

## Book 4 Witty Wolf Chapter 1 - Tips

0 7 minutes read

Tate Winter stared at the four boring white walls of his new apartment. He'd taken over his brother Thorne's apartment after Thorne moved in with his new mate, Heather.

Something had to be done about the boring walls in his living room. Some bright paint would really spruce up the environment. Happy with his decision, Tate walked down to the parking lot with a smile on his face.

It was strange not to be with his brothers all the time. Tate and his brothers had been cursed by a powerful witch. The only way to break the curse was to find their fated mates.

Tate knew the mate bite broke the curse. Three of his brothers had already found their mates. His mated brothers no longer had to take the potion to remain men.

But Tate's brother Blake was angry they'd sold their family's land. Tate knew there was nothing left for them there. They had lived for decades in a cave in a mountain below the palace of the Snow Queen. It was a cursed life, and Tate was glad it was over.

He climbed into his sporty, lime green truck and hurried to the hardware store.

Living on his own was strange, but he was getting used to it. After the sale of his family's lands, he and his brothers each received several hundred thousand dollars in cash.

He had no idea what to do with it except buy a few cans of paint and brighten up his apartment. Tate wanted to experience this new life. Before the curse, the world had been so very different.

Seventy-five years ago was a different reality. The world now offered many new opportunities. Tate wanted to experience them all. He pulled up in front of the hardware store and climbed out of the truck with pep in his step. He loved being able to do something with his life.

Since the Winters had come to Fate Island, they'd been living with a family of bear shifters called the Doolittles. Patrick and Rebecca had taken care of them when they were in dire straits. He and his brothers were eternally grateful to them.

He stepped into the hardware store and made his way to the paint aisle. He picked up some swatches and began to compare them. He liked the electric lime green on his truck, but he thought that might be a bit much for the living room. Maybe he would go with a sunny yellow.

“Can I help you find something?” said the white-haired man behind the paint counter. He looked at Tate over his reading glasses with a friendly smile.

“I need some color in my apartment,” Tate said. “I was thinking yellow.” He showed the clerk a highly saturated paint swatch of lemon yellow, and the man inspected his choice.

“This is a nice color, but maybe we should tone it down a few notches,” he said sagely.

Tate frowned. He didn’t want to tone it down. He didn’t want to tone anything down. He wanted to turn everything up as much as he could.

“I like color,” Tate responded.

“You think that now when it’s a tiny little paint swatch, but when you have it on all your walls you might regret it,” the man said with a laugh.

“What if I just put it on one wall?” Tate asked.

“That probably wouldn’t slap you in the face quite as much,” the man said, setting the paint chip down on the counter.

Tate considered, looking at the swatches.

“Okay then I’ll go for one shade lighter, and I’ll just put it on a single wall.”

“Good choice, young man,” the man said as he began to mix Tate’s color. Tate laughed inwardly. The man was probably in his sixties, but Tate was almost 100 years old.

He had barely aged since the Snow Queen cursed him, but he certainly wasn’t as young as he looked.

“Just take this up to the front counter,” the man said, handing Tate the can of paint. “But you’ll need brushes and a drop cloth. You can find them on aisle seven.”

Tate took his paint can and put it in his cart, then ambled down aisle seven and dropped everything he needed into the cart.

When he made it home, he set everything on the floor. When he opened the paint bucket and saw the color, he was glad he had taken the hardware store clerk’s advice.

He liked the bright yellow, but to have it surrounding him on all sides might be a little too much. He put the drop cloth down under the wall, taped off the molding and the ceiling, and then poured the paint into the paint pan.

He covered a paint roller and got to work.

Watching the bright color lay down over the boring white was so satisfying. He worked diligently until every inch of the wall was covered. Then he stood back and inspected his work.

He was quite satisfied with the outcome. It brought more life to his living room. Thorne had given him all his furniture when he moved out, but his brother had a very minimalist taste. Tate wanted more color, more life in everything, and found Thorne's taste rather bland.

He appreciated Thorne's generosity—it meant he didn't have to buy anything new himself—but Tate was tired of being bored. He was tired of bland and ho-hum.

He needed some fun in his life, some adventure and excitement. He needed to laugh out loud and to feel the energy of life flowing through his veins. He needed a mate.

He picked up his phone and checked mate dot dcom. He and his brothers had been signed up for the shifter dating website since they'd arrived on Fate Island. He still wasn't matched with his 100%.

He wasn't going to let that ruin his mood. He had discovered stand-up comedy while living with the Doolittles. Ever since moving out on his own, he'd been watching others perform at open mic at the bar around the corner. He hadn't worked up the nerve to do it himself, but he had written a bit of a routine that he'd been practicing.

Instead of sitting in his apartment watching paint dry, he decided to go down to the bar to watch a performance. If he was lucky, one of his favorite local comedians would be performing tonight. They also served a killer burger. And after his work painting the wall, he'd worked up an appetite.

Tate grabbed his jacket and his keys and took the elevator downstairs. When he walked into the pub, laughter filled the air. Tate smiled as he looked up at the stage. Jake, a local logger and bear shifter, was on the stage. He had a whole routine about being a bear shifter logger and it was hilarious.

Tate ordered himself a burger and beer at the food counter and took it to his seat a few minutes later. Jake was still in the middle of his routine, and Tate dug into his burger as he watched the man absolutely murder it on stage.

He'd seen Jake perform the same set at least half a dozen times, but it never seemed to get old. He would always add a little flourish there or change his timing just a bit so that the jokes came across even more hilarious.

Jake made a joke about shifters finding their fated mates, and the punchline nearly made Tate sip of beer all over the table. But he sucked it back down and avoided embarrassing himself or drenching the woman sitting at a table nearby.

When Jake finished his set and walked off the stage, Tate hurried over to talk to the man.

Jake smiled at him with a big grin, his gleaming white teeth contrasting with his black beard.

"I wanted to ask you a few questions about your act," Tate said.

"Are you a talent scout?" Jake asked with a wink.

"No, I'm just a fan. And I just discovered stand-up comedy a few months ago."

Jake looked Tate up and down and gave him a funny look.

"It's a long story. I grew up in the backcountry."

Jake nodded knowingly and crossed his arms.

"What would you like to know?"

"How do you do comedy?" Tate asked.

Jake started to laugh, his hands fisting his hips. "What a question."

"I'm serious," Tate said, not knowing what was so funny.

"I'm not sure if comedy is something you can learn. It may be something you're born with."

"Oh," Tate said, his shoulders slumping.

"But if you love comedy as much as you say you do, I'm sure you've got a natural knack for it. What I would suggest is watch the greats, study their acts and the routines. That's what I did."

"Who are the greats?" Tate asked.

He had only really discovered television since coming to live with the Doolittles four months ago. He hadn't had a lot of experience with the history of comedy or media in general.

Jake began to list off names of comedians and Tate quickly pulled out his phone to write them down in a notepad app. By the time Jake was done, he had a list of twenty men and women who Jake assured him would be a fabulous cross-section of the best of comedy.

“Thank you so much,” Tate said.

“I’ve got to get back to the missus,” Jake said with a wink before slapping Tate on the back affectionately and walking out the door.

Tate stared down at his lists of names. He was so happy. Now he had something to go on. He had a purpose and plan. He was going to become the next great comedian of Fate Island—and maybe the world.