

Fated Soul - Fated Light

Chapter 4

DANTE

I looked back towards Ziyah's direction once more before I shut the family room door behind me.

There was a conglomeration of Fae relatives and me. I certainly fucking stuck out, but that was neither here nor there.

Caiathus took a seat next to me on the couch, lending me the brotherly support that he always did. We were close, so it was cool that we would be family. Well, that was if my mate accepted me. What if she did not want our bond? What did I possibly have to offer her?

'Relax,' Caiathus linked to me.

I looked at him curiously because I did not know he could link to me. That would have saved time if I had known. Was it just by his wish that it happened?

'Fae can project thoughts. I assume that is what you are curious about. Your nephews do it all the time,' he reminded me, smirking.

He was right. Fucker. At least he broke me out of my spiraling thoughts.

I turned my attention to Dr. Kravitz who looked a little nervous, but I was not certain why. That put me on edge. However, he was my pack member and my responsibility. As my sister said once upon a fucking time: responsibility sucked ass.

"You said that you've finished examining Ziyah," I nudged him out of his stupor.

He cleared his throat and looked through her file. There was a lot that he did not want to say because it was bad. How bad was it?

"The wounds created by the wolves have been healed and don't pose any risk to her. They did injure her liver, as the healer had told us, but that ultrasound showed that it's fully healed. It appears that Ziyah sustained extensive injuries that align with torture. The scar tissue on her wrists and ankles are clearly wounds of being shackled. There's a high level of iron in her bloodstream. We can flush that out, but it prohibits any of her Fae abilities at the moment," he explained.

Caiathus had his arm around my shoulder to keep me grounded right now or else I would probably find out where the fuck they had kept her and destroy every single fucker that dared to breathe the same air as her.

The doctor put some of her scans on the projector. I heard gasps from all around the room, but my blood just felt like it had turned to ice. Anyone could understand what those scans showed.

“There’s extensive internal scar tissue. The fissures in the tissue indicate it was made by electricity. The burn marks on her skin show that it was issued often. Today was the most recent. There’s evidence that her bones had been broken, healed, and broken again. There’s also something that we found in her bloodwork but couldn’t identify,” the doctor explained.

He displayed the blood results for us to see. Caiathus stood up and walked over to them. He was not just a pretty face. The guy was a fucking genius too. He was easily the most intelligent person I had ever met of any species.

Caiathus grabbed a dry erase marker and wrote a formula that went really far over my fucking head, but it made sense to him. Then he circled certain factors in her blood work before he circled the answer to his formula.

I had never seen the guy as pissed off as he was right now, but he was furious. His aura was wrapped around him before he disappeared.

Everyone looked around at each other, trying to figure out what the fuck was going on, but we were all at a loss.

It was not even two minutes later that Caiathus reappeared with a journal in his hand that he was furiously going through. A loud snarl came from his throat when he pieced everything together. His eyes flashed dangerously, and he looked every bit the Apex predator that he was.

“They were experimenting on her. They could not break her, so they were experimenting on her to bind her to their will. These unknown factors in her bloodwork were just that. It is a newer method that Dark Fae are attempting to perfect in order to conquer Light Fae and bend them to their every desire. The levels in her system means they tried for years, but our Ziyah never succumbed,” Caiathus murmured the last bit.

Byron and I both wanted blood, but the Goddess was right that we had to be patient. All that mattered right now was that Ziyah was alive. I needed to be strong for her. Byron needed to be strong for her. We would do whatever we could because she was worth it.

“How do we flush that out of her system?” I asked Caiathus.

“Blood transfusion. Fae obviously. However, Celeste’s blood might also be most beneficial.” He rubbed his temples as he thought. “It would help heal her iron poisoning as well. It is a miracle that she escaped where she was while essentially being human.”

All I could hear was how strong Ziyah was. She would be strong enough to survive this. Hell tried to consume her, but she clawed herself up from its pits.

I did not even know her yet, but I did know that she was a fucking survivor.

This was a promise that I made right now and would make to her when she finally awoke: I would protect her at all costs and bring her enemies to their knees.

“She is being monitored, but there is no telling how long she will be unconscious. We have given her some pain medicine to help ease her as much as possible. Since she has the iron, her body is essentially human, so we didn’t want to give her Fae-strength medicine just yet,” Dr. Kravitz added.

Thankfully, our pack and Nightshade were both equipped to treat various species since both packs housed or dealt with a variety of them.

Her family and I thanked him before he left. We all just sat in the silent wake of the bomb that had been dropped.

What had they done to my mate? Who were they? They would come to realize they made the worst mistake possible by even looking at her.

“Alpha Dante,” Belorne began.

“You can just call me Dante,” I insisted with a tensed smile. Nobody called me out on it though because we were all in the same boat with the emotional whirlwind of the moment.

“Dante, we cannot thank you enough for saving her when you did. It seems that our Ziyah has been in pure torment all this time. One thing that I do know is the power of a bond. Many Fae choose their partners, but sometimes there are preordained fated bonds, just like with you two. It surpasses all else. The mate-bond will help her heal,” Belorne said, eyes trained on mine.

I had to reign in my emotions and nodded. He was right. It was something that all shifters learned about in terms of the mate-bond. It was good to see that Fae felt the same way.

“I’ll stay beside her for as long as she allows. Your family has full authority to come and go. We can even set you up in the packhouse if you’d prefer. Just let us know,” I told them, standing up.

I needed to go see her, but first I gave them my phone number so that they could contact me directly if need be. Then I promised to keep them apprised of any changes.

Elle, Kade, and the twins were standing guard outside of her door.

I had no idea what my face looked like, but Kade took Grant so that Elle could embrace me. Her arms tightened as she held me afloat.

All I could think about was the torture that Ziyah had been through. She had suffered so fucking much, and I barely knew any of it.

‘She was tortured by Dark Fae...electrocution, breaking bones, and years of trying to chemically manipulate and bind her to them since they couldn’t break her. Fuck...’

‘Just go to her and be by her side. Hold her hand. Don’t let her wake up alone. Selene brought her to you for a reason,’ Elle said as she kissed my cheek.

Kade gave me a one-armed hug, and I embraced the twins before opening the door. I stood there for a moment, just looking at her sleeping form. She looked like her sleep was peaceful. There was that at least. Three deep breaths later, I moved to take a seat in the chair next to her bed.

Caiathus asked if it was okay for him to stick around for a while. He was still in shock that he found his cousin after all this time. It was something I could understand because it was the same way with Elle. Seeing her again after thirteen years had challenged my entire reality.

“She’s your family. You never need to ask. Plus, it would probably help if someone she knew was here when she woke up,” I said softly, as to not disturb her.

They cleaned her up and tended to her wounds. White hair hung in waves down her shoulders. Her facial features were sharp but very feminine. Her face looked sunken in though. They must have been starving her...

I leaned my elbows on my knees and dropped my head, trying to block out the reality of hell she must have survived. It fucking tore at me. When one mate hurt, the other mate hurt as well. Kade went through this with Elle, but it did give me hope that she would be able to heal from it all one day. I would do everything I could to help her if she allowed it.

My hand slid into hers, and I gave it a gentle squeeze. The sparks reassured me that she was here and would be okay.

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It had been two days, and she still had not woken up. The doctors all said that it was her body’s way of healing itself. The healers came by to work a little at a time. They were afraid of taxing her system too hard while it was also in the process of healing.

Her family and Celeste had all donated blood. There were physical changes even if she was still unconscious. Her hair had brightened to have almost a slight silver sheen to it, and her skin took on more of the shimmer of her people. The iron was slowly being pushed out of her system which was allowing it to heal faster too. The IV nutrition that they were giving her was helping her body gain some health again. The sunken part of her body was slowly evening out.

There was no way around the truth. Ziyah was fucking gorgeous.

There were always people coming by to check on us. The only time I had left was to have Caiathus pop me into my suite so that I could pack a bag, grab a shower, and pop right back.

Byron and I had a hard time being away from her. We needed to ensure that she was protected and safe. There was still no telling who had her or how hard they would fight to get her back. She was safest beside us. We also did not want her to feel alone. Even I knew that it was irrational, but it was all I fucking had.

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“Where is he?” a female voice cried out.

My eyes snapped open and was immediately alert.

Ziyah was sitting straight up, looking all around. She was confused as fuck. One minute she was being attacked by wolves and the next she was waking up in a foreign hospital room. I could not blame her for freaking out.

“Where is he? I need him. She said he’d keep me safe. Where is he?” she cried over and over.

Was she talking about me? The Goddess said that she sent her to me. I was at a fucking loss of what to fucking do. My instincts told me to pull her into my arms and comfort her, but that would be the worst thing I could do right about now. I did not want her to fear me.

“Ziyah, you’re safe here,” I said softly as I turned the low light on. “My name is Dante. I found you when the wolves attacked you. They can’t hurt you anymore. You’re safe.”

Her bright amethyst eyes regarded me with confusion, concern, and uncertainty. I could understand that given her situation.

Her eyes were gorgeous but not the focal point right now. Focus. Fucking hell.

“H-how do you know my name?” she asked, looking around without removing her focus from me.

It killed me that in this moment I was an enemy to her, but I would do whatever was necessary to keep her calm.

‘Get Caiathus to Ziyah’s room please. She’s awake and freaking out,’ I linked Elle.

“Because your cousin Caiathus told me. I’m having my sister get him to come here now. You made it inside of my pack when I came across the wolves. They can’t hurt you anymore. Nobody can hurt you anymore. I won’t allow it,” I promised her.

Her knees were pulled up to her chest as she buried her head there. She looked so small and frail as if looking too hard would break her in half.

Byron was pacing back and forth in my head and howling out his mourning for what she had been through. It broke both of our hearts.

“It’s going to be okay, Ziyah. I promise you. I will keep you safe,” I repeated.

It was like she could not even fucking hear me, but that was okay. I just kept repeating it over and over.

Her cries ripped at my heart. Each one felt like a razor blade to my flesh. I could feel her anguish as if it was my own. This was the first time that my gift was affecting me quite like that. It had to do with the mate-bond, but I was powerless to understand it right now.

Caiathus thankfully popped in at that exact moment. Relief flooded his entire being at seeing her conscious.

“Ziyah. It will be okay. You are okay, Ziyah,” he said softly.

Her head snapped up. She wiped the tears away from her face. Her brows furrowed as if she was trying to determine if he was real or not. There was no telling the types of mind games they played on her over the years.

“If you’re truly Caiathus ... what did you gift me for my sixty-third birthday?”

Her head tilted to the side as she regarded him. The sheer look of determination made her look adorable despite the circumstances.

Sixty-third? I knew that she had been gone for thirty-seven years. It made me wonder how old she actually was. It did not matter because Fae lived very long lifespans. Their mates did as well once they were fully mated. However, she would be robbing the cradle.

‘FOCUS!’ Byron chided me even though he was thinking the same thing.

“I gifted you a jewelry box that was created from the shell of a dragon’s egg. It was red and black,” Caiathus said with a patient smile.

She held her arms out, and Caiathus embraced her. I leaned against the wall and looked away to give them the semblance of privacy. I felt like an intruder, but I could not bring myself to move away from her.

Ziyah was not just gorgeous and courageous. Her voice was so fucking musical that I could listen to it all day every day.

“... I have to find him, Cai. The voice that saved me said I had to go to him, and he’d protect me. Where is he? I can’t go back. Please don’t make me go back,” she pleaded, her voice cracking.

Her plea caught my attention. I looked at Caiathus who nodded his head for me to come closer. I cocked a brow to make sure he knew what the fuck he was doing. The challenge in his eyes almost made me snort.

I approached Caiathus' side of the bed and took a seat next to him.

Ziyah bit her pink lip when she looked at me before quickly looking away. If only she knew what that always did to a guy and especially a mate.

“First of all, you are safe. You are not going back anywhere that you do not want to be. This is Dante, the Alpha of this pack, and he was the one who saved you. Can you tell us about this voice? Explain to us what happened,” Caiathus coaxed.

She looked between him and me a few times before she told us about her escape. It was something that was very ill-prepared to hear.

Shana Allen

Thank you for continuing on the Fated journey. Dante and Ziyah will have much to overcome, but the truly precious things are worth fighting for.