

# Fated to the Alphas - Chased by Chaos

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## Preface

### ANGEL

The fact of the matter was that nobody could outrun their past indefinitely. At one point or another, it would appear in front of you like a charging bull inside of a china shop, threatening to destroy everything within its wake.

Something that I had recently learned was that trust needed to be earned instead of blindly given. Had I not been so trusting, had not allowed myself to ignore my instincts, then I might not even be here right now. Goddess, I had been so damn blind and had nobody to blame myself for falling into this carefully created trap.

I had always prided myself on my strength. It had been hounded into me that I could overcome anything just as long as I fought hard enough and continued fighting no matter what. The reality was that it was much easier said than done when the time came to put that plan into action.

Betrayal – the word itself stung, slicing into me like a silver dagger, serrating everything it touched. How had I been so blind to not have seen the snake before it struck me and tossed me into the lion’s den as if I was nothing but a raw steak.

Who would have known that dealing with my past would have me dealing with a devil that dressed in designer suits and wielded his authority like the Grim Reaper’s scythe, threatening to obliterate all that it contacted with?

I had once read it was when the chips were down that one could envision their true source of strength. Their faces were the only thing keeping me sane enough to fight. They had always been right there beside me, helping me to accomplish the impossible. It was for them that I would fight – them and our future. All I could hope for was that they would find me before it was too late.

There was some reason that this designer devil wanted me. To survive, I just needed to figure out what that was before everything was lost. That should be a piece of cake, right?

I might be shackled like a prisoner and cut off from everyone that I loved, but there was one thing that I was not – a victim. I was a fighter, one that would either succeed or fall into oblivion after using up every last ounce of that fight.

The door creaked open to reveal none other than the devil himself. His eyes were lit with amusement as he catalogued each injury that he saw, enjoying my suffering.

Game on, asshat.

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This is a continuation of the original Fated series, so I do suggest reading those as well for the full context. This book is the first of the next generation books.

The previous books are:

- Fated Rejection – Fated Claim (Book 1)

- Fated Soul – Fated Light (Book 2)

- Fated Power – Fated Destiny (Book 3)

The previous books in the Dark Moon series (Cross-over series) are:

- His Hunt For Redemption (Book 1)

- Design of Fate (Book 2)