

Lost Wolf Chapter 2 - Tips

Dragon shifter Wyn Zahar Princess of the Flame, sat back on her reclining chair and gazed out the large picture window.

She'd had her luxury modular home flown into the remote location via helicopter. It had been constructed to her specifications and was ready for her inhabitation within a month of her purchase of the land.

She stared at the mountain. Its white peak taunted her. She squinted at the view and took another sip of red wine. Wyn would fulfill her destiny. She would defeat the Snow Queen.

Princess Wyn had slept for a thousand years. She'd been cursed to eternal slumber by the witch for flying near her land.

Wyn had had no idea the Snow Queen even lived in that part of the Himalayas. The last thing she remembered was flying through the clear blue sky, seeing a blur of a woman, and then... falling.

Wyn had woken up a year ago, disoriented and confused. She'd been revived by an explorer who'd turned out to be a good witch.

The witch, Jaya Tashi, had been plagued by dreams of a beautiful woman trapped beneath a mountain in an ancient tomb. She'd found Wyn and fed her a potion to bring her back to life.

Wyn had lashed out at the brave woman who'd saved her. Just before burning Jaya to cinders, Wyn had managed to restrain her rage.

She broke down and told Jaya everything. Their languages were close enough for them to communicate. Jaya told Wyn about the legend of the Snow Queen and her powerful curses. They returned to Jaya's village together. Wyn had to learn everything about the strange new world.

With Jaya's help, Wyn found her family. Her brother had taken the throne and produced many heirs. Two of his children's children were still alive and were powerful businessmen in America.

Her great grandnephews were overjoyed to find her. Her identity was undeniable since there were many portraits of the princess. But a modern DNA test proved it too.

After finding her family, Wyn unearthed her secret dragon horde. She'd stored it deep underground in the mountains she'd called home.

Her nephews had then helped her produce the documents necessary to get her into their country. Wyn gave Jaya a massive pile of ancient gold that would change her life and the lives of the people of her village forever. Wyn cried in Jaya's arms before she boarded her private jet out of China.

The ancient princess had then settled in San Francisco with her nephews and their many sons, daughters, and grandchildren. Wyn sold a third of her dragon trove for the hefty sum of one hundred million US dollars. Life was good.

But there was only one question on Wyn's mind.

Where is the Snow Queen now?

She had spent months using her vast resources to track the witch down. Many leads took her down dead ends, but then her cyber investigator found a social media post from an Alaskan university professor claiming she was the fated mate of a cursed wolf.

She'd followed the lead, digging deeper into the story, and found out the wolf mate was a man named Thorne Winter.

Two days later, an Alaskan property with the name Thorne Winter attached had come on the market.

Wyn visited the property. The moment she stood under the snow-covered mountain, her inner dragon wailed with fury. The princess knew to the core of her being that the horrid witch now lived in Alaska.

Wyn had loved to fly through the peaks and valleys of the Himalayan mountains. As princess, she was expected to take a seat on the Dragon High Council. She had been the heir of the Zahar family and would inherit their land, resources, and rule. Flying around the mountains was how she relaxed.

The Snow Queen had ended all that. She'd taken Wyn's inheritance. She'd taken her life. Everyone she knew was now dead. She was alone in this strange new world. She'd never found her mate. She'd never had a family.

That part of her life was gone. She only lived to avenge herself against the Snow Queen.

Wyn had something now that she didn't a thousand years ago. She had knowledge. Wyn had learned the Snow Queen was weakest when she went underground to hibernate after eating the snow flower that bloomed in the spring.

Wyn had drones flying around the mountain. The Snow Queen's palace looked like ice from far away, but not up close.

Wyn had used the drones to install security cameras around the perimeter. And she'd located the snow flower, still tight in its bud.

Winter was still in full effect, despite the date. Snow covered the land.

Wyn had a military-grade Humvee parked in a metal pole barn outside. Regular helicopter drops supplied her with everything she needed. She had time.

When the snow flower bloomed, she would be ready.

The strongest and bravest of her clan would come. So would half a dozen powerful witches she'd hired to fight alongside her. She hoped it would be enough.

The Snow Queen was an ancient demon who liked nothing more than to fling life-altering curses for the smallest of reasons. She needed to be stopped.

Wyn stood from her chair, tired of staring at the mountain and the video feed of the snow flower.

She still hadn't flown up the mountain herself. After a thousand-year curse, she wasn't going to risk getting cursed again.

Her phone rang. The caller ID was Bolin, her three-hundred-year-old nephew. He and his brother Wei had come to America two hundred years ago to secure a new fortune in the new world.

"Hello, nephew, how are things back in the city?"

"Well enough. The warriors await your signal. Any news?"

"The flower is still tight in the bud. When it opens, we will have to move in fast."

"A private jet is prepped and ready to fly as soon as we get the word."

"Good."

"Only..."

"Only what?"

He sighed on the other end of the line. Wyn had been one hundred years old when she'd fallen from the sky that fateful day.

She was still a young adult in dragon years. Her great grandnephew was an old man compared to her.

She knew he possessed the wisdom of a long life. A long life that had been stolen from her.

“Do you doubt the wisdom of my decision, Bolin?”

“Wyn. You have the whole world at your fingertips. A whole new life to live. Perhaps it is time to reconsider your revenge.”

“There is nothing left for me to live for, nephew.”

“There is so much to live for. My children and grandchildren are the light of my life. No matter how many high rises I acquire or how many billions I make, it is my family that matters the most.”

“I understand. But my time for a family has passed. It was stolen from me.”

“The ancient bloodline runs through your veins. The power of your dragon is vast. Don’t you think you owe it to the family to pass that on to your children?”

“We’ve been through this. I don’t belong in this world. My fated mate is dead. My chance at a happy family is gone. All I have left is my revenge.”

“At least consider joining mate.com. It isn’t the way we did things in the past, but three of my grandchildren have found their fated mates through that app.”

“There’s no point in getting my hopes up. It will simply be a distraction from my mission.”

“I have a terrible feeling things will end badly for you, Wyn. You still have the chance to turn around. To live a happy life.”

“I’m not going to change my mind.”

“At least consider joining matedotcom. What if your mate is out there now? You owe it to yourself to find out before doing something rash.”

“I’ll think about it, Bolin. I’ve got to go.”

“Take care, Wyn. Alert us the moment the snow flower blooms.”

Wyn hung up the phone. Her family had given her endless support—several of Bolin and Wie’s children had even volunteered to join her team—but both of her nephews had tried on multiple occasions to talk her out of this course of action.

They’d supported her but advised against it. They had a family to protect and support. Many grandchildren to provide a future for. The Throne of the Flame would live on through them.

But they didn't want to watch Wyn throw her life away either. Bolin took every chance that he could to remind her of the power of her dragon.

Her power had been lost to the family when she'd been cursed. It hadn't protected her against the Snow Queen.

If the witch could take out a dragon as powerful as Wyn a thousand years ago, what was she capable of now? A creature with such ill intent could not be allowed such power.

Wyn stared down at her phone. She flicked her fingers over the screen and tabbed over to the app marketplace.

Her cell service extended around the property from the tower she'd installed on the roof of the pole barn. She could use all of the wonders of the Internet, anywhere she went. The security feeds streamed in real time. She had everything she needed to complete her mission.

Wyn's finger hovered over the download button for the matedotcom app. Her nephew had a point. She could have a mate out there somewhere.

She'd been convinced from the beginning, when Jaya first took her in, that her mate must have died long ago.

A thousand years ago, Wyn had been destined to take the throne and join the high council as the head of her family. Her mate would have been fated for that time, and he was most likely long dead.

A tear formed in the corner of her eye. She'd lost everyone. Her parents, her brother. Her entire world. She wiped the tear away. She couldn't get caught up in these feelings.

The only emotion that helped her now was rage. She had to keep it kindled in her chest so she could avenge the injustice of her curse.

Right then, all she felt was sorrow. More tears slid down her cheek. Her finger tapped the phone screen and matedotcom downloaded.

She bit her lip and tapped open the app. She filled out the questionnaire as if in a dream, her heart thrumming in her ears. The questions were bizarre, and she didn't understand how they could possibly determine her fated mate.

Wyn's body went rigid. Her eyes widened, and she sucked a breath as the matches loaded on the screen. What was she doing? Turning off the phone, she set it on the counter.

This was a foolish pursuit. What had made her act so impulsively? She wanted to blame Bolin for interrupting her thoughts with his constant second guessing.

She had to stay confident. Nothing could stand in her way.

Yet. She wanted to know. A hunger in her chest yearned to be filled. What if her mate was on the app right now?

Wyn picked up the phone and flicked on the screen. She scrolled to the bottom of the app page without looking at the less than perfect matches.

Nothing in her life had prepared her to find him at the bottom of the screen.