

Chapter 1

Princess Eira

Freshly fallen snow reminded Eira of clean starts. Those white tomorrows where footprints of mistakes were covered and ready for new paths of lessons learned. She tended to second guess her decisions and struggled to forgive her own missteps. When her parents had shown her mercy, it had been easier to move past lapses in judgment and snow had always been a reminder of that.

Beyond the symbolism of the silvery flakes was the delicate artistry as they clumped together to form a blanket of glittering powder that covered brown, dormant landscapes. To accompany the divine beauty of the frosty layers was the crisp atmosphere that bit her nose and made her breath a visible cloud of magical smoke.

That's why Eira loved her birthplace, Alasway, and currently mourned her new life in Terradraco. Alasway was a small island kingdom surrounded by the South Atlantic Ocean that had glorious snow-covered mountains and glaciers. Terradraco was a land of rocks and dirt that never knew snow with its desert on the west side, and a tropical rainforest on the east.

Unfortunately, Terradraco better suited the beast Eira had become. Also, her family was no longer safe whenever she lost her temper. The carefree life of parties and snow forts, had become a long-lost dream after King Peter cursed her. Could any of Eira's current torture be her own fault? Perhaps, but she knew Peter was the real villain.

"I'm tired of being a dragon!" Flames burst from Eira's mouth.

The British accent sounded like a paradox coming from the white iridescent snout before it emitted the yellow-orange blaze.

Eira quickly stomped out the inflamed grass fire. She was nearer the rainforest than the mountains, because it had a small semblance of Alasway's landscape during the austral summer.

Great Josephat, what if Aerowyn ignores Bella to obey her idiot father Peter?

Since the dragon left the human, Bella to barter with the enchantress, Aerowyn on Eira's behalf, she had regrets. Not only had Eira broken her alliance with Callista, the sea witch, but she set Callista's prisoners free. Scheming Peter had convinced his daughter to hex the selfish and entitled to cure the world of hate and violence, but...

I wasn't being selfish when I rejected his marriage proposal. Eira snorted.

A black puff of smoke huffed out and she awkwardly sat with angled bent legs. Her claws dug into the ground as she wondered if the enchantress and Bella were still on Ageless Isle. Eira wanted immediate results. She didn't understand why neither Bella or Aerowyn had reached out to her. She gave Aerowyn plenty of time to reverse the dragon's enchantment, but Eira's patience was wearing thin.

When Eira freed Bella, she had foiled Callista, the sea witch's plan to use Bella, the girl Peter was protecting for his own purposes. Callista only wanted to use Bella for revenge and to have her own hex removed, but she was limited to the ocean which Bella couldn't survive, so the former mermaid, Callista and former princess, Eira became temporary partners.

Eira shook her head. *Callista was too unstable. It was a bad alliance.*

Callista had magic and could destroy Eira, so she stayed away from the coastline. The only problem was if Eira got too close to the inland she would have to face the colony of dragons. That wouldn't have been any better.

Terradraco's physical climate may have been more suitable for Eira, but the political one was a hot mess. Eira never joined a dragon colony because they were too radical and territorial for her taste. She would have been required to fight to the death to join any of them, and since most of the dragons were actually immortal fae, it was a no-win battle for her.

She huffed. *All this thinking is causing great fatigue.*

Tendrils of steam emitted from her nostrils and Eira rested her head onto her talons. Inside sleep she relived life before she had become a dragon and it was blissful.