

Fated To The Alpha by Jessica Hall

Chapter 277

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Marabella POV One week Later

Jonah dropped me off at the hotel, my brother was still here, and we were still no closer to finding a way to open that damn coffin. Kyan had been on edge. The more time I spent with my brother, the more he questioned me, yet now that we weren't sure we could even open the coffin, I debated this entire thing.

The grimoires offered nothing, and Dominic's presence became less and less. He was having trouble coming through to me, and half the time was spent trying to decipher what he was telling me. Lately, it was like static interference.

He could never stay long, and he tried to tell me it was because my bonds to my mates were sealed entirely now. It made no sense to me, but he explained the more I relied on my mates, the less I needed him, which was quite bothersome because I needed him to figure out how to open the coffin.

Stepping out of the elevator, the apartment door was wide open. The Hotel had been shut down since the incident. Jonah and Kyan couldn't obviously risk someone falling out a window, but most of the repairs were done, and as I stepped into the apartment, men were fixing the windows on this level finally.

Eziah sat on the couch with one of the grimoires in hand, flicking through the pages. He had been different the last couple of days, his moods changing rapidly, which wasn't helping me. We had been clashing, and then arguing with Kyan about when he was leaving was driving me insane. He hated my brother, which was understandable, but if he knew why he was here, maybe he would have a change of heart. Yet if I couldn't open the damn coffin, it was for nothing, and he would be even more angered that I dug his father up for nothing.

Mum had also been fiddling with the fates trying to see ahead, but besides the occasional nosebleed and headache, she couldn't see much because Eziah and I were directly involved in that future, futures she couldn't see clearly.

"Hey," I tell Eziah, sitting next to him. His aura radiated out angrily, and he stunk heavily of liquor. I glance at him to find his eyes bloodshot and huge dark circles under his eyes.

"You okay?"

"Yeah, just not sleeping well," he mutters, glaring at the workers who were nearly done and cleaning up the mess from replacing the windows.

"Find anything helpful,"

"No, it is mostly in old Latin,"

UE "You mean Italian?" I ask. Eziah shakes his head.

"No, Latin is similar, but it is mostly a dead language. Not many speak it anymore, and then some are in old Gaelic, which makes no sense since they are completely different languages. Don't suppose Dominic is around to translate," I shake my head, and Eziah sighs.

"Why couldn't it be open sesame or something easy," Eziah laughs darkly, and his eyes flicker oddly.

The men leave and shut the door behind them, and Eziah gets up off the couch. "Fucking finally," he groans, heading to the cupboard and pouring a drink.

"Eziah, it isn't even 10 AM," I scolded, watching as he sniffed the bottle he opened, he made a face, and the smell of vodka hit my nose.

"Leave me, I have hardly slept, and if I have to sit here trying to work out what the heck those stupid symbols mean and whatever language that crap is, I will do it drunk," he says, raising the glass.

"Cheers," he says with a wink before downing the glass. I shake my head, looking at the open Grimoire.

"How are your boy toys?" he asks and I shrug, not bothering to answer since he was in a mood, and knew, it would only lead to us arguing. Two things I had come to learn about Eziah in the last week. Was that he had a drinking problem, and depending on his mood depended on what sort of drunk he was. I had questioned him multiple times about what was wrong, but he never told me. Or flat out told me it was none of my business.

He falls onto the couch and leans forward, placing the jewelry box we had been practicing on trying open, yet it wasn't the same. Kaif had sealed it shut with his magic for me the other night, yet not even he was sure how Dominic sealed the coffin.

His only answer was that Dominic must have locked it so that only his magic could open it. Magic I had no idea how to use, but Kaif was also becoming wary of taking over. Kyan had been questioning him relentlessly, and I was at the point I was willing to tell him and take Kyan's wrath, but at the same time, I didn't want to hurt him if we couldn't open it.

Kyan lost it the other night when he woke up while I was snooping in the basement with Kaif, and he forced control back, which scared the living daylights out of me. When he grabbed me, demanding to know what I was doing. Kaif had forced back control, and I managed to convince him he dreamt it; however, I knew that excuse wouldn't work again. I was pretty sure he knew I was lying through the bond. Shaking that thought away, I turned back to look at the Grimoire. I sighed, symbols and emblems that made zero sense to me.

Eziah and I set to work trying to unlock the jewelry box. Going through different spells, the day had passed by quickly, and by the end of the day, I was becoming exhausted, channeling absolutely nothing. Magic was hard, and I wasn't a witch, so the feeling for power wasn't the same. It required concentration and natural ability I didn't have.

Eziah was half tanked as he grabbed another spellbook. He snickers laughing at me, and I shake my head.

"Okay, I will stop laughing, try this one," he says, squinting at the book. His energy was making me feel drunk, he couldn't even walk straight, so I had no idea how he was able to read.

"Give it here and let me try reading it," I tell him reaching for the book. Eziah chuckled, pulling the book from my reach and hugging it.

"I am an advisor. You are a spell caster," he slurred, and I rolled my eyes. With a huff, I sat back down next to the coffee table.

"So you need to channel your inner power," Eziah says, and I shake my head.

"Just tell me the damn spell Eziah or give me the book."

Eziah slurs his words, and I get annoyed, intending to go home. He is wasting my time.

"Wait, wait, musculus sphincter ani," he slurred.

"What, that doesn't sound like a spell," I tell him, reaching for the book, but he pulls it back.

"I'm advisor, you spell caster, now cast away," he says as I glare at him.

"Time is ticking, and Jonah will be here to get you soon," Eziah says, and I shake my head. Sitting down, I look at the jewelry box, holding it in my hands. "musculus sphincter ani," I murmur. Eziah laughs, and I glare at him, he had been bloody laughing at me for the past hour every time I tried.

"With more enthusiasm and louder, I got a good feeling about this one," he says, and I raise a n eyebrow at him.

"Are you being stupid? Show me that," I tell him.

"I know what I am doing. Maybe if you had listened better, you would have opened the damn box, now do your magic, and you let me do the translating," Eziah tells me, giving me a stern look

I grab the box, feeling for Dominic's magic, and repeat the phrase "musculus sphincter ani,"

"Louder, clearer, pronunciation, is that word?" Ezhiah says. "You bloody try then," I tell him, and he shakes his head.

"Do you want to open the box or not," Ezhiah says, swigging from his bottle. Gone were his glasses, and now he was resorting to drinking straight from the bottle.

"musculus sphincter ani," I repeated, and still nothing.

"Are you sure you are saying that right? It sounds like some disease," I tell him, and he snickers. I eyed him suspiciously, but he raised an eyebrow at me.

"Now, would I waste your time? Your time is my damn time. Now try harder," Ezhiah snapped. Shaking my head, I kept repeating the spell; however, nothing happened. When Jonah walked in, he stood behind Ezhiah while I glared at the box having been set back on the table.

The box moved on the table, and I gasped.

"See, try again," Ezhiah snickered.

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Chapter 278 Jonah POV

Ezhiah and Mara had been practicing spells that was all she would give me, no reason, nothing, but she seemed to like having her brother around, so as long as I knew where she was, I was happy with that. On the other hand, Kyan wasn't too happy but accepted it.

Nearing dinner time, Marabella still hadn't come down, so I decided to get her before Kyan came looking for us. I also wanted to ask her about maybe spending the day with Kyan tomorrow instead of her brother, hoping it would keep his festering anger down.

Walking into my old apartment, I noticed they had finally fixed the windows, and I let out a breath of relief. Marabella had told me Ezhiah had spent the last couple of days drunk, and I was seriously worried about him falling out that damn window. Marabella sat cross-legged on the floor, staring at some small box.

"musculus sphincter ani," Mara said, and my eyebrows lifted almost into my hairline as I stared at her before she gasped when I notice Ezhiah nudging the coffee table leg with his foot.

"See, try again," Eziah snickered as I came to stand behind him. Marabella's excitement bubbled through the bond as she kept trying to repeat the exact same words as I leaned down next to Eziah.

"Eziah, why have you got my mate screaming out anus?" I chuckle, and he puts his finger to his lips, trying not to laugh, and I shake my head. Marabella, utterly oblivious to her brother making her speak nonsense, continued repeating the so-called spell.

He even nudged the table a couple of times, egging her on while I tried not to laugh. She would be pissed when she realized she wasn't saying a spell and that he was making fun of her.

Marabella, becoming angry, grabs the box. "It's useless," she says, trying to pry the box open with her fingers.

"If you told me what it is you are doing, I might be able to help," I told her. I had no magic but had helped Kyan for years going through his grimoires and had seen enough magic I knew a few things, though she would be best off asking Kyan.

"Besides touching hers, I don't see how," Eziah muttered too low for her to hear as she examined the small trinket box. I nudged him with my elbow as she tried again.

"Muscular sphincter ani," she said just as Kyan stepped into the apartment. I straightened up, and so did Eziah.

Marabella, completely unaware and focused on her fake spell, hadn't noticed, and I swallowed, feeling his burning anger when he saw the spell books lying on the coffee table. I knew they were doing something with magic, but Kyan didn't, and by the look on his face and his blistering hot anger through the bond, he wasn't happy about it. Kyan stalked over to Eziah and snatched the book from his hand, and Marabella jumped, looking over at him, finally noticing him.

"Why do you have this?" he growled at Eziah.

"Woah, calm down," I told him as Marabella leaped to her feet. Kyan looked between us all.

"Is this what you have been doing this past week? Why the fuck is my father's grimoires in your brother's hands, Marabella?" he growled. Eziah remained quiet, probably best since he was drunk.

"I knew something was going on. Why do you have these, fucking answer me?" Kyan roared. Mara looked at me, yet I wasn't sure what they were doing, so I couldn't exactly defend her when I didn't know.

"She was trying to open the box," Eziah says with a sigh. Kyan's eyes flick to him on the couch.

"Doesn't explain why you have this, and that wasn't even a fucking spell. Do you think this funny?"

"I was messing around with her. No harm done," Eziah says while Marabella glares at her brother.

"I knew you were up to something," Marabella snapped at Eziah, and Eziah snickered and Kyan growled. Returning their attention back to him.

"Where did you get these?" he says, looking at the coffee table covered in old books.

"Those are mine and from the Moon Goddess realm," Eziah said, snatching one out of Kyan's hand. Kyan snarls, grabbing it back and glancing at it. Marabella, I could feel petrified as he opened the other book, the one Eziah was holding when he walked in.

Kyan looked it over before looking at Marabella.

"You went into my father's room?" he asked, and I felt his betrayal hit through the bond.

"I can explain, sort of." she offered.

"What do you mean sort of, you will be fucking explaining what the fuck is going on here?" Kyan roared, and Eziah jumped to his feet as Kyan raised his voice at her.

"Sit down," Kyan bellowed at him.

The lights flickered with his anger, and the buzz of electricity in the air showed how betrayed he felt. I know it wasn't the issue of her being in possession of them more that she let her brother touch them.

"Kyan, she wasn't doing anything, just trying to open the box. They have been practicing with magic," I tell him because that was all I knew and I couldn't think of anything else to say.

"You knew?" Kyan asked me and I glanced away feeling guilty I kept it from him.

"Do you think magic is fucking joke?" Kyan asked, turning on Eziah.

"I was messing around with her," Eziah retorted. It was funny, but at the same time, I understood where Kyan was coming from. Magic was sacred to his family and not delved into without caution or to be made a joke of. Not his family's magic anyway.

"We are leaving," Kyan snaps at Mara, grabbing her arm, and Eziah pushes him while I move to get between them. Kyan's entire body trembled with rage as he stared at Eziah.

"Don't," I warned both of them while Mara looked like a deer in headlights.

"Mara, grab your things," I tell her. She quickly nods, picking up a couple of the books and stuffing them back in her handbag.

"I will come to see you tomorrow," she whispers to Eziah, which doesn't go unnoticed by Kyan.

"No, you won't be," Kyan says, looking at Marabella before turning his attention to Eziah.

"And I want you out of my city," Kyan snarls at him before turning for the door with his father's book in his hands. He nudges Marabella toward the door and she takes the book placing it in her bag. Instead of letting her leave Eziah had to open his damn mouth and keep going

"That won't be happening, Kyan. Marabella needs me here, so you need to get over yourself," Eziah says, and Kyan freezes, his entire back tensing before he turns to face Eziah. Kyan's hands glowed as he fisted them at his sides.

"Get over myself? You killed my fucking Uncle," Kyan growled.

"Yes, because your actions killed my fucking sister. She needs my help. I am staying until she can open that damn box," Eziah tells him.

Kyan looks at the jewelry box. Shoving past Eziah, he snatches it off the coffee table, and I feel his shock hit me. "Kaif sealed this," Kyan murmurs looking past me at Marabella. Feeling his own magic inside the box, I look to Marabella questionably. Yet she remained quiet, dread filled the bond coming from her, and Kyan growled.

"necessitudines quod separaverit," Kyan murmured before stalking toward Marabella. He shoves the box in her hands.

"It's open," he snaps, looking over his shoulder at Eziah.

"Now get out of my city," Kyan snarls, but Eziah sighs, looking at Marabella, who shakes her head, and I suck in a breath at Eziah's following words.

"You opened that box. That is not what we are trying to open," Eziah tells him.

"So, since you feel so fucking helpful, do you have any ideas on how to open something spelled and sealed shut by your father?" Eziah snaps at him.

"Eziah enough. Come on, Kyan," Marabella says, gripping Kyan's arm.

"Excuse me," Kyan asks, looking at Eziah, and so was I. Trying to figure out what was going o

"It's nothing, Kyan. Let's go home," Marabella says, trying to pull Kyan from the apartment, but he shakes her hand off that gripped his suit jacket.

"No, I want to know what he means," Kyan snaps at her.

"He is drunk. Let's just go," Marabella says, pulling on his arm. But he shakes her off again, and I could feel her fear through the bond and Kyan's rage as he stared at Eziah.

"Your father isn't dead, Kyan," Eziah says so matter of factly. Kyan seemed shocked by his words at first before he laughed looking between Marabella and Eziah. Kyan snarled his face twisting in anger and pivoted and punched him. Marabella screamed as Kyan attacked her brother.

Eziah smashed into the coffee table shattering it before Kyan pounces on him, hitting him repeatedly. I grab his shoulders, trying to rip him off Eziah, who laughed maniacally. At the same time, Kyan exploded in rage, the windows shattering, the light bulbs exploding, and the power flickering on and off. His energy surged along with his anger, and so did Eziah's.

Kyan was suddenly thrown backward as Eziah's glowing hands smashed against Kyan's chest, sending him hurtling into me and we crashed into the wall. The wall dents the support beam behind it jarring my back. Kyan growls, pushing off the ground. The shadows that tainted him rippled out of him like a pulse, and my eyes widened in horror as black mist engulfed his hands, forming a sphere. Eziah's eyes glowed gold brightly as they faced off. Darkness and light emanated out both of them when Kyan threw the sphere of mist directly at Eziah.

Time seemed to slow as I sat up to see Marabella run directly into the path of their explosive magic before tossing her hands out. "Flataska Potenza," she screamed. Yet it was too late as both of their power hit simultaneously, and she covered her face-recognizing she was too late.

I suck in a breath as Mara closes her eyes, bracing for its impact when it collides with her, only nothing happened at first until she blinked, and like a force field, the power was sent hurtling back at them, smacking them with enough force both of them were thrown backward. Eziah smashed into the kitchen cupboards while Kyan smashed against me, knocking the air from my lungs. Marabella growls, glaring at the wall where the TV sat, black shadows moved up her arms and neck, flecked with blue the same as Kyan's shadow marks, writhing over her skin.

"Enough!" she snaps before storming out the door without even looking at either of them, she was furious while we all just stared, wondering how she managed to deflect their power. And what the hell we just witnessed with the shadows. Kyan watches her leave and gets to his feet, chasing after her, and I hear Eziah groan as he gets to his. His lip split open, and he had a cut above his eyebrow.

Getting to my feet, I look at the mess and the damn windows that were only fixed today. Eziah

wipes his bleeding lip with the back of his hand before walking over and snatching the bottle of vodka that was rolling on the floor. He swigs from it. 1

"He needs anger management," Ezhiah says, flopping down onto the couch. What the fuck just happened?

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chapter 279 Kyan POV My heart nearly stopped when I watched my magic crash into her. She disabled my magic with her words. making my panic even more heightened because I wouldn't even be able to take it back. All-consuming fear hit me as I saw mine and Ezhiah's magic bleed into her with the force of a bomb, yet she took it in and remained standing. That was a magnitude of magic no one should have survived. Yet she deflected my spell, I lost control, and I could have killed her, but she blocked it and sent it back. Sending it hurdling into me, forcing me to absorb it. That shouldn't be possible. She shouldn't be breathing, let alone still standing. Power oozed and rippled out of her like a pulse; the darkness that tainted her spilled out and carved the shadows into her skin like it does me before she simply walked out of the room. I stared after her, shocked, and she simply walked out unaffected. Getting to my feet, I glanced at Ezhiah, who was still picking himself up off the floor. I wanted to kill him, but I had to check my mate first. The bond was deadly silent and numb, almost cold, as I ran out the door after her. The lights in the hall flickered the further she moved away. The buzz of electricity in the air was supercharged as she got in the elevator, the lights above it beeping as she stepped inside, and I ran toward her forcing my way in before the doors shut. Marabella still had her back to me as she pressed the button before turning to face me. When she did, I took a step back, my back hitting the closed door. Shadows tainted her, slivering under the skin like leeches, writhing within her. She seemed dazed as she stared at me vacantly, one eye black as coal, the other the color of burning embers. "Ella?" I whispered, and she blinked, tilting her head toward me. "He is my brother. You don't have to like him, I know he can be a prick, but you will not touch him," she says so coldly, and calmly I briefly wondered if it was my Ella at all. Her voice was unwavering as she stared at me, making me realize I hadn't even answered. "I'm sorry," I murmured, reaching out to her, but she just stared at me until I gripped her arms and ran my hands up to her shoulders. Her skin was ice cold under my palms. She sighed as sparks ran across my palms and up my arms along with something else. Something I knew wasn't my father's magic, wasn't the shadows; it was protective, warm, lukewarm, but not at all like the coldness of the magic that usually ran through her when I felt my father's magic or the icy feeling of the shadows. This power was different, seeking mine out before retreating when it touched the shadows inside me. Yet my touch seemed to awaken her as she blinked, the color in her eyes flickering. "I'm sorry, I just didn't want you to lose him twice. I wanted to be sure," she murmured. I wanted to ask what she meant when suddenly the feeling of her magic or whatever had a hold of her extinguished like someone just switched it off, and with it, the power died. The elevator dropped, plummeting quickly to the ground. The sudden drop had us hit the roof, and my stomach dropped as I grabbed her. Alarms inside blared as the elevator descended, the emergency brakes squealing as it tried to kick in and slow us. My hands slammed into the metal, yet my magic fizzled in my fingertips,

still having not returned. "Kyan!" she screamed, yet I couldn't stop the elevator. We were going to die. Her fear was palpable through the bond when she screamed again. It wasn't my name she called but my father's. "Dominic!" she shrieked, clutching her head, and closing her eyes. At first, I thought my father answered when the elevator jolted, and she crashed on top of me. Both of us hit the floor, yet when I looked at her, it was the same dark, consuming magic that had a hold of her last time. Both eyes burned brightly, a demonic shade of burning embers when her eyes opened. Her entire body shook, and the elevator binged. The doors opened, and my staff stood outside the doors looking horrified. "Alpha?" I heard, yet my eyes were stuck on my mate as I sucked in a breath. Looking up to find we had stopped on the ground floor. "Please tell me that was my father," I whispered, catching my breath while she sat up, her legs straddling my waist. She looked at her hands but shook her head. "... I don't know," she whispered, her entire body shaking violently, tremors running through her. Her face was pale as a ghost, and blood gushed out of her nose. Her eyes suddenly rolled into her head, and she fell forward, collapsing on top of me. The energy radiating off her dying out and exhaustion smashed against me through the bond. She burned herself out. Something I had only seen a few times when my father had done it when I was a kid, witches burned out with too much power, but I knew whatever coursed through her wasn't my father's magic. It was something else, and whatever she had done, she had awoken something, something I found terrifying. Something stronger than the Octavian bloodline, something with power more potent than the shadows. I clutch her to me, trying to catch my breath and the doors close when one of the security staff force it open with their foot near my head. Moments later, the fire escape doors were tossed open, the alarms blaring. I could feel Jonah getting closer and hearing their footsteps running toward us before Eziah barged into the elevator with Jonah. Eziah stared down at her, glancing around the elevator nervously before leaning down and taking his sister. I growl at him, but he growls back, scooping his arms under her. "Gemini, she fucking needs me. Let her go," he snaps, and I reluctantly let her go allowing him to take her. Her body was limp in his arms, and her head rolled back as Jonah offered me his hand. He pulls me to my feet. My entire body shook from the adrenaline coursing through me. Kaif stirred wildly within me, wanting to come forward; my magic was paralyzed, and so was he for now. "Back up," I commanded my staff, and they took off, allowing us out of the elevator. Eziah looks at me with a worried look on his face. "What happened to her?" he asked. "What do you mean? I don't know. We were fine. Then she cut the power out to the elevator," "I can't heal her," he said, lifting her and pressing his ear to her chest. I could hear her heart beating in her chest, so I knew she was alive, yet the same tentacles of darkness writhed beneath her skin, up her neck and arms like wiggling black veins, moving up her face. "She burned herself out. She took on too much power," I tell him holding my arms out for her, and he glares at me, holding my gaze before sighing and passing her back to me. "My magic has no effect on her. She is my twin. Your magic did this," he growled. I shake my head. "Mine can't touch her. We are twin flames, Gemini twins one and the same," he snarled. "I know, but it wasn't mine. The magic she used wasn't my father's either," I tell him cutting him off. He looks down at her before looking at me, disbelieving. Like he thought I would intentionally hurt her. I wanted to punch him, and my anger ignited once again. "Let's just get her home," Jonah says, gripping my shoulders, his chest brushing my back as he squeezes them. His worry makes mine worse, yet his closeness seems to calm the anger coursing through me, and I nod. "I'm coming with you," Eziah says. I went to shake my head, but he growled. "I am staying with my sister, or she comes with me," Eziah snaps, his eyes burning brightly in a warning. Yet his warning doesn't frighten me. "We may need him," Jonah whispers next to me, and I sigh, looking down at her.

"Fine," I snapped, walking off toward the fire escape to walk down to the parking garage. I would take the stairs. I am never getting in an elevator again,

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chapter 280 Jonah POV

Something had spooked Kyan. Whatever he witnessed, it frightened him. I knew not to ask, not while Eziah was sitting next to me. I glance at Kyan in the rear vision mirror. Mara was on his lap, cradled to his chest while he whispered to her. His magic slowly returned, and I could feel Kaifs presence return as I pulled up at the manor.

Getting out of the car, I grab Mara's bag she dropped in the elevator and pull it over my shoulder before opening the back door so Kyan could climb out with her. Eziah climbed out of the passenger side and looked up at the dark mansion. Kyan glances over his shoulder at him, and his lips pull back over his upper teeth, revealing his canines before he adjusted Mara, her head resting on his shoulder as he placed her legs around his waist, his arm under her ass as she slouched forward against him.

Eziah walks around the car, ignoring his anger. I could tell he didn't want to be here but knew he wasn't going anywhere until he knew Mara was alright.

Kyan walks toward the house flicking his wrist as his power returns and every light in the house turns on, lighting it up like a candle in the dark. Rushing ahead of him, I unlocked the door and pushed it open, letting him pass me. Eziah walked in behind him. kyan headed straight for the stairs.

"Just remember whose house you're in, Eziah. Piss me off I have plenty of places to bury your body," Kyan snaps as he walks up the steps toward our room. Turning, I face Eziah, who stared after him.

"You need to tone it down a few notches," I growl as he glared at Kyan's back, climbing the last few steps.

"Tone it down? He fucking started it," Eziah retorted.

"No, you did when you killed his uncle so cruelly. I get you had your reasons, and I am glad we have her back, but he has lost everything and everyone close to him, and you act like what you did has no effect on him,"

"What else was I supposed to do?" Eziah snapped.

"Fucking apologize. You don't have to be a dick about it. Now knock it off," I tell him.

"Then tell him to give her to me, and I will fucking leave," Eziah snapped but so did Jax as he lurched forward, taking control, my hands suddenly around his throat as I pinned him against the wall. Eziah glares at Jax, and I force control back, and Eziah smirks when I do.

"You are nothing but an entitled brat sometimes. For once, get your head out of your ass. Hating him gets you nowhere, Eziah. It only hurts Marabella, and if it came down to choosing, I would pick the mate bond over you, and I know Mara would too, so get it together or lose her. Kyan isn't your fucking enemy. He's her fucking mate!"

"And I'm her brother," he snarls.

"Yeah, you are, so I don't want kyan to fucking kill you because you can't keep your trap shut for once. Your snarky comments aren't needed here," I tell him shoving him back. "I was trying to help him," Eziah says as I head for the stairs. "Then help and stop being a jerk," I tell him, walking up the steps. Kaif suddenly comes forward through the bond, and I felt him take over kyan.

Walking into the room, Kyan's hands glowed as he pressed them to the sides of her face. He looks over his shoulder at me.

What are you doing?" I ask, stepping into the room.

"Channeling her, to find the source," comes Kaif's voice instead of Kyan's.

"Kyan, know your forward?"

"He is with me," he says before his eyes go past me, and I hear Eziah step in behind me.

Kaif growls, and his eyes flicker, but he turns back to look at Marabella.

"Did you find anything?" Eziah asks him, and Kaif growls, turning to look back at us. His canines had protruded, but I could tell Kyan was with him, and their fear coursed through me from them both. My stomach drops as Kaif's eyes flick to me.

"She'll be fine," he says, and I let out a breath, then his eyes go to Eziah.

"Time to figure out how to open that coffin," Kaif says coldly, his glare threatening to set Eziah on fire.

"So now you want my help," Eziah snaps, and I growl at him.

"You only had to keep your mouth shut," Kaif snapped, rising to his feet and shifting. His body rippled, and he cracked his neck standing up, his head nearly scraping the roof as I craned my neck to look up at him.

"Here we go," Eziah mutters, and I want to strangle the idiot.

"She had her reasons for not wanting him to know, and now I have no choice but to tell him." Kaif snarled.

"Well, the cat is out of the bag, fucking get over it," Eziah says, and Kaif takes a step toward him. Eziah rolls his eyes, unafraid of him, but Kaif wasn't like Kyan. Nothing frightened me more than the monster that stood in front of me.

"Yes, and you made him lose control. You have no idea what you have done, what you have awoken," Kaif growls, gripping the front of his shirt. He lifts Eziah so they are nose to nose, his feet dangling in the air.

"So you will help fix your mistake," Kaif said his voice ice cold like the feeling running through me.

"And why would I do that?" Eziah snapped.

"Because if we can't wake him to take his power, and the power in her gets out like that again, it could fucking kill her," Kaif says, letting him go.

Eziah drops to his feet and glances at Mara on the bed.

"But you said she would be alright?" Eziah stammers.

"Idiot, now where is Celestes grimoire?" Kaif demands.

"In Mara's bag downstairs," I answer him, and he heads for the door ducking his head as he steps through i

"Kaif?" I call, and he stops looking back in at me.

"What do you need?" I ask him.

"We need to wake Dominic,"

"What?" I ask, confused, looking at Eziah, staring at his sister.

"We don't think he is dead," Eziah answers, and I look at Kaif.

"This is what she was keeping from us?" I ask and Kaif nods again then growls, glaring at Eziah.

"But for now I need to take his magic from her,"

"Why, he gave it to her," Eziah asks, spinning on his heel to look at Kaif.

"This is why magic shouldn't be played with carelessly, you can only harness so much, and she can't harness more than she already is, you awoke it,"

"Awoke what?" Eziah and I ask at the same time.

"Our child's," Kaif says looking at me,

"You got her pregnant?" Eziah asks, and I swallow. Kaif raises an eyebrow at me.

"Kyan has more control than that. Blame our mate," Kaif says though I could tell he wasn't angry, just more concerned, Kyan told me this could happen, and I didn't think. I knew trio mates always shared DNA. Looking at Mara, guilt smashed me. Kyan was right; I may have caused the curse to continue.

"Jonah!" Kaif says, and I look at him.

"It's not your fault. It's dickheads," Kaif says.

"I didn't knock her up," Eziah snapped, pulling a face.

"No, you just forced our child's magic to awaken to protect its mother," Kaif snarled before stalking off. Guilt hits me as I follow after Kaif, when Eziah calls out to me.

"Jonah," I stop glancing at him.

"I'm sorry,"

"I'm not the one you have to say sorry to," I tell him walking out to follow my mate.

I catch up to Kaif on the stairs. "What if we can't wake Dominic?"

"He has to wake," Kaif murmurs, walking across the foyer.

"But if he doesn't?"

"I won't lose her," Kaif says,

"Kaif!" | demand as he grabs her bag off the chair. He looks over at me.

"Can you Chanel that much power?" I ask him.

"I can hold Kyan's and mine, so yes," kaif answers.

"That's not what I asked,"

"It's Octavian magic. Kyan is Octavian, Dominic is Octavian, I can take it,"

"I know, but each generation gets stronger, doesn't it? Kyan can barely contain your magic and his own,"

"Kyan will be fine," Kaif answers. Yet I knew he was hiding something.

"What happens if you take Dominic's magic?" | ask.

"I absorb it," he says simply.

"Kaif!" | snarl.

"I absorb it, and take Dominic's place,"

"What?"

"We open that coffin and can't wake him. We have the daggers,"

"I'm not following," I tell him.

"One takes life. One gives it. We open that coffin and can't free Dominic. You use Celeste's dagger on me, the one used on Luna," Kaif murmurs.

"You want me to Kill Kyan?" I ask horrified but Kaif shakes his head. . "There is a reason that talisman was always kept by the Octavians, in case they had to kill me if I couldn't break the curse and gave into the darkness. I am done losing mates, done losing my children, we can't wake Dominic, you use the dagger on me,"

"I am not killing Kyan. Are you insane,"

"It won't kill Kyan, but it will kill me if used on me in this form,"

"Mara would never allow that," I tell him.

"That's why I asked you and not her, you are my guardian, and if it comes to choosing between them and me, you choose them. You won't let me kill her, and I won't have her kill our child," Kaif says, snatching the book out of the bag.

"She can handle the darkness, Kaif,"

"That child is the darkness, Marabella isn't a normal wolf, she is Gemini twin, that baby she is carrying has more power than anything I have ever seen before,"

"What do you mean?"

"Dark and light, Jonah, that's what a Gemini is, but what happens when darkness meets darkness," my brows furrow.

"Octavian bloodline is a demi-god-witches, though," Kaif nods.

"And she is the daughter of the moon goddess. That baby is the first in history, a Gemini god,"

“Huh?”

“Octavian bloodlines stem from the gods, and so does hers. Let’s just hope it has your temper. God help u sif it has mine,” Kaif says, walking back up the stairs toward the third level.