

Fated Power - Fated Destiny

Chapter 3

ZIYAH

I was incredibly confused the moment that my eyes opened. The last thing that I remembered was Dante serenading me until I fell asleep in his arms.

There was no telling where I was because this did not feel like a dream or a vision either. I was standing in front of the doors to a lavish palace. I turned around, trying to gauge what might be going on and saw a beautiful garden landscape that led to the surrounding woods. The colors were so vibrant, and a warm breeze caressed my skin. Surely, this was a good and safe place because a feeling of serene peace filled my being.

The palace doors opened. A woman in uniform bowed her head to me.

"Welcome, Lady Ziyah. Please do come in. We have been awaiting your arrival. If you follow me, I will aid you in getting prepared for the evening meal," she said.

She stepped aside, allowing me to pass. I was so very confused about what was going on. How did she know who I was? Who were the 'we' that she spoke of?

"What is your name?" I asked her first.

"My name is Phaelyn," she informed me, smiling politely.

There was an unmistakable feel of magic in the air. It was pure, untainted, and very strong. It was ancient magic at that, the likes of which I had only ever read the theoretics of.

The inside of the palace looked just like one would expect it to. The corridors were made of white slate marble, walls arched in gold. Crystal chandeliers hung from the ceiling, illuminating everything.

Flowing tapestries lined some of the walls, magic allowing them to change. One looked as if you were flying through a galaxy, the details within it made it very realistic. Another tapestry showed a magical lake that had many different species swimming around inside of it.

"Where are we? Who has been awaiting my arrival? How do you even know who I am?" I asked her the questions in quick succession.

"It is not my place to provide those answers. I apologize for that, but I can say that the answers will be given to you very soon."

I nodded my head and gave her a reassuring smile. It was not her fault that I needed patience. Clearly, I would not be getting the information any faster than I would be.

Phaelyn led me into an opulent dressing room. Silver, gold, and white fixtures made it look incredibly regal. She gestured for me to take a seat on the plush bench. Oh wow. This was so comfortable. I might have let out a low groan, immediately wanting one for home.

A rack of dresses was wheeled in front of me. They were the most beautiful dresses I had ever seen before.

"You can choose any of these, but I do believe that this mint dress will complement your looks very much, Lady Ziyah," she told me.

It was a gorgeous evening dress, and I always loved mint colored clothing because of the contrast with my skin tone. I nodded and let her help me into it.

By the Gods, I was stunned as I stepped in front of the mirror. It was an A-line floor-length chiffon lace dress with flowing sleeves and a pleated bust. It fit like a glove and even outlined my baby bump.

"I love it!" I exclaimed, smiling widely.

My excitement wore off on her, and she had me sit down so that she could take care of my hair. I looked in the mirror as her magic separated my hair and curled it into loose curls. Then an intricate waterfall braid was added.

"You are stunning, Lady Ziyah," Phaelyn said. "If you are ready, I will take you to the dining room."

I took a steadying breath and nodded my head, thanking her for helping me to get ready even though I did not know what I was going to be walking into. I did not tell her the last part though.

Two men bowed their heads as we approached and opened the double doors in front of me. Phaelyn bid me farewell.

There was a large table that could easily fit twenty people and was laden with different types of food. A large chandelier over the table provided ample lighting. It was a gorgeous room, but that was not what caught my attention.

There were three males sitting at the table, but they did not look anything like males that I had seen throughout my lifetime. As they stood, they were well over seven feet tall.

They had the typical Light Fae features, but there was unmistakable power radiating from within them.

"Please join us. We have much to discuss, dear," the one at the head of the table said with a broad smile.

Hair black as night with blue streaks within it. His bright golden eyes held a hint of mischief within them. He was classically handsome. Nothing like my Dante though. Nobody could measure up to him.

The one on the right pulled a chair out for me, so I thanked him. His hair was a blonde color that hung in waves to his shoulders. His obsidian eyes looked to have a galaxy swirling within them.

"Would you care for some Folisa?" the other one asked me.

He resembled a sunset. His auburn hair had hints of blonde, and his eyes were a magnificent blue color. It was interesting how all three were so incredibly unique.

"I would indeed. Thank you," I told him, hoping that my voice came out level.

I was trying, and failing, to figure out who they were. There was an undeniable familiarity, as if the cells within my body knew the answer, but it was hidden away from my comprehension.

The Folisa bottle rose up in the air by magic. A full glass was poured for me before it did the same for the three of them as well.

"You must have some questions about where you are and why you are here. Perhaps we shall start with introductions," the first male said. "I am Ylonte. This is Slyersa," he said, nodding to sunset guy. "And this is Danthali."

Did I hear him correctly? I looked between the three of them, waiting for them to crack a smile or laugh, anything to indicate that this was a joke. It had to be a joke. There was no way that the three Fae Gods sat in front of me.

However, it would account for the tendrils of ancient magic all around me. It would also account for the unmistakable power that resided within them.

"Your Majesties," I said, formally bowing to them.

Nobody ever gave me 'what to expect when you meet your species' Gods' book or anything.

A deep chuckle pulled my attention to Ylonte, who was leaning forward on his elbows. An amused smirk was paired with those mischievous eyes of his. I had never imagined what his personality would be like, but it was certainly very interesting thus far.

“Come now, Ziyah. There is no need for such formalities. My brothers and I know every facet of your personality. We certainly approve, so bring that Ziyah back,” Ylonte said, sipping his Folisa.

I took a drink myself as I tried to wrap my head around all of this. A small chuckle left my lips, and all I could do was nod.

Slyersa waved his hand towards the food, and I watched as individual servings were plated by invisible forces. Damn. How cool was this? I could imagine what it would be like at the pack.

Danthali winked at me and waved his hand as well, which brought some food towards my own plate. Lamb and roasted vegetables that were drizzled with a curry sauce. By the Gods, this was my favorite food. Hmm. That saying had a whole different meaning now.

“Thank you very much,” I told him, which he immediately welcomed me for.

Ylonte’s eyes held curiosity in them, and I would pay to know what laid beneath the curiosity.

“The time has finally come for us to meet face-to-face. Let me give you a history lesson while you eat.” A fond smile stretched across his lips as he looked at me. “We Gods have been around for a very long time. This is the Godly Realm where we reside alongside the other Gods as well. We each have our own secluded area. The problem with having so many different species is the fact that more room for discord is created. As such, we all banded together and strategized how to eradicate that discord. Each of us has chosen or will choose our own warriors,” he told me.

He paused, allowing me to take it all in before continuing. I nodded for him to continue because I was very curious about the next part.

“Selene chose Elle Rosenthal for the wolves, and she has exceeded all expectations. She also chose Brynn Fullilove to be the strong Vessel that she is. My brothers and I chose you centuries ago and patiently waited for you to come into existence. We did what we could to protect you while you were within the midst of the Klarish clan. Please know that we would not have allowed you to go through any of that if it had not been necessary. You will understand in due time why it was. It was also the only way to connect your path with your mates’ path,” he said regretfully.

I could feel the sincerity in his words. It was weird to know that they had not turned a deaf ear to me all of those years when I believed that they had. Honestly, they probably

kept me alive. I could not be angry even if I tried to because I had spent plenty of time realizing that what happened did happen for a reason. I never would have been able to pinpoint what was happening to all of those wolves. I never would have met Dante and Byron. It was Hell, but it did not destroy me. No, it made me closer to indestructible.

"I understand, and I thank you," I assured them.

They seemed surprised with my response. Perhaps they had expected me to rant, rave, and freak out. Curse them until I was blue in the face or something. Regardless, they smiled proudly at me.

"Hecate was responsible for creating and blessing the Precoza line, and she has chosen Imeela. There will come a time when she steps up to restore it. You will be on the front lines, along with Elle, and Brynn."

Our theory had been correct regarding what we had seen through the mirror shard and pieced together after that. The comprehension of theory versus reality was something else entirely.

My thoughts were running a million miles a minute, branching off into various pathways, and cataloging them for future reference. I was certain that I would come back around to dissect them later on.

"Centuries ago, the Goddess of Fate, Fioria, looked into the future for us. She identified the only person capable of purifying the corruption within the Fae," Slyersa said.

Danthali tossed a grape up into the air and caught it in his mouth. He seemed fairly playful.

"We learned long ago to never bet against her. Ylonte ended up losing his voice for an entire year," he teased him.

Ylonte rolled his eyes at his brother's antics. I could not help but giggle because they were just so normal.

"Even Little Goddess finds it amusing," he said mischievously.

Little Goddess. Why would he call me that? My eyes shifted from brother to brother, attempting to make heads or tails about it.

"You always fast forward through the important details," Ylonte said, glaring at him. His eyes softened when he looked at me. "Your sacrifices have never gone unnoticed. We have catalogued each pain that you received when keeping the Trelinin's secrets. We have also seen everything that you have done for your friends, family, and pack members. We have decided, with your acceptance of course, to honor all of that. Once your natural life has run its course, you and your mates will have a place in this realm."

I fell against the back of my chair, completely shocked by what I had just heard. My eyes surveyed their faces.

Did I lose my mind perhaps? That would probably make the most sense right now.

“But those things were done because they were the right thing to do. I don’t deserve such an honor as this. There are many who are more worthy of it.” I was surprised that my voice remained steady.

They exchanged a meaningful look and chuckled.

Ylonte walked around to my side of the table and placed his hand on my shoulder. His hand was massive compared to my own because of the size difference, but that should not be the focus right now.

“Only someone who is truly worthy of this honor will say something like that. We Gods do not spend our days frolicking about. It is much like being the Alpha of our species. It requires strength, empathy, cunning, and a strong drive to help our species flourish. You, Ziyah Trelinin, are worthy of this. Your mates are too. We were the ones to go to Selene and ask for you to be mated to them. Through Fioria, we had seen the depths of your love for them and vice versa. You deserved every moment of that happiness and love. You do not have to give us an answer now. Take all the time that you need for the three of you to come a decision.”

I was surprised that my tears were held at bay as I felt an overwhelming sense of peace envelop me.

The others also joined us and placed their hands on my shoulders as well. The dam holding the tears back burst wide open. They were healing tears, happy hearts, and everything in between.

“Our Protector lines will end up reaching out to you when the time is right. The Klarish clan is a threat to all of our kind. It goes even further than the witches. They are experimenting on many species, and those experimentations can cause a lot of destruction,” Slyersa told me.

I had never met anyone from the other lines, but I did know that they were just as experienced. It gave me a small bit of peace when thinking about the impending battle.

“Thank you for everything,” I told them sincerely.

“It is us who should be thanking you,” Ylonte said.

“We are always listening. We cannot always intervene, but we do listen, and will aid you as much as we can. However, we do believe in you, Little Goddess,” Danthali added.

He gently grabbed my wrist, holding his large hand around it. Incredible warmth coiled around it. There was a design when his hand was removed. My eyes widened when I realized what it was. Danthali gave me a sliver of their ancient magic.

“Your time here is almost up, but it was our honor to have you here today,” Ylonte told me with a smile.

My consciousness floated away and ventured back down into my body. Dante’s strong arms were wrapped around me.

Shana Allen

It was only fair that we meet these three since we've already met Selene. If you had to pick one as your favorite, who would it be?

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