

Fated To The Alpha by Jessica Hall

Read Online Fated To The Alpha by Jessica Hall Chapter 221

Read Fated To The Alpha [by Jessica Hall] Chapter 221 – Marabella POV

I fell asleep waiting for Jonah to return home; I had no idea what time it was when he did when I felt someone touch me, nearly making me jump out of my skin when I felt arms scoop me up off the sofa, my arms flail out thinking I was falling off the couch before his scent hits me.

"It's just me," Jonah whispers, and I turn in his arms to squint at him in the darkness.

"I was comfy, and I can walk, you know?" Jonah ignores me before he places me in a bed and I realize it is his room, his scent is overwhelmingly strong in here but comforting. I sit up before Jonah suddenly pushes me back down before climbing over the top of me and lying beside me. Did he realize he put me in the wrong room, though I prefer the couch, however, I never sleep in his room here?

"Ah, Jonah?"

"Hmm," is all he says as he lays down before manhandling me to wrangle me under the blankets.

"Your mother tried to ring you; I accidentally took your phone," Jonah says before tucking me against him and spooning me. I sigh, giving in and laying down; Jonah wouldn't hurt me.

"Did you answer it? She tried ringing your phone too," I tell him before yawning.

"No, figured you would ring her if you wanted to speak to her," I nod.

"I will probably have to go home tomorrow,"

"You can always stay here with me," I shake my head, knowing I couldn't possibly do that, I had to go home eventually, and then Kora and I needed to decide what we wanted to do, and if we could still leave now, we had found our mate. I wanted to go rogue, but I also didn't want to risk going in heat while rogue. That could end in disaster, and I would be out in the open. Getting comfortable, I jam my feet between his legs, I can't even remember the last time I shared a bed with someone, probably when I was younger and used to climb in with Eziah when there were storms, I hated storms, the noise, and the howling wind always freaked me out, like the end of the world was coming, or maybe I shouldn't have watched so many doomsday movies as a kid? Jonah shrieks when my cold feet touch him.

"Feet are like ice," He squeals and I go to move them. "Put em back, I didn't say to move them," he says, and I jam them back. Despite having socks and gloves on, I always had cold feet and hands. Jonah laces his fingers through mine, and snuggles into me. "Ah, that's better," He mumbles, burying his face into the back of my neck.

"So, will you stay here, or am I taking you home?" Jonah asks.

"No, I need to go back. Where did you go? I ask him. Jonah sighs and rolls on his back.

"To speak with Kyan,"

"Did he tell you what his text message meant," Jonah growls softly.

"Yes, I know what it means, but I can't tell you," he says. Kora whines loudly in my head, so Jonah would lie to me too. Shaking my head, I untangle my fingers from his and chuck the blanket back. What is it with everyone and keeping secrets? Couldn't I be trusted to know? It's my life, and my own mother has lied to me my entire life. She knew Kyan was my mate and never said anything; Kyan knew I was his mate and never said anything because he didn't want me?

"Where are you going?" Jonah asks as I toss the blanket back to sleep in the guest room. His words stung, I didn't expect Jonah to tell me everything but I also didn't expect him to admit knowing something and refusing to tell me. Especially when what I asked was directed at me. It was bad enough my parents and mate had lied. Couldn't I have one person I could trust or wasn't that something I deserved either?

"If you won't tell me and want to lie to me, fine, but don't do it to my face; I expected better than that from you," I snap at him when I feel his hand wrap around my wrist. He growls and rips me back on the bed. A shriek leaves me at his quick movement, only to find myself lying back down beside him with him hovering over me.

"Don't run from me without letting me explain," Jonah growls before laying back down on his back and pulling me with him. I look down at him propped up on one elbow, and Jonah pats his chest with his hand wanting me to lay on him.

"Mara, I have never done anything for you not to trust me, so please just lay back down; I want to tell you," He tugs me down on him when I don't move, tucking his arm around me and pulling me closer and not letting me escape him. I sigh, resting back on him and relaxing.

"It's not that I don't want to tell you. It's that I physically can't," I growl at Jonah this time. What a load of s**t that was.

"What?"

"I f*****g can't say that either apparently," Jonah snaps,

"You know his family came from Salem witches?" I nod. I had heard that over the years, mentions of his bloodline being descendant from witches.

"No, but that is why can't I tell you," he says, making me sit up, his voice sounded pained, and I could hear him speaking through his teeth. I reach over him, flicking the small lamp on beside his bed. Looking at Jonah, his jaw was clenched, and sweat was beading on him. His pupils were dilated and I saw his wolf flickering beneath the surface.

"Jax?" I ask as his eyes flickered between Jonah's beautiful blue to black.

"Ask me?" Jonah says but something with the way he said it made me not want to.

"You look like your pain though,"

"Ask?" he repeats. Kora presses forward, observing too. She felt uncomfortable, the same feeling washing through me from her, she worried for Jonah.

"What was the text message about?"

"Dom-" Jonah's word cut off, and I gasp when I see black veins writhe under his skin when I see black veins writhe under his skin and Jonah holds his hand up. The black veiny marks move under his skin and up his arm when I notice a large scar on the palm of his hand. His entire body tenses, and the scar ripples turning black, the veins seeming to appear like they are coming from it as they move up his arm.

"Stop, stop," I tell him as his teeth clench, and I see Jax press forward before Jonah suddenly slumps back on the bed.

"You really can't tell me, so the rumors are true; kyan has witch blood?" Jonah nods.

"Some things I can say, I can't tell you I everything, not unless Kyan wants you to know until then I can't speak of it, this prevents me from speaking,"

"So it's like a?" I had no idea what I was asking, trying to think of what I knew of witches.

"Blood bond, apparently that I am allowed to tell you," Jonah chuckles, shaking his head.

"How does it work? Does anyone else know?"

"Basically, it is like a non-disclosure agreement, if I tell you something Kyan can feel my intentions to tell you, he can also stop me from telling you something, certain things I already knew which were outlined when the bond was put in place, I thought I wouldn't be able to tell you, but seems Kyan doesn't mind you knowing about our weird bond,"

"So, like a mate bond?" I ask confused.

"No, I can't feel Kyan when he is in human form unless he wants me to; I am mainly connected with his-" Jonah's voice becomes strained.

"It's fine, don't keep hurting yourself, so many people know, does your dad know?" I ask him.

"Only Lucas knows of our bond and now you,"

"So you can tell me nothing?"

"But did you really just learn nothing?" Jonah smiles.

"What do you mean," Jonah holds up his hand, showing me.

"Wait Kyan is a witch," Kora gasps in my head.

"Kyan did that?" I ask Jonah, and he nods.

"So Kyan is a witch/warlock," Jonah nods once.

"I can't say the words, but yes, that is what he is,"

"But he has a wolf, so how does that work?" Jonah presses his lips together, cursing under his breath. "It's fine," I tell him.

"It's not fine; Kyan should be telling you this. He is your mate," Jonah says with a sigh.

"What can you tell me then besides Kyan hating me?"

"Kyan doesn't hate you, Mara," I go to disagree when he hops out of bed before wandering off out of his room. He returns with his phone that I left on the coffee table next to the couch.

He climbs back in bed before patting his chest, and I quickly lay back down, watching as he fiddles with his phone and logs into his family's G****e account. He pulls up some old video footage.

My brows push together when he hits play; I see Jonah as a boy sitting next to a dark-haired boy holding a baby while they played on the grass, in what I could tell was Uncle Andrei's backyard.

"That's you and Kyan?" Jonah nods.

I watch when I notice the mittens sitting on the grass beside Kyan.

"That's me?" and I see Ezhiah just off the side of Jonah when kyan helps me as a wobbly baby stand before toddling over to Jonah, who catches me.

"That was the first time you walked. You couldn't pull yourself up on the furniture like Ezhiah could. Kyan said you could, that you need the mittens off; they made pushing off the ground too slippery, so he took them off you"

"Because of the mittens," I tell him, oh how I hated gloves when I was younger. They restricted so much. Nothing hurt more than seeing the other kids playing with toys or nature at school but being forbidden to take off my gloves by the teachers. I truly noticed how different I was in primary school; the group of kids I was playing with found a lizard, and I wanted to hold it, the other kids saying how funny its skin felt.

When I pulled off the gloves, and they passed it to me, it died in my hands. The kids told me I k****d it because I was a bad omen. I remember crying in the girl's bathroom until my brother found me sitting in the cubicle still holding the lizard I k****d, I just wanted to feel its skin like the other kids did, but instead, it died.

"Why are you crying?" my brother asked, looking under the gap of the cubicle door.

"It died, I touched it and it died," I sobbed. My brother crawled under the gap to me.

"What died?" he asked, and I opened my hand, the small lizard still in my palm.

"He isn't d**d. He is sleeping, like granny Marge; she looks d**d to when she sleeps until she snores, lizards don't snore, that's why he looks d**d," Ezhiah told me, stroking his fingers down from its head to its tail, the lizard squirmed, and its heart started beating quickly as it moved in my palm.

"See, he had a nap, like Marge does when she naps on the couch with her mouth wide open," Ezhiah laughs. I shook the memory away, we were six years old, and that was also the day I realized why everyone freaked out when I would play with their kids.

How they would subtly call them away for dinner when I came out to play or ask for the children to come to help them. They would approach me scaredly before making some excuse for their child to move away from the bad omen. That's also when I noticed that Ezhiah was not like me; Ezhiah had friends and always tried to include me. He was the good child, the safe one, while I wasn't.

Yet after that day, I noticed the looks I would get. Notice the nervousness of everyone's parents, their polite excuses seen for what they are, the concerned look my mother would give me, but that's also when I realized I could protect them from it and protect my family from me.

They didn't need to worry about me; they did nothing wrong, they never asked for a n evil daughter, so I hid it. Smiled and pretended nothing was wrong,

making excuses not to play, that I was too tired, I wanted to finish my book, anything so I didn't ruin Ezhiah's fun or get the worried eyes of my parents.

It wasn't their fault I was the rotten egg. My family shouldn't be punished for it, so for my brother and so my parents wouldn't worry, I would pretend. It was like a game. I thought I was making up for being the bad one, giving them some relief. So at lunches, I would hide in the library, reading my books and pretending the characters were my friends, that their story was mine, pretending I wasn't missing out on the fun outside when I could have fun in my head.

It was harder at home though, my mother would organize playdates, and I stuck to Ezhiah like glue, or I would keep my distance and watch him play and pretend it was me. Living through him and his memories, knowing if I did play, I would ruin it for him, pretending his friends were mine. After a while, it wasn't pretending anymore. It became my safe place, it was no longer a game but survival, and everyone forgot about the inquisitive girl. I became the background of the unseen, and that's how it had to be.

Every night mum would come in and brush my hair, and I would tell her about Ezhiah's day, pretending it was mine when I was actually just the observer of him or the characters in my book.

The video clip plays out, and I hear a person's voice not in the frame. Yet the voice felt familiar, oddly familiar yet louder. I didn't understand it, but I knew that voice would speak to me at night when I was a child. Sometimes, I could hear that voice like a whisper behind my ear, yet softer when I was down, crying into my pillow.

"Whose voice was that?" I ask Jonah.

"His name was Dominic Octavian; he was Kyan's father," Jonah tells me before kissing my hair. I nod against his chest, knowing I must be mistaken then, and the clip ends before Jonah goes through some old photos, one of me asleep on Kyan's chest in their living room, he showed me so many pictures when it came to more pictures, but I was older.

"Is that Kyan?" I ask when Jonah suddenly starts scrolling, but I snatch the phone from him. Going back to the photo. I would have been about seven, and Kyan was on a dirt bike, maybe around sixteen. I recognized the area again. It was the training grounds at Uncle Andrei's pack. Sitting on the bike in front of him was me, yet I had no memory of this, but I had no doubt it was me.

"Why don't I remember this?" I knew I wouldn't remember the baby photos, but here I was, old enough to remember this.

"Jonah?" Jonah's teeth were clenched, and his body tense.

"Jonah?" I demand, sitting up, "Why do I not remember this," Jonah shakes his head before quickly taking the phone from my hand and locking it.

"You will have to ask Kyan, I can't answer some things, not because I don't want to, but now you see, now you see he does not hate you, Mara. He loves you, he always has, just like I do," Jonah says softly.

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Chapter 222

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"You will have to ask Kyan, I can't answer some things, not because I don't want to, but now you see, now you see he does not hate you, Mara. He loves you, he always has, just like I do," Jonah says softly.

My brain

seems to sputter at his words; I must have heard that wrong or understood it wrong. I blink, staring dumbfounded at his words. What do I say to that when I have a mate, Jonah has a mate, and as much as I wanted his words to be true, I knew once he found his mate, I would be tossed aside. Like I always am. The unseen. 4

Suddenly the thought of being invisible to Jonah made my chest squeeze uncomfortably. Why couldn't I have one thing go right? Yet what we want and get are two different things. Jonah wasn't mine, no matter how much I wished he was, how much I prayed he was, and it didn't change the fact he didn't belong to me. Being with Jonah would be easy, natural, but it still screamed the same thing in my head, he isn't mine, and I couldn't take someone else's mate, could

"Mara?" Jonah asks, reaching for me, and I can see his uncertainty. Was that because of me? Was he suddenly regretting his words, realizing he shouldn't have said them because he can't possibly have meant them?

"I should go," I whisper, and he reaches for me again, but I climb off the bed. 2

"Mara, you can't leave, wait," I rush out of his room and head for the spare room; spotting my phone on the kitchen counter on my way past, I snatch it off the bench before locking myself in the room. It would never work; I had a mate, and Jonah was yet to find his mate, but he would, and where would that leave me, with an angry Kyan, well more irate because he already hated me and I didn't need to give him more reason to by betraying him for his best friend.

"Mara, open the door,"

"Just leave me alone Jonah, why did you have to ruin it,"

"Ruin what?" he asks, twisting the door handle before banging on the door.

"This, why would you ruin it? You were

"This, why would ruin it? You were the only person I didn't have to pretend in front of, and you ruined it, you shouldn't have said it, I have a mate, you have a mate and we," I don't finish the sentence. I couldn't; it hurt too much. I wanted, the gods know how much I wanted it to be Jonah, but I was not going to ruin and destroy his chance at true happiness because I wasn't his mate, and she was out there somewhere.

She deserves him more than me, which is why she is fated to him and not me. When I was destined to someone who didn't want me, a punishment for being what I am, for being an abomination, darkness doesn't deserve light. It only deserves darkness and the solitude of being lonely. That is my punishment for hurting people, for being the monster I am, the bad omen. 2

"Mara, you are speaking nonsense; open the damn door,"

"Just go away, please, Jonah, just leave me be," I tell him. Tired of this life, this never-ending battle. Kora was also saddened by Jonah's words, whimpering in my head; she wanted Jonah just as

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Wor, WTTTTTTTT in my head; she wanted Jonah just as much, yet she also longed for her mate and for Kyan to accept us. She was torn but knew we would only be ruining Jonah in the long run, depriving him of finding the one he belongs to.

"Mara?" Jonah asks, but I say nothing waiting for him to leave. I sent a message to my father, asking him to pick me up. However, knowing he probably wouldn't answer until in the morning, so I was shocked when my phone started vibrating in my hand as a reply came in. 1

Dad: I can come to get you now. Where are you?

Me: At Jonah's in the City, it is too late now, come tomorrow.

He doesn't text back straight away, and I assume he has fallen back asleep when my phone vibrates in my hand.

Dad: Get some sleep. I will ring you when I am close. See you in a few hours. I'm already on my way.

I sigh. My father was a man of few words, while my other dad was bubbly and always talkative, my father was his

always talkative, my mother was his complete opposite, he was more stern, more protective, and no one went up against the Alpha King unless you were mum. She had him under her thumb, and dad did too, but he preferred my father deal with the political stuff while he focused more on raising us. He was so fun and happy to get his hands dirty, while my father was all suits and business, and politics and dealing with pack issues.

I must have fallen asleep at some point because my neck was cramped when I woke, and I was sitting beside the bed still. I glance down at my phone to see my father's face pop on the screen. The photo was taken on my sixteenth birthday. Dad managed to get home in time for it. He usually did on special occasions, but he was also busy like mum. Dad always traveled, but no matter how far he went that day, he always returned home by dinner, even if he was falling asleep at the dinner table. 2

Mum is always busy traveling between this realm and the Moon Goddess one, so sometimes we would be eating dinner, and suddenly she vanishes when she is sucked into the other realm to deal with

Moon Goddess issues. Sometimes she takes one of my dad's. They too were able to travel between being her mates, which I know gave mum comfort. She said it could be lonely up there.

After the first few times up there, she noticed it became easier for them when suddenly my father was looking for her one day, and he traveled between realms himself. Mum seems to think the door was suddenly left open to him because she brought him there a few times. That was also when she realized both my fathers suddenly stopped aging like her. My mother was forever stuck at the age of nineteen when she became the Moon Goddess, my fathers in their early thirties by the time they stopped aging. All of them were frozen in time.

Getting up, I quickly answer it before whispering into the phone. "Hey, dad"

"Hey sweetie, I'm downstairs waiting for you," he says before yawning, and I suddenly feel terrible that he drove through the night to come to get me.

"I'm on my way down now," I tell him before hanging up. I scoop up my handbag

before hanging up. and chuck my phone in it before reaching for the door. Only when I swing it open Jonah is lying in the hall. He jerks awake and blinks up at me when I try to step over him.

"Mara," Jonah sighs before noticing my bag and phone clutched in my hands.

"Where are you going? You can't leave it is?" He glances toward the living room, and the sun isn't even up yet, he gets to his feet, and I step away from him.

"My father is downstairs; I am going home, Jonah,"

"What? No, stay here, please," I shake my head, and Jonah sighs, rubbing a hand down his face.

"I will take you down then," he says, walking off toward his room. I walk to the door, and Jonah catches up to me only now he has a shirt on with his flannelette pajama pants.

We step into the elevator, and I press the button feeling awkward. I knew things wouldn't be the same now; it couldn't be. I never should have come here it was a mistake because now I have lost my only

friend.

"Geez, Mara, can you say something instead of just standing there? If you don't feel the same, that is fine, but I wasn't going to pretend anymore that I don't love you, and I was sick of waiting for you to realize I do, and now you are running from me," Jonah says folding his arms across his chest and leaning against the elevator wall.

"I'm not running, we aren't mates, Jonah, you have a mate out there, I have a mate, so we can't be together,"

"Says who?"

"Says fate," I tell him.

"Fuck fate, I don't care about fate, I care about you, I want you isn't that enough?"
" 2

"And what about Kyan? I am not coming between you and Kyan and your weird bond. Just because he doesn't want me doesn't mean he will let you have me,"
I tell him.

"I can handle Kyan and Kaif; we can. He will get used to the idea, he will learn to share,"

"Share?" I shake my head.

"I had no intentions of keeping you to myself Mara, I know Kyan is your mate, he loves you, and I know you want your mate, but I also know you want me to,"

"I am not some toy. You can't just share me,"

e,"

"Why not? Your mother has two mates, so do your fathers."

"Exactly, Jonah, they are all mates, or do you love Kyan too?"

"Yes, like a brother, not lover, but we can work it out," I shake my head. He makes no sense. My parents work because they are all mates, you can't just choose whoever you want on a whim. 1

"You have a mate out there," I tell him.

"And you already found yours, so tell me, Mara? Tell me you don't feel the same way, and I will walk away, and you can be with Kyan" my eyes burn, and my throat restricts

"He will kill Jonah; Kyan would kill him to hurt us," Kora tells me sadly before whispering

"We don't know that," I tell her, though I had a feeling she was right. Kyan would just hurt us by hurting him if we ever admitted or tried to be with Jonah.

"We do, he said we belong to him, that he chooses what we are to him. It isn't safe," Kora whimpers.

"Mara," Jonah whispers softly, and I look at him to find him right next to me and that he had stepped closer while I was debating with Kora; his hands run up my waist before he steps closer again, and I am forced to look up at him.

"Jonah, let go. We can't," I tell him.

"Can't what, Mara? Be together?" I nod, quickly looking away, his scent overwhelming me.

"Because you don't want to be, or because you are scared of what Kyan will do?" I look back up at him.

"Tell me you don't want to be with me, Mara, and I will back off, is that what you want? Do you want me to back off?"

"Jonah," My voice was more of a squeak, and my heart fluttered spastically like it was about to bounce out of my chest, and his lips tug up, and I suddenly forget how to breathe when his hand grips the back of my neck, and the other hand moves to my hip pulling me flush against him.

His lips move against mine as he speaks, so warm and tempting, so right but wrong "Tell me you don't want me as much as I want you," Yet my brain was still trying to process what the heck was going on, but one thought remained clear, and that consequences petrified me. 1

"Kyan would feel it," I whisper, trying to pull away, whereas Jonah refuses to move and just pushes me against the elevator wall, effectively trapping me with his body.

"And that's the only reason, so you do want to be with me?" Jonah asks, and I swallow before answering, needing him to stop and let me go before Kyan hunts us both down and kills us. Well, me because he can't kill Jonah since they have their weird blood bond, but he could still kill me

"Yes, okay, Jonah, but Kyan," My words are suddenly cut off when his lips collide

dart to my father, who raises an eyebrow at him before he points to himself. "Wait, oh, that's me, right. I see, I see. Uncle suddenly dropped off my title since you had your tongue down my daughter's throat," my father says, and my face heats even more. Oh my gosh, this is embarrassing. 5

"Well, I know you aren't expecting me to call you King, now that Uncle seems a tad inappropriate somehow, not that I think you aren't family, but technically," Jonah shrugs.

"Good thing I'm not, technically," my father gives air quotes with his fingers, and I wanted the ground to swallow me." because this," My father says, pointing between us. "Would definitely be inappropriate, but next time be more careful of your surroundings because next time, it might not be me but her mate," my father says, giving us both a look. 4

"You know he will have something to say about this, right, Marabella?" my father says, and I look at my shoes, suddenly feeling guilty.

"Mum told you?"

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"Of course she did, now come on, and you," My father says, pointing at Jonah.

"This comes back on my daughter, you have me to deal with, you know better, Jonah," 3

"It won't; I will deal with Kyan,"

"Be sure you do," My father nods before motioning for me to step out of the elevator.

"This does not happen again, not until everyone is on board, and that means Kyan, or not at all," my father tells us both, and Jonah nods before looking at me, and I chew my lip. 2

The elevator doors close, and I look up at my father. "You're not mad?"

"At you? Never, now come on, you can explain in the car."

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CONCE with mine, swallowing my protests. His lips mold around mine before I feel his tongue swipes across my bottom lip, and I shiver. My head was screaming that I was betraying Kyan, yet Jonah was right. I wanted this, wanted him despite not being supposed to want anyone other than my mate.

Jonah's fingers wrap and tangle in my hair, and my lips part before his tongue delves between them, his tongue brushing against

mine gently. Heat pools in my stomach, and I give in, kissing him back just as hungrily.

Jonah groans, his tongue playing with mine, and he presses himself against me, the warmth of his body seeping into me and my hands tugging him closer when someone clears their throat, making us spring apart. 1

Neither of us realized the elevator had stopped, and the doors had opened. My father was standing there. My face heats, and I press my lips together, looking at Jonah, who scratches the back of his neck nervously, glancing between us.

"Ezra," Jonah nods to him, and my eyes

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Chapter 223

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I hadn't even got in the car when I felt my phone vibrate in my back pocket. Pulling it out, the screen read Kyan. He had sent a text message, and my stomach instantly dropped. My hands shook as I opened the message.

Kyan: Regret is horrible to live with, and you will regret what you have done.

"You ok?" my father asks, and I pocket the phone swallowing down the bile that rises up the back of my throat, and I nodded to my father, who was watching me above the roof of his car.

"Yeah, fine," I tell him before opening the car door and slipping into the passenger seat. My father hops in and starts the car before backing out of his parking space. He then pulled onto the main road.

"Something is wrong. Who was the text message from, Kyan?" My observant father asks. He was the hardest to pretend everything was peachy, nothing escaped him, and that's why most uncomfortable talks usually came from him. I could get away with hiding away because he was hardly home, but when he was, he

hardly home, but

when he was, he constantly questioned, always watched, so I had to put on the best act.

"It was Kyan, wasn't it," my father states, and I look out the window watching the City pass by as we drive toward the City borders.

"Yeah, it was Kyan," I murmur before retrieving my phone and looking down at the phone. I hadn't replied, and even if I did, exactly what would I say. It doesn't change anything, I can't take it back, and I didn't want to.

"It's painful; it would have caused him pain, Jonah should have known better, but I have a sneaky suspicion Jonah wanted him to know," my father says while navigating the streets, and I look over at him.

"What do you mean?" I ask.

"Jonah has been in love with you since he was a kid, I also know finding out your best friend is mated to the woman you love wouldn't have been easy for him, especially knowing it was Kyan. I think he wanted Kyan to know your reaction to him, sneaky little shit."

HTT, STICKY THULE SITIO

"I still don't understand," I tell him. My father glances at me before he sighs.

"Did you know Kyan was my mate?"

"Your mother loves you, Marabella; she didn't keep it from you intentionally,"

"So you did know?" I ask, shaking my head. Was I the only one that didn't?

"No, well, not for sure anyway, your mother never confirmed it. But you need to understand, sometimes information is key, sometimes it isn't. Sometimes knowing too much can alter things onto a different path, one that is worse because you think you know when really you don't,

"You and mum always speak in riddles," I mutter and roll my eyes. Why not just come out and say it?

"Your mother knew when you were a baby, she couldn't say anything because it could alter fate, change things, and not always for the best. You need to trust that whatever she does or doesn't do is in your best interest. Sometimes the best thing to do is nothing."

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"If mum knew, why does she always try to push me toward Jonah," My father shrugs and seems to think for a second before answering.

"Because sometimes things should be altered, I have no idea whatever your mother saw, but she isn't very subtle when it comes to you and Jonah,"

"So your not even sure why she told you nothing?" I ask, slightly shocked, I thought my parents had no secrets, yet she kept secrets from them too.

"Whatever she saw, Jonah must have been the better option, or at least needed to be a part of the options, I'm not sure. Your mother has to be careful with what she says to even me; if I give you the wrong information, it could alter everything, she creates bonds, but she never takes choice."

"But I have a mate; if mum didn't bond me to Kyan, then who did?"

"Kyan did, that's all she told me, I asked her the same thing, thinking it was her doing, but she told me she tried to pair you with Jonah, that Seline the old Moon

you with Jonah, that Seline the old Moon Goddess also tried, yet you and Kyan kept seeking each other out, drawn towards each other like magnets; after a while you both fused together, she couldn't separate you, but she told me she tried," >

"So I am doomed to be with Kyan. It would be so much easier if we could just pick our own mates,"

"Why can't you? If Kyan agrees, why can't you be with Jonah?" 2

"Because he is not my mate, and what would happen to Kyan?" I ask him with a sigh.

"You know dad wasn't my mate, right? Well, he is but also wasn't. It is complicated," my father says, and my head snapped to the side to look at him.

"But we have his DNA too," my father nods his head and shrugs.

"You can't say that then not tell me. Does Eziah know?"

"No, it makes no difference. We are all mates, and we didn't feel the need to tell you, kids."

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you, kids.

"So what? Mum picked dad, and you just decided to mark him?" I ask.

"Not exactly; your father was a chosen bond, I never understood either but in a sense, I do now, you know of the curse," I nod. Yes, I was well aware of the curse that was placed on our bloodline, the one that turned me into this freak.

"Well, for the curse to be broken, your mother had to become a Gemini wolf," I nod, knowing that part.

"Well, for to become a Gemini wolf, she had to have dark and light mates. Every curse has a loophole," 1

"So, dad, was the loophole?"

"No, dad was Bisexual. He always had two mates. The first one he killed to save your mother, he chose her over his own mate, but your father was originally bonded to me, just I couldn't feel it, he knew for years and kept it from me." 2

"But how didn't you feel it?"

"Because I was straight for one, and because your mother was my fated mate, she was already destined to be with me,

she was already denied to be with me, Mateo being Bisexual, could choose, his female mate or male mate, he chose your mother killing his mate, and it somehow forged the bond with your mother, he already had feelings for your mother, at first he was jealous of her, but once he met her he forged a bond with her, and in turn, I was able to feel the bond through your mother, which was not easy since I was straight and suddenly turning bisexual but only for your father, other men I feel no attraction for, helps that we were best friends," 1

"So you just accepted it?" My father shakes his head.

"No, I tried to keep them separated. Maddox hated the idea, he was too possessive, but Seline told us she threw us a bone. It turns out your mother's entire bloodline had two mates. The fated mates never accepted each other, so Seline decided to dabble with the fates, twist it if you will because she liked your mother, she didn't want the curse to kill her too, so instead of making two strangers accept each other, she made us best friends, and instead of bonding two people to your mother, she bonded your father to me and

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peupyour mother, she bonded your father to me and me to him when I found my mate, I just couldn't recognize him until she accepted him but Mateo was supposed to be bonded to us both, but if I couldn't accept or Maddox history would have repeat itself, and you would be the one trying to break that curse, and your mother would be dead,"

"So what about dad's first, mate?"

"She was never intended for him, she was just a detour, Seline told us, a way for Mateo to prove his love for your mother; basically Seline sacrificed her, which sounds horrible, but if you ever go to the Moon Goddess realm, you will understand, your mother was supposed to be his other mate just like me, though if history was anything to go off, it would have gone tragically wrong, and I would have killed your father and in turn

condemned your mother,"

"So I don't get it. Who was the chosen mate?"

"Your father, and your mother, I had to choose him, and he had to choose her,"

"Huh, but Kyan and Jonah are different,

"Huh, but Kyan and Jonah are different, though. Neither of them is bisexual," I tell him.

"But they are friends, that could be enough, you're not cursed, so they don't have to be mates; they just need to accept that they can share. Damn, that sounds so weird to say," my father says, and I chuckle. 2

"Why is that weird? You have two mates," I laugh.

"Probably because you are my daughter, I don't like the idea of you being with any man, let alone two; that's just two assholes I have to fuck up if they break your heart," I chuckle and shake my head.

"Mum said chosen bonds are stronger. Do you believe that?" I ask him.

"In a sense, they are basically the same; I love your mother and father exactly the same, and the bond is exactly the same, it's just I don't know even, not like loving one more but loving them for different reasons, seeing them differently yet the same, without the other, they wouldn't be whole in a sense,"

So the whole light and dark, and I am

"So the whole light and dark, and I am guessing you are the dark,"

"No, whatever gave you that idea?" my father laughs. I raise an eyebrow at him.

"Yes, your father was the good easy going one, while I am, let's say, what is that term,"

"Complicated, which exactly explains yours and mum's and dad's relationship. It's complicated," I chuckle.

"Hmm, I wonder if I should make that f** ****k official, change it to its complicated," 1

"Not if you value your life, pretty sure mum may take that the wrong way,"

"Oh, she definitely would, I could already imagine the sex silence she would put me i

n,"

"Ew, not a picture I wanted,"

"Then don't ever watch our home videos; they will definitely leave a bad image in your head," my father laughs at the look on my face,

"No, there are no videos. Your mother made me delete it, but don't tell her I

made me delete it, but don't tell her I backed it up on the cloud and kept a copy, but since you know now, do me a favor and delete the video called birthday suit. It isn't a streaking video; just delete and don't tell your mother," I blink at him, unsure if he is being serious.

"Oh and the one, called dad's birthday surprise part two, just delete that one as well,"

"Are you being serious?" I ask him.

"Yes, but don't tell your mother I have them. I told her I deleted them," He says, and I shake my head.

"What everyone does it, I'm sure it isn't that odd of a thing to do,"

"What, to film yourselves, what if someone found them,"

"Yeah, that happened already. Your uncle Andrei saw a bit more of your mother than he wanted to, he has never let me live it down, and that is exactly why your mother made me delete them," I pull a face at that and shake my head.

"Ok, subject change, I did not need to know that information,"

Know what information,

"But you did, what if I died tomorrow and you stumbled across them, now you know to delete, see saved you from having that image in your head," He laughs.

"Why don't you delete them,"

"I told you for the sex silence,"

"Sex silence?"

"Yep, that's how your mother likes to punish me, kind of like the silent treatment, but your mother has never been good at being quiet. She is a vocal woman. The woman can gasbag like talking is going out of fashion. She needs to get the last word in, so she found another way to be silent with sex deprivation," he says while he glares out the windshield. Clearly not liking mum's punishment, making me wonder if he was currently being punished before I shudder grossed out at the idea of my parents.

"Mum, punish you?" I ask incredulously.

"Ah yeah, she is the one with the vagina and also a Moon Goddess,"

"You could always get it off, dad," I tell him.

"No, because she commands him not to give me any," he huffs, and I could see that really bothered him. I laugh, shaking my head.

"Well, thanks for the overshare, dad," I chuckle.

"Just doing my fatherly job of making shit awkward or embarrassing," he laughs.

"Pretty sure that isn't in the job description," 1

"No, making you feel better is, though. I know I am not around much, but you can tell me anything, Marabella. Just because you are grown up now doesn't suddenly make me not your dad, even if it is boy troubles you want to talk about, I will listen, even to the awkward stuff, then beat those fuckers down if needed," he says.

"You don't need to beat anyone," I tell him.

"You sure, I can still turn around. We aren't that far out of the City," I smile, knowing he would turn around if I asked him to.

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"So what did Kyan say?"

"Something about me regretting it," My father's eyes turn pitch black, and his knuckles turn white on the steering wheel.

"Dad?"

"Hmm, yep, you sure you don't want me to turn around,"

"Positive, but I think I made him hate me even more," I sigh.

"He is your mate, he can't hate you even if he wanted to, but it would have hurt physically hurt him,

"How so?" My father drums his fingers on the steering wheel for a second before sighing

"Well, kind of like being kicked in the guts and wherever you touch him or he can feel, kind of like razors under your skin, it's hard to explain, but it isn't a nice feeling, that I can assure you,"

"Wait, so mum or dad cheated?"

"What, no, no. Of course not, but your father, since I was his mate, felt it when I first got with your mother and for years

first got with your mother and for years before I met her. I felt terrible when he eventually told us, he didn't tell us until years later, and I also felt it before I marked him too. It used to make me angry or jealous; it was odd. They are both my mates obviously and the same for them, but before we were all bonded, your father and I felt it because of each other," 2

"So when did you choose dad? What made you and Maddox change your mind?" I ask curiously.

His brows pinch together, and honestly, this was the most my father had ever talked, we talked of course but usually about school or grades or the stuff mum and dad didn't like talking about, never really just talking, not that we didn't, just never really alone to speak.

"At first, I thought it was because of the bond to your mother's, but officially, I believe it was when your mother went into heat. Maddox wanted to kill him, but I trusted your father and even told him it wouldn't be his fault if anything happened. In a sense, I think I always accepted it, subconsciously anyway. Maddox, however, didn't care your

Maddox, however, 't care your mother was his and his only until she went into heat,"

"But all she-wolves go into heat; he was her mate," I shrug.

"Yes, but we didn't know about the bond then. Maddox changed his mind when he realized your father not only loved her enough to kill his other mate for her but because he was able to resist mating her, not only for her but for us, he loved us both enough to not touch her despite being heat crazed and wanting to. Your mother tried when she reached the

second faze." That was one thing that now worried me; if Kyan didn't want me, what would happen when I eventually went into heat?

"You're not male, so you don't understand how bad being heat crazed is; your wolf can't even identify family once locked onto a scent. However, his love for her and me overrode the insanity of mating her; it's the same for the she-wolf mate. We become crazed with the urge to protect and mate. When he walked in and found them, I expected a bloodbath. Instead, he realized how much your father

Instead, he realized how much your father loved us; even if your father couldn't have her, he would stand by and protect us even when it hurt him to do so,"

I nod, thinking of my father's wolf, he was apparently brutal, but he was a protector, and I have never been on the wrong side of my father's wolf, so I had trouble t

rying to picture it. Though I feared his wolf from the energy he gave off, you could tell he was lethal. But yet that just made me think of Kyan and his wolf.

The on-edge feeling I got around him was more substantial than my father's, which made no sense. Maybe I just feared my Kyan's wolf more because I hadn't met his wolf yet.

"Have you met Kyan's wolf?" I ask him.

"No, actually, I haven't. I don't think anyone has. The Octavian bloodline is a bit odd, though. Not in a bad way, but?"

"But like they are hiding something?" I answer for him.

"Yeah, Kyan's father was the same, yet I had met his wolf before. Kyan's, however, I haven't. Hmm, I never even noticed that

I haven't. Hmm, I never noticed that before, usually; you eventually see everyone's wolf side once been around them long enough,"

"So you knew Kyan's dad well?"

"Yes, he was the Alpha of Alphas like Kyan is now,"

"What was he like?"

"Like Kyan in a lot of ways, he looks identical to his father. They even had the same tattoos. But I can say one thing about him,"

"What's that?"

"That he was a better man than I originally gave him credit for, I owe that man a debt, one I could never afford to repay,"

"What do you mean?"

"He saved someone, someone who is irreplaceable, he gave his life for that person even knowing it would cost his own, and that is something I can never repay,"

"So he died for someone else," my father nods, but it was clear he wouldn't say any

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TC nods, but it was clear he wouldn't say any more on the topic when he spoke again.

"I know at the moment you and Kyan are having trouble with the whole being mates thing. But maybe give him a chance, just don't tell your mother I said that; you

know she has a soft spot for Jonah, although if you are going to continue being with Jonah, please don't do anything until Kyan comes around to the idea, he shouldn't suffer just because you love Jonah too."

"Kyan hates me; he already said he doesn't want me,"

"Did he reject you?" I shake my head, and Kora whines in my head. She had been listening intently. Kora didn't know what to think of the whole Kyan and Jonah situation. However, she agreed with my dad about needing Kyan on board.

"Then he doesn't hate you, or if he does, he still loves you anyway. Just remember, wolves are mated to the human side, not the werewolf side, so even if Kyan has an issue with you doesn't mean his wolf will. I think just like his father, he is perceived in a certain way, one that isn't in his best interest sometimes what we see and what

isn't in his best interest, sometimes what we see and what is aren't the same," my father says. 4

That feeling I knew all too well, I too was good at hiding things; maybe Kyan and I aren't so different after all. Kyan's text message had me worried, and I wondered what he meant and what would happen the next time I saw him.

My mind also drifted to Jonah and how it would affect Jonah and Kyan's friendship, suddenly realizing how foolish we were. Looking down at my phone, I finally reply and pathetically. Sorry, all I typed. I had no idea what to say but saying nothing and not acknowledging his message suddenly felt wrong. It was only moments before he replied

Kyan: Not yet, but you will be.

I stared at his message, trying to figure out what he meant by it, yet I felt nothing from him since I hadn't marked him or him me.

Kyan: I will see you Saturday since apparently, you will be coming back to the Casino for Rose's birthday on the weekend

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Shit, I forgot her birthday was this week, my stomach dropped, and my mood plummeted further. I promised I would go but would have said no if I knew where it was held. My father looks over at me before looking back at the road.

"Kyan?" I nod to him when another text message comes through.

Kyan: Don't make up some excuse not to go either. I will come and get you if I have to, and you don't want that. Kaif is not happy, and neither am I. 1

Me: Kaif is your wolf right, Jonah mentioned his name.

Kyan: Jonah mentioned many things to you; just remember Marabella, he can only tell you what I allow, nothing more.

Me: Then tell me, Kyan, because if you don't want me, at least reject me because I won't just be your doormat.

Kyan: You have been a doormat all your life
Marabella, maybe when you see that, you will stop letting people walk all over you.

Me: People like you?

e Teople Tre you

Kyan: The world, yourself. You are scared of yourself. If you are afraid, why wouldn't everyone else be? You hide behind your brother. Maybe it's about time you stop hiding.

Me: You're a hypocrite, you tell me not to hide, but that is exactly what you do. You are the same, always hiding behind the image you built, so what's behind it, Kyan? Don't tell me not to hide when you hide better than I do.

Kyan: I hide to protect those around me. You hide to protect yourself from those around you; there is a difference.

Me: You are wrong.

Kyan: No, I am right and you know I am. I will see you Saturday and leave those ridiculous gloves at home. You don't need them with me around and don't think I won't come and get you if you try an d bailout.

That would have to be our longest conversation yet," Kora says, and I roll my eyes at her

"What it is, progress. Say it with me,"

"That would have to be our longest conversation yet," Kora says, and I roll my eyes at her.

"What it is, progress. Say it with me,"

"You're delusional. He still hates us,"

"At least he is talking to us,"

"Talking at us, not to us, AT" 1

"Talking is talking," Kora shrugs, wandering off. I shake my head, turn back to the window, dreading having to see my mother after our argument and now dreading Rose's birthday.

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My skin itched and burned fiercely at her betrayal, anger coursed through me, making my blood boil. She was mine, and I never expected her to do such a thing. And with my best friend of all people.

"You mean your only friend? I told you to mark her," Kaif snarls in my head. I

expected more of her; we were mates. Jonah, I knew he had feelings for her. It is evident in the way he never shut up about her. It honestly didn't shock me. However, how strong Marabella's feelings for him in return did.

I was more shocked that she still had feelings for him after finding her mate. I thought it was a crush she had, she had always been rather shy, and I knew there was something there, but for it to be so

strong after realizing I was her mate astounded me.

Jonah did warn me he wouldn't stop pursuing her, but the fact she reacted to him still really ground my gears. Jonah, however, was full of happiness and bubbly as fuck; I knew he would be annoying as

hell when he got he could feel him getting closer, and he wasn't the least bit apologetic. Kaif growls, feeling Jonah's emotions so heightened.

I stare down at my last message, she better show up and be brave enough for once to confront me, or I will drag her ass here, kicking and screaming, and lock her away in my basement. 1

"No, next time, you will mark her and keep her before Jonah takes her from us," Kaif snarls.

Kaif stirs angrily under my skin when Jonah's car pulls up outside, and I find myself stalking out of my room and jogging down the steps. Kaif wanted to kill him, and so did I, though I knew that wasn't an option since he was tied to us. 1

Jonah lets himself in with his key just as I reach the foyer. A growl escapes me and echoes around us; he raises an eyebrow at me, unfazed by me rushing toward him. My fist connects with his chin and lip when I punch him. Blood gushing out and spilling down his chin and onto his shirt, making Jonah glare at me.

He growls at me before wiping his mouth

the back of his hand

"I fucking liked this shirt, dickwad," Jonah snaps at me. Looking down at his grey shirt with some emblem on the front. He groans, tugging at his shirt to see the bloodstain on the front along the neckline. He huffs, and I ball my hands into fists, Kaif pressing beneath the surface, his aura washing over me as he tried to settle down; if I didn't punch him, Kaif may have come out and ripped him to pieces again, though he seemed to relax a little his thoughts on Marabella and the pull to go to her was more potent, he wanted to bring her here where he could watch her and keep her away from Jonah, but something was nagging at him also, something he wasn't willing to share even with me. 1

"Do you have any idea how hard blood is to get out of clothes?" Jonah snaps, tugging it off with one hand and tossing it at me. The shirt hits me in the chest, and I grab it.

"That's it, that's all you got to say?" I ask him, and he smirks, folding his arms across his chest. Kaif fought against the urge to shift as fur replaced skin on my

arms yet he was more angered at me than Jonah, which I didn't understand. He blamed me for letting it happen, which angered me more; I never told him to kiss her.

Jonah rubs his chin thoughtfully. "Hmm, Oh yeah, I kissed your mate. Do you want details now? Or did you feel it? You felt it, huh? By the way, My sister punches harder than that," he says, punching my shoulder on his way past me and heading toward the kitchen.

Kaif growls at him furiously at his lack of care, yet still, he blames me and not Jonah.

"Enough, Kaif, I ain't got time to deal with your homicidal ass, get over it. Blame fuckface, he should have marked her, but I probably still would have done it, not as if I kept it a secret from you; I am here, aren't I?" Jonah says, slipping into the kitchen.

I push through the double doors after him, and he rummages through my fridge before grabbing a can of coke out, he slides one across to me on the island bench, and I grab it before it slides off onto the floor.

"You seem to be taking it pretty well," Jonah comments, and I glare at him, which he shrugs, infuriating me more before I sigh.

"More at her," I admit; I honestly expected Jonah too, he was never subtle about what he wants and I knew he wanted Marabella.

"Why at her, I kissed her not the other way around?"

"Well, for one, she kissed you back, and secondly, I can't kill you. Marabella, on the other hand, will be punished,"

"Punished? What are you going to put her over your knee and spank her, ooh can I watch?" Jonah asks, and I growl at him.

"Hey, if there is spanking involved, I want to watch. Then I can rub it better be the good one, while you.... You just be you. I will win, either way, so keep up the douchebag act. It's really working wonders for you," I chuckle at him as he wiggles his eyebrows; he just kissed my mate and was acting like it was nothing

If it were anyone other than Jonah, they would be dead by now. Kaif was still

undecided about inflicting pain on him, but he also knew he would inflict pain on himself. Still, Marabella's feelings for him had him convinced he would only be hurting her by doing something to Jonah, which astounded me he would come to that conclusion at all. Why wasn't he trying to tear me apart to get to him? It had me baffled.

Kaif wanted her, and he didn't care how he got her, but he kept something from me, which had me worried because it wasn't directed at Jonah but Marabella.

"She didn't care about our feelings," I tell Kaif as he observed Jonah through my eyes; he snarls before I am suddenly sprayed in coke when my claws slip out and puncture the can I was holding, spraying coke all over me. I jump, rushing to the sink to discard the can, and I growl at Kaif.

"Should have marked her," Kaif hisses at me while Jonah hands me a tea towel, and I snatch it from him, wiping my face and the front of my tank top, the crotch of my grey sweats saturated, making it look like I pissed myself.

"Chill, bro, it's just. Go change them," Jonah says while I fight the urge to go shower over the syrupy mess off me. The desire becomes too strong, and I hear Jonah la

ugh as I walk out of the kitchen; Kaif knows I'm not too fond of mess, and now I feel sticky. He deliberately did it to get on my nerves.

Walking into my ensuite, I turn the shower on. "You seriously going to shower? Just get a wet cloth and wipe yourself clean, geez."

"It won't help," I shudder, kicking the door shut but leaving enough of a gap that I could hear Jonah easily as he moves around in my room. I yank my clothes off, chucking them in the hamper before stepping in and instantly reaching for the soap. I washed quickly before shutting the water off, grabbing a towel, and wrapping it around my waist.

Walking into the bedroom to get dressed, Jonah was lying on my bed, wrinkling the straightened comforter while flicking through the pages of one of my family's grimoires, Celeste's one. The pages were old and delicate, and he didn't have gloves on. Walking over, I take it from him,

-tight box, and

setting it back in its Jonah sighs loudly.

"It makes no sense; Celeste created Kaif; why curse him to your bloodline every twelve generations?"

"Because my bloodline was his first vessel, and because he killed Luna," I tell him, wondering why he was suddenly taking a keen interest in the Octavian Curse. He rarely asked questions, just trusted I knew about what I told him.

"But she created him; how could you curse your own creation?" Jonah asks.

"She didn't. Do you not pay attention," I ask him before sighing.

"Why the sudden interest in my family's curse anyhow,"

"Well, if we are sharing a mate, I want to ensure you don't kill her, or Kaif does,"

"We are not sharing a mate; Marabella is mine, and I won't share, neither will Kaif."

"What's Kaif say, still a definite no?"

"Yes, fucking no, she is mine," Kaif growls and answers before shoving

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and answers before shoving forward angrily, and I struggle to force him back. Jonah pores emit the scent of his fear before he stifles it, knowing it would fuel Kaif if he got a good enough whiff of it.

Kaif settles and seems to think for a second, his mind working overtime as he thinks of the situation and his anger dwindles slightly; he hated the idea of Jonah touching Marabella, yet at the same time, he worried Marabella would hate us more if he hurt him.

I trusted no one more than I did Jonah. He would keep her safe from us, yet I knew it would never work. Kaif wouldn't handle seeing them together; feeling them through the bonds was one thing, but seeing it, he would be uncontrollable. Marabella's feeling for Jonah stumped him, and he seemed in shock just how strongly they both felt towards each other, his mind going to Luna and what he did. The agony of her death, I couldn't risk either of them like that, and for once we both agreed on something, he knew he was a monster, and he tried not to be, but instinct always won with Kaif, he knew it, and I knew it.

Kaif sighs, realizing too; it is what his curse is about, after all, this was his punishment. To be forever alone, to know love only to have it taken away and lose it.

"Your thinking about something?" Jonah says, and I shrug, pulling on another tank top before tossing him one.

"Put it on, so I don't have to look at those damn nipples,"

"Careful I may pierce yours while you're asleep next," He tells me before pulling the top on.

"Don't fucking touch me in my sleep,"

"Yeah, yeah. It would be worth it though,"

"Really, you want another broken arm?" I ask him, and he shudders while remembering the last time he startled me in my sleep. Kaif's reflexes are always quick, especially when I am asleep. Kaif broke his arm in three places and accidentally dislocated his shoulder, thinking we were being attacked again.

It's been twenty years, and that day constantly played on my mind, how things could have gone differently if dad had not got there in time; he started

training me after that, every morning and every afternoon, Lucas taking over when he died, the

same routine. Morning and night, and I still did it daily, but mainly with Jonah, Lucas feared me, and he should.

He could never match me; no one could. Jonah only by the bond because it weakened Kaif, tying our life to Jonah's had consequences, but it was for the best, especially without my talisman. I needed some way to help restrain him. It was initially meant to be Lucas, but with him aging and his outright fear as I grew older, he would have only angered Kaif killing us all.

"Should I be worried about the party on the weekend?" Jonah suddenly asks, pulling me from my thoughts.

"Why everything is organized, I saw to it,"

"I mean with Marabella being there, Kaif ... I mean, you won't do anything, will you?"

"Just keep away from her,"

"You know I won't do that, Kyan, so why ask?"

"Just do it for now, but I figure something out,"

"You know you could always tell her, tell her what Kaif is, what you are. Marabella won't care; she will still want you,"

"That is exactly why I can't tell her; it will end badly, it always does for Kaif; he can not be tamed," I tell him.

"Yes, but this is the first time Kaif has had a guardian; I won't let him hurt her," Kaif seemed thoughtful for a second.

Optimistic for once, he didn't care who he hurt to have her; there was only one problem it was always his mate and himself. He would be his own destruction.

If history was anything to go by, it continuously repeated, and I couldn't allow that until we broke the curse, not until we knew for sure she was strong enough to survive him. Because if he marks her, he will mate her, which will kill her; his love for her would be her end.

Jonah's phone starts ringing, and he moves around fetching his phone from his back pocket. He looks at the screen before showing me, and I growl when I realize it is Marabella. I wave at him to

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answer it, and he do Kaif wanted to snatch the phone from him to scold his mate about kissing him, but upsetting her more held him back. I honestly couldn't understand him; he wanted to kill Jonah but blamed me; he wanted to punish Marabella for her betrayal but didn't want her to hate him. I was getting a headache from his whiplashing emotions, none I could understand.

However, when Jonah answered, and her frantic voice came through the phone, warning Jonah to stay away from me, he snapped, lurching forward before I even registered he had control, her concern for Jonah sending blind rage through him. Jonah jumps also thrown off guard as Kaif shifts, tearing my skin off to shift faster before lunging at Jonah while I tried to hone him in, yet I was fighting a losing battle as I felt us start to merge, his instincts becoming mine. The sliver of our humanity I clung to gave away, as those instincts were telling us to kill him for touching our mate.

Fated To The Alpha by Jessica Hall Chapter 224 Read Fated To The Alpha [by Jessica Hall] Chapter 225 Marabella POV

We were about ten–fifteen minutes from home. My stomach twisted with Kyan's last text message, and it was all I had thought about the entire way home. Yet, I believed he would go through with it. I believed he would drag me there himself if I didn't show up to Rose's birthday when another thought occurred to me. Jonah.

When he said I would regret it, did he mean by hurting him? That was the only way to get even, my family was untouchable, but Jonah wasn't.

"Well, ring him," Kora hisses at me, and I fumble with my phone; I start typing when Kora starts to worry, insisting I ring him to be sure. Her worry made my already heightened anxiety so much worse.

"You ok?" my father asks, and I nod, dialing his number.

"Yeah, just want to check on Jonah,"

"But you just saw him. He will be fine,"

"But if he goes to Kyan's?" I chew my lip

nervously.

"Did he threaten Jonah?" My father growls, and I shake my head because he hasn't. Still, the worry ate at me.

"Marabella?"

"No, but he wasn't happy. What if he does something to Jonah?"

"Not likely. Those two seem close, always have been, but if it makes you calm down, just ring Jonah," My father says before yawning. He covers his mouth with the back of his hand, and I suddenly felt guilty for making him pick me up.

"Jonah?" Kora mutters, and I shake my thoughts away, hitting the call button. The phone rings as my father pulls into the service station just outside of town. The first time it goes straight to voicemail.

"I need coffee, want one?" my father asks, and I nod to him before redialling Jonah's number. My heart rate increases the longer it rings, and Jonah finally picks up, and I let out a breath of relief.

"Told you he is fine," My father says before getting out of the car.

"Jonah?" I yelp, relieved to hear his voice.

"Hey, what's up? I am."

"Don't go to Kyan's Jonah. Promise me you will stay away from him," I shriek in panic. I didn't know if Kora or I spoke. Our thoughts felt like they were muddling into one.

"Huh, I am with...." I hear a growl that is more like a roar as Jonah's words are cut off.

"Oh fuck," Jonah says before I hear a crashing sound and snarls booming through the phone.

"Mine," Comes a deep gravelly voice that raised goosebumps on my arms. Whose voice was that? I wondered when more crashing sounded in the background.

OOO

"Jonah?" my voice trembled, I could more bangs and crashing sounds.

"Kaif, stop," I hear Jonah's voice stammer out before the sound of glass breaking reaches my ears.

"Jonah!" I shriek, ripping the phone away from my ear. Kora pushes against my skin, and my claws slip into my father's

SKIn, and my claw mo my father's car seat, and the phone slips through my fingers as my gloves tear off my hands." Kor a," I grit out, trying to stop her from shifting

Snatching my phone from where it fell in my lap, more crashing can be heard before I hear a long, harsh wheeze come through the phone before hearing another voice, not Jonah's or Kaif's.

Jonah POV

"Jonah?" Marabella shrieks through the phone, and I pull it away, my ear ringing from how high-pitched her voice rang out. Placing it back to my ear, I answer her.

"Hey, what's up? I am--"

"Don't go to Kyan's Jonah. Promise me you will stay away from him," Marabella rushes out, not letting me finish.

"Huh, I am with..." A furious growl erupts behind me and makes me turn to look at Kyan, only to see Kaif had forced forward.

"Oh fuck," I curse, trying to jump up off

"Oh fuck," I curse, trying to jump up off the bed just as Kaif lunges at me, his claws slashing down my chest as I roll off the bed and smash against the floor. The phone slid across the floor, and I could hear Marabella's frantic voice screaming out to me, but I was distracted and unable to answer when Kaif's foot went to stomp on my head

"Mine," Kaif's terrifying voice booms loudly, and I only just move my head to the side before his foot crushes my skull, his heel coming down on my shoulder, and I groan before punching him between the legs as he stood over me. He growls, but his knee gives way as he lurches forward, stumbling over the top of me.

I start to shift when Kaif kicks me, sending me flying into the wall and books topple down off the shelf smashing on top of me. His kick to my stomach winds me, and I gasp for breath as I crawl to my feet.

"Kaif, stop," I scream at him when he grabs me by my shorts, his claws on his other hand sinking into my shoulder before he tosses me into the dresser mirror.

The mirror shatters before the frame falls

on me, and I roll off the dresser. Marabella screams my name through the phone, which only angers him more as he looks around frantically for her voice.

Giving me a moment's reprieve as I prepared to shift. A large chunk of the mirror was embedded in my shoulder blade, and I yank it out with a pained groan. Kaif, hearing it slaps at his back as the line slices through him, and his back arches from taking on my wound before quickly healing himself.

"Jonah, Jonah," Marabella cries into the phone, and Kaif growls, upturning the bed as he looks for the phone when the door bursts open. Lucas rushes in with a bat, a god damn bat.

"Jonah, run," Lucas yells at me.

He swings the bat at Kaif, letting out a war cry, and Kaif pivots on his heel, grabbing it mid-swing and prying it from his hands before launching him back out the door in which he came in. Kaif stalks after him, and he slashes the door frame with his claws. 1

I clamber to my feet unsteadily, urging

Jax to shift, and I feel my bones start snapping when Kaif freezes when Marabella calls out his name. He spins around, snarling, and smacks his head on the door frame forgetting to duck. He groans, his giant hand raking down his face as he rubs the spot he struck on the door.

"Keep calling him Marabella," Lucas calls out breathlessly. She must have heard him because she started calling Kaif's name, his eyes scanning the floor before he barges me out of the way, scooping up the phone off the floor where it landed next to the ensuite. His fingers are too big to work the screen, and he growls in frustration. 1

"Kaif, can you hear me?" Marabella asks. Her voice stammers out shakily, and Kaif prods the phone, his claws getting in the

way.

"Why can't I see? Why does it not work?" Kaif growls; his claws scratching my phone screen that had a crack down the screen.

The phone starts beeping, and I recognize the noise and realize Marabella heard him. The phone signals she was trying to change the call to a video one.

"Give it to Jonah. Jonah can do it," Marabella tells him, and Kaif growls, spinning to look at me.

"You, you do it. Make it work my fingers no good," Kaif says, gripping my arm and thrusting the phone in my chest, and I grab it, pressing the touch screen for it to connect.

Marabella's tear-filled face appeared on the screen, and she seemed to be in her father's car still when Kaif snatches the phone from me. His hands stroking the screen and cutting off the picture, and I take it from him. He growls, reaching for it, but I pull it away.

"You can't touch the screen; it will hang up," I tell him, offering it back to him before collapsing on the floor at his feet. 1

"No, touching screen," Kaif mutters to himself. 1

"Where did she go?" Kaif suddenly booms, and I roll my eyes when Lucas hesitantly steps in the room, hands up as

he moves along the wall. The movement does not go unnoticed by the eight-foot monster staring at the phone screen.

"I can fix it," Lucas says while holding his hand out for the phone. My heart beats faster as Kaif continued to stare at him for a few tense seconds.

"Hello, are you there?" Marabella calls out, and Kaif looks down at the screen.

"You fix," he tells Lucas, who nods, reaching out and taking the phone from Kaif's grip. He fiddles with the phone, and the phone must go back to the video call because Marabella speaks.

"Lucas, where are Jonah and Kaif?!"

"Right here, but um Kyan is, um Kyan isn't in control," Lucas stutters out as Kaif growls at him, reaching for the phone.

"Let him hold it; you will cut the phone out again," I tell Kaif. Lucas holds the phone, turning it to face Kaif, who leans down, squinting at the screen, and I see Marabella's startled expression. She must houna baan

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have been expecting Kyan's appearance with Kaif in control. By the look on her face, I know she wasn't expecting to come face to face with his Lycan form. Marabella gasps, and her eyes dart to the side. I hear Ezra's voice in the background sounding startled.

"What the fuck is that," 4

"I think it's Kaif," Marabella answers her father.

"You come here. Here now. You are mine, not Jonah's," Kaif tells her.

"Here now, you come to me," Kaif growls at her, and her mouth opens and closes as she glances away for a second.

"You can talk while like that. But you... you are?" Mara doesn't finish, and I watch her on the screen as she stares at Kaif, he stands upright, and she gasps again. Lucas's hand holding the phone shakes, and Kaif's chest takes up the image of him on the screen.

"How do we get her here? You come when Kyan rings you this way," Kaif says, looking down at me next to his feet.

"I live down the road from you Kaif, Marabella went home. She isn't in the City," I could hear Marabella whispering with her father, her face turned away from the screen.

"Jonah, are you ok?"

"I'm fine, Mar—" Kaif's growl cuts me off, and he reaches for the phone, and Lucas jumps, pulling it away from him and pressing further into the wall.

"Your claws Kaif, you can't hold the phone. You need to shift back," Lucas blurts out.

"No, Kyan can't, he won't. He fuck things up again. I won't let him; she is mine,"

"Yes, yes, I am yours, Kaif, but you can't stay like that. You will hurt Jonah," Marabella says, and I see her look away for a second before shrugging on the screen.

"He touches you, he deserves pain, you are mine, he put his peasant lips on you," Kaif tells her. I roll my eyes at him. 1

"He is your friend," Mara tries to reason, and Kaif huffs, baring his teeth at me.

Mara shook her head, and I was pretty sure she would tell him anything right now to ensure I was alive.

"You let him," Kaif roars, ripping me up off the ground, and Marabella shrieks as Kaif gripped my throat.

"You come here, or I hurt him, make you watch," Kaif snarls, his grip tight as his claws slipped into my collarbone before I hear it crack. Kaif groans and drops me, clutching his shoulder, my pain becoming inflicted on him.

"I will come to you on Rose's birthday, but you need to shift back, or I won't visit, leave him alone, you....you,"

"Lycan," Lucas offers.

"I thought they didn't exist," Marabella mutters, looking away.

"Well, how the heck else you explain that," I hear Ezra's voice.

"Did you know?" She asks her father, becoming distracted, and Kaif growls low in the back of his throat when Ezra scoffs.

'No, how could I know? I don't even think

your mother knows this one,

"Who is with you, who is that? You kiss him too?" Kaif snarls, and Marabella's face turns back to the screen, looking appalled.

"What no, he is my father,"

"You not kiss him then?"

"No, definitely not, well maybe on the cheek, but not like Jonah," Marabella says, and Kaif nods before scratching his ear making it fold over on top of his head.

"You do not kiss Jonah anymore, only like father," Kaif glares down at me. This uncivilized brute was impossible. Right now, I needed Kyan back. Just beneath my skin, Jax was ready and alert since Kaif wasn't willing to shift back and give Kyan the ultimate control.

However, Kaif almost seemed normal right now. Besides the hairy monster standing over me, we managed to speak with him, which was the most I had seen him speak. Not that he couldn't, but in this form, usually Kaif just growls and grunts.

This animalistic side is unreasonable and unmanageable; his injuries are the only way to force him to let go of control. Though Marabella had pulled him back, he seemed almost human, despite being in this form.

"No, no kissing, but can you give Kyan control?"

"You like Kyan?" Kaif asks, and Marabella bites her lip and nods, clearly lying.

"Me no like him either. He has shit for brains and washes his hands too much," Kaif huffs. 5

"I give you Kyan; you come here on the flowers birthday,"

"No, Rose! You simple-minded brute, my sister," I tell him while shaking my head.

"The dwarf with the rainbow in her hairs?" Kaif says with a huff.

"Yes, Rose, you have met her heaps of times,"

"No, Kyan meets her, I only meet you and him," Kaif says, pointing a sharp curved claw at Lucas, who pulls away.

"Kaif, change back, please" Marabella begs.

"Then you come here; you stay with me

here,"

"Mm-hmm," Marabella hums, nodding her head to him. Kaif seems unsure as he flexes his hairy fingers, and I feel Kyan shackled within Kaif. The same monster, and warlock merged into one, creating a bigger more threatening beast. Still, there was only one Kaif, and this was his proper form, one Kyan only understands as instinctual barbaric and purely Kaif.

Usually, the slivers of Kyan I get were just fragments, while Kaif is almost calm. I realized Kyan subconscious was constantly at battle with Kaif's urges, making me wonder if Kyan realized how much he fought, or did he think they were one in the same because I could feel two sides to Kaif, Kaif being the most dominant. Still, Kyan, I could feel beneath the surface, I just never realized before.

"Ok, but you come to me soon," Marabella nods her head, and Kaif shifts suddenly, and Marabella shrieks, her lips pressing into a line, and I see a hand go

over her eyes. I realize Ezra had covered her eyes by the wedding band on his ring finger

"Point the camera elsewhere," Ezra booms, and Lucas jumps, scrambling with the phone and turning it around. Kyan cracks his neck and back before shooting a glare at Lucas. He stalks over to him, snatching the phone from his grip.

"What did you do?" He bellows at Marabella.

"Nothing, I rang Jonah, not you asshole," I was shocked by her words; I never heard her speak back to anyone, let alone with the tone she used.

Kyan growls, and I hear the phone cut out as she hangs up on him.

"What happened?" Kyan demands while turning to face me.

"Wait, you don't know?"

"Would I be asking if I did?" Kyan snaps. Lucas and I look at each other.

"See, this is exactly why we can't share her. When it comes to Marabella, all bets

ner. when it comes Marabella, all bets are off. He will take complete control of me when it comes to her. He blocked me out, he never does that, we merge, but he doesn't block me out, she is my weakness, can't you see that?" Kyan snaps, pointing at me.

"Kyan?"

"Shut up this has nothing to do with you," he snarls glaring at his uncle over his shoulder.

"He listened to her, Kyan; he stopped because of her," I snap back at him, and he pauses, his mouth opens with his next rant before he closes his mouth, clearly stunned.

"That's not possible," Kyan murmurs, looking at Lucas, who nods to him.

"Just like your father said, Mara is Kaif's redemption," Lucas says.

"Not at the cost of her life; she won't be," Kyan says before stalking out of the room.

Fated To The Alpha by Jessica Hall Chapter 226 Read Fated To The Alpha [by Jessica Hall] Chapter 226 Marabella POV

Hanging up the phone, my father stared out the windscreen. His mouth opened and repeatedly closed, trying to find his words and I was honestly just as shocked as him. 3

"I didn't imagine that; you saw an oversized dog on two legs too, right?" He asks, turning his head slowly to look over at me. I quickly nod, clutching my phone to my chest. 1

"Good, I thought I was going mad, that your mother's crazy was rubbing off on me," He says, letting out a breath. I raise an eyebrow at him. 2

"That's it? That's all you have to say,"

"Well, it could have been worse. Kyan could have shifted into a donkey or unicorn, something, at least he is kind of the right species," I chuckle at him, and my father scratches his chin, thoughtfully muttering under his breath before blinking rapidly and shaking his head. 3

"How, though? And he spoke, not well but

it could talk,"

"Mum can talk in wolf form," I remind him.

"Exactly Marabella, wolf form, he was in ... In... like in beast mode on steroids. He definitely ate his weetbix. Did you see the size of him," I roll my eyes at him.

"Should we tell mum?"

"We should definitely tell mum, wait, are you two on talking terms, I know you had a fight, but you must tell her; she may be able to do her Moon Goddess voodoo crap and find something out," I sigh. He appeared to be in shock; I had never seen him ramble so much. 3)

"What does Maddox think about him?" I ask.

"He thinks if we gotta fight that monster, we gonna need ya fathers help, will havet o tag team that thing, I will get him from the top, ya dad can take the torso," he says, and I snort, covering my mouth with my hand to try to stifle my laugh. 1

"I'm being serious; he was huge," he says, starting the car. 2

We told mum, well, dad did the moment we got through the door. Both mum and dad sat listening to him ramble on, asking random questions, and I eventually snuck off, unable to listen to them discuss Kaif. I felt they were wrong about him. Kaif, to me didn't seem that bad.

Kora remained quiet, and I could tell she was actually scared of Kaif. We actually feared something more than our mat. Instead, I feared his Lycan more, yet I couldn't help but think I was missing something, something important. Kyan was a witch, yet a Lycan, apparently. How was it possible to be two things at once, let alone an extinct species. Hearing my door open up, I see my mother pop her head through the crack of my open door.

"Good, you're awake," she says, pushing the door wider before stepping into the room. She walks over to my dresser and grabs my hairbrush before sitting on the edge of the bed

"I already brushed it," I tell her, and she gives me a look, and I roll my eyes before sitting between her legs on the floor. She tugs my braid out when Eziah comes into

the room

"Yes, Eziah," He ignores mum sitting on the floor beside me, and my mother sighs. She reaches over and chucks him a pillow, and he lays down on his side propped up on his elbow.

"Take it, dad told you?" I ask him.

"Yeah, he never talks that much, and I have never seen him look frightened before,"

"Great, I am doomed then," I huff.

"You are not doomed, don't say that," My mother scolds.

"Did you know about this too?" I ask, looking up at my mother over my shoulder. She brushes my cheek gently.

"That I did not know, I knew his family came from Salem witches, but that was it, I had no idea he was a Lycan,"

"If you knew she was his mate, why do you always push her towards Jonah?" Eziah asks, and my face heats at his words. My brother shrugs.

"Well, she does; it's not like it is a secret; she isn't very subtle about it," Eziah says.

she isn't very

sud Gosh, Eziah looked like my father, had the same goofy personality, and was always bubbly. My other father was like the king of the kids. Eziah gets that outgoing personality from him, while I got mum's curses and my father's more reserved nature, quiet but not of my own choosing. I wish I was more like Eziah, not having a care in the world, able to have friends. It sucks always living in his shadow. Still, shadows hide monsters, and that is what I was; it seems fitting I would be mated to a monster too. 2

Mum runs the brush through my hair a few times before speaking.

"When Seline was teaching me how to make the bonds, I asked about both of yours. Some fates can't be chosen; I would have chosen Jonah if I had a choice. I tried to merge your bonds so many times; Jonah's chased yours, but Kyan always stopped him, merging back with you, and you sought him out too. Another fate seemed to decide for you both, a fate I couldn't tamper with,"

"So you really tried?"

"Of course I did, so did Seline. She

couldn't explain it either, and I researched Kyan's bloodline multiple times, looking for answers but found nothing, except that his bloodline came from Salem witches, ancient strong magic, magic that doesn't exist today, or you would think anyway. I knew it existed, though. Kyan's father possessed the same dark energy that has always surrounded Kyan,"

"Dad said Dominic was a better man than he gave him credit for, that his father died for someone," Mum nods her head, and Kora and I had wrestled with it all afternoon until I went back through my text messages, finding the first one Kyan ever sent me and it suddenly made sense.

"It was me, wasn't it? Dominic died to save me,"

"It's not your fault Marabella, you didn't kill him. He chose to save you; he knew you were Kyan's mate. Dominic knew from the first time he met you that you would both be mates,"

"Is that why her mate hates her?" Eziah asks, and I look at my carpet beneath me. I knew some part of him would hate me

I knew some per for being why his father is dead.

"Kyan doesn't hate her; you can't hate your bonded," I snorted. That was obviously a lie.

"He hates me, mum, he told me himself,"

"Maybe he doesn't hate you but hates what you mean to him, what you could bet on him, Marabella,"

"Then why Jonah than,"

"Jonah should have been yours,"

"But he's not," I sigh, already knowing that. My mother stops brushing my hair, and I look up at her when I notice Eziah is watching her.

"What?" I ask, seeing her expression turn clouded.

OAA

"Fates forgive me; I have to give her something," She whispers almost too low for me to hear. Eziah's brows furrow, and he picks at the carpet, looking down at the floor with an intense look on his face.

"Jonah has no mate, Marabella. We never bonded him, we left him to choose his own mate, hoping you would choose him

own mate, hoping you would choose him over Kyan and that he would choose you," my mother whispers.

VIA

"So you left him to be on his own? How could you do that to him?" I ask, pulling away from her, that was my worst fear. I feared it more than my mate hating me. I feared having no one to be mine.

"Because he deserves the one he was chosen for, Jonah deserves you, he is your opposite, and his soul matched yours perfectly; he took away the darkness,

"What about Kyan's? We must be the same for the fates to decide,"

"Darkness attracts darkness, craves it, Marabella,"

"So you are saying if I don't choose Jonah, I will turn dark?"

"No, I am saying your future will be dark,"

"Kaif won't allow it, mum, Kyan would never allow it,"

"That's the beauty of choice, just because Kyan and Kaif forbid it doesn't mean you have to accept it,"

They're best friends

11

They're best friends; they have a bond, I pause. Was this something I was allowed to share? I had a feeling it wasn't. That Jonah and Kyan didn't want anyone to know about the bond they shared. Kyan already hated me. One secret of his was out, and I wasn't about to tell another to the world.

"They have a what, Marabella?"

"They are best friends; I don't want to come between them; who would Kyan have left if I took his friend away?"

"Sometimes the best choices to make are to not make any. Marabella, don't choose then, keep them both. Who knows, maybe their bond will save them, save you,"

My head whips to the side to look at her.

"You know they have a bond?"

"I am the Moon Goddess. I noticed Jonah's aura changed. It had flickers of Kyan's through it; I thought it might have meant they were like your fathers, but I realized it must have been something to do with Witchcraft because it seemed at certain intervals, Jonah was taking more before returning it to Kyan like he filtered

"On the contrary, I love you too much, and I'm not meant to meddle, and if you keep pouting like that, I may just go meddle with your mate, mate you to German Shepherd if you take that whiny tone with me again,"

"What? She gets a cool ass Lycan I get an actual dog? How is that fair?" I laugh at him, and my mother chuckles when he storms out of the room.

"I never said I did meddle, yet," My mother whispers and laughs.

"That boy, good thing he's good looking like his dad because he ain't the sharpest tool in the shed, that's for sure,"

"Yeah, I feel sorry for his mate when he *finds* her, be like having a kid instead,"

"Your brother's future is bright, though first, he needs to get past the dark parts. Seline did tell me that much,"

"Well, that doesn't sound very bright," I tell her. She nods but doesn't say anything more on the matter as she quickly braids my hair again before kissing me goodnight and leaving my room. Climbing in bed, I set my alarm on

room Climbing in c. 1 set my alarm on my phone. Rose was coming over tomorrow, and I was excited to see her.

Mum said Uncle Adrian was having trouble with her, so mum offered to have her for a sleepover, though I wasn't too keen on her and I sneaking off to the City to some party she invited to, parties weren't my thing, but she said if I didn't go, she would go by herself.¹

Rose also said if I dobed her in, she wouldn't forgive me, that I should learn to live a little, so I decided to take one out of the Rose handbook and try and have fun, besides no one will know me there, maybe it would be fun.²

Setting my phone down, I hesitate before picking it back up, opening my messages, and sending Kyan a text message.

Me: I am sorry your father died for me. I'm sorry I'm the reason you are alone.

I didn't expect a reply, so I was a little shocked when my phone buzzed in my hand as I sat it down. My hands shook as I opened the text, wondering if maybe I shouldn't have said anything,

Kyan: I'm sorry he died too but he did the

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Kyan: I'm sorry he died too, but he did the right thing when saving you. I don't blame you, not anymore. Now try and sleep, and I will see you on Saturday, goodnight Ella.

Kora presses forward and reads the text message, and I feel she has the same strange feeling stirring in her stomach; for once, it was warm and not the usual coldness I got when near him.

Pulling the blankets up, I tuck myself in, for once not feeling so hopeless, only when I drift off, I dream of that voice again, the one that used to comfort me when I was younger. The one that used to tell me it would get better.

"Don't let him go, fight for him, Bella, and he will fight for you too. You just need to show him you're strong enough to survive him. Your fate isn't over yet," the voice tells me. 3

One that was familiar, and I couldn't figure out where else I had heard it besides my own head, the whispers behind my ear, the nagging voice that kept me from ending my life before Kora came to me. It was that man's voice that

besides my own head, the whispers *behind* my ear, the nagging voice that kept me from ending my life before Kora *came* to me. It was that man's voice that kept me sane when no one would listen, a figment of my imagination, yet something told me it was more than that.

Fated To The Alpha by Jessica Hall Chapter 227 Read Fated To The Alpha [by Jessica Hall] Chapter 227

The following morning Rose bounded into the house like her ass was on fire, her body barging into me the moment my mother opened the door as she engulfed me in a hug. Rose was like a burst of rainbow sunshine, bright and bubbly with a dash of crazy.

She was one of those people you looked at and wondered what she was up to now. The wild child, yet she was also a tomboy. Jonah walks in behind her, carrying a mountain load of bags and covered in a vanilla milkshake and not looking very impressed at all.

"What's happened to you?" I ask.

"One guess," he says, glaring at his little sister.

"Come on, bro, it was an accident," Rose says, batting her eyelashes at him.

"You threw it at me," I chuckle, watching them bicker, and Rose gives him puppy dog eyes, and he rolls his.

"But I'm your favorite sister; it was an accident scouts honor,"

"Your my only sister, and you're not a girl scout," he says, shooting her a look.

"You tipped it on me first and called me a brat for spilling it on the seat,"

"I was braking. Would you rather I hit the car in front?" Jonah scolds, and she shrugs.

"Where is Casen? Isn't he usually assigned to Rose?" I ask.

"Right here," Casen says. He did not look impressed walking in behind Jonah with his own bag.

"You moving in?"

I ask Rose, looking at the amount of luggage she brought with her.

"No," She says as Casen walks over to her.

"Put it in Marabella's room," Rose says, and Jonah glares at her.

"I am not your slave; why do you need all this stuff? You are staying for two days and one night," Jonah huffs before kissing my mother's cheek on his way past, heading for the stairs.

"Eziah, where you hiding, pretty boy,"

Rose calls out, stalling past me toward the Kitchen

"Uncle Mateo," Rose squeals and greets him with a slap on the back. My father arches his back, and Rose chuckles.

"God, help us," He mutters, walking over to shake Casen's hand.

"Mara," Jonah hisses nodding toward the stairs.

"Doors remain open," my father calls to me as I trudge up the stairs after Jonah.
2

"We aren't doing anything," I hiss.

"Yet," Jonah calls over his shoulder. 4

"You little – big, ah, 1.5-meter rule Jonah, whatever you do to her, I will do to you,"

"Oh, la la, daddy Kink," Jonah taunts, and my father growls as we disappear around the corner. Walking down the hall, I spot Eziah peeking out one of the spare bedroom doors.

"Psst," He hisses at me as I pass him.

"What are you doing?" I ask him. Eziah glances over my shoulder.

"She still down there,

"Mum, yeah, she is talking to Casen and Dad,"

"No, Rose," he whispers, glancing about like she will pop out at any minute.

"Oh my god, what did you do?"

"I visited Uncle Andrei last; I sprayed her and her friends in mud and puddle water when I took off," He snickers before he suddenly shrieks, eyes going wide as saucers before nearly knocking me over as he takes off running

"There you are, you wanna run Eziah," Rose says, chasing him down. She tackles him into the wall placing him in a headlock.

"Mum, Mum," Eziah squeals as she bends his arm back while wrapping her legs around his torso. Jonah shakes his head, continuing to my room.

"Be nice to your cousin, Eziah," My mother calls back, and Rose laughs at him. 2

"Don't just stand there, help me," Eziah hisses as she starts yanking on his hair. Eziah bites her leg, and she wails,

Eziah bites her

les punching into his arm. "No fair, I can't hit you back," Eziah yells at her.

"You punch like a pussy anyway," Rose says, putting him in a chokehold.

"Casen, fetch the brat," Jonah calls over his shoulder, and I hear a groan downstairs before Casen starts stomping up the steps toward us.

"You little turd, you bloody covered us all. That was my favorite shirt. You embarrassed me," Rose says while Eziah squeals trying to untangle her limbs while squirming on the ground like a slug. I hurry after Jonah, knowing a brawl is likely to start when Casen grabs her. 2

"Thank god she is staying with you for the night; she is already driving me nuts," Jonah says, dumping Rose's bag on the end of the bed.

"She is alright, she is just," My words are suddenly cut off by Jonah's lips as he grabs me, ripping me toward him and crushing me against his chest, his lips crashing against mine.

"Jonah, Kyan," I mumble against his lips.

"He will get over it," Jonah says, pecking my lips and squeezing me tightly when the door opens, and we quickly pull apart. My cheeks heat, but Jonah doesn't let me go instead of sitting on the edge of my bed and pulling me on his lap while my brother collapses on my floor. I could hear Casen and Rose arguing in the hallway.

"Lock the door," Eziah chokes out when Rose comes in, and Eziah shrieks darting up off the floor and jumping on the other side of my bed and hiding behind Jonah.

"Rose!" Casen says, leaning on my door frame with his arms folded across his chest. He glares at Rose, and she rolls her eyes at him and huffs. My face heats at everyone walking in while I squirmed on Jonah's lap, trying to get off him, but he held me in place, burying his face in my neck. 2

"I will drag you back home, Rose," Casen warns her, and she growls.

"Fine," Rose huffs. She turns to look at Eziah and her eyes narrow at him.

"I'm sorry you fight like a girl and squeal like bitch," Rose tells Eziah. Her hair was

every color of the rainbow, and she ran her fingers through her long hair before looking at her black fingernails. Casen facepalms himself, "Goddess, give me strength," Casen mutters, and Rose pokes her tongue out at Eziah.

"Happy," She asks Casen, and he glares at her, but she pushes past him; he growls, following after her.

"She needs Lobotomy," Eziah mutters.

"Sorry, cuz, glad she is your sister and not mine," Eziah says, tapping Jonah on the shoulder before climbing off my bed and sticking his head out the door to make sure she is gone before darting off.

"If Rose gives you any trouble, ring me, and I will come to get her," Jonah says, making me look at him.

"You're not staying?" I ask him and he shakes his head.

"No, I have to get back to the pack. We are doing the Alpha challenge on Sunday when we get back from the City after Rose's party. Dad wants me to train

with him tonight; your
mum said she would take Rose to the City and talk with her,”

Talk with Rose, what for,”

“Her and mum have been clashing something shocking. Dad asked me to take her into the City for a few weeks after her birthday to give mum a break, Casen disagrees, but he always does when it comes to actually punishing her for her behavior,”

“Casen didn’t seem too happy with her,” I admit remembering the look on his face when he stepped inside.

“Yeah, he thinks we should just tell her, let him handle her,”

“Tell her what?” 5

“Shit, I forgot you don’t know, forget I said anything, and don’t say anything to Rose,”

“Tell her what?” I ask, and he sighs.

“Just forget I said anything. I need to leave but ring me if she becomes too much. Casen is staying, and he can usually wrangle her under control,”

“She will be fine; she is always good with me,” I tell him, yet I was also debating whether or not to tell him her plans, but

Jonah kisses my cheek and lets me go, and I hop up.

“I gotta go, but I will see you at her party, and are you coming to the Alpha Challenge?”

“Of course, but are you sure you want to challenge your father,”

“No, but it is expected, and I have been training for it since I was a kid,” He shrugs, and I follow him out. 2

Later that evening

Rose passed out asleep while watching a movie, and Casen picked her up and put her in my bed. Yawning, I decided to head to bed early too. The sun had really got to me. Rose and I spent all day at the river, it was stinking hot, and we spent all day talking and floating around, Casen watching from the shadows wherever we went.

I was glad though, because her falling

asleep meant we would be staying in, and I didn't really feel like sneaking off with Rose to get up to whatever she had planned. Casen had just left to head to the guest bedroom, and I was slipping my pajamas on when she suddenly sat upright.

"He gone?" She says, and I jump, not expecting her to suddenly sit up.

"Yep," I yawn, pulling my pajama bottoms up

"What are you doing?" She whispers to me

"Ah, going to bed, it is nearly eight o'clock, and I am beat,"

"Good, he falls asleep quickly, give him twenty minutes, and he will be out, quick. Let's get dressed," I blink at her. She can't be serious.

"Come on, Mara," Rose whines.

"Rose, it would be near ten o'clock by the time we get there,"

"Good, that's when the parties start to get good," she says, pushing her pajama

Pants down her legs

"You can't be serious,"

"Come on, please, before they put me in lockdown again, I never get to leave the pack," she says while sending a text message.

"Yeah, because you got picked up by the police last time,"

"That was last year, and I am sick of being locked away. Mum's paranoia is suffocating, no one will kidnap me, and I can defend myself, please Mara. I will never ask again. I just need to get out of here without being smothered for once," I smile at her sadly.

Rose always expressed how she felt smothered. My uncle and Aunt were a lot stricter with Rose. She never went anywhere without a guard or Casen. I understood her need for freedom. Still, her idea of fun and mine were two different things, yet I could also relate.

It sucks living in another's shadow, so it must suck even more being front and center of everyone's attention having your every move watched. I understood Aunt Sage's fear. She feared Rose would be

Aunt Sage's feat.

Seared Kose would be kidnapped and have the same tortured life she had before Uncle Andrei rescued her, but even I thought they were a little too strict.

Rose couldn't go to her high school dance without a guard or attend anything by herself, not even birthday parties; she always had someone over her shoulder watching her when we were little. Mostly Casen, and after spending the entire day with her, I could see how not being free to do anything could be suffocating.

"Fine, but we don't stay long, and you remain with me at all times, your parents will kill me if anything happens to you, and we have to be back before my parents wake up,"

"And before Casen gets up, I will be fine, you will be there, and I can kick ass, and all you gotta do is touch them with your grim reaper hands," She shrugs, and I roll my eyes at her. Why did I think this was a bad idea?

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Rose starts rummaging through her bag when her phone pings in her pocket; she pulls it out.

Ten minutes and Maya will be waiting down at the entrance to your place,"

Oh, great, Maya was trouble, but she was Rose's best friend

"Whose party is it anyway?" I ask, wondering what to wear. Most of my clothes are sweat pants and oversized shirts. Finding a pair of jeans, I slip them on before grabbing a tank top and jacket." Maya's brother is in a band they are performing in the City than having a party afterward for Henry's birthday, which was yesterday,"

"You're wearing that?" She asks.

"Hey, I wanted to stay home, and I am not freezing my ass off," I tell her pulling my knee-high boots on.

Rose rummages through her bags before pulling out a blue skin-tight little dress and some heels.

"No, you are not wearing that. Where did

"No, you are not wearing that. Where did you even get that?" I ask, pulling my gloves on and flexing my fingers inside them.

"Borrowed it from Maya, pretty, don't you think?"

"Pretty short, I can almost see your bum," She shakes it at me. I try to tug it down, and she swats my hands away.

"Don't, I like it,"

"I can see everything,"
I tell her, while trying to tuck her cleavage back in her dress.

"Kind of the point, it's a party, and it will probably be the only one I get to go to,"

"You go to parties all the time,"

"Yeah chaperoned parties with Mr cranky pants, you try having fun with him breathing down your neck, and when I do manage to sneak off, I am dragged home within minutes," Rose mutters. Her phone pings again, and she walks over to the window and tosses her shoes out. They land on the grass with a thud.

"Come on," She whispers.

UUTTUUN, DIT WITSTUTS.

"We have a door," I tell her.

"What if someone is awake?" I sigh before following her, careful as I use the vines and climb down. 1

It took two hours to drive into the City and took only two minutes to lose Rose amongst the crowd inside the overfull house. I have spent the last hour and a half hunting her down as I walked around. I was about to pull my phone out and ring Jonathan or even Casen when I finally spotted her.

Stalking over to her, she swayed, and I gripped her arm, taking the plastic cup from her hands. I sniffed it, finding it contained vodka.

"You aren't old enough to drink Rose, you are sixteen,"

"Nope, seventeen," She slurs, tapping her phone. "And I have been seventeen for an entire,"

She squints at her phone swaying, and I take it from her, glancing around for her friend Maya only to find her passed out on

a table.

Fucking hell, she was supposed to be the designated driver, and I was a nervous driver. I hated driving. Walking over to her, I rummage through her pockets for her keys and come up empty. Maya groans, and I tug her up when she shoves me away.

"Leave me. I am fine," She snaps, and I clench my jaw, Kora was on edge, and the vibe I was getting didn't feel right.

"Maya, where are your keys?" I ask her shaking her arm. I would put up with the names, but if she thought I was going to leave Rose in some random person's house, she was mistaken.

"Hey, leave her be," says a man who shoves me, and I nearly trip. A growl tears out of me, and Kora pushes our aura out in warning, and he steps back with his hands up. Everyone stops around me and stares. I was not in the mood to deal with this shit show.

"Woah, woah, it's her brother Henry," Rose slurs, hanging off me completely shitfaced.

"How much have you drank," I snap at

her, and she shrugs

"I am ringing Jonah or Casen to come to get us. You were supposed to stay with me, not take off," I scold her.

"She is fine; you don't have to leave, let her sleep it off upstairs,"

"No! Maya, your keys now, we are leaving,

"Settle down, just stay. We will drive you both back in the morning. I won't let anything happen to ya's you're freaking out for nothing," This Henry person says, and I glare at him.

"Won't let anything happen? You let two underage girls get shitfaced; what kind of brother are you? She should not be passed out around all these people and all these unmated wolves. Maya, get up," I tell her shaking her arm. I knew this was a bad idea, and I deserved the scolding I would get when I got home. I just hope Jonah forgives me for my stupidity. Her parents were going to kill me.

"You want to go, go. But my sister stays, Samson," Henry yells, and another man comes over

comes over.

"Put Maya upstairs for me and make sure the door is locked," he tells the man before wandering off. I watch as he scoops Maya off the table, shaking his head.

Fuck, now what? I thought, looking around. I glanced at my phone and knew no one would get here for hours.

"What about that hotel we passed, you have the emergency credit card your father gave you," Kora says, and I nod to her before gripping Rose's arm, and she tries to struggle against me.

"No, I want to stay," Rose argues.

"No, we are leaving,"

"Rose!" I growled when she tried to shove me away. She falls silent as Kora pushes the command over her, and Rose whimpers.

There is a Hotel down the end of the street, we will stay there, and I will find a way for us to get home in the morning," I tell her.

"So you aren't ringing Casen or Jonah?"

"It will be too late by the time they get here and I don't want to end house

"It will be too late by the time they get here, and I don't want to spend hours here waiting, come on," I tell her, tugging her, and she stumbles, falling flat on her face. I groan, bending down and ripping her heels off before tossing them to the side of the room and hauling her to her feet.

"Lead the way," She slurs, and I roll my eyes, tugging her out of the house.

The fresh air smashes against me, making me realize how muggy it was inside. I hang on to Rose while walking the path down the street, we passed Jonah and Kyan's Hotel on the way here, and it was around the block on the main road. I pulled Rose along with me forcing her feet to move. 1

Kora was on edge and alert as we walked along the path, I had never been on this street before, and it was similar to the main, filled with pubs and clubs. Coming to the pedestrian crossing, I look both ways down the darkened street when a group of men comes up behind us. They were chatting amongst themselves and clearly intoxicated.

The road was clear and I crossed with

The road was clear I crossed with Rose staggering and muttering beside me. Coming past a small park, I went to cut across it when I heard that voice again, the same voice I always hear, the same one from the video recording. I swear it sounded like Dominic's, Kyan's father's voice.

After learning he died for me, my brain conjuring him up; it must be my guilty conscience. But when

I hear it again, I stop. Goosebumps rise on my arms, and the back of my neck prickles.

"Not through there, back to the light, stay in lit areas," the whisper says. Rose whines, and I turn to tug her toward the street lights instead of taking the shortcut. The men behind me are still following, but I turn down the next corner when I reach the end of the road.

"Not that way," the voice says, and I freeze. Turning around, I looked up at the street sign. I could have sworn I went the right way, but I didn't recognize this road, and we were only one street away from the main, weren't we?

"But we zipped up all those alleyways; maybe we are further than we thought w

"But we zipped up a lose alleyways; maybe we are further than we thought. We only saw the rooftop sign. It might have been further away," Kora tells me.

"Which way," I whisper under my breath.

"Maybe we head back, ask someone at the party for directions," Sighing, I turn around, the whispering voice telling me to run when I am hit in the side of the head.

My vision goes black for a second, and I stagger, barely remaining upright when I see the men from the crossing, Rose's scream fills the air, and I growl before stopping

"We can't shift; they are human," Kora shrieks when one pulls a blade,

"Fuck that," I tell her, not giving a damn when the blade is suddenly at Rose's throat.

"Stay back bitch," The man's voice says as he clutches her hair. I watch the other two men circle around behind me, and Rose elbows the guy holding her in the stomach, he grunts and lets her hair go and she stumbles drunkenly.

I reach for her when the man suddenly

I reach for her when the man suddenly punches her, knocking her out cold, and she is left sprawled on the concrete. Kora presses forward, and I scream at her to shift, a growl ripping out of me, but my aura has no effect on humans. I feel my bones start snapping when one of them speaks.

"What the fuck," he yells when the other two lunge at me at the same time. I scream and swing at one, not given enough time to shift.

"Your gloves, your gloves," Kora shrieks as we try to remember our training.

Drilled into us at a young age, yet I was never allowed to train with the rest of the students. It was far different than learning techniques. A foot connects with my stomach, and it winds me. I cough, hitting the concrete, and gasp for breath. I see the other man yanking at Rose's dress out of the corner of my eye.

The two men laughing and I growl, peeling off my gloves, when one of them grabs my hair, ripping my head back. One glove off, I reach back, gripping his hand, and he gasps, his hand letting go, and I look over my shoulder at him. The other

look over my shoulder at him. The other man stares at his friend, grabbing his arms.

"What is it?" He shrieks as the man chokes, black tendrils licking up his arms as he tries to breathe before he starts pawing at his throat like invisible hands strangled him before he suddenly drops on the ground. The other man looks at him before looking at me, his lips pulling back in a snarl.

"What did you do, what you do?" He screams before swinging at me. I duck before coming up and palming him the chest, the motion lifting him with a force that shouldn't be possible as he was sent into the bricks of the building, his body becoming impaled on a piece of pipe going through his chest. Black mist rushed out of me and seeped along the ground, something I had never seen before or knew I could do.

"Pull it back, pull it back, don't let it touch Rose," Kora screams, yanking on the power I didn't realize I had, not at this magnitude anyway.

The mist evaporated, and the man stood up, his mouth agape at his two friends

up, his mouth agape at his two friends lying dead. Rose's panties in his hands and I felt the darkness envelop me, feel it searing hot and burning with a wave of anger so violent I blacked out.

"Enough, enough," Kora cries out to me, and I try to find her in the darkness. I had no idea what happened or how long I was out for, but I felt it consume me before suddenly I was back in the street. Rose lay unconscious a few feet away from me, and I glanced around, trying to figure out what happened before looking down.

My hands shook, and I could hear my phone ringing in my pocket when I noticed my hands were coated in blood, my clothes drenched in it like I bathed in it. The man's face was caved in, his brains splattered on the pavement below, completely unrecognizable, his facial features no longer existed.

"What have I done?" I whisper. Kora tried to soothe me, but I could feel her fear. She feared me, feared us.

"We need to get out of here," She stutters in my head

"I killed them," I gasp, falling on my butt

"I killed them," I gasped, falling on my butt and scrambling away from the man's mutilated body.

"We need to get Rose out of here, Marabella," Kora stammers, her shock making mine just as bad.

"Marabella," Kora roars in my head as I continue to stare at the man's corpse. I nod my hands shaking as I fumbled for my phone to call someone.

"Ring dad, or Jonah, they will fix it," Kora whimpers.

"They will make it go away," She sobs.

I tried to unlock my phone, but my hands were drenched in blood, and the shaking made my fingers slip over the screen. I wipe my hand on my pants and sniffle, managing to unlock my phone.

"I'm going to Jail. Everyone will know," I sob as I start going through my contacts when I hesitate, coming across his number.

"Call him, call him, he will know what to do. He handles this sort of stuff," Kora urges and my finger hovers over the screen before hitting call.

screen before hitting call.

I glance at Rose, her chest falling and rising, and I wipe my face with my hand, listening to the phone ring. Tears trekked down my cheeks and I shook uncontrollably.

"Where are you?" Kyan asks, his voice a growl through the phone. I sputter, unable to speak through my crying.

"Ella, where are you? Tell me I will come to get you," Kyan says, and I could hear the sound of his car's engine in the background. 2

"I'll find you; I can feel you not far, just stay on the phone to me,"

"Kyan, I..... I did something bad; I killed them" I looked at the men's bodies, lives I took as I looked down at my blood-soaked clothes. 4

Fated To The Alpha by Jessica Hall Chapter 229 Read Fated To The Alpha [by Jessica Hall] Chapter 229 Kyan POV

"Kyan, L.L... I did something bad; I killed them," Marabella says; I could feel how scared she was, feel her anguish. I knew she was in the City. That is what woke me; she was close enough to me that it alerted me through the bond that was in trouble; the bond she was unaware we already shared.

"Marabella?" I called out to her, but all I could make out was that she was sobbing; my heart felt like it split in two. 2

"Pull over, I will find her quicker," Kaif said, but the thought of letting him out frightened me.

"Just tell me where," I tell him cracking down the window. We were wasting time pointlessly driving around in a circle.

"Left," Kaif says, when I nearly drive past it, ripping on the wheel, the back end of my car hit the light pole, scraping across the trunk.

"Marabella, are you there? Speak to me, please, just keep on talking," I tell her,

please, just keep on talking," I tell her, but she was rambling nonsense when I heard a name I did not expect.

"Rose, please wake up, wake up," Marabella whispers before sobbing again.

"Left again, she is on the next street," Kaif roars, pressing beneath my skin. I turn the corner, the headlights lighting up the narrow street, and I nearly choke when I try to breathe. The car skids to a stop as I slam the brakes on.

Marabella was sitting on the ground drenched in blood, Rose's head clutched in her lap as she rocked back and forth. She hadn't seemed to notice the car had pulled up beside her, but when I opened my door, a savage growl tears out of her, her eyes snapping to mine, but they were pitch black and demonic-looking before she chokes on her sob.

"I didn't mean it," She murmurs, her lips quivering, and she bites her bottom one, glancing around before dropping her head. I peek at Rose for a second panicked; she killed Jonah's sister, yet she was breathing, and her pulse even. Marabella stroked Rose's hair and face, tears running down her face and dripping

off.

Her eyes went back to their usual color. Looking around, I find a man lying dead and black veins riddled his skin. I crouched next to him, and I could smell the scent of death, not just his corpse but the smell of black magic. Her handprint burnt into his wrist as if she had grabbed him. Standing up, I didn't notice the other man until I turned to walk to the other, but there he was impaled on the wall about ten meters up.

A drainage pipe stabbing through his chest was holding him in place, blood soaked the brickwork below him, leaving a puddle on the ground.

Walking over to the other man, Mara whimpers, making me glance at her.

"I'm right here; nothing will hurt you," I tell her, stopping beside her, she stared at me desperately, but I had to see. I had to see so I could watch what happened.

Walking over to the other man, it looked like Kaif's handy work, the man's face crushed into the pavement, brain matter spilling out his ears, and the top of his head burst open. His facial features were

expunged entirely.

Turning back to the scene, I feel my magic ripple, and Marabella's head snaps up like she could sense it, I had no doubt that she could

"Close your eyes for me, Ella" I tell her, not wanting her to see the ghosts of the past playing out for her to relive. She didn't need to witness it when she had already endured it. For once, she actually listened to me, tucking her face into Rose's neck.

The vibration of my magic passes through me. Kaif wanting to see also presses forward; he was better at identifying power. Kaif was the oldest thing currently living and had seen plenty of magic in his time.

"Déixame ver," I murmur,

Ghostly figures of the men that lay dead and the ghost of Marabella's past rewind before I pause as she comes around the corner only to stop. My brows furrowed when I noticed a strange mist behind her. It looked like it was coming out of her but not like it was attached to her. It wasn't hers that much I knew; it was a grey-like

substance. Her magic was black as coal, just like mine.

"Apparition maybe, its magic I know that much," Kaif says, and I force the scene to move forward, and she goes to turn back when she is punched in the side of the head.

A growl tears out of me, and Marabella looks up, her eyes snapping to the ghostly figures, and I move toward her, crouching beside her before grabbing her face.

"Don't watch," I tell her, tucking her head into the crook of my neck while I continue to watch the scene. Turning, I look back to see the man grab her hair.

Her scream makes me grit my teeth when she tosses her glove off and grabs his hand, her magic expelling out her and rushing up his arm before he drops dead, only for the other man to attack her.

"She has poor form," Kaif says, and he was right. She fought blindly on basic instinct, but it did the job.

"Shouldn't she be trained, given who her parents are?" Kaif asks.

parents are all ang "I'll fix it; just quiet," I tell him. She ducks under the man's arm when he swings at her, her hands coming up under his chest, and she launches him. I gasp as a black forcefield bounces off him, sending him flying above my head and impaling him. Marabella's eyes were behind me, and I looked to see the other man trying to rape Rose. Black mist scooting across the ground when she suddenly absorbs it, taking it back into herself before he suddenly stands clutching Rose's panties.

"What magic is that, Kaif?" I ask, and he seems shocked for a second.

"Death magic, necromancy I think, killing fuels it," He says.

Turning back to Marabella's ghostly figure, she roars, her canines slipping out as she pounces on him. He stood no chance once she was on top of him. She gripped his face, her fingers going through his eye sockets as she melted his face off before pushing it inward.

Marabella jumps in my arms when I hear the pop sound of his skull against the

the pop sound of his skull against the pavement, yet she still dug her hands in using both, and his brains start spilling out of his ears before she starts pounding on him, obliterating what's left. While screaming, don't touch her. She freezes suddenly, shaking her head and black mist comes away like she was jostling off the dust.

"And that?" I ask him. Seeing the demonic mist spill into the air around her evaporating

"It can't be," Kaif whispers.

"What is it, it feels like—,"

"Like ours," He states what I was thinking.

"That's not possible, though," I tell him.

"No, it's not, that magic comes from your bloodline and only yours; you are all that's left that shares that magic,"

I wave my hand, banishing my magic and settling back in the present. Marabella shook in my arms. Her entire body trembled violently, almost like she was seizing. 1

"I got you, you're okay, I can make it go away,"

"Rose," She sobs, and I reach down, brushing Rose's hair away.

"She won't remember this, not what happened here," I tell her, and she pulls back to look at me.

"Let's get you out of here," I whisper to her. I have to pry her hands from the front of my shirt.

"I have to grab Rose," I tell her, and she reluctantly lets me go. I grab Rose, placing her in the backseat of the car. Turning around, Marabella was rubbing her arms, staring at the dead men, and I walked over to her rubbing her arms and drawing her attention away.

"What about their bodies?" She whispers.

"Hop in the car. I will take care of it," She looks back at me, her eyes scrutinizing my face making me wonder what she is looking for.

"She is probably wondering why you aren't being a snollygoster."

arent being a shollyester

"If you are going to insult me, at least use words from this era, that I understand," I snap at him.

"Hmm, forgot you're a simpleton; what about a cunt? Asshole? Them words you should know, and describe your unsavory personality perfectly," Kaif huffs, and I growl at him.

"Bloody cretin," I hiss at him. Kaif huffs, snarling in my head. Marabella's voice pulled me away and back to her. 1

"Why, why did you come, why help?" Did she really think that little of me?

Marabella may think I don't want her, but I would never allow anyone to harm her, not even myself. If I was selfish, I would give in to the mate bond, but I know the harm that will come to her if I do.

I would always come for her; she just has to ask. I don't care what she thinks of me. How much we argue, how much she hates me, that would never change. I would always fight alongside her, with her but always for her. 1

"Because your mine, you'll always be

"Because your mine you'll always be mine," I tell her; stepping closer, I press my lips to her forehead. She clutches the front of my shirt, and I pull her toward my car, placing her in the front seat and shutting the door

Looking at the street name, I sent a few text messages to have this place cleaned up. It was late enough in the night no one would be passing down this street, there were no houses here, and the end of this street turned into a dead end. The clean-up wouldn't take long anyway, not for my men, who assured me they would be here in five minutes.

I thought about taking her to the Hotel as I got in the car. Marabella stared vacantly out the windshield, and I touched her hand with mine. She jumps before blinking and looking at me.

"Will you take us home?" She asks, and I shake my head, starting my car.

"No, you can stay at the manor with me," I tell her, and she looks over into the back seat at Rose.

"She is fine, I promise. I can hear her heart beating,"

"Jonah will hate me," she whispers, and I bite the inside of my cheek.

"He doesn't need to know; I picked you and Rose up," I tell her, and she looks back at me.

"But we snuck out; we weren't supposed to be in the City," she says, and I raise an eyebrow at her. She didn't seem like the type to sneak out. No, I knew she was not the type that snuck out in the middle of the night, so that left this idea to be owned by Rose, which did not at all surprise me.

"Where did you go?" I ask her, and she tells me the name of Henry, apparently his birthday party. It irked me that she went along with Rose's plan; she should have known better.

"Fine, you went to this party, and I met you there, and you stayed at my house. That is what you tell Jonah, and that is what Rose will believe. She doesn't need to remember anything else," I tell her. She nods, and I pull onto the highway heading out of the City. We drive for fifteen minutes before we pull in through the wrought iron gates. 1

wrought

Oil gates.

"You live here?" I nod, driving down the long driveway

"It..It looks haunted," I chuckle at her words; Jonah always says the same thing, that the shadows spook him.

"It is," I admit, and she looks at me before looking back at the old Manor.

"This place is older than the City; it used to house the Octavian Coven when it was built,"

"So witch souls are here," She asks, and I could smell her fear as I parked out the front and the way her heart skipped a beat at my words.

"Kind of, their energy remains and can be used, but do you know where the Octavian name comes from?" She shook her head, and I had no idea why I was telling her this, why I wanted to share this with her, but the words spilled from my lips, and I found I didn't regret speaking them. 1

"Moon Goddess Celeste, her married name was Octavian, my bloodline stems from the original Moon Goddess,"

"But your magic dark?"

But your magic dark:

"My magic is something else entirely, similar to yours, which makes me wonder why you contain it, it belongs to the Octavian Coven and is passed down through the generations, I am the last living relative left, the last of its power, yet Kaif recognized it and so did I when I watched what happened,"

"What does that mean?" 1

"I don't know, but you need to be careful with it, try not to use it until I figure something out,"

"So if you are a descendant of the Moon Goddess, why aren't you the Moon Goddess instead of my mother?" I don't answer, and she sighs.

I couldn't tell her why, though a part of me wanted to, but she feared me enough. She didn't need to fear where my dark magic came from. She didn't need to fear the magic she somehow contained.

"There are some things I can't tell you; it's why I can't be with you, Ella," I whisper, and she looks at her blood soaked hands. Kaif growls at my words but he knows I speak the truth. He knows

but he knows I speak the truth. He knows being with us will kill her, but a part of him doesn't care; he wanted her anyway.

"So tomorrow, everything goes back the way it was?" I look out the window hating the sadness in her voice.

"It has too, I won't put you at risk,"

"Risk of what?"

"Of me, history repeats; it has every time, you will be no different. Kaif's fate will be no different,"

"What about Jonah then,"

"What about him?"

"He has no mate. My mother left his bond open to choose. If you don't want me, at least let him have me,"

"You think I don't want my mate, that I don't want you? I am not doing this because I hate you, Ella; I am doing this because I love you," I tell her.

Fated To The Alpha by Jessica Hall

Chapter 230

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Chapter 230 Marabella POV

Kyan placed Rose in the spare bedroom on the main floor. The house was huge, and I understood the haunted vibes. Stepping into the dark, gloomy house made me shudder. The house itself felt like it rippled with energy, or maybe I spooked myself, I couldn't be sure. Yet, I somehow knew Kyan spoke the truth. There was something off about this place. It was tainted. Tainted in the same darkness that looms over me, it was a depressing, awfully lonely feeling.

"I'm not lonely," Kyan mutters, and I glance at him.

"I never said you were," I told him, rubbing my arms. I felt cold and chilled to the bone; unease rolled over me.

"I know you didn't, but I could feel it through the bond,"

"We haven't got a bond; you never marked me,"

"We have a bond. I just don't let you feel it formed the day I brought you back,

It formed the day I brought you back, bonded us together," he says before stopping. He curses, and I observe him wondering what he means.

He falls quiet when suddenly I am smashed with an overwhelming feeling that felt foreign, a mixture of relief, fear before anger, but it felt more inward than was directed at someone, just like when you wake in a bad mood yet can't explain what you're mad about.

"See? Bonded, I couldn't let you die," he states. And the feeling suddenly vanished as quickly as it appeared. Making me

realize the feeling was his, not mine.

waited for him to explain, but he didn't.

Instead, he hovers

over Rose with a look of deep concentration on his face. Kyan runs the tips of his fingers down her face over her chin before back up to her temple. He murmurs something when I see what looks like a mini-tornado with glimpses or flashes of pictures swirling through its mist. He pulls his fingers back, the small tunnel-like thread zapping into his hand

before disappearing. "What did you do?"

Jally Lay

WIE LIU YOU! "Took her memory and replaced it," he says, tucking her in. Rose mumbles but doesn't wake; she rolls over and snuggles deeper into the blankets.

"Now you,"

"What?" I ask, taking a step back.

"You should shower," he points to my clothes and hands, and I let out a breath, looking down at my blood-stained clothes. 1

"I will find something for you to wear," he says, walking out of the room.

I watched him leave the room before he came back, looking into the room at me.

"Are you coming?" He asks.

"Oh right, I thought you wanted me to wait here,"

"This room has no bathroom; you can use mine," he says, wandering off, and I quickly follow after him.

Passing through the long halls, Kyan walks to a set of stairs, the clock chiming

as I walk past it, and I jump startled, cluiching my chest in fright, trying to get COM

my rhythm back to normal.

"It's a clock,"

"I know what it is, your house is creepy, and I didn't expect it,"

"Wait until

1.11 am; that's when things get creepy around here," he says, stalking up the steps.

"What?" I chase after him, and he chuckles.

"That's when the poltergeist comes out to play, oh and my grandmother's ghost, if you hear walking around, it's just her," he states, and I rush up the stairs faster, nearly running into the back of him. He laughed while I looked down at the darkness of the foyer below.

"I'm joking Marabella, it's just the energy of the place; there are no ghosts," he says.

"Would it kill you to put a light on?" I ask. He sighs before moving away, and I stumble to keep up with him. He stops by a wall and flicks a switch. Light brightens the stairs, and I gasp.

Better?" I nodded, looking around and

then looking up, a huge dome sat on the

...

On looking up, a huge dome sat on the roof, and I could see the moon through its glass. I thought the place was three floors, but I could see another two levels, making it four.

Making my way to the next landing, the walls are covered in photos and old paintings of men and women. Each division between doors had a man and woman, making me curious if they were family members.

"This place is huge," I breathe, and Kyan hums in agreement.

Stopping next to one of the paintings, I see a man with a startling resemblance to Kyan. In fact, all the men looked almost the same, just slight differences. The woman in the massive picture had a huge round belly and was definitely pregnant. They both smiled, and the man was side on, clasping the woman's hands before I realized it was a wedding picture. He was placing a ring on her finger.

"That's my parents,"

They look happy,"

"They were but like everything else that

they were DULIRE everyLILLELB else I'd ended too,"

"What happened to her,"

In

Bai

"I was born; that's what happened to her," Kyan says, walking off down the corridor, so many doors making me wonder how many people lived here. I should have been paying attention, the place was huge, and I wandered aimlessly looking for which door he went into before he disappeared.

Stopping next to the stairs leading to the floor above, I stopped. Trying to fight off the shudder that ran through me, a strange urge to go to the floor above tempted me, and my feet halted, my hand gripping the banister.

"Ella?" Kyan's voice pulls me away from the steps, and I glance down the hall. He was watching me curiously, his head tilted to the side, and his eyes darkened for a second, shadows falling over his face.

My heart did flip-flops at the name. I

couldn't explain it. Yet when he called me om Marabella, I felt like I was being scolded.

.O REDMKella sounded more familiar for some

Oh sounded more familiar for some

reason

"What's up there?" I ask, and he walks over to me,

"The past," He says.

"Your family's past or Kaif's?"

"Both," Kyan states, his eyes looking up the steps at the door at the top. It had some strange inscription marked into black wood.

"Come, get cleaned up, and then you should rest and I have to take care of a few things after,"

"Like what?" I ask, wondering what he could possibly need to do at this ungodly hour.

"Clean up the mess left in the city, damage control, before the human media gets a hold of anything, there are camera's everywhere in the City, the last thing we need is one of them getting footage of what happened tonight,"

"I thought most of the City was aware of

what you are," they are it's unspoken of yet the City

They are it's unspoken of, yet the City sometimes gets newbie reporters in trying to break the case on the mysteries surrounding this City,"

"Does that worry you?"

"No, those that live here, do not speak of what happens in this City, nothing leaves here,"

"How can you be so sure?"

"The city is surrounded by wards, those that pass through forget any supernatural events if witnessed, humans that reside here can't speak of it outside the City," He sighs.

"But we have had a few occurrences where people sent things out of the City, the footage is harder to explain, yet we always find a way, and those that investigate leave not remembering why they came here. They only remember having a good time, which keeps them coming back,"

"You did that?"

No, Celeste did. My family just makes

sure the wards stay strong,"

are the wards stay strong,"

"Moon Goddess Celeste lived here?"

"At one stage, yes," Kyan answers, pushing me toward his room with his hand on my lower back. Instantly, I am hit with Kyan's scent, Jonah's too, which I thought odd.

"Jonah spends a lot of time in your room?" "I ask him.

"Not in that way, but yes. He hates the house, creeps him out. He usually sleeps on the couch," Kyan says, pointing to the couch next to the bookcases. Shelves ran along each wall, covered in old b

ooks that looked more like journals. A bathroom sits off one side, and Kyan steers me toward it.

"You journal?" I ask, and he laughs.

"Do I look like someone that writes their feelings down in a book?" I glance at him.

"No, not really," I tell him.

"Then there's your answer," He said as I stood in the bathroom.

"I will get you some clothes and a towel,"

he says, walking out and closing the door.

says, walking out and closing the door. I turn the shower on, checking the water before waiting for him to return. He knocks on the door.

"I'm still dressed," I tell him, and he opens the door and places the clothes next to the sink basin before walking out only to stop and pause.

"I have to head out, but I won't be long. You can sleep in here. I will sleep on the couch. Also, Lucas is down the hall if you need anything," he says, and I quickly nod, and he leaves the room.

I undress and step into the shower, and I feel for Kora; she had remained alert but barely spoke to me.

"Are you alright?" I ask her.

"No, just leave it be," Kora says. I looked down at my hands, knowing she was referring to what I did, the blood was flaking off my hands, and I reached for the soap. Scrubbing them, Kora's thoughts becoming mine, and guilt set in.

Kyan POV

Kaif irritated me the entire time I was gone, wanting to go back to Marabella to check on her. I assured him Lucas would have rung if something was wrong; however, he didn't calm down until we pulled in through the iron gates. The manor came into view, and he relaxed and stopped pushing beneath my skin. My arms had b

een itching since I left the place. The vibration of him so close to the surface had been driving me insane.

“Hurry up, hurry up. You humans with your short legs take forever to get places, move,” Kaif urges. 1

I growl at him but climb out of my car, shutting the door gently before walking in to the house. I noticed the cold chill instantly, colder than usual. Usually, it doesn't bother me, yet something feels alive in the air.

The whispers were louder, murmuring quietly, and they grew louder as I climbed the stairs. So loud I was having trouble drowning them out. The place is abuzz with excitement. Dad once explained the murmurings always grew louder with female presence. It was something he

never understood either. I had never brought a woman here except Rose when she came here with Jonah, yet the voices never reacted to her presence like that.

Walking down the corridor to my room, I felt a cold rush move through me, through my very essence, having walked directly through a large mass of energy like the ghosts of the past were huddled out the front of my door.

Kaif becoming annoyed with it, growls in warning, and electricity zaps from my fingertips. The chatter quiets instantly. The temperature rose significantly, and I gripped the door handle pushing the door open, the handle was like grabbing ice, and I stepped into the room.

“She is freezing,” Kaif growls, annoyed, her breath leaving little clouds in the air. Kaif presses forward before I even have a chance, turning my palm upright. His voice a murmur as the words left my lips spoken in a tongue not my own, using power centuries old.

I felt it ripple through me like a pulse

pushing outward, warm air moving

around the room as the flame in my hand heated the air rapidly. With a flex of my fingers, it vanished the room toasty and warm, yet her shaking never stopped.

Tormented by whatever plagued her, Kaif wanted to see, wanted to see what she dreamed, curious if she dreamed of us or of someone else. Moving beside her, I look down

at her huddled beneath my blankets. My fingers twitched before I stopped pulling my hand away. I knew I had to remove her memories, make her believe the same as Rose did. Kaif disagreed. He wanted her to remember. Wanted her to remember me, not an asshole, he had said, yet that was the only way to protect her.

Curiosity got the better of me when pain radiated through my chest, making my eyes snap to her, her eyelids moving rapidly. Before I could stop myself, my palm lay on her cheek, her dreams filtering into my head as if they were my

She dreamt of tonight, the men she killed, the look of horror on Rose's face,

how she blamed herself, feeling like she

was she blamed herself, feeling like she failed to protect Jonah's sister, Kora's voice screaming for her to stop. Then the images changed, her fears morphing to something new, her dreams so vivid it was like watching a movie.

And suddenly I am looking at myself, I became the thing that haunted her, and Kora whimpered, the noise so strangled it made me jump. A noise I had never heard from him before, one of anguish like he couldn't bear for her to see us as a monster. The men's faces morph to ours, to Jonah's as she kills us over and over again. Her fear was so potent I could taste the bitterness of it on my tongue.

I shouldn't meddle. I should let her dream whatever darkness her mind conjures up, anything to drive Marabella

away when suddenly I gave some back, v Lato

not nightmares, no fear, just our memories ones I took from her, ones I kept close for fear she may remember. The nightmare twisting to Marabella at Andrei's place. We were still young, and I

watched Jonah, Marabella, and Rose roll down the hill, racing each other to the

She had no fear then; she was free of everything that had suppressed her, her laughter contagious as all three of them became covered in grass. Marabella was eight, Jonah thirteen, and I was sixteen. Both girls laugh before climbing back up the top of the hill. Marabella bounced on her heels as she skipped over to me.

"No, I will get grass on me. Look at your dress; you are covered in it," I tell her, wiping the grass off. Jonah flops down beside me; Rose clings to his back after she makes him carry her back up the hill.

"You're up, I need a break," Jonah says as Rose slides down his back on the grass.

"Roll down by yourself," I tell her, and she pouts, yanking on my hand.

"Please, Kye,"

"Yeah, please, Kye," Jonah mimics her, and I shove him.

Marabella starts bouncing, refusing to let go as she tries to haul me to my feet," Please, please," She repeats, and I roll my

as she tries to haul me to my feet," Please, please," She repeats, and I roll my eyes with a sigh before climbing to my feet.

"Just once," I tell her looking at the grass-covered hill. It had made me itchy just looking at it.

"You coming too, Rose?"

"I'm tired," She says, sprawling across her brother's lap like a sloth and poking him in the face. Jonah kept swatting her hand away as she annoyed him before rolling her off, only for her to jump on his back. Rose loved annoying him; she was wild.

"Stop Rose, or I will get Casen," He scolded her. Shaking my head at them, I lay on the grass.

"Ready... set... go," Marabella called out before she took off down the hill. Her laughter was contagious as I rolled beside her. I reckon we rolled down that hill twenty times before she made me piggyback her home. I was itchy and filthy as we got back home to Andrei's

and covered in grass. had no idea why I did it, and it was

had no idea why I did it, and it was probably foolish of me, selfish, yet every time Jonah said she was staying at his place, I always found myself there as well. Andrei and Sage always welcomed me with open arms. They never feared me, and I had become a permanent fixture in their house for a time. It was my second home.

Lucas and Andrei were close, Andrei being the closest person I saw him to in all the years Lucas had watched me. Half the time, I never even had to ask, Uncle Lucas would tell me Marabella was visiting Jonah and Rose, and he would have my bag packed knowing I would want to go. As she grew older, the pull toward her got stronger, every chance I could, I visited her there, she loved camping, she loved my magic, and it loved her, hours spent for it to end the same, I always took it away like I was never there and it was only Jonah.

Memories were shared with Jonah, but as

she grew, so did her resistance to forget. She fought harder to keep the memories, and some would linger but eventually

fade.

Please," I blink, coming out of my daze, out my memories to find Marabella awake and staring at me. Her face moved beneath my palm, and I hesitated as her eyes met mine. I needed to knock her out, so I could take the memory I gave her back, remove this night from her too.

"Please don't," She whispers, her hand grabbing mine that lay on her cheek. Sparks rushed up my arm, warming. I suppressed my reaction, giving her none, trying to remain indifferent, yet it was becoming harder. I wanted her, told her I loved her, then climbed out of the car before she could react to the words, yet I wondered what her reply would have been if I had remained.

"Don't take it," She whispers. Kaif, restless, waited to see what I would do. He knew I needed to; his drive to protect her was the same, but he was also selfish, he didn't want me to take it from her either, and I knew his feelings for her. Were what gets her killed.

"I have to," I tell her.

"Don't you see, nothing you do will make it stop. The bond won't allow it, so why

try,"

"Because you die, I have seen it,"

"Maybe you saw wrong,"

"Or maybe we are wrong," I tell her, and she shakes her head and closes her eyes, her lips quiver, and I brush my thumb over it. What I would give just to kiss her once, then I could let her believe I was her worst nightmare, let her think I didn't want her. Yet the thought pulled at something deep within me, churning violently.

"Then do it, but if you do reject me, you want me to hate you, reject me, Kyan, reject the bond, and set me free of you,"

Kaif growls, the noise escaping before I could stop it, and she flinches.

“Sleep,” I whisper, my magic seeping out as my hand warmed against her skin, her eyes open and I feel her fear before they flutter shut. My fingers trail down the side of her face when Kaif growls angrily.

“No!” he snaps, shoving forward while

shoving me back as I go to pull the memory from her. I fought against him as he shifted, tearing my skin off in sheets to shift faster, agony flooded me, and I screamed in my head, my voice becoming fainter to my own ears swallowed by Kaif’s soft growls. My worst fears came true. Kaif, unleashing on Marabella, killing her, and I had no way to stop him, no control as everything went black.