

Fated To The Alpha by Jessica Hall

Chapter 201

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Fated To The Alpha by Jessica Hall Chapter 201

Katya POV

The moment I grabbed Ezhiah, I raced toward the packhouse intending to lock them in the house until help arrived. I got three steps when I felt a jolt, pain ravaged me as I was forced to stop. "No, no, no, not now" I scream.

My surroundings blur and shake and I feel myself being sucked into the vortex of teleporting to Seline's realm. I barely caught myself still mid run when I was forced here.

I try to teleport back but can't. Ezhiah quiets down looking around and I try to find Seline to tell her to send me back when I see her collapsed body next to the fountain of life.

"Seline!" I shriek rushing over to her. I roll her on her back and she mumbles incoherently. Her eyes white and I shake her, her eyes shaking and flickering between all white to gold.

I place Ezhiah down next to her before standing up and running my hands through the water trying to find something to fix her and get back to my world.

When I am suddenly watching the scene I just left. Andrei, Ezra and Dominic were back helping and my father was rushing toward Sage. The entire scene was bloody chaos and destruction. I turned looking down at Seline before dropping on my knees next to her. I grip her arms trying to heal her, trying to rouse her conscious enough to help me. Ezhiah cries and climbs up on her, his eyes glowing brightly.

"That's it bubba, help mumma" I tell him, tears streaking down my face. I felt torn. I needed to help Seline but I needed to get back to the real world and not this one. Seline suddenly gasps, her eyes refocusing but the golden hue surrounding her was gone, she looked almost human.

"Kat?" She gasps and Ezhiah leans heavily on me. I grip his arms and he turns all floppy.

"Ezhiah?" I shriek, clutching his slack body in my arms when his eyes flutter and he yawns before passing out. I try to heal him, try to take some of the exhaustion from him enough to rouse him awake but I feel his heart rate even out and he sighs happily enough but falls asleep.

"You need to get up, I need to get back" I tell Seline. Seline coughs, blood pouring from her lips and down her chin and my heart beats rapidly in my chest. So hard I could hear it.

"No, no, you don't get to leave me with this, please" I beg her.

"It's time Kat, " She whispers, her eyes falling shut.

" Seline, NO. I don't know what I am doing" I tell her, shaking her until her eyes open.

"You need to get up, you're fine. I healed you, Eziah healed you" I tell her but she shakes her head when her nose starts bleeding and running down the side of her face.

"You have to do it Kat, you have to do it and get back to your mates" She whispers and I shake my head when I hear footsteps making me look up to see a man in Lycan form.

His face looked like a wolf and he was covered in fur but he stood taller than anyone I ever knew. Fur so dark black I thought it was almost blue and the colour of the sky at night. Gold eyes stared at me and I see a silver dagger with rubies in his hand and a huge white stone at the end of the handle. I sit back on my heels watching as he walks over to her before sitting next to her.

"Did you get it?" Seline whispers to him, turning her face to him. He nods looking down at her and brushing her hair from her face before pressing his furry head to hers.

He grips her hand in his, bringing it to his face, her hand looks tiny in his and I realise who he is.

"You're Bain aren't you?" I tell him and he pulls away from her, his eyes going to mine and he nods his head once before handing me the dagger and I shake my head, pushing it away but he thrusts it forward at me while holding the blade.

"No, no, I don't understand" I tell him looking at Seline, but he grabs my hand placing the knife in it.

"This is how it has to be, this is how you become the Moon and its Goddess" She says and I shake my head.

"You will and you have to" I look down at Eziah before picking him up and placing him on the sofa gently. Walking back to her, Bain was cupping her cheek with his hand and tears were running down his face and snout.

"You remind Koraline, I love her when you see her again, you watch over our girl, " She says and he nods, his shoulders shaking as whimpered.

"Don't cry my love, this is how it has to be, it's time. It's time I go" Seline tells him and he nods, wiping his eyes on the back of his hand and nodding his head.

Seline turns her head to me and smiles sadly. "You will be great, I knew it the day I first saw you, take care of my children for me" My lips quiver and I could barely see anything through my tears.

"Please don't make me do this" I tell her, my voice trembling.

"Seline blessed daughter of the Moon, hereby grant my divine power and my life to Katya Hartley, daughter of mine and the new Moon Goddess, Goddess to the children of the Moon" Seline says and I feel a cold rush, roll over me and I shake my head not wanting it, I didn't want this.

Bain grabs my hand holding the dagger and hovers it over the centre of her chest. His grip holding it there, his pained and tear filled eyes holding mine as my hands shook violently in his as I tried to pull it away.

"I Katya Hartly accept your sacrifice and will take your place as the Goddess of the Moon" I choke out and Bain suddenly lets my hands go and I cry out as I plunge the knife into her chest, the handle growing hot when I feel her life essence rush up my arms. The Moonstone glowing brightly as I absorb its power. I don't know how I knew what to say but it felt right as it vibrated around me, the words coming out on their own.

I suck in a breath feeling her power vibrate through me, warm and loving and yet cold and smooth as it caresses every piece of me, warming me from the inside out as her last breath wheezes out of her and my arms fall, letting go of the dagger. She looked almost peaceful as she lay there and I got a glimpse of who she was before. Bain howls loudly and the sound breaks my heart.

"I'm sorry" I tell him.

"She is at peace now" His voice says through my head before he places his arms under her body and lifts her, walking down some corridor and away from me. I wiped my tears getting to my feet and walked over to Eziah who was still sound asleep and picked him up.

"Time to go home" I whispered to him before feeling my surroundings ripple and it was so much easier than before, just a mere thought and I was back in my realm, standing amongst the chaos.

Sage POV

The moment the word was screamed the first explosion went off just to the right of the packhouse, the walls shook and Mateo's wolf stopped. His head turning toward it as Andrei and all those that left rushed in and started taking down wolves. So many men I could not recognise racing toward us when Mateo suddenly shifts back racing toward his car.

“We need to get them out of here” he screams to me and I look for a way out when he ducks and weaves his way through fighting wolves, scooping up some keys and hitting the button to his car.

“Get the kids in the car” Mateo calls to me and I nod racing into the house.

“Jonah, Kyan!” I scream racing into the house.

“Kids!” I scream racing into the hallway. What if one of them got in, or someone took them or hurt them. I panic looking around frantically when I hear soft sobbing and I see Kyan and Jonah hiding in a corner behind the couch. Marabella was clutched in Kyan’s arms and they were both shaking terribly. I race over to them checking them.

“I need to get you both out of here, I need you two to both hold each other’s hands and you need to run with me to the car” I explain while taking Marabella from Kyan’s arms. I grab Jonah’s hand forcing him to his feet and Kyan grabs his hand when I walk to the entryway and peer out the door.

“Stay close and don’t let go of my hand” I tell Jonah, tucking him behind me. The car was 20 metres away from the house as we stepped out. Mateo was fighting a grey wolf while in human form. Wolves were fighting everywhere and blood and fur everywhere. Mangled screams and whimpers filled the air along with the stench of blood.

The rear door was open on the car, Mateo must have opened it.

“Straight to the car and get in and duck down” I tell the boys. They nod, their little faces full of fear and I clutch Marabella to my chest.

“One, two, three” I tell them, ripping Jonah to me as I take off running for the car. Growls and snarls break out everywhere when Jonah screams behind me. His hand let mine go and I turned looking over my shoulder to see a ginger coloured wolf running straight at me. Its body collided with mine, and I couldn’t do anything but tuck and roll as I tried to shield Marabella. Jonah starts screaming and Kyan. Marabella’s head clutched in my hands, her body tucked to my chest as the wolf tore into my back as I curled into a ball using my arms and legs to shield her. I scream, my back and arms being ripped to shreds as it mauls me when I hear it grunt.

“Go!” Mateo’s voice yells at me and I push off the ground, running toward the car again. Staggering and catching myself on the door frame of the car. A wolf tore into my leg and Marabella was screaming loudly. I try to kick it off as its teeth sink into my thigh and I look over my shoulder to see Kyan and Jonah being chased into the house by a wolf.

Mateo fighting the wolf that mauled me. Using the arm holding Marabella I place her in her carseat. Kicking my legs trying to get the wolf off me as I slam the door shut hoping she doesn’t fall out of her seat.

"They ran back inside" Mateo screams as another bomb goes off. I see Dominic fighting three wolves still in human form, his suit torn to shreds but he moves quickly smashing them with his magic before moving onto the next.

I punch the wolf when it pivots, sinking its teeth into my arm and I punch it again only for it to knock me over, landing on top of me when I wrap my arms around its neck and my legs around its torso, pulling up and squeezing as hard as I could. It makes a choked whimper noise but I don't let go, it's back legs thrashing and cutting mine apart and I see Derrick running toward the house just as I feel its neck snap in my arms. I toss it off, running toward the house again, Mateo on my heels as we race toward the boys who are trapped inside with the wolf. I could hear their screams. Just as I go to step onto the threshold next to Derrick, he reaches it the same as me.

I feel heat rush over me, from inside the house. The smell of gas reaching my nose when I am thrown backwards. The house explodes and I gasp knowing Jonah and Kyan are inside, my skin feels like it is melting off from the sheer intensity of the heat of the explosion and I scream before I feel nothing and see nothing. Only oblivion as my body smashed into the ground.

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Katya POV

People were dead on the ground everywhere as I dropped back into the middle of a war zone.

Trained rogue fighters attacking and Andrei's pack is equally as efficient but lacking the numbers. I recognise Dominic's men instantly by the sheer size of them, and how effective they were. They didn't flinch and fought like they were training for this day all their lives.

I turn around watching the carnage when I see Mateo, he runs toward the packhouse and it was like time slowed down when I heard Andrei scream for Sage, who was also running toward the packhouse ahead of him, Mateo not far behind her. So much going on it was hard to keep track of as I turned to see Andrei screaming and running straight toward me, and I gasped.

This was the vision, I was reliving it but in real time as deja vu washes over me and I duck as a rogue jumps toward me. Dominic punches it out of my way as I clutch Eziah to my chest. I feel the ground vibrate, heat makes the air warmer as the packhouse explodes.

I cover my ears not expecting the blast only to be tossed backwards into the dirt, Eziah still out cold but on my chest. Sitting up, my heart thumps against my chest

when I see bodies scattered everywhere, dazed I look around . Andrei is clutching Sage in his hands as everyone rushes toward the burning destruction of the packhouse, digging through the debris and that's when I notice Mateo lying dead not far from Andrei.

Ezra frantically tries to revive his charred and burnt body. My stomach twists as I look around praying this was a figment of my imagination only I knew it was real, very real. Hearing a growl behind me I turned to see him.

His figure was imposing as he clapped his hands. He laughs maniacally and rubs his hands together, black mist spreading across his body, his shirt had been torn off in the fray revealing tattoos that shimmered and rippled and swirled across his body, making me realise they weren't tattoos but the markings of his magic. An army of shifted wolves behind him when I hear shifting and menacing growls only to see Donnie and Maddox had taken over in their grief.

Dominic smiles cruelly and raises his hand in the air. His eyes pitch black and I see the rogues backing up, the fear on their faces. Goosebumps rose on my flesh and I could see the darkness taking Dominic over as his magic rippled over his men, firing them up as they growled and snarled, hackled up and wanting blood.

The wolves behind him growling and snapping their jaws. Dominic drops his arms and rolls his hands around making a black sphere of his magic with them.

The menacing look of red eyes chills me to the bone, as I look at his men, their bodies transforming and growing larger. Dark mist envelopes his hands spreading out over the wolves behind him, turning them into rabid beasts with blood red eyes.

"Kill them all" He says and the wolves start charging toward me where I was standing watching all this play out. I scream seeing Donnie and Maddox running into the fray. They start ripping into the rogues, tearing them literally limb from limb when Dominic's eyes focus and I watch him use his powers like some dark angel out for revenge. He walks around the carnage like it couldn't touch him and I turn to the packhouse. Mateo lay motionless on the ground and I ran over to him.

Shaking him, but getting no response, my mark burning and I could feel the bond severing, like recognising his death somehow brought the pain forward, making me clutch my chest.

The vision Seline showed me came to the forefront of my mind, I could see it clear as day as I watched my kids play. I thought the decision was when we had the war with Jackson's pack but now I realize without a doubt it was now. It was never then, but now as I turn looking over at Sage's dead body on the ground. She is drenched in blood, her skin grey and my eyes burn at the sight of her.

Seline's voice booming through my head, her words on repeat. "Always choose the mate bond, choose your mates over everything" She said and I blink back tears, choosing Mateo would save our family, but that meant destroying Andrei's. I choke back a sob.

I knew it was selfish but I couldn't live without him, I couldn't live without my mate, couldn't live with Ezra hating me, I couldn't live with the guilt that he wouldn't be able to watch his children grow.

Leaning down, tears stream down my cheeks knowing Andrei would hate me, knowing I was choosing my mate over Sage as I press my lips to Mateo's. Warmth moves through me and everything I love about him rushed to the surface. As my magic flared to life and a sob broke past my lips. Everything falling quiet around me as I pulled him back, pulled him to me when he gasps, sucking in a deep breath.

He looks around frantically, clutching his chest before his eyes fall on me, he clutches my face and I could hear the fighting slowing down.

"You're ok, we are okay?" Mateo whispers, pulling me to him when he gasps.

"Jonah, Kyan, they are in the house" he says and I snap my head back.

"What?" I shriek, my head snapping in the direction of the packhouse.

"The children" I scream and Dominic looks over at me and I shove Eziah in Mateo's arms before rushing over and ripping through the rubble of what's left, the house reduced to concrete rubble.

"Kyan?" Dominic yells, his magic dropping and he rushes over to me.

"Move!" He says and I step back. He raises his hands and I could feel the energy rushing off him, physically feel it as he started flinging concrete like it weighed nothing, the shadows lifting the debris and moving them off the side when I spot my father. Mateo rushed over helping me drag him out with his free hand that wasn't clutching Eziah. I could see Ezra and Andrei taking down the last few rogues. The ground was completely drenched in blood.

People were injured everywhere and I hear my father coughing. His legs were crushed and he had a piece of rebar through his stomach. I move to his side.

"Kat, you need to" He chokes out. "Jonah" he gasps.

"Kyan!" Dominic says and I hear him ripping away rubble with his hands when I see the black sphere. Both boys inside are perfectly okay, Kyan's face deathly pale when he drops his magic and Dominic scoops him up.

"I got you, I got you buddy" Dominic says to him as I watch through tear filled eyes.

"Jonah?" My dad asks just Andrei comes rushing over screaming for him. His entire body was drenched in blood. "He's fine" I tell my father watching Andrei hug him.

"Where is mum?" I hear Jonah cry out and Andrei drops on the ground sobbing into Jonah's shoulder and clutching him tightly.

"Where is she?" Jonah asks. Pulling on Andrei's head.

"Dad, where is mum? Where is mum, dad?" Jonah asks before he starts wailing trying to get out of his grip as Andrei holds him, refusing to let him look behind him. Jonah starts smacking his arms and Eziah stirs on the grass beside my father, finally waking back up as Ezra rushes to my side scooping him up.

"Where is Marabella?" Ezra asks frantic.

"In the car, Sage got her out" Mateo says, looking over my shoulder at her body when suddenly I hear a bloodcurdling scream making me look at Andrei. Jonah thrashes wildly in Andrei's arms before escaping him and dropping next to Sage. He starts yanking on her shoulders, her body completely limp and Andrei tries getting up.

"Jonah!" He calls getting to his feet, his eyes all swollen from crying, his body marred with the scars of the war. Dominic's men were walking around killing the injured wolves.

"It's okay, Pumpkin" I hear my father's weak voice making me look at him. I nod.

"Pull it out, so I can heal him," I tell Mateo. He pulls the rebar out of him and my father groans. I could hear Jonah wailing in the background.

Andrei crying and trying to console him. My hands instantly reach for his wound when my father grips my hands making my eyes dart to him.

"You can't heal her can you?" he says and my lips tremble and I shake my head trying to heal him, but his hands refuse to let go as he pushes mine away.

"Stop dad, let me, I can help" I tell him.

"You're right, but not this time, pumpkin" My father says and I ignore him trying to twist my wrists from his grip.

"I abandoned him once, I won't do it again when he needs me" my father says.

"No! I won't" I tell him.

"Pin him," I tell Mateo who hesitates when my father glares at him.

"You do, I will never forgive you, you will do this for me. I need you to do this for me" My father says and I shake my head.

"I have made so many mistakes, I won't let this be one of them. He's my son"

"And I am your daughter" I cry out, shaking my head.

"And so is she, so is Sage. I love her like one too. You guys don't need me, you have your mates, you don't need me anymore Pumpkin, and that's okay. But your brother needs her, Jonah needs her and you will do this for me and him, either way you are not healing me, not while she is laying there and I can take her place" my father says, squeezing my hands softly, a pleading look in his eyes.

I hiccup a breath looking over my shoulder at my brother and Jonah, at Sage. Why do I have to lose everything? It seemed unfair.

"You're not killing me sweetheart, don't think of it that way, you are saving them" my father says and I turn back to face him. Ezra and Mateo were both looking away. Both of them did not say anything as tears washed down their cheeks.

My fathers wounds were starting to heal slowly but his skin was deathly pale as he slowly bled out. "You became so much more than your mothers and I ever imagined, you make me proud to call you my daughter" He says and a trickle of blood leaks from the side of his mouth.

"Now you tell your brother I love him, and I love you and you look after those grandbabies for me" He says, letting my hands go.

"You look after my girl" He says, turning his head and looking at Ezra and Mateo.

"Promise" Mateo chokes out.

"Always" Ezra says and my father looks at me. "Goodbye Pumpkin"

"I love you, dad" I tell him before grabbing his hand in both of mine.

"I know Pumpkin, I love you too" he says I swallow back my emotion and I feel my canines protrude. I close my eyes before sinking them into his hand. I feel my magic rush out, his hand going cold in mine almost instantly and I kiss his hand before opening my eyes and seeing my father's vacant ones, his face grey and a choked sob leaves my lips. I place his hand in his lap and Ezra reaches for me as an energised shiver ripples through every nerve in my body.

"Please, don't touch me, just don't touch me" I sob, my hands shaking and he pulls his hand away that was reaching for me.

"Kat?" I shake my head and get to my feet. Dominic looks away, Kyan's face buried in his chest.

I walked over to Andrei in a daze. Jonah was in his lap and he was rocking back and forth trying to console a crying Jonah. Kneeling beside her tears leaked down my cheeks dripping on her as I leant down over her. I press my lips to hers, a sob leaving my lips as I kiss her lips.

The same warmth floods me that I felt with Mateo. It rushes into her and I feel my heart leave me as I give it to her, give her my father. Pulling away, I watch the colour start to return to her before I stand, grabbing the back of Andrei's neck and tilting his head up to look at me. His eyes bloodshot as I peered into my brother's eyes.

"Dad said to tell you, he loves you" I tell him, my voice breaking just as Sage gasps before she starts coughing.

"Mum?"

"Mum!" Jonah squeals, jumping on her. Andrei stares with wide eyes before crushing her to his chest when my words must have registered in his head.

"Wait," He says, his eyes going to my father and his lips part before he bites down on his lip, a choked sob escaping him.

"Kat?" my brother says and I shake my head.

"He wasn't going to abandon you a second time" I tell him and he nods, tears leaking down his face before he sucks in a deep stuttering breath.

I turn back to my father when Ezra steps in my path, not giving me the option and crowding my space as he crushes me against him, his scent invading my senses and I feel the tension leave me.

"You did the right thing, you did what he wanted" Ezra whispers next to my ear and I nod my head when I hear Marabella start crying from inside the car. I wipe my face pulling away from Ezra to go get her.

"I will get her" Dominic calls out and I look over my shoulder to see him place Kyan down on the ground before walking over to our car. He opens the back door grabbing her out. She cries loud until he picks her up and she stops crying instantly. Dominic's men and Andrei's warrior were resting, a few were already cleaning up and I went to check on Eziah and get Marabella from Dominic when I heard a voice.

"Gun, he has a gun" One of Dominic's men screams and my head whips to the side to see an injured rogue by the packhouse sit up, debris and dust falling from his body as he takes aim. My eyes went in the direction of the gun pointed at Marabella in Dominic's arms.

My scream resonated through the trees and Dominic's head whips in my direction before he notices the man just as the gun fires. The bang hurting my ears and my scream is strangled as I watch the bullet blink past me before hearing the thud. Andrei slashes the man's throat with his claws a second too late. Kyan screams a bloodcurdling scream as my eyes fall on my daughter only to see Dominic's back. He staggers, catching himself on the side of the car before falling to his knees.

"Dad!" Kyan's voice echoed through me and I gasped as Dominic turned. Marabella in his arms screaming her head off as I race over to him when he

collapses, his legs outstretched in front of him as his back hits the rear tyre of the car, Marabella falls from his arms as they go slack and she lands in his lap crying. We all race over to them and I scoop up Marabella but she appears to be okay, just frightened when Kyan grips his father and starts shaking him.

"Dad?" He says yanking on him and I look away unable to see his heartache. His father was dead, the bullet hitting him in the centre of his back as he turned to shield Marabella. His head hangs forward limply and Kyan was screaming for his father and shaking him.

"Ezra" I call nodding toward Kyan. Ezra walks over to him and tries to grab him when mist engulfs him and Ezra is thrown backwards with alarming speed.

"Dad, wake up dad" he screams, climbing in his fathers lap.

"Please dad" Kyan cries. Ezra shakes himself off getting to his feet, he goes over to pry Kyan off his father's body.

"I know buddy" Ezra tells him.

"No, no , no " Kyan screams before unleashing his magic and directing his magic at his father and I gasp when I realise he was trying to resurrect him. Remembering what Dominic said about his son's rabbit turning evil and cannibalistic.

"Kyan no," Ezra says, gripping his arms.

"Get him out of here" I call to Dominic's men who rushed over and grabbed Dominic's body and removed it so his son couldn't try to resurrect him.

"No, bring him back, bring him back, I can save him" Kyan screams and I drop in front of him.

"You can't bring him back, your father wouldn't want to be like your rabbit" I tell him trying to get him to understand. My words may be brutal but he needed to understand what he was trying to do.

"No, let me go. Let me go" Kyan screams, thrashing in Ezra's arms.

"This is her fault, it's all her fault. He died for her" He screams as he stops thrashing. His breathing hard as he glared at Marabella in my arms. I stand up when I see one of Dominic's men walk over. He was tall and stern looking, muscle on muscle as he stops beside me and I look up at him.

"I am Dominic's Beta, let me take him," He says.

"Kye" The man says and Kyan's tear-filled eyes look up at him before he jumps out of Ezra's lap and rushes over to the man who grabs him, crushing him against his chest.

"I'm his next of kin after the Alpha, you can check his will. My name is Lucas, I am Kyan's uncle on his mother's side" The man tells me as Kyan hugs him, sobbing against his chest.

"He's gone" Kyan chokes out.

"I know buddy," Lucas tells him.

"He died for her, I hate her, I hate her" he whispers and my heart clenches.

"Don't say that, don't say that Kye" Lucas tells him but Kyan shakes his head. Lucas puts him on his feet taking his hand when Kyan lets his hand go ripping his arm away, his eyes lock on Marabella and I turn slightly shielding her away from his angry gaze before he looks up at Lucas.

"Take me home now" He says, his voice ice cold before walking off toward Dominic's car and not looking back.

"He is just upset, he doesn't mean it" Lucas tells me.

"I have a feeling he does" I whisper watching him open the rear door and get in the car.

"Soren, Rowan" Lucas calls out and I see two just as intimidating men approach him with hard looks on their faces.

"Bring his body back, I am taking Kyan home" Lucas says and the men nod sadly before Lucas walks off toward Dominic's car. He stops at the trunk grabbing some clothes out and slipping on some shorts.

"Is Kyan going to be okay?" I hear Jonah's voice.

"He will be alright, he is just sad" Sage tells him before looking at me. She nods her head to me before mouthing thank you. I tip my head to her and she smiles sadly as she sat in Andrei's lap with Jonah on hers. First day on the job and I already failed.

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Read Online Chapter 203

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Chapter 203 Katya POV

One week later,

There is nothing worse than everyone thinking you are the solution to their dilemma. Sure, I could have saved him, but how do you choose whose life is worth more? How do you choose who to kill and who to save? Essentially playing god,

and how do I live with choosing, what will the ramifications of that decision be, how do you choose whose life is more valuable when all life is precious. 2

Marabella learnt the hard way. She chose to save her pack, but by doing so damned, the man she loved, cursed herself and paid the price. A never-ending cycle of pain. Now I am the one to choose who could live or die. The risks of altering a future that I have no control over could be my downfall and the ruin of those I hold

dear.

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Choosing to do nothing and watch Kyan's heartbreak was the hardest decision of my life. I already regretted it, but Dominic's men had already killed the rogues and I

1. (TOT ICSILLILUTE UUE TUTTTTT) men had already killed the rogues and I couldn't take the life of someone undeserving. Seline said, make sure you choose which to live with and I understood that with a clarity that was terrifying. Every decision I make from now on will haunt me, it will break small pieces off and I don't know how Seline bore the weight of those decisions, how she chose between her children, her children she entrusted me with and this job was impossible. I am not ready for this; I am not ready to take her place and the expectation that came with it.

Was it too much to be normal, free of consequence, and free to live without choosing? I felt tired, and this was just the beginning. I was already emotionally exhausted, and I felt dead inside. So many lives have been lost, and I just watched because sometimes choosing to do nothing was a better option. This was all set in motion a long time ago and I was beginning to realize how right Seline was. We choose mates, not their destiny. Sometimes fate could be cruel, and I had to learn to take the punches and avoid causing more unnecessary destruction. 1

One decision can have a domino effect

CLUSTUS TURU UITLESS

SLUTUM

—

One decision can have a domino effect. One wrong move and the entire thing will fall around you. Get it right and we may just survive it, but with death comes life and once that life is over, death comes for us again. A never-ending cycle. Each time washed of our sins and sent back until we get it right or choose not to. I realized Seline chose not to. She chose to break the cycle of living with the things that haunted her. I wondered if I would make the same decision one day. Could I force this onto someone else? I am grateful for Seline bringing me back, but now I pay the consequences of my sacrifice. My kids forced to pay the sacrifice when they died with me.

"Kat?" Ezra whispers, his hands dropping on my shoulders and I hadn't realized I had been staring at my father's body in the coffin. Completely zoned out and thinking of what if I found another way? Would he still be here? His death was one skeleton I didn't want to live with. It was his choice, his life to sacrifice, but it doesn't change the fact it was the man who raised me. The man that taught me to ride a bike, the man who tossed his pack away and his title for me. He was my

ride a bike, the man who tossed his pack away and his title for me. He was my father, my safe place and the hero of my stories growing up, and I killed him.

"Kat?" Ezra repeats and I look at him, finally able to pull my eyes away from the man that raised me. I kept waiting for him to wake up and call me that god awful nickname, but now I would take the teasing. Anything to hear him say it again. Instead, I had been listening to his voicemail on repeat just so I could hear his voice and pretend he was still here and was just too busy to pick up. 2

Andrei walks up behind Ezra and pats his shoulder before nodding at him. Ezra looks at him before walking off only for Andrei to take his place. He was wearing a suit which was odd; I was used to seeing him dressed casually, yet he looked handsome. I could actually see the similarities he shared with our father.

"I don't know what to say," Andrei admits and I nod before feeling his hand wrap around mine, engulfing it. He rubs circles in the back of my hand with his thumb.

"We don't need to say anything, dad

"We don't need to see anything, dad knows. He knows already," I tell him.

"I never would have put you in that position. I understand the consequences of you having to do that for me, but I can't thank you enough. I can't make this up to you or dad"

"Yes, you can. You can live for him. He died to make sure you kept on living. He knew Sage was the only way that would have happened. You needed her more than him"

"But what about you?"

—

"You're my brother. His death I will learn to deal with. I couldn't live with yours in my hands and neither could dad. I didn't have to do what he asked. I could have saved him, but I would have been condemning you and your family. One life for three, it was the right thing to do, and it is what he wanted"

"I'm sorry Kat. I know that would have been the toughest decision to make

"It helps to know it was the right one. I have no regret over choosing Sage. I have regret of being the one to do it, but not of

regret of being the to do it, but not of Sage. This was his way of giving you back everything he took from you, his way of showing you, you meant more than his own life and that he would give up everything to make sure you have the life you deserve, with your mate and your son. He gave it up for them and for you. If our roles were reversed and it was for one of my children, I would lay my life down in a heartbeat, I would give my last breath to make sure they got to take another," I tell him.

Andrei tugs me closer to him, draping his arm across my shoulders before pressing his cheek to the top of my head before kissing my hair.

"I love you," He whispers and I wrap my arms around his waist, hugging him back.

"I love you too," I tell him before following him out of the church. Sage was waiting for us outside, her eyes bloodshot from crying. The guilt on her face was undeniable.

She hesitates as she approaches me like she thought I would turn away from her, cast her away for his death. She looks at Andrei as if she was worried she shouldn't

cast her away for his death. She looks at Andrei as if she was worried she shouldn't approach so; I move to her instead and open my arms to her. Her hug was tight as she hugged me like she couldn't bear to

let go

"I'm sorry, Kat," she whispers, and I let out a shaky breath. Her hug is warm and seeing her heartbreak makes my heart swell. I made the right decision and so did dad. He saved his son, but also killed me in the process. That was the beauty of sacrifice. Someone is always left pained no matter what. I may not have my father but he was right, saving their family was worth the sacrifice knowing my brother would be happy, Jonah would have both parents and Sage gets to live after a life full of heartache, and finally the cycle of Donnie's and Sierra's torment had come full circle. He saved more than Sage, he ensured Jonah and Andrei had a future. He would finally know peace, knowing that he proved his love for his son outweighed his own life.

"Family, we are nothing without them and I am glad to have you as part of mine," I tell her and she snuffles and nods against my shoulder. 1

Survivor's guilt. But I know her life was worth saving. She deserved a happy ending after everything she endured; she deserved peace and happiness and Andrei and Jonah deserved the love she would give them

"Come on, we should get home. Everyone is waiting," I tell her, knowing that both packs were at home to celebrate the life of my father. His funeral differed from my mother's, he earned his place in both packs and earned the respect of everyone and his place amongst both packs. He redeemed himself for his past failures. My father thought he failed me by leaving, but I knew he would come back and he did. He just needed time.

He never failed me, neither did mum because I know everything they did was never to hurt me, not intentionally

anyway.

Now to do this all over again tomorrow, but for Dominic. The man that gave his life for my daughter's. The man who I realized I had painted wrong from the beginning. All a misunderstanding based on fear of each other and fear for the packs we both served.

*

*

The next day,

The funeral home is crowded, bodies pressed against each other, and there are members from every pack. Hundreds of people turned up for Dominic's funeral. So many people gathered outside the building all the way to the lush lawns surrounding the place. There were even humans, which showed how much respect this man had.

I stood at the back with Ezra and Mateo. Marge said she would watch the kids while we attended and I didn't think it a good idea to bring Marabella while it was still so raw for Kyan. Andrei, Sage and Jonah stood at the back with us and Lucas, spotting us, waved us forward. I shake my head, not feeling like I belonged at the front. When we didn't move, Lucas pushed through the crowd toward us.

"My Queen, you belong up there with Kyan"

"I don't think he will want me up there, I tell him.

"Dominic gave his life for your daughter,

"Dominic gave his for your daughter, that means you are worthy enough in his eyes" Lucas tells me and I felt torn when Lucas leant closer to whisper to me not that he had to, the crowd of those talking would drown out all noise as we waited for the funeral to start..

"Your daughter is Kyan's mate, you are family whether or not Kyan knows it," Lucas whispers and I pull away to look at him, shocked

"How?" I ask him, wondering how he could possibly know that.

"Dominic told me he wouldn't give his life for just anyone. His life was reserved for his son, so he gave it to save his son from himself"

"Dominic knew?"

"Dominic was a remarkable man, but he was a father first and his son was his world. Despite being strict, there is no one in this world he loved more than Kyan. Dominic saw you coming before even you knew what you are. He saw the baby that would match his son one day, he saw the darkness that taints her, he saw who she would one day become to him"

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"And what's that?" I ask him, wondering if Dominic saw a brighter future than what I was shown.

"His redemption" Lucas whispers, leaning in closer. When he pulls away, he stares at me and I nod once. I don't know what he needed redemption for, but I knew it involved my daughter, something I knew I would never be comfortable with

"Jonah, Kyan was asking for you earlier. Maybe you could cheer him up a bit," Lucas says, looking at Andrei. Andrei nods to Jonah, who was waiting for permission.

"I saved you all seat's," He says, looking from my mates to Andrei and Sage. I let out a breath before following him to an empty pew. Kyan was nowhere to be seen, but when Jonah went to follow his parents, Lucas patted the spot next to him in the front row.

"You sit here, son, with Kyan," Lucas says, and he looks at Sage, who motions he could before sitting down next to Lucas. Jonah looked so small sitting beside the man. When the music started, the chatter quieted down and the aisle between the pews cleared. I couldn't see Kyan until he

passed me.

Kyan's face was set in stone and void of all emotion. He was present; the shadows surrounding him, tainting him, were black as coal. The darkness encased him, numbing him as he walked behind his father's coffin, a silver urn clutched in his hands.

I watched as they placed the coffin at the centre of the room. The men walked back to their seats as one of the funeral directors set up the coffin for open viewing before nodding to Kyan, who waited off to the side; he was staring at the wall off to the side of the room before the funeral director motioned toward the coffin.

Kyan walked up to it and I knew the second he laid eyes on his father because the shadows erupted out of him, filling the stage and spreading to the roof like dark smoky tentacles that only I could see. Kyan places the urn in the coffin before turning around, his eyes vacant and not a tear in sight, like he had none left to give. He was an empty shell and despite being the picture of indifference. I could tell by the shadows that his father's death Jastrauad him more than he man willing

the shadows that hither's death destroyed him more than he was willing to show anyone.

He sits next to his uncle, who then gets up and gives a eulogy. Kyan sat with his shoulders slumped, head down as I watched the shadows move back toward him, blanketing him and caressing him when he suddenly jumps. The shadows fizzling and I stare at him, wondering what caused it when I noticed Jonah's hand had reached out, grabbed Kyan's.

Kyan stares at him like he only just noticed Jonah was sitting beside him. The shadows recede a little when Jonah places his little head on Kyan's shoulder and I could almost feel his shock at Jonah trying to comfort him before he relaxed, resting the side of his face on Jonah's head.

"What did you put in with your dad?" I hear Jonah ask him.

"What's left of my mother" Kyan tells him. They don't speak after that, just watch the people give tribute to Dominic.

When it's over and everyone was leaving, Jonah stood up with Kyan and Lucas was

Jonah stood up with Kyan and Lucas was talking to Ezra and Mateo along with Andrei, yet I was watching the two boys when Kyan let go of Jonah's hand, walking toward his father's coffin.

Jonah followed him. The room was empty besides my family and Lucas. Kyan leans in the coffin and I wander closer to check on them when I see Kyan whisper to his father.

"She will never be mine, because I won't allow her to be, not when she took you from me," Kyan whispers softly, barely audible. He stands up before removing a necklace from his pocket and placing it in his father's hand.

"What's that?" Jonah asks him.

"It keeps the darkness away," Kyan answers him and I realize it was some protection necklace.

"But I thought you didn't like the darkness," Jonah asks him, staring at him worriedly.

"I never used to, but it helps me not feel". Kyan tells him.

"You don't want to feel anything?" Jonah

asks.

"Not anymore," Kyan says before turning around to see me watching him. He stops before walking over to his uncle. He tugs his arm.

"We leave now," He says and Lucas looks down at his nephew.

"In a minute," Lucas tells him.

"No, we leave now," Kyan tells him, before walking off and heading outside.

"Sorry, he is struggling more than he lets on, he doesn't have any friends and Jonah is the only child I have seen him play with, maybe I could bring him over sometime to see Jonah"

"Of course, Kyan is always welcome." Sage tells him, and Lucas nods before bowing to me and chasing after his nephew. 1

"You ok?" Sage asks brushing Jonah's cheek with her hand.

"Yeah, but I don't think Kyan is mamma"

"He will be, he just needs time" she tells him and he nods, staring at the door where Kyan left through.

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Chapter 205 One week Later

Sage POV Sweat glistened on my skin as I waited for Jonah to get home from school. It was extremely hot today as I waited for the bus that would drop Jonah at the end of the entryway into the pack. Laying on the grass under the shade of a tree, I sit up when I hear the bus coming down the road. The blue and white bus pulled up just as I got to my feet.

"Mama" Jonah squeals, jumping down the bus steps before skipping over to me with a picture in his hand. I smile down at him as he shows me a picture he painted.

"Oh wow, it is lovely," I tell him, taking it from his little hands as the bus pulls away, leaving.

"Do you like it?" He asks and I nod before reaching down and hugging him, his scent soothing after the boring day I have had, Andrei has been busy in the city helping Lucas, but he rang me a few hours ago to tell me he was on his way home. I was expecting him back any minute. He was trying to get home before Jonah

was trying to get hom before Jonah finished, but must have got stuck in the evening traffic. "Can we stick it on the fridge?" Jonah asks, excitedly.

"If we can find room, we might have to put it in dad's office. The fridge is running out of room," I tell him. He nods happily, taking my hand and we start the long walk back to the pack house.

Halfway back, I pull Jonah off to the side of the dirt road, needing to have a break. I am sweating profusely and feeling light headed.

"Are you ok Mum?" Jonah asks as I flop down on the grass.

"Yes, I am fine. It is just boiling today," I tell him, and his brows scrunch together,

"It's not hot, I have goosebumps, look" Jonah tells me, holding his arm up to show me. I blink twice before looking up at the sky. The sun was out yet looking at Jonah. His lips were blue, and he is covered in goosebumps. Confusion sets in, though I thought it odd earlier that I saw Zane in a jumper.

saw Zane in a jumper

"Maybe you're coming down with something," I tell him, reaching up and cupping his forehead with my hand. Yet I couldn't feel his temperature at all against my clammy hand.

"Your face is very red," Jonah tells me and I observe him, his lips trembling slightly. Yet, I felt like I was burning up. Maybe I was coming down with something. Standing up, Jonah grabs my hand as I sway slightly, dizzy from standing up too fast. The feeling doesn't leave though as we slowly trek back to the pack house. My vision blurred, and I was becoming hotter, my skin burning and my mouth was so dry.

"Jonah, have you got any water in your drink bottle?" I ask him. He stops dropping his school bag on the ground before rummaging through it and retrieving his blue water bottle. It was still half full, and I popped the lid and gulped some water down. Quenching my thirst before squirting some in my hand and wetting my face and the back of my neck.

My surroundings spin when I hand it back to him. Jonah is watching me, his lips

to him. Jonah is watching me, his lips pursed, and he shakes my arm gently as he tries to pull me along with him. Staggering forward, I tried to force my feet to keep moving, though every step was getting harder to take. Vertigo washing over me in waves when I exhale loudly. Jonah stops and I nearly trip over him.

"You smell funny. Are you sure you're alright?" Jonah says. I try to gently nudge him forward to keep going. The simple motion throwing my balance off and the ground is suddenly rushing toward my face. I don't even feel it when my body hits the ground. I hear the air leave my lungs, but all I could think about was the burning sensation that was rolling over my entire body. My blood felt like it was boiling in my veins.

Jonah's shrieks of panic become dimmer as all sound becomes muffled and I force myself to roll on my back as I stared up at him. My entire body felt heavy, like I was weighed down.

"Mum, mum" Jonah's face turning purple as he shook me, yelling for me, tears streaming down his face. I wanted to

streaming down his face. I wanted to comfort him, desperately to soothe him, but my muscles locked and I was seeing double. Jonah looks over his shoulder before suddenly he is gone. Managing to turn my head, I could see the silhouette of a car driving towards him before dust from the gravel road filled the road and I hear the screeching of tyres on the road. My heart jolts in my chest as I see the car headed straight at Jonah as he waved his arms. Adrenaline shoots through me and I sit up. I could hear the car sliding across the gravel when a dust cloud engulfed Jonah. The engine suddenly cuts out as I stagger, falling a couple of times as I race toward him. When he suddenly disappears amongst the dust from the road, my shriek of fear rings loudly in my head.

Andrei POV

My mind is consumed with everything! need to get done. I still needed to bring the rogue camp to the pack, but with everything going on I just haven't had time to organize anything. The pack had been sending supplies regularly to them.

been sending supplies regularly to them. The biggest issue being they were still reluctant to leave their camp. At least they were safe with the Reaper wolves gone, but I definitely needed to organise something soon. The pack is eager to get them here; the men finding it harder to cope and have been working themselves into the ground.

—

Pack meetings have been happening every few days because Zane and I were struggling to keep them in line. Some refuse to sleep after the recent attack, making them relive the day we lost nearly the entire pack. Old memories resurfacing and the paranoia kicking in. Last night Lucas brought Kyan up, I was at a loss at what to do.

Kat had been run off her feet with being a Moon Goddess and running the packs. She was almost dead on her feet and I couldn't ask more of her. She already brought Sage back and despite saying she was alright, I knew she wasn't. So instead I asked Lucas if he had any ideas and he brought Kyan to me. He stayed last night and left early this morning, Last night I called a pack meeting.

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Some hadn't slept since the day the Reaper wolves attacked and it was taking a toll on them. Men falling asleep on border patrol, others turning manic and their wolves taking over. It had been chaos. The first week was horrid with all the funerals and clean up. When Kyan walked in with Lucas at first, I was confused, wondering why he would bring Kyan when my men were unhinged and erratic at the moment. I didn't even like Jonah being around them while they were like that, however Kyan walked in and the way he walked in and grabbed everyone's attention instantly startled me.

Lucas waved me over and Kyan walked to the front of the room of the small demountable building. "Unless you want to join them, you need to hop out right now," Lucas said in a hushed voice.

Zane overhearing rushes over to us and Lucas drags us out of the small meeting room and outside, Sage, Nora and Jonah were in the pack house. Nora had stayed the night before after one of our men broke into Zane's place and attacked him, thinking Zane was an intruder trying to kill his own mate. We had barely stepped

kill his own mate. V had barely stepped outside when I heard the thuds and went to turn around to race back inside, only for Lucas to grip my arm.

"He is fine," He said to me. And he was right. When we could step back in, I found my men on the ground out cold and Kyan walking toward us.

"There alive" was all he said before walking past me and heading to the pack house.

I stood stunned. Zane and I thought we were going to have to drug the water cooler to get them to sleep. I had no idea what he did, but Sage told me earlier that most of them were still asleep.

A few woke up and she said they seemed better. My mind was reeling over the events of the night before as I drove up the driveway, finally getting home from meetings in town with the pack's accountant. It didn't feel right just letting Jonah be given half the Safari Casino, so instead Lucas and Kyan agreed to let the pack buy half of Jonah's shares which would only be an investment anyway to the pack and Lucas said anyone needing a job would have work which would be good

job would have work which would be good for those of the rogue camp. If they were comfortable working away and returning when they please.

Driving on auto pilot I didn't see Jonah until the last second as he ran towards my car, waving his arms frantically in the air. I lock the car, my foot slamming down on the brake and I ripped the handbrake up. I heard Sage scream a bloodcurdling scream yet didn't see her. The car skids and rushes toward him. Panic nearly makes me throw up when the car comes to a stop and I couldn't see him. Dust everywhere. I couldn't see a thing out any windows. My entire body was shaking as I tossed the door open when I hear Jonah's voice.

—

“Dad, Dad. Something is wrong with mum” He cries, wrapping his arms around my legs. The immense relief takes my breath away as the fear of hitting him recedes, and the dust finally settles,

“What are you doing on the road” I snap at him. I didn’t mean for my words to come off so harshly. But it shook me, nearly running him over.

“Mum!” He cries and I glance around,

“Mum!” He cries and I glance around, wondering where Sage is. I heard her voice seconds ago. My eyes scan my surroundings when I see her hands clutching her knees as she bent over and threw up. Jonah points at her and I look down at him. Tears streaked his face before I look back at her.

“Sage?” I call out to her before heading toward her. Jonah races toward her and a second later she collapses in the dirt, making me run to her side in panic. Jonah was clutching the front of her dress. Kneeling beside her, I watch as her eyes roll into the back of her head as she goes unconscious when her scent smashes into me. A feral growl leaves me, making Jonah jump and leap away from me,

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Chapter 206 “Donnie!” I snap at him as instinct takes over. The need to mate makes him feral as he locks onto her scent. My chest rattles as I try to suppress the savage noises leaving me. Jonah, clearly petrified, reaches for Sage when I feel my canines slip out and I turn away from him, fighting Donnie for control, primal instincts kicking in as he sees our son as a threat.

“Jonah, get in the car,” I grit out as fur spills out up my arms. Jonah looks at me horrified, but I didn’t know how to explain without scaring him more, Donnie wildly trying to take control when I didn’t mate her instantly.

“Dad?” Jonah cries, grabbing my arm and making my head snap in his direction. He pulls his hand away. “Dad, you’re scaring me,” Jonah sobs and I shake my head as Donnie does at his words.

“Our Son,” I spit at Donnie, needing him to see Jonah, not an enemy. He seems to calm slightly, letting me have control back, and Jonah swallows and I feel my canines and claws retract before I let out a breath.

breath.

"Come here buddy, I didn't mean to scare you," I tell him, reaching for him. Sage groans before turning quickly and throwing up again, barely missing my feet.

"What's wrong with her?" Jonah asks as I brush her hair back that was sticking to her face from perspiration.

"Andrei?" Sage mumbles and I set Jonah on his feet at my side.

"Right here, love," I tell her.

"I feel funny"

"I know. Let's get you home," I tell her, scooping her up. Her skin was clammy despite it being rather chilly today. The wind had a harsh bite and Jonah's teeth chatter as the sun slipped behind the mountains.

Donnie was pressing beneath my skin, wanting control as I walk toward the car,

"Get the door Jonah," I tell him and he opens the back door, and I lay Sage down on the backseat. Jonah climbs in beside her and my hands grip the door frame as I struggled against my wolf.

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"It's Jonah, you fucking hurt him Donnie I will drink wolfsbane, now settle down," I tell him, as I fight him to shut the door and not rip our son from the car.

"Jonah, Jonah our son," he chants in my head and I finally shut the door before climbing in the driver's side. Mind linking Zane, I continued driving for a few minutes before pulling up out the front. Zane is waiting out the front of the pack house, glancing around nervously.

"Jonah, go with Uncle Zane, please. You need to stay with him tonight," I tell Jonah.

"What, why?" Jonah asks just as Zane opens the backdoor with his hands up in a surrendering gesture, knowing Donnie would be on edge. My hands white knuckle the steering wheel.

"You good Alpha? Just grabbing Jonah," He says and I nod, he is mated already to Nora, but not even he was game enough to get close to Alpha that's heat crazed and I wasn't game enough to move either. Donnie was struggling and couldn't think straight, especially with her scent filling the car.

"Most are still asleep. Malik has gone with Nora to get the berries to make the jam in case they wake," He tells me and all I could do was nod. A new appreciation for Ezra washes over me. How he could control Maddox enough not to kill me and everyone else when Kat went into heat is beyond me

I couldn't imagine how hard it would have been to stop Maddox from killing Mateo, who was locked in the pack house with her, knowing you have barely any human consciousness once locked onto a scent. I don't know how he did it, or how Mateo resisted the urge to mate her. I was struggling not to let my wolf kill my son and Beta, and Zane is mated already, and Jonah still had no wolf and is a child, yet Donnie wanted them nowhere near her.

—

"But she will be okay?" Jonah asks, tapping my shoulder and I catch Zane's eye in the rearview mirror as he tried to pull Jonah from the car.

"Jonah, you need to come with me," Zane tells him. Fur spreads across my arms when Zane leans over Sage, reaching for Jonah, who refuses to leave his mother.

"But why?"

"Come," Zane hurriedly tells him, holding out his hand. O

"No, I am not leaving her," Jonah says, slapping Zane's hand away.

"Jonah, you need to go with Zane now!," Donnie forces out my lips. My voice distorted and gravelly sounding, the noise hurting the back of my throat.

"Come now," Zane says, grabbing his arm and pulling him from the car.

"No, I want my mum," Jonah says, kicking and screaming. Donnie realizing Jonah would not leave retreats to the back of my mind. "Hurry up, I want her inside," Donnie snarls at me, letting me block him out. I open my door and get out. Zane backs away from me instantly, yanking Jonah behind him protectively, His hands out in what I assume was a placating gesture.

"I'm fine," I tell him and Jonah rushes over, grabbing my legs. My entire body tense as I knelt in front of him so I was closer to his small height.

"What's wrong with her?" Jonah asks,

"What's wrong wi her?" Jonah asks, peering in the window. And I know he feared losing her again. It was near impossible to keep the barrier up between me and Donnie, her scent pulling him forward as he tried to remain back so I could have control.

A slow, steady throbbing was pulsating in my head at the strain. I needed to be quick before I gave myself a migraine from the restraint

"She will be fine, but you need to stay with Zane and Nora tonight"

"But why?" He whines and Sage makes a groaning noise that causes Zane to tense and look in the car's window.

"Ah, she just threw up in your car, but she is fine now," Zane adds, and I shake my head.

Fuck! Jonah peeks through the window at her and I remain where I am, knowing if I look, it may force Donnie forward,

"She is sick?"

"Yes and No, she is fine Jonah, but it will be too dangerous for you to stay at home tonight," I tell him and he turns to face me

he turns to face me

tonight," I tell him, not understanding.

"Remember when Nora was sick, and we had to give everyone that special jam?" He nods his head. "Yep, Uncle Zane attacked Clay and uncle Malik had to help fight him off," Jonah laughs. Zane's cheeks flush red.

"That's because he didn't drink enough, but the same thing is happening to mum now and I am going to struggle to control Donnie," I tell him, looking at Zane.

"You're going to give mum the cooties!"

"Gonna give her what?" I ask. My eyebrows shooting into my hairline.

"Cooties, Casen said Zane was giving Nora cooties," Zane growled behind him. I would have to have a chat with Casen and tell him to watch what he tells Jonah in the future.

"Don't listen to what Casen says. He is an idiot," Zane says. I shake Jonah's words off.

"You need to go stay with Zane and Nora. I will look after mum okay? You can come

I will look after mum okay? You can come see her soon," I tell him, not wanting to promise he can see her tomorrow, knowing heats can be different for everyone and last longer than normal.

"Ok" Jonah mumbles, dropping his head, his shoulders sag and I reach for him, giving him a brief hug before Zane grabs his hand pulling him away.

Once Jonah is safely tucked away, I glance around to make sure no one is about just as Donnie smashes through the veil that separates us, taking control as he opens the rear door. Her scent invading all my senses as I pulled her from the backseat and head for the house. Unlocking the front door, I step inside before locking it. My vision flickering back and forth between mine and that of my wolf.

Turning to the door panel, I scroll the menu, quickly activating the roller shutters and locking the place down.

“So hot,” Sage mumbles, her head slumped over my shoulder.

“I know, hang on” Donnie tells her, my words sound distorted by him.

“Donnie?” Sage slurs.

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«Yes,” he tells her as I climb the steps. Heading straight for the bathroom, I turn the shower on, trying to cool her down and clean her up. The moment I place her feet on the ground, she lurches for the toilet, throwing up again. My hands shaking as I hold her hair back, Donnie almost uncontrollable as her scent becomes intoxicatingly stronger while her temperature continues to rise.

“Hospital,” Sage gasps, trying to breathe.

“I am not taking you to hospital,” I tell her before chuckling to myself because she still hasn’t figured it out yet, but considering they sterilized her as a teen, I honestly couldn’t have predicted this myself. It was no wonder this wouldn’t even register to her because it shouldn’t be possible. I had no clue what Kat had done, but she healed all of Sage’s scars and I would bet everything I had that Kat had not only healed her, but restored her back to the way she was before those monsters got their hands on her.

Stripping out of my clothes, I leave my boxers on, my cock straining painfully

boxers on, my coc training painfully against the fabric before reaching down and grabbing Sage under her arms and pulling her against me. Holding her tightly, I tear off her clothes, tossing them away.

“Please, something’s wrong with me,” she whimpers, leaning heavily against me. Her skin was so hot and she was making me sweat, her scent perfuming the room makes me purr and my chest vibrate. Sage sighs, the sound calming her. She always liked the noise. While I found it more embarrassing, Sage, however, would ask me to purr. If she couldn’t sleep, finding comfort and Donnie always more than happy to annoy me by giving in to her. Though now I never tried to stifle it anymore, liking her reaction and the way she instantly calms.

“You’re not sick,” I tell her and she shakes her head against my chest.

Now her clothes were off. I grip the back of her thighs and wrap her legs around my waist, only just grabbing her as she falls backward, mumbling

incoherently. She whimpers, pressing closer against me as my skin contact offers some kind of relief

my skin contact *offers* some kind of relief and I turn, opening the shower screen and stepping in.

The icy water jolts me and takes my breath and I swear my balls receded into my throat at the harsh cold bite of the water as it drenched me, my family jewels hiding away from the cold. Sage sighs, her temperature dropping slightly but she was still hot, the shower screen fogging up with steam despite there being no hot water on as I sat down with her in my lap. I needed her temperature to go down so I could control her scent. The last thing I needed was to have Donnie attack her while she still doesn't know what is going on.

"You stay back until the next phase Donnie, I swear you scare her I won't forgive you," I tell him, needing him to remain dormant until Sage's wolf urges kick in.

I couldn't allow Donnie that control, especially after the things Sage had suffered, and deep down Donnie was aware of that because now we are safely tucked in the house and she was away from everyone. He had calmed considerably

from everyone. He had calmed considerably.

"I know," Donnie tells me and I feel myself relaxing against the wall as her temperature slowly drops, waiting for the second phase to start. Sage had to start it. Heat was rough, Sierra and Sage suffered enough, though I knew they would understand. But I wouldn't forgive myself if I was the one that sent her plummeting back to being timid and scared of the world, all because Donnie is too rough if he forces forward.

"Hospital," Sage slurs again, her voice breaking and I could feel she was in pain as she squirmed in my lap, as another wave rushed over her. I reach for the soap in the niche and start washing her.

"It will ease off soon. You're not sick, Sage. You're in heat," I tell her, kissing the side of her face.

BLACK FRIDAY: Our 34% ON

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Chapter 207 Sage shakes her head. She did not believe my words and I didn't blame her. She's been under the impression kids were out of the question,

besides Jonah. Jonah is ours, and I was happy enough to have our boy, so I understood it would be pretty shocking for her to hear that she was in heat. Whether it would lead to pups was another story, but for now, we just had to wait it out, wait her heat out, and hope she doesn't come out traumatized by it.

Sage continued to beg me to take her to hospital, her hands clutching her stomach as she writhed in pain in my lap, her pain radiating through me through the bond, making me feel uncomfortable as I rubbed her back, trying to ease some of it. Still, she just needed to wait it out until the next phase started.

Sage whimpers, pressing her face into the crook of my neck, and I feel her body tense in my arms, her skin heating more; additionally, Donnie was becoming restless again. His need to mate her was as painful as her heat with the pheromones she was putting out. And to think she may

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she was putting out id to think she may go through this every few months unless i t was once off.

I struggled to wrap my head around it, unable to believe it myself, yet I am positive it was her heat. Or Donnie never would have reacted like this, and the entire process was making it difficult for me to think as animalistic urges to hold her down and drive my cock into her tugged at me.

The only thing I truly hated about being a werewolf was the urge to force she wolves and claim them when the heats started. Just like Sage will want to when the second phase begins, the animalistic side of us is taking over our consciousness and forcing us to breed. Such a dangerous time for she-wolves.

They were at their most vulnerable while their mates and the unmated were at their most rabid, A blend of bliss and cruelty, I knew Sage was close to the second phase, her scent so potent and addictively sweet, making my cock ache and throb beneath her, her body seeking my skin like she wanted to bleed into me as she subconsciously rocked her hips against m

subconsciously roc 'her hips against m e as she sat on my lap.

A growl rumbles through my chest, and I fist my hands as my claws slip out, the pain making me grit my teeth as I try to hold back at clawing at her. Donnie's urges bleed into mine as it forces us to merge, two entities becoming one. Her heat removed my basic human instincts, replacing mine with his primitive, uncontrollable frenzied urges and making them my own as I tried to think straight, tried to remember who she was and what she was to me. These instincts were our most dangerous because, with them, wen o longer had control, no longer identified with anything or anyone, only regaining clarity between each wave she suffered.

Growing up as a rogue when mates found each other, I witnessed horrific things when a she-wolf had gone into heat. Their mates were not getting to them in time, nobody recognizing the changes in their scents, and it quickly became a mating orgy or a slaughter or sometimes both. Mates feeling the overwhelming need to protect and claim what is theirs, while unmated heat-crazed wolves can't unlock and detach themselves from

unlock and detach themselves from recognizing or identifying what isn't theirs to touch.

The she-wolves become subdued by instinct in the first stage, the heat incapacitating them so the male or mate can find them easily, the second stage forcing them to want to mate if they want the pain to stop. They are mostly too far gone to recognize they aren't mating with their mates and running off scents alone.

I've seen it before, and it is something everyone has come to live with, especially if you have been rogue. If your mate went into heat, everyone knew there could be a chance the pup they carried wasn't yours; it is something that is ungrudgingly accepted and also forgiven because everyone knows we had no control in that state, and nor did the she-wolf. Yet that was also how lots of mates are killed, trying to protect what's theirs,

Tragic, and that is why most packs ensure they equip all houses with industrial strength shutters and have shots and antidotes for the unmated wolves to sedate them, but we found making our own most effective. Werewolves are pack

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own most effective werewolves are pack creatures and can't function without a pack-like community, yet the danger of living in one could sometimes be horrific if unprepared.

The smell of my blood fills my nostrils as my claws slice through my palms. Sage squirms on my lap, rubbing herself against me, and I feel Donnie fighting the urge to give in, knowing once he does, we won't be man or wolf, thus becoming the thing in between that gave humans the stories of monsters that howled at the moon and slaughtered their people. We became the monsters the stories told them about, yet the only ones we terrorized were our mates, while she too would be forced to endure the primitive side and ultimately be at my mercy until it ends.

Sage shudders against me, and I feel my eyes bleed black as Donnie's soul bleeds into mine, consciously aware of what I was doing but completely unable to do anything but give in to it the bliss and carnage that wrapped into one,

There is something freeing about letting go of all restraint; however, it is also

so of all restraint; however, it is also terrifying. Especially when you no longer have control of urges that we usually kept at bay, Sage would be the one in duress

and utterly reliant on me to stop anyone getting in as she would no longer recognize them and me them.

Her claws slipped from her fingertips, digging into my sides as she raked them down my skin. The purr that leaves her vibrating against my chest is more feral, and half growled as my skin tears under the sharpness of her claws. Her scent sends my brain into overdrive, frenzied almost, as I feel her slick coat my stomach and cock when she grinds herself against me, making me moan as my hard length runs between her slick folds.

Trying to get my bearings and keep what little sense I had left intact. I stood up, her legs instantly wrapping around my waist tightly as Sage refused to let go and untangle herself from me, my skin the only thing offering Sage relief from the insatiable burning I could feel simmering through the bond. My entire body tensed as I reached for the shower taps, fighting against the urge to tear into her.

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It is a struggle to twist the taps and shut the water off, my claws getting in the way. And Sage was not helping as she licked and nipped my skin. A shudder runs through me when she sinks her teeth into my shoulder before biting into my mark and reopening it. Her body pressed so tightly against mine it was like Sage was trying to push into me. I wanted to adjust her and tug her higher up, but the motion and her grip on me sent me smashing into the shower screen, the glass bursting as she fought against me.

Donnie's presence ultimately leaves; his consciousness merges and fuses into mine until I can't hear him but can feel him, tainting my essence and morphing it to our innate baser instincts as the glass cut my feet, my own hands slicing through her soft skin and Sage whimpers,

I could feel her tongue as she licks my skin, her teeth grazing, sending pleasure and pain through me. A sordid groan pushes past my lips, and my restraint slips. My movements are too quick and desperate as I pin her against the doorframe leading into the bedroom. Sage hisses at the impact before her claws rake

hisses at the impact fore her claws rake down my back and her legs tighten around my waist, soaking me with her wet heat and her desire.

My mouth latches onto her neck, and my canines slice through her skin. The metallic taste of her blood floods my mouth while my claws scratch down her thighs. My cock was so hard I thought it would burst as I gripped her hips, impaling her on it.

She moans loudly, her slick tight walls clamping around my shaft in a vice-like grip as her tight walls fluttered, her insides swelling before I pull out and slam back into her, my breathing harsh while my mouth licked and nipped at her skin as I rocked her hips against mine slamming her hot heat down and pounding into her depths.

Sage whines, clawing at my arms and back as she tries to meet my brutal thrusts, her teeth nipping at my jaw and chin before her sharp teeth slice through my lip, her tongue invading my mouth before she sucks on my tongue, her mouth devouring mine as she grips my hair and I stagger toward the bed. She

hair and I stagger toward the bed. She grunts as I stumble her back, slamming against the bed, forcing her lips from mine.

Her breast filled my palm as I squeezed it. The hardness of her nipple scraping the inside of my palm made me groan; as her warm, wet walls clamped around my cock. Her hips gyrating underneath me as she seeks the friction, the ridges, and smooth, moist texture of her walls enveloping my hard length make my body tense as she gyrates her hips on my cock, taking what her body demands are hers. My hands grip her arms, pinning them to bed as my hips push against hers, sinking deeper into her and burying myself into her tight pussy, her walls squeezing around my shaft. I pull out before ramming back into her, her juices coating my cock with each thrust; her pussy slick with her arousal that perfumes the room, sweet and addicting.

I relentlessly pound into her, making provocative sounds leave her lips as she unravels beneath me. Her screaming cries urge me faster and harder while I pound into her, her walls clamping tightly around my hard cock as I continue to

around my hard cocks continue to drive into her, and a growl escapes me as her face falls slack. Her back arches as her orgasm rip through her, her pussy heating and her juices slip out of her drenching my crotch and coating my cock as she rides out her orgasm.

I become lost in the look on her face as her body relaxes, falling limply back onto the mattress as the wave of heat subsides from her orgasm, giving my senses some reprieve as I stare down at her. Her pupils dilated, and her lips parted, making my cock twitch inside her, the pressure encasing my cock, deliciously warm as her skin heats again. The next wave of heat washes over her, a never-ending cycle of blissful, brutal torture overwhelming her again as she shudders, her scent growing more robust, and I feel my canines slip from my gums, the points of my claws breaking the skin. I force myself to let go of her, my handprints bruised into the skin of her arms,

Sage fists the sheets as I rock my hips, trying to be gentle, trying to clear my mind of the vicious thoughts consuming me before they become too much, her sweet scent crushing the sliver of control

sweet scent crushing the sliver of control and humanity again making me pull out of her. Gripping her hips, I flip her onto her stomach before pulling her ass into the air. Her puffy, swollen pussy lips glistened with her slick, moist arousal as gripping the back of her neck and forcing her face down into the mattress.

The sheets tear under her sharp claws as I hold her down with one hand and my other on her hip as I bury my cock in her warm, wet canal. My hips hit her ass with a wet slap, and a grunt leaves my lips as her walls suck me in, encasing me as her muscles spasm.

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Sage pushes against me, and I pull back before gripping her hips and driving my cock deep into her, spearing her on my cock hard and fast. My claws dig into her ass cheeks as I push them apart, watching my cock slip in and out of her tight wet heat. Her pussy was swollen and red from my harsh movements as she pressed back against me; the seductive noises that left her were tantalizing as she came undone again. My body tensing and balls tightening as her warmth clamps around my cock, the sensation and pressure sending hot jets of my seed spilling into

my cock, the sensation and pressure sending hot jets of my seed spilling into her, coating her insides. My thrusts slow, my cock pulsating deep inside her as I still with a muffled groan.

The effects of her heat die down for a second, and I pull out, rolling onto my back, trying to catch my breath. Sage is lying face down, her breathing hard before it slowing, and my eyes close for what felt like only seconds before I hear her whimpers again, her hands reaching and seeking me out as I feel her tongue glide over my chest as she crawls onto me and straddles me, the same urges returning. My sanity waned once again as heat rushed over her, making my cock hardens again, needing to answer and abate her heat-ravaged body.

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Chapter 208 Sage POV

Squinting at the bright light filtering in through the window, I rub my eyes, and a shiver runs up my spine as the tingling sensation from the mate bond ripples through me. I could feel Andrei hovering over the top of me, his tongue running across my ribs to the side of my breast. My back arched at the sensation as his hot tongue moved across my body, his fingers pressing against my skin firmly as he maneuvered me.

When his hand grips my elbow, I watch, amused; he forces my arm above my head. His tongue ran across the inside of my arm from my elbow to just below my armpit. I ran my fingers through his hair, trying to get his attention as he hadn't seemed to realize I was awake now. My fingers run through his thick locks, and he jumps, confirming my assumption that he hadn't realized I was awake,

His voice could not be confused for anything other than Donnie's. His bice was raspier and deeper than Andrei's as he pulled back, looking down at me; his

he pulled back, loog down at me, his knee pressing between my thighs against my aching core made me hiss.

"You're awake. Sorry I was trying to be gentle," He growls, his blackened eyes watching me, while his hands gently caress my skin, patting me like I am his pet.

"Morning, Donnie." I hissed while trying to sit up, but Donnie wouldn't move as he hovered above me, his body pressing mine back down into the bed. Every muscle aches, and I am aware of the moist feeling of the sheets under me, and the scent of blood in the air.

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"Lay down," he purrs, and I groan but do as he asks, loving the rumble vibrating from his chest. Donnie continued fussing and petting my hair after a while. I knew I had to get up, and I tried to roll to get out from under him. The once white sheets are a deep shade of pink and dark red.

"I have to get Jonah," I tell him, but he shakes his head, pushing my shoulder back down and not allowing me to get up,

"You should rest," He says, and my brows bunch together at his insistence,

"Where is Andrei? Did you block him out?" I ask Donnie, but he shakes his head before dipping his face into my neck. Andrei's stubble scratching against my skin makes me hiss and shiver. My skin is burning and tingling at the same time when I feel Donnie's tongue run up my neck to my chin and shut my eyes, just giving in and letting him do whatever the heck he is doing-trying not to think of the throbbing in my core every time he pressed against me. I was sore, everything sore and stinging.

"Better?" Donnie mumbles against my lips before licking them. I chuckle at his odd behavior.

"Yes, so you can stop licking me now," I tell him, wanting to find Jonah. Sierra was sluggish as she pressed forward to peer out my eyes, before she growled, annoyed at something

"Ah, he is still trying to heal us; he bloody makes me feel weaker exerting his energy, We are bloody fine," Sierra growls in my head. I sigh, pushing Andrei's face away and Sierra wanders off where I couldn't reach her to rest.

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Donnie kisses the inside of my palm when I try to push his face away again. "Bring Andrei back, Donnie; Sierra wants you to stop. You're making her tired," I tell him, and he whines, making me shake my head; seeing Andrei act like a puppy more than a human was rather entertaining, he exhales before pecking my lips quickly, and I watch as his eyes fade from the black abyss to Andrei's hypnotic gaze. His entire body shudders, making me wonder how long Donnie has had control.

"Morning, Love," He says, pushing his arm under my waist and rolling off me onto his back. Andrei pulls me on top of him, his arm remaining draped across my lower back

"Donnie, lock you out," I ask him, sitting up and making his arm fall off my back as I straddle him.

He lifts his head and places his arm behind his head as he stares up at me. "No, I gave him control; you were pretty banged up."

Looking down, I take in the bloodstained sheets. "If it makes you feel any better, half of it's mine," He says, and I look

half of it's mine," He says, and I look down at him, finally noticing the scars that littered his chest and arms. Were they from me? Andrei chuckles at the horrified look on my face, and my face flushes at what I did to him.

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"Stop, I am fine. I wasn't complaining, but Donnie healing you, stopped my healing. I am fine, and I don't mind wearing your marks," He says, running his hand up my thigh.

"Though you may be sore for a few days," He says, and I notice the purple blotches covering my skin; I could see complete outlines of his hands on my thighs, making me lift my arms to examine them. I raise an eyebrow at him.

"Hey, you demanded harder. I gave you harder, don't blame me," Andrei says with a cheeky grin; I roll my eyes at him.

"Jonah?"

"With Malik, Zane dropped him to Malik this morning. I already checked in with him"

Yawning, I nod before laying back down and resting my head on his chest. His fingers gently trail up my spine while I

fingers gently trail my spine while I enjoy his warmth and the deep purr vibrating from his chest, he seemed to be in a good mood despite being exhausted, and I revel in his closeness, feeling content

"Your scent has changed," Andrei murmurs, making me lift my head to stare up at him. I could smell no changes in my scent.

"Well, I can't smell anything besides blood, sex, and you," I tell him.

“Donnie noticed it. That’s why he was trying to heal you, just in case he is right, he was also scenting you because he is a possessive bastard” Andrei laughs, and I slap his arm, but he shrugs.

“So, Donnie mistook it for real heat? Not a phantom one?” I ask. I knew deep down I had no chances of having kids. I had no ovaries, so it was impossible; I knew that, Andrei knew that.

Doc said I could have phantom heat’s; especially now that we have Jonah, but they wouldn’t be the real thing, just a coping mechanism of my wolf side not being able to have pups. I felt like an idiot

being able to have p 3. I felt like an idiot even asking because I knew it wasn’t possible, yet his words made me hope for some miracle, but I think I hit my quota o n blessings and wishes coming true. I couldn’t ask for more than I have, I have everything I could hope for, and that was freedom to live, my mate and Jonah.

Andrei didn’t say anything for a few moments, and I could feel his apprehension before he finally spoke.

“I shouldn’t have said anything,” He says, kissing my forehead.

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“But Donnie believes you were in an actual heat, and I have to agree with him” I looked up at him, not wanting to get my hopes up, knowing it was unimaginable.

“I think Kat healed more than your scars, Sage” I shake my head. It is one thing healing scars and burns but replacing organs; it was almost laughable, Andrei grips my face in his hands.

“I wouldn’t believe it either, but she healed you, love. You were putting out pheromones. You shouldn’t be able to do that if it was phantom, but you did. Your scent has changed because Kat has

scent has changed b .use Kat has replaced something that was missing, something I couldn’t sense before but can now because even though you are not in heat now, it has changed your scent. You smell fertile.”

“That’s not funny, Andrei. And you don’t joke about things like that; you don’t say shit like that and give me false hope. I learned to live with knowing I can’t have children. Don’t give me some bullshit that it suddenly changed, only to find out later you have to take those words back, just because you can’t live with the disappointment of never having something you desperately wanted” My eyes burn as tears blur my vision, why would he say that?

“I know it is something I should be able t o give you, but it will never happen,” I tell him, pushing off his chest and climbing off him.

“Sage!” Andrei sighs, but I ignore him,

“Donnie wouldn’t have reacted that way unless-”

**“No, I don’t want to hear it; Doc said I could have phantom heats, that is all this
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i s, now drop it,” I tell him before walking off into the bathroom to shower so I
can g o get our son and bring him home.**

Andrei POV

**I shouldn’t have said anything, and I know that is something Sage worried
about most, what she was most insecure about when it came to being an
Alpha’s mate. She didn’t feel worthy to be Luna because she couldn’t provide
an heir. Sage needed to realize I already had one, Jonah, and nothing would
change that even if she carried my pups, he was as much ours as any blood-born
child would be, just like I was Anthony’s.**

**Jonah would become Alpha, and even if w e didn’t have Jonah, and if Donnie is
wrong and it is phantom. I would have handed it *down* to someone else like
Casen or Vince, so why she felt that way was beyond me,**

**Her being infertile never once crossed my mind as a reason to reject her,
nothing and that would never change. I didn’t want her for her ability to give
me an heir.**

**want her for her abi’ to give me an heir. I wanted her; it didn’t matter if she
could carry my pups, she is mine, and nothing would change that.**

**“It was real; we didn’t imagine it,” Donnie says to me as she shuts the bathroom
door; I hear the lock slip in place and decide to let her calm down instead of
arguing with her and beating the door down. I know until she realizes herself,
nothing I say would change her mind about believing me.**

“I know,” I tell him.

**“Sierra thinks it’s a phantom heat too, but I know it wasn’t; I know her scent, I
know our mate Andrei, she is with pup now.”**

**“I guess we will find out in a couple of weeks or when Sierra suddenly can’t
shift “he nods in agreement, but I could feel the excitement of him bleeding
into me,**

**Despite what Sage believes, I would know her scent anywhere. It changed and
became more intoxicating, sweeter than I realized, making me understand that**

Kat had done the impossible; she took all Sage's broken pieces and put them back

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Sage's broken piec. and put them back together making her whole again. The events will permanently scar sage's mind. However, the physical side was no longer a reminder when she looked in the mirror.

To live the horrors she did and come out the other side with the inner strength she has, the capacity to still love and be loved amazed me. And she was mine, I could weather any storm with her by my side because she wouldn't let me drown.

Sage taught me more than I thought I needed to know, that what happens to us doesn't define us unless we let it. What others do to us is never a reflection of who we are but those that did it. She makes me want to live again; Sage gives me hope; she is my redemption, and I will aim to be worthy of her every day. She has no idea what she means to this pack, means to me, and it will always be more than she could ever fathom. She saved us, and she gave my pack back their ability to move on, to forgive ourselves for what we had no control over,

My men and I blamed ourselves for not

getting back in time to save our loved ones, Sage showed them it was ok to let go

ones. Sage showed to n it was ok to let go and live, that it was possible to move on and leave the past where it belonged, in the past. Not forgotten but forgiven, the blame and conviction had no place in our futures, so we shouldn't let it dictate our lives or live in its shadow; our destinies are for us to determine, not the past.

Sage showed me I could forgive myself for not saving Angie and my pack because the blame was not on me. It was the actions of others, and I would no longer take fault for those actions, so I forgive them for what they did and what they took from us, not because they deserve forgiveness, not for them, but for myself to move on, I had no place left for hate. Forgiveness is the key to moving on, not dwelling on a past I am no longer living.

Jonah and Sage are the only future I need No matter what happens, all I need is them to keep getting up, keep trying to earn forgiveness for my sins. The ones

I made after losing my pack. The dreadful things I did to the rogues. I see it for what it was now; I am the monster of someone else's past now, and mine no longer haunts me, but I need redemption for my sins, and Sage gave me hope that

sins, and Sage gave hope that redemption is possible.

And that is the reason I will never forget where Sage came from because she had come a long way, and I needed the reminder that we could live again despite our past. Sage believed they defeated her, but after surviving the horrors of her past, they never broke her.

Sage made herself a warrior and took her life back. She is the most remarkable person I know, and she proved strength was never physical. Real strength shows through a person's character. Sage feels deeply and loves fiercely, her tears flow just as freely as her laughter, and she is a soft, yet strong and inspiring, pure hearted woman, she more than deserves her place in our pack. She is my mate, and she is Luma, she is mine.

I got up and knocked on the bathroom door; I could hear the shower running still, feel that Sage was still upset; she thinks I gave her false hope, but that was never my intention. I just wanted to point out what Donnie and I know.

"I am going to retrieve Jonah. I will be back soon, ok?" I tell her, she doesn't

back soon, ok?" I tell her, she doesn't reply, but I leave her be, knowing she needs time to herself.

Grabbing some clothes from the walk-in, I walk back into the room and put some jeans on before pulling on my tank top. Hearing the water shut off, I listen for a few seconds and hear Sage snuffle, my heart sinking. She would see, she would see we are right, I remind myself.

Sighing, I walk out of the room and down the stairs. I just needed to grab our son, I had missed him the last couple of days, and I know Jonah could always bring Sage out of the dark places she sometimes slipped back to. If I couldn't, he always could.

I didn't even get a chance to knock on Malik's door before it was thrown open and Jonah smashed against my legs, his little arms wrapping securely around them as he squeezed tight.

"Dad! Dad, Dad," he bounces excitedly on the balls of his feet, and I reach down to grab him under the arms, lifting him into the air and placing him on my hip. Malik walks to the door looking exhausted but otherwise happy. "All morning he has sat

vains LU LE UUUL IUUNING CALIDUSLU OL otherwise happy." morning he has sat by the front window, waiting for you or Sage to pick him up," Malik says before he ruffles Jonah's hair. I kiss Jonah's cheek, and he smiles happily.

"Where is mum?" He asks, looking over my shoulder at the packhouse.

"At home waiting for you," I tell him.

**Malik yawns loudly, covering his mouth with his hand before stretching.
"Alright, Kiddo. I need some sleep. I have patrols tonight." Malik tells him.**

"I can take your patrol," I tell him, feeling bad that he is exhausted and has been helping Zane with the pack for days.

"I'm fine, it's just the heat berries, now that Sage is out of the heat, and I don't need to keep eating the crap, I will nap and be good as new"

"Can I ask you something?" I ask Malik, and I look at Jonah in my arms. "Quick, rush home, and go find mum," I tell Jonah, placing him on the ground. He giggles, rushing off toward the packhouse and I wait to see him run through the open door before turning back to Zane.

open door before turning back to Zane.

"Yeah, what's up?" Malik says just as Casen wanders out the front and onto the porch. "Oi, no eavesdropping," Malik scolds him "No, he is fine. Better two opinions than one " I tell Malik, and Casen smirks at him while Malik scoffs at his cockiness.

"Sage's heat-"

"Bloody lasted days, tell her thanks for three days of blue balls, gave Ms Palmer a workout, practically rubbed the skin off it, "Casen says, not letting me finish, but he just answered my question for me.

"So you could sense it, so it was a real heat from what you could tell?"

"Yeah, it was real. Strong too, like a first heat, I suppose it was, but still, even with the Jam, we had to remain inside, only the mated have been able to leave the house, Zane is exhausted, even previously mated like me were affected by her scent, "Malik says, rubbing a hand down his

face,

"Why are you asking?" Malik asks,

"Sage believes its phantom; I tried to tell

"Sage believes its phantom; I tried to tell her it wasn't, that she is fertile. Donnie thinks she is with pup now"

"Wait, hang on, Sage can't have kids," Casen states.

“Exactly,” I tell him, and he seems to ponder that

“Unless a certain Moon Goddess healed her,” Malik smiles, and so do I.

“Well, I need to get back; I want to check on Sage and play with Jonah.”

“Look at you all domesticated,” Casen taunts, and Malik smacks him up the back of the head. I chuckle, shaking my head and walking down the few steps to the grass.

“I will be sure to tell your Luna, you spent three days wanking over her,” I called out to Casen. He growls, making me look back at him. “You wouldn’t,” he snarls, glaring at him, and I smile. Malik chuckles beside him, nudging him with his elbow, and I turn back, heading home.

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Chapter 209 Two Weeks Later

Andrei POV “Just break it down; why is she hiding from us?” Donnie snarls in my head. He had been trying to get Sierra to listen to him for the last week; both were in denial, and Sage was still mad.

I banged on the door again; I was becoming annoyed as she continued ignoring me. “Open the door, Sage,”

“I’m fine, it is just that stupid coffee, we need to switch brands” She gasps out. I rolled my eyes; it was not the damn coffee. I have been trying to get her to see the doctor for the last week, but she refuses. She insists she is not pregnant, but Donnie and I could smell her scent, smell the changes, and until she confirmed it, not only will Sage not believe us, but Donnie won’t stop keeping me awake sniffing her while she sleeps. I shake my head.

Last night was humiliating as he forced control, only for Sage to wake up during his sniffing fest while I looked like some creep. Donnie forced control and decided t

“I am not using our son, and then what? Pin her down?” I ask him. He appeared to be considering it, and I huff, turning to look at Jonah

“Is mum alright?” Jonah asks as I hear her puke again. Jonah walks over and bangs on the door.

“Mum?” Jonah calls through the door.

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“Go get ready for school. I will be down in a minute,” Sage groans before puking again. Jonah looks up at me with a worried look on his face.

“Go see Uncle Malik and see if he can bring the car to the front of the house for me and wait in the car for me,” I tell him.

“Why? Is she ok?” Jonah squeaks.

“She is fine; my keys are on the hall table. Give them to Malik for me,” I tell him, and he glances at the bathroom door quickly before rushing off. I could have mind-linked Malik, but I needed Jonah out of the room so I didn’t scare him. Sage was going to lose her mind in a second. I listen as he drags the chair to the panel to unlock the doors. When I hear the door open, I turn back to the bathroom door.

mzę WĔmhd'hzc mfh TUUITMLL LE ULL creep. Donnie force ontrol and decided t o jam my nose into her belly button. If he was going to be a creep, he could at least d o it in his form, so she knows I am not the perverted one sniffing her while she slept, and it was my bizarre, domineering wolf that had the sniffing belly buttons fetish the look she gave him, well me. I facepalm myself trying not to relive the memory.

“It isn’t a fetish; if she went to the doctor, I wouldn’t have to sniff-test her to make sure she is progressing,” Donnie spits at

1. me.

“Just be grateful she didn’t wake the first time when I sniffed her—” I growled at him, cutting his words off. I didn’t need the reminder of how perverted he can be.

“Ah enough, don’t remind me, you are bloody deranged,” I tell him.

“Please, Sage, open the goddamn door,” I tell her while pinching the bridge of my nose in frustration. Jonah walks in, stopping at the door, and looking toward the bathroom one.

“Use him; that will get her to the doctor, make him fake sick, kids do it all the timet o get out of school,” Donnie tells me.

“Sage, you have three seconds to open this door,” I warn her, and she growls at me.

“One”

“Just go away.”

“Two”

“Andrei, stop it, help Jonah get ready for school.”

“And that would be Three, “I tell her before booting the door. The door bursts open, banging against the wall, and Sage shrieks. Walking in, she is on the ground next to the toilet.

“Was that necessary?” She snaps at me as I reach for her.

“Well, no, but you wouldn’t open the door, “I tell her, reaching down to grab her. She tried to slap my hands away, she looked pale, and her attempts to stop me were weak

“What are you-?” She screeches as I scoop her up, going stiff as a board in my arms as she tries to escape me.

“Put me down,” She demands.

Put me down,” Sne aemas. “Bend, stop being difficult,” I tell her before poking her in the ribs with my fingers; she squeals. So ticklish. I crush her to me, and she kicks her legs, trying t o get out of my arms.

“She needs to eat more; she feels like she has lost weight,” Donnie tells me, and I roll my eyes as I start stomping down the steps toward the front door. Between her and Donnie, they were going to send me insane; Sage’s wild mood swings and Donnie’s odd behavior making me look like some freak was enough to send anyone crazy. Malik’s mouth falls open when I walk out the door with his kicking and screaming Luna in my arms, but he rushes over to the back door, opening it

for me.

“Thank you,” I tell him.

“Duck, Sage,” I warn her.

“You bloody duck, you bloody caveman,” She says, smacking me in the side of the head, Malik chuckles before rushing to the driver’s side.

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“I haven’t even got shoes on,” she shrieks but ducks her head into my chest

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shrieks but ducks h nead into my chest while growling as I sit down in the back with her. She instantly moved off my lap, about to lose her shit; I recognized the look on her face. She was about to teach m e who the Alpha was, and for the last week, it sure as shit hasn’t been me with her moody behavior.

"Ah, settle down, there are children present," I tell her, and right on queue, Jonah sticks his head between the seats, looking back at us.

"Himum," He says, beaming at her; Sage's face flushes red.

"Jonah, where is your school bag?" Sage asks him as Malik starts the car.

I put it in the trunk," Malik lies, knowing exactly where I want to take her.

"Well, I don't have any shoes; you will have to sign him in," Sage says, folding her hands in her lap and closing her eyes as she rests her head back on the seat.

"Am I going to school?" Jonah asks through the Mindlink. "No, we are taking mum to the doctors, so shh," I tell him, and Malik glances at me i

shh," I tell him, and Malik glances at me in the rearview mirror.

Sage fell asleep on the drive; if she wasn't throwing up, she was sleeping, yelling at me like a banshee or eating. Sage barely leaves the house anymore because she has been too tired the last week. She refused to believe us, saying it was impossible, and I even asked Kat, who said she wasn't sure because she hadn't gone to the temple to check. She had been having issues with Marabella and told me she would check

soon.

But she didn't say no either, but still, in Sage's eyes, that meant it was impossible. Donnie and I, however, knew we were right. No one else could smell the changes in her, but we could, her heat, yes, but not the subtle changes to her overall scent. We were so in tune with her scent we could pick up the slightest changes even if she couldn't.

The drive takes around an hour to get to Kat's pack. I messaged Kat to tell Mathias to be ready, and she assured me he would see her today. As we pull into the bustling town, I look down at Sage, where she had managed to lay down with her head in my

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managed to lay down with her head in my lap. Brushing her hair from her face, Malik pulls up, and I gently shake her shoulder until she sits up. She yawns, looking out the front window. Her expression changed to disbelief, then anger.

"This isn't the school," She states as Malik and Jonah hop out. Malik walks over to Jonah and grabs his hand walking toward the doctor's office.

"No, you have gone too far now, Andrei," Sage rants, and I see Kat walk out the doors just as Jonah reaches the steps out the front. Jonah spotting Kat rushes over to her, and she picks him up and hugs him while he tells her something animatedly. My sister makes enthusiastic exclamations as she listens to him. I chuckle, turning back to Sage, who was glaring at me, and I sigh.

"Please, let him examine you, if you aren't, I will leave you alone, and we will keep blaming the coffee," She mutters something, shaking her head looking out the window and my chest restricts when I see her wipe a stray tear she tried to hide. Reaching for her hand, I squeeze it.

Reaching for her hand, I squeeze it.

"I know I'm right, please" Sage looked at me, and I could see the desperation on her face, the look of, what if I am wrong. I knew it would crush her.

"I wouldn't bring you here if I weren't certain," I tell her, and she looks at the doctor's office.

"And if you're wrong?"

"Then we have Jonah, but I know you are carrying our pup," I tell her.

"Jonah. Will he be enough for you?" She asks; looking back at me, her question had a double meaning; she wasn't just referring to Jonah but herself; this one insecurity was one she hadn't gotten rid of

"Always, no matter what Doc says, Jonah is enough. You are enough; that will never change. Please, do this, just this once" She worries her lip between her teeth, her eyes glistening with unshed tears,

"Just to be sure, or at least please do it, so I don't have to put up with Donnie sniffing you while you sleep every goddamn night."

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Every night? You said it was the first time," she says, appalled. I look away from her, my face heating.

"How many times?" She demands.

"Every night," I tell her, refusing to look at her. I could kill him.

"Didn't take you for suicidal," Donnie mutters to me, and I growl at him.

“Well, you thought it, and you think I am unhinged; we are the same person, idiot” He mutters

“Fine, but only because I don’t want him sniffing my stomach every night, and I sure don’t want him sniffing anything else “she chuckles, and I look at her, trying to hide the lengths he has gone. I don’t know what she saw on my face, but she suddenly stops laughing.

“Wait, why are you embarrassed? He hasn’t, he wouldn’t” She couldn’t bring herself to ask, and I wouldn’t lie to her if she did. I look away again, unable to meet her eyes.

“I don’t even want to know,” She says.

“Nope, you definitely don’t,” I tell her.

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“Ah, why say that? Now I am curious what he did” She groans as I open the door wanting to escape this awkward conversation. Stepping out of the car, Sage reaches out to grab my hand, and I relax when I feel her tiny hand slip into mine.

“You’re not mad?” I ask her.

“About being here, yes. About Donnie, No. I know you would never hurt me,” She says, looking down at her bare feet. I grip her chin tilting her face up.

“I love you.”

“I love you too, “She whispers before glancing at the doctor’s office and sighing.

I pull her to me and drape my arm around her shoulders, walking toward the building. When we get inside, Kat is sitting on the chairs reading to Jonah, She looks up and smiles before turning her attention back to our son. The doctor’s office was small but modern and clean. I could see a small ultrasound room off to one side. And another office with its door closed, Mathias name on it. The receptionist smiles a bright grin.

Luna Bake, Alpha Andret, Kat already signed you both in the doctor will be with you shortly, Doc was called into the hospital for an emergency, hopefully, he won’t be too long” Sage nodded, and I could feel her unease, her fear, Every emotion of hers rushing into me, Grabbing her hand, I could feel how clammy It was. I kissed the back of her hand before tugging her to some seats. We had just sat down when the door opened, and Mateo came in.

“Ah, perfect timing,” Katya tells him before nodding to Sage.

"Malik told Kat, you had no shoes," Mateo tells Sage, and Sage looks over at him, and he nods to her. Mateo holds out a pair of flip-flops for her.

"Thank you; you didn't have to," Sage tells him.

"No, it's fine, had to duck to the shop anyway" He waves her off before walking over to Kat and pecking her forehead.

"The kids?" She asks him.

"Ezra has them; they are fine. You worry too much," He tells her, "I will see you at

too much," He tells r, "I will see you at home," He tells Kat, and she nods.

"Jasmine will be over soon with Marley," Kat tells Mateo as he is about to walk out the door.

"She is running late; she rang before I left," He tells her, and Kat nods before turning back to the book she was reading Jonah.

"Kat, you don't have to wait," I tell her.

"I wanted to see Jonah; I can see Jasmine when I get home. It has been two weeks," She tells me, kissing Jonah's head and continuing the book

Sage fidgets with her fingers, her eyes looking around, and I could feel how anxious she was. It felt like we were waiting forever, but it probably had been about half an hour. The receptionist said she would ring him, but Sage told her no and that he was busy and she was fine to wait

But time dragged on, and not long after, Kat's phone started ringing, and she walked outside to answer it. A few moments later, she rushed back in frantically.

frantically "I need to go. Do you want me to take Jonah?" She says, her eyes glancing toward him, and I get up, worried? "What's wrong?"

"Marabella, she hurt Marley, she is fine, luckily Dzhah was holding Marley's hand o rit. Kat shakes her head; I can hear the rapid beating of her heart, see the worry i n my sister's eyes

"Kat go, Jonah's fine here," I tell her, and she seems to shake herself out of wherever her mind went before rushing out.

"Is Marabella ok?" Jonah asks me.

"Tam sure she is fine," Itell him, and Malik nods to him. Jonah sat down beside me, and I could see the worry on his face." She is fine, I tell him, pushing his hair

from his eyes. He nods but doesn't look convinced, and I sigh, turning back to Sage, who seemed to be having a stare-off with the office door. I stroked her hair, pulling her head to my chest, her stiff body resisting until I started purring. I saw the receptionist look over the counter before quickly looking away with a slight

body resisting until I started purring. I saw the receptionist look over the counter before quickly looking away with a slight smile on her lips.

Comments

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Chapter 210 I could care less what she thought as I felt the tension leave Sage as she pressed closer, her ear to my chest. Malik is unfazed by the noise, used to me using it on Sage as he glances over at Jonah, who tucks his head next to his mother's, and they both seem to calm down. Donnie, I could hear, was talking to Sierra, trying to make her more at ease.

Her doubt has been the biggest challenge, and she has a lot of influence over Sage, and her reluctance to believe, was not helping me convince Sage. Sierra should have had a clue when the heat finished Donnie told me, but Sierra was in as much denial as Sage.

She kept saying to us nothing good ever happens for her, that she never has or will be able to have pups. Donnie and I had no idea what she was talking about, but she kept insisting something about the cycle never changes, the cycle can't be beaten, that she was doomed for eternal misery, whatever the heck that means,

It sometimes angered me knowing she was feeding the same nonsense to Sage, but she did not even understand the weird

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but she did not even understand the weird things she sometimes says. Sage said she always says strange things but doesn't know if Sierra fully understands what she is saying either.

I asked Kat about it, and she only told me that Sierra knew more than she realized and some traumas linger even after death, that a cycle has been on an endless loop, but she can't tell me more than that, something about knowing too much can alter things and some things are best left unknown.

"The best calming device, one we all have but most forget to use, yours would be a little more potent though, Alpha," Mathias says, making me jump. Sage also jerks upright, none of us hearing him walk in. Mathias laughs softly.

"How is your granddaughter?" I asked him, knowing Jasmine was his daughter.

"Quite alright, gave my daughter quite the scare, but she is fine; Jasmine wraps that baby up in bubble wrap," He says, shaking his head.

"But how would she breathe?" asks Jonah, and Mathias chuckles.

Jonah, and Mathias chuckles.

"Exactly, but it was just a figure of speech, Now come on, let's see what is going on with your mother," Mathias says, waving for Sage to follow him.

Sage reluctantly hops up, her anxiety skyrocketing, and Jonah looks to Malik." You can come too, Jonah," I tell him when he goes to walk over to him. Malik spins him around and gives him a little push towards us, and Sage grips his hand, Malik then pulls his phone out to look at it.

We follow Mathias into his office; he goes over a few things before sending Sage to pee in a cup and takes some blood from her when she returns. Jonah watches Sage get poked and prodded with avid fascination. Once he has the blood, he hands the specimen and blood vials to the nurse, who walks off with it.

"Come on, next room over," Mathias says, getting up from his desk and walking out before stopping when Sage speaks out,

"But, we should wait, wait for the test results to come back."

"Most sure way to know is to have a look,

"Most sure way to know is to have a look, Luna," He says before walking off to the room next door. Jonah was watching curiously, not understanding. He hops off my lap and follows after Doc.

"Come on, mum," he calls, and I nudge Sage, who was chewing her fingernails. I pull her hand away, her thumb bleeding where she had chewed off more than her nail. Clicking my tongue at what she did, she looks away but hops up, following Jonah. Sighing, I followed her, and Malik was still sitting in the waiting room on his phone. "Lock the door, just in case she flips out," I Mindlink him,

"Already have, did it the moment you went in the doctor's office," He replies. I smiled because he was so observant, which made him an irreplaceable member of our pack. I have to tell him what to do very often, and he usually knows before say anything,

Mathias was setting up when I walked in, and I closed the door, flicking the lock. Doc doesn't say anything about it, just

Doc doesn't say anything about it, just nods before motioning for Sage to lay down. She does stiffly, and Mathias looks over at me. "Well, make yourself useful, calm your mate," He says, trying to tug Sage's shirt up. Her hands fisted at her hips as she clutched it.

"Anytime now, Alpha," Mathias says to me; I was about to ask what he meant when Donnie forces forward.

"Idiot," Donnie says before he starts purring ridiculously loudly. My face heats, but Doc doesn't even glance up. "Now, Luna, I need to tug this up; I can't if you are holding it" Mathias chuckles, and Sage startles.

"Oh right, sorry," She exclaims, and I step over to her. Jonah was kneeling on a chair watching Doc. "Interesting fact about purring; it lowers blood pressure and works as an analgesic/sedative on she-wolves, Kind of works similar to a siren call in a way, that's why she calms down, works on kids too or anyone we have a strong connection with, but more so She wolves, And you being an Alpha, it would be stronger," Mathias says, while squirting

Vive

you ULDPay up wuuu e stronger," Mathias, while squirting some jelly on Sage's belly.

"Well, I didn't know that, but I knew it calmed her," I tell him before Sage clutches the bottom of my shirt. I grab her hand and purr again while Mathias turns dials before moving the device over her stomach

"Oh, it's a tummy TV," Jonah says, and Sage looks away, focusing on something behind me. I press my lips together, rubbing circles on her hand with my thumb.

"Correct, Jonah. Good boy, we can have a look inside mommy's belly." He trails off, pressing buttons, and I could feel Sage's anxiety turning to acceptance as she stared off. I move my hand, letting hers go, and she instantly grabs my shirt again like it offered some relief from her fear, Cupping her face, I wiped the tear that slipped away with my thumb, knowing she was looking off to hide how scared she was of me and Donnie being wrong.

"Ah, there we go," Mathias says, making my head snap to him.

"Now, let's see, give me a sec. I am a bit

"Now, let's see, give me a sec. I am a bit rusty this isn't usually my job, one moment," Doc says, fiddling with dials and buttons. Sage's heart was hammering in her chest, yet she never once looked at the screen. Kneeling beside her, she was staring off, so I grabbed her hand, I placed it in the center of my chest so she could feel the vibration, her eyes closed, and she let out a

breath, her heart rate slowing when I heard another come across the speakers attached to the ultrasound device.

Jonah leaned forward as Mathias pointed to something on the screen before glancing over his shoulder and smiling before looking at Sage, pressing his lips together, frowning before shaking her arm.

Sage?" Mathias says, but she shakes her head.

"What is it?" Jonah asks.

"Well, that sound is your brother or sister, and this right here is a baby growing in your mummy's tummy," Mathias tells him, and he smiles.

"Ababy," He gasps excitedly. I looked

"A baby," He gasps excitedly. I looked down at Sage, who seemed to be stuck in her head, muttering under her breath to

herself.

"That's not your heartbeat," I whisper to her. I got no reaction from her. Gripping her chin, I force her to look at me.

"That isn't your heartbeat; it's our pup's, look," I tell her. Her brows pinch together.

"You are pregnant, Sage" I tell her, and Mathias turns the speaker dial-up and the baby's heart rhythm is easily noticed as it is faster than her racing heart. Leaning down, I press my lips to hers before smiling against her lips.

"I'm pregnant?" Sage murmurs, and I nod, unable to stop from smiling, and her head whips to the side to look at the screen. Mathias zooms in, blowing up the image on the screen.

"Yes, Luna, you are indeed pregnant, quite the miracle," Mathias tells her, Sage seemed shocked as she looked at the screen when Mathias handed me some tissues without glancing behind himself. I take them, wiping Sage's face as tears roll down her cheeks.

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"We are going to have a baby," She sobs in disbelief, and I nod. Sage takes the tissues from me as she tries to stop her tears while staring at the screen. Jonah was busy examining the screen when Mathias passed back more tissues.

"She still has some," I tell him, my voice cracking slightly.

"They aren't for her, Alpha," Mathias says, and Jonah looks over at me.

"Why is everyone sad?" he asks as I take the tissues, quickly wiping my face, not realizing I was the one blubbering like a baby.

"They aren't sad tears Jonah, they are happy," Mathias tells him.

"So that's what Cooties look like, huh!" Jonah says, and I snort, looking over at him. Mathias gives him a strange look, and Sage chuckles. O

"But how did the Cooties get in there?" he asks, looking over at me.

"Cooties?" Mathias asks him.

"Yep, Casen said Dad was giving mum the Cooties, and the Cooties would turn into a

Cooties, and the Cous would turn into a baby," Jonah explains and Mathias chuckles while shaking his head.

"Well, this Casen seems very knowledgeable about these Cooties," Mathias states. "He is, so where is the spitting wand?" Jonah asks, looking at me

"The spitting wand?" Sage asks, looking at me, and I hadn't heard this part before.

"Yeah, Casen, said dad would use the spitting wand to give you the Cooties."

"Casen will be getting his spitting wand broken when we get home," I tell Jonah. His brows furrowed as he looked back at the screen.

Sage stared amazed at the printout from the ultrasound the entire way home, like she was worried it would disappear and not be true if she looked away. Pulling up out front of the packhouse, I was excited to be home and wanted to rest. Malik stretches, also tired before hopping out of the car. I open the door for Sage, and Malik unclips Jonah's seatbelt. I could see

Malik unclips Jonat, seatbelt, I could see some of our patrollers returning, and I told Sage we would tell the rest of the pack tomorrow, wanting to let it sink first, and she agreed,

"Thanks, Malik," I told him.

"Anytime, Alpha," He says before walking toward his house. Jonah skips around the car and over to us when I spot Casen walking back from patrol.

"Oi, Casen!"

"Yeah, Alpha," He says with a wave, little shit. He starts jogging over toward me and I head toward him.

"I just want to check the spitting wand," I tell him, and he stops in his tracks. Malik laughs as Casen starts backing up.

"Run, Casen. He said he's going to break it." Jonah screams out to him from behind me, Casen takes off running, only for Malik to chase after him and grab him. He starts squealing as Malik wrestles him to the ground, Casen thrashing as he tries to escape.

"I warned you to watch what you tell Jonah," I growl, and Malik pins him on

Walne you lu Watch Wild! you len Jonah," I growl, ar. Malik pins him on his stomach with his hands behind his back before winking at me as I stop beside him.

"It wasn't me; it was Vince; I only told him about the Cooties," Casen shrieks.

"Is that so?" I ask, looking down at him. Vince comes out of the treeline, also coming off patrol.

"Clay, grab him," I call out to him. Vince looks over at me before looking at Clay, who gives him a little wave. Vince's eyes go wide before he shrieks and darts off for the treeline, but Clay tackles him before tossing him over his shoulder.

"It wasn't me, it wasn't me, whatever it was, it was Casen," He shrieks as Clay marches over with him before dropping him next to his twin.

"Do you know anything about the spitting wand?" I ask Vince.

"Huh, the what?"

"Spitting wand," I repeat, and he seems to think before his mouth opens and closes like a fish.

mke a fish.

"No... No, that was Casen. He told Jonah about Sage being in heat, telling him you were going to use a spitting wand to spit Cooties in Luna," Vince dabs.

"You traitor, I am your brother, and you just give me up like that; I would have taken half the blame for you," Casen growls at him.

"Hey, I told you to let Malik explain what it was to him; besides, you don't scare me, but the Alpha does," Vince retorts.

"Traitor," Casen sneers.

"You're free to go home or watch," I tell Vince. He laughs, getting up and moving over to the porch and sitting down to watch his brother.

Malik chuckles as Casen begins to struggle. "Just remember you gotta sleep sometime, old man," Casen tells Malik.

"Old man?" Malik asks before grasping both hands in one of his and ripping Casen's pants up his ass.

"You're young, you're so young," Casen squeals. Malik lets him go, and Casen growls at him before trying to squirm out

from under him.

"That's what I thought," Malik laughs before looking up at me.

"What do you want to do with him?"

"Cut off the spitting wand," Vince screams out from the porch steps.

"Shut up, traitor, don't give him ideas."

"That does sound like a good idea, remove his pants," I tell Malik, and Casen screams like a girl, and Clay comes over laughing, helping Malik pin him down.

"Anything but that, I will give you a toe, the little finger, anything but that" He screams.

"You aren't really going to cut it off," Vince Mindlinks and I look over at him.

"No, of course not, but I am tying him to the tree in his underwear," Casen squirms and squeals as Clay and Malik strip him down to his underwear.

"I'm going to kill you, Vince, just you wait, I am... I am.... I am going to fart in your pillowcase," Casen screams at Vince, who was laughing as we hauled him over to the willow tree and tied him to it.

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"Wow, so scary. You do realize Vince will probably go do that to yours while you're tied to this tree," Malik tells him.

"He wouldn't dare," Casen says, appalled.

"Well, when you get pink eye don't blame me," Malik tells him before slapping his cheek softly. I laugh, turning to walk back to the packhouse.

"Wait, how long are you keeping me out

here?

“Just overnight”

“What?” he shrieks, and I laugh.

“But it will get dark and cold. What about spiders?”

“Use your spitting wand to fend them off, “I retort,

“Yeah, give it the Cooties,” Malik tells him as we part ways. I headed home. I figured I would let him sweat for a few hours first before I untied him.

hours first before I untied him,

Jessicahalla

Hey everyone, we are nearly at the end of *this* book and soon be moving onto *Marabella's*, *Jonah's* and *Kyan's* story. One more chapter to go,