

Fated to the Alphas - Chased by Chaos

Chapter 6

GABRIEL

She was going to ace that track, there was no fucking doubt about that. This right here was the precise reason why we knew, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that Angel would help this pack to bring in a new era if she chose to be by our sides.

We were holding out on hope that she would agree when the time came. Honestly, it was nerve-racking all the same because we would respect her choice even if it meant that we could never claim her. Two more weeks. Time moved really fucking slowly.

Internally, I shook my head to banish those thoughts because now was not the time for it.

I could already see the far-reaching implications of her project. She hit the nail on the fucking head when she said that our groups were meant to be a family.

“So how has your niece been tonight?” I asked her as I leaned back on my hands.

“Like the sweetheart that she is. I don’t know why Denny says she’s a little demon. Perhaps she just loves me more.”

That had us both chuckling because that girl really did act like a sweetheart – patient and calm when she was with Angel. The gloves came off whenever Denny was around. She loved her father, but she loved to mess with him just as much. She was five and would be a little hellion as she grew up.

Out of nowhere, Angel’s eyes squeezed shut, her hands pressing against her temples. I could tell that she was in pain, but what the fuck was going on?

Grant dove in to catch her when she was thrown backwards. He pulled her onto his lap just as a strangled cry came out of her mouth.

‘Give her a minute,’ Aunt Ziyah’s calm voice filtered through the family bond.

I knelt down next to her and pushed some of the hair off of her face, just wishing for her to be okay. All of these odd occurrences were really freaking us the fuck out, killing us that we could not do a damn thing about it.

Her eyes opened, blazing silver for a brief moment before returning to her normal blues. I had never seen her eyes do that before, so why in the fuck did it now?

We could both feel the fear running through her body right now. It took a lot to make her afraid.

“Are you okay, doll?” my brother asked her.

Angel met his gaze, her mouth opening and closing a few times before she shook her head and started crying. He wrapped her up in his arms. I grabbed her hand and rubbed soothing circles on the back of it.

Her hand tugged mine. I moved so that I could place my head against the side of hers. My arms also went around her. Whatever happened must have seriously fucked with her. The cries leaving her mouth gutted us both.

Thank fuck that we had come over and that Aunt Ziyah had given us some sort of forewarning.

It felt like ages before her sobs quieted down. There was so much pain in her eyes when she looked between us. I just wiped her tears away and tried to give her a reassuring smile. I was not certain how reassuring it was, but it was the thought that counted hopefully.

“Do you want to talk about it, halo?” I asked her softly.

A little burst of happiness was felt from her every time I used that nickname. It was not like we could tune out the sensitivity of people’s emotions. If we could, they would because neither of us enjoy that invasion of privacy, especially when it comes to her.

She gnaws on her lip for a few moments, considering it. Then she nodded and sat up, blushing when she realized that she was on his lap. She nearly jumped off of it and then sat in between the two of us.

“You know how your mother was told that they killed mine at the feeding room for being a she-wolf?”

We nodded, wondering where the hell this was going. Our parents had infiltrated a feeding room to save Noriel, a siren, that lived in Shadow Falls with her mate and little ones. Not to mention that every human they could save was saved. One woman there had specifically stated that they killed Angel’s birth mother but spared her since she was an infant.

“It wasn’t like that. I don’t know how I saw it, but I saw what really happened.”

Her hands started to shake so we both took one, trying to give her some sense of security. I could not even begin to imagine what it would be like to witness the death of either parent.

Remo appeared and brought a throw over and put it over her lap before sitting on his haunches to be here for her as well.

“She was running from a man. It seemed like she knew who he was. I was being held in her arms as she ran. Tears were falling from her eyes and the only thing she could think about was failing

me for not being able to protect me. Eventually, he caught up to her. There was a seriously dark aura surrounding him. It was the first time I had ever truly felt like I encountered something evil, but he was evil. I could feel that much through whatever she was experiencing. Despite knowing that she was about to die, she didn't cower or beg for her life. She held her head high as she stared him down. He forced her onto her knees before slicing her throat. There was a sadistic grin on his face as he watched her dying. The moment that he went to grab me from her, he was attacked by vampires and was forced to run from them. He had tossed one last possessive look at me before disappearing. The vampires knew that she was a she-wolf and were the ones who said that they would inform their bosses that she was hiding them as human."

My heart was breaking for her the more that she shared what she saw. Tears were slowly running down her cheeks as she spoke.

Angel's past had always been a dark cloud hanging over her, because she had never gotten a chance to know her biological mother. She even felt guilty that she was alive while her mother was not. She loved her family and would never wish to not be with them.

Her words were spinning around in my mind. What if he had actually killed her mother in order to get to her? She had mentioned that he had given her a possessive look.

Oh fuck. What if he had something to do with the vision that Grenza had of her? My eyes met my brother's, and it seemed that we were having the same thoughts. We needed to talk to Mom and Aunt Ziyah about this. Perhaps our Aunt would have some clue into whether or not this was an actual vision of the past or if it was something else entirely.

"I'm so sorry that either you or she had gone through that," I said, tucking some hair behind her ear. "I'm sorry that you had to witness that. If it shows us anything, it's that your mother was incredibly brave and a badass just like her daughter."

A sweet smile curled her lips when I said that. Good. I was hoping to give her something positive to cling to instead of the negative ones.

"I also look like her. She had passed by a window as she ran. I couldn't tell just how dark anything was, but she had blonde hair and blue eyes too," she stated proudly.

"I can't guarantee anything, but if the reflection was clear enough, Aunty might be able to pull the image from you and see if we can find out anything about her for you. That's only if you want to though," Grant offered.

She was already nodding quickly before he finished speaking. I really hoped, for her sake, that we would be able to find out more about her birth mother.

I reached for the basket and rummaged through it for the bracelet. Our epic Aunt deserved the best fucking gift that we could find for her.

“I really hope that you don’t mind, but after Grant told me what you two had seen together, we went to Aunty to get her opinion on it because it was more her forte. She gave us this bracelet tonight and said it will help stabilize whatever is going on in that beautiful mind of yours. Hopefully, it will give you some peace of mind,” I told her.

I had to admit that it was definitely beautiful. It was a rose gold cuff that had abstract etchings that probably had some purpose to it.

“It’s gorgeous,” Angel said as she looked at it, not letting go of our hands, but we were not complaining.

“It is,” I agreed. “Would you like me to put it on you?”

She looked from it up to me and swallowed hard. “Please.”

I smiled at her and brought her hand up closer so that I could cuff it easier. Okay, that was a bullshit fucking lie. It was because I wanted to. The look she gave me was one that had not used before. It was the perfect fit once it clicked.

“Perfect,” I told her without looking away from her eyes, hoping that she knew that it was her that I meant.

The blush on her cheeks told me that she probably did or at least thought it might be what I meant.

Our moment was broken when we heard a car door close in the driveway. Damn it, Denny! Paula and Jesse had taken Willow out of the pack until tomorrow, so I could not blame it on anyone else.

“How about you go to your brother and let us put everything up. We’ll come say goodbye before we leave. Don’t be hesitant to reach out to us if you need anything, halo. Even if you just need someone to talk with through the mindlink to keep your mind busy.”

There was a deep relief in her eyes when I said that, and she readily agreed. It was clear how shaken she was by this.

“Do you mind if we talk to Aunty about this?” Grant asked her. “We’re sorry that we didn’t ask before. It was spur-of-the-moment decision.”

She squeezed both of our hands before letting them go then stood up, flashing us a reassuring smile.

“You have nothing to apologize for. Yes, it’s okay to talk to her or anyone else that you think should know. I’ve always trusted you both and know you wouldn’t do it maliciously or anything. And thank you for being here tonight. I thought you were both going to be at the party or else I would’ve offered you some of the pizza that little miss sweet angel and I had.”

I tilted my head in confusion. Why would she think that we would be there?

Shana Allen

What do you think? Is her mother's death related to Grenza's vision from years ago?

| 7