



Fated (Soul Seekers)

By Alyson Noël

Download now

Read Online ➔

Fated (Soul Seekers) By Alyson Noël

*From the #1 New York Times bestselling author of **The Immortals**, Alyson Noël, comes **Fated**?a breathtaking new saga brimming with magic, mystery, and an intoxicating love story that will steal your heart away. Meet **The Soul Seekers**.*

Strange things are happening to Daire Santos. Crows mock her, glowing people stalk her, time stops without warning, and a beautiful boy with unearthly blue eyes haunts all her dreams. Fearing for her daughter's sanity, Daire's mother sends her to live with the grandmother she's never met. A woman who recognizes the visions for what they truly are?the call to her destiny as a Soul Seeker?one who can navigate the worlds between the living and dead.

There on the dusty plains of Enchantment, New Mexico, Daire sets out to harness her mystical powers. But it's when she meets Dace, the boy from her dreams, that her whole world is shaken to its core. Now Daire is forced to discover if Dace is the one guy she's meant to be with...or if he's allied with the enemy she's destined to destroy.

↓ [Download Fated \(Soul Seekers\) ...pdf](#)

📖 [Read Online Fated \(Soul Seekers\) ...pdf](#)

Fated (Soul Seekers)

By Alyson Noël

Fated (Soul Seekers) By Alyson Noël

*From the #1 New York Times bestselling author of **The Immortals**, Alyson Noël, comes **Fated**?a breathtaking new saga brimming with magic, mystery, and an intoxicating love story that will steal your heart away. Meet **The Soul Seekers**.*

Strange things are happening to Daire Santos. Crows mock her, glowing people stalk her, time stops without warning, and a beautiful boy with unearthly blue eyes haunts all her dreams. Fearing for her daughter's sanity, Daire's mother sends her to live with the grandmother she's never met. A woman who recognizes the visions for what they truly are?the call to her destiny as a Soul Seeker?one who can navigate the worlds between the living and dead.

There on the dusty plains of Enchantment, New Mexico, Daire sets out to harness her mystical powers. But it's when she meets Dace, the boy from her dreams, that her whole world is shaken to its core. Now Daire is forced to discover if Dace is the one guy she's meant to be with...or if he's allied with the enemy she's destined to destroy.

Fated (Soul Seekers) By Alyson Noël Bibliography

- Sales Rank: #174915 in Books
- Brand: St. Martin's Griffin
- Published on: 2012-11-13
- Released on: 2012-11-13
- Original language: English
- Number of items: 1
- Dimensions: .32" h x .97" w x 5.60" l, .69 pounds
- Binding: Paperback
- 368 pages

 [Download Fated \(Soul Seekers\) ...pdf](#)

 [Read Online Fated \(Soul Seekers\) ...pdf](#)

Editorial Review

Review

“Alyson Noël paints a **magical** New Mexican landscape.” ?*New Mexico Style*

“Noël does a terrific job of slowly unspooling secrets and motivations with writing that is both **charismatic** and **spunky**.” ?*LA Times*

“A rush of romance will sweep you away in this **hauntingly mystical read**. I'm already as addicted to Daire and Dace as I was to Ever and Damen. Next book please!” ?*Janet, teen reader from Kentucky for Justine magazine*

“**An adventurous page-turner**. Dreams and reality bleed into each other in this dangerous and edgy romance. Another home run series for Alyson Noël!” ?*Anna, teen reader from NY for Justine magazine*

“**Emotional, fast-paced, romantic**. I love Alyson Noël's lushly descriptive writing –I could hear the beating of the crow's wings, feel the blue-eyed boy's embrace and smell Paloma's coffee in this new Soul Seekers series.” ?*Catherine, teen reader from Florida for Justine magazine*

“With fantastic characters and an amazing plot,*Fated* will suck you in and leave you breathless.**Noël is a master with words**...with passion and thrills around each corner, this book is a must read.” ?*Romantic Times (Top Pick!)*

“**Atmospheric and enjoyable**...Noël's many fans will be eager to find out what happens next.” ?*Publishers Weekly*

“Readers will feel the pull of Daire's quest just as forcefully as Daire herself does, and will count the days until the release of *Echo*.” ?*Shelf Awareness, Maximum Shelf*

“A fast and **enjoyable** read...with some very unique plot twists and balance among the romance, conflict and family relationships.” ?*Deseret News*

“Two boys, one light and one dark, factor heavily into the **intriguing, twisting story line**, which is sure to draw Noël's numerous fans.” ?*Booklist*

“Another **captivating** series from Alyson Noël. *Fated* did an excellent job setting up everything for the next books in the series. ...I'm really looking forward to seeing where this series goes!” ?*The Story Siren*

“*Fated* reads very well and the **descriptions set the scene perfectly**. Noel takes the time to set the story up right so it never feels rushed or that any details were missing. ...I'm glad there's not too long to wait for the sequel – *Echo* is due out in November of this year.” ?*The Reading Date*

“If you're looking for a new series to get stuck into “The Soul Seekers” is **out of this world**.” ?*Dark Readers*

“I found myself unable to put this book down, completely captivated by the narration and the beautifully crafted world. It was a refreshing YA fantasy with new elements I've never before.” ?*Love, Literature, Art and Reason*

“**A superb thriller.** The key to this **absorbing tale** is the heroine who makes the Noël mythos seem genuine as she enters the underworld while wondering who she can trust. Filled with twists, this is a winning opening act.” *?Alternative Worlds*

“This book has it all?magick, spookiness, cute boys, a little romance, danger, fun and light-hearted moments, some mystery, and there's even good/evil twins (cute ones, too!) What more can you ask for? I am very intrigued by this new world that Alyson has created, and I cannot wait to read more about Daire and her friends in the future.

” *?Once Upon A Twilight*

“Noël has surpassed all of my exceptions with a new world filled with magick, trust, and love. . . . It just **mesmerizes** me how [she] can create a world filled with fast-paced, heart-breaking plots along with awesome characters and such a magical world.” *?Cover Analysis*

“**I loved this book.** All the characters were beautifully developed including some of the minor characters. . . I for one had high expectations of this book because of *Evermore* and *Fated* defiantly met those standards.” *?Flamingnet*

“The world-building in *Fated* is **fantastic**. ...The plot is amazing and the rich Native American history along with the supernatural elements of the book, just made it even better...*Fated* is a story of *pure* magic--**brehtaking and wonderful, all at once.**” *?Kindle & Me*

“*Fated* was **absolutely original** in its own way! From the vivid descriptions to the spiritual world the author, Alyson Noël, has cleverly created, I was so intrigued and stunned by this book that I can't wait to see where Noël takes this series to because she sure as hell has a winner right here!” *?Tales of the Inner Book Fanatic*

“This novel is **something different** than anything I've encountered. *Fated* has a rich mythology, full of spirit animals, spirit journeys, fate, soul-seeking, and of course, good and evil.” *?Thirteen Days Later*

About the Author

Alyson Noël is the #1 *New York Times* bestselling, award-winning author of *Faking 19*, *Art Geeks and Prom Queens*, *Laguna Cove*, *Fly Me to the Moon*, *Kiss & Blog*, *Saving Zoë*, *Cruel Summer*, and the Immortals series including *Evermore*, *Blue Moon*, *Shadowland*, *Dark Flame*, and *Night Star*, as well as the Immortals spin-off series beginning with *Radiance*. With over 2 million copies in print in the US alone, her books have been published in 35 countries and have won awards including the National Reader's Choice Award, NYLA Book of Winter Award, NYPL Stuff for the Teenage, TeenReads Best Books of 2007, and Reviewer's Choice 2007 Top Ten, and have been chosen for the CBS Early Show's "Give the Gift of Reading" segment, and selected for *Seventeen Magazine*'s "Hot List" and Beach Book Club Pick. She lives in Laguna Beach, California.

Excerpt. © Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved.

There are moments in life when everything pauses.

The earth hesitates, the atmosphere stills, and time shrinks and folds onto itself until it collapses into a big tired heap.

As I push through the small wooden door of the riad where Jennika and I have camped out the past several weeks, trading the hush of the rose-and-honeysuckle-scented courtyard for the chaos of the serpentine maze of medina--it happens again.

But instead of mimicking the stillness like I usually do, I decide to go with it and try something fun. Easing my way along connecting salmon-colored walls, I pass a small, thin man caught in midstride, press my fingers against the soft white cotton of his gandora, and gently spin him around until he's facing the opposite way. Then after ducking beneath a mangy black cat that, caught in midleap, appears to be flying, I stop at the corner where I take a moment to rearrange a display of shiny brass lanterns an old man is selling, before moving on to the very next stall where I slip a pair of bright blue babouches onto my feet, decide that I like them, and leave my old leather sandals along with a fistful of crumpled-up dirhams as payment.

My eyes burning with the effort of keeping them open, knowing the instant I blink, the gandora-clad man will be one step farther from his destination, the cat will land on its mark, and two vendors will gaze at their wares in total confusion--the scene will return to one of perpetual chaos.

Though when I spot the glowing people hovering on the periphery, studying me in the careful way that they do, I'm quick to squinch my eyes shut and block them from view. Hoping that this time, just like all the others, they'll fade away too. Return to wherever it is that they go when they're not watching me.

I used to think everyone experienced moments like that, until I confided in Jennika who shot me a skeptical look and blamed it on jet lag.

Jennika blames everything on jet lag. Insists time stops for no one--that it's our job to keep up with its frantic forward march. But even back then I knew better--I've spent my entire life crossing time zones, and what I'd experienced had nothing to do with a whacked-out body clock.

Still, I was careful not to mention it again. I just waited quietly, patiently, hoping the moment would soon return.

And it did.

Over the past few years they've been slowly increasing, until lately, ever since we arrived in Morocco, I've been averaging three a week.

A guy my age passes, his shoulder purposely slamming into mine, his dark eyes leering in a way that reminds me to arrange my blue silk scarf so that it covers my hair. I round a corner, eager to arrive well before Vane, so I can catch the Djemâa el Fna at dusk. Banging into the square, where I'm confronted by a long line of open-air grills bearing goats and pigeons and other unidentifiable meats, their skinned and glazed carcasses rotating on spits, shooting savory clouds of spice-laden smoke into the air...the hypnotic lull of the snake charmer's tune emanating from cross-legged old men perched on thick woven mats, playing their pungis as glassy-eyed cobras rise up before them...all of it unfolding to the spellbinding pulse of gnaoua drums that continuously thrum in the background--the sound-track for the nightly resurrection of a bewitching square returning to life.

I take a deep breath, savoring the heady blend of exotic oils and jasmine, as I cast a final glance around, knowing this is one of the last times I'll see it this way. The film will wrap soon, and Jennika and I will be off to what ever movie, on what ever location requires her services as an award-winning makeup artist. Who knows if we'll ever return?

Picking my way toward the first food cart, the one beside the snake charmer where Vane waits, I steal a handful of much-needed seconds to crush that annoying ping of weakness that grabs at my gut every time that I see him--every time I take in his tousled sandy blond hair, deep blue eyes, and softly curving lips.

Sucker! I think, shaking my head, adding: Fool!

It's not like I don't know any better. It's not like I don't know the rules.

The key is to not get involved--to never allow myself to care. To just focus on having some fun, and never look back when it's time to move on.

Vane's pretty face, just like all the other pretty faces before him, belongs to his legions of fans. Not one of those faces has ever belonged to me--and they never, ever will.

Having grown up on movie sets since I was old enough for Jennika to sling me into a backpack, I've played my role as the kid of a crew member countless times: Stay quiet, stay out of the way, lend a hand when asked, and never confuse movie set relationships for the real thing.

The fact that I've been dealing with celebrities my entire life leaves me not so easily impressed, which is probably the number one reason they're always so quick to like me. I mean, while I'm okay to look at--tall-ish, skinny-ish, with long dark hair, fair-ish skin, and bright green eyes that people like to comment on, I'm pretty much your standard issue girl. Though I never fall to pieces when I meet someone famous. I never get all red-cheeked and gushy and insecure. And the thing is, they're so unused to that, they usually end up pursuing me.

My first kiss was on a beach in Rio de Janeiro with a boy who'd just won an MTV award for "Best Kiss" (clearly none of those voters had actually kissed him). My second was on the Pont Neuf in Paris with a boy who'd just made the cover of Vanity Fair. And other than their being richer, more famous, and more stalked by paparazzi--our lives really aren't all that different.

Most of them are transients--passing through their own lives, just like I'm passing through mine. Moving from place to place, friendship to friendship, relationship to relationship--it's the only life that I know.

It's hard to form a lasting connection when your permanent address is an eight-inch mailbox in the UPS store.

Still, as I inch my way closer, I can't help the way my breath hitches, the way my insides thrum and swirl. And when he turns, flashing me that slow, languorous smile that's about to make him world famous, his eyes meeting mine when he says, "Hey, Daire--Happy Sweet Sixteen," I can't help but think of the millions of girls who would do just about anything to stand in my pointy blue babouches.

I return the smile, flick a little wave of my hand, then bury it in the side pocket of the olive-green army jacket I always wear. Pretending not to notice the way his gaze roams over me, straying from my waist-length brown hair peeking out from my scarf, to the tie-dyed tank top that clings under my jacket, to the skinny dark denim jeans, all the way down to the brand-new slippers I wear on my feet.

"Nice." He places his foot beside mine, providing me with a view of the his-and-hers version of the very same shoe. Laughing when he adds, "Maybe we can start a trend when we head back to the States. What do you think?"

We.

There is no we.

I know it. He knows it. And it bugs me that he tries to pretend otherwise.

The cameras stopped rolling hours ago, and yet here he is, still playing a role. Acting as though our brief, on-location hookup means something more.

Acting like we won't really end long before our passports are stamped RETURN.

And that's all it takes for those annoyingly soft girly feelings to vanish as quickly as a flame in the rain. Allowing the Daire I know, the Daire I've honed myself to be, to stand in her place.

"Doubtful." I smirk, kicking his shoe with mine. A little harder than necessary, but then again, he deserves it for thinking I'm lame enough to fall for his act. "So, what do you say--food? I'm dying for one of those beef brochettes, maybe even a sausage one too. Oh--and some fries would be good!"

I make for the food stalls, but Vane has another idea. His hand reaches for mine, fingers entwining until they're laced nice and tight. "In a minute," he says, pulling me so close my hip bumps against his. "I thought we might do something special--in honor of your birthday and all. What do you think about matching tattoos?"

I gape. Surely he's joking.

"Yeah, you know, mehndi. Nothing permanent. Still, I thought it could be kinda cool." He arcs his left brow in his trademark Vane Wick way, and I have to fight not to frown in return.

Nothing permanent. That's my theme song--my mission statement, if you will. Still, mehndi's not quite the same as a press-on. It has its own life span. One that will linger long after Vane's studio-financed, private jet lifts him high into the sky and right out of my life.

Though I don't mention any of that, instead I just say, "You know the director will kill you if you show up on set tomorrow covered in henna."

Vane shrugs. Shrugs in a way I've seen too many times, on too many young actors before him. He's in full-on star-power mode. Thinks he's indispensable. That he's the only seventeen-year-old guy with a hint of talent, golden skin, wavy blond hair, and piercing blue eyes that can light up a screen and make the girls (and most of their moms) swoon. It's a dangerous way to see yourself--especially when you make your living in Hollywood. It's the kind of thinking that leads straight to multiple rehab stints, trashy reality TV shows, desperate ghostwritten memoirs, and low-budget movies that go straight to DVD.

Still, when he tugs on my arm, it's not like I protest. I follow him to the old, black-clad woman parked on a woven beige mat with a pile of henna bags stacked in her lap.

Vane negotiates the price as I settle before her and offer my hands. Watching as she snips the corner from one of the bags and squeezes a series of squiggly lines over my flesh, not even thinking to consult me on what type of design I might want. But then, it's not like I had one in mind. I just lean against Vane who's kneeling beside me and let her do her thing.

"You must let the color to set for as long as it is possible. The..."

Users Review

From reader reviews:

Barbara Fontenot:

Do you one of people who can't read satisfying if the sentence chained in the straightway, hold on guys this particular aren't like that. This Fated (Soul Seekers) book is readable through you who hate the straight word style. You will find the information here are arrange for enjoyable reading experience without leaving

actually decrease the knowledge that want to provide to you. The writer associated with Fated (Soul Seekers) content conveys objective easily to understand by many individuals. The printed and e-book are not different in the content material but it just different in the form of it. So , do you nevertheless thinking Fated (Soul Seekers) is not loveable to be your top listing reading book?

Sylvester Perkins:

This book untitled Fated (Soul Seekers) to be one of several books in which best seller in this year, honestly, that is because when you read this reserve you can get a lot of benefit in it. You will easily to buy this kind of book in the book retail outlet or you can order it via online. The publisher on this book sells the e-book too. It makes you more readily to read this book, because you can read this book in your Smart phone. So there is no reason to your account to past this publication from your list.

John Rivera:

Typically the book Fated (Soul Seekers) has a lot of information on it. So when you make sure to read this book you can get a lot of profit. The book was published by the very famous author. This articles author makes some research previous to write this book. This kind of book very easy to read you may get the point easily after scanning this book.

Wayne Robinson:

A lot of book has printed but it is different. You can get it by online on social media. You can choose the most effective book for you, science, comedy, novel, or whatever simply by searching from it. It is referred to as of book Fated (Soul Seekers). You can include your knowledge by it. Without causing the printed book, it can add your knowledge and make an individual happier to read. It is most important that, you must aware about book. It can bring you from one spot to other place.

**Download and Read Online Fated (Soul Seekers) By Alyson Noël
#GYS0QZOT13F**

Read Fated (Soul Seekers) By Alyson Noël for online ebook

Fated (Soul Seekers) By Alyson Noël Free PDF d0wnl0ad, audio books, books to read, good books to read, cheap books, good books, online books, books online, book reviews epub, read books online, books to read online, online library, greatbooks to read, PDF best books to read, top books to read Fated (Soul Seekers) By Alyson Noël books to read online.

Online Fated (Soul Seekers) By Alyson Noël ebook PDF download

Fated (Soul Seekers) By Alyson Noël Doc

Fated (Soul Seekers) By Alyson Noël Mobipocket

Fated (Soul Seekers) By Alyson Noël EPub

GYS0QZOT13F: Fated (Soul Seekers) By Alyson Noël