

# Fated Soul - Fated Light

## Chapter 5

### DANTE

“I don’t know who the voice belonged to though,” she said with a frown after she finished explaining her escape.

Caiathus and I were both in shock over everything she went through to get her here. Fucking hell. I could not imagine the pain, panic, and fear that must have been running rampant through her veins during it. To somehow carry on walking for hours on limbs that had not been properly used for goddess knew how long. Fucking hell almighty.

“That would’ve been the Moon Goddess. Once Caiathus showed up, she told me that she sent you to me so that I could protect you, and I will,” I vowed to her.

Ziyah’s eyebrows furrowed while she discreetly sniffed the air. Her eyes widened as she simply stared at me. I could see an internal battle going on in her eyes, but I had no idea what she was trying to figure out.

“You’re a wolf. That makes sense because of the whole Alpha thing. Was that your wolf that I heard snarl before my face got pounced on? It made me feel safe instead of afraid. This is your pack then. You don’t really smell like the wolves I’ve met before. There’s something different...” she trailed off.

I had to admit that her rambling was really fucking adorable. It made me wonder what her filter to mouth ratio was. That was something that I could not wait to figure out. I always enjoyed people who did not hide behind wordplay.

“What do I smell like?” I asked, leaning my elbows on my knees, and focusing all of my attention on her.

She picked at the blanket and focused on that instead of looking at me. The tips of her ears pinkened at the position that she found herself in. Ziyah would do one of two things right now. One, she would refuse to answer and figuratively back out. Two, she would push through her shyness and just admit the truth.

“It’s a combination of citrus, amber, and musk. It smells like home. Like where I grew up,” she explained and blushed a furious shade of red when she realized what she said.

My smile felt foreign because it was one of pure delight. I smelled like home to her. Hell yes. If her goal was to win my heart while inflating my ego then she was sure as fuck succeeding.

“You smell like freesias and kiwi. I never thought of those two scents going together, but they do with you,” I told her honestly.

There might have been plenty of time to breathe in her scent while she slept. It was a creepy stalker move, but I did not feel ashamed of it. It was the only thing that kept me sane while I wanted for her to wake up. It reassured me that she was safe and here with me even if she was unconscious.

Surprise flitted across her face, but a small smile tugged at her lips for just a moment before it disappeared, and she cleared her throat.

We lapsed into silence for a few minutes while she was clearly thinking of how to say something. There was no need to rush her. She needed to feel in control right now, so we would give that to her without question.

“So, she sent me to you so that you could protect me. I’m not doubting your ability or anything, but I know how dangerous those bastards are. How can you protect me and your pack? Aren’t packs supposed to be an Alpha’s first priority? Maybe she just meant that you’d protect me from the four wolfy chew toys.”

Her voice was so unsure, so insecure, and it cut into me. What caused the pain was that I could tell she felt I would just toss her out on her ass. That was never going to happen.

Caiathus must have also came up with similar thoughts because he grabbed onto her hand and gave it a gentle reassuring squeeze.

“The pack comes first to Alphas under normal circumstances. What trumps pack is mate. I wasn’t sure how to tell you because I sure as fuck didn’t want to overwhelm you, but the reason I smell different to you is because we’re mates, Ziyah. I knew it the moment I scented and saw you. That’s why she sent you directly to me. Caiathus can attest to the fact that there’s nothing that could stand in my way of protecting you. Those who dared to touch you will pay tenfold for what they did.”

I did not want her to fear me, but I needed her to understand that she was absolutely safe here. It was something that I would definitely ensure no matter what the cost was.

Ziyah’s mouth formed an ‘o’ which looked like a mixture of comical and seductive. I was leaning more towards the former just to keep my mind straight. She had been through too much for me to even think of things like that. But damn it all, I was still a man. A man with a gorgeous mate.

Byron was howling up a storm in my head which was not helping. Thank you dick for making me your personal entertainment.

She was at a loss of what to say, so I decided to change the topic to provide her an out of the conversation.

“Who had you?” I asked her.

Ziyah gave me a look of gratitude with my topic change. However, this new topic also bothered her as seen by how she wrapped her arms around her torso and pressed herself further into the bed.

“The Klarish Clan had me the whole time. They’re a bunch of powerful Dark Fae and essentially the opposite of the Trelinin Protectors,” she said softly, biting her lip to hold her emotions back.

I had never heard of the Klarish Fae, but I would make sure that I learned every single fucking thing about them because they would pay. Each and every fucking asshole involved would wish that they had never even saw her.

Caiathus hissed when he heard the name. There was definitely no love lost there. It certainly made me even more curious about this clan.

“They tried to thwart us every step of the way, but they backed off around the time that Ziyah went missing. That should have been a neon sign. I am truly sorry for not connecting those dots,” Caiathus told her. The anguish was clear on his face and in his voice.

Ziyah scooted over as much as possible to make room for him on the bed and held her arms open, giving him a hint of what she wanted.

It was easy to see that she had a caring heart despite the horrors that she had faced. She wanted to comfort her cousin instead of allowing him to feel guilty for something that was outside of his control. I could definitely see why she was chosen to be our Luna. She was strong, determined, a warrior, a survivor, and compassionate. All qualities that made up a good Luna.

“It’s not your fault, Cai. They extracted enough of my essence to where nobody would be able to track me. Then they pumped my body with enough iron that it would make it impossible to even sense me. Now, there’s more important things to discuss though,” she said softly.

My fists clenched hearing what they had done, but I reigned in my anger because this was not the time nor the place for it. My instincts were screaming at me and demanding that they paid with their lifeforce for what they did to her.

Caiathus cocked a brow for her to continue. He was understandably curious about what could be deemed more important. Hell, so was I for that matter.

“When I was cloaked during my escape, Toris and his father were talking about the newest shipment of gifted wolves being brought in. Toris was placed on inspection duty, needing to ensure they were good enough for extraction. I’m not certain what that meant, but it struck me odd that Dark Fae were working with wolves.”

My head popped up with that. Caiathus and I exchanged a knowing look. Shit. That right there explained what was happening to them and what the purpose was. This was definitely not good for Dark Fae to have that power in their hands.

“You definitely just saved our asses,” I told her proudly. “We’ve been trying to figure out what was happening to the wolves and why. Our pack and my sister’s pack are filled with gifted wolves, so we’ve been even more on edge about it. Do you remember anything else?”

She was definitely a blusher, and I could not be any happier about it. A beautiful rose dusted her cheeks, and she looked fucking adorable.

At first, she was uneasy about the praise, but it did fill her with a sense of pride and determination. She was happy to be useful after everything. I did not have to be a mind reader to tell that she had felt useless and worthless for being held prisoner by the dead-in-the-future bastards. It was how I would feel if it had been me. I just hated that she felt this way, but time would help her see the truth – she was fucking strong and unbreakable.

Her eyes squinted as she sorted through her memories. My gift had not been working with her like it normally would for whatever reason. I had not been getting snippets from her or anything until now.

Faces flashed at a near-blinding speed as she thought. There were Dark Fae, obviously, but there were also some wolves. How did I know they were wolves? Simply because I recognized them. My gift latched onto the wolves, and I prodded deeper into those ones to figure out why they were working with Dark Fae. I almost wished I had not because I saw little clips of some of their torture techniques.

“What shall we do with the Fae whore?” one wolf mused as he crouched down and gripped her chin hard.

The wolf looked into her eyes, wanting her to cower in fear. Her eyes were void of reaction, but I could feel her disgust and anger in that moment. She internally scoffed and thought that this was nothing new.

“Perhaps we should show her what it’s like to be with wolves,” another voice said, his voice thick with lust.

She never once cried out at what they did to her, nor did she beg. Her emotions were filled with shame, disgust, and self-hatred, but her exterior was void of everything. The pain that she was in the entire time was damn near excruciating, but she got through it by thinking about her home. That was the only thing that kept her from giving into their desire for her to beg and plead for them to stop.

Luckily, the memory shut off, so I was pulled back into reality. I muttered an apology and an excuse before I fled to her bathroom.

My eyes were pitch black when I looked into the mirror. This was not from desire at all. It was from plain and simple fury at what they did to my mate. They would beg for death long before it was ever fucking granted to them. I would torture them in the most excruciating ways that would make anything ever attempted before pale in comparison.

‘Are you okay? Keep in mind that you can reply through this link,’ Caiathus said calmly.

What should I tell him? I refused to tell anyone what I saw unless she allowed me to. It was necessary to explain my gift to her soon because I refused to keep her in the dark about it. That was not how a mateship worked.

‘I just needed a moment. My gift had been oddly silent with Ziyah until just now. It was a little overwhelming. I’ll tell her about my gift soon. I just don’t want to overwhelm her right now.’

That way he knew that I did not want him to explain about my gift. It was best coming from me.

I splashed some water on my face and took some deep calming breaths until my eyes returned to their normal blue.

Ziyah looked at me curiously as I took my seat again but did not say anything. I just gave her a reassuring smile, which seemed to accomplish just that.

“As for your question, I remember them dealing with wolves a few times before. They were different each time. I don’t know why they were dealing with them other than to secure the whereabouts of the gifted wolves. The Dark Fae wouldn’t have wanted to get their hands dirty, so it makes sense that they’d rely on the wolves for that. Why would they want the gifted wolves though?” Ziyah asked me.

I was glad that she was not cowering away from me or ignoring me. I could tell that she was apprehensive about the idea of a mate-bond, but I could not blame her. That was especially true after what I had just seen.

Focus on the here and now. That was something Elle taught me, and it came in fucking handy right about now.

“That was something that I’ve been trying to figure out too. The gifts are contained in a shifter’s DNA. That’s why gifts pass on through bloodlines. I had already discounted the possibility that they just wanted to possess gifted wolves in their ranks to use as weapons like some shifter packs do. You mentioned extraction. That leads me to believe that they’re extracting the gift-containing DNA. It would make sense that they are either A. trying to add it to their own DNA to make them significantly stronger and more powerful, or B. adding the DNA to some other species to create their own personal weapons,” I posited.

My gut leaned towards option B as it made the most sense. Dark Fae would not want to taint their own species with another, which would be why adding it to the other species would be the most plausible. Here was the kicker though – trying to figure out which species that would be.

Ziyah's fingers tapped her leg while she thought about what I said. Caiathus had told me a lot about her while she was unconscious, and one of those things was that she was fucking brilliant. One of the most brilliant members of their entire family according to him.

"It's B. The species would have to give them an advantage. It might be that they're stronger, faster, magically inclined, or even a combination of those. Demons and witches would be the most likely options. However, I'm certain it's witches," she said and nodded her head at the end, agreeing with herself.

Brilliant was definitely an understatement. I had no idea what word would suffice, but I would figure it out some day.

"Why are you certain that it is witches?" Caiathus asked her.

"Because the bitchy father of the equally bitchy Toris mentioned that Blantay would be returning since her magic would be able to access my mind past the blocks put in place by our family's magic. Blantay is the High Witch of the Girolamo Coven. It's not a coincidence that the High Witch would be dealing with Dark Fae. They must have a mutual agreement in place even though I couldn't fathom what they could offer her to make it worth an allegiance with the ugly ass Dark Fae fucktards."

I could not even help the chuckle that escaped me with her lovely descriptions. She really was perfect for me. She also definitely did not speak like the other Fae that I had met. Hell, she used contractions and all. Plus, she was also more creative and crude in her descriptions. All around, it was great.

She looked amused for a moment before she shook her head to clear it. At least she was not immune to me. That was good because I was sure as hell was not immune to her.

"Caiathus, why didn't you tell me how hilarious your cousin was?" I chided him.

"She used to be too serious for her own good. She was always focused on her studies, combat, and politics. I did not know that she even knew a knock-knock joke," he teased her.

Ziyah glared at him and scoffed. Her arms crossed over her chest as she stared him down. Oh, she was another female with an intimidating as fuck look. Elle and she would definitely get along with one another. That thought made me happy, and I sincerely hoped that it was a reality instead of just a thought.

"I am nothing if not adaptable. Just like how I learned to speak from this century. What will your charge think of your vocabulary once you meet them?" she asked, jutting her chin out definitely.

"She thinks it's charming, which I'll never fucking understand. His charge is my sister Elle," I explained to her.

Ziyah looked between the two of us with thinly-veiled curiosity. I could see that some of the questions she had inside her head were answered.

Then she turned her attention to me, cocking her head to the side, and eyeing me with something I could not place.

“What about you? Do you care that I don’t sound as uptight as his Fae ass?” she asked me with mock innocence.

“Not one fucking bit,” I told her with a devious smirk. She wasted no time in returning it with one of her own.

Shana Allen

Dante couldn't have a mate who couldn't appreciate his vocabulary and humor. What do you think of the story thus far? Like/Comment/Vote to let me know.

| 27

Shana Allen

Oh good lord. Dante will have his hands full with her. Like/Comment/Vote with those pretty blue gems to let me know what you thought of this chapter.

| 22

everyone.