

Virginie T.



***My Ottawa Lynx
The Soulmate of Shapeshifter***



The Ottawas - Volume I



Virginie T.
My Ottawa Lynx

«Tektime S.r.l.s.»

T. V.

My Ottawa Lynx / V. T. — «Tektime S.r.l.s.»,

Paranormal romance story with Native American legend Isabelle is a solitary Parisian who moves to Canada to work. Achak is a Native American belonging to Ottawas tribe. She's afraid of him, he's irremediably attracted to her. Their meeting will make sparks fly, especially since his tribe's got an extraordinary power. If you love sexy love stories and metamorphs, this is the book for you.

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Translated by Danilo Persico

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My Ottawa Lynx

Chapter 1

Isabelle

Here I am in Canada. I had not realised yet until now that my life had turned 180 degrees. But now I could not bury my head in the sand. I have left Paris, an incredibly suffocating city with its buildings, its pollution and its two millions inhabitants, who run everywhere at anytime, to arrive in this green setting at the edge of Huron lake, on Manitoulin island, population : thirteen thousands autochthons. Vanishing in the crowd will be less easy here.

I'm 25, I never travelled all my life and I came here, on the other side of the world or almost, to work and start from zero . A new country for a new life, a radical way of turning the page on a painful past that I prefer to forget. Well, work is a big word. I take care of children, I'm a young au pair girl, even though I think the word young doesn't really match me anymore. It's my passion and when I've seen the advert of a Canadian family looking for a French girl to take care of her 4 year old daughter I threw myself at the chance. After all, it's not like I had left someone behind me.

I've always been a loner, I don't really have friends , let alone a boyfriend. It's not a choice of mine, rather theirs. I'm shy and withdrawn, I don't approach people and when they approach me I feel uncomfortable. They rapidly find me wierd, not worthy of interest, and they move rapidly towards someone who's more open. I don't lack personality though, but opening myself to others is difficult for me.

With children it's easier. They don't judge anyone. No physique imperfetcion, no state of mind is unaccpetable for them. They are little beings full of curiosity and kindness during their tender age. With them being myself is enough, I don't need to hide behind a fake smile or to make efforts to talk to them and this is cool . No pretending. I talk to them easily. They even find me funny and they love my stories.

My parents died last year in an accident, I had no ties anymore and I needed an extreme change in my life. It was time to take my life in my hands. I dream of having a social and sentimental life and that's an impossible thing to do for me in the middle of the human tide that is the French capital. Suddenly, I took the plunge and I was at the conquest of Canada.

The taxi stops in front of a house that overlooks the Blue Jay Creek park, getting me out of my introspection. I'm stunned by the view I have in front of me. It's a huge house, all made of wood, on one floor, surrounded by a balcony and with big glazed bays to enjoy the breathtaking view . The kind of house that I dream of, but for which I'll never have means enough. I had a feeling that the family that had taken me on was rich . After all, not everybody can afford to have someone at home 24 hours a day, but I didn't expect that.

I pay and thank the driver, so kind, compared to the always silent taxi drivers from Paris, I get out of the car, take my suitcase with my few belongings inside and I get ready for the most important meeting of my life. Or I hope so. Until now, I was in contact with the Pontiac family only by mail, through the Canadian employment agency that connects the employer and the young aupair, describing my experience, my way of working and my will to move from my country, things that allowed me to be hired. It was always easy for me to express myself in written words, this counterbalances my weakness in oral communication. Through written words I manage to let out my cheerful, determined and joyful side, that I'm not able to show when I'm face to face.

Mr and Mme Pontiac walk towards me and it takes me one minute to examine them. They both have long black hair, but their resemblance stops there. The man in front of me is tall, with olive skin and blue eyes, and he amazes me for his presence. The woman has hazel eyes and a slender

figure, highlighted by her pale skin. They look at me with a warm smile on their faces. Phew, this is going to help me.

– Goodmorning, you must be Isabelle ?

– Goodmorning, Mr and Mrs Pontiac, delighted to meet you.

– Welcome to Manitoulin. Did you have a pleasant trip ?

I don't have the time to answer because a blue eyed brown whirlwind, with olive complexion like her father, comes running and start jumping all around me, crying: « It's her ! it's her ! »

That's why I love children. They have this catching joyfulness. I start to laugh in front of this little face full of enthusiasm and I get down to her height to talk to her.

– Goodmorning, little rascal. You must be Aiyanna. My name is Isabelle. I think I'm here to spend some time with you.

– Come, come, I'm gonna show you your room, it's just besides mine and then we're gonna play hide and seek and leapfrog and...

– Calm down, her mother replied. I'm sorry, Isabelle. She's been like this since yesterday, when we told her about your arrival. It's a good thing we didn't tell her about it one month ago, when we got in touch, we would have never survived her enthusiasm. You won't have time to get bored with this little monster.

I could have misunderstood her words without the radiant smile of the mother for her daughter and the tender stroke she gave on her child's cheek. You can immediately understand the love she feels for her child, the unconditional love that parents have for their offspring. I feel a slight pain thinking of the absence of my parents, I miss them a lot. I remember with nostalgia the long talks we had as well as the lightest shared moments.

– That's nothing, Mrs Pontiac. Little lady, if that doesn't bother your parents, you can show me where to place my belongings and where I can cool off, the trip was a long one.

The kid doesn't even ask her parents and she drags me towards the house pulling my arm. I feel that these days are not gonna be easy, but at the same time, the enthusiasm of this little girl is catching. When I look at her I can't help smiling and I really needed this cheerfulness in my so dejected life.

Chapter 2

Achak

I'm heading towards my brother Tyee house with this feeling that something is coming.

I've always had premonitions, but, for the first time in my life, signs are not clear. The foreign girl must have arrived right now. I warned him not to hire someone who's not one of us. A woman from our tribe could have taken care of my niece, but Aquene, my sister-in-law, wants her daughter to have a spirit that is open to the whole world, to cultures different from ours.

We are Ottawas. We are a powerful Native American tribe, but Aquene has chosen a French girl to take care of her daughter. As if our culture wasn't rich enough, with all the spirits that watch over us and talk to us.

My knowledge is big, I feel them all, hence my name. It's one of my gifts, I feel all the spirits of my people, from the Great Manitou to Corbeau, and some of them talk to me in my sleep or in my prayers. Now today, I know that something important is going to happen, something that is going to upset my people, but I'm not able to identify the nature of this sign. Is it a danger or a blessing? Why don't spirits come to help me protect my people? They've never been so unclear and silent. Did we disappoint them? The knot in my stomach confirms that something important, maybe even crucial, is going to happen. Now our tribe has not been involved in any conflict with any clan around since ages and our business is thriving. The only change is the arrival of the French girl. It has to do with her. I'm not against people from outside Manitoulin. I would be an hypocrite as I mainly live on tourism. But I'm suspicious towards people who come to stay on our island. When someone leaves his country, it's because he's escaping from something. I need to know what this young girl is escaping and how much her arrival is going to affect my tribe.

When I arrive I just take the time to greet my brother and then I go straight to the point that led me there.

– Where is the foreign girl?

– Good morning to you too, Achak. Did you sleep well?

He's lucky to be my brother and the boss of the tribe, because I wouldn't have been in the mood to tolerate this sarcasm with another guy. I answer containing my frustration.

– Don't make fun of me.

– Aiyanna is helping her to move in her room.

She's just arrived and my niece is already at her feet. Don't let her unpack her things too fast. If I have any doubt about her, I'll send her back on the first plane with no regrets.

– I wanna see her. I feel she's bringing problems.

– Stop being in a bad disposition, Achak. This nanny looks great, she has a great feeling with your niece, and that's no small deal, as you know, and the kid is in a hurry to spend some time with her, so calm down.

I grumble in dissatisfaction. I will be the sole judge of this intrusion in our lives and he knows it.

– Get back your claws, Achak.

I had not even realised they had come out. I never lose control of my animal in normal times. This is one more proof that something unusual is gonna happen.

– I'm gonna introduce her to you, so you stop worrying, and after that you'll have the time to play with your niece.

My brother leaves me alone at the bottom of the stairs of his house and I take the opportunity to get back inside.

Something intrigues me immediately, a perfume in the air that I cannot identify.

My lynx stays on the surface, on the lookout. It wants to trace this smell back to its origin without waiting. Strange ! My sense of smell is not made for hunting, just for recognising the territories of the pack, then why is my feline confirming that this perfume is important, that it's part of the clan ?

I'm still lost in my thoughts when Tyee comes with the most beautiful woman I've ever seen. I'm breathless. She's dressed in simple slim jeans that highlight her long legs and in a cachemire jumper that tightens her chest. She's amazing with her pale skin, her big innocent brown eyes and long hair of the same colour that brush against her lower back. I imagine her in my arms, the contrast of her supple and light body against mine, my fingers passing through her long chocolate hair while we're talking after making love. But what is happening ? I never reacted so violently in front of the opposite sex. I'm not lacking conquests, far from it. I have an athletic body that causes lustful looks and, considering the position I have in the clan, I can say I'm not lacking propositions. But they're always just sexual relationships whereas now I feel a different need, an attraction of both spirit and body.

It takes me some moment to realise that Tyee is frowning while looking at me, waiting for me to react. I was indeed frozen for a moment, in front of such a beauty. I scrape my throat to avoid drooling in front of this goddess descended from the sky and I reach out my hand to introduce myself :

– Goodmorning, I'm Achak, Tyee's brother.

– Isabelle, she says, taking my hand.

Her smooth voice and her soft skin make me shiver, but that's nothing compared to the effect of her perfume. A wave of wild flowers pour into my nostrils. My lynx, usually so calm, scratches my skin to get free. It wants to meet this woman and rub against her body. I can hardly control it. The truth that the lynx is crying inside my head hits me with the strength of a bison. This woman is the second half of my soul, the person that I'm gonna love and honour until the end of my life. She's my partner, no doubt about it. As a shapeshifter, it's a phenomenon that I can feel clearly throughout my body and I cannot control it. That's why my spirits left me in the ignorance, to prevent the fear of the unknown or my prejudice towards foreigners from giving me the chance to run away from my destiny. Once we meet our partner, she becomes our universe, nothing is more important than her. I can't help looking at her. I'd like to eat her up and my lynx encourages me to do so. Besides, the spirits had nothing to worry about, I have no fear, I accept my destiny with gratitude. Destiny has sent me a real princess and I'm gonna treat her as such. All I have to do is to make her mine.

Chapter 3

Isabelle

This man stares at me relentlessly and he has not left my hand yet. I don't feel uncomfortable, that would be a classic for me, but really annoyed. I wanna run away without turning back. There's a sparkle in his eyes that I don't understand. A wild glint that makes me think of a predator spotting its pray. He may be gorgeous, but this time I'm the one who finds someone weird. He looked upset when I walked into the room with my boss and now he examines me with his blue eyes, the same of his brother and niece, probably the trademark of this family, like a damned x rays scanner. I feel naked and I hate this. I don't like being the centre of the attention. It brings back bad memories.

« – Did you really think that we wanted you at this party, Isabelle ?You were just the attraction of the night, the starter for the atmosphere, just to have a good laugh. Now get out of here, we don't want you by our side. »

Mm, really bad memories from the last and only party I went to. First the crowd surrounded me to have fun of me, then they threw me away like a scumbag.

I see the muscles of the man in front of me under his blue shirt, his legs, squeezed in black jeans, looking strong, his black hair long up to the shoulders and his olive skin. His Native American origins are unmistakable. He's breathtaking and scary at the same time. Different and opposite sensations make my stomach twitch. I feel the stress building up inside. It's time this visual connection ends. My hands are sweaty, my heart beats in panic and, at the same time, I'm fascinated. I absolutely need to get out of this room, under any pretext. I hold back my hand suddenly, pulling it hard and I rapidly leave the lounge explaining quickly that Aiyanna is waiting for me for a guided tour of the house. Safe in the room, I ask myself what has really happened. No man has ever really paid attention to me, even less with that sparkle of interest mixed with desire in his eyes. I have short time to think, the little ray of sun of this house comes to show me my new house. I'm gonna live with this family for the next few years, if everything goes fine. I need to get familiar with this place. On the floor, in addition to mine, there are four more rooms, each with its toilet. They're all decorated with taste, in warm tones, and they all have a large bay window that lets the sun rays in, making the room very pleasant. The sweetheart one is just next to mine. On the ground floor there's a big fully equipped kitchen, open to the huge living room, now empty . So much better. A second meeting with Achak in such a short time would have been too much for me. All the openings are toward the park that surrounds the house, a thing I had not noticed before, as I was too troubled by the presence of that Native American. He's gone out with Mr Pontiac. I see them talking through the window. One is tight as a bow while the other looks merry. This puzzles me. This man has really strange reactions in front of other people. I could say his emotional lag is worse than mine. I don't realise that my little tornado is dragging me into the kitchen where we start making cookies together. Mm, good idea. I'm gonna do something I love to : having fun with a little girl baking pastries and, as icing on the cake, I'm gonna taste them. All in one. And that's an excellent way to tame a pretty doll and forget all the questions blooming in my mind about a man I don't wanna name.

Chapter 4

Achak

– So, Achak, are you gonna explain me what is happening to you? I thought I had to stop you from attacking her and I've seen you petrified in front of her instead. What did the spirits tell you, is that so terrible?

He looks worried, unlike earlier.

– No, I had misinterpreted the message of the spirits. Nothing serious in perspective.

Nothing serious for my tribe anyway. On the other hand, my life has radically changed, for my greatest happiness.

– You, you have not understood what the Great Manidou whispered to you? What are you hiding?

My brother knows me too well and he's stubborn. He won't give up until I spill the beans. And after all I may need his help. He can help me learn more about my betrothed. And yet, I wish I could keep this information for myself a bit longer. I answer reluctantly.

– She's mine, I whisper.

– Excuse me ? I guess I didn't hear you.

– Isabelle is mine, I answer louder.

Tyee opens his eyes wide in surprise, then bursts out laughing.

– The lovely little human is your half? That's too funny.

– I don't see what you find so amusing. She's my woman, she's mine and I'm gonna claim her as such. Nothing funny there. It's a very serious thing instead.

He doesn't stop anyway. He laughs until he cries. He annoys me, like my lynx that yowls in my head.

My brother gets hardly his breath back to explain me, between two coughing fits, his hilarity.

– You forget one thing, Achak. She's human, not shapeshifter. She doesn't know our world, not even our existence, and so, even if she feels the bond between you, she doesn't understand its meaning. For the first time in your life, a woman is not gonna fall into your arms because you have clicked your fingers. And I can tell you you're gonna struggle. I've seen the fear in her eyes earlier.

I see he's glad about this situation. Sure enough he didn't have this problem with his wife, who already belonged to our tribe. In addition to that, when I think of Isabelle's fear, I get angry with myself. My partner clearly distrusts me.

– Yes, I know, she freaked out when I stared at her like a psycho, but I didn't expect that. Asagaya, the spirit of the thunder, struck me when I saw her beauty, I couldn't help gazing at her silhouette. Maybe you have some advice for me?

He finally gets serious to tell me what he thinks.

– Give her some time and do things properly, or you'll lose her even before you win her heart. And you know that spirits have created just one soulmate for each animorph. You won't have a second chance. Don't waste everything playing the conqueror.

Tyee goes back home and lets me brood over his last words. I know he's right, he's not our boss for no reason. I have to give some space to Isabelle. My lynx doesn't agree and it tears my guts. Like me, it knows that she's our partner and subtlety is not part of its instincts. It wants to find her and immediately mark her as ours. Unlike the animal, I know that jumping on a woman to bite her neck is not the best way to get into her good graces.

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