

Book 6 Lost Wolf Chapter 1 - Tips

0 6 minutes read

Blake Winter stood on the deck of the ferry headed to Juneau. Cool ocean air bit his face. Dark green islands slid past as the boat glided over silvery water. The last time he'd traveled on this ship, he'd been with his brothers, headed to Fate Island.

Blake gritted his teeth, thinking about his brothers. They'd decided to sell the family's land. Blake had never agreed to sell. He'd barely agreed to travel to Fate Island in the first place.

The witch who'd murdered their mother and cursed them to seventy-five years of torment needed to be stopped. The others might not agree, but Blake would have his vengeance. The Snow Queen had taken everything from them.

They'd lived as wolves for decades, and they hadn't experienced the world changing around them. They'd had no time to fix their disintegrating cabin and no time to find their brides.

The only way to break the curse was to find their fated mates. That was why his alpha older brother Rex had finally decided to leave. When Rex found his mate Luna on Fate Island, she'd been able to formulate a potion to allow them to stay human.

The potion only lasted about ten hours at this point. The first batch had only lasted three. Before leaving, Blake had swiped all of Damian and Tate's potion vials as well as replenishing his own stock.

Blake had enough potion for at least a few months. That would give him time to decide what to do when he got back home.

He'd been couch surfing at his brothers' places since the sale of the land. All the Winter brothers had found their mates, except him. He'd been signed up for matedotcom, the shifter dating app, since the night he found out it existed. But Blake was still alone.

Finding his mate would change things, and he wasn't sure he wanted that. Rage at the Snow Queen burned inside him. He would have his vengeance. No one would change his mind. Not even his mate.

Blake hefted his backpack over his shoulder. It contained a few changes of clothes, his phone, a water bottle, and his wallet. He'd kept the debit card from the bank account they'd made him set up.

He'd told Rex he'd thrown it away, but Blake knew he'd need to finance his trip back home. There was nothing keeping him on Fate Island.

It was a long journey to Juneau. The ferry had taken off at dawn, and he was still on the boat until early evening. Blake disembarked at the Juneau harbor, gripping his backpack straps over his insulated jacket.

He'd dressed for the Alaskan climate. Just because it was warm on Fate Island didn't mean it would be warm inland. Blake walked through the bright lights on the docks of the city. The air hummed with activity. Cruise liners were docked in the berths. Travelers buzzed around the parking lots and tourist attractions.

Blake squinted and slid his hood over his head. The noise and light of the city overwhelmed his senses. He sniffed the air, looking for the scent of the forest. Home was still many miles away, but he had to remind himself that he would soon be there.

After finding a hotel on his cellphone, he hurried down the sidewalk. He passed shops and restaurants. The smell of fish and chips filled his nostrils. Breakfast at dawn had been his last meal. His stomach rumbled, and he knew he needed to fill it.

Blake stopped on the street in front of a fish and chips shop and walked inside. The restaurant was packed with diners on almost every table.

He walked to the front of the shop and got in line. After waiting his turn, he ordered his meal and headed to the bar table that faced the street at the front of the restaurant.

Fog filled the street. Cars swished past, lights shining in the rain that had started to fall. He dug into his meal. Savory fried fish filled his belly. After chugging down his water, he wiped his mouth and pulled out his phone.

Blake flicked the screen and opened matedotcom. He still hadn't been matched with his 100%. A perfect match was a fated mate.

He gripped his phone, looking at his less than 100% matches for the thousandth time. Why did he care that he still hadn't been matched?

All his brothers were living their happily ever afters with their fated mates. They'd moved on from the past and looked only to the future.

Blake couldn't do that. He needed to rectify what the Snow Queen had done. There needed to be justice.

He pushed his phone back in his pocket. He knew how to get to the hotel from there. It was only another mile along the same road.

When he arrived, wet from the rain, he checked in and got his key. He found his hotel room on the second floor. It smelled of cleaning fluid when he opened the door.

He was tired and we.t from the trip and needed to rest. Tomorrow he would board a flight for Anchorage, board a smaller plane, and then a bus. It was a long journey, and he hoped he was prepared.

When he arrived on his family's land, the true test would begin. He planned to set up base in the cave where he'd lived as a wolf.

It was closer to the Snow Queen than the decrepit hunting cabin where the brothers had sheltered while human. The cave felt more like home to Blake after all this time.

He slept that night and dreamed of a fire-breathing dragon flying before the mouth of his cave. Blake woke, sweaty and panting. His head buzzed and he squinted at the morning sunlight streaming through the curtains.

He gr0aned, climbed out of bed, drank a draft of potion from this backpack on the floor, and trudged into the bathroom. Blake showered, dressed, and combed his hair. He booked a ride on his phone and checked out of the hotel.

Later, at the airport, with boarding pass in hand, he waited for his plane. He felt like he was retracing the steps he and his brothers had taken to get to Fate Island.

Blake ate breakfast at a fast-food restaurant across from his gate. His stomach was a nervous wreck. He hated flying. He couldn't finish his hash browns, so he put them in his backpack for later.

When he boarded the plane, he already felt claustrophobic. Luckily, he had plenty of leg room and a seat by the window. He took one last look at matedotcom before turning off his phone.

During the plane ride, Blake popped his ears and drank carbonated soda. Gazing down at the world below, his heart felt heavy in his c.hest.

He was leaving his brothers for the first time in his life. They had never been separated for more than a few days. Everyone was going their own way now.

The Winter brothers were finally becoming men. It was time for Blake to go his own way too.

The plane touched down in Anchorage, and Blake's heart leaped into his throat. The airline attendant announced they could turn on their phones, and Blake wondered if he had any messages from his brothers. They probably didn't know he was even gone. None of them wanted him around.

He walked off the plane, ready for the next leg of his journey. He would be in Anchorage until his flight tomorrow morning, giving him time to purchase the equipment he needed to survive in the wilderness.

After he arrived at his hotel, he had a big lunch at a steakhouse nearby. He shoveled thick slices of ribeye into his mouth and turned on his phone.

The first thing he checked was matedotcom. It was a compulsive habit he'd have to get over. He probably wouldn't be able to pick up a cell signal on his property. That bothered him. He wanted to know if he found his mate.

The waitress returned, and he ordered a desert. Blake took several bites of the chocolate cake.

He wanted to find his mate. Every shifter did. Was leaving Fate Island a mistake? He gritted his teeth despite the sweet chocolate on his tongue. He finished his cake and left the restaurant.

His brothers still hadn't reached out to him, but he hadn't expected them to. Blake hadn't told anyone he was leaving.

Hurrying across the street to the sporting goods store, he took out his list and began placing things into his cart.

Blake would have to hike to the land. He'd tried to hire someone to drive him in, but he couldn't find anyone willing to do it. He'd have to pack light. It was a seventy-mile hike from the nearest paved road.

Reading the description on a subzero-rated tent, a shiver went down his spine. It had only been a few months, but he'd grown soft in his life on Fate Island. He hoped he could withstand the journey back home.