

Fated To The Alpha by Jessica Hall

Chapter 273

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Chapter 273

Marabella

I caught a taxi to the graveyard before spending a good twenty minutes trying to remember where Kyan's family plot was. Once I had found it, though, I got the same strange sweeping feeling as I stopped in front of Dominic's grave. What took me twenty minutes took Eziah only minutes to find. Eziah appeared behind it with a not-so-happy expression on his face when he dropped the duffle bag that was hanging from his shoulder onto the ground at my feet. 1

"Got everything but the kitchen sink," he growls at me before tossing a shovel at me. I snatch the handle out of the air.

"By the way, dad is on to us. Apparently, he questioned mum," Eziah says as I rummage through the bags to find the old books, none of them resembled any of Kyan's family grimoires. However, I find the dagger and a brown paper bag. My brows pinch together when I see a smiley face drawn on it and recognize my father's handwriting.

"Dad packed you lunch?"

"Us lunch, and yes, Mum told him we were having a picnic,"

"That involved a dagger, shovels, and old books?" I laugh, and he shrugs. 2

"You know our fathers won't ask questions. They trust the fates seeing as mum is now one," Eziah says, leaning on his shovel. I examine the dagger. It was identical to the one back at the manor.

"So are you going to tell me why we are digging up Kyan's father and why mum was that excited she was nearly peeing her pants?" he asks before reaching out and touching the headstone. He gets a peculiar expression on his face, and I watch him, wondering if he gets the same funny feeling that rises in me, and I bite my lip.

"Well, first we have to dig him up and see if my assumption is correct,"

"Care to share this assumption, sis? If I am defiling a grave, I want to know what for,"

"I think Dominic is alive," I tell him, and Eziah snorts.

"Oh, shit, you are being serious?" he asks, and I nod, looking down at the gravesite.

"Well, that explains the strange feeling I got," he says, patting the headstone.

"So, this is why mum is so excited?" he asks.

"Dominic gave his life up for mine. He also gave me his magic. So grab a shovel,"

"You know if he is dead, I can't bring him back, though?" he asks.

"I know, and I wouldn't ask that of you," he nods.

"If it was you, I wouldn't think about it, but he has been dead a while, it would kill me to try to, and it isn't like bringing back a dead lizard," he says, making me remember when we were kids, and I accidentally killed the poor little thing, and he brought it back.

"I wonder if it is still alive?" I chuckled, knowing the chances were slim.

"Maybe, but his buddy ain't," Eziah says as I stab the shovel in the ground. I stop looking at

him.

"What?" I ask.

"To save a life, I must take one, sis. I gave you back the lizard you killed. However, you didn't see the other one I had in my other hand that I killed to bring it back," he chuckled, and I frowned.

"You killed a lizard to bring my dead one back?"

"You were crying! I hate when you cry," he says and shrugs. I click my tongue, turning back to my shovel to start digging.

An hour in, and we had barely dug a hole. "Man, I am not built for manual labor. Can't you like, I don't know, wave a wand with Daddy Dom's magic and magic him to the surface?"

I pull a face at his term of Daddy Dom, "Ah, no, and since I have come back from the dream revelations, I haven't been able to reach him."

"He is gone?"

"No, I just think I am having trouble connecting with him because I am calm. I will figure it out," I tell him, and he sighs.

"Well, this sucks," he whines, stabbing the shovel into the earth while looking around suspiciously for anyone. Luckily, we were at the back and hidden pretty well from anyone that may drive by. Eziah curses, and I laugh.

"Ah, finally," Eziah says, and I glance over at him. He tosses his shovel, and seconds later, mum appears, only this time she brought both of my fathers, all with a shovel in hand. 1

"Need a hand?" my father Ezra asks, and I smile, chucking my shovel into the dirt and rushing over to wrap my arms around him. He squeezes tight, burying his face in my hair.

"You told them what about not wanting to change fate, not that I am complaining?" Eziah says.

"Got sick of listening to you whine, and as long as we get out of here before you open that casket, I think the future will be fine!" my mother tells him.

"You came to help?" I ask, looking up at my father.

"Well, if you are going to hell for disrupting a grave, I am coming with," my father Mateo

says. I let go of my father to go give him a hug.

"But we open it, and there are ghosts or something. Ring your other father thought, I don't do ghost, he will bring the sage," he chuckles, kissing my head and hugging my shoulders. "I missed you, and I am sorry," he whispers, kissing my cheek.

"I missed you too," I tell him, letting him go and looking at my mother. She reaches over and squeezes my fingers before grabbing a shovel, and we all start digging. It didn't take long, especially with both my fathers, who knew how to work and when I heard the shovel hit metal, we all stopped and used our hands. Now, we had the issue of getting the casket out of the ground. Digging it up was one thing. Getting it out was another thing entirely. I let out a breath and huffed. Now what? 2

"Now, how do we get it out?" I asked, looking around at everyone.

"Dig the sides out, so we can stand either side, and we are gonna have to lift it," my father Mateo says, wiping his face with the back of his hand.

"Why did he have to be buried? I figured he would have a crypt or something. Why the damn ground if he wanted to be exhumed?" Eziah says, grabbing his knees and catching his breath.

"No, point whining, keep digging,"

"And where do we put the casket? We can't leave it here?" I glance around to find a CRYPT! Which was part of Kyan's family plot. I point to it.

"You are fucking kidding me. He has a crypt! Was it for shits and giggles? Why Daddy Dom, why?" Kyan whines. 3

"You really gotta stop calling him that," I tell him with a shudder.

"Yes, please do not refer to him like that. Dominic actually gave those vibes off," My father Mateo shudders, and mum chuckles and clucks her tongue. 2

"Okay, enough now get him out to see if they can open it," Mum says, clapping her hands and ordering us back to work. We continue to dig. After half an hour more, we dug enough out that we could lift it out. However, nearly the entire day had passed, and my phone began ringing. Mum motions for them to remain quiet when she checks the phone and shows me the screen. It was Kyan. I reach for it dusting my hands off before answering it.

"Hey,"

"Where are you at?"

"Out with my brother. Where are you?"

"Heading to the manor, if you are still in the city, I can come to grab you, or is Eziah going to drop you home?" he asks.

"Actually, can you pick me up in an hour from the casino, or is Jonah still there?"

"He is. I will ring him and tell him to wait for you." Kyan falls quiet for a second.

"Are you bringing your brother back to the manor?" he asked, and I could feel through the bond he didn't want to see my brother right now. I didn't blame him would be hard seeing someone who killed your Uncle.

Eziah shakes his head and mouths Jonah's. I nod to him.

"Can he stay at Jonah's in the Casino?"

"Yes, I just don't want to deal with him. I'm sorry, Marabella, but not yet," I chew my lip, and I watch my mother open the crypt while my fathers and Eziah carry the coffin over, placing it inside.

"Sure, I will be home soon."

"Love you," he tells me.

"Love you too," I tell him before hanging up. I race over to my parents, grabbing the duffle bag Eziah brought with him. Eziah tried to open the coffin, and so did. We tried for about ten minutes, but nothing worked, and mum became increasingly nervous.

"Stop. Your fathers can't be here; it wasn't part of my vision. And you had brown leather," she closes her mouth.

"You will find it; I can't say anymore. I don't want to interfere when I only have glimpses," she says.

"You saw it am I right?"

Mum's lips tug up, "I can't say, and I don't want to jinx anything," but I knew that was her way of telling me I am. We quickly pushed all the dirt back into the grave, which still had an enormous hole. Now it was empty of the casket before we said our goodbyes and locked the family crypt up.

My parents left, and Eziah and I waited for our taxi. And man, did we get some strange stares from the taxi driver? We didn't think that through very well.

Leaving the cemetery covered in dirt looked pretty guilty.

We got out at the back of the casino to sneak into the underground car park and use the

elevator to go straight to the apartment.

Once inside, we both shower and get changed into fresh clothes. I gave Eziah some of Jonah's before I chucked our clothes in the washing machine. Within seconds of hiding all the evidence of our outing, Jonah stepped in. Eziah was going threw one of the books taken from the Moon Goddess realm.

"Kyan said you would be here," Jonah said. He looked at Eziah nervously. The windows still hadn't been fixed, but I knew they would be worried about the hotel room one's first since this room wasn't supposed to be occupied with us going back to the manor.

"Eziah," Jonah says, Things were a little strange between them and I wasn't sure if it was because of Kyan's unease knowing Eziah was here or if he was suspicious.

I went with suspicious as he plucked the book from Eziah's hand.
 "Why are you looking at spells and curses?" Eziah shrugs.
 "Mum gave me homework," Eziah lies smoothly with a shrug before snatching it back off him.
 "Did you pack what you want to take with you!" Jonah asks, and I shake my head as he moves toward his room. He grabs a few changes of clothes and packs them, along with our phone charges. He was awfully quiet, which made me worry.
 Grabbing my pajamas, I place them in his bag when he leans down next to me.
 "You're up to something," Jonah whispers.
 "I will tell you when I am sure," I tell him.
 "Eziah knows this secret, obviously," Jonah murmurs, and I nod.
 "Kyan knows you're up to something. He rang me earlier, wanting to know why Eziah was in the city," Jonah says, slinging the bag over his shoulder.
 "What did you say?" I asked him.
 "That you were having lunch and hanging out. I trust you, but if you need help with something, please ask," Jonah says.
 "Just not yet. I want to be sure." I tell him.
 "Come on then, I want to get to the manor before Kyan comes looking for us. I don't think it is good for him to see your brother right now, not so soon after Lucas," I agree and follow him
 OS
 out.
 "Stay away from the windows. You know where everything is, so help yourself. I will drop Mara off in the morning so you can do whatever it is you are both up to," Jonah tells him. Eziah nods, leaning over and grabbing the remote from the coffee table and turning the TV on. Jonah walks out and I give my brother my key in case he leaves to go anywhere.
 "Had a thought," Eziah says, and I stop while Jonah continues out the door.
 "What?" I ask him.
 "Dominic did the spell right, from that grimoire?"
 "I think so,"
 "Then wouldn't he have it? You need to check the manor?" Eziah says, which makes sense. For him to have used the spell, he had to have known it, meaning he had to have a grimoire.
 "I'll find it," I tell him.
 "I will see if I can find anything in these books tonight. And I will see you in two days, maybe see if you can borrow a car," Eziah says, and I sigh.
 "Jonah works tomorrow. He will let us... wait, why two days?" Eziah chuckles.
 "You will be preoccupied, you'll see," he laughed before waving me off to go home. I purse my lips, annoyed he wouldn't tell me. Shaking my head, I leave to find Jonah waiting by the elevator.
 "Ready?" he asks.
 "Yeah, let's go home," I tell him, grabbing his hand.

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Chapter 274 Marabella POV

When we returned home , Kyan was in a strange mood , and I knew it was because Eziah was in the City . Walking into the manor , I could hear the vacuum going upstairs , and Jonah sighed , taking the groceries Kyan asked us to grab on the way home to the kitchen . Carrying the duffle bag , I start walking up the steps to the second floor . Lucas's bedroom door was open , and I could see an extension cord running from the power outlet in the hall leading into Lucas's old room .

Taking the duffle bag to the bedroom . I placed it on the bed , knowing there was no point and putting anything away because Kyan would just wait for us to sleep before undoing everything I folded or hung up , only to redo it or hang them a particular way . So I decided to wait for him and help him . Hearing the vacuum cut out , I wander back down the hall and over to Lucas's room . Stopping at the door , I find Kyan cleaning the room .

The bed was freshly made , and I could smell the furniture polish . The old dusty curtains had been replaced , yet the old furniture that Kyan despised so much was polished to look brand new . All of Lucas ' knick – knacks are set back in their original places . And Kyan was now cleaning the window tracks with a microfiber cloth .

Even while cleaning , he was in pristine condition , with not a speck of dust on him , yet he looked different with his white button – up shirt , the sleeves rolled t o his elbows . So odd seeing a man of his status doing ordinary , mundane tasks like cleaning window tracks . I knocked , not wanting to enter Lucas's room while he was upset .

I had been in here plenty of times when Lucas was alive . Lucas was very proud of his baseball card collection and liked to show me them and his comic books that sat in their plastic wrappers , never opened . It made me wonder which was Dominic's room . I knew it wasn't on this floor , and there were two more floors . Maybe I could ask Kaif later if he comes forward . If not , I might have to explore a bit . Kyan never minded when I looked around , although I never went to the upper floors unless I

went to the Seance room . Kyan looks over his shoulder at me and pulls his latex gloves from his hands . He drops them in his little rubbish bin . " You're home , finally . I was becoming bored . Where is Jonah ? " he asks , walking over to me . He grips the front of my shirt , pulling me into the room and kissing me briefly . " Are you alright ?

" I ask him worriedly . The emotions through our bond were all over the place . " Fine , where is Jonah ? " he asks , glancing over my shoulder . " Putting groceries away , " I tell him , and h e nods before rushing around the room , picking up his cleaning supplies , and I grab the vacuum , unplugging the cord and packing it back in the storage closet in the hall . Kyan steps out of the room behind m e before I see him lock the door with a key before pocketing it .

" Did you have fun with your brother ? " he asks though I know he was only asking . not to be rude . He didn't care to hear about what Eziah and I got up to . " Yes , it was good to see him , " I tell him ,

and he nods while I follow him downstairs to the kitchen . Jonah was still putting groceries away , removing everything from the packets and placing them in their designated containers . It was bizarre seeing how close they were , they were best friends , more like brothers , yet Jonah never complains about how set in his ways Kyan is and did things Kyan's way despite it being time consuming . Seeing him like that made me wonder if it would come naturally to me after a few years .

Jonah didn't even seem to think about it . Whereas I would have just stuffed the boxes in the pantry , Jonah took the time to remove them from their packaging and place everything in their designated , labeled containers . " I broke the pasta lid . You didn't have a spare lid , but I found this one , " Jonah tells him . Kyan visibly tensed , and I knew his OCD was running rampant today .

" I never labeled it . Figured I would leave the label for you , " Jonah tells him , which surprised me further that Jonah knew that would be what Kyan would worry about . Kyan sighs and his shoulders relax as he takes the labeling device from the drawer and grabs the tall from the counter . Jonah gives me a look of worry as he watches Kyan try to get the label on straight .

Kyan's hands shook in frustration , and I chewed my lip , wanting to help him but not sure if I should touch him . " Kyan ? Are you alright ? " Jonah asks , but Kyan appears to be absorbed in the task as he mutters under his breath . Jonah , however , nods toward him , and I move , coming up behind Kyan and wrapping my arms around his waist .

He stiffens before relaxing and lets out a breath . His hands stop shaking , and he finally gets the label on straight . I rest my cheek against his back and look at Jonah . His worry for our mate was clearly etched into his face , and I think Eziah seemed to trigger something in him because he was okay before finding out I was with Eziah . It made me realize I made the right decision about not telling him about Dominic .

I couldn't bear to see him get his hopes up , only for them to crash down on him if I am wrong , no matter how strongly I believe I am right . *** The night went by quickly . We did little , just sat around watching TV while Kyan read over work documents , and it took hours for Jonah to convince him to come to bed . However ,

I finally noticed the bed was different once back in the room . How I missed it earlier was beyond me . I had been in here multiple times during the night , and not once did I realize the bed was bigger , the same bed , but bigger . Only noticing when I suddenly wasn't squashed between them both . Kyan fell asleep instantly , while Jonah actually had trouble sleeping . He tossed and turned all night but eventually fell asleep , much to my relief . I wanted to see if I could find Dominic's room and knew Kyan would ask questions if he caught me looking around .

I knew he wouldn't mind , but I didn't want to upset him with how he was earlier . Climbing out of bed , the floorboards were cold under my bare feet . I could see the perspiration from my footprints on them . I thought their body heat made me feel like I was sweltering pressed between them , yet I felt hot . Closing the door behind me as I leave the room , I walk down the dimly lit hallway to the

thermostat to check the heating . It was stifling in here . Checking the screen , it was 21 degrees , so I must be coming down with something . Shaking my head , I look up to the third level before quietly climbing the stairs .

A shudder ran through me , and goosebumps rose on my arms as I felt unease roll over me when I reached the top . Staring at the door to the séance room , I felt a strange urge to head down to the left of the corridor . I stop at the front of a set o f double doors , twisting the handle ; I find i t locked . Yet something was telling me this was a room that belonged to Dominic and his " wife .

Chewing my lip , I knew I would have to get Kyan's keys , which I saw Kyan place on the key hook by the front door before bed . I was about to turn around and go grab them when I felt a warm naked chest press against my back . My heartbeat thumped in my chest as his breath moved across my mark . Sparks burst across my skin as his scent wafted to me invitingly , making my mouth water . "

Just me , love . " Kaif's voice whispers below my ear , and I relax when his hand moves in front of me to place a key in the door . He unlocks it before pocketing the keys , twisting the handle , and opening it . I let out a breath and peer up over my . shoulder to see Kyan yet Kaif's demonic eyes peering back at me .

He pecks my lips gently and growls softly , the noise turning to a purr . When he pulls his lips from mine , he buries his face in my neck , inhaling my scent . Kaif's arm wraps around my waist , pulling me flush against him , and a strangled noise leaves his lips as he lets m e go . I turn to face him only to see him dig the keys out of Kyan's shorts pocket again . He fumbles with the fob key on them and presses it .

" Be quick . I won't be able to stay in this form long ; I need to give Kyan back control , " Kaif murmurs when he growls , pressing the fob key again , but more viciously . Suddenly I hear the groan and rattle of roller shutters , making me peek into the dark room that belonged to Dominic to see roller shutters block out the night sky .

Kaif Nudges me into the room , and much like Kyan's room , this room was spotless despite being locked up , nothing out of place , and not a speck of dust , making me wonder if Kyan cleaned it regularly , The room looked untouched , just like Lucas's . Photos of Kyan when he was little hung o n the walls . Frames were also on the dresser , even some of his artwork Dominic had framed .

It was clear he was a proud father . Moving toward the large closet , his clothes were set out like Kyan's . Everything had a particular spot a s I rummaged through , looking for anything that may resemble a grimoire .. Finding nothing , I walk out to find Kaif breathing heavily as his hand clutches the door frame . I moved toward the dresser beside the bed and opened the drawers . Sweat formed beads on the back of my neck . The temperature in the room rose dramatically .

I wiped a hand across my forehead and pinched my nightie's front , which was becoming drenched in my sweat . At that very second , I realized why I was so hot , why Kaif was struggling with control and glanced over at him nervously . My entire body was beginning to tingle , and I sniffed the air . I was going into heat !

Kyan's scent was potent and enticing , and I had to shake the urge to go to him away as I pulled the drawers out and searched them . Nothing .

Moving around to the other side of the bed , I pull the bottom drawer out and find socks . Closing it , I move to the next , also nothing . Opening the top , my heart raced quicker when I spotted a brown leather covered book . A leather strap was buckled around it , and it had a strange marking that was partially obscured by the buckle . – Pulling the book out , a ripple ran over me when my fingers touched it , and I knew I had found what I was looking for .

Grabbing the book , I look around the room and grab a shirt wrapping the old book in it before rushing past Kaif . Careful not to touch him , or I risked attacking him . I swallow when I feel how slick my thighs are becoming . Racing back to the room my vision blurred slightly ,

I stuff the book in one of my oversized handbags and place it under the bed . Pain twisted in my belly and my vision blurred further . Getting up , I was about to run to the bathroom to try to have a cold shower when hands grabbed me from behind . Kaif purrs and pushes me toward the bed , where I could see Jonah moving around like he was uncomfortable . Kaif pushes me onto the bed , climbing on it behind me and flipping me onto my back .

The moment he gave control back to Kyan and my skin touched his , I was done for . Jonah rolls into me , and sparks rush everywhere , and I moan at the feel of their skin on mine . Kyan's eyes opened , and he blinked , confused before he sniffed the air , and his eyes flickered . He looks to the windows to see the roller shutters locked in place and Kyan growls before his lips crash down on mine hungrily .

His tongue moves between my lips , his tongue brushing against mine , and I hear Jonah groan beside me as he rolls into me . Kyan pulls his lips from mine and stares at Jonah when Jonah leans over , kissing me with the same desire Kyan had , his hand grabbing my breast through the thin nightie when I heard fabric tearing as Kyan ripped my nightdress and his lips wrapped around my nipple . At the same time , Jonah fondled the other with his hand making me moan against Jonah's lips .

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Fated To The Alpha by Jessica Hall Chapter 275-Heat consumed me, my skin heating to the point I was worried my blood would boil in my veins. My pussy developed a pulse as arousal coated my thighs. The more they touched me, the hotter I became. Jonah kisses me, and I feel Kyan's knee push my legs apart. His lips traveled down my ribs. I squirmed as his teeth grazed my sensitive skin.

My entire body buzzed with the sensory overload as sparks rushed everywhere, Jonah's tongue tangled with mine, and I gripped his hair, kissing him harder as desire coursed through me.

Kyan nips at my hip when I feel his hand push my thighs apart before he settles between my thighs. His hot breath sweeps over my pussy and makes me shiver and gasp. Jonah pulls his lips from mine and glances down at Kyan just as his tongue parts my lower lips, making my back arch as his tongue runs over my clit before sucking it into his mouth. He swirled his tongue around the sensitive nerves, making me cry out, and Jonah's eyes flicker and darken as he watches Kyan drive me to the edge, only to slow down when I am about to push over it. "Like that, I love that look in her eyes. Whatever you're doing to her, don't stop," growls Jonah, his eyes watching my face that was heating under his intense, smoldering gaze.

My hips rock against his mouth when Jonah's lips wrap around my nipple, teasing with his tongue and teeth before turning his attention to the other one, making it harden to a peak. Their mouths on my flesh drove me insane as Kyan devoured me, his tongue swirling and mouth sucking relentlessly when I felt my skin prickle with overwhelming heat, arousal saturating my thighs. As heat washed through me, their fiery tongues licking my heated flesh and their nipping teeth drove me insane. Flames of desire coursed through every nerve ending, pure bliss yet also pleasurable torture. My entire body trembled as I gave into the pleasurable feeling they were enticing out of me, my moans of ecstasy filling the quiet room.

I cried out as my climax washed over me in waves, Kyan gripped my thighs holding them in place as they trembled, and my hips rocked against his mouth as I rode out the orgasm, his tongue lapping at the juices leaving me and coating his tongue.

My heat diminishes briefly when he kisses my inner thigh. I felt the bed dip between my legs as Kyan moved, hopping off the bed only for Jonah to push his knee between my thighs before settling his weight down above me. I tug at his tank top, wanting it off.

Using one hand, Jonah pulls it off, and my lips go to his chest. My tongue swirled around the bar, running through his nipple. Jonah growls, and my other hand moves to his cock. I wrap my fingers around him, running my hand up the length of him. Jonah groans, his hand going to my hair. He tugs my head back, his lips hungrily devouring mine, and he thrusts into my hand.

Kyan, I could hear, was rummaging around in the bathroom when Jonah's lips moved down my neck to mark, his teeth grazed over it and teased my mark,

sending tingles everywhere. Moving my hand, I roll my hips against Jonah, his cock gliding against my wet lips before he moves a hand between our bodies and positions himself before sheathing himself in me. I gasp at the feel of his hard cock gliding and brushing my inner walls.

Jonah nips at my jaw, working his way back to my lips. He groans against my lips as he kisses me, and I tug on his hip, letting him know he can move faster as I wrap my legs around his waist. He does, picking up his pace. My stomach tightens as my skin heats when he suddenly rolls, pulling me on top of him.

I sit up his length, pressing in deeper, and I moan at the feeling as I roll my hips against him. His hand goes to my breast as he squeezes it. The bed dips behind

me as Kyan climbs back into bed and moves behind me. Kyan grips my hair, his fingers tangling in it as he tugged my head back. His lips move from my jaw to the side of my mouth. Turning my head slightly, his lips capture mine, his tongue moving between my lips, and his tongue

tangles with mine when I feel his erection press against my ass; Kyan's hand moves from my hair to my throat.

He squeezes, not hard enough to cut off my air completely when I feel his fingers prod around my entrance. He slid his finger inside alongside Jonah's cock that is buried deep inside me, his fingers stretching me further while his tongue invaded every inch of my mouth. My inner walls squeeze his fingers as he gently slides them in and out. Jonah's nails bite into the soft skin of my hip while Kyan continues to stretch me.

"Fuck, that feels tight," Jonah growls when Kyan slips his fingers from me completely, and I feel Kyan press the tip of his cock to my soaking wet entrance. I cry out when he thrusts all the way in, his cock hitting my cervix painfully. My body tensed, and I forgot how to breathe as my body locked up. Kyan lets go of my throat and kisses the side of my face.

"Breathe, Ella," Kyan whispers, and I force myself to breathe, gritting my teeth. I felt myself tearing to accommodate both of them. I felt overly full, and I moved my

hips, letting myself stretch around them.

Planting my hands on Jonah's chest, I saw his jaw was tight as he fought against the urge to thrust into me, letting me move my hips slowly against them. Jonah pulls back, looking up at me before kissing me. Kyan pulls out slightly before pushing back in slowly. He keeps his slow pace, worried about hurting me when I move my hips to meet his movements.

"Tell me if I hurt you," Kyan whispers, making my eyes snap open. I feel his thumb press against my ass before he pushes it in. The sensation felt strange, yet I was relaxed. His thumb slipped in easily. He moves it in out of me. My stomach tenses and my toes curl as arousal floods me before he pulls them out. Kyan reaches beside Jonah, where I saw a bottle of lubricant, and I don't even want to know what the other thing was, though I have a rough idea. It wasn't very big and pointed at the tip. I look away from the little black butt plug.

I move my hips against them, loving the stimulation when Kyan pulls out slightly. I feel something cold and wet move

between my cheeks and I know it is the

butt plug, making me freeze, as he

presses the lubed toy against the tight

muscle of my ass before pushing it in. The toy starts vibrating, making me gasp as Kyan leaves it there before thrusting into me..

Jonah thrusts up to me, and I gasp when Kyans hand moves between my thighs and he pinches my clit before rubbing it. with his fingers, letting my orgasm build. I felt overly full; I was full before, but this was an entirely new level of overfull.

I move my hips, getting used to the

feeling, and I feel Kyan kiss my shoulder before he grips my neck, pulling my head back and kissing me. Jonah rolls my hips against him while Kyan moves in time with Jonah's movement, and lets me go. I put my hands on Jonah's chest, meeting his thrusts, my toes curling as I built up friction.

My inner walls squeeze his hard length as I move, chasing my orgasm. My breathing became heavy, and I cried out as I was thrown over the edge, my nails digging into his shoulders as my pussy pulsed.

Jonah's grip on my hips tightened as he thrusts in slowly, letting me ride out the rippling waves when Kyan removed the vibrating plug. His hand falls on my shoulder, and he pushes me down toward Jonah.

Jonah kisses me, his tongue tasting every inch of my mouth, and I roll my hips against him when Kyan pulls out of me. Reaching back, I wrap my fingers around Kyan's cock. It twitches in my hand, and he leans his face closer, the warmth of his chest pressing against my back as he flicks my hair over one shoulder. His lips going to my mark, sucking on it.

My toes curled at the pleasure rolling over me as the heat continued to build. Kyan's fingers move between my cheeks, caressing the tight muscles of my ass before I feel the head of his cock press against it. I tug on his hip, wanting him inside me, and he moves closer. Jonah's movements speed up as he grips my hips and slams me down on his cock, his hard length smashing against my cervix.

Kyan thrusts inside me in one movement before stopping, his arm wrapping around

my waist as he pulled me against so my back was pressed to his chest, his hand moving between my legs, and his fingertips brushing against my clit before he rolls it between his fingers, making me

moan.

I felt overfull, full to the brim, but it felt s o good, felt right as I felt both of them slipping in and out of my body, building u p the friction inside me.

Kyan's nails dig into my ass as he holds m e, and I nip at Jonah's chest, my teeth grazing the hard muscles of his pecs, and I flick his nipple piercing with my tongue before tugging on it. Jonah groans. My lips travel higher, and he offers his neck t so me.

Without hesitation, I sink my canines into him, and he moans loudly. When my canines leave Jonah's neck. I lick the blood as it runs down his chest when he grabs my chin, bringing my lips to his as he kisses me. My skin heats and tension builds in my belly.

My pussy flutters around Jonah's cock when he grips my throat with his long

fingers and turns my head, exposing my neck to him. He growls, sinking his canines into my neck deeply, his teeth my mark, and my walls flutter, milking him as she finds his release.

Jonah gasps, pulling his teeth from my neck, only for Kyan's hand on my stomach to pull me back against him. His hot chest was slick with sweat as he stilled behind me. His teeth sank into my shoulder and neck, over my mark, prolonging my orgasm and making me moan loudly. I feel Kyan slip from my body and I collapse against Jonah's chest, trying to catch my breath as the heat abates. Jonah rolls, my body limp as he hovered above me. He kisses the side of my mouth before pulling out of me when I feel a warm cloth move between my legs as he climbs off it. My eyes lazily fluttered open to see Kyan leaning across the bed, cleaning me. He leans down as Jonah moves toward the bathroom to clean up.

"Love you, get some rest," Kyan mumbles against my lips as my eyes flutter closed.

Fated To The Alpha by Jessica Hall

Chapter 276

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Chapter 276

Kyan POV

I watched as Ella fell asleep. Placing my hand on her head, her temperature had gone down, and her scent was beginning to dissipate. "She is fine, Kyan," Jonah murmured behind me.

"You weren't wearing protection," I mumbled, looking down at her.

"Point being, she would have said something if she was worried," Jonah shrugs.

"She may not be worried, but my DNA is in your veins. If you knocked her up, it would be mine too!" I tell him. 3

"Ah, am I missing something? We are mates, maybe not like Mateo and Ezra, but still, mates. We have marked each other. Isn't that the point?" Jonah asked, and I sighed. He wasn't getting it.

"The curse Jonah, if you knocked her up and she has a baby."

"If she has a baby! Mara may not even want kids, first of all, and secondly, I don't think you have to worry about Kaif killing her, and as for the darkness, Kaif has marked her already. It has no effect on her," Jonah says. 2

"I am worried about the curse continuing," I tell him. Jonah growls, and I could feel his frustration through the bond.

"Kyan, this curse has no effect on her. She has proven that!"

"May not affect her but affects Kaif and any children we have,"

"You are worried Kaif will still kill her? After everything, seriously, Kyan?" Jonah asks.

"I don't know," I answer honestly. I didn't know. Everything I assumed was wrong. However, something had changed with Kaif; I felt at peace, and so did he since she marked him. Like the world's weight lifted off of him. She accepted him, not just me. She accepted Kaif, and I feel that was what was needed all along. However, if time was any indicator, it was consistently repeated.

"You are. You're worried if she got pregnant, Kaif would kill her?" I nod, looking down at her.

"Not this time. Ella is different," Kaif said, dismissing the idea instantly.

"She isn't just your mate, Kyan. I am yours too, and hers. If you don't trust yourself or Kaif. Trust that I won't let harm come to her, but I know Kaif won't hurt her," Jonah says, gripping my shoulder.

"How?"

"Because I felt it when she marked him," he says. "Mara set him free when she marked him and he her. Mara was right. Kaif didn't need redemption. He needed acceptance, destined to live the same fate over. Rejection, Kyan. It was never redemption. It was them turning against him. They turned away from him like Luna did. Mara turned to him," Jonah says, and I nod. I hoped he was right. But something had been nagging me. Kaif was hiding something, and it was making me uneasy. I know he had control earlier, blocked me out, and refused to tell me what he and Ella spoke about. 2

"You can trust me, Kyan," Kaif tells me. But why was it a secret? It had me worried that something more was going on, I just didn't know why Kaif would keep it from me, and despite having marked

and mated, I was waiting for the world to come crashing down around me. It always did. Shaking the thought away, headed for the bathroom to shower.

"I must say I like the extra showerheads," Jonah says, stepping in behind me.

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"Jonah!" I tell him.

"Dude, we were just sword crossing. Get over it," he says, turning the other showerhead on. I grab the soap, moving over for him.

"Don't say it like that. You make it sound dirty," I snap at him.

"Fine, we were rubbing dicks then," Jonah laughs.

"And that sounds even worse. Just stop!" I growl, and Jonah laughs.

"I would have thought you would have taken a disinfectant bath," Jonah says, snatching the soap from *my* hand.

"I told you sex is different," I tell him.

"I didn't say it was a bad thing. I was trying to understand it," Jonah says.

"Well, I don't even understand it," I admit.

"Well, try to explain it," he says while dropping the soap in my hand and turning to face me while he rinsed the soap off.

"Doesn't that hurt?" I asked, glancing at his dick. I still can't believe he made me go with him when he got that done.

"You know it didn't hurt. You were there, and stop looking at my dick,"

"No, I mean, I don't want to know," I tell him, shaking my head.

"Curiosity killed the cat

Kyan, I'll answer, but you can have to explain about the sex thing," he says. I nod. *We* had always been pretty open when it came to talking, not that we had any secrets from each other. It seemed pointless when he was my guardian and could feel everything I felt. Now that was just stronger with the mate bond.

"And

no, it doesn't hurt. They move under my skin, not pull, the bars roll with movement. Why did it hurt you?" he asked. I shake my head. Mara seemed to like his piercings, and so did he, so I supposed I could live with him having them.

"No, just like a rolling sensation," I admit pointing to the shampoo behind Jonah. He passes it to me.

"Your turn," Jonah says.

"I wasn't lying when I said I didn't understand it myself," I tell him.

"Yeah, I know. I am just curious what you think about it,"

"I'm not sure. Think it is more to do with sensation than anything."

"What's the difference?" Jonah asks, and I think.

"It's expected to be messy?" | shrug. I try to find a way to explain.

"Like the labels, I can see they aren't straight, like a compulsion thing. I can control it. I like order, so I straighten them."

"Sex you can't control?" Jonah asks.

"No, I can, but as I said, the sensation overpowers the mindset, if that makes sense, maybe because I don't want control over it," I try to explain. We had this discussion plenty of times over the years, but it was hard to explain, let alone why some things trigger certain compulsions.

"Mum is the same with locks. Drives dad up the wall," Jonah laughs.

"Spose it is the same, though. I asked ma that once," I tell him.

"What she say?" he asked.

"It's the same with me. She gets up and checks them because she can't sleep. If she hasn't, it will play on her mind until she does,"

"Yes, but she does it repeatedly," Jonah says.

"Yes, I can be the same. I get it, though. Your mind tricks you. Repetition is predictable. Your mother checks the locks, she lays down but then wonders did she really check the lock or was that yesterday, so she checks again. And sometimes again, I do the same sometimes. It can be consuming and annoying, but I am not at ease until I have convinced myself it is correct. Even if she knows she checked it, that slight doubt makes her recheck it. Does that make sense?" I tell him.

"Kind of,"

"Maybe because you don't suffer from anxiety as much," I tell him.

"Much? I don't have anxiety." he says and I raise an eyebrow at him.

"Ah yeah, you do. When Kaif moves forward, you do. You go into fight-or-flight mode. You also do when it comes to Mara."

"What do you mean?" he asks.

"I mean, you keep thinking you're the third wheel," I tell him. He sighs and nods.

"You're not. You are the one person that was constant in both our lives, the glue you kept us all together," I tell him.

"But no donutting," Jonah laughs.

"Definitely not donutting," I tell him, turning the shower off. I grab a towel, tossing him one before walking back into the room. Marabella was still asleep, and I retrieved some shorts before climbing in bed beside her, and Jonah climbed over both of us to lie on her other side.

"Mara is hiding something, and so is Kaif," I tell Jonah.

"And Eziah, he was weird when I saw him at the apartment," Jonah says.

"But I trust Mara, so let her, if she is hiding something from us. She would have a good reason, too," Jonah adds. I say nothing because whatever it was, Kaif also wanted it kept from me, yet it kept nagging me. Jonah is right though curiosity killed the cat, so I had to trust whatever it was, that she would come to me over it or trust Kaif would step in if something went wrong.

"It is nothing bad, Kyan. Just let her do this," Kaif tells me.

"So you know what she is up to?" I ask him.

"Yes, and she is right to keep it from you, so leave it be for now. Everything goes fine, and you will know. If not, you are none the wiser." he answers.

"As long as she isn't putting herself in danger?"

"I wouldn't allow that, Kyan, and neither would Eziah," Kaif answers. With a sigh I roll over, I chuck my arm over Marabella at the same time Jonah does, both of us snuggling closer to our mate. "Trust the bond, she won't jeopardize it," Kaif tells me as I drift off.