

Chapter 12

KALEN

The door opened, and she rushed over to me, kneeling down next to me.

"What's wrong, sweetheart?" she asked me.

"I don't know..." I bit my lip in an attempt to regain some of the control I had lost to the pain. "It feels like there's fire inside of me. It started in my heart and spread out from there."

She placed her hand on my neck as her healing ability entered my body. I looked at her, hoping that she could tell me what this pain was, but she looked very perplexed. Fuck. I just wanted whatever it was to stop.

The door opened again, and Grandma Tris came in. She knelt down as well and asked Mom to explain what was going on. Grandma Tris was obviously speaking with her wolf, Paise, who had been the very first Vessel wolf in our lineage and had knowledge of ever subsequent Vessel's abilities.

She sat down and grabbed my hand, giving it a gentle squeeze. She tried to give me a reassuring smile, but it did not reach her eyes. I knew that whatever she was about to say was not going to be good.

"One Vessel ability is being able to sense bonds. It would appear that this is one ability that you and Nika have. It makes it possible for the Vessel to sense their own mate-bond before they turn eighteen. It's not as obvious as it would be then. Instead of being enough to knock

you on your ass, it'd be more like a draw to someone that you can't quite explain."

The pain eased off, and I felt like I could breathe again. However, my head was reeling with that information. I could potentially sense my mate already...

It only took me ten seconds of thinking about any draw like that for me to pinpoint the only person that I have ever felt it with. To be honest, I was not certain what to think at all about that revelation.

"Are you suggesting that the pain that I was feeling came from my... that person having intimate relations with someone else even though we aren't marked?"

Mom wrapped her arms around me, trying to give me support right now. This entire situation was really fucking with my head, but I was thankful that I had these two supporting me right now.

"Yes. That's why you're feeling the pain the way that you are. It'll be internal instead of external like it would be if you were marked. Unfortunately, this ability is one that you can't choose to switch off. However, I know the recipe for a tea that you'll consume to help minimize the pain. It lasts for 24 hours, so you just have to consume it once a day. This ability is one that seems unfair but is only ever given to a Vessel when the Goddess believes that it's necessary that they have it. Would you like me to take you home in case it comes back? I can brew you some tea as well," Grandma Tris offered.

As much as I truly did not want to leave, the thought of this happening again in public was what decided for me.

"I'd like that, Grandma. And, please, keep this between us. I don't

want anyone to know, including Dad. He'll go super caveman, which is not cool. It's not like the person is doing this on purpose. Plus, neither of us is eighteen. It's not like I can go up and be all 'I'm your mate, so you better keep it in your pants' or anything. I'll just deal with it. Thanks for coming and helping me out," I told them both.

Mom kissed my forehead and breathed in my scent, attempting to control her emotions. She hated it when any of us were hurt, but she also felt helpless right now because there was no fixing this. I just had to endure it.

"Zion will cast you home. Do you want me to come too?" she asked me.

"No, Mama. You stay and enjoy the party. I expect a play-by-play tomorrow. Love you," I told her, kissing her cheek.

Zion was waiting for us outside. He took one look at me and realized something was wrong. I just shook my head so that he would not push. Not right now at least. This was not something that I felt remotely ready to deal with.

I had been really looking forward to this party because it was going to be the day where the twins found out if they were fated to Angel or not. Everyone had made assumptions throughout their lives about whether they would be fated or not. I supposed that I would just have to learn about it tomorrow. I could wait and be patient.

Zion gave me a tight hug when we got to my house and told me to reach out if I needed anything. He did not push for answers, and I was thankful that he was not that type of person.

I trudged up to my room and flopped down on my bed, just in time for

the tears to fall. I did not hold it against him to do whatever he did tonight because we were not mated yet. We were not even in a relationship. However, that did not mean that I was unaffected by feeling it. Knowing and experiencing were two very different things indeed.

The image of his devilishly handsome face was all it took for me to spiral into a vision.

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I was freezing my ass off, having been stuck in this cell for a week now. While I knew what I was doing when setting up my own trap of getting caught by the asshole, it did not mean I was prepared, or happy, with the conditions that I found myself in.

This was the only way though, I knew that, so I would endure whatever was necessary if it meant saving countless lives.

My thoughts were roadblocked when the door to the room opened up. Maddox snuck inside and closed the door. He took a deep breath before turning towards me.

Quite frankly, he looked like shit. Not that I would blame him. It was not every day that you come upon your fated mate stuck in your father's cell, obviously having been tortured. I blocked the rest of why he looked like shit from my mind or else I would end up saying some hurtful things to him, and that was something that I was unwilling to do despite everything else.

"Are you okay? Stupid question. Fuck," he cursed, shaking his head. Then he ran his hand through those silky locks of his.

Side note: he was kind of adorable when he stumbled over his words like that.

"Believe it or not, this was what I was trying to save you from. That's why I distanced myself because I didn't want him to try to use you for his agenda against the Supernatural Council. He's so stuck in his revenge plans against them for what they did to my uncle and his pack that he's willing to do whatever the fuck he wants to so that he can achieve it."

That proved that he did have a reason for being an ass. I was not certain how that confirmation made me feel.

"I figured that you had a reason," I murmured after a moment. "As far as you saving me, I appreciate it but didn't need you to. I'm more than capable of protecting myself. I knew what I was getting myself into when I crossed paths with him. I knew that I'd be right here, but it was necessary. And no, I won't go into further detail on that front. As far as your uncle, I'm not certain what the lunatic upstairs told you, but Alpha Cameron was apprehended when he staged the abduction and torture of Luna Elle of the Nightshade pack. Unbeknownst to him, the person he had really captured was Luna Ziyah of the Shadow Falls pack who glamourised herself with her Fae magic to look like Luna Elle. The Council tracked them down and came upon him in the act. His pack was disbanded because of the slave trafficking, torture, rape, and abuse that they had witnessed when they went there."

His brows furrowed with that onslaught of information. It was clear by his reaction that his father told him an entirely different story.

"I suppose that your parents told you that?" he asked me, raising one brown brow up.

+15 BONUS

"You'd suppose wrong. It's on public record except for the fact that Luna Ziyah had glamourised herself simply because her abilities aren't public knowledge and could be dangerous if known to the wrong person," I told him as I leaned my head against the wall.

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Holy fucking shit...



Shana Allen

Author

"At least Kalen knows that there's a reason for him being an ass. It won't be too far in the future that Kalen enacts her plan. She just has to make sure that all of the pieces are together first."

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