

## Lost Wolf Chapter 7 - Tips

Blake looked at his mate, taking in her words.

“A thousand years,” he repeated.

She looked away, blinking tears from her eyes.

“When I woke, everyone I knew was dead. Even dragons don’t live that long.”

“She cursed me and all my brothers. At least we had each other.”

“How were you awakened?”

“We weren’t cursed to sleep. We were trapped in wolf form every day except on the full moon.

“It went on for seventy-five years until we traveled to Fate Island. My oldest brother found his mate there. She was a witch who brewed a potion that keeps us human. But the only way to break the curse is to claim our fated mates.”

“My curse was broken. I haven’t had any lingering effects.”

“That’s lucky.”

“Lucky?” A single tear slid down her cheek. “I’ve been so angry since I woke. All I can think about is revenge.”

“Then we have that in common.”

“Is that why you’re here?” she asked, her face brightening.

“I want revenge for my mother.”

“She killed your mother?” Wyn asked.

Blake explained what had led the brothers to attempt to steal the snow flower and all the horror that followed.

“I’ve been wondering, all this time, what would happen if she wasn’t able to eat the snow flower. If it’s the key to her eternal youth, would she die without it?”

“No. She would be slightly weakened until the next year. But she would not die.”

“How do you know?”

"I've spent the last year researching everything I could about the witch. I've read every legend, every fairytale. The snow flower is the key to her long life but going without it for one year will not kill her."

"Oh," Blake said, his shoulders slumping.

"But I do know how she can be killed."

He sat up straighter. "Tell me."

Wyn took a sip of tea and set her cup on the coffee table. "When the snow flower blooms, she eats it to ingest its magical qualities. But to fully absorb and assimilate the magic, she goes into a kind of hibernation. During that hibernation, she is weakened. She can be approached and killed."

Blake sat back in his chair, the information sinking in. He shook his head. "All this time, I could have sneaked into her palace and killed her."

"I'm not sure you could have. She has many wards on her palace. You may have been killed by just walking through the front door."

"Do you know how to get through the wards?"

"I do."

"How can you be sure?"

"I can't. But I've gathered half a dozen powerful witches and enlisted several of my descendants who are powerful warriors of the clan."

"Where are they now?" Blake looked around.

"When the snow flower blooms, I will send the signal. They can be here within twelve hours. Once they get here, we will move in."

"You've really planned this out. I feel foolish for my strategy."

"What was your plan?" she asked, a smile curving on her lips as she took another sip of bitter tea.

"I was just going to watch and observe. When the snow flower bloomed, I intended to destroy it."

"You would most likely have been killed," she said flatly. "Or cursed again."

"I'm glad you stopped me, then. Although, I can't say I enjoyed that trip down the mountain in your talon."

"Sorry about that. A thousand-year curse tends to put you in a bad mood."

"Understandable. I've had the same experience with far less of a time loss."

"I suppose we should discuss our mating," she said, looking at the feed of the snow flower.

"What about it?"

She looked back at him. "I believed my mate was dead. I never expected to find him.

"I only signed up for the dating site because my nephew kept pestering me about it. He doesn't want me to carry out my revenge. He wants me to let it go and go on with my life."

"So do my brothers. They've all found their mates and moved on. They don't even think about what the witch stole from them."

"What makes you different?"

"I need to stand up for what I believe in. So I left Fate Island and came home."

"Brave."

"Or stupid. Depending on who you ask."

She laughed. "What do you think now that we've been matched?"

"It changes things."

He felt heat rise in his face. He didn't want to say all the words in his heart. Blake didn't believe he deserved this dragon princess as a mate.

She was an ancient royal dragon. He was just a back-country wolf. "What about you? How do you feel about being matched with me?"

"I..." She bit her lip and looked away, her eyes going hazy.

She was so lovely in person. Her photograph clearly showed a woman who should be Queen. Sitting across from her in her well-appointed living room made that even clearer.

Her long black hair hung around her gently sloping shoulders. Her brown eyes flashed with her power and emotion. Blake wanted to get down on his knees and worship her.

"I wanted to meet you first. Remember? But then you rejected me."

"I didn't reject you." His voice cracked unattractively, and embarrassment washed over him.

She laughed. The sound was full and bright. And it warmed his heart despite his embarrassment.

"I didn't want you to get hurt," Blake said.

"I wasn't sure what to do. I thought my dragon might go mad. But I didn't want to be distracted. I'm so close. The snow flower will bloom at any moment."

"I understand," Blake said, looking over at the screen.

"Can we start over?" she asked in a small voice that belied her regal personage.

"I hope so." Hope blossomed in his chest.

She rose from her chair and crossed the room to stand in front of him.

"Hello. I'm Wyn Zahar. Nice to meet you."

"Blake Winter. Nice to meet you too."

"I'm your mate. And I'd like to kiss you."

Blake sucked in a breath. The feeling of her hand sent a jolt of energy through his chest. She sank into the couch beside him, their hands still grasped together. She looked into his eyes.

At that moment, she wasn't a princess, and he wasn't a simple wolf. Blake was a man and Wyn was his mate.

He cupped her neck, pulled her to him, and claimed her lips. She moaned against his mouth and wrapped her arms around his neck. He opened his lips and his tongue darted out to meet hers.

Wyn grasped him tighter, her tongue thrusting into his mouth. They tasted each other, kissing deep and long and wet. She pulled away and looked into his eyes, a questioning expression on her face.

"So that's what I've waited so long to feel."

"I need more," he growled.

She made a moaning sound as he pulled her closer and kissed her again. She tore at the zipper of his snowsuit, pulling it down to expose his chest.

Wyn ran her hands over his naked skin. She licked his ear and left a trail of kisses over his neck and chest.

"You're perfect." Wyn caressed his body with her small hands.

"You're beyond perfection." The sensation of flesh on flesh was almost too much for Blake to bear.

She pulled back and zipped up his snowsuit. Fixing her hair and expression, she cleared her throat and stood.

"We can't let ourselves get distracted by lust. We have a mission here. I'm willing to allow you to join, but I cannot allow you to get in the way."

"I wouldn't dream of it." He subtly adjusted the evidence of his arousal.

"I want you to gather your things and come back here."

"You want me to stay here. With you? Where will I sleep? In your bed?"

Wyn blushed and squared her shoulders. "Not until after the Snow Queen is dead. We need to keep our focus. If we are distracted by mating, we could be caught off guard."

"Maybe it would be better if we claimed each other now. That might make it easier on our inner beasts."

Blake imagined her beautiful, naked body under him. His hands running over her flawless tan skin. Her long black hair splayed over a pillow while he drove deep into her core. He bit his lip, trying to push down his rekindled arousal.

"I'll consider it. Now, go get your things. I'll send a drone up the mountain to retrieve your coat."

"I'll be right back." He stood, starting for the door.

He felt a hand on his shoulder and turned back to her. She threw herself into his arms and kissed him deep on the mouth.

Their bodies pressed hard against each other, and desire flooded his senses. He wanted to claim her right there. His inner wolf howled, and his teeth descended from his gums.

"Be careful out there," she breathed. "Hurry back."

“I’ll be back, Princess.”

## Lost Wolf Chapter 8 - Tips

Blake trudged through the snow, passing Wyn’s pole barn, and set off around the lake. She’d picked an interesting location for her home site. It had a better view of the mountain than the original homestead.

He turned back to the house when he’d come to the edge of the lake and watched Wyn in the distance. A drone flew up from the ground and passed above him in the air, flying much faster than he could walk.

Wyn was a stunning, powerful woman. He couldn’t believe she was his mate. How had fate put the two of them together?

He sighed. The curse had broken his spirit. The disagreements with his brothers had only added to his lack of self-confidence. He would have to up his game if he wanted to be worthy of the woman fate had brought him.

Together they would defeat the most powerful witch in the world. They had to. If they failed, they would never have their happily ever after.

Since he’d found his mate, his whole world had changed.

He still felt the pain of losing his mother and his family’s land. But finding Wyn had been a balm to his soul.

Blake entered the forest below the mountain and followed the trail up to the cave.

When he’d hiked this path a few days ago, he’d had no idea his mate was less than a quarter mile away.

He wondered what they would do when he returned. He wanted to claim her. Wyn didn’t want to mate yet, and Blake didn’t understand why.

They were both shifters. They knew they were destined for each other. They had the same goal in life. That had to mean something.

Wyn might have been high above him in status and wealth, but they had the same mission. They thought the same way. Justice mattered to both of them.

Blake ducked into the cave. His backpack, his tent, and his supplies were stored neatly by the fire pit.

He looked around, thinking of the many years he and his brothers had lived there. During those dark times, Blake had nursed his anger, and it had grown in his heart.

He would have done anything to destroy the Snow Queen and her power in the world.

Now he wasn't so sure.

He packed up his supplies, tore down his tent, and slung his backpack over his shoulder.

What if he and Wyn left now? They could return to Fate Island together and start a new life.

He had the money from the sale of the land, and she was obviously well off. They could do anything they wanted. They didn't have to kill the witch. They could leave well enough alone, just like his brothers had told him.

He could admit that he was wrong. Killing the Snow Queen was not as important as the love and happiness of his mate.

He would do anything for her. She was the center of his world now. Blake would do whatever it took to win her love.

He hiked down the mountain, thinking about how he was going to convince her to leave here and let the Snow Queen live.

His mother would have wanted him to go on with his life and be happy. All this time, he'd nurtured his anger, wanted revenge, but he'd never really thought about it from his mother's side.

He doubted she would have wanted him to seek revenge when his one true love was standing right in front of him.

He watched the house as he rounded the lake. A plume of smoke rose from the chimney into the gray sky above. The air felt like rain. If rain came, it might melt the rest of the snow away.

As he approached the house, he fantasized about her rushing out to him and throwing her arms around his neck. In his mind, they were already the greatest love story of all time.

An eagle flew over the frozen lake, screeching from high above. He wondered what it was like to fly. He'd gotten a taste of what Wyn must feel when she'd grabbed him and carried him down to her house. An experience he wasn't in a hurry to relive.

Blake climbed the porch steps, and was about to grab the knob, but knocked instead.

Wyn opened it, her cellphone pressed to her ear. Blake entered the house, and Wyn closed the door behind him. The smell of her filled his nose.

“It’s just a maintenance person,” Wyn said into the phone. “He wants to use the bathroom.”

Blake wondered who she was talking to. Was he the maintenance person? Did she not want the person on the phone to know about him? The thought made his heart drop into his stomach.

He’d been imagining them running off together, claiming each other, and living happily ever after. Apparently, Wyn had other ideas.

He dropped his backpack on the floor next to the coffee table and began pulling off his snow boots. He had a pair of tennis shoes in his backpack that would be more comfortable to wear around the house.

Wyn paced the kitchen while Blake changed into more comfortable attire in the bathroom. She was talking animatedly on the phone when he came out, speaking in a language he didn’t understand.

Wyn looked at him over the kitchen island. Blake’s first instinct was to give her a stupid grin. He frowned when Wyn’s expression seemed to suggest she was less than impressed with him.

Blake turned away and scrubbed his face, inspecting the feeds of the Snow Queen’s palace. The snow flower still hadn’t bloomed.

He fisted his hips and turned back to Wyn. She’d finished her conversation and had placed her phone on the counter.

“What are your plans for today?” he asked.

“Are you hungry?”

“Starving.”

“Good. I’ll cook.”

“You cook? Didn’t you have servants as a princess?”

“I had servants, but I also know how to cook. I was over a hundred years old when I was cursed. I know how to do a great many things.”



Blake felt like an idiot for suggesting she wouldn't know how to cook. He sat at the kitchen island while she opened the massive double door refrigerator and pulled out a package of meat wrapped in white butcher paper.

"What is it like to live so long?"

"Having a long life is normal for dragons. How do you feel about yak meat?"

"I've never had it," he said, threading his fingers together.

"Hm." She looked disappointed while she pulled vegetables out of her fridge.

"What's it taste like?"

"I suppose it tastes like bison, except more delicate. Sweeter."

"Sounds good."

His stomach rumbled. He'd been living on protein bars and dehydrated mac and cheese for the last several days. The idea of freshly cooked yak meat sounded a lot better than that.

She went about chopping vegetables and sautéing them in a pan. He felt guilty for just sitting there watching her.

She stirred the vegetables and bit her lip. "My dragon is out of control right now. I haven't been myself since I woke up. But since meeting you, the irritability is off the charts."

"Do you think it has anything to do with the curse?"

She grabbed the package of meat from the island. "I never thought of it. It just felt natural that I should be angry."

"What do you think now?"

She sighed and began slicing the meat in long thin strips. "It's possible I'm still cursed."

"My curse is broken when I claim my mate. Maybe the same thing would happen for you."

"All the more reason to wait until after the witch is dead. I don't want to lose my edge."

Blake was thinking the exact opposite. He wanted to claim her so that they could reassess if revenge even mattered anymore. They'd found each other—what else did they need?

Wyn slid the slices of meat into the sauté pan and added a large dollop of butter. Blake's mouth watered at the delicious aroma.

"Why don't you open a bottle of wine?" Wyn said, motioning for the rack built into the kitchen cabinets.

"Sure. Do you have a preference?" he asked, approaching the rack.

"Whatever you'd like. I just purchased a variety of fine wines my nephew Bolin suggested."

Blake pulled out a hundred-year-old merlot and read the label for her.

"Sounds fine. The corkscrew is in the drawer."

He found it among other kitchen supplies. Wyn had everything she needed to be holed up here for a long time. Blake doubted he could talk her into leaving now.

Finding Wyn had made him reassess everything. All he wanted now was her.

He opened the bottle and filled two wine glasses while Wyn plated their meal. She carried the plates to the dining room and set them on the table.

Her home was all modern lines and light wood, with a minimalist aesthetic. He'd learned about interior design while he'd been living with Venus and Damian. They'd had all kinds of magazines about fashion, art, and design lying around the house.

Blake sat across from Wyn and dug into his meal.

"How do you like it?" She took a sip of wine.

"So good," he said, chewing his food.

The vegetables were perfectly cooked, and the meat was flavorful and tender. She'd created an amazing sauce with butter and spices that just added to the succulent flavor of the meal.

"I'm glad you like it," she said, holding her wine glass.

Not half as much as I like you, Blake thought.

## Lost Wolf Chapter 9 - Tips

Wyn's dragon was inconsolable. She'd expected the whining to calm down after she'd kissed Blake. Instead, it got worse.

There was a constant torrent of moaning, growling, and scratching behind her eyes. She wasn't sure she could withstand it much longer.

She was going to need at least a half a bottle of wine to get through the night.

Images of riding Blake, her hair hanging down her back, filled her mind. This was going to be the most difficult night of her life.

Then she thought about Blake's hardness, and she dropped her fork on her plate with a loud clank.

"Are you okay?" he asked.

"My dragon is being a bit... explicit."

"I know the feeling."

"Is your wolf being horrifically obnoxious?" She picked up her fork and stabbed a slice of meat from her plate.

"Let's just say it has a very active imagination for an animal."

She laughed, almost choking on her food. "Exactly. How do they come up with such things? It's not like I've ever..."

She stopped. She didn't want to admit she'd never been with a man. As a princess and heir, it would have been her right to take lovers. But she'd never wanted to be with anyone but her fated mate.

"I haven't either," he said, setting his wineglass on the table. He stared at the liquid like it would tell him something he didn't know.

"So you see my point." She laughed, hoping to break the tension. It was a relief to her that her mate had never been with anyone either. It made her happy knowing that they would be each other's first.

"I've seen things. On the internet. But I'm told they aren't realistic."

"Are you talking about pornography?" Wyn may have been asleep for a thousand years, but she wasn't completely naive.

"I've seen the human and shifter kind."

"Shifter kind? What is that like?"

"I'm not sure you want to know."

“Why wouldn’t I want to know?”

“Because most of it is illegal in 50 states.”

She laughed and spewed a mouthful of wine, barely having time to catch it in her napkin. “I’m sorry I asked.”

“I wish I’d been spared the experience. I think I’m scarred for life.”

She shook her head, still laughing. “You are more experienced than I am, then. I’ll have to count on your wisdom to carry us through.”

Blake looked into her eyes, heat rising between them. “That’s not the kind of thing I’d do with you,” he rumbled.

“What would you do with me?” She was breathless.

“First, I’d take off all your clothes and get a good long look at that gorgeous body. I’d take a deep inhale of your scent from the juiciest parts of you. Then I’d lick your skin, tasting your sweetness.”

He took a sip of wine, looking down at his empty plate.

“Go on,” she said, gulping down the lump in her throat.

“Then I’d spread your legs and look at your pussy. I’d drink in your scent and lick your clit until you begged for my dick inside you.”

“Oh!” She gasped.

Wyn’s face was so hot she thought it might burn her fingers if she touched it.

“What do you think of that?” He growled. She could see his wolf in his eyes and hear it in his voice.

Her inner dragon wailed for her mate, sending her images of lunging across the table and climbing into his lap.

“I think it might be acceptable,” she said, trying to disguise the wet need building inside her.

“Maybe we should give it a try.” He took another sip of wine.

“I’m not sure that’s the wisest choice.” She looked down at her hands. Holding back her dragon’s lust would drive her insane. “But it doesn’t mean won’t make it.”

She stood from her chair, walked down the table to Blake, and lifted her leg up over his. She sat on his lap, hands pressed to his chest.

Their eyes locked. Her lips parted and her pussy pulsed. Blake growled and grabbed her ass, pulling her down onto him.

Wyn gasped as his hardness met her need. She wrapped her arms around his neck and pressed her breasts against him. She licked his neck from his shoulder to earlobe, tasting him. His dick pulsed under her.

Wyn moaned and moved her lips to his mouth. They flew at each other, smashing lips and hungry tongues, sharing wet heat and scent. He bucked under her, changing the pressure and direction of their connected lower halves.

"Yes. Blake." She grabbed his collar, her hips lunging.

He grabbed her ass and stood from the chair. Flinging the dinner dishes away, he fell against her hot sex. Wyn groaned and licked his neck, the need in her boiling over.

Blake ripped at her clothes, pulling her shirt up over her head. He yanked the cups of her bra down and devoured her breasts. Wyn threw her head back, moaning with shocked awe.

She ran her hands down his sides, grasping for his waist. Blake noticed her motions and pushed his pants and underwear down around his knees.

Wyn stared at his cock. Massive and proud, begging to be sucked. She motioned toward him, but he gripped the waist of her pants and ripped them off her. Her shoes fell to the floor. Wyn lay nude and exposed, her bra pushing up her tight breasts.

Blake ran his hand over her pussy. He looked into her eyes and pressed a finger inside her. Wyn melted, her juices flowing into her channel.

Blake moved his finger in and out, keeping eye contact the entire time. She kept looking at him and his cock, her excitement growing with each movement of his finger.

"Blake," she squealed.

He bent down and added his tongue, pressing against her clit.

"Oh!" she groaned.

Blake added another finger, pushing them deeper inside her.

“Yes. More.”

His tongue twirled on her cl!t while he thrust into her with his fingers. Wyn moved her body against his thrusts, wanting to find the height of this pleasure.

“Blake, yes!”

He pressed past her virg!n barrier, and she let out a yelp at the pain. Blood ran between her legs. He removed his fingers.

Blake stood and looked down at her. Wyn sat up and gripped his d!ck with both hands, her legs wide on the table.

“You broke my maidenhead,” she said, stroking his d!ck.

“Yes. I have. You’re mine.”

“You’re mine,” she said, her fangs descending.

Wyn slid off the table. She pushed Blake back onto his chair, and she sank to her knees. Her mouth watered and she l!cked his c0ck, feral teeth sharp in her mouth.

“Wyn!”

She pulled her sharp teeth back just as she took him into her throat. She svcked him with a loud pop.

Blake gr0aned and grasped her hair. “Yes.”

He relaxed in her grasp, and she milked his c0ck with her mouth. His hard rod pulsed between her fingers and against her tongue. Wyn loved the feeling of his hardness and wanted to feel him even deeper.

“Oh god, Wyn.”

He thrust against her face. She pulled back. Blake’s eyes burned. He lifted her back onto the table, legs wide.

She sat up, arms around his shoulders. Blake pressed his d!ck into her entrance. She bit his lower lip as he pulled her onto him. He lifted her leg over his shoulder and pressed up inside her.

Wyn wrapped herself around him, her pvssy open and juicy. Her n!pples rubbed against his ch3st, and her lower body erupted. She held her breath and then let out a long gr0an.

"I climaxed," she gasped. "I want more."

Blake gripped her neck and kissed her, his cock digging deeper into her core. He pressed her against the table. The vibration of his thrusts made the table squeak. The rest of the dinner dishes fell to the floor.

Wyn pushed her wings from her back, flipped Blake down onto the table, and sat astride him. His eyes flashed with awe and hunger.

She pressed her hands to his chest, her teeth sharp and her eyes blazing. Wyn leaned down to kiss him, and her hips inched down to his cock.

She nipped at his lip and licked his neck.

"I forgot how strong you are," he growled, grabbing her waist.

"Most of the time." She grazed her teeth over his neck, nicking him. Blood ran from the wound, and she licked it up.

"Bite me," Blake said.

She groaned as she sat back on him. His length filled her. She bucked in his lap, her breasts jiggling as he grasped them.

"I'll bite you when I please," she growled, her wings flapping at her back.

She pressed down hard on his cock, and pleasure coursed through her. She grabbed Blake's shoulders and devoured his mouth with a ferocious kiss.

"No more of this," Blake growled.

He grabbed her around the waist and stood. Blake gripped her thighs as he marched her through the house and into her bedroom.

The mattress cushioned her landing. Feral eyes bored into Wyn as Blake climbed onto the bed above her. His dick was hard and slick with her juices. He grabbed her wrists and pressed them to the bed above her head with one hand.

She gasped, looking into his burning irises. He moved his hand down her body, cupping her breast.

"I'm going to make you mine. I'm going to bite you. Claim you. And you are going to claim me."

Wyn purred and moaned, not contradicting his command. Her inner dragon roared with agreement. She tilted her hips against him. Nipping at her hip, he grasped himself and pushed inside her.

She sucked in a sharp breath as his thick, hard shaft entered her body. He held both her hands above her head as he thrust into her.

“Yes, Blake. I want this.”

Her long, sharp teeth descended in her mouth and her lips curled back to show him. Light flashed in his eyes, and he let her wrists go. He used his free hand to cup her chin and claim her mouth.

Their sharp teeth clashed as they kissed, nicking each other's flesh. Wyn tasted blood. It made her moan. She wanted to taste Blake's blood on her tongue as she pumped him full of her mating venom.

“You're mine,” he said, grasping her neck. His tongue flicked her ear and slid down her neck.

A raging river of need surged in her core as she felt him growing thick and hot inside her. His sharp teeth grazed her neck, breaking the skin. Wyn opened her mouth and sucked on Blake's neck.

His teeth sank into her skin. Wyn's tongue tasted his flesh as her fangs pierced him. Hot spikes of ecstasy surged from her pussy through her entire body.

Blake exploded inside her. His come pumped deep into the darkness of her innermost cave. She tasted his blood as it poured into her mouth. Wyn's mating venom pumped into his veins as his pumped into hers.

Like a slap of pleasure that exploded as they orgasmed together, they were shot into another world.

Wyn screamed with unbridled joy. She knew where they had gone.

“The place between worlds. Where we are forever bonded.”

They turned to each other, dressed in white and holding hands. She could feel his essence pouring into her heart, filling her blood and bones. Blake was everything to her. And she was everything to him.

“I never truly believed love like this could be real. Despite all evidence to the contrary.”

“It's too beautiful to imagine,” she said, sinking into his embrace. “I'll treasure this moment forever.”



And then they were back in her bed, wet and raw and sweaty from their lovemaking. They retracted their teeth from each other's flesh and gasped with new breath.

Moments ticked as they held each other, breathing in rhythm with each other's hearts. It was a suspended moment of perfect union that she never wanted to let go.

Wyn drifted to sleep, blissful in her mate's arms. Only to be awakened to all hell breaking loose.

## Lost Wolf Chapter 10 - Tips

Blake jumped from the bed with a start. An alarm rang at earsplitting volume, piercing the sanctity of his mating bed.

Wyn was on her feet. Slipping on a bathrobe, she disappeared out the door. Blake pulled a sheet from the bed and folded it around his waist. He followed Wyn into the living room where she stood staring at the bank of monitors.

"The snow flower has bloomed."

"We don't have to do this."

She turned to him, confusion in her face. He could feel her conflicted emotions. They were also his.

"We can leave now. Go back to Fate Island. Live the rest of our lives."

"This has to be done." She said it as if she meant it to come out confidently. Blake could hear the hesitation in her voice. He could feel it in her heart.

"Why?"

"You know why. So she won't do it to anyone else." Wyn grabbed her phone.

Blake huffed a sigh, his shoulders slumping. "I know. But I don't want to lose you. We just found each other."

The phone rang, and she reached out to him. Wyn squeezed his wrist.

"I know exactly how you feel. Remember? But that means you know how I feel too. It also means I know that if we don't do this, you will regret it for the rest of your life."

"You're right."

"Bolin, it's time," she said into the phone.

Blake walked into the kitchen and began pulling eggs, bacon, and toast out of the refrigerator and cabinets. He set the ingredients on the counter and grabbed a bowl from behind him. When Blake looked back, Wyn's eyes were big and shining.

"I can't believe it's finally time," she said, clutching her cellphone.

Wyn's hands were trembling. Blake walked to her and cupped them with his.

"I'm here with you. No matter what. We're together."

"I want it to be over," she said, the tears falling from her eyes.

Blake wrapped his arms around her. Wyn hugged him around the waist and shuddered a sob against his chest.

He stroked her hair. "We've both suffered so much. It's time for us to finally heal."

She leaned back, and he cupped her cheek as they looked into each other's eyes.

"You think it's possible? You think there's a happy life ahead of us?"

He ran the backs of his knuckles over her cheek and kissed her forehead. "Of course there is," he said, breathing in her scent. "Now, I'm going to make you breakfast, beautiful lady."

"While wearing a sheet?" she teased.

"I think it's a good look for me." He modeled the bedsheet wrapped around his waist.

She rubbed her chin and scrutinized him with sly eyes. "I have to agree."

He went to the kitchen and began whipping up scrambled eggs, fried bacon, and slipped bread into the toaster.

Wyn took the plates from the cabinet and set them on the counter beside him. As he dished up their food and buttered toast, she slid her fingertips over his shoulder and down his chest to his waist. She pulled at the sheet. He winked at her, picked up her plate, and handed it to her.

"I'm starving."

They ate their breakfast at the kitchen counter. Wyn glanced at the monitors over her shoulder, checking the snow flower. The snow queen still hadn't emerged from her palace to retrieve it.

"I don't want to see her," Blake said as he shoveled his breakfast into his mouth.

They had a few more hours left before everything went down. Blake wanted to make them count. He gazed at Wyn. She was wrapped in a thin silk robe, her taut nipples pressed against the fabric.

She finished her breakfast and pushed it away, resting her forehead in her hand. Blake cupped her shoulder and she smiled at him. He could tell she was nervous.

“I don’t know about you, but I could really use a shower,” he said, sliding his hand under the neck of her robe. It slid down her shoulder, revealing her breasts. He stroked her chest, sliding the backs of his fingers between her breasts and down her belly.

“A shower sounds like a fabulous idea.”

She giggled and grabbed his hand, leading him into the master bathroom. She had a massive standup shower with a rainwater head. It was hot as soon as she turned it on and slipped out of her robe.

Wyn ripped off his sheet, revealing the throbbing erection that sprung from underneath. She gasped and smiled, licking her lips. She motioned with her finger for him to follow her, and they walked under the steamy showerhead.

Hot water flowed over his scalp and down his back and shoulders. Wyn wiped her hands up over her face and hair and then grabbed a bottle of body wash. She squirted soap into her hand and started rubbing his chest.

Blake’s wolf growled and panted with need. He could feel her dragon, powerful and fiery, teasing and taunting his sex. She ran her hands down his stomach and gripped his dick.

She stroked him with both hands, smiling and staring into his eyes. Blake rumbled deep in his throat. He grabbed a fluffy sponge from the wall and covered it with the same sweet-smelling soap.

“You’re a dirty little girl. You need to get clean.”

He turned her around and pushed her against the wall, pulling her hips back towards him. Wyn gasped and looked back at him with a smile. He ran the soapy sponge down her back and between her ass cheeks. He stroked it over her pussy and then rinsed her with water.

He then stroked her clit and fell to his knees, burying his face in her pussy. He darted his tongue into her channel. Wyn mewled, tilting her hips back toward him. He flicked her clit with his fingertips and thrust his tongue into her pussy.

She pleaded for more. He slid his fingers inside her and stood, grasping her as he thrust into her wet, needy core. Blake slid his hand over her chest and tweaked her nipples.

“Give me your cock, Blake,” she whined.

He could feel her dragon rumbling inside her and see her wings and scales rippling over her skin. He pressed his cock between her ass cheeks and slid his head down to her entrance. He popped it inside her as he pressed the pad of his thumb to her backdoor.

Blake grasped her throat as he pushed inside. She took his hand with her clawed fingers and bit down on his wrist as he pumped his cock into her core. Her tongue slithered over the wound before he pulled his hand away and grasped her hips with both hands.

Wyn arched her back, clawing at the shower stall as her pussy pulsed and throbbed around his aching cock. The deep rumble of his climax squeezed at his testicles. He roared out his release as it pumped deep inside her.

Blake rested his head against her back as they gasped and slid away from each other. Their juices ran down their legs and into the shower drain. He caught her and kissed her, his teeth sharp in his mouth.

“You’re a bitey little dragon, aren’t you?” he growled. “I’ll have to return the favor next time.”

She giggled and slipped away. Blake followed her out of the shower. They towed off in the warm misty air. Out in the bedroom, he pulled on his last clean clothes.

Blake thought about doing his laundry, and then he thought about the fight that lay ahead of him. Wyn and her team would be moving on the witch in just a few hours. He would be right by her side, come what may.

Wyn turned to face him, her intelligent eyes reading his every thought. Her lips were pressed into a hard line, her eyes watering.

They were bound by their mission. She knew it. He knew it too. They had both experienced the ravages of the Snow Queen’s warped sense of justice. No one else could be the victim of her dark magic.

Wyn disappeared into her closet to get dressed while Blake slid into a fresh pair of jeans.

“The laundry room is right next to the guest bathroom.” Wyn poked her head out of the closet and pointed down the hall.

He winked at her. Their mate bond was strong and fierce. It changed everything to have her heart and mind inside him.

Blake took his dirty clothes into the laundry room and dumped them into the washing machine. A few moments later, they were chugging away, getting clean.

He went to the kitchen, made a cup of coffee, and sat down in the living room to watch the snow flower. It still stood there in the snow, fully bloomed. Its blue face pointed toward the sun. Five petals splayed around it like the points of a star.

Blake shivered. The sight of it brought back so many memories. It was hard to see it again after all these years.

The cold, bitter truth stung his heart. He'd failed his mother. He'd failed his brothers. He'd been a cursed beast for almost a hundred years. As much as he wanted to take Wyn and run away from this place, he knew he had to exact his revenge.

She was right. If he didn't do it, he'd regret it for the rest of his life.

He heard his ringtone from the bedroom. Wyn walked out with his cellphone in her hand.

"You have a call." She handed him the phone.

He looked at the caller ID.

"Rex," he answered.

"Blake. Thank god." He could hear an airport boarding announcement in the background.

"What's wrong?"

"Where have you been?"

"I'm home."

"He's here," Rex shouted away from the phone.

"What's going on?"

"We've been worried about you. Luna did a fortune telling spell and discovered you were here and needed help."

"Are you on our parent's land?"

“Yes. The whole crew. Luna and her coven too.”

Blake’s hand dropped.

“What’s wrong?” Wyn asked.

“My family is here with my sister-in-law and her coven.”

Wyn’s eyes went wide. “My team will be here in a few hours.”

Blake’s heart slammed in his chest. This was really happening.

“Rex,” Blake said into the phone. “You need to come to my mate’s house.”