

Lost Wolf Chapter 4 - Tips

Wyn stared at the picture of the man who was her mate. She'd been so convinced that her mate had died long ago that the possibility of finding him had never crossed her mind. Yet, there he was, in full color, right before her eyes.

She rolled over onto her side in the comfort of her king-size bed. The luxurious blankets and pillows around her held her body in a soft embrace.

Should she contact him? The same question had plagued her mind for hours.

She was on an important mission. Defeating the Snow Queen would take every shred of her focus. But, since finding her mate, she'd been neglecting the video feeds in favor of staring at his photographs.

Finding him changed everything. Didn't it? The anger she'd built up after a thousand-year sleep was a raging inferno.

Yet, her mate was alive. He was a young man of this time. She could almost reach out and touch him. They could start their lives together and create something brand new.

Wyn thought of her past. The life she'd left behind a thousand years ago felt like last year. Her mother, her father, her brother. All gone.

But there was her mate. This handsome man was her perfect match. He hadn't died long ago. He was here and now.

She slung her feet over the side of the bed and carried her phone into the kitchen. Wyn was starving. She'd been staring at screens all day and her ancient eyes and mind were not used to such things.

She went about cooking her favorite foods. Barley and yak meat stew. Yak meat wasn't easy to find in San Francisco.

She'd settled for using cow butter in her black tea and had slowly become used to the flavors of the modern west.

Wyn longed to hear the sound of the bells that sang out over the frozen mountains and the chanting of ancient prayers.

Her family line had fled the mountains and had come to a new world. Her nephews had done well for themselves, becoming some of the richest men in the world. She was happy that her descendants had prospered.

Wyn ate her soup and drank her tea, filling her stomach with a hearty meal. She glanced over at the video feeds from her dining room table.

A storm had settled in while she'd been swooning over her mate's photo. Visibility was terrible. She picked up her bowl and walked over to the screens, squinting at the images.

The flower was still tight in the bud. Flurries of snow whirled around it. The feed shuttered and skipped, the weather interfering with the connection.

She frowned and drank the last of the broth in her bowl. There was little she could do now except go to sleep and look again in the morning.

Her cellphone buzzed on the table behind her. Wyn turned slowly, empty bowl in her hands. She raised her eyebrow and crossed the room, expecting a text from her nephew Bolin, once again pleading with her to reconsider her mission.

She scooped up the phone and stared at the screen.

"Hi. I'm Blake Winter. Your mate."

Wyn bit her lip. She should have expected this. She'd avoided contacting him for the last six hours, but that didn't mean that he wouldn't contact her.

She had no idea how to respond. What was she supposed to say? Hi. I'm an eleven-hundred-year-old dragon who just woke from a thousand-year curse. And I like yak butter in my tea.

Wyn scratched her head and scrunched up her eyebrows. She had no contingency plan for this. Damn Bolin for distracting her with his talk of finding her mate.

Now she'd found him. And he'd found her. She would have to deal with it one way or another.

"Hi. I'm Wyn," she typed, biting her lip.

"I'm glad to meet you, Wyn."

"Me too."

Was she glad to meet him? She should be. He was her mate. That was the way things worked. Any shifter who found her mate should be overjoyed. She wanted to be overjoyed. Blake seemed like a good person.

He was a wolf shifter with a large family of brothers. He lived in Alaska, although his bio didn't say where. She wondered how close he was. Could she fly to him now?

Her inner dragon purred at the thought of it. Mate.

"Where are you from?" he asked.

She didn't know what to say. She was from ancient Tibet, but that wasn't exactly something you told someone over a text message.

"San Francisco. And you?"

"I'm from Alaska. Lived here all my life. My family lives in a little town called Selkie on Fate Island in the south. It's a nice place."

"Is that where you are now?" she asked.

Her inner dragon was growing more agitated by the second, sending her images of taking off and flying there.

"I'm on a vacation right now," he said.

"A vacation?"

"It's a long story. I didn't expect to find my mate right now. It's an interesting turn of events."

"Oh? How so?"

"Fate works in mysterious ways."

Wyn frowned at his cryptic replies. Of course, she wasn't exactly being honest either. He probably thought she was in San Francisco rather than snow-covered Alaska.

Her inner dragon seemed to take over her fingers. "I'd like to meet you." She waited for several minutes for his reply.

"That won't be possible at this time."

Her heart sank, and that irritated her. It was better that they never met. She had a mission to fulfill. She was going to take out the Snow Queen if it was the last thing she ever did.

"When will it be possible?"

Wyn couldn't believe herself. She was the Princess of the Flame. She should not be acting like a simpering wench.

After a long pause, he said, "I'm not sure it ever will be."

Wyn put down her phone. Her heart raged in her chest, her dragon inconsolable. Now that she'd found her mate, her inner dragon was unwilling to let him go. The screaming and crying inside her head would drive her mad. Wyn rubbed her temples and paced the room.

What was she going to do now? She wouldn't be able to think straight if the beast within wouldn't be quiet.

Mate!

"Stop it. Stop it!" Wyn demanded, rubbing her head.

Find him. Claim him. Now!

Wyn whirled around and picked up the phone.

"I need to see you," she typed. "Or I think my dragon might go mad."

She growled and threw the phone at the couch. It bounced and fell on the floor. Anger surged inside her and then panic. She ran over to the phone and picked it up, making sure it still worked.

"I'm sorry. I wish I could change things. I never expected to find you."

"Tell me where you are."

"I'm afraid I can't. I should never have contacted you. I don't want to hurt you."

"Are you rejecting me?" she demanded.

Wyn had never been so insulted. She was a dragon princess. The leader of her people. No one had ever said no to her in her entire life. Now this pathetic little wolf dared to reject her.

Her inner dragon moaned. The flames of Wyn's rage grew into an inferno. She would not allow this to deter her. This man was never supposed to be a factor in her life. She was here to stop a dangerous witch and send her back to hell where she belonged.

"I'm not rejecting you, Wyn. How could I?"

"Perhaps I should reject you. I am an important dragon. A true princess. What are you? A mere wolf from an insignificant island."

"I deserve that," he said.

Wyn suddenly felt terrible. Why had she insulted him? She slapped her palm to her forehead. A thousand-year sleep had done nothing for her diplomacy.

“I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have said that.”

“Maybe we should talk. What’s your number?”

Wyn stood staring at the text for a long time. She didn’t know if she wanted things to go any further. Now that he was offering to get closer, she felt like she wanted to run away.

He was already messing with her emotions. That would not help her defeat a powerful and dangerous demon like the Snow Queen.

She hesitated for a long time. His phone number came up on the next message.

“Call any time.”

She sighed and set the phone on the table. She couldn’t imagine calling him now. She was too out of sorts. She was not at her best. She’d been horribly rude, and her inner dragon was screaming like a banshee.

She wouldn’t respond tonight. Instead, she went to take a shower, washed her hair and skin, dressed in her most comfortable pajamas, and climbed into bed.

She was a grown woman. A mature dragon who should have been queen. Yet she was acting like a hot-headed child. It did not become her.

She didn’t even know if she wanted a mate. Not now. Not when she was so close to ending the Snow Queen’s miserable existence.

It took her a long time to fall asleep. She had fitful dreams of her trying and failing to overcome the witch. Each time she attempted to decapitate the demon, the witch’s eyes opened, and she blew Wyn away with a flurry of ice and snow.

Each time Wyn was cursed again, encased in ice. Doomed for eternity.

She woke in the morning with tears in her eyes. She was not only defeated by her enemy, but she’d also lost her one chance at true love. Her heart felt broken, though nothing had really happened.

She picked up her phone and stared at the screen. Blake hadn’t texted her again, but his phone number was right there. If she tapped it, the phone would dial him.

Her finger hovered over the number. Her heart raced. She wanted to call him. She wanted to find him and fall madly in love.

But he'd said they couldn't meet. There was something going on with him that he didn't want to tell her about.

The same thing was true for her. She, however, had allowed herself a moment of weakness. She'd asked to meet him. It had been a mistake. A mistake she would not make again.

She meant to turn off the phone, but instead, her finger tapped his phone number and dialed.

Wyn sucked in a breath and hung up. She tossed the phone on her bed and went to the kitchen to make herself some tea.

She needed to get over this whole mate situation. It was just a distraction. She only wanted to meet him because he didn't want to meet her. After everything she'd been through, she could live without a mate.

She'd gone this long without the love of her life. She could continue on without him forever.