

Fated To The Alpha by Jessica Hall

Chapter 285

Chapter 285

Jonah POV

I chased Kyan, but Kaif took off with him, and I knew why. He wanted to end it before he thought much about it, so he needed to retrieve the dagger.

Kyan knew for Mara to live, Kaif must die, and he saw no other way out. His pain crushed me, yet I had wandered from the trail and was now struggling to find my way back. I headed back up the hill with no other choice, knowing it led back to the ruins. I didn't want to wander too far and become lost. When I reached the top, I clutched my knees and tried to catch my breath.

Eziah and Marabella stood arguing with Katya, who paid them no mind as she looked at the grimoire she held. Kat's eyes flicked to me before her voice was suddenly in my head.

"Take Mara," she says, and I swallow, trying to figure out what she was doing here and why she wanted me to take Mara. Kat then tosses the grimoire into the coffin, and I move toward the ruins. Slightly hesitant as I stepped inside the pentagram. The power emanating from the three of them was almost suffocating.

"I can do this, mum. Just listen to me," Eziah pleaded with Kat?

"I am not doubting that, Eziah, but give me the stones," kat says, holding her hand out. I walk behind Eziah, and Mara and Kat nodded to me. I swallowed, knowing what she was asking, and the moment my arms wrapped around Mara's waist. She screamed and thrashed, twisting in my arms, trying to break free.

"No, no!" Mara screamed. Eziah steps away from Kat shaking his head when her hands clamp on the sides of Eziah's face. "Hand me the stones," her voice soft, yet the command behind them was brutal, and Eziah resisted, trying to fight off her command, but he was no match for his mother.

"Now get out of the ruins," she says just as I pull Mara out. She collapses at my feet, dragging me to the ground with her as I try to hold her up.

"It's okay, sweetie, I'm not going anywhere," kat tells her, fiddling with the stones and rolling them in her palm.

"You will never know peace. You will be forever cursed,"

*But none of you will. So that is where you are wrong. I made peace with this; I accept it, so neither of you has to, it isn't goodbye I will still get to meet my grandchildren, still be with you while you grow into who you're supposed to be" Kat tells her.

"But you don't have to do this. We can find another way, once you die you will forever trapped as the Moon Goddess," Marabella sobs, and Kat stares down at the stones.

"This is the only way, you don't have to like it, but you will accept it. You'll let me do this for you. And eventually, you'll understand it," kat tells her and my grip on Mara grew tighter as she cried, Kat would forever be trapped in the Moon Goddess realm once it was her time to pass.

"A mother's love has no bounds and is endless, infinite. Your son will show you that. Kaif has lost enough, and so has kyan, I want peace, Marabella. And this is how I find it. This is my sacrifice to bear because I won't allow you to pay the price for my mistakes, and Dominic was my mistake; I didn't just take his life. I ruined Kyan's by not bringing him back. I almost ruined yours. I won't make that mistake twice, not when I can fix it," kat says turning to look at Eziah who just stood there looking defeated, his shoulders dropped and he hung his head.

"This is what will give me peace, give Kyan back his father and Dominic back his life. A small price to pay. It started with the moon goddess, and now it ends with her," kat says, and Marabella tries to get to her feet. Her mother's magic slips out and I pull her against me.

One of Kat's eyes turned black, the other gold, black, and gold tendrils slivered across her arms and face as she opened her arms, and I was blinded with light.

The noise echoed through the sky louder than a crack of lightning, louder than a bomb when she smashed the stones against one another. An explosion of power erupted out of her, and the ground shook violently. Marabella screamed, and Eziah fell to his knees when the ruins began to crack, the ground shaking.

I blink, shielding my eyes around the light to find the shadows standing around Kat, flickering. All the ghosts from the Octavian bloodline stood around her, and she opened her fingers, the stones turning to dust, falling to the ground as they slipped through her fingers only to be swept away by the wind.

Kat closes her eyes and sighs before turning to the coffin and holding the sides. Marabella crawled forward on her hands and knees, as the last gigantic rock crumpled to the ground and turned to dust. It was carried away with the breeze, along with the Octavian's ghosts, their whispers carried on the breeze around us. Finally set free, the curse was broken. I could feel it in every cell my body. Marabella gets to her feet just as Kat leans over the coffin peering in.

"Thank you," she whispers to Dominic.

"No, Kat. Thank you," says a deep velvety voice, so clear and so smooth. A voice I hadn't heard since the last time I saw the man alive. Kat flickers, her body shuddering.

"The realm is calling me back to clean up, but I suspect you guys can handle the rest," Kat says, facing us. She smiles just as the man himself sits up behind her. Kat vanished, and Dominic groaned. We all just blinked and stared at the man. He blinks and cracks his neck.

"You... Kyan..." Marabella murmurs, yet I could feel her urge to touch him. Like she couldn't believe it what she was seeing was real. Mara was afraid this was one of her dreams. When she throws herself in his arms, hugging him tightly and nearly falling in the coffin with him.

"You have no idea how long I have waited to hold you, my girl," Dominic says, his arms wrapping around her as he hug her. His movements were slow and sluggish, but his mind was sharp as a tack and his speech clear as a bell. Marabella steps back, wiping her tears, and Dominic looks around for Kyan. 6

"Where is he?" Dominic asks. He tries to get out of the coffin, yet his legs don't want to cooperate as he tumbles out. I step forward, gripping his arm before he hits the ground. I help set him on the ground. Dominic sucks in a breath looking around with a sigh,

"Just gotta give me a minute. The body doesn't want to work just yet," Dominic says, and Marabella and I look at Eziah. Eziah stared at Dominic like he was seeing a ghost before feeling our eyes watching him. He looks at us, and Mara stares at her brother expectantly.

"What?" he says, looking between us before looking down at Dominic.

"Nope, no way, man, I am not making out with Kyan's father," Eziah says, and Mara bats her lashes at him.

"Nope, sorry, Daddy Dom, I don't swing that way," Eziah says, shaking his head.

"Please? You can't expect him to walk back like that?" Mara pleads with her twin.

"I'm good, Mara. I just need a few minutes," Dominic says, his voice stunning me again. However, Mara folded her arms across her chest, popped her hip and pursed her lips. Eziah growls and rolls his eyes before he sighs giving into his sister.

"Fine, and don't even think about slipping in the tongue," Eziah says, grabbing Dominic's head between his hands. Eziah scrunched his face up before pecking Dominic's lips so quickly that I almost missed it. 3

"Ah yuck," he says, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. Dominic chuckles but gets more color about himself and shakes his head.

"That wasn't necessary, but thanks. I think, because you're a lousy kisser," Dominic says before holding his hand out. ?

"I wasn't even trying." Eziah snapped at him. Mara grabs Dominic's hand and I step forward, gripping his elbow and helping him stand on his feet.

"Now, where is that son of mine?" Dominic says, putting an arm over Mara's shoulder. We turn around to head toward the trail, only to stop when we spot Kyan standing at the edge of the clearing.

"Dad?" he says, his voice breaking. Tears streamed down his face as he stumbled forward and Dominic staggers back as the shadows of his magic suddenly hit him.

"Kye." Dominic murmurs.

Kyan POV

I was halfway back to the manor when I heard the crack, the sound so loud it hurt my ears, and I jumped. The wind rushed toward me like a wall from the forest behind me, making me stop when I felt my father's magic erupt in me. His power burst from my fingertips, twisting and escaping through the air. I watched his magic float on the breeze back toward the forest, as light engulfed the sky.

Consuming the night and turning it to light. I watched as my father's shadows moved toward the ruins, slivering across the grass. "Kaif?" I asked because he was so quiet I wondered if he was still with me.

"She broke the curse," Kaif whispers to me and I could feel shock wash through him.

"Marabella?" | worried.

"No, Katya," he murmurs. The shadows move across the ground, disappearing into the forest, and I run toward the treeline. The oppressive forest felt light, like the shadows and ghosts of my ancestors were no longer shackled by the errors of a past that held them, the torment and anguish no longer suffocating.

The forest almost seemed calm, like a weight had lifted allowing it to breathe. Now it was blooming and rejuvenating as life returned. The ashes and blood that tainted its soil now bleeding back into the earth, the spirits were no longer repressed, instead they are free. I followed my father's shadows as they slid across the forest floor like a serpent, finding their way home. Stepping through the treeline and emerging at the burial grounds, the ruins

were gone and the stars twinkled above along with the moon. I stood stunned, and my heart raced in my chest as I stared ahead.

My eyes deceived me as I watched the man stand. His magic moved across the ground, wanting to go home, and he turned to face me.

The lump in my throat threatened to choke me as I saw his face, exactly as I remembered him. "Dad?" | choked out, taking a step toward him in disbelief. He staggers back a step as he sucks in a breath as the shadows touch him, bleeding his power and life back into him.

His lips quivered, and his lips parted. "Kye," he stammered. His voice made my heart jolt, and I stumbled forward. How I longed for his soothing voice, the voice that would read to me each night as he tucked me in bed, the voice that would soothe me when the darkness came for me. My father's voice, a voice I thought I would never hear beyond my dreams, yet prayed I one day would,

He moved his arm off Ella's shoulder and staggered forward, and I choked, my body moving before I processed the thought too. My body crashed against the man whose touch I would have given my last breath to feel again. His arms strong as they embraced me, the same as I remembered, warm and promising to make everything better. If time stood still, I could stand in this moment forever. His arms wrapped tightly around me like they did that morning when he loaded me in the car to take me to Jonah's.

Clutching me like I was his lifeline, only after his death did I realize he was saying goodbye. I had stared at him strangely, wondering why he didn't seem to want to let go. And now I understood why, because I

couldn't bear to let him go either now.

"I missed you; I never stopped missing you, son," he breathed against my neck his fingers in my hair as he held tight while my arms clutched his neck not wanting to let go in case I woke from this dream. "I love you, I have always loved you, and I am sorry I left you, but I'm here now," he whispered, and all I could do was nod, praying he would just keep speaking so I could listen to his voice. "I'm right here, right here, son" he says soothingly. Hearing a sniffle, I open my eyes to see my mates. Both were crying along with Eziah, and I wondered what they sacrificed. What Kat sacrificed for us. Dad lets me

go, and we turn to face them.

"Come on, kids, let's go home," Dad tells them, holding his hand out to Marabella. She takes it, and he tugs her closer, kissing her hair and reaching his hand past her toward Jonah, who steps forward. He rests his head on dad's and I let out a breath seeing dad so accepting of Jonah like he always knew it

would come to this, and Jonah was just another of his children like I was Andrei's and Sages. 7

"I hear. I'm going to be grandpa," he chuckles tapping Jonah's face dotingly before he turns to me and chucks his arm over my shoulder, he kisses my temple and we make our way back toward the trail leading to the manor.

glance back over my shoulder at Eziah; he nods to me, wiping a stray tear. "By setting him free, he set her free. He is one less skeleton she has to live with," Eziah says, no animosity in his voice and I swallow.

peer over at Mara tucked under my father's arm her arm behind his back as he fingertip brushed against me, he other hand holding Jonah's. "Did either of your fathers claim Pops yet? I feel too young to be called grandpa, maybe Papa or pappy?" He muses,

"Oh and names, can I help I like picking names,"

"As long as it isn't Daddy Dom," Mara says, shooting her brother a look. I look at him and raise an eyebrow.

"Dude, don't look at me like that; I kissed your father. I'm his Daddy Dom now," Eziah laughs. 2

"And I must say he is a terrible kisser, have you heard of lip palm? I have been dead 18 years, and my lips weren't even that dry," Dad says and I laugh at their banter. How everthing seemed so normal.

When we emerged into the fields around the manor, my father stopped in his tracks and gazed ahead. He peered up at the manor. "Home Sweet Home!" He whispers giving my shoulder a squeeze.

I looked at the manor for the first time since he left, and I felt it actually was. This place hadn't been home in so long, but looking at it now, I knew it would be home again. My family was complete, Kaif was free, the curse was lifted, and the one person that made this place home had finally returned. Yes, home, I thought. Let's go Home.

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Chapter 286

chapter 286

Marabella POV

A month and a half Later,

"No. I'm telling you it goes there," Dominic argued with my father Mateo.

"Then what is this piece for? You have it upside down," he replies holding the piece of wood. They both looked at my other father holding the instructions while I rocked in the chair rubbing my huge round belly, I looked like a beach ball.

"I say, just screw it together, get some hex screws and duct tape," Andrei says and they all look at him as he holds the drill. 2

"And that is exactly why you pass the tools," mum tells him. She plucks the instruction's out of dad's hands and turns them the right way up, clicking her tongue.

"Out of all of you, you have half a brain cell between the lot of ya," scolds my mother. 1

Yeah leave it to the assembly Queen," Sage says, pointing to herself and plucking the drill from Uncle Andrei's hand,

"Fine. We will start on the chest of draws," Dominic says, turning to the other assembly kit.

"No," mum, Sage and I say in unison, all of them look at us, like they were scolded children. I press my lips in a line at their hurt faces.

"We want to help," my father Ezra says looking hurt.

You're a little rusty on the tools, probably safest you," she glances around the nursery, her eyes falling on the washing basket of washed baby clothes.

You can all help by folding and hanging," she offers. They mutter between themselves before agreeing and making their way over to the huge basket of everything I washed from the baby shower.

Sage lets out a breath watching Andrei and shaking her head as Andrei holds up a tiny little onesie. Both my fathers rummaged through the little coat hangers while Dominic wandered off before returning with an ironing board and iron. He sets it up by the window and grabs a little shirt setting the clothes out while mum and Sage start putting the crib together.

I watched rubbing my growing bump. Not long now, I smiled to myself when Jonah wandered in with an iced tea. I sit up and smile as he looks around the room at all our family. He raises an eyebrow when he notices his father being scolded by Dominic about ironing etiquette.

Why does it need to be ironed? The kid won't care about creases," Andrei whined. Dominic clicked his tongue and his eyes went wide as he looked over at my

father folding some clothes and setting them on the shelves inside of the huge wardrobe.

"No, you must color coordinate them. What is wrong with you?" Dominic scolds, pushing inside with them and rearranging the baby shirts on one of the shelves, 2

What shit are you dribbling now? They are color coordinated, everything is blue," My father Ezra retorts pointing at the shelves.

"This is light blue, that dark blue, and this is more of a teal than blue," Dominic says, holding them up to show him. My father shakes his head.

"Now we know where Kyan gets it from," Jonah says nudging me with his elbow. We stared at our fathers arguing shades of blue and the how it should be arranged in the walk in wardrobe.

"Ah, perfect," Andrei says, holding up the tiny shirt he had just ironed and examining his handy work. I watch the iron start smoking on the ironing board and Sage sniffs the air turning her head to look at him as the iron burns a hole through the cover on the ironing board. He gasps while picking it up. Looking around frantically. I shake my head and laugh as Dominic steps out and Andrei quickly throws the shirt he had ironed over the burn mark to hide it from him.

"Ah, see, no creases," Dominic says looking at the little ironed shirt before turning back the basket to retrieve another and he hands it to Andrei, who looks relieved he didn't notice the charred fabric beneath the shirt he just ironed. I sip my tea while trying not to laugh as the four huge men argue over the nursery set up. All of them bickering,

Mum and Sage put the crib together in record time and the chest of drawers while they were still arguing over the clothes. Mum clicks her tongue and shakes her head, Sage laughs and rolls her eyes as they bickered over the stupidest shit.

"Where is Kyan?" I asked Jonah and he leans down pecking my lips and rubbing his hand over my belly." Baby proofing the damn manor because apparently the baby is coming out 18, walking and with a job," he laughs. I giggle, and rest my head back on the headrest and rest my eyes. Kora yawns in my head tiredly. I must have drifted off because I woke to hands scooping me off the reclining rocker. Kyan smiles down at me and kisses my nose.

He walks out of the room to the room next to the nursery. Our room and I could hear all our fathers arguing in the hall.

"Ah, what are they arguing over now?" I whined.

"Over their titles, your fathers want to be called pop," he tells me.

"Ah, and so does yours," I groan.

"Just put some names in a damn hat, and pull one out," Sage says, getting up them.

"They bicker more then children," I hear my mother say.

"God help us when this baby is born," Kyan says when I hear footsteps running up behind us. Kyan steps aside for Jonah to rush past us. I look over at him as rushes into the room only to see him nearly trip over the baby gate.

"Bloody lift and pull," Kyan growls. Jonah yanks on the baby gate trying to open it.

"Lift and pull," Kyan snaps.

"I'm about to piss, my damn pants," Jonah snarls, giving up and stepping over it. Kyan shakes his head and uses his foot to lift the little gate and his knee to push it open. Kyan sets me on the bed while Jonah whines and moans in the bathroom, rattling something.

"What the fuck, this one too! Man you are taking this too far," Jonah growls.

"Just wait, a damn second," Kyan growls. I glanced into the bathroom at Jonah who was squirming undoing his zip hopping from foot to foot. Kyan shakes his head and Jonah growls, turning to the shower and sighing

"Jonah what the fuck!" Kyan growls as Jonah sighs, relieving his bladder in the shower.

"Who locks a damn toilet seat," Jonah sighs, closing his eyes like it was the best feeling in the world. 2

"The baby could fall in," Kyan says, stalking off out the door. Jonah turns the shower on, muttering under his breath before zipping his pants up.

He washes his hands just as Kyan walks in with a mop and bucket. He thrusts it at Jonah.

"I rinsed the shower," Jonah tells him.

"And now you bleach the shower," Kyan says. Jonah growls, snatching the bucket from him.

"I wouldn't have to if you didn't lock every toilet in the damn place. I nearly pissed my pants," Jonah scowls.

I rub my belly and Kora sighs. "Family, can't live with them, can't live without them." she grumbles. "Poor kid is going to be smothered with affection," she says.

'What does Kaif think?'

"Thinks he wants to beat them all upside the head. Jax he just says let em go,"

"And you?" I chuckle. Kora sighs.

"I wouldn't have it any other way," Kora murmurs, happiness blooming inside her making my heart swell.

Another Three weeks later

Kyan POV

We were on our way home from Mara's last appointment, Jonah walked ahead opening the car door. Her feet were so swollen, and she reminded me of a duck with the way she waddled toward it. I grip her elbow as she groans sitting down in the front seat. Jonah tosses me the keys and climbs in the back. I caught them while watching Marabella fight with the seatbelt as she tried to pull it over her round belly. Jonah quickly leans over from the backseat grabbing it and pulling on it gently instead of yanking on it like she was doing. She sighs, closing her eyes and her cheeks turning pink.

"You're not still seriously embarrassed," I ask her as I climb in the driver seat. Jonah chuckles behind her and she growls at him.

"How was I supposed to know I only shaved half? It was a touch and feel job, you could have told me," she snaps.

"Hey, we both offered to help you shave," I tell her while pulling away from the curb. She huffs, folding her arms over her chest and her belly growls hungrily.

"You, my boy, are making me fat," she mumbles and pull into mcdonalds. I place our order through the drive through before stopping at the window. Marabella was always craving their horrid apple pies, ordered extras knowing if I don't Jonah or I would be doing a night run in here to get them, or dad. Not that he ever complained, he doted on her and I swear she was becoming spoiled. Dad always scolds me when I would complain, stomping out of the house to get whatever it she was craving.

"She is growing a child, you and Jonah got your jollies off, now get her a damn apple pie and stop complaining," he snapped at me last night when she woke me at 1 in the morning wanting one. 3

We waited for our food when all of our phones started beeping and a messenger group chat came through

We all open the group chat labelled family.

Family I coughed on my spit and Jonah snickered behind me.

Dominic: Barbeque starts at 5:30. Time to both?

What sort of

you want? Or I could make one? Or

Jonah: Need something stronger than

to get me to try

Jonah chuckles behind me. I shoot him a look over my shoulder and Marabella chuckles at his reply.

Andrei: Well, that escalated fast. Just me or is it getting A in here.

Dominic: How cool are these emoji things? So cute.
Mara told me about them, so thought I would try. they are so simple.

Mateo: I love a bit
of and Jonah So you bringing your down for o then @Mateo?

Eziah: Damn Daddy Dom, I like a

but ain't anyone touching my

Dominic ??? I think I have
some and ? I watch the speech bubbles pop up saying someone is typing and
Jonah laughs behind me and I turn my attention to Marabella. Her face heats
and she laughs when another message pops up.

Mateo: You can get special cream for that!

Dominic: Whipped cream?

Mateo: Na, you can get

cream.

Dominic: I will have to remember this.

Sage: This sounds interesting, is it compulsory to participate?

Dominic: Huh?

Katya: I never pictured you being at Dominic: I could probably find to go in ?.

Jonah: This is the best Kyan Dad just

Dominic: Don't be late. What does WTF mean?

Sage: Don't worry Andrei always gets there early these days. 3

Katya @sage

I feel ya

like it's a race.

Kyan leaves group chat... I turn to Mara who looks away pressing her lips in a line trying not to laugh as she continues reading the messages coming in

"You can explain to my father that he just invited everyone to a sex party," I tell her shaky my head. The woman passes me the bag of food and I snicker, handing it to Ella only to hear Jonah chuckling in the back. \$

I glance at him in the mirror and shake my head knowing he was stirring the pot further.