

Fated Soul - Fated Light

Chapter 2

DANTE

Life had been very fucking chaotic this past year. It seemed like more events happened in it than in all nineteen years of my entire life thus far.

Who would have thought that our pack being attacked would be the catalyst to bring my missing sister back into our lives? We had searched for her every day for thirteen years, but it was like she just disappeared which was the bastard's intention all along.

Her reemergence brought our packs together through blood and bond. Our sister Ansley mated to Elle's best friend Gabriel. Our cousin Vienna mated to her Beta. It was like a fucking celestial match-making service or something. Our pack ended up relocating next to theirs because the Goddess wanted our packs close together.

My expertise in all things supernatural definitely came in handy over this past year from dealing with Dark Fae who wanted to juice box Elle's power to our allies of various supernatural species to aiding with allies in the Dark Moon pack. It was a fucking good thing that I listened to the Goddess as a teenager when I was told that this was my purpose and needed to be as knowledgeable as possible. One should never bet against the Goddess.

Our pack was finally built. It was still developing and expanding, but we had the majority of it already done. Shadow Creek became Shadow Falls as homage to this new beginning for us.

My Alpha ceremony was a week ago. I was not certain what the rush was, but my father insisted that I was ready and believed that I would make a great Alpha for our pack. I just hoped that I could be half the Alpha that he was. He had always been my hero, so I wanted to make him proud.

There was still something missing from my life though, but I had no fucking idea what it was. Byron, my wolf, felt the same way. One thing I loathed was not knowing something. Blame it on the Alpha mentality or my perfectionistic nature.

"What's on the agenda for tonight?" Chris, my Beta, asked, pulling me from my thoughts.

"Running perimeter. The Council had mentioned that there's been disappearances of gifted wolves in seemingly random packs. They've yet to find a connection though. Both of our packs would be the fucking lottery for whomever is taking them," I said before finishing off my dinner.

Nightshade, my sister Elle's pack, and Shadow Falls housed a multitude of gifted wolves. Nightshade was actually a sanctuary for them. Hence, why we were all on edge about this threat.

Gifts ranged from harmless to destructive to nuclear and everything in between. Not all people knew that they were gifted or might not have control of the gifts. Not everyone used their gift for good either. There were over a thousand gifted wolves between both packs. That number continued to grow as the children of the gifted matured because being gifted typically passed down through bloodlines.

There was not only black and white – good and evil in the world. There were entire spectrums of color, actions, and reactions. Simply put, people were complex. There must have been a specific reason for someone to want the gifted wolves, but there was not enough to go on just yet. My gut was telling me that it was some reason beyond just controlling the gifted.

“I would totally help you, but I can't. I have some shit to work on for Janina. Reach out if you need me though,” he said before clapping my shoulder and heading out.

Janina was a powerful witch and prophetess that helped us save Elle twice already. The first time was the amulet that concealed her when the Dark Fae bitch was after her. The second time was when she provided everything to block the bitch's tracker and brought Caiathus, Elle's Light Fae Protector, into the mix.

We developed a mutually beneficial relationship with her. Elle's destiny was to unite the supernatural world. Great concept but difficult as fuck to accomplish. Janina had been helping our witchy needs in protecting the packs and the other packs we were aligned with as long as we helped her run her interferences, just like she did for Elle.

‘I'm ready for a run,’ Byron said as he stretched in my head.

‘Then let's go.’

I stripped off my shorts and shirt before letting the shift take over. Byron shook out his fur, reveling in how it felt to be in his form.

We both enjoyed being outside, especially at nighttime underneath the stars. It was peaceful. Peace was something that we always craved but rarely got. That was just life.

Byron and I had a great relationship, and I appreciated the fuck out of him because he kept me sane all these years. He was my closest companion and confidant. He understood how difficult our gift could be. There were things that we were privy to but could not talk about. He got it.

My curse of a gift was a complicated bitch to deal with. I hated it, but it was incredibly useful as well. It was multifaceted. I could see souls – the inner workings of people. It came as snippets. Sometimes they were pictures, words, or just hunches. The snippets that I saw could be memories, desires, and even fears. There was no switch to flip it off, so it was always active. I

saw more private things about people than I ever wanted to. It always felt like an invasion, but it was not like I could help it.

Shadow Falls was a beautiful territory with thick woods surrounding it that were teeming with wildlife. Our original pack lands were beautiful but nothing like this at all. It was really fucking cool to see our pack being built from the ground up. It instilled pride in us that this was the beginning of something great. Generations to come would be living here. I might only be nineteen, but I was really fucking proud of our growing pack.

A loud ringing in our head alerted me that someone passed through the barrier that Caiathus put up. It repelled Dark Fae and a multitude of other creatures. Then the alert sounded different depending on the sector it was tripped. Caiathus made it easy for us all. It was very fucking useful.

Byron shot off towards the third sector. He was a fast wolf, and we were already in the second sector when the alert sounded, so he made it there in no time.

He sniffed the air to try and figure out what he was up against. He detected four wolves that were definitely not from this pack.

Then there was the most fragrant and delectable scent I had ever encountered. It invigorated my entire being, making it thrum with a foreign energy. The scent was freesias with a sweet undertone which gave it so much depth that I was unable to figure out what that other scent was. I would figure it out later though because I could venture a guess that those four wolves were after my mate. No way in fucking hell.

Byron stalked through the shadows and saw the wolves. They were smaller than Byron. My wolf was a fucking beast who was trained by Faye, Elle's wolf. She was one of the best fighters we had ever encountered.

We could smell blood in the air, so it was easy to assume whose it was. Byron had to fight against his instincts to rush to her because that could very easily get her killed. Said instincts demanded their blood in payment. They never should have touched her.

He quietly stalked up behind the closest wolf. Their attention was paid entirely to what was going on in front of them. Sucked for them but was great for us. Byron's jaws clamped onto the wolf before it even realized he was there. He closed his jaws slowly so that the wolf had enough time to make a pained yelp to get the other's attention away from our mate. The wolf's neck was snapped immediately.

Byron let out the most ferocious snarl of his life, and that definitely got everyone's attention.

The three living wolves snarled at him as if trying to be intimidating. That was a fucking laughable attempt. They were the furthest thing from intimidating. I was fairly certain that little Denny of Nightshade could take them, and he did not even have his wolf yet.

The closest one leapt at Byron who just sidestepped. I smirked when I heard the little bitch hit a tree and yelp. Who the hell were these pussies?

Normally, we would love to drag this out, but not with a hurt mate in the middle of this. That thought fueled our anger and fury, igniting our desire for their blood.

Byron faced the wolves while I utilized our gift to latch onto their fears. It was a fucking blessing that we could do both at the same time. We discovered that we could do it when we were ambushed by rogues while searching for Elle over the years.

When I looked at someone through the lens of my gift, vines wrapped around an individual. Those vines held the snippets that I saw. All I had to do when it came to their greatest fears was to pluck the snippets from the vine and throw it at them.

I pulled on the fear of drowning from victim number one and threw it at him as hard as I could. That would keep him busy for a moment.

The great side note of this part of my gift was that the fears they experienced seemed very real.

Victim number two was terrified of heights. Now, he felt like he was on the side of the Grand Canyon. He was immobilized with a paralyzing fear of falling over the ledge to his ultimate death.

Byron turned around onto Victim number three and quickly tore his throat out. He then proceeded to do the same to the other two before relinquishing control back to me and shifting back.

I rushed forward and fell down in front of her. Goddess, she was beautiful even though she was covered in blood, mud, and bruises. It looked like the bastard wolf had kicked her face in to render her unconscious.

She looked incredibly familiar. I rubbed some of the blood off her face so that I could see her clearer.

‘I need you to get ahold of Caiathus immediately. There’s a Light Fae who was attacked by wolves and is wounded. Please tell him to hurry,’ I linked Chris.

It was very easy to recognize what she was by her looks and aura alone. It did not matter what she was though because she was perfect.

‘He’s on his way. Do you need help with the wolves?’ Chris asked me.

‘They’re dead. We should probably autopsy them. No way in fucking hell was I going to leave any of them alive after what they did to her. Please bring me some shorts or something,’ I said, gritting my teeth as I catalogued how much damage they had caused just from what little I could see.

Caiathus appeared in front of us, his eyes surveying the dead wolves before looking at me for an explanation. I just nodded down to her.

A gasp tore from him as he dropped down beside her. He pulled out his phone and put it on speaker before his hands rested on her wounds. They glowed bright white while he tried to heal them in order to stop the bleeding.

All Fae had some form of healing ability. Not all of them were strong healers, but most could heal the simple things.

“I am with Alpha Dante. Father, I need our two strongest healers immediately. I am not certain what happened, but it is Ziyah. She was attacked, but I doubt that is the extent of her injuries,” Caiathus said.

He knew her. Who was this woman? Ziyah ... I loved how that name sounded. Ziyah was my mate.

“Are you certain it is her?” his father asked, voice thick with hope.

Their reactions to her appearance had me questioning what happened to her.

Caiathus leaned down and discretely sniffed her skin in various places. I would normally find that strange, but I really did not care about anything at this moment except what was going on with her. She had to be okay.

“Yes. I was certain the moment that I saw her. I smell Dark Fae essence on her skin. We will test it because it smells familiar, but I cannot place it right now. I will continue healing the immediate wounds while we await your arrival. See you soon.”

Caiathus hung up the phone and took a shuddering breath. I could almost feel the pain and anguish that was running rampant inside of him right now. It was a pain that I understood all too well when it came to Elle. I supposed that we were both in similar boats.

He looked at me as he continued to move onto her other wounds. There were many questions hidden within his gaze.

“How did you come across her?” he asked me.

“The boundary alert sounded, and I came across the four wolves. The super dead bastard right there,” I pointed, “was the one who had her pinned down. I used my gift to paralyze them with their fears while Byron killed them,” I explained.

I frowned as I looked down at her. What had she gone through? Dark Fae fucking hated Light Fae with a passion.

I would destroy anyone who caused her harm, and that was a fucking promise. It was a deep need within my soul that I protected her no matter how I had to go about it.

“Is Ziyah your mate?” Caiathus asked curiously.