

## The Ice Queen

The red fury posture was laying in the icy snow, close to the freezing waters of the sea.

Still confused, and in shock from visions which overwhelm him. His body was still shaking - not from low, under freezing point temperature... no... from the previous experience of hallucinations, and from drowning inside of his own ship.

The smaller Shistavanen next to him was waiting patiently for his move, also she was keeping an eye on two creatures not far from them.

Voorpak and Happabore were patrolling close together, besides that smaller mammal was comfortable sitting at the other one's back.

Large mammal was looking for grass, moving slowly at the ice covered surface, looking for any sign of the vegetation. Happabore's heavy head was inspecting each meter of the ground, trying not to miss either the scent of the grass under the snow cover or single green leaf rising to reach the low sunlight of the polar island.

Suddenly the mammal lost the step, and slid forward, digging its head into the snowy hill. Unfortunately Voorpak fell straight above the head of Happabore, avoiding the snowy hill, and disappeared behind it.

There was an awkward silence, interrupted by multiple laughter from the other side followed with happy squeaks.

Archian jumped immediately up with Electro-chain Whip in his hand ready to use, and activating the flamethrower at other hand. This sudden jump freighted Tajag who fell backwards in the snow.

Shistavanen climbed over still stuck Happabore. Fell belly down at the snow, with a flamethrower equipped forward, and looked down. What he saw there was quite surprising.

Voorpak was running around chased by a group of native fully coated, and fur faced children. They were laughing, and jumping in the rhythm of the moving small mammal.

Some of them were sliding from sides at him, and trying to catch him from underneath, but the usually lazy fluffy creature was an impressive acrobat in this snowy field.

What was more disturbing... caxats were there as well. One of them was redirecting a small jumping mammal, each time it was too close to the border of the field. It was opening its jaws wildly, but it didn't try to harm it in any way.

There were also two other caxats laying in the snow field. They were observing and looking without movement what was happening with children, but they looked unbothered by it.

There were four children, and three caxats... that didn't sound right. If it was true what reports said - each North Person had one bonded with them. That was when Archian realized the fourth one wasn't far away. Actually it was closer than he thought... He was literally laying on its back.

No heartbeat, no warmth coming from its body, no breathing movements. Only possible notice activity were slow almost not noticeable tail movements, and disturbance of the air coming out from its full of sharp teeth.

Camouflage perfectly was laying at its back, with its legs buried partly under the snow and spread to sides.

It was staring at him unbothered, but when Archian aimed the flamethrower slowly at it, it growled with warning.

Like synchronized all other Caxats looked at him, and children stopped playing, and started shouting

"Stranger, danger" and laughing.

Red put down his weapons and stood up. Immediately children started to play again.

Tajga joined Archian next to Caxat while riding Happabore.

This time, still buried under snow, the creature stood up, and sniffed a large mammal.

Archian in case took out some of the Borcatu meat and threw it. Caxat without hesitation jumped and ate it.

It looked like they were domesticated, but still dangerous enough to kill with one movement.

Caxat looked happy after the meal. Children turned around and shouted.

"Thank you, thank you - come with us, come with us!"

Archian was surprised for a second time that he could understand them.

He popped on the Happabore with sitting at it already Tajga, and followed running children escorted with Caxats at each side - with Voorpak sitting comfortably at one of the Caxats back.

They reached tents in the village, which was fortified with a snow wall around it.

They came through the gate, and followed by the main path to the center.

All adults were not disturbed by their presence, only looking at them from time to time, and continuously working alongside their Caxats at their daily tasks.

They arrived at the main huge tent, with smoke coming from it.

The furry large north man without coat, wearing a string with ornaments on it, opened the leather door, and let them inside with all creatures and children.

Archian spotted a female only with light leather dress sitting without movement next to the bonfire.

He came closer, but after a few steps the woman lifted one hand up - and suddenly all the children stopped with silence, male tribesmen took the knife out, and Caxats surrounded Archian.

He heard male voice inside of his head.

"Thank you for not attacking Caxats, but if you attack her, you will not die immediately, but suffer from tearing apart piece by piece." It was definitely the new met God from this island, but it wasn't him who controlled Caxats like this.

It was a woman inside of the circle made from bones, like the Ice Queen sitting at her throne.

Archian decided to stay longer, and listen to what she had to say. After he would decide what to do, and pass new information to other members of the Arcona - if Caxat would let him live that long...

THE END