her and laughed. One of them motioned for her to come and join them. Jasmine flushed. She hadn’t meant to say what she’d been thinking out loud. But she picked up her tray and walked over to their table.

“We know that those things don’t happen in real life. But there’s no reason not to dream.”

“What about you? Are you going to sign up for mate.dotcom?”

Jasmine had never considered dating shifters. Her last boyfriend had wanted a lot more attention that she was ready to give him at the time. He had complained that her expectations were too high.

"I haven't experienced one myself," Jasmine said. "I don't expect to either."

"We're both signing up. You should join us. We can compare our hunky matches even if we don't get a fated mate."

"I'm busy with my clam chowder."

"Just imagine how much better it would taste if you had a side of hottie."

"I suppose it would taste a little bit better," Jasmine said, staring at her soup.

"Come on, let's all do it."

Jasmine finally relented, taking out her cell phone. But as soon as she opened her web browser, she found a new message on her social media from the crazed fan.

"I know where you are. You can't get away from me."

After that, Jasmine wasn't really in the mood to join a dating site. She excused herself from the table. She took her plate and bowl to the dish counter. Now all she wanted to do was be alone.

Her travel plans had been a secret. No one should have known where she was.