

Chapter 4 - Fated Power - Fated Destiny

Chapter 4

DANTE

I woke up with my nose firmly planted in my mate's neck, surrounded by her incredible scent. It had gotten even richer during her pregnancy. It was my crack that I could never get enough of.

"Good morning, babe," I told her, kissing her shoulder.

"Morning, havathi," she said softly, stretching her body.

That was when I realized she was not naked like she had been when she fell asleep. When did she change, and why was she wearing a dress?

"When did you change?" I asked her.

I felt her confusion before I heard her heart begin to race. Then she jumped out of bed, looking at her dress. Goddess, that dress definitely looked fucking amazing on her. I had never seen it before though. It was not her normal attire at all.

"It wasn't a dream. It was real. Holy fucking hell. It was real," she mumbled to herself and started to pace.

I just sat on the edge of the bed and let her get out whatever she needed to. I knew her well enough to understand that there would be no conversing until it was dealt with. This did give me an opportunity to fully appreciate that dress. It was overly formal, but it was delicious to drink in the way it looked on her.

Ten minutes. That was how long she paced. She just stared at me for an additional two minutes. I got up and pulled her into my arms since she was very clearly overwhelmed by whatever was going on. I was insanely curious and a little apprehensive to know what would have caused this level of stress.

"I went somewhere when I slept," she began but paused.

"Where, babe?"

"The Godly Realm. I found myself outside of a massive palace."

She told me everything that she had witnessed. Every little detail was painted for me. I supposed that I had never really thought about other Gods and their realms. It made sense though.

It was surreal to know that she was invited to dinner with all three Fae Gods. She even shared the memory of what they looked like. Definitely looked godly. They seemed like really interesting

characters from her descriptions though. Who would have thought that the Gods had teasing personalities?

“You’re serious?” I asked her once she finished telling me of their offer.

“Mhm. They said that we didn’t have to decide right now, but it is an offer for you, Byron, and me. I still can’t wrap my head around that though.”

Yeah, neither could I. Honestly, I never thought about the process of Gods becoming Gods. I had just assumed that they had always been that way. However, it would appear that the way to go about it could have various methods.

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We decided that the best course of action was to loop her family into what happened. We had also invited Kade and Elle as well.

I knew that she was nervous about all of this. If anyone could understand it then it would be Elle for the most part. She had been chosen by the Goddess just like Ziyah had been by her Gods.

My girl pulled two more pies out of the oven. My eyes greedily looked over everything that she had already baked and cooked. She cooked when she was stressed. What a fucking amazing cook she was too! I always enjoyed her creations.

A knock on the door ripped me away from sneaking a piece of pie when she had her back turned.

“You can keep that piece of pie if you get the door,” she told me without even turning around.

I just chuckled. It was like she had eyes in the back of her head or something because I was caught every single time.

Elle, Kade, and Caiathus were waved in. He informed me that the rest should be here shortly.

“Oh no. Whatever caused for this impromptu meeting must be serious if she has already made all of these dishes,” Caiathus said seriously.

“You have no fucking idea,” I said, chuckling, and patting him on the back.

It only took about ten minutes for everyone else to show up as well. There was a gasp that came from Granny Ayla when she saw Ziyah. Did she somehow sense there was a difference when the others did not?

Ziyah just avoided eye contact with her and told everyone to get comfortable. Then she grabbed some Folisa and glasses. She filled them up and passed them out before downing her own, causing all of the non-Fae jaws to drop.

“Healing blanket over our blobs,” she reminded us. “It’s the same as caffeine. A little bit of Folisa won’t hurt them or me.”

I really needed to sit her down and go over a detailed list of differences. It just seemed like so much had been going on lately that had been keeping our focus. I needed to be a better mate and better father.

“Does this meeting have anything to do with how you became infused with ancient magic?” Granny Ayla asked, eyeing her up and down.

That had her family’s jaws comically dropping. It was really fucking amusing too. How did she figure it out, but they had not?

I could not wait to see their reactions when they heard the rest because it was even far more impressive than the magic bit.

“It does actually. So, please have patience and keep all questions for the end of the explanation.”

She looked around at everyone and took a steadying breath to push her nerves away. She took a seat on my lap and relaxed into my embrace.

“Something happened after I had fallen asleep last night. I found myself outside of a magnificent palace, having been summoned for dinner. A woman helped get me ready for it but didn’t tell me specifics but knew my name and that they had been expecting me.”

She proceeded to fill them in on everything that had happened. I watched as their overwhelming surprise deepened with each detail that was shared. I had never seen Caiathus look so out-of-sorts before, and it was really fucking priceless.

Sure, our family was related to the Goddess, my sister and Kade having both met her, but not even that compared to her experience. It amazed me to know that they approached the Goddess to mate us together because they knew how much Byron and I would love and protect her. It was humbling.

There was a pregnant silence as her recounting came to an end. It was easy to see why. She had even added the fact that she woke up in the dress, proving to herself that it had been the real deal.

“What were they like?” Granny Ayla asked, leaning forward, and eager to know.

“Nothing like I would have expected actually. Ylonte had mischief in his eyes and a wicked sense of humor. Danthali enjoyed taunting his brothers and was quite playful. Slyersa seemed to be more reserved but definitely enjoyed Danthali taunting Ylonte. The three of them were all extremely kind and compassionate. They were not overly formal or anything, calling me out on being formal with them once I learned who they were.”

She used her magic to project the memory of that part up. Goddess, that was even better than hearing about it.

Ylonte reminded me of Granny Ayla some. I looked over at her, and she was laughing her ass off with her own mischievous smirk. Oh, fucking hell. Imagine what it would be like with her in the mix alongside them. That would be so fucking hilarious.

“Did they tell you why they infused you with ancient magic?” Caiathus asked.

She shook her head, and I could tell that she was berating herself for not asking that when she had the opportunity.

“It could have a couple of different purposes. One, it would make your magic even more powerful, especially with this upcoming fight. Two, you are limited on time in their realm without it. This essentially tells the realm that you are allowed to be there,” Granny Ayla posited.

That would make sense on both accounts. I knew from Elle that people were limited to how long they could be in the Goddess’ realm.

Ziyah excused herself and ran to the bathroom. I followed suit because I always tried to provide her comfort when she got sick to her stomach. It was the least that I could do. She always told me that I did not need to do it, but I still did. She was carrying our blobs and keeping them healthy. Providing her comfort was the very least that I could do.

She made quick work of brushing her teeth and gargling some mouthwash. Her complexion was paler than normal, and that was worrisome.

“Are you feeling alright besides the nausea? You look pale, babe.”

She turned to look at herself in the mirror, brows furrowing. She just nodded and wrapped her arms around my waist. I wrapped my own arms around her and waited. Her emotions were tumbling around inside of her, and I knew that she needed a minute to process everything.

“I didn’t do any meditation this morning. Perhaps that’s the issue because it normally helps strengthen me for the day. Since we don’t have time to do that right now, you can always share a little bit of your light with me. It’ll rejuvenate and strengthen me. It’s up to you though,” she said, kissing my chest.

I eyed her incredulously. Did she really think that I would choose not to? No chance in hell.

My light gently caressed the bond, and her color brightened back up almost instantly. I had not realized that her yoga was so important to her health. I would need to keep it in mind from thus forward, ensuring that she got it done even if that meant me joining in. ONLY for her would I do yoga. Hmm...perhaps we could have naked yoga.

“Better?” I asked her.

“Much. Thank you, havathi.”

She leaned up and gave me a chaste kiss before grabbing my hand and leading me back to the rest of our guests.

Elle tossed her a bag of peppermints with a wink. She chuckled and thanked her, popping on in her mouth.

“So, the other Protectors will reach out. That is good to know,” Granny Ayla said. “Did they say anything else?”

Ziyah looked at me, an unspoken question in her eyes. I just nodded because I knew that she was wondering if it was okay with me to tell them about the Goddess bit.

“Yes, actually. They said that it was up to me whether or not I was to accept it of course. Once my natural life ends, they would like me, Dante, and Byron to join them in the Godly Realm. I’m not certain what all it would entail, but Danthali called me Little Goddess,” she explained, blushing heavily.

If I had thought their shock was entertaining earlier, it would have been nothing like now. Their mouths made a perfect O, and their eyes matched the wide expression. I grabbed my phone and snapped a picture, effectively breaking them out of their shock.

Xylern came over and snatched his sister from my lap, hugging her tightly. That was a little comical because he was much taller than her, so she was a couple of inches off the ground. I also snapped a picture of that. These would be great for the blobs’ memory book.

“I can speak for all of us when I say that they have chosen their warrior perfectly, sister. Out of everyone that I know, I can honestly say that you uphold the values of our Gods the best. You fight for all who need it no matter what the cost is. It does not matter what their species is because you see the individual. I am proud of the amazing woman that you have become,” Xylern, voice ringing with sincerity and emotion.

Gratitude, love, and appreciation flooded through her. She kissed both of his cheeks, thanked him, and told him that she loved him.

Her family all verbally agreed with Xylern’s words. There were a couple of bad seeds in her family, but the majority of them were loyal to one another just like every family should be. It made me incredibly thankful that she had them in her corner.

ZIYAH

I would never be able to express to my family how much they meant to me. They were not like bitchy Solana. I did believe that she was the only one who would do what she did, but a couple

of them were resentful. It did not truly matter to me though because they were not worth the stress.

It felt good to have everyone on the same page right now. I had been worried about what they might think about everything, but they were very supportive.

Out of nowhere, Grant and Gabriel popped into the room, landing on their parents' laps. Everyone was rightfully startled by their appearance.

"That's never happened before. I'll let Ansley know that they are here," Elle said.

"At this stage of their development, they can only pop to the both of you. There are two options. You can leave it alone, or a block can be put on it. Essentially, it would be like them knocking on your metaphorical door. You would have to grant them access to pop to you," I explained to them.

They chose the second option, so I knelt down in front of the boys and held their hands. My magic funneled into them, placing a block that could be removed at any given time.

All of a sudden, I was sucked into a vision of their future.

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Two young men approached a woman that was facing away from them, looking out over the pack. I innately knew that the one on the right was Grant, making the other one Gabriel.

By the gods, they were handsome young men. They had their mother's hair but definitely took after their father with tattoos. They were bare chested and looking every ounce the Alphas that they should.

The woman's body tensed up before she turned around. Angel was absolutely stunning. Her body was equal parts feminine and warrior strong.

"You weren't at the party, doll. Why are you avoiding us today of all days?" Grant asked her gently.

He grabbed her hand and kissed her knuckles, causing her breath to hitch. Her response pleased him very much. I could see the love in his eyes when he looked at her.

"I couldn't be there..." she said softly. "Because I would've shattered into a million pieces if you had found your mate there."

Anyone could see that it was hard for her to admit that to them. It must have been difficult for her to carry around that worrisome burden.

Gabriel walked behind her and kissed her shoulder, inhaling her scent. A low rumble of approval was heard.

“It’s always been you, halo. You’re the only woman that we will ever accept as our mate and Luna. Even if fate hadn’t paired us together like it did, we still would’ve chosen you. You’ve been ours since the moment our mother held you in her arms while we were still in the womb. It’s always been you, sweetheart.”

Tears welled up in her eyes, and Grant wiped them away before kissing her forehead.

“It’s your choice if you accept us, doll. Will you be ours to love, cherish, and support?” Grant asked her, tucking some hair behind her ear.

There was hope shining brightly in the brothers’ eyes. Angel quickly nodded her head. She shyly kissed his cheek before kissing Gabriel’s cheek as well.

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It was amazing to see their future because I had already seen how much they gravitated to each other already. I knew that those boys would definitely take care of her.

I kissed both of their foreheads and told them that I loved them.

We all sat around and chatted, enjoying the food that I stress-cooked.

Shana Allen

Here was a little sneak peek into the next book, centering around the twins and Angel.