

# Tasting Darkness By Jessicahall

## Chapter 2

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Once a Fae manifests, most people hunt their mates down and wait for them to come into their magic. But they left me and let me finish school. It wasn't until I turned eighteen and the marking appeared along with my fully-fledged magic that I learned who my mates were. When their names appeared, I ran.

I say fully-fledged because I had a secret. I already had magic long before I should. Growing up, I knew I was different, knew something was wrong with me with the way my parents kept me hidden, kept me from the world. If only I truly understood what it meant, I wouldn't have complained so much. My mother's voice rang clear through my head every time I felt the urge to use my magic.

"Don't let them see, don't let anyone find out what you are" Her words usually pulled me back, and instinct told me not to show what I was. I had learned early to mask it. The entire world contained Dark Fae. A plague killed all the white Fae leaving only Dark. I was the last of my species, a unique blend of Fae that no longer existed.

My mother was a white Fae. She should have died, but my father was Dark Fae, and when the Plague hit, her entire bloodline died out except her. Dad said it was because she was pregnant with me, and I'm the last Harmony Fae in existence. I am the Light and the Dark, the last of my kind. I was the ultimate weapon when fully powered, a weapon Darius Wraith could not get his hands on.

Hiding what I am was near impossible after my grandma died, and they chucked me into boarding school—forced into the world by Fae authorities. I thought for sure they would have figured out what I was. Now I need to hide it from the Fae population and my mates if they don't let me die here tonight.

The wolves circled me, tried to get behind me to jump me, and I kept turning while trying to watch them all at once. Tonight would be it; this would be the night I died. Their silver eyes sized me up, and teeth snapped in my direction. They were waiting for me to attack, yet I had barely any magic to use in my defense. Certainly not enough power left to save me.

The wolf on the roof jumped down and landed behind me. The wolf's big heavy paws landed on the dumpster with a thud. Please, Fates, don't let me die! I want to live, not die a virgin and hungry. Aren't I supposed to get a last meal? If your gonna kill me, at least feed me first. Seriously, if fate wanted to fuck me, at least do it gently and ease in, and would kill them to add some damn lube.

My fingers twitch toward my mark. I was going to call on them, which feels like a low-frequency buzz over every inch of your body, making you want to go to your mates. I have ignored that buzzing feeling for six years, and now it feels more like an itch. One I just can't reach to scratch.

A growl behind me made me jump, and I swear I watched my entire life flash before my eyes in that split second as they closed in.

Lifting my hand, I placed it over the markings and sent a spark of my magic into it. Leaving enough so as not to drain me completely. My wrist burned, searing with pain like it caught alight, making me scream and clench my teeth. The sheer agony in my voice makes the wolves back off, wondering what has got into me.

The mate symbol glowed red and throbbed painfully. I knew it only hurt like this because I waited so long to answer their call for me.

The world around me spun violently, and I fell to the ground. My palms bit into the road along with my knees. My power had become too low, a few more minutes and it would fade out, and I would be as useless as a human and killed by these beasts, that's if I didn't pass out from the pain of my searing mark burning into my soul and calling for them.

Just as the wolves closed in again, teeth bared and snarling. I felt the air around me ripple, and the turbulent noise made me cover my ears. I recognized the whooshing sound instantly. They came for me, and for a few tense seconds, I believed they wouldn't.

Four sets of feet hit the surrounding ground before the colored light of their magic was all I could see. It swallowed my vision, just their closeness made my reserves shudder slightly, and I had to stamp down the urge to pull on it before they realized.

Their power gave me a taste of their magic, kept what was left of mine strong, and made me crave their power. Flames missed me by millimeters, the heat so hot, I cried out when it burned the flesh on my arms when it rushed past me.

When the howls and whimpers stopped, everything fell silent. Deathly silent. My heart was pounding in my ears. Their domineering auras surrounded me threateningly as they took up each side of me. Their auras made me want to cringe and flinch away.

Can I take it back? I choose death; I choose fucking death fates. Nothing good would come of me calling on them. By the feel of the angry ripple of energy surrounding me, they were livid, and these men were not ones you wanted to anger. No, you never wanted to be on the receiving end of their anger or their magic.

Too terrified to look up, I remained frozen until boots stopped next to me. I clenched my hands into fists to prevent them from trembling. They stepped closer, and I found myself caged in by their legs and sitting at their feet.