

Lost Wolf Chapter 6 - Tips

Wyn moved the control knobs on her drone, angling the camera to zoom in on the wolf. It had to be a shifter. No non-shifter wolf was that large.

What was a shifter doing on her land, spying on the Snow Queen?

Wyn had spotted the beast on one of her feeds as it approached the ice palace. She then flew a drone up the mountain to get a better look.

The wolf stared at the drone, growling low in its throat. Then it snapped at the machine.

Why was he here? This was her land. He was trespassing. If he interfered with her attack on the Snow Queen, she would not hesitate to take him out.

Some foolish, trespassing shifter would not stand between Wyn and her vengeance. The Snow Queen had already cost her so much. Including the chance to have a whirlwind romance with her mate.

The drone feed showed the wolf turn and run, charging down the mountain trail. She followed him from a distance, watching his every move. A shifter would have to shift eventually.

She wanted to get a look at the man so she could investigate him.

There was nothing stopping her from flying up there in dragon form and confronting him, but Wyn was still hesitant to go that close to the Snow Queen's palace. The last time she'd flown that close to the witch, she'd lost a thousand years of time.

She tailed the wolf with her drone, staying just out of reach. The animal charged down the mountain, looking over its shoulder and snapping at the drone as it went.

Her curiosity was piqued. Could she have an unexpected ally? Or was it an unexpected enemy?

She narrowed her eyes at the beast, following its every movement. The wolf ducked under a low hanging branch. Wyn miscalculated the distance and tried to pull out of the dive at the last minute.

The drone smacked into the wood. The video feed shuddered and blinked out.

She growled and dropped her joystick on the couch. She had plenty of other drones, but she'd lost the wolf. For now.

She could go get another drone fired up and pick up where she'd left off. Perhaps she could track him in the snow.

Wyn's dragon could pick up the scent of a creature days after it had last been present.

She crossed her arms and blew a strand of long black hair out of her face. She didn't want to go close to the Snow Queen's territory. Not until it was time to move in with the rest of her crew.

She took a sip of buttered tea and weighed her options. Wyn's curiosity was gnawing at her mind.

There was no sign of the wolf on any of her feeds. He hadn't returned to the Snow Queen's palace and wasn't within view of her cameras.

She set her mug on her desk and sighed. She was going to have to go up there and find him.

She could hike up the mountain in human form, but that would be a long, arduous journey. Her sense of smell as a human wasn't anything close to what it was in dragon form.

She pursed her lips and made up her mind. Wyn went to her bedroom and changed into a robe before stepping out the front door into the icy air.

The cold invigorated her, and she took in a deep breath through her nose. It had been too long since she'd shifted into dragon form.

Wyn dropped her robe, stepped down to the ground below her front porch and shifted into dragon form.

Her long, red, undulating body unfurled on the snowy ground. The full power of her dragon radiated from deep within her, and she relished the feeling.

Wyn poised herself, ready to lunge into the air. She jumped, beating her wings, and took flight. The cold air filled her lungs, and the fire in her belly surged with heat.

It was a long-held mystery why the Throne of Flame had originated in the snowy depths of the Himalayas.

But Wyn knew the truth. Fire and ice were opposites. You had to have one to balance the other. That was why the Throne of Flame was meant to be guardians of the snow-covered mountains.

She flew toward the wolf's last location, careful to stay well clear of the Snow Queen's palace.

When she hovered above the broken drone, she picked up the scent of the wolf.

Mate.

The moment the smell entered her lungs, the dragon shrieked. She pumped her wings, flying higher into the air.

She searched the forest for movement. She had to find him. Her mate was here.

The dragon dove closer to the ground, following her mate's scent. The dragon's body was too large to follow the wolf's tracks very closely. The trail narrowed, and she had to pull back.

She circled around a dense grove of aspen trees, their bare branches stark against the gray winter sky. She lost the scent and dove down into the grove to find it again.

She pumped her wings above the trees, but she couldn't get any closer. Wyn let out a frustrated stream of fire from her throat, singeing the tops of the trees.

Mate!

The beast was in control now. Wyn's human mind was just a passenger. The dragon dove closer to the woods, brushing the treetops with her wings.

Suddenly, Wyn shifted, falling out of the air, naked and vulnerable. She screamed as she tumbled out of the sky into the snow.

Her body crashed through the frozen crust into the soft slushy core of the drift. She let out a yelp of discomfort as she scrambled from the snow. She sucked in a breath, her body freezing, and pulled herself to her feet.

She hugged herself and breathed in long slow breaths to absorb the deep chill. Why had her dragon done this? It was dangerous, not to mention uncomfortable.

Wyn walked toward the edge of the mountain. There she could shift again and fly back home.

She rubbed her arms as she trudged through the snow. Her breath puffed out before her in a dense cloud.

"Wyn," a voice spoke behind her.

She whirled around, recognizing his voice.

The smell of her mate was all around her. At first, she didn't see him, but then she spotted him stepping out from behind a tree, holding a pile of clothes.

"What are you doing here?"

"I could ask you the same thing," she bit out. Her body convulsed with cold and anger.
"This is my land."

"It's my land."

They stared at each other over the distance. "What are you talking about?"

"My name is Blake Winter. You bought the land from my brothers. But I never agreed to sell."

"This is insanity," she said through trembling lips.

"You're cold," he said, stepping forward.

The scent of him was all around her. The sight of his naked body filled her with a mixture of anxiety and awe. He wrapped the jacket around her shoulders.

"We should get inside," he whispered.

"Where are you staying?" she asked as he pulled himself back into his snowsuit and shoes.

"In a cave on the side of the mountain. It's where I've lived most of my life."

"This is ridiculous. You're coming with me."

She grabbed his wrist, tugged him to the side of the cliff and shifted as she stepped into the air. Her strong talon kept hold of the wolf man as she flew him back to her house.

She set him gently on the ground and shifted. She tugged him onto the porch and pulled on her robe.

"Come," she said, opening the door for him. "You have much to explain."

He stomped off his boots and stepped inside. "I could say the same thing about you."

"I'm not the one trespassing," she said, closing the door behind them.

"I had no idea it was you who bought this place."

"Take a seat while I change. Don't even think about leaving. I'll be on you in two seconds flat."

"I'm not going anywhere," he said, raising his hands in surrender as he sat on her couch.

His eyes locked on the video feeds and his mouth dropped. "What's all that?"

"I'll ask the questions. Just don't move."

She slid into her bedroom to pull on some warm, comfortable clothes. Being n*ked in the snow wasn't an experience she wanted to relive any time soon.

She walked back into the living room and found Blake still staring at the video feeds.

"Why do you have a camera pointed at the snow flower?" he asked, his tone accusatory.

"Why were you on my property, spying on the Snow Queen's palace?"

"I asked first," he said smugly.

"I'm not playing this childish game. Tell me why you are here."

He sighed and sat back on the couch, folding his arms over his chest.

"This is my family's land. I lived here for over a hundred years."

She eyed him, searching his face for any sign of lies. "She cursed you," she finally said.

"Yes." He looked down into his lap. Luckily, he was wearing his snowsuit or there was no way she would be able to focus on how angry she was right then.

Wyn turned around and walked into the kitchen. Thoughts churned inside her mind. She was speechless with no response to his admission.

She put the kettle on the stove and stood over it as the water boiled.

"Do you like tea?" she asked.

"How did you know about the Snow Queen's curse?"

"I asked you about tea."

"Yes. Sure. I like tea."

She poured boiling water over the leaves in her pot and then poured the tea into two cups. She added a healthy dollop of butter to her tea, and asked him if he'd like the same.

"Butter? In tea?"

"It's good."

"Okay. I'll have some, then."

She added butter to his tea, carried the cups to the living room, and set them on the coffee table.

She took a sip, glad to have the distraction of tea to allow her time to choose her words.

"She cursed you too, didn't she?" he said.

"What makes you think that?"

"I'm not an idiot."

"I never said you were."

"You've got multiple video feeds of the palace and the snow flower in your living room. You bought this land with cash. You're here all alone. Not to mention, you know about her and her curses in the first place. It doesn't take a genius to put two and two together."

She took another sip of tea, emotion tight in her chest. She'd been so agitated since finding him.

No. She'd been agitated since she woke up a year ago. Being confronted by her wolf mate was just dredging up the raw emotions raging inside her.

She let out a long breath, her shoulders slumping. She needed to let it out. She needed to loosen the iron grip she had on her heart.

"Yes. I was cursed too."

"How did it happen?"

His face was full of sympathy, and it did her in. Sympathy was all she got from anyone who learned of her curse. Her family. Jaya.

They were all good people, but Wyn had once been a leader. Ready to take her place as Queen and fill a seat on the Dragon High Council. She was never a person to be pitied.

"I was flying near her mountain one day, a long time ago. She cursed me, and I fell out of the sky. I woke from the curse just a year ago with the help of a witch who'd dreamed of my location."

“How long ago?”

Wyn sighed. The words were stuck on her tongue. She didn't want his pity. She wanted his respect. But she had to tell him.

He was here. Her mate. The one she'd been waiting for all her life. If she couldn't tell him the truth, then who could she tell?

“I've been sleeping for a thousand years.”