

Fated To The Alpha by Jessica Hall

Chapter 282

/ Fated To The Alpha Series by Jessica Hall
Fated To The Alpha, Chapter 282

Eziah POV Something was happening. The moment Kyan's magic latched onto her, she jolted. A cold rush moved through me, and her eyes bled black. She smiled. The look on her face was eerie like she was looking straight through me. Jonah refused to let me go to her, and I was a second away from blasting him with my magic as she spoke to something, agreeing with it while Kyan tried to coax her out of whatever state she was in. He looks at her worriedly, whispering to her to ignore the voices. I couldn't hear anything, but it was clear she could.

Black tendrils writhed all over her exposed skin. Thunder and lightning streaked the sky and rumbled loudly, cracking like a whip and igniting the sky in streaks of light. Kyan spoke calmly when blood started to stream from her eyes, nose, and ears, his voice growing higher when he suddenly bit her. Sank his teeth into her neck, remarking her, her eyes flickered, and my heart jolted in my chest. She blinks rapidly, and Kyan rips his head back. His eyes had turned white, like a storm was brewing within the depths, darkness emanated out of them yet never breached the barrier held by the ruins, black fog crept along the edges of the coffin before smothering it and obscuring it along with their hands.

Kyan murmured words I could not understand, but the power I could feel was electrifying, truly showing how much power the Octavians had, and I gulped. That realization I had been prodding and poking the beast suddenly seemed foolish as his lips moved too fast. Kyan had the power to destroy me. 2 Kyan was right, magic should not be played with, and the power he was using was unlike anything I had ever seen before. Otherworldly and ancient, and for the first time, I witnessed darkness glow. It was the only way I could describe it, and Mara's eyes flickered between black and white as he channeled the shadows from her. Kyan gasped, stumbling back like a force field had hit him.

Mara collapsed on the ground beside the coffin, and I rushed forward to help. Only the moment I tried to run through the ruins, I was blown backward. Tossed through the air, and I crashed into something hard behind me, only to find it was Jonah as he took the brunt of the impact.

Electricity zapped around the rocks, lightning repeatedly hitting them as Kyan stood. Only when he did I blink rapidly, unable to believe my eyes when ghostly figures suddenly stood inside with them, hundreds of translucent shadow people stood within, goosebumps rose on my arms. As his eyes moved to the coffin, like he was in a trance or maybe just focused.

Yet the look on his face was demonic, his body completely obscured as the shadows wrapped around him, leaving only his neck up visible. Engulfing him as his hands lifted outward, he tilted his head toward the sky, and my heart nearly

stopped in my chest when the air stilled abruptly. Like time froze, and we had hit the center of a storm.

Seconds felt like hours as I got to my feet and ambled my way closer when light engulfed my vision like the worst welding flash. The lightning hit the dead center of his chest, blue streaks of light flickered within the shadows, and his entire body jolted. Jonah whimpered behind me at the same time Kyan's hands slammed down on the coffin lid. "Morte, leto stat hora, tuo more silent, umbrae sub luna tegunt, sub lunaque latent, nec nisi lunae possunt surrexere umbrae," kyan spoke, his voice echoing around us. As he uttered the last word, lightning hit the coffin, the power erupted outside the ruins flattening the trees on the outer parts of the clearing and creating a circle. The lightning then bounced off the ruins, etching runes into the rock as Jonah and I were knocked off our feet. Sitting up, Kyan's eyes bled, and he collapsed to the ground. I hold my breath, and I hear a gasp beside me, I turn to see Jonah staring with wide eyes at his mates. They both sit up stunned, and the air turns stagnant yet also charred. The power charge drops, and Kyan shakes his head before he gasps, reaching for Mara, who was staring vacantly to the side of them. Her lips part, and her gasp of shock was audible. I followed her gaze to see the lid on the coffin wide open.

Marabella POV

My body felt supercharged yet hollow as Kyan took Dominic's magic from me, it was like a void opened inside me and what was once there was no longer part of me. It felt foreign, and I didn't realize how much I would miss it, like a piece of me was stolen. That piece was Dominic.

Kyan, however, gasped, like he was struggling to breathe and I sat up. The night was silent, so the slightest noise sounded loud as the moon beamed down on us. Kyan was jittery, and I know it was from taking on too much power. Fear coursed through me as I felt it tearing into him, and he reached for me; his body shook like he was convulsing, his muscles taut, but the

ing, his muscles taut, but the tingles from his touch warmed the hollow, cold feeling inside me.

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Dazed, I looked around before my lips part as I noticed the lid on the coffin was wide open, the runes no longer glowed, and I couldn't tear my gaze away. My heart thumped in my chest. This was the moment, the moment to see if I was right. But what if I was wrong? Doubt crept in, and pain panged through me, knowing how much that would destroy Kyan. Kyan sighs beside me, clutching my face in his hands and pressing his forehead against mine. He lets out a shaky breath. "You're alright," he whispers, his hands trembled as he tried to contain the magic writhing through him, and I place my hands on his. "I'm fine, but Kyan," I whisper, turning my head back to the open coffin. He turns his head, looking in the same direction.

"It worked!" he choked, his shaking becoming worse. I choked on my laugh. It worked, it worked, we opened the coffin. Kyan stares at it but doesn't move like he was too scared to go over there and have his hope crushed. I swallow, feeling his burning curiosity yet also caution. Hope and longing bled into me through the

bond, but also sadness, sadness for everything his father missed but hope that he could have him back

Standing, I get to my feet, and I see Jonah and Ezhiah out of the corner of my eye moving toward us. I tug on Kyan's hand, but he shakes his head, his eyes turning glassy. I smile sadly

and let his hand go. I wander over to the coffin, and Kyan clears his throat, making me glance back at him to see him rise to his feet, he forces himself to take a step toward me, and I hold my hand out to him. He takes it, and I give it a squeeze. We move toward the coffin, and I hold my breath as I look inside. Kyan croaks on a sob. His knees go weak as he stumbles forward, clutching the suit his father wore. Tears streamed down my face as he clutched his father's body.

We found no bones but a man, a man I had tried to envision for months. Photos did him no justice. He looked peaceful, his eyes closed. He should have been bones and dust, but inside, his father was perfectly intact. He looked alive, just asleep.

The similarities between Kyan and the man that spent years in my head were uncanny. They could pass as twins, only his father a little older, his features were graceful like Kyan's, his black hair held no greys, and his skin smooth. Jonah and Ezhiah, I see, move closer, and I hold up my hand, telling them to stay where they are as Kyan breaks into a million pieces.

His heart and soul cried for the man he thought he would never see again, a little boy crying for his father. Kyan strokes his father's face, and I step closer, placing my hand on his back as he shakes.

"Now, let's bring him home," I whisper, peering up at the moon. It was nearly time, this was our chance, and despite his emotion, he couldn't waste it. I wouldn't let him.

Fated To The Alpha by Jessica Hall

Chapter 283

[/ Fated To The Alpha Series by Jessica Hall](#)
Fated To The Alpha, Chapter 283

Kyan looked at me before looking at the sky and back at his father. Something flooded through him, it felt like determination as he took off and ran outside the ruins and grabbed the Grimoire. He came back flicking through the pages before he looked back inside the coffin, rummaging around before pulling out the talisman from underneath Dominic. It was like the one in the dagger; it shared the same shape. I glanced down at the open grimoire, noticing the drawing inside, a picture of the moon and the two stones.

Yet as I picked up the dagger that held the other I noticed the difference. The one in the dagger was blood red and sparkled, the one Kyan held was a crimson

color but dark and shadows made it almost appear smoky. Eziah came to stand by me. He pocketed the dagger to return it to the moon goddess realm. Kyan finds the spell, making both Eziah and I repeat it before nervously glancing up at the moon which was directly above us. We recited the spell that should break the stone.

Jonah picked up the grimoire and glanced at it. Flicking through the pages. Kyan then dropped the stone in my hand, it was cold, like holding ice and I fought the urge to drop it. Eziah places his hand over the top of mine and I feel the stone warm, his fingertips brushing my wrist and I felt my gemini power rise to meet his, black tendrils moved over Eziah's hand covering the stone. Turning our hands, gold bled up mine, both coexisting as we shared power. As we became the gemini. Warmth spread up my arm to my elbow and Eziah gasped as the cold touch of mine moved up his. We started to recite the chant when Jonah spoke. "It seems too simple," he murmurs. Kyan looks back at him.

"You said they have to break the stone holding Luna, and that your father tied his life to the same stone?" Kyan nods, glancing at the page Jonah was looking at. "So the moon," Jonah looks up. "The stones, but what is this?" he points to some squiggles above a block, I look at Eziah and he shrugs.

"No, this is the original curse, how the stones were created. That is the sacrifice, so not the same because dad put his life force in Mara, with his magic. Using the stone as his power source, so by breaking the source he should wake," Kyan tells him, turning back to us. Kyan was giddy when he looked at us. I and I could feel his burning excitement at getting his father back.

Jonah scratched his chin but Eziah and I spoke the words that Kyan said when he suddenly dropped his hands on our shoulders. The moment he did, my body tensed as Octavian magic rushed through me. Eziah shivered and swayed on his feet, and my arm felt like it caught fire as the heat of Eziah's magic burned my arm and scorched the blood in my veins. His power intensified. Eziah's face paled and he turned a sickly grey as my magic's cold touch seeped into him, our power transferring between us and merging. Eziah tried to speak the words yet the more I stared at my twin, the stronger I grew, I felt invigorated while Eziah

looked like he was dying, I glanced at our glowing hands, Kyan's head dropped as he channelled more power into us. Eziah reached forward as we chanted and choked.

"Eziah?" I muttered, ripping my hand away from him that was holding the stone, the spell broke. The stone fell from our hands as I clutched Eziah's arms. He swayed toward me and Kyan gasped looking at the stone on the ground before looking at Eziah. His magic was giving me life while mine was taking his. The moment he dropped the stone his color returned and he sucked in air.

"No, we can do this," Eziah says, swaying on his feet. He bends down grabbing the stone again, he stumbles into me and I grip his shoulders.

"Eziah?" I ask hauling him upright and trying to hold him steady.

"We are so close," Eziah says. I look to Kyan in panic who stared between us before looking down at the stone clutched in Eziah's hands. Eziah shakes me off and stands.

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"I'm fine, lets try again, it just overwhelmed me" he says holding his hand out with the stone.

Kyan watches him and glances at me and shrugs and we try again. The same thing happened, I was killing my brother, and he was giving his life force to me the moment Kyan touched us. Eziah kept wanting to try and I looked at Kyan pleadingly before glancing back at the coffin that held his father. How much power was needed to break the stone, and how much would it take for it to kill my brother? Eziah holds his hand out but I take a step back.

I shake my head, "it's killing you," I stutter.

"I'm fine we just need to wake him up," Eziah gasps. "Not by sacrificing your life, no," I tell him as Eziah steps toward me.

"We can do this Marabella, this is what we are made for. Light and darkness, it is what it needs to break it, we are so close, Dominic is right there," Eziah says, yet I take a step back before looking at Kyan. Pleading for him to tell Eziah no, he glances between us and looks at his father, his shoulders dropping. "Ella is right," Kyan says and I felt the soul crushing pressure in my chest as disappointment rushed through me. "No, what happens if you don't break the spell, Kyan! Does she know what Kaif's back up plan is?" Eziah snaps at him. "What back up plan?" I asked, glancing between them nervously.

"It's nothing," Kyan says, he grips his hair and his eyes turn glassy.

"She has a right to know, she can choose," Eziah snaps. "I will not let her make that choice, she's you're f*****g twin," Kyan snarls and Jonah grips his shoulder. Kyan's shoulder sag. He lets out a breath. "I knew it was impossible. It's over Ella," Kyan murmurs. He bites his lip and nods. "It's over,"

"What backup plan?" I demand.

"You can't harness his father's power while carrying your child. Kyan can't for long either along with Kaif's. Kaif will die, Kyan will lose his power, and his Lycan, trapping the Octavians i

n the shadows for eternity, isn't that right Kyan, that is Kail's backup plan, so don't tell me Marabella doesn't get a say in that," Eziah snaps.

"What?" I gasp and my legs tremble at his words. I look at Jonah who hangs his head and Kyan glares at Eziah.

"Is this true?" I murmur. Kyan swallows and looks away from me. "We don't have a choice," Kyan murmurs.

"Wait, so if we can't wake up your father, Kaif dies?"

"Yes, but if you wake him, you will kill your brother so which is it? You want her to choose?" He growls, turning and glaring at Eziah.

I glance between them before shaking my head. "No, No. ..." "I can do this Mara," Eziah says. But I shake my head. Yet I was torn, this was so f****d up. My mate or my brother? How do you choose? "One last time, just try one more time," Eziah murmurs stepping toward me but I take a step back unable to choose.

"It's okay, Ella. I know you can't, therefore I will choose for you," Kyan says, shutting the lid on the coffin. "It will be okay," he says but I shake my head feeling his heartbreak, despite him and Eziah not getting along he wouldn't make me choose between him and my brother.

"It makes no sense?" Jonah mutters.

"You're right, it makes none at all. I should have known better," Kyan says, stalking off back toward the trail.

"It's over, it's done," Kyan says, stalking off down the trail. "Kyan!" I call after him but he disappears between the trees and Eziah growls before going to grab me only when his hands reach out to grip my arms, my mother appears out of thin air and he grabs hers instead. "Mum?" I stammer. She stares off to where Kyan walked off and disappeared. "I can do this mum!" Eziah says. "I know, and you would for her, but what kind of mother would I be if I let my child die for the other," she says before glancing over her shoulder at me. Tears brimmed in my eyes as she smiled sadly. I swallowed looking toward the trail and Jonah chased after Kyan also disappearing "It started with the moon and it ends with the moon," My mothers says and I turn my tear filled eyes back to her while she wanders over to the grimoire resting open on the coffin where Jonah placed it.

"What are you doing?" Eziah asks her. "Cleaning out the closet," she says looking over at me. Eziah and I look at each other. "We all have skeletons in the closet," she says while turning and opening the coffin again. "We get to choose which ones to live with and I chose wrong. I can't live with that choice." she says.

"Mum?" Eziah says but she holds up a hand.

"I could have saved him, but I didn't. Dominic gave his life for my daughter, he sacrificed himself for Marabella, then stayed with you. He made you strong and I owe him this much," she says looking down in the coffin at Dominic.

"I don't understand?" I tell her looking at Eziah.

"I took Kyan's father from him once, I won't do it again," she says, lifting her chin and looking at us. Eziah and I try to figure out what riddle she speaks about this time. She looks down at the grimoire reading over the pages.

"I will be the sacrifice needed, that I can live with," she says, looking down at the coffin. She grips Dominic's hand. "A life for a life, and for that I will take the sentence of eternity," she tells him..

Fated To The Alpha by Jessica Hall

Chapter 284

[/ Fated To The Alpha Series by Jessica Hall](#)

Fated To The Alpha, Chapter 284

Katya POV We were eating dinner when I felt the pull, it sucked me in and I was suddenly standing in the fountain room of the moon goddess realm. I tried to figure out what pulled me here, yet as another wave of nausea rolled over me. The realm shook, water in the fountains sloshed over the sides and I gripped one.

Trying to hold it steady. I stared down at Dominic's wolf that glowed like a beacon. The shudders stop again and I regain my feet, moving to the fountain of life, I swiped through the smog and steam, clearing the water to see Eziah's life force darkening. Marabella's turning gold. My heart hammered in my chest trying to figure out what was going on. What went wrong. Frantically scraping through the water, tipping it over the edge and rewinding the past to see.

They opened the coffin! I gasped. I didn't know how they would do it but knew it would be done. Suddenly the realm shakes again and each time Eziah grew darker and Marabella glowed fiercely. Nothing was working, my son was dying and I watched as they tried to piece the puzzle of the curse together when I noticed something in the center of Marabella's life force, it was a black smudge.

And something else, something trying to attach to her. I moved to another fountain, the one Dominic's wolf sat in, along with it was another flickering life force, though it wasn't like the others it glowed and flickered blue, and tendrils seeped behind it, trailing it. I touch it and dread befalls over me. Darkness. Darkness so powerful it threatened to consume me.

Now I was trying to piece together what was happening when I watched Dominic's wolf chase after it, trying to calm it when it hit me and I scooped them out of the fountain. I waited for Dominic's wolf to disappear in my hands like it usually did, but he remained, letting me transfer him back to the fountain of life. Along with a strange shadow wolf. I place them in and they both attach to Mara. And I gasp at the realization. Tears brim in my eyes and I choke on a sob. My baby girl was pregnant. Dominic wolf was sensing its kin. Yet Dominic wouldn't wake. I watched them argue while Dominic's blurring little blob of a wolf flickered, staring up at me expectantly.

"What is it," I ask him but he just stares at the pup and back at me. I touch the smoky wolf and his name appears in my head, as I witness his past lives.

"Obsidian," I murmur. Looking back at the fountain. I move through the water sifting through time and looking for anything that could lead them to breaking

the curse. Obsidian kept playing on my mind. The word so dark and the shadows attached in mind I was brought back to the curse. How it all started. I watched. Having watched it a million times over the last couple of months.

Two stones, the moon, and a sacrifice. I look away when I watch Celeste kill the girl. So tragic. The stones, one represented death the other life. "One creates a god, one destroys one." Celeste tells Kaif. It makes me wonder and I remember Selene's words.

"I'm tired," she was tired of being the moon goddess. It truly was the worst curse of all. Choosing fate, choosing who lives and dies. Did Celeste hand the realm to Selene for the same reason Selene gave it to me. Eternity is a long time and everything has a loophole. Suddenly the realm shakes again and I lurch forward, my hand falling in the fountain to catch myself.

It starts with the moon, it ends with the moon, those words played on mind when it clicked. It wasn't a literal moon. It started with Celeste the Moon Goddess, it had to end with a Moon Goddess. I rush to the shelves looking through the old books and finding the list of curses and those that are still cursed. Finding Kaif's it never made sense. The drawings were ancient and symbolic as I stared down at the old parchment. There stood Celeste, the stones in each hand the moon above her. Her sacrifice at her feet. Yet how did it fit. One takes life, one gives it. The stones were Gemini! Dark and light. I wandered over to the fountains and watched Marabella and Eziah once again try to break the curse. Yet neither could harbor the other's power. Because neither were Gemini. Together they were the Gemini but neither were both. My blood ran through their veins but neither were a god or goddess. Only demi's. The stones, the curse, my kids and how they cancelled each other

out.

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I shake my head, one creates, one kills. Celeste wanted out but what was her sacrifice, it was her life, she sacrificed her life so she could rest. It suddenly made sense, they couldn't destroy the stones. Only the stones could destroy each other just like I watched my children kill each other.

A pit forms in my stomach and I feel myself craving my mates. Just the thought of them had them being sucked into the realm. It rarely happened but they were both an extension of me and I them. Me needing them pulled them to me.

"A little warning next time," Mateo gasps moving toward me. I glance at them. Ezra watched me curiously, yet I didn't know what I was asking of them.

Mateo grabs my chin to make me look up at him and Ezra steps closer. Could I condemn them for eternity? Ezra steps closer, wrapping his arms around me and peering over my shoulder. "I know something is wrong, or we wouldn't be here with you, so what is it?" He asks.

Mateo leans over the fountain, squinting at our children. "Why is Eziah like that?" he says, panic lacing his words. Ezra looks over my shoulder again at Mateo pointing at our son.

"They are trying to break a curse they can't break," I admit.

Ezra watches them try again and Mateo watches me curiously. "You know how to break it," he says and I nod.

"And it would break the curse on Dominic and bring him back?" I nod again. Yet I do this, I doom not only me but my mates.

"At what cost?" Mateo asks.

"Us," I answered.

"Do what you gotta do," Ezra says and their trust in me overwhelmed me. They would follow me blindly, they had complete faith in me still, even after I f****d up so terribly in the past.

"I do this, there is no way out, we will never know rest," I tell them. But I wouldn't destroy my kids. Eziah would die trying. I know he felt guilty about not picking up on Marabella's feelings, this he believed was the only way to make up for it. Yet Marabella would never sacrifice her brother, but if she didn't she would sacrifice her mate.

"I would forever be the moon goddess, I could never hand the title down when we die, we will forever be stuck here, you will be stuck with me.'Do you both understand what I am saying?" I ask them. Yet I was doing it even if they didn't agree, though I knew they would. "Eternity with you by our sides would still not be long enough," Ezra whispers, kissing my cheek. I look at Mateo.

"I can live with Eternity with my mates, though you have the transfer dagger?" Ezra catches on first and shakes his head before I can answer. Mateo sighs. "You can't destroy one without the other," he says. I nod, chewing my lip and Mateo looks in the fountain to see Kyan run off.

"That boy deserved so much more than Selene handed him," Mateo states.

"Yes, like his father, we had him wrong," I tell them.

"Then you better make it right," Mateo says, stepping closer and wrapping his arms around us both and sandwiching me between them. "This right here, is all that matters. Anywhere trapped with you both is worth being trapped for," Ezra purrs and I sigh. "I really messed things up,"

"So time to clean up, Selene trusted you to make the right decisions, and this is the right one to make, we will be right with you, you aren't like Selene or Celeste, you will never be trapped here alone, not with us by your side, where you go, we go, I can live with that. What I can't live with, is knowing our kids will suffer if you don't. So don't let them, and bring Dominic back. You're not the only one that regrets that day," Ezra mumbles into my hair. I nod. They both evaporate going back to the human realm while I glance down at Dominic's wolf.

"Ready to go home?" I ask him and he flickers, staring up at me.

With one last glance at the realm I would one day be cursed to never leave, I portal back. Only this time I portal to my kids, to everyone else I was the Moon Goddess, they needed a Moon

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