

# Fated To The Alpha by Jessica Hall

## Chapter 281

### Chapter 280 Kyan POV

I refused to let myself have hope. I would know if there was a way for him to come back, right? Yet watching Kaif in control, the way he skimmed through the grimoires, he knew exactly what he was looking for, though I had never glimpsed this grimoire before. My father always told me not to touch it, so I always left it alone when I went through his room. "What are you looking for?" I ask him. "The incantation used to create the stones," Kaif answers. I could feel Jonah hovering behind us, watching us. Kaif, also feeling him, looks over his shoulder at him. He stood leaning against the door, waiting for permission to come in. Jonah knew what boundaries he could cross with Kaif and Kaif never let people in this room. He hated even me being in here, but he had no choice, seeing as we shared a body.

He knew this place haunted me. It was the first time I witnessed what a monster Kaif could be. The vibe of This room was dark, and my power thrived in here but so did Kaif's, making us a beacon for the shadows to overtake us. "You can come in, Jonah," Kaif tells him, and he pushes off the doorframe and wanders over to us.

"Eziah?" Kaif asks him.

"I told him to stay off this floor," Jonah tells him, and Kaif nods. "Kaif flicks through the pages stopping on a page I could not read, yet his eyes moved over the page quickly, and I could get a sense of understanding from his thoughts.

"So the stones, if they can kill you. Now don't take this the wrong way. I am glad you're not dead, but why wouldn't you use the dagger on yourself and end the curse?" Jonah asks. "Because the curse wouldn't end just the bloodline. Luna would still be trapped in the shadows along with my son; I wanted to at least free him. By the time I realized I couldn't break it, too many were trapped there. I couldn't walk away. I would be trapped there too, the Octavian bloodline would end, everyone would be trapped, their souls never to rest." "But you would do it for, Mara?" Jonah asks.

"I wanted to fix my mistakes; I still loved Luna despite everything. She didn't deserve to be trapped in the shadows, neither did the Octavian bloodline, none of them did, and I could set them free,"

"What's changed, then,"

"Mara changed everything. She forgave me; I won't let her be the next Octavian woman trapped there. She fought to save me even after everything we had done. She forgave the unforgivable; I can live with their hate, but I won't let it destroy her or you."

"What do you mean? I am not Octavian," Jonah says.

"You were Octavian the moment I marked you, the bloodline will continue with the child she

carries, so if it means me dying to stop me from killing her, I will,"

"So what if she is wrong? What if we can't bring him back?" I could feel his worry at that. What if we opened it and it was for nothing? What if we opened it and found bones and nothing else.

"Trust me, Ky. If she believes he can be brought back, I believe her," Kaif tells me.

"Kaif?" Jonah asks, and Kaif sighs. He was careful with the book, careful not to tear the pages.

"We need celestial power and an anchor. Eziah and Marabella can open the casket, but they need to channel something," "The ruins?" I ask.

"Could work," Kaif says out loud.

"What could?" Jonah asks.

"We need to get Dominic to the ruins, just one problem," Kaif says.

"What's that?" Jonah asks.

"The power needed to open that casket. Marabella can't channel that sort of power without running the risk of it killing her," Jonah chews his lip, looking down at the grimoire. "I can channel her, but you can't take on that sort of magic either, Kyan. I can, but I can't enter the ruins in my form, and you can't channel me once in there," "I can channel her power," I tell him.

"Not without an anchor to stop the shadows from taking you over," Kaif growls at me. "We have no choice unless you know another witch?" I snap at him.

"You could become lost in the shadows; it could send you insane," Kaif tries to argue.

"If there is a chance my father is alive, I am doing it, and I am not risking my mate or our child to do it," Kaif thinks for a second when Jonah touches him, drawing his attention away.

"You alright?" Jonah asks him.

"Yes, just arguing with Kyan," Kaif tells him.

"So what next then?" Jonah asks.

"We get Dominic to the ruins," Kaif tells him.

"Eziah and I will go. You stay with Mara," Jonah says, gripping our shoulder. Kaif nods, turning back to his grimoire when he suddenly blocks me out, completely stuffing me further back into the pits of our minds so I couldn't see what he was doing.

"Kaif!" I called to him. Eventually, I felt him let me take control, and I was back in my room. Ella lay beside me, and I blinked, looking around.

Marabella POV

Gentle fingers moved up my spine, and sparks zapped my skin as Kyan's scent invaded my nose. Filled the room as I drowsily woke up. My mind tried to piece together the last memories

I had. It was like putting a puzzle together, yet the pieces didn't fit. How could they? It made no sense. I remember the fearful look on his face as the elevator plummeted to the ground. Rolling onto my back Kyan was lying next to me, a book in his hand. It was his father's book, the grimoire I stole.

"I'm sorry I didn't tell you. I just didn't want to be wrong, and you lose him all over again," I admitted. Kyan sets the grimoire down on the bedside table, rolling into me and tucking my body close.

"I'm not mad. Well, I am. However, not because you lied, because you meddled in something dangerous, Ella. Magic isn't to be played with, and Kaif should have known better," kyan whispers. His breath sweeps along my neck moving my hair, and I sigh.

"What happened? Where are Jonah and Eziah?" I ask nervously. Worried, Kyan finished what he started. Though it was my fault, I should have come to him, yet the thought of destroying him again. Kyan can't lose anyone else. He has sacrificed too much for my family. For me. We all have lost something, whether it is family or a piece of ourselves.

"Jonah and Eziah went to retrieve my father's coffin. They are taking it to the ruins," "The ruins? Kaif figured out how to open it?"

"He thinks so. We just need to be careful. You can't channel too much power. It nearly killed you last time," his words confused me. Although I know he was right because Dominic's power was consuming when I stopped them. The shadows were so strong as they tried to suck me under, wanted to make me give them control.

The voices in the elevator, the feeling of falling, then I felt nothing. It was the oddest sensation. I shiver, remembering it, and Kora sluggishly comes forward. She lays down in my head, looking as exhausted as I feel.

"It wasn't our power or Dominic's," she yawns. But I knew she was right. This was colder, frostbitten sort of cold.

"It wasn't your father's magic, was it?" I murmur, and Kyan's hand moves to sit flat against my stomach

Kora nods in my head at the same time Kyan speaks. Clarity washes over me.

"You're pregnant," Kyan whispers, kissing the side of my neck and making me gasp.

"But—"

"It will be fine. Kaif has a plan," Kyan whispers, and I roll in his arms to face him.

"But the curse, Kaif will have no choice, he,"

"He will die before he ever hurts you," Kyan tells me. I try to make sense of what he is saying.

"Marabella, breathe," Kyan whispers, making me realize I was choking on a panic attack. I can't be pregnant. We don't know if we broke the curse yet, Kora whines in my head, yet she feels protective of her pup already.

"Ella, God damn it, breathe," Kyan growls.

Yet I couldn't around the huge lump in my throat and the pit of dread that formed in my

stomach. Fear washed over me, and tears formed in my eyes. What if I doomed this child, all of us? Kyan's hands clamp onto the side of my face as my panic continues to grow. I felt like I was having a heart attack as I gasped for air, my body feeling foreign, my heart beating erratically, beating loudly in my ears.

"Ella!" Kyan growls before pressing his face in my neck, he nips at my mark, sparks flood across my skin, and I suck in much-needed air, filling my lungs as I grip him, his heart thumping against my chest and I feel my heart rate slow, falling in sync with his. "You will be fine, Kaif will be fine, everything will work out, just breathe," Kyan says, his lips moving against my neck, his hot breath against my cold skin made shiver.

"I'm right here with you. Jonah will be here. Our son will be fine," Kyan purrs. His chest vibrates against me, and I clutch him tighter, needing something to hang onto, something to ground me and pull me out of my head. "I don't want to be like them," "You won't. You're stronger than the shadows, Ella. You're made of them," Kyan whispers pulling back and looking down at me.

At his words, I knew that I could hang onto them, that he truly believed I was strong enough to hold and fight the shadows. So with that, I could let him ground me; I pressed my lips to his. The kiss was needy and demanding as desire spread over my skin. Nipping at me, demanding that I lose myself in the oblivion that he could give me, if only for a little while.