

# Fated To The Alpha by Jessica Hall

## Read Online Chapter 211

[/ Fated To The Alpha by Jessica Hall Novel Novel](#)  
Chapter 211 Andrei POV

### A Month Later

“Jonah!” Sage called out for the fourth time in a row before turning to me. Sage’s stomach was now round and huge as she looked up the stairs where Jonah had rushed off to his room, slamming the door behind him.

“I don’t understand why he is acting out like this,” Sage mutters, shaking her head.

Jonah’s behavior had been out of character for him recently, his usually bubbly personality lessened, and more so today, he even played up at the doctor’s visit and stormed out of the ultrasound room, making me chase him.

“Just go; I can handle him,” Sage says, waving me off. Malik knocked on the door as he waited for me, we were already running late, and I needed to get going if I wanted to get home before dark.

“How about I take him with me?” I suggest, and Sage shakes her head.

“No, what he runs off again?” Sage says, worriedly while chewing her lip a she

worriedly while cheg her lip a she anxiously looked up the stairs; I knew she was also worried about if he ran *off* from her, she was hardly in the right state to chase after him, all week she had complained about not being able to see her own feet.

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“I’m taking him. We will be back before dark,” I tell Sage, refusing to let argue the matter further, pecking her lips quickly before walking up the steps, my boots making the sound so much louder as I made my way to Jonah’s bedroom. I knock on the door before twisting the handle and walking in.

Jonah was lying on his bed with his face jammed in his pillow.

“Come on, buddy, let’s go, you are coming with me,” Walking into his room and stopping next to his bed, Jonah doesn’t move or acknowledge my presence, and I sigh before grabbing his ankle and ripping him off the bed. He squeals as he flails, dangling upside down, my hand wrapped securely around his ankle.

I start walking out of the room; he squeals and laughs, clawing at my jeans like he

and laughs, clawing at my jeans like he thought I would drop him. Sage gasps, her hands clutching her mouth as I walk down the steps.

"Careful," she shrieks, and I raise an eyebrow at her; I was not going to drop him, well, not on purpose anyway. Jonah's hands clutch Sage's maxi dress as he tries to pull himself upright.

"Kiss your mother. We are leaving," I tell him before grabbing his arm and turning him the right way up, and setting him on his feet. His face is red from being upside down.

Sage clutches his little face in her hands before kissing his nose. "You be good for your father."

Jonah nods before turning to the now open door where I could see Malik waiting out the front in my car. Jonah sulks, walking off toward the car, and I see Malik try to talk to him, but Jonah pays him no attention and just climbs in the back. I sighed, turning to look at Sage, who was watching him.

"I will find out what is wrong with him," I assure her, pressing my lips to hers

I assure her, pressing my lips to hers before turning on my heel and walking out toward the car. Getting in, I look over my shoulder and see Jonah had his seatbelt on before starting my car.

"He alright?" Malik asks through the mind link

"No idea," I reply while driving out of the pack grounds. Zane, Casen, and Nora were already there preparing things and left earlier in the day to help pack up while I attended Sage's appointment with her.

"Pack is excited. A lot of them wanted to come," Malik tells me. Glancing in the rearview mirror, I see Jonah staring off out the window with his chin propped on his arm and the window ledge. Turning my eyes back to the road, we continued to drive before pulling up in the parking lot just over an hour later. I stop the car and put it in park, and Malik hops straight out, and I turn to Jonah, who had remained in the same position the entire drive, not saying a word.

"Come on," I tell him, and he looks over at me with a bored look on his face. I grip his chin when he goes to turn away and force him to look at me. "What's wrong?"

force him to look at me. "What's wrong? You have been in a weird mood for two weeks now."

**“Nothing,” he says, pushing my hand away and opening his door, and climbing out. A growl escapes me, and Donnie comes forward at his attitude but isn’t angry. Donnie is just as concerned about his odd behavior.**

**“Find out. Something is wrong with him,” Donnie tells me.**

**“Thanks for stating the obvious,” I retort, climbing out of the car myself.**

**“You go ahead, Malik,” I tell him, and he nods before sending a glance to Jonah, who was kicking loose rocks across the**

**gravel.**

**“Jonah now,” I tell him, waving him over to me. He walks over to me, and I reach in the front and grab my water bottle from between the front seats; it was pretty warm today. Drinking some, I offer the bottle to Jonah, who takes it also thirsty,**

**Locking the car, we slowly follow the path Malik just went down before ducking out of view.**

**SOO**

**View**

**“Why are we here?” Jonah asks, looking up at the mountain**

**“Do you want to go up there and look?” I ask him as he stops looking up at the mountain that held the cave he lived in before Nora found him. Jonah shakes his head before grabbing my hand. I squeeze his hand, his small tucked in mine. However, his following words shocked me, and I felt my stomach drop as he peered up at me with tears in his eyes.**

**“Are you leaving me here?”**

**“What? No, why would I leave you here? Why would you say that?” I ask him tugging him along the path. Jonah shrugs but says nothing. After half an hour, I stop again when I come across a boulder. Grabbing him under the arms, I pluck him off the ground and sit him on top of it.**

**“We are not moving, and I am not helping you down until you tell me what is wrong,” I tell him before leaning on the huge boulder where Jonah was now perched.**

**Jonah huffs before sitting down and crossing his legs; he starts sweeping dust**

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crossing his legs; he starts sweeping dust and dirt off the top of the rock, I try to wait him out, but after ten mins it was clear he wasn't going to tell me.

«Should I get Malik to drop some water off and a sleeping bag? Do you plan on sleeping on that rock because we aren't leaving here until you tell me?» Jonah remains quiet, tracing the patterns on the boulder with his index finger, his chin propped on his other hand.

“Why did you ask if I was leaving you here?” Jonah mumbles something inaudible.

“Jonah, answer me, or I will command you,” I warn him, and he looks up at me, alarmed. I never have or ever will, but the threat seemed to have received some reaction from him. His eyes burn with tears, and he wipes his little eyes, and I wrap my arm around him before he bursts out crying

“Hey, what's wrong. I didn't mean it, and I would never command you, you know that,” I tell him before crushing him against my chest, his little hands gripping my shirt tightly as he sobbed. I brush his hair with my hand, waiting for him to

hair with my hand, waiting for him to stop knowing I won't get a clear answer while he is in this state.

After a few minutes, his sobbing turns to hiccups, and I pull away and wipe his face. His eyes went to the mountain trail behind me that led to the cave where he lived for months on his own. Maybe it wasn't a good idea bringing him here; it seems to have triggered something in him. I hated seeing him upset.

“What's wrong? I can't help you if you don't tell me” he shakes his head.

“I don't want to leave; I want to stay at home,” He whispers before looking down at his hands.

“Why would you leave, Jonah. I don't want you to leave me, and you aren't going anywhere, so why would you say that.”

“Because of the baby,” I blink, dumbfounded by his words.

“I don't understand Jonah, what's this got to do with your sister?” I ask him.

**“You have a real family now; you won’t want me around anymore; you have a real**

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**child now,**

**He thought we would throw him away because Sage was pregnant? Jonah chews his fingernail, and his eyes are on the cave in the mountain above us. I tug his fingers from his mouth, wanting his attention.**

**“Look at me,” I tell him, Jonah’s eyes reluctantly go to mine with a grim expression on his face, and I could tell he believed his words; he thought he was unwanted because Sage is having a baby, thought he was just a temporary replacement.**

**“Don’t ever let your mother hear you say that; she may just smack your ass for saying something so ridiculous. You are our son, and your sister does not change that; you are our son just like she is our daughter, you belong to us, and we belong to you. Nothing will ever change that, Jonah” He looks away, and I grip his face turning it back so I can see his face,**

**“Understood?” He nods.**

**“Understood?” I repeat.**

**“Yes,”**

**“Yes, what?”**

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**“Yes, Dad,” Jonah says.**

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**“I never want to hear you say you are not my son again. We were a family the moment I pulled you from the river; I was never going to let you go; you were always going to be mine and your mothers, do you understand me? You are my son, and I am your father, and your sister coming will never change that. We are family, and you are not replaceable. You’re worth more than my own life, worth more to me than your mother. We will always put you and your sister before ourselves, and we love you both the same. You are my son whether you came from my Cooties or not,” I tell him. Jonah chuckles, and I smile.**

**“You are ours, Jonah. I promise you, that will never change; you are the next Alpha and my heir that will never change no matter how many siblings you have,” I tell him.**

**“So I am still your heir?” He asks.**

**“Always, unless you don’t to be, of course, I will never force that on you, but if you want the pack when you are old enough, it is yours,” I tell him before**

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**A WIRUN YUI HII VILA enough, it in yours, ell him before grabbing him off the rock. Me wraps his arms around my neck, and I hug him close, Inhaling his scent “You made us a family. You made me want to be a father,” I whisper to him, and he nods into my neck.**

**“Now, are you ready to do your first Alpha job?” I ask him, and he pulls back to look a t me. I kiss his little cheek.**

**“I love you, kiddo.”**

**“I love you too,” He says, and I set him down on his feet, grabbing his hand before starting along the trail again.**

**“So, what is the Alpha Job?” Jonah asks m**

**“Bringing the rest of your pack home,” I tell him before stepping out of the treeline into the clearing—the rogue’s camp is in the middle of packing up. Zane was already leading people to the buses. Tents and fires were being dismantled, and the area was cleaned up.**

**Malik rushes toward us, a big excited grin on his face.**

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**«Zane said some were still down the river washing laundry, but this is the first time I have been into the camp itself, and I wanted to wait for you to come. They won’t recognize me,” Malik tells me, and I nod to him. Usually, Malik waited back o rchecked the outside camps surrounding this one, but I could see his excitement about new pack members.**

**ORT**

**Jonah looks around with a huge grin on his face at all the children running around. A group of them stop and stare at him curiously.**

**“Do you know him?” asks a little girl with blonde ringlets, looking up at me.**

**“Yeah, he’s my dad,” Jonah tells her.**

**“I’m Lia. Do you want to play?” She asks Jonah.**

"No, I have to help my dad, maybe when we all get home," Jonah tells her, and she nods before rushing off after the rest of the group of kids.

"Ah, they are finally coming back," Malik says, pointing to the trail leading off into the trees across the other side of the clearing where the river runs through.

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The wind shifts, the not breeze changing direction caresses over us, the trees are swaying from its abrupt assault, when Malik suddenly growls, making me look over at him. Everyone near us suddenly stopped and was staring at him. His entire body is tense, and his eyes are black as his wolf comes forward. "Malik, control yourself," I tell him, and he shakes his head before staring off across the clearing of the camp. The rogues staring at him were frightened, and they had reason to be; Malik's wolf was a giant for a warrior. His wolf is more prominent than Zane's. But a huge softy, but if he shifted, he might spook them out of coming with us.

"Uncle Malik!" Jonah says, gripping his arm. Malik growls, his eyes not leaving the spot he was locked onto, but he does calm hearing Jonah's voice. Turning, I look in the direction he is staring.

A woman was standing there with a baby perched on her hip, and my stomach sank. Please don't have a mate already. I thought to myself. Malik turns his head to the side, watching the woman, her dark blonde unruly hair suddenly blowing into

blonde unruly hair: 'denly blowing into her face when she looks up and in our direction, her eyes pinned on Malik instantly while the person beside her keeps talking to her. The baby in her arms appeared only to be a few months old. The little girl Lia comes over again, seeming to want to play with Jonah, who was tugging on Malik's arm.

Lia hesitates as she approaches Jonah, her eyes stuck on Malik warily.

"Is he ok?" She asks Jonah.

"Yeah, he is nice, but his wolf is being naughty," Jonah says, trying to get Malik's attention, and Lia nods.

"You want to meet my sister and my mum?" She asks Jonah, pointing at the woman Malik is staring at.

"That woman is your mother?" I ask her and her eyes dart to me, and Malik's eyes snap down to look at Lia. The woman, obviously having overheard, starts rushing over with a frantic look on her face,

Malik goes to speak to Lia when a feral growl rips out of the woman as she snatches her daughter's arm, pulling her

growl/ rips out of the woman as she snatches her daughter's arm, pulling her away from Malik's outstretched hand that was about to grip the girl's shoulder. The woman growls threateningly at him, handing the baby off to the girl and placing herself between her children and Malik

"Mate or not, I will knife you in your goddamn sleep if you lay a hand on my kids," She growls and steps forward threateningly, her finger jabbing him in the chest.

"I would never hurt your kids," Malik snaps back at her, clearly appalled at her words. Shit, if only she knew he was raising sixteen-year-old twin boys that weren't even his by himself. She pulls her hand back and takes a step back, watching

him.

"Hmm, well. My kids stay; I won't get rid of them because they aren't yours."

"Never asked you to," Malik says, an amused grin on his lips as he watches her. She seemed taken aback by that, which I understood most mates wouldn't be too thrilled about finding their mate had kids that didn't belong to them, but our pack

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that didn't belong to them, but our pack was not like most packs. We were once a rogue pack, and we understood what it was like being rogue. Most of all, we understood a lot of rogue women also didn't get to pick the life they were given.

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Lia groans under the weight of her sister, who she was clutching, "Mum" She gasps, and the woman startles, glancing back at her daughter." Oh, sorry dear," She says, grabbing the baby from her. I sniff the air noticing the two children don't smell the same, and I see Malik does the same thing.

"Half sisters?" Malik asks, and the woman nods as Jonah rushes off with Lia, and another boy approaches them.

"Their fathers?" Malik asks, and the woman blushes before shrugging looking down at the baby in her arms.

"You don't know?" He asks her, and she glares at him.

"Don't judge me-" She snaps at him, and Malik cuts her off.

"Didn't say I was, just a simple question," But I was getting tired of watching him heat around the hush instead of asking



But I was getting t'i of watching him beat around the bush instead of asking outright. She didn't know, I knew that she was one of the working girls, but to get it out of the way, I wasn't so hesitant to ask.

"Have you got Mate, boyfriend, husband? Does he need to go kill someone to claim and mark you?" I ask her, and she jumps her hand going to her throat, and I know she only just saw me standing there." Name would also be good," I tell her.

"Heidi, Alpha, and no, no mate or anything," she says before looking over at Malik. "Oh, thank the goddess," Malik says before grabbing her and ripping her to him, careful of the baby clutched in her arms. His lips crash against hers, and she squeals before relaxing and kissing him back. I walk over and grab the baby from her arms, and the woman refuses to let her go.

"Not kidnapping her, just letting you talk; I will be over there with Lia and Jonah," I tell her, pointing them out.

"He would never hurt her. He is a good Alpha," Malik tells her, and she lets me

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Alpha," Malik tells yr, and she lets me take her child. I nod to her before walking off. I hear Malik introduce himself as I walk off toward my son.

"Hello, cutie," I tell the little girl, who gives me a big gummy grin.

"Jonah said we are pack now?" Lia says as I sit on the grass next to the kids watching as everyone packs up and takes stuff to the buses.

"Yep, everyone is pack if they want to be,"

"And can we all come?" She asks.

"Yes, everyone in your camp can come home with us," She nods her head, seeming to think for a second.

"And you won't kick us out?" She asks.

"No, pack is family, family is pack," Jonah answers, and the little girl looks over at me.

"Why? Are you going to make my mum leave of a night like the other Alpha did?"

“No, Lia,” I tell her. “Then why are you helping us?” She asks curiously, glancing at her mother behind

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«Then why are you helping us?” She asks curiously, glancing at her mother behind

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I could see those little eyes had witnessed more than they should at her age. They held worry for the woman she called mother, worry for the little girl in my arms. Something I will ensure none of them have to worry about again.

“Because I used to be a rogue, my entire pack were rogues once, and now we are family. Packs are family, and we wanted to invite everyone here to be a part of it,” I told her.

“He must be a good Alpha,” Lia says, looking at Jonah.

“He’s an even better Dad,” Jonah says, smiling at her.

## Fated To The Alpha by Jessica Hall Read Online Chapter 212

[/ Fated To The Alpha by Jessica Hall Novel Novel](#)  
Chapter 212 Katya POV

5 years later, The high-pitched scream made me look up from washing the dishes to look out the kitchen window. Marley and Alicia were out the back playing with the twins. Eziah, my social butterfly, squirts Marley with his water gun. Her scream rang out loudly as she ran away; the twins are six now and couldn’t be more opposite to each other; kids at school always surrounded Eziah. Marabella, however, was socially awkward, but still, she did her best to fit in and made a few friends; I had invited their friends over to play, having been a rather rough week for them. We had another rogue attack, the fourth in the last two weeks, and tensions have been running high.

I chuckle to myself watching Eziah chase after Alicia and Marley squirting them. Marabella sat in the sandpit, playing with her bucket and pail before tossing it across the sandpit. My brows furrow as I watch her. She looks over her shoulder before slipping her gloves off and molding the sand to make a castle.

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When I hear the doorbell ring loudly, I look over my shoulder, and I quickly dry my hands on a teatowel before going to answer the door. My face split into a grin when I saw Jasmine standing on the doorstep. “Why didn’t you just let

yourself in?" I ask her. Jasmine and I were still close, but something had been off with her lately. She and her mate had been having issues. I understood her mate's concerns, but I also felt it was a little unreasonable. Marabella was a child. She wasn't dangerous to anyone, not intentionally anyway.

"The lock must have clicked; I tried to open it," Jasmine answers, stepping inside and closing the door behind her; I head back to the kitchen to turn the kettle on.

"Coffee?" I ask her.

"Yes, please, wait, is that Alicia?" Jasmine asks me, and I glance out the window while I fill the kettle up.

"Yeah, I invited her over, so Marabella had someone to play with,"

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"So they are friends again, that's good then?" Jasmine says, sitting down at the kitchen table.

"What do you mean, they have always been friends?" I asked her, slightly confused; Marabella told me Alicia was her friend, so did Eziah.

"Oh, maybe Marley was wrong."

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing, she is a good kid, she came over the other day, but Marley said Alicia always picks on Marabella at school," Jasmine tells me, and I turn to look over at her.

"Maybe Marabella forgot to tell me they argued," I wondered; I would have to ask her about it later. I poured the coffee and milk into the mugs when Jasmine shrieked, jumping up and nearly knocking the dining table chair over as she rushed out the sliding doors. I followed to see what happened, only to see Jasmine rush toward the sandpit. "Marley!"

I glance at the girls playing in the sandpit when Jasmine stalks over to the sandpit ripping Marley out by her arm.

ripping Marley out by her arm.

**“What have I told you? You know not to get too close when she hasn’t got her gloves on,” she scolds. Marley seemed confused as she looked down at Marabella. Marabella hangs her head, reaching for her gloves.**

**“I will put them back on the sand is hard to play with,” Marabella tells Jasmine and Jasmine turns to look down at her, a sad smile on her face and her cheeks blushing.**

**“Sorry, sweetie. I didn’t mean it like that,”**

**“Then how did you mean it, Jasmine? I could only interpret one meaning of what you said,”**

**“Kat, come on. You know better than anyone else. You said she would have her gloves on, now I will have to....you know what never mind. Come on, Marley, we should head home,” Jasmine says, tugging her daughter’s hand and rushing off the side of the packhouse, Marabella looks down at her hands before glancing back at Jasmine and Marley’s retreating form.**

**“I wasn’t going to touch her, Mumma,”**

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**“I know, sweetheart, you did nothing wrong,” I told her. Eziah reaches over and grabs her hand and I see him squeeze**

**“I will start making lunch,” I tell the kids; I will deal with Jasmine later. Marabella did nothing wrong, and I didn’t like how she reacted in front of my daughter. It irritated me that everyone was so frightened by her, she is a child. Yet fear makes people respond in different ways; as much as I hated to admit it, Marabella was treated differently by most people, yet it couldn’t be helped and I tried my best to lessen the gut-wrenching blows when parents said no to letting their kids play.**

**After the first few times, I learned. Marabella would ask to have a playdate and be all excited and ask me to ring their parents. The look on her face broke my heart so I never asked in front of her anymore. After a while she stopped asking, so I felt relief when Alicia’s mother agreed for her to come over. I didn’t particularly like her mother, she was pretty rude and didn’t seem to differentiate between being too nosy and**

**differentiate between being too nosy and just plain rude sometimes, plus she was a gossip. If you wanted the entire town to know something, all you had to do was mention it to Ayla and that would guarantee it would be around town by the end of the day and a more elaborate exaggerated version.**

**Walking inside, I grabbed the bread from the pantry and made sandwiches for the kids, hearing the front door open. I was relieved when I smelt Ezra’s scent waft to me; signally he was home. Turning around to greet him, I was startled when Marabella rushed inside, tearing past me and nearly knocking me over. Her face streaked with tears. I could just make out Eziah yelling at Alicia as I**

took off after her. She races down the hallway beside the stairs only to run into her father.

“Woah, what’s going on?” Ezra asks. Marabella’s is covered in sand, and Ezra brushes it off before gripping her arms,

“Hey, what’s wrong?” He asks, kneeling next to her, but Marabella shakes her head, crying uncontrollably,

“Marabella?” Ezra asks just as the front door opens, and Mateo walks in, saying

door opens, and M o walks in, saying something. His words cut off when he spots our daughter crying.

“Bella, what happened?” Mateo asks, stopping next to Ezra and peering down at her.

“They all hate me. Everyone hates me,” Marabella cries.

“Who hates you? Nobody hates you, baby.” Ezra tells her, and I chew my lip, watching worriedly. This wasn’t the first time Marabella had broken down over her gifts.

“Everyone, I am a freak, a monster,”

“Don’t say that. That is not true,” Ezra scolds her, he hates hearing her say things like that. We all did, she was Six, no child should feel hated, and we tried to shield her from the judgement, but it was near impossible when she had a Moon Goddess for a mother and Alpha fathers. No matter where we went, we were constantly receiving unwanted attention and so did Marabella.

The whispers got to me, the worst part 1 s being the bigger one and not rising to the hurtful swords truring tn ionnre it Rura

s being the bigger and not rising to the hurtful words, trying to ignore it. Ezra once lost his temper, but I don’t blame him for that time. If he didn’t kill the arsehole, one of us would have. It was an Alpha meeting and we brought the kids to play with the other Pack Alphas children when one man, who had no children and had his pack taken by a rival Alpha for cruelty to his members, took a jab at the twins. All because I refused to help him.

“The blessed and cursed twins, abominations, and that one,” He said, pointing at Marabella. She was two at the time. “She should have been put down at birth” The growl that left Ezra as Maddox pushed forward still sends a shiver up my spine to this day.

He killed him, then challenged everyone else in the hall to speak up if they had anything to say. None did; none were game enough, too, after watching the

man get torn apart, his dead, bleeding body at Ezra's feet while he was drenched in blood. I shake the memory away, returning to the present, having missed half of what was going on as I looked at Marabella.

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"Daddy No, don't touch, you can't touch me, no one can touch me," Marabella shrieks as Ezra tears the gloves off her hands; Marabella is hysterical as she tries to pull away from him.

"You don't scare me, you are not a monster" Ezra tells her, and I feel my heart skip a beat as Marabella tries to rip her hands away. Ezra grabs them, pressing them against his face.

"You are not a monster, you hear me? You do not scare me," Marabella pulls away, but he refuses to let her hands go that are placed on either side of his face. Marabella held her breath while Ezra stared at her, trying to get her to see she was not what they say.

"Dad, please," Marabella begs.

"Say it," Ezra tells her.

"I'm not a monster," Marabella tells him while sobbing, and Ezra hushes her softly until she calms down and finally stops crying, He pulls her to him, hugging her little body.

"Alicia is not welcome here again," Ezra says through the mind link. I look back u

says through the m ilink. I look back u p the hall toward the kitchen, and Mateo wanders off out the back. Yes, it was best i f Mateo returned her to her mother; mine and Ezra's tempers quickly erupted. Now, knowing Alicia had something to do with her being upset, I didn't trust myself nott o give her mother the spanking her daughter deserves. I despised bullies; Marabella was a sweet girl. I just hoped she could survive everyone else, and I was determined to help her try.

"Don't let what they say in, don't let it in, Marabella, they are beneath you," Ezra tells her, and she nods against his shoulder, hugging him back. Ezra's eyes flick up to mine, unspoken worry in his eyes for our little girl.

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Another ten years later,

Sixteen-years-old.

Marabella POV

"I need to go see Mr. Bates," Eziah told me as we ate lunch with his friends, I say this because they weren't mine. No, they were good pretenders. They always were when my brother was around, I gave up

were good pretendr They always were when my brother was around, I gave up trying to tell him they hated me, that he should just have lunch by himself without me around. He couldn't see the way they treated me when no one was looking, no one to back me up unless Eziah was here.

"I will come with you," I tell him, picking up my lunch tray and about to follow him.

"I won't be gone long, I don't need you to hold my hand," He says, smiling at me, and I sit back down. "I will be back. Then we can head to English together," Eziah tells me. He waves to his friends, and just as I expected, the moment he was out of sight, they all got up, sneering at me and moving tables.

I masked the hurt I felt, and it was like they thought I was the plague, one they didn't want to risk catching, I go back to eating my lunch and trying to ignore the stares I could feel on me, the whispers, My appetite was suddenly gone, and I got up, dumping my tray in the stack before walking out, I headed for the library and nearly walked in when I spotted Alicia through the glass doors. She was talking excitedly, and I looked around, debating

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excitedly, and I lood around, debating where to go before giving up and going to the one place I always went. Watching as groups of students talked and mucked around, the sight making me feel more alone, nothing more lonely than being alone while surrounded by an audience to witness the loneliness and those closest blind to see it.

I would settle for anything, even my wolf. I couldn't wait for that day to come. My brother had his wolf already. Mum said I had to wait until I was eighteen. It seemed unfair; at least then I would have a friend, someone to talk to. O

Sighing, I let the library door go before going to my other hiding spot. I really needed to find a new one. Pushing the bathroom door open, I listen for any voices before walking to the far cubicle, slipping inside, pushing the toilet lid down, and sitting down. Grabbing my bag off my shoulder, I pull my phone from the front pocket.

Smiling to myself when I saw I had a text from Jonah, I was in the middle of replying when my phone started ringing in my hand. I can't help the smile that

n my hand. I can'th the smile that splits onto my face when I see Jonah's picture pop up on the screen.

«Hey, Jonah,"

"There's my favorite person. Why didn't you write back?" He asks.

"I thought Kyan was your favorite person," He pauses for a second.

"He is my best friend, not my favorite person; that spot is reserved for you," He tells me, and I can't help the way my cheeks heat. Gosh, I was pathetic. He is my cousin, well not technically. We were in no way blood relations. He is adopted but still, it was kind of weird, and he was twenty-two and saw me as his geeky cousin the way he should see me.

"So you are going to answer? I already rang your mother; she said it was fine, Jonah asks me, and I sigh. The bell saved me from answering as it signaled the next

class,

"Who's going to be there?" I ask him.

"Just Kyan and the usual crowd," he tells me.

"Ryan will be there?" I ask, knowing his friend does not like me. He just glares; I had no idea why he hated me. Not like I haven't tried to get along with him. He just took an instant dislike to me the moment I met him, it had been three years since I last saw him, and my stop dropped, knowing if I said yes, he would be there. His presence always made me feel uneasy

"I have an English assignment due on Monday," I told him, unlocking the cubicle door and heading out for the girl's bathroom.

"Come on it will be fun, and your mother already okayed it" He tells me as I step into the hall only to run directly into Alicia. She flicks her blonde hair over her shoulder before glaring at me, her foundation a shade darker than her skin, making an orange ring around her neck.

She shoves me, and my back smashes against the brick wall, and I only just manage to stop myself from dropping the phone, "Watch it, skank," she spits at me, She walks off, and I watch her leave when Jonah's voice comes through the phone,

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Jonah's voice comes LITOWE W

"Hey, everything alright?" Jonah asks.

"Huh, yeah, just some girl speaking to another, she wasn't talking to me," I lied while adjusting my bag on my shoulder.

"I should go; I am late for class," I tell him

"Wait, you never answered," Jonah says, and I quickly hang up before sending him a text and telling him I would be too busy.



Walking to class, Eziah walks around the corner up ahead and throws his arms in the air.

"Where have you been? Everyone said you left,"

"I had to use the bathroom," I tell him, and he loops his arm through mine. Eziah leads us to our English class rattling on about something Marley did, it was apparent he had a crush on her, and I listened despite her being one of Alicia's besties and one of my biggest tormentors,

I didn't have the heart to tell him he would be Alpha one day, and he needed to get along with the rest of the pack. I would just blend in, and I am glad dad

would just blend in and I am glad dad was giving the pack to him. I had no intention of staying here once I finished school. Nope, once I have my wolf, we are going rogue and finding some forest to be free in, free from everyone, free from the whispers, the stares. I couldn't wait until I got my wolf; I wouldn't need anyone then because I would have her. The day slipped by quickly, and before I knew it, school finished. Walking out of class, Eziah walks beside me.

"I am going to head to Marley's; you will be alright to head home by yourself," He says, and I look at him.

"You're not coming home first?" I ask, trying to keep the unease out of my voice at having to catch the bus home by myself.

"Yeah, tell Dad. I will be home before dinner," He says before rushing off toward Marley's last class. I sigh, hoisting my backpack up my back higher and walking toward the bus shelter, Seeing everyone lined up waiting and talking amongst themselves, I turn for the front gates instead. I would walk home, and it would only take an hour,

I saw the bus head into the school as I

I saw the bus head in the school as I started walking along the Highway. When it went past me, I felt something hit me in the side of the leg; their cheers and laughter out the windows made me clench my teeth when I saw the pencil embedded in my leg. Tears burn my eyes. They speared me with a pencil. What the fuck! Sucking in a deep breath, I rip it out. It was a lead pencil; well, the moron who tossed it clearly hadn't received his pen license if he was still using one. I chuckle at my thoughts before continuing. When I am halfway home, I hear a loud engine roaring up the road and making me look up. I would know that sound anywhere.

The red Mustang pulls up next to me, and the window winds down.

"Well, before you hung up on me, I was about to tell you I would not take no for an answer," Jonah tells me. I raise an eyebrow at him. O

"Get in," I look down the road, trying to figure out another way to get out going to the stupid reopening of The Casino; Jonah and Kyan run together.

**"You have three seconds to get in, or I**

**will toss you in," "One," I fold my arms across my chest and tap my foot defiantly.**

**«Two," His blue eyes sparkle, and his lips tug up deviously.**

**"Three," He goes to open the door, and I shriek**

**"Okay, I will get in," I tell him, racing around to the passenger side and climbing**

**"I was actually looking forward to tossing you in," Jonah laughs before staring down at my gloved hands, "Remove them, you don't need them, your parents really need to stop making you wear those"**

**"They don't make me, Jonah. It's just safest that way,"**

**"Well don't wear them around me," he says reaching over and tugging one off by the fingers, I sigh before removing the other, Jonah reaches over to grab my hand and I pull my hands away. "Mara," Jonah snaps and I let him take my hand. Jonah is probably the only person that realized how much it bothered me, never feeling touch. I swallow not wanting to let it show**

**touch. I swallow not wanting to let it show how much it truly bothered me.**

**"I waited at your bus stop for like 10 minutes; did you head in town after school,**

**Ah, yeah, I had to get something," I lie, placing my bag between my feet. When Jonah drives past the turn-off home, I glance at him.**

**"Ah, Jonah?" I ask, looking at him.**

**"You aren't going home. I already picked up your clothes," He tells me, turning onto the freeway.**

**"No escaping me tonight,"**

**"I am not even old enough to be in the casino," I tell him.**

**"You don't have to be, you won't be going into the alcohol areas, and Kyan and I will be with you. No one will say anything,**

**"What and mum was fine with you kidnapping me to take me to the casino,"**

**"Yep, what's wrong? I haven't seen you in a month, and now you suddenly don't like hanging out with me? Who is he then?"**

hanging out with me? Who is he then

“Who’s who?” I ask. «This boyfriend you have, the only thing that makes sense for you dodging me and not wanting to hang with me, you got a boyfriend, Mara?” He taunts me by poking me in the ribs. “No, no. Of course not,” he glances at me like he doesn’t believe me, if only Jonah knew I was a complete social pariah, he would then understand how ridiculous his words are.

“Maybe I could just wait at your apartment, then we can play board games or something when you get back,” I suggest, really not wanting to be around Kyan.

“What no, you are coming; why are you acting strange?”

“I’m not, but your friend hates me,” I tell him, Jonah sighs loudly,

“He doesn’t hate you, that’s just the way he is, Jonah answers.

“So he is like that when Rose is with you too,”

COO,”

“He sees more; she is my sister. You both just need to hang out more; then you will see he isn’t so bad once you get past the stone-cold demeanor,” He says with a laugh, and I raise an eyebrow at him.

“Stone cold, he glares at me like he is hoping I will turn to ash in front of his eyes,”

“Now, I know you’re being dramatic. You haven’t seen him in what three years?” I nod my head. I always made sure to avoid visiting Jonah if I knew Kyan was with

him.

“See, you probably imagined it,” Jonah tells me. Great, not even my weekend would be free of the torment. I know he hated me, one thing I did know, was what hate looked like, I received it every day, there was no mistaking it anymore. Pretty embarrassing when I was more familiar with glares than smiles, more familiar with bad words than kind ones. But what I was most familiar with was, having no one. No one that actually wanted me around. I am not stupid. I know Jonah only hung out with me because mum asked him to, she always

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famia But what I was most familiar with was having no one. No one that actually wanted me around. I am not stupid. I know Jonah only hung out with me because mum asked him to, she always worried about me being on my own all the time, but at least there would be no

## Fated To The Alpha by Jessica Hall Read Online Chapter 213

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

Chapter 213 Anxiety gnawed at me as I waited for Jonah to hop out of the shower. We were staying at the penthouse above the Casino that Jonah used when he stayed in the City.

Hearing the door open, I look toward the bathroom as he steps out. Towel low on his hips. His body was hard, lean, and muscular, not an ounce of fat on him; he was tall too. He closes the door quickly, turning toward me, his dark blonde tousled hair wet and droplets spilled onto his hard chest, running down his pecs before trailing down the hard ridges of his abs. He had both his nipples pierced, I noticed, something that I hadn't noticed before, but then again, this was the first time I had seen him in this state of undress, his sunkissed skin on display so openly. 1

My eyes follow down to the v-line that escaped below the towel. Jonah and Uncle Andrei, and I know, trained rigorously because Jonah wasn't Alpha born; he would have to fight his father for the title, or his father would hand it down to Rose, his sister, when she came of age. Yet knowing that and seeing the hardened muscles of his body, I never truly

NIOWWg una nu seemghe maruem muscles of his body, ever truly appreciated how hard he worked to become Alpha

Uncle Andrei had been training Jonah since he was eight, preparing him for the Alpha title fight. Jonah looking up meets my gaze, his cerulean blue eyes darting away quickly before clearing his throat awkwardly. I dropped my gaze; heat crept up the back of my neck, staining my cheeks in my blush.

"Showers free," Jonah says just as awkwardly. I made him uncomfortable. That thought makes my mouth dry, and I nod once before standing up.

Grabbing my bag, I was about to open it when Jonah spoke.

"I only packed your Pajamas and a change of clothes for tomorrow. Did you not see the dress in the spare room?" He asks.

My stomach twists in knots at the thought of having to wear a dress. I hadn't worn one since I was a child. I shake my head, and Jonah wanders off down the hall before returning with a dark blue floor length dress.

rengi dress.

"It's formal attire?" I ask, my voice more of a shriek

"If you don't like it, I can get Lucas to rush down a pick you one?" He asks, and I shake my head.

"No, I like it. I just thought I could wear my jeans; I didn't realize it was formal wear," I tell him.

"Kyan prefers a certain image, believe me, I am not too happy about wearing a suit, but," he shrugs.

"There are heels in the room; I will hang this up for you," he says. My stomach sinks yet again.

Great, I was going to make a complete ass of myself. I struggled walking in flats, let alone heels. Why would my mother make him take me to this? She knew I hated having to go to functions, especially formal ones. I didn't even attend my year ten formal. Opting out and only attending the ceremony in black slacks and shirt before heading home Instead of going to the formal.

I hadn't wanted to go; it would have just

I hadn't wanted to it would have just been another way for them to torment me. Plus, it was also the day after mum disfigured Jasmine. They were best friends and still are, but mum said Jasmine stepped out of line when a petition went around for me to be pulled from contact sports. Saying I was a risk to other students after I nearly killed my teacher.

Eziah, luckily was quick to act, hailed a hero, and I was called a parasite, a bad omen to my pack, not that anyone said anything in front of my family. Mum found out when the petition was handed to the school board. After some digging, she found out Jasmine had been the one to mention it initially, Marley never forgave me, and neither did Alicia. Mum slapped Jasmine and humiliated her in front of the school assembly; her claws slipped from her fingers, raking down her face. 3

She never healed, and I think my mother used her powers to ensure it, to make it a clear warning to those that spoke out about me. Alicia's mother, Rebecca, was forced to submit in front of everyone and apologize to me; I was humiliated. I understood why she did it, a show of

apologize to me; I was humiliated. I understood why she did it, a show of consequences, but it never helped my situation and only made me isolated. Alicia was my brother's girlfriend at the time, and he dumped her in front of everyone present, making her hate for me tenfold, and said he wouldn't have anyone that would shun his sister. 1

I shake the memory away; it was never a good thing becoming lost in my thoughts; my thoughts never had much good to say.

"Marabella, are you ok?" Jonah asks, walking back out with black slacks on and a dress shirt. The buttons were still undone as he pushed his belt through the loops of his pants.

"Yeah, sorry. I will be quick," I tell him, escaping into the bathroom and shutting the door. I click the lock in place, not that Jonah would ever come in, but I always did. Shedding my clothes, I turn the shower on. Stepping in quickly and wet my hair before reaching for the soap. The dark tan of my skin made the scars that laced my thighs stand out more. Looking back up and away from my mutilated body, I washed quickly before getting out.

DOUY, I washed quickly before getting out

I quickly wrapped the thick grey towel around me when I was done before popping my head out the door. Breathing a sigh of relief when I noticed Jonah was nowhere in sight and I made a dash for the room. Locking myself in, I dried myself.

Jonah had hung the dress on the back of the door, and I touched the silky dark sapphire blue fabric. I realized quickly that the dress would be figure-hugging, and that realization made my stomach squeeze uncomfortably.

The heels sat next to the dresser, and I groaned. I was going to break my neck in those. At least I would get out of going, I chuckle. One could wish Jonah would still probably drag me along at my mother's request.

Slipping the dress on, the back is see through lace, the front dipped low, showing off cleavage I was not comfortable with, and my bra could not be worn without looking out of place and being noticeable. The fabric was tight against my large bust and hips before the dress cascaded to the floor.

dress cascaded to the floor.

I felt like an imposter. I looked out of place and felt uncomfortable in my own skin, too much of it on display. I didn't belong in the world, definitely not in a dress like this. Unhooking my bra, I quickly removed it before putting the top half of the dress back on and awkwardly doing up the zip that held the lace together at my back-towel drying my unruly wavy hair that fell to just below my butt. I tried to figure out what to do with it.

I was never good at doing hair and left it in a ponytail or bun for the most part. I couldn't leave it down; it would drive me insane. Sometimes I regretted never cutting it, but I always loved the feel of the brush when mum would run it through my hair.

Every night she would come in and brush it, even now. I think it was her way of checking on me, her way of getting me completely alone to talk, and after a while, it became routine. I wished mum was here, she would braid it for me, and I doubted very much I could do it myself.

Sighing, I run my brush through it and pull it into a ponytail when I hear a knock

pummo a ponytan when threat a KITOCK on the door.

"Marabella, we need to head down soon,"

"Yep, be out in a sec," I tell him before looking nervously at the glittery heels black heels. Grabbing them, I open the door only to bump into Jonah. Smacking into his hard chest, his hands grip my arms to steady me. Not to self, muscle looks nice, but damn, it was not fun to smack into it. Was any part of him soft?

"You ok?" Jonah asks before letting me go and stepping back. His eyes run the length of me, and a growl escapes him making me jump, and my eyes dart to him; his wolf coming forward makes me step back; the movement makes him shake his head, his eyes returning to their blue color.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to scare you," he mutters.

Jonah looks me over again before he presses his lips together. "I know you don't want to go, but you could put some effort into doing your hair," he says disapprovingly. My face heats, my hair is untameable, I sucked at being a girl, shamefully so.

Jonah grips my arms, spinning me around, and I hear his breath hitch before feeling his fingers trail up my spine." fuck, you're beautiful," he growls. His words startled me. Did he really think that, or was he being polite? Jonah never said things like that usually; he was a lot like his father, a man of few words.

I looked at him over my shoulder, and his eyes were flickering again, his gaze on my neck, and I felt the blood rush to my face.

"Jonah?" I whisper, and his gaze flicks to mine.

"Huh," he scrubs a hand down his face. "O h, right," he says, reaching his hand toward my hair. I pull away from him, wondering what he is doing.

"Stay still, eyes ahead," Turning back; I stare at the wall.

A shiver runs up my spine as his fingers graze the back of my neck, and he clears his throat before tugging my hair tie from my hair. My hair fell down my back to just below my bottom in long waves.

"Jonah, I can't leave it down. It will drive me Insane pulling it from my face," I tell

me Insane pulling it from my face," I tell him. He steps around me before moving to the dresser, grabbing my brush, and coming over.

His hand moved to my hip as he led me further into the open plan living room. He sits on the leather couch before tugging me down to sit between his legs.

"I'm braiding it; just keep still for me,"

"You can braid; not even I can braid," I tell him before running the brush down my hair before stopping.

Jonah taps my thigh. "Sit up, you sitting on your hair," I lift my bottom, and he pulls hair out from under me.

"And yes, I used to braid Rose's hair; she always said mum was too rough with the brush, mum taught me," Jonah chuckles.

"Mum blamed Rose, said she squirmed too much and went to hack at it with scissors one day and dad snapped her, it was always a battle for mum to do her hair of a morning, so she taught me and I did her from her first day of school up until she could do it herself," Jonah tells me.

"Will Rose be here tonight? Gosh, I miss her," I ask, hoping she would be.

"No, she has exams next week, and she wants to study, plus she hates being in the spotlight, just like mum and you," he murmurs the last word below my ear when leaning forward.

His fingers moved quickly through my hair, and it didn't take him long before he was nearly finished.

"How is Rose?" I ask him.

"Good, I spoke with her earlier. She had a boyfriend for a bit and dad disapproved; she wants to transfer to your school next year after she and he fought. Dad said maybe she could but only if she behaved,"

"Behaved?" I asked him.

"Yes, Rose and mum got into a fight after she caught Rose skipping school to hang out with Tyran, man. Did dad kick his ass," Jonah chuckled.

"I'm surprised you didn't,"

"I never said I didn't; why do you think I was back up home? She deserves better."

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"That's why you came back?"

"Yes, I wasn't planning on going home until I spoke to Rose this morning, I was only planning on picking you up, but when she rang me and said her boyfriend upset her, I ducked home real quick," Jonah tells me.

"Bet Rose wasn't happy,"



"Not at all, but once I met him, I understood why dad didn't like him, cocky shit, I wasn't impressed,"

"Why weren't you impressed?"

"Because she can do better than him for one, and secondly he mouthed off at my father when I got there, saying he was going to claim Rose as his chosen, Rose looked like she was about to slap him, but she didn't get a chance,"

"Yes, she was always daddy's girl," I chuckle, and Jonah nods.

"Yes, dad told him he wasn't to step on pack territory again; he was the beta's son from White River Pack; now Rose wants to transfer schools," I nod. Rose was similar to me, we were both nerdy, and maybe

to me, we were both nerdy, and maybe that's why we got along so well, though she was more sociable than me.

"They're all done," Jonah tells me, draping my braid over my shoulder to show me.

I touch it before looking over at him behind me. "Thank you," I tell him, and he pats my side, wanting me to get up. I quickly move to sit beside him. Grabbing the heels, I slip them on, doing up the buckles. Pushing off the lounge, Jonah grips my arm, pulling me to a standing position. I was now the same height as him and felt so unsteady on my feet. I gulp down at the high heels.

"Jonah, these are way too high," shriek clutching his forearm.

"You will be fine; I won't let you fall, your mother warned me and said you hated heels when I rang to ask if I could kidnap you, but you can't wear sneakers with your dress."

"What? So mum didn't force you to bring me along? It's alright, Jonah, I know mum asked you to take me; she thinks I spend too much time alone," I tell him, shaking

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my head at his lie.

"Ah, no, Mara. I rang her last week to see if I could bring you," Jonah says. I raise an eyebrow at him, and he shrugs before watching me.

"So you asked, she didn't force you to take me, this isn't a pity thing?" I ask incredulously.

"Yes, I asked. Is that so hard to believe? I like hanging out with you," I roll my eyes, and he growls, gripping my chin.

"Just so you know, Mara, I see you. I always have. You can hide shit from everyone else but not me; I see through it. Just like you lying about that girl calling you a skank," my cheeks flush with embarrassment.

"I know you're not," Jonah says, letting my chin go.

"How I could be, and you would have no way to tell?"

"Because I can smell your innocence. If you were a skank, you wouldn't be a virgin," Jonah chuckles. My face heats even more at his words.

even more at his words.

"Hey, nothing to be ashamed about; it's a good thing, you should save yourself for your mate."

"Are you going to tell mum and dad?"

"About the girl? No, why does she always bully you? Do I need to tell them?"

"No, it was a once-off; I ran into her by accident" he didn't look like he believed me, but before he could say anything else, someone knocked on the door.

"That would be Kyan," he says, gripping my hand and tugging me along. I hear keys in the door before it suddenly pushes open, and Kyan steps in, closing the door; his back was to us as we walked toward him.

## Fated To The Alpha by Jessica Hall Read Online Chapter 214

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

**Chapter 214** "You better not be wanking; what is taking you so long-" he stops suddenly, a look of shock on his face as Jonah tugs me toward his friend

Kyan had on a tailored navy suit, yet it did nothing to hide the bulk of muscle beneath his clothes. His suit jacket was open, the top two buttons of his white shirt were undone, and I could make out the dark tattoos beneath the white button up shirt, some swirling design pattern that moved up the side of his neck.

He stops looking at Jonah, and his jaw clenches; I hadn't seen him in years, and he had put on more weight, was just as tall as Jonah but built sturdier, more muscular. His dark hair cropped short on the sides and longer on top, he had a

five o'clock shadow whereas Jonah was clean shaved, Kyan's eyes are a deep grey almost black, lined with thick lashes; he looked like a woman's equivalent of a wet dream until his face morphed into a snarl when he notices me. His eyes dart to Jonah's, and his lips press in a harsh line. We stop in front of him, and I start

We stop in front of 1, and I start slipping on my gloves to cover my hands, anything to distract myself from the look he was giving me.

"She isn't eighteen, Jonah; she can't be in a Casino by herself,"

"Good thing she isn't by herself then," Jonah says, stepping past him and reaching for the door. Kyan steps away from me.

"You know that isn't what I meant," Kyan growls at him.

"She is with us, so it will be fine; you said I could bring someone,"

"So you chose a twelve-year-old," His words stung. No, they more than stung; the way he said it made my stomach plunge somewhere cold and deep within m

1. e.

"She is sixteen, and geez, Kyan, what has got into you? It's Marabella, for god sake."

"That's exactly my point; she is underage and shouldn't be in a fucking Casino,"

"Fine, go by yourself then; I will take her bowling or something," Jonah tells him

me, go by yoursemen, wir wake ner bowling or someth6," Jonah tells him with a sigh; bowling sounded better than spending the night next to someone who clearly hates my guts. Kyan pinches the bridge of his nose and exhales.

"We lose our liquor license because of her,

"She won't be drinking or in any of the gambling areas, and she is with us; no one would say shit," Jonah cuts him off. Kyan's eyes darted to mine.

"She remains with you; I am not babysitting her," Kyan snaps before opening the door and stepping out.

"I will just wait here," I tell Jonah, suddenly feeling unwelcome. You would think by now I would be used to that feeling, but I did not want to cause conflict between him and his best friend; it would be better if I just rang dad to come to get me. This was a terrible idea; I just wanted to go home. 3

"Marabella, hurry up; we are already late. We can't leave you in here by yourself," Kyan snaps from outside the hallway.

Jonah squeezes my hand, and Kyan

Jonah squeezes my hand, and Kyan growls, Kyan not missing the action as his eyes dart down to glare at Jonah's hand. Jonah lets me go gripping my elbow, and Kyan walks off in a manner that makes me not want to follow; one day Marabella, one day and we will be free, I remind myself. Jonah tugged me along beside him, or more dragged me with these stupid heels. Glancing over his shoulder, he sneers at us before Kyan presses the button on the elevator before looking at my hands.

"Remove them; they don't go with your dress," Kyan says, glaring at my hands. I look up at Jonah. It was one thing not having them on when with Jonah or mum, even Eziah; besides showering, I always wore them.

"But if I touch,"

"You won't be touching anyone; remove them," Kyan snaps at me. 1

"Bro, chill. Leave her be," Kyan ignores him, his intense aggressive gaze holding mine.

"All these years, and you still can't control it, remove them, Marabella. I

control it, remove them, Marabella. I won't be seen with you while you wear those ridiculous gloves," Jonah growls at him, and Kyan rolls his eyes, grabbing my gloved hand and tugging the glove off by the fingers, he then reaches for the other and tugs it off before pocketing them. I clench my hands into fists, rubbing my fingers over my palm when the doors open, having my hands on display for the world to see made me feel naked.

Hopping in the elevator, Kyan does up his suit jacket before fiddling with his cufflinks he pulls from his pocket, his jaw clenched as he glared at his wrists trying to put the cufflinks on before dropping one. I bend down picking it up.

"Here let me help," Jonah tells him.

"It's fine," Kyan snaps at him and Jonah puts up his hands.

"Fuck man, just trying to help, no need to bite my head off," Jonah says stepping away from him. Kyan sighs looking over at him before reaching for the cufflink in my hand

"I'm sor-" He stops short of what he

"I'm sor-" He stops short of what he was saying when I grip his wrist, turning his hand palm up and poking the cufflink through. I straighten his cuff and look up to find him staring at me. His face is set in stone and indecipherable. I jerk my hand away at the cold look he gives me. I shouldn't have touched him, why would I do that?

His jaw clenches before he swallows. Holding out his other wrist and cufflink. My hands shook as I pinched the cufflink between my fingers before fixing the other

one when I felt his hand brush against the back of mine, his thumb stroking over the back of it, sparks rushed up my arms and my lips part as I quickly did the cuff link up and step away.

“See, she isn’t so bad. Little fingers come in handy sometimes,” Jonah

doesn’t say anything, turning to stare at the elevator doors. His hands fist at his sides and I look at Jonah who shrugs before gripping my elbow.

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My feet were killing, all night Jonah had

another, I swear I walked the entire Casino twenty times, Kyan always with us but he barely acknowledged my presence except when I went to wander off to use the bathroom, only for him to snap at me and say to stay close. We now seemed to be in some event room, the strobing lights were giving me a headache, and I desperately needed to pee still. The water bottle in my hand was now empty and I looked around for a bathroom when a man approached Jonah about some tech issue with the security cameras.

“Ah, hang on. I will come have a look, watch Mara for me,” he says, patting Kyan’s shoulder before walking off and not giving him time to answer. Kyan glares at him before turning to look at me before he turns back to the person he was talking to.

I watch people, feeling out of place and even more out of place standing next to Kyan. I glance around the large open room. Noticing a sign with an arrow stating ‘bathrooms’ were down the

stating ‘bathrooms’ were down the corridor. I hastily make my way over to it before slipping into the hall.

Relief floods me when I step into the empty corridor, finally quiet, I thought, and I could see the ladies bathroom up ahead. I walk down the red-carpeted and gold trimmed corridor. It was dimly lit, the walls grey with small dome lamps hanging off the walls. I quickly use the bathroom before tugging my dress down and flattening it. Stepping out, I walk into a man.

He stunk of liquor, and he grips my arms. “Sorry, love,” He slurs, leaning half on me. The man’s face was partially

slack as the alcohol weeded its way through his system, his hands clammy and burps before chuckling and staggering forward again.

“That’s alright,” I tell him, stepping out of reach and moving to step around him. He steps in my way, and I try to step the other side of him, but he again steps directly in my path. A chuckle leaves him.

“Excuse me,” I murmur, trying to awkwardly move around him.

awkwardly move around him.

"How about I buy you a drink?" He purrs gripping my arms, I could tell he was human and I use my wrists to push on his chest as he steps closer to me.

"Move please," I ask politely, knowing it best not to aggravate a drunk man. My heart thumps erratically in my chest, fear snaking around me tightly when his grip gets tighter. My mind screamed at me to make him let go but I didn't have my gloves touching him, I would kill him.

"I said let go," I tell him, as his face moves toward mine. His breath smells heavily of beer and I have to hold myself back from gagging at the stench.

"Ella!" Kyan's demanding voice bellows and I jolt, the man freezes looking over his shoulder before stepping away from me. Oh thank god, I never thought I would be excited to be glared at before in my life, but I was only seconds from throwing myself at him just to escape this man's clutches. Kyan was walking down the corridor toward us, a look on his face that sent a chill down my spine, his hands in his pockets and he commanded attention, he never looked

O HUM

PORTTI commanded atten , he never looked more intimidating and I was unsure if I wanted to run to him or from him suddenly. Kyan stopped next to the man, who swayed slightly.

"Ella come here," Kyan says, pulling his hand from his pocket and holding it out to me. I grabbed it. Anything to get away from the drunk man. Kyan yanks me over to him and I stumble in the heels, my other hand grabbing his suit jacket and the buttons unpop. Kyan steadies me, his eyes still on the man who was muttering about being interrupted and something else that makes Kyan growl before turning to look at me.

"Go wait outside the doors," He says, his breath caressing over my neck as he leans closer to whisper to me, I shiver. His whisper is more of an angry growl, something I thought impossible to do. I went to walk off when Kyan gripped my elbow, sparks rushed up my arm and his hand burned into my skin.

"That means wait, don't wander off, you won't like it if I have to hunt you down again" Kyan tells me. The man bristles and Kyan nudges me toward the exit and

and Kyan nudges

m oward the exit and I hastily rush off. Stepping out, I glance back behind me.

"Now, Ella," Kyan says and I nod my head, slipping out the door and closing it behind me. The music was louder and I glanced around looking for Jonah but not daring to move. I could tell Kyan was angry at me and fear of him made me remain where I was when all I wanted to do was run back to the penthouse and hide away. People stared at me and I had to look out of place standing off next to the doors by myself.

After a few minutes the door beside me opens up and Kyan steps out. He pulls a set of keys from his pocket and locks the doors before grabbing the phone out of his back pocket. His jaw is clenched and I see his knuckles coated in blood as he sends a text before turning around to face me. 1

Blood spots were on his white shirt and he went to turn toward the rest of the room when I stepped in front of him, tugging his suit jacket closed and doing up the buttons before someone could see.

"Is he?" I stopped not knowing what I

was asking

"Dead? Yes, you were told not to leave our sides,"

"I just wanted to use the restroom,"

"And now one of my patrons is dead,"

"I never asked you to kill him," I squeak out, guilt smashing me. Bile rises in my throat and nausea washes over me.

"He shouldn't have touched you,"

"He was drunk,"

"He still touched you,"

"Why do you care, you hate me anyway," I tell him, stepping away from him.

"I don't hate you Marabella, I just don't like you," I scoff.

"Same thing,"

"You know nothing, now enough we are leaving," He says, gripping my elbow and tugging me after him.

"Wait, what about Jonah?" I ask, trying to pull away from his grip. He growls ignoring me and pulling me toward the elevator's.

elevator's.

"Kyan slow down, I have heels on" I shriek as I stumble after him. He stops abruptly and I walk into his back. He growled menacingly before kneeling and lifting the bottom of my dress and fiddling with my heel. I grip his shoulder glancing around and ignoring the growl h

one heel off before grabbing my other ankle and tingles rush up the inside of my leg and thigh making me gasp. He removes it before standing.

"Better?" He says, before grabbing my elbow again, my heels clutched in his other hand as he led me toward the elevator. He presses the button when I hear Jonah's voice from behind us.

"There you both are," Jonah sighs, making me look at him. Relief floods me, and the elevator doors open.

"Get her back to the penthouse," Kyan snaps at him before pushing me into the elevator. Jonah looks between us, clearly confused.

"What's going on?" He asks, concerned.

"Don't bring her back here again," Kyan

"Don't bring her back here again," Kyan snaps at him before shoving my heels into his chest.

"Kyan?" Jonah snaps but he just walks off. Jonah runs a hand through his hair before stepping in the elevator looking at

1. me.

"What happened?" He asks and I shrug. Kyan would probably tell him later and I just hoped I wasn't still with Jonah when he did. 3

## Fated To The Alpha by Jessica Hall Read Online Chapter 215

[/ Fated To The Alpha by Jessica Hall Novel Novel](#)  
Chapter 215 Marbella Eighteen-years-old

Having a wolf was so much more than Exped I never realized how empty I was until Kora came to me, how much I Craved interaction, someone to fill the void that resided inside me. How lonely one's mind could truly be. Then she came along kora couldn't stop the pain, but she kept me tipping over the edge, over the precipice, and into the dark void of nothingness that was me. She kept bringing me back even when I wished she

"Up Marabella, we can't sit in here all day," Kora murmurs in my head. I felt like a passenger in my own body these days: something was off. More So than usual, like my soul was searching for something My days were lived on autopilot, a never ending battle with my mind

Marabella, get up." Kora snapped, and I rolled on my back, groaning. I forced myself out of bed. She would whine if I didn't, and honestly, I was having trouble coming up with more excuses not to leave my room. Mumn was becoming suspicious; I needed to do this. Today was the last



Incendio do this was the last clay: I just had to get up and go to this meeting, then leave. Yet, that felt like a mammoth task One I wasn't up for

My days blurred into one, barely recognizing my scenery, barely hearing the words spoken to me or around me; was comfortable in my misery, that was the beauty of depression, after a while, you no longer care, your days turning repetitive, going through the motions but not truly living the moments, locked within yourself but so familiar with the feeling it becomes your comfort place.

I blink, looking around before looking down at myself. I realize Kora must have taken over before giving me back control. I was dressed in my usual jeans and a black tank top with my leather jacket. She had a thing for leather; I think she liked how it smelt. But once again, my entire morning slipped by, and I was a passenger, letting Kora take over. It was easier that way. For once, someone else dealt with my daily struggle, the torment it is to be the burden.

I was standing in the foyer when I came back to my surroundings, My hand was o

back to my sterugs, My hand was on the door handle, and I couldn't even remember walking down the stairs

"Geez, Marabella, I told you we were leaving; I have been waiting twenty minutes for you," My mother scolds as we walk out to the car.

"I don't understand why I have to go, just take Eziali; this is more Luis's scene; he will be Alpha, not me." I whine, dropping into the passenger seat.

"And what's your scene, Marabella, sulking in your room day in and day out?" My mother asks as I clip my seatbelt in

Yep, sounds good to me," I tell her, my voice coming off slightly bitchy.

"Well haven't you got quite the attitude today," My mother says, reversing out. I sigh before muttering an apology. My mother reaches over, squeezing my gloved hand gently

"You need to get out more honey, experience the world, your fathers and I worry you are becoming depressed, you have rarely left your room since school

already? You know you can borrow the cars to get them, I nearly snored at your leather words. Friends like I would

how what the heck a friend was besides Kora and Lonah

Eventually, Mom gave up and left me to my thoughts and my wolf's unneeded laments. How she could be so positive was beyond me, she was always trying to find something to cheer me up, yet I saw nothing to be excited about. I groaned when we finally pulled up to the hall where the meeting was held.

"Not many will be here, it isn't a big meeting this year," My mother rattles on Like I gave a crap. I wasn't Alpha, and I had no intention of being one no one would follow me anyway. Alpha to the shadows, I chuckle to myself, and my mother raises an eyebrow at me. I always felt awkward going anywhere with her, she looked the same age as me, never changing, and could pass as my sister. Same with both, my father's never changing and always the same. My father Mateo nearly punched a man out once who assumed I was his girlfriend. Among humans, my mother, and I say we're

Thatli mund we would probably beim ounchy him weltlenul about me

Culook, lanah is here." My her says, and my lead instantly snaps up. A silly

Ein Splits onto my fare belone it flushes. Please don't tnbarass me, mum! She is alwinys trying to set us ili kuweisn't telated, but that doesn't make it any luss awkward when she shoves me towards Hulin very two seconds.

Tanah never says anything or seems upsel about it. A girl could dream, I think to mysell. Yet I knew he would never want mi E, no one ever does. Sometimes I wonder i I it would have been casier if Eziah had just absorbed me in utero.

Tonali taps on my window, a big smile on his face before he opens my door

There's my favorite girl," He says, not even giving me a chance to get out of the car before he was unclipping my seatbelt and dragging me out of it

"See, perfect couple," My mother says real subtle mum Jonah says nothing

Instad, crushing against him. I am Emothered in his scent, and Kora pures custent, she said she has always liked Jonah, always found him to be a comfort, yet despite that.

I hadn't seen him since before turniny: eighteen because he was away with Kyan across the other side of the country. To Say I wasn't disappointed he wasn't my mate would be a lie Jonah had a mate out there somewhere, and it wouldn't be me, that thought sending me spiraling, for once can't things be easy on me. My chest restricts as he hugs me; it would be easy with Jonah, kora is just as upset. She was secretly hoping he would be too.

"We will find him, he will be ours," Kora tries to reassure me Jonah lets me go as m y mother walks around the car and hugs

"Hey, sweetie," My mother says, kissing him on the check

"You gotta stop calling me that I look older than you," Jonah mutters, blushing ather words. I chuckled, shaking my head.

"You didn't tell me you were bringing Mara,"

inoping anual,' My mother wys as she 151715 way Inn hini

"Ah. Chat, Kyan is here." I mutter to Janual when I spot his black sportstar.

What! Helever shows up to the smaller ones," My mother shrieks

"His car, it's right there," tell her, Tolling my eyes at her dramatics,

"He isn't that bad, besides he stayed at home last night," Jonah says in his defense before shrugging.

"I just forgot, Marabella. We should head back I left my paperwork back at home," My mother says. Looking in the window, I see a folder on the backseat.

"No, it is right here," I tell her, opening the back door and retrieving it. I wanted to spend time with Jonah; God only knows when I will see him next.

"We need to leave." She snaps, and I am taken aback, and so is Jonah.

"Kal? Jonah asks, looking at her, startled, but she doesn't get a chance to answer when another Alpha approaches

"What's wrong with her, Jonah mouths to me. Yet, I was just as clueless at her abrupt behavior change

My mother curses before looking at me, This won't take long How about you stay out here? I will be back as quick as possible."

"What? By herself?" Jonah asks. The Alpha calls out to my mother, and she looks toward the double doors. She seemed conflicted about something as she kept glancing back at the car.

"Fates fuck up everything." She mutters. My brows pinch together.

"Let's get this shit show over with," She sighs before walking toward the doors. Hearing my mother curse sounded odd; she rarely swore around Eziah and me. Jonah shrugs, grabbing my hand and pulling me toward the door. My mother stalks through the place, and her aura slips out violently.

The moment I stepped through the doors, it was like walking into a brick wall. My senses smashed with the scent of Spiced cinnamon and vanilla. My mouth

scintillates at Vanilla My mouth waters, and I find myself paralyzed as I stand out at the crowd of people seated. My mother walking up to the podium had alphas cringing away at her aura

Jonah stops looking down at me, my heart racing, and I swallow

Jonah leans down toward me, giving my fingers a gentle squeeze. You ok?"

Ishale my head, and he squeezes my hand. Kora stirred excitedly, pacing and impatiently urging me to find the scent.

"What is it," Jonah asks, cupping my cheek with a giant hand.

Why couldn't it have been you?" I ask before I can stop myself, fear gripping me

What do you mean," I blink, shaking my head, trying to regather myself.

"What's wrong?" Jonah repeats.

"Nothing," Jonah squeezes my hand again before looking over his shoulder

"Come on then," He says, leading me down the aisle toward my mother. No one stood up and acknowledged or reacted, The further I moved down the aisle the

The murthermor own the aisle, the mort du lilled me

What if they don't want me. My mother stops talking and watches me when I am nearly at the podium. Movement out of the corner of my eye made me look in that direction. My heart falters, and I gasp. Please no, anyone but huu kyan stiffens when I walk in his direction with Jonahi. his eyes plumesi on me. Kora screamed excitedly in my head that we had found him, yet he was not happy to see me by his posture. Jonah led me to the chair beside Kyan, who shifts uncomfortably, leaning away from me

I wasn't sure what to expect: I always thought finding your litate was meant to be a joyous occasion. However, I wasn't granted the same joy. Jonah sits down, and I look to the podium to pretend I am not sitting next to my mate. His aura falls over me, and I grip the arms of the chairs.

"How is his aura stronger than ours?" Kora whimpers in my head, That no answer to it either, my mother was the strongest one here, or so I thought. Yet his aura would easily match hers as it tumbled and rushed through me. Glancing at my mother, she was staring at me:

at my mother, she was staring at me, when our eyes met, she pulled her gaze away, continuing whatever she was saying — stumbling over her words gritting my teeth as his aura rolled over me, smashing me. I barely held in the

"Stop, please." I whisper when I feel it drop slightly. kyan leaned closer on the arm of his chair, yet I was frozen under his aura. Unable to move

Not here," his voice a whispered growl before his aura drops, and I suck in a sharp breath. My body was released from the intense pressure threatening to smother me

Jonah was utterly oblivious to what was going on next to him, as he listened to my mother, glancing around, I noticed nothing out of place.

“He only used it on us,” Kora says before wandering off

“Wait, come back,” I tell her as she slips deeper into my mind.

“It should have been Jonah,” were her last parting words before she left me to

last. I let her deal with our mate. Our mate wants nothing to do with us. Turning to Kyan, he clenches his jaw, his eyes darting to mine. My face whips back to my mother when Tlean comes closer to him. A low growl slips out of him that only I could hear.

“How long have you known,” I asked him. He says nothing and I turn to look at him when he speaks

Since I was nine, and not here,”

I couldn't have mistaken the underlying warning in his voice even if I tried. Yet I felt no comfort at his words, so I simply nodded. He has always known, and still, he hated me. I blink, trying to stop my emotion from showing on my face. Come on, Marabella, you hide from everyone else; just slip the mask back on. Yet I assumed I would never have to hide from a loving mate; how foolish to think even my mate would want me

I swallowed it down, willing the waterworks away as I gripped the chair with my gloved hands. I lasted half the meeting before I couldn't handle it

anymore. Getting up, I walked off, trying to find a restroom. Jonah grips my hand

in the way HSE, giving me a questioning look. I plaster a fake smile nodding toward the bathroom, and he lets me go

Hastily escaped on both of being invisible was that no one but Josiah and my mother seemed to notice my cape:

As soon as I was behind the bathroom door, I sucked in a breath, finally feeling like I could breathe again. Walking over to the basins, I tug my gloves off and wash my face and hands, trying to stop falling

part I call for Kura, yet she only whimpers.

“Don't you leave me too,” I mutter to her. I could feel her heartbreak. His words might as well have been a rejection. Calming myself down, I forced myself out of the bathroom. I had no idea how long I had been here, but eventually. I walked out only for my stomach to drop when I saw Kyan leaning against the wall. His white long-sleeved shirt had the arms rolled to the elbows, and he had removed his suit jacket

Was he going to reject me here, right now? He looks away from me, folding his tattooed arms across his chest. I go to

"Reman where you are," I fraze when all I wanted was to throw myself at him. Does the bond not affect him. All I could think about was wanting to touch him, and he shot me down instantly. Just once. just to know what it felt like, even if it was only for a second so that I could pretend for a moment I could indeed be happy. I swallow and nod, tears burning my eyes

"Are you going to reject me now?" hated how weak and pathetic i sounded, Teedy. But this was one thing I held out hope for that maybe my mate would want me, and to have the rug ripped out from under me proved I honestly had no one but myself

"I should, But Kail would never let me,

"My Lycan,"

His words confused me, his Lycan. I know we all had Lycan wolves, but we were Werewolves making our wolves werewolves, my mother had explained

Werewolves: my m icr had explained enough of our history and how we came to be that I knew there were no pure Lycans left. Honesily. I found everything confusing, but my human counterpart changed them to werewolves Leaving no Lycans, and the world was a better place for it

"There are no puce Lycans left," I found myself answering before I could stop Thysel Now was not the time for a history lesson

"Not in your bloodline; I was born on a 12th cycle, my bloodline is different Therefore I can't reject you," He growls out. Annoyed at whatever his words meant I sigh; I wasn't about to be some side whore when he wanted pups, I would not subject myself to that

"Fine, I will do it then," I tell him, trying not to show how much saying those words truly affected me, I find myself slammed against the wall.

"You will do no such thing, Marabella You weaken me, and I will kill you, along with everyone you hold dear; I may not want you but don't for one second think I will let anyone else have what's mine.

will let anyone else what's mine understand?" His words angered the

It was one thing threatening me but my family. Who the fuck does he think he is? A laugh escapes me, and he growls, shoving me away: ||

"You think you could take on my mother?" I giggle. Kyan smirks, his eyes flickering menacingly.

"She isn't the only goddess, and she ain't my god, Blessed, you think that is what she is, blessed by the moon, well my bloodline is something else, and you will find out what that is if you don't obey me," He threatens, the tone of his voice makes goosebumps rise on my arms when his eyes change to a demonic black

"I will not be some side whore for you to breed with," I snapped at him I usually avoided confrontation, like it was a plague. Still, something about the way he was talking to me and about my family angered something deep within me, even Kora coming forward enraged

Kyan simirks and steps forward, his chest pressing against mine, and I am forced to crane my neck to look up at him. "You, IT

Crane mny neck told up at him, "You, m y love, are whatever I choose you to be and nothing more," Kora growls, and I had to fight the urge to shift as she lurched forward.

kyan laughs when she shoves me forward, my canines slipping from my gums before I shriek when I pull my teeth from his arın. His breath moved across the back of my neck. kyan had moved at the last second as he wrapped his arms around my chest, pulling me back against his chest.

"You are no match for the power that possesses me, do well to remember that next time," He growls before pressing his face into my neck; he shudders, his grip tightening on me. I tried not to focus on the feel of his body pressed against my back and his strong arms wrapped around me in a vice-like grip, but it affected every piece of me, calling for him, needing him

"You belong to me, and you will be whoever I want you to be. Is that clear, Marabella?" He says my heart was racing 1 million miles an hour as fear slithered u p my spine, taking root within mel bit him, I bit him, and he is alive. How was

that possible

fnod, and he releases me, and I turn to face him. He looks at me for a few seconds before turning on his heel and walking away. My legs huckle from under me, and I find myself on the ground. Why him? Why did he have to be my mate? I had no Idea how long I was there, but I was pulled out of my thoughts when I saw lily mother walking toward me, the saine anger bubbling up.

"Marabella," she says, racing toward me where I sat in the corridor of the bathrooms. Rising, I glare at her.

"How could you?" I ask her

"Pardon? She says, stopping a bit away from me

"You, how could you. Mate me to him, why?" I ask She shakes her head.

"I didn't; I tried to fix it, honey I tried,"

"So you knew all this time, you knew?" y mother says nothing when Jonati suddenly appears walking toward vis. He stops, and I walk toward him, shoving mother out of the way when she steps in

front of me.

"Marabella," Jonah calls, looking

"Marabella, let me explain," She calls

"No, you had eighteen years to explain," I tell her, not stopping as I made my way only to stop beside Jonah. He grips my arms looking between us

"Marabella," my mother calls, but I ignore her.

What's going on," Jonah asks, leaning down before he looks back at my mother.

"It doesn't matter," I tell him.

"Let's just talk this out,"

"I am done having you preach your bullshit to me; I am fucking done; he doesn't want me," I scream at her, I have never heard the sort of rage that left my lips. I didn't sound like myself.

Wait, who doesn't want you?" Jonah asks; I rub my eyes, trying to contain my anger.

"Kyan, Kyan is my mate. He doesn't want me," I tell him, and he suddenly lets me

Let's just talk this out."

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"Kyan, Kyan is my mate. He doesn't want me" I tell him, and he suddenly lets me  
B

"No, wait, he is your mate," Jonah says, shocked, looking

# Fated To The Alpha by Jessica Hall

## Read Online Chapter 216

[/ Fated To The Alpha by Jessica Hall](#)  
Chapter 216

Kyan POV



kaif growls menacingly in my head when I walk away from the My Mind and heart  
In wir with themselves. My wery ricelice is calling out for her, ny p er ralling on he  
t. I wanted to race hack to her le lor her lorgiveness, but at the WANNE LIITLE', 1  
buatdhet. She was too weak i

handle my heast, which is precisely what Kuil is without  
my necklace: Though I doubt he would ever be chained down

gain by my 'Talisman now iliat he had been free for so long.

The first time I shifted, I was three, why Failier realized instantly that the stories  
o four bloodline were true, they weren't stories, and I have been looking for a wa  
y t o fix that mistake ever since. Distraughi with ruly grief, I did the most foolish t  
hing Tever could have done. I tossed my Talisman in my father's coffin, burying it  
with him. Unleashing Kaif.

Kail was a force that could not be tamed; I barely held onto my control as it was. I  
could put Marabella at risk. She all brought him forward just by being rear:b

teved her. But years my Uncle  
au have managed in keep him hilden Tha only oil wrson knowing what I am in hon  
aill Hranly managed to get out few LIT. whimit my knowledge with the Balastras  
my unch's life, and a lie rwolder, I had no choice but to trus

o che wuh my secret lonah, I trusted with my life, collet litti chi

N

His reaction to seeing us was a typical lond ACLIOL After he picked his jaw  
up off the ground, of course, his smartas attitude came out

"You look like a dog standing an two legy, "Jonah sald, not fazal in the slightest b  
y the elghi-foot monster standing in front of him. We growled at him, and he wav  
ed us of]

When you said your wolf was different, and you couldn't let him out, I figured you  
were embarrassed; I expected you to come out like cute little pomeranilan, not li  
ke bigfoot," Jonah mocked Kaif took a liking to him from then on, so whenever I  
needed to let him out, Jonah always came akephirr In check and make sure he did  
n't rip apart any neighboring towns. I

Telling him Macalella is my máte. Tanah loved her, he always had, and I didn't wan  
t to use hit by knowing his best friend and the one person iluat hated her was dist  
ind for her.

Marbella couldn't do all my restraints: she made keeping my control unstable. Sh  
e was unbalanced and far too weak to handle kail I thought she would grow up  
strong, fearless, but the del appeared scared of her own shadow

Grawling, a few Alphas jump out of my way when Jonah appears, gripping my arm u. "Wiat happened?" he asks, staring a I me. I haled people touching me; besides my Uncle, no one usually dared. Jonah, however, had no fear of me, and I had gro wn accustomed to his brotherly love

"Nothing, I need to get out of here,"

"Kaif?" he asks, and I nod.

"Do you need me to come with you?"

"No, just go check Maarabella for me," I tell him, and he pulls away, staring at me oddly.

binib

tuklydil, bei

irjan Sher

cuntrol ovcl|

"What did yol da lphill my arm from his up when it tighten. Would be tually

against me for an A revrything, li wohl fucking chaoserve me like ity Gathe chos e her?

Shelime; I didn't hurt liet, ul. physically anyway." Tellilm.ouh

Toms af me, and I glare at bumi.

"I swear, kye, Il you have lun her?"

"You will wiat? Huh, Joh

What the fuck will you do? Nowy go run to your little biteli and twowe out of my way." I growl at him. The words stung, leaving my lips burning toy tongue. Yet the darkness Tainting me sometimes made hurtful things will out of me. Jonah shov e past mi E, kocking me into the wall. I don't wait ose his reaction when he finds o ut. Kaif may force control with my emotions haywire, and the power that moved t hrough my veins was amplified already

ruite badly ble

with the rice to a track and claim het wing at the lliuuchital Jonah having her alwa ys

was evidentonali was in love with her, yur Narabella appeared oblygus olib afecti ons. I put the car in pat, tearing out of the fuking H, neding to

one thing when she didn't know, now she knows that I was the one calling for her, I was the one who was out of

As much as I hated her, I needed her. I wanted her. So did Kait but he could be brutal, cruel, and I know he would forcefully mark her if given a chance, and that was precisely why I needed to get out of here

Jonah would deck her and then ripity head off about it later, from a safe distance. It may not bother one that I want her, but it bothered Kaif, though he seemed to accept it, I had a feeling he would give in to anything Marabella wanted as long as he could have her, but

The highway was suddenly free

and anyway. Janah was long the livid

and being, but I didn't both me as I thought maybe it was an angel he up around them both observed tons

and at last, finally, he would give lots of love, he had a wife, Wilsons, one time when she fell into

water, she will sever and nearly drowned, they both almost did believe that she was

Jonah was thirteen at the time, not nineteen, and uncensored the memory from Marabella, he demanded to know what I was and how I was able to take her memories away. I convinced him it was my power, that Kait was just an embodiment of it; if she wasn't in a life or death situation, I am sure Kait would have marked her then and there, but fear for her kept him handled.

He believed me up until he turned twenty

and finally told me the truth and he remained that way intact, real and I

with cycle

CRH

everywhere

trudne, merge withing I realize my  
hloodlin wasn't the one of the original Muun Gues Declut

My line wasn't just some freak manifestation, it was to have the king of Lycans, Kaif was the original Lycan king, Olesie's first Lycan created, and when we were reborn, he built himself to a woman, to his taste, and she was the most powerful witch of all

It seemed history was doomed to repeat itself, IWO Monsters coming together to create an even bigger monster, forging history. Kaif just happened to be reborn into the twelfth cycle again when another dark entity was roaming the earth; that dark entity is Marabella

I was nearly home when my phone started ringing Jonah's face pops up on my screen. Answering it quickly, I lick my

I

my car started to free up my

\* Were you going to leave

""

I don't know how; I know you love her,

"Don't pretend for one second you don't care, I wasn't blowing up. I saw the shit you did for her, saw the way you watched her only to take her away, you know she thinks you hate her, right?"

"I do hate her,"

"Because killing someone for touching her shows that hate; I can't believe you didn't tell me, now why?"

"Now, nothing, Jonah. It changes nothing."

"For you maybe, but I love her, you knew this, and now she won't want me knowing she has a mate,"

my chest estranged words Inca hauled me, but this hell felt just as deep as love in the town. Here, I collected

"You better

answer; tell me,"

How do you think she is?!

Jonah spat through clenched teeth.

She is in my car; she had an argument with her mother. She is staying at my place tonight,

Your place in the City or at home,"

City, of course, I am not driving home this late,”

“And Kat?”

“Wants your head on a silver platter,”

“You didn’t tell her anything?”

“Of course not; I need to go. Marabella just got out of the car,”

Wilia, matit que he is try our la

“Look after her.”

“I always will, but you lucking owe me an explanation, and her.”

“You know I can’t give her one.”

“Bullshit you tell her, or I will,” Torah snaps before hanging up the phone

Kail growls at the idea of Matabella slaying the night with Jonah. He always hate d how close they were, but he also had a deep respect for Jonah, which Kaif had come to accept hi m as our brother

I still don’t like it,” He growls at me.

“Get over it,” I siap back at him.

“If he sleeps with her,”

“Shut it, Jonah wouldn’t Not now he knows what she is to us, Marabella won’t be able to either, she will struggle to go against the bond now that she knows who we are anyway, so remain calm,” Kaif growls but adds nothing else.

## Fated To The Alpha by Jessica Hall Read Online Chapter 217

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## Fated To The Alpha by Jessica Hall Chapter 217

Read Fated To The Alpha [by Jessica Hall] Chapter 217 – Jonah POV

Driving back into the center of the City, Marabella remained silent. She was staring out the window absently. I am still trying to wrap my head around the idea of Kyan being her mate and knowing about it. He knew how I felt about Marabella and didn't think to tell me they were mates, but it somehow made sense. His actions over the years had me re-analyzing everything. If I were this shocked, I would hate to know how Marabella felt, her words coming back to me.

"Why couldn't it have been you," Those words stinging more than anything because I could no longer have her, but did that mean she also wanted me? She was so out of my league, and I didn't feel good enough for her. However, her words gave me hope that I was enough, but what about Kyan?

I was stuck in the middle. Kyan was my best friend, and I couldn't steal her from him, despite saying he didn't want her. I knew better than to get between someone and their Moon Goddess-given mate. Marabella believes Kyan hates her, but I knew the truth.

Kyan was always standoffish; that is just who he is. He refuses to get attached to anyone besides me. Even his Uncle wasn't all that close with him. Kyan thinks that if he doesn't allow anyone close to him, he can't be hurt when they leave. Had I not grown up with him and was an outsider looking at the situation, I would see it from her point of view, but I was more than aware of the things he had done for her that she was unaware of.

Then there was Kaif, Kyan's Lycan. Kaif was a monster, and I don't know if Marabella could handle him; I barely could, Kaif was familiar with me, tolerant of me, but I knew never to turn my back on him. Kaif didn't have a humane thought, well not one I had ever seen, sure he had some restraint simply because Kyan and he fused, becoming one every time he turned, Kyan wasn't a shifter like me.

He didn't shift; he turned, transformed into something that was beyond understanding, a Lycan with powers right out of history books, myth and legend even to our kind. Kyan was unthinkable and unbelievable, yet Kyan was living proof that h\*\*l existed because he brought h\*\*l down on earth every time he and Kaif were set loose.

The suffering I had seen by his hands was disturbing. Kaif getting out was one thing, but when he got out, and Kyan's emotions were amplified, they became nightmares; I would be lying if I said Kaif hadn't caused me a few nights of grief at seeing what he is capable of, what Kyan is capable of. They starred in my nightmares a few times.

Marabella's hysterical giggle snaps me out of my thoughts. I raise an eyebrow at her, wondering what she found so funny.

"Want to share what is so funny?" She shakes her head before snorting and laughing again. Okay then, I think to myself. "Kora reminded me of something, "She giggles but doesn't elaborate. I shook my head, whatever Kora said to her; Marabella seemed to be finding it quite amusing.

"But what happens when you shift? That is what I don't get," Marabella suddenly says, making me glance at her.

"Huh?"

"You know when you shift, especially if you shift suddenly, you don't have time to take them out. Do they remain or push out of your skin? I just don't get it; Kora and I keep trying to picture it, and I just can't," She says before giggling again, wiping tears from her eyes. I had no idea what the heck she was talking about.

"What do you mean? You have completely lost me," I tell her.

"Your um..." She leans closer "Piercings," she whispers, pointing to her nipples, her face heating and turning a lovely shade of pink. I chuckle at her.

"She just argued with her mother and her mate, and she is thinking about your nipples," Jax, my wolf, says.

"Better than her crying, though," I shrug to him.

"Yeah, but seriously our nipples, I told you not to get the d\*\*n things done, wait until she finds out the other way you mutilated our body," Jax mutters. He begged and pleaded for me not to get them done, saying it wasn't right and he didn't want his nipples pierced and should get a say. Then when I went back, he pitched a bigger fit and even tried forcing control when he realized why I was there a second time, a b\*\*\*\*y werewolf scared of needles, who would have thought.

"Why so curious?" I ask her. Mara shrugs.

"Just curiosity, besides I can't keep staying up a night wondering about your, um hhm" she swirls her finger toward my chest.

"My nipples," I offer, and her face turns red, and she nods once. Well then, I will give her something else to think about, I laugh to myself.

"Don't you dare," Jax growls at me.

"They remain, all my piercings do, my nipples don't suddenly fall off when I shift Mara, you know some things remain the same only covered by fur, well for men anyway," I tell her.

"Wait, you have more piercings?" I chuckle at the shocked look on her face, and she glances at my face and ears, looking for them.

"Yes, Jacob's ladder, if you must know." 1 "What the heck is Jacob's ladder? Ew, you don't have your back pierced or something weird like that, do you?" she asks, pulling a face.

"G\*\*\*\*e it and find out," I laugh, and she rolls her eyes before pulling her phone out. She types away in her search engine, and I see pictures pop up on her screen, and she gasps, her blush creeping up her neck and across her face, even her ears turning pink.

"Jonah!" She squeals. "No, you don't have that; how?" she cringes.

"Well, I went to a body piercer," Mara shakes her head, putting her hand up.

"I do not want that image in my head, though I am curious, does that shift when you do. Wait, don't tell me that; I don't want to know," She laughs.

"Neither did Kyan; he nearly passed out watching me get it done,"

"You took Kyan?" She chuckles.

"Bet that ruffled his feathers, or did he hold it for you as part of the weird bromance thing you two got going on?" she laughs.

"As I said, he nearly passed out; he hates piercings, and we don't have a bromance,"

"Yet he has tattoos, and you so do have a bromance."

"They aren't tattoos; they are-" I blurt before cursing, F\*\*k!

"What?"

"Forget I said anything," I tell her, and she turns to look at me, watching me, and I tug at the collar of my shirt, suddenly uncomfortable when she speaks again.

"Did you know or have any idea about it all?" She asks, and I glance at her.

"About Kyan being your mate?... No, he never told me," I tell her honestly. She nods, looking back out the window, her mind going elsewhere. Pulling into the underground car park at the C\*\*\*\*o, Marabella sits up suddenly, and I hear her heart rate pick up.

"Can you drop me elsewhere? I thought we were going back to your parent's place or yours."

"Kyan isn't here, Mara; it will just be us, I promise. Kyan stays at the manor anyhow," I tell her. She swallows before nodding, and I felt terrible for her, I wanted to smack the s\*\*t out of him, but he had to realize himself that he was being an idiot.

Pulling into a parking space, my phone vibrates in my pocket, and I pull it out, Mara gets out of the car, and I look down to see a text message from Kyan asking how Mara is. I shake my head, not bothering to reply, and get out of the car.

Marabella was waiting beside the car when I got out, glancing around nervously like she expected Kyan to jump out at any second. Walking over to her, I drape my arm across her shoulders and tuck her against me. Her hand grips the front of my shirt, the other going around my waist behind my back. I lead her to the



elevator. Stepping inside, I place the key in the panel, twist it before opening the other panel, and press the penthouse apartment button. Pocketing the key, I pull Mara closer and kiss her hair. She looks up at me, and I press my forehead against hers; her arms wrap around me tighter, and she lets out a breath before inhaling my scent.

Despite not being my mate, her scent always brought me comfort, and I noticed the same with her; Mara didn't need to pretend with me. I definitely know more about her than her family, how they could be so blind to her suffering, yet it was clearly on display; they thought she hung out with her brother at school because they were that close. Yet even Eziah was blind to how uncomfortable Mara was in her own skin. She stuck to him because he was all she had in that pack and knew no one would mess with her while with him.

"You will be okay, Mara," She shakes her head in disagreement.

"He will come around, just give him a bit of time,"

"He hates me, Jonah,"

"He doesn't hate you; he loves you," I tell her, and she laughs, pulling away from me.

"If you think that, then you're more delusional than me,"

"Kyan can be difficult, but he doesn't hate you, Mara,"

"Why are you defending him? Just stop, f\*\*k," she curses before clutching her hair.

"Mara,"

"No, Jonah. Stop, or I will go. I don't want to hear excuses for why my mate does not want me; I hear enough reasons why everyone else doesn't. I don't need you trying to convince me otherwise; Kyan has always hated me, always Jonah, it isn't just a sudden thing, so stop, leave it, the doors suddenly open.

Mara steps out, walks to the apartment, and grabs the spare key from under the potted plant beside the door. I sigh as she walks off and into the apartment. I didn't know what to do. I found myself in a predicament; Kyan was my best friend and like a brother to me. Marabella was the only thing I ever wanted, and exactly why, I never dated. I have loved her since I was a kid, always drawn to her for some reason.

But now it made sense why Kyan would force me to the brothels, saying I needed to get her out of my system and forget about her. After the first time, I felt disgusted with myself, so I never went back there. Neither did Kyan; he hated being touched in general. I knew he wasn't a virgin, but I always joked that he would have the girl wrapped in cling wrap while he double wrapped his c\*\*k to avoid skin contact.

Kyan was not someone that enjoyed physical contact. It repulsed him, and he saw it as weakness, while I was the opposite. I loved cuddling, which kind of sucked being single since forever, except when Kyan would sleepover, he always got the s\*\*\*s when we were kids, and he would wake up with me spooning him. When we became teenagers, he opted for the floor beside my bed. But not laying down until he had vacuumed the floor repeatedly, saying he could see dust particles.

“Having a shower,” Marabella calls out before I hear the bathroom door shut. Sitting on the couch, I try to recall Kyan’s actions around her but come up the same. That’s just who Kyan is.

For the most part, he avoided being touched, said it made Kaif uneasy, and now I was wondering if it was the mate bond, and that was why he hated touching people or being touched. The only time I had caught Kyan being handsy with women was when he was obliterated drunk.

Kyan liked having control, and cleanliness was something he felt he could control, that and everyone around him. I sigh Mara was going to have to wait him out. He would come around; I remember how he was when she was a kid. Always following her around, always sticking up for her against her parents constantly scolding her about her gloves, I loved her parents, but I partially blamed them too; they made her fear herself.

Kyan even told them that. Dad had to get between Ezra and Kyan when he was sixteen after she fell in the rapids. Her glove got caught on something that floated by while she reached for her broken kite that snapped off and went in the water. She was sucked under before we even realized she was gone.

I thought I would die that day, the rapids were too strong and swept me away with her almost instantly. Kyan, I now know, turned, and Kaif pulled us free. I always thought he was a figment of our imagination until Kyan turned back and was suddenly performing CPR on a lifeless Marabella.

She coughed and sputtered, spewing up water while I tried to catch my breath. He then took her memory of it before knocking her out and carrying her home.

When we got back to mum and dad’s, Ezra stopped to check on her, and Kyan tossed her gloves at him and lost it. Dad got between them and told Kyan to walk it off. For weeks Kyan blamed himself; he thought he almost k\*\*\*\*d her, all because he wasn’t watching her good enough, and she ran off out of sight for two seconds, while I blamed myself for distracting him.

We both knew she couldn’t swim; Mara hated water ever since she nearly d\*\*\*\*\*d when some kids held her underwater in swimming lessons, and she refused to go back. Kat made their parents tread water until one passed out, and the others were stuck in the pool for hours until Mateo and mum managed to talk her down. Even to this day, she still won’t go near a deep body of water.

“You could always show her,”

"Show her what?" I ask Jax. "The home videos, you have a few here, don't you. Maybe if you showed her, she would see he doesn't hate her,"

"But do we want that?" I ask him selfishly.

"It isn't about what we want Jonah; it is the right thing to do, it may help her,"

"Or maybe confuse her more," I offer. Jax huffs loudly, wandering off, and I sigh, deciding to check on Mara when I hear the shower running. I could hear her quietly sobbing, and my heart twisted for her.

I waited for Marabella to get out of the shower; I was about to knock on the door when my phone suddenly started ringing, Kyan's picture popping up on my screen distracting me. I rejected the call, only for Kyan to ring again. Growling, I answer it.

"What, Kyan?"

"Where is Marabella?" He snaps through the phone

"In the shower, why?"

"F\*\*\*\*\*g check on her," He snaps, his voice coming off pained, and he groans.

I had never heard him like this before, and something in his voice makes run toward the bathroom. I knocked on the door, my blood pumping so hard through my veins I could hear it pulsing in my ears.

"Marabella?" I call out when she doesn't answer my knock

"Kick the f\*\*\*\*\*g door down, Jonah," Kyan yells at me.

## Fated To The Alpha by Jessica Hall Read Online Chapter 218

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## Fated To The Alpha by Jessica Hall Chapter 218

Read Fated To The Alpha [by Jessica Hall] Chapter 218 – Marabella POV

The water was blistering hot, my skin turning a dark red as the water beat against my flesh, yet it was not enough. Anger, hatred so strong I felt like I was going to combust. I wanted to hurt something, hurt someone instead of being the one that was always taking the blows, suffering in silence, yet the pain was something that also took the anger. So, I turned the anger inward. I needed the

numbness to return. Depression is funny like that; one minute, you feel too much, and others, you feel nothing at all.

When I was a child, I heard all about mate bonds, heard about the undying love that comes with it, some fairytale ending we were all supposed to get. Once I hit high school, that dream soon faded; I wanted what my mother had; I wanted to be loved and to love back just fiercely.

Be desired and desiring someone else so much it was blissfully painful, but those expectations were unrealistic, and I see that now. Back then, my mother's words made no sense to me when I asked if it was the same for everyone. She looked at me, and her smile slipped off her face. She got that strange look in her eye like she was seeing something we couldn't see.

"Sometimes we don't get to decide, sometimes I don't get to choose, sometimes the love kills them," I remembered she looked sad, but it didn't make sense to me; my mother was the Moon Goddess.

"But you choose the bonds?" I had questioned her.

"Yes, but some bonds choose each other. Those bonds can be toxic, those bonds I can't control because fate had other plans for them," she replied before brushing my hair back behind my ears.

"Well, when I find my mate, he will love me, right, Mumma?" I asked her,

"Of course he will, bonds are sacred, but sometimes mate bonds aren't the strongest love of all,"

"What do you mean?" I asked my Nine-year-old brain, not understanding her words.

"Chosen bonds can love more fiercely than any mate bond Marabella, that is why choice is divine, that's why it can change fate," I wondered now if that look were because she knew back then, I wouldn't get my happy ending.

However, despite her words to a naive nine-year-old, I still believed a mate bond would bring me a friend and someone who would love me and me alone. I held onto that, for as long as possible, that out-of-reach dream until I hit high school.

Once I saw the fear on my pack's faces, that image slowly died down; I no longer believed I would find a mate, no longer thought I'd find happiness or the fairytale ending I had pictured in my head. No one wanted me. Sometimes I wondered if I was more burden to my family than the blessing they called us. Since when is d\*\*\*h a blessing.

I was not blessed but cursed, cursed to live in silence, so why I hoped for a mate that would love me, want me despite the flaws of my existence was now incomprehensible. I realized I was naive. Darkness doesn't find happiness. I was darkness, darkness incarnate, the grim reaper; the one everyone avoided getting

too close, everyone trying to avoid the touch of d\*\*\*h, so why wouldn't my mate fear me like the plague I am.

I was naive; I didn't think so back then, thought my mate would want me, that mates had no limits that someone would accept me over everyone, but he turned out to be another person who didn't choose me in the end.

Kora was hopeful and gave that hope back to me when she came along. Told me that all the years of suffering in silence would be worth it, that our mate would accept us, love us unconditionally, and we would feel different, view things differently.

She was right, but she was wrong about the feeling. It didn't feel like she said. Kyan invoked a new feeling, a new part of me that I wasn't used to feeling, numb I could handle, numb I was used to, but anger coursed through me, making me want to hurt him for k\*\*\*\*\*g that sliver of hope I hadn't realized I was hanging onto like it was a lifeline. Instead, I wanted to hurt him for wanting him and him not wanting me.

Mum said once you recognized your mate, nothing compared to the love you felt for them, it was blindingly strong. But to love and hate someone, she never told me that one. For years I remained silent, letting my life slip by, waiting for this moment to correct it, waiting without realizing I was waiting for something more. Silent for so long, waiting for a mate to make me feel whole. Silent thinking that once they came, I would find myself again, but now I wanted to scream, and I realized my silence was in its own way the loudest noise I ever heard.

I am screaming for connection, screaming for balance, screaming to be noticed. That is what silence is until eventually, silence is mute, numb, and no longer caring but accepting of the fact you'll never be seen. You'll never be acknowledged. Silence is breaking, and resolving the two go hand in hand. My silence for years was golden, just letting myself slip away with my voice, then it turned deafening as I lost myself within the quiet, became submissive to my life.

I spent my life stumbling blindly in the abyss of myself, waiting for my mate to one day pull me out. No longer living, just accepting, settling for what was normal for me. Comfortably complacent in my misery, until he made my heart beat faster, awakening something I wanted, for once I wanted something, and the fates took that away too. The last piece of hope I had, and they destroyed it by giving me someone who didn't want me, someone who hated me more than I hated myself.

Kora whimpered in my head, wanting the feeling to leave, wanting the numbness back, and I hated Kyan for destroying her too. Destroying my wolf, the one person that kept me going, and what hope did I have if she was now broken too. For once, she didn't fight me. For once, she let me, wanting the pain, anything to extinguish the feeling of sadness washing over me. Grieving something I never had in the first place or never will have, I wanted the numbness back, the autopilot feeling, the feeling where I no longer cared about what happened to me; I needed the numbness back.

My claws slipped from my fingertips with blinding speed as they dug into my t\*\*\*h; the relief was short-lived as my blood spilled over the tops of my thighs and washed down the drain. My claws retract but still, it was not enough, and I pierce my flesh deeper than ever, seeking the numbness that usually comes with it, yet nothing. Not even as I rake my claws through my skin all the way to my hip. Darkness tainted my blood, streaks of black spilling onto the floor swirling through the scarlet liquid that spilled out of me. I shudder as the coldness seeps through me, coating me with numbing relief when I hear a knock on the door.

“Marabella?” Jonah’s voice calls out, and I panic, looking down at my mutilated leg, having forgotten I wasn’t in the confines of my bedroom. I wasn’t home where I could suffer in silence and be left to my own vices while my parents tended to Eziah, the next Alpha. I was usually forgotten with all his training and duties, but Jonah saw through my facade half the time.

I scrambled upright, blood rushing down my leg as I frantically looked for something to stem the bleeding. Grabbing wads of toilet paper, it sticks to my leg, stopping it as I rush over to my handbag, rifling through it. My wounds never healed, and I never this deep, but I tore through the muscle without realizing it as I sought out the numbness that would save me from the agony Kyan caused me.

“Marabella, answer, or I will kick the door down,” I gulp before frantically grabbing a towel and wrapping it around myself. I hear talking as I reach the door and crack it open enough, keeping my leg behind the door and out of sight. The shower was still running behind me, washing my essence down the drain.

“What’s wrong?” I asked; my voice trembled slightly, and I realized he was on the phone with someone.

“Ah, nothing, you were in there for a while, just checking on you,” Jonah says before paying attention to who he is on the phone to. I recognized Kyan’s voice but couldn’t understand his words.

“Bro, she is fine; she is standing right in front of me, perfectly fine,”

“What? No, here you talk to her then, she is fine, I am looking right at her,” Jonah says, shaking his head. My brows furrow in confusion.

“Here, tell him your fine before he comes over here,” Jonah says, handing me the phone and walking off. I stare at the phone and see a picture of Kyan on the screen and gulp before hearing.

“Hello, Jonah!” Kyan snaps through the phone.

“Ah no, he walked off,” I tell him. He growls at me, and I am about to hang up when a violent shiver runs up my spine.

“Last f\*\*\*\*\*g time Marabella, next time you end up in a straight jacket in my basement,” He snaps before hanging up abruptly. I stare at the phone screen and shake my head, wondering what got into him when I feel a cold feeling seep up

my leg, opening my towel to see black tendrils running beneath my skin, sealing the claw marks and tingeing them black like veins as they closed.

My phone vibrates in my bag, and I quickly grab some toilet paper and start cleaning up my blood that spills onto the tiles by the door. I didn't get it; I couldn't stop staring at my leg and the veins of black that were once my wounds now closed. I rub it with my fingertips to see if it will rub off. I shudder, warmth flooding through me, caressing through me as sparks rush across my hip and down my leg. Yet the marks remain, tainting my porcelain-colored skin.

"Kyan..... I think Kyan," Kora also stops as confused as me, but how we haven't marked each other, how could he feel what I did, and how could he heal me without touching me.

My phone vibrates again, and I don't recognize the number. A message popped up on my screen.

My father didn't d\*e for you to toss your life away.

I stare at the message before looking at the number on Jonah's phone screen, but it is locked.

"Jonah!" I call out before hearing footsteps.

"You decent?"

"I have a towel on," I tell him, and he opens the door sticking his head in.

"What's up,"

"Your phone is locked; I want to check Kyan's number. I think he messaged me, but his message makes no sense," I tell him.

"It's your birthday. What did he say?" I hand him my phone, and he looks at it. His jaw clenches, and he growls.

"You use my date of birth for your pin?" He didn't answer too busy glaring at my phone, and I was worried he was going to toss it or break it in his tight grip.

"So, that is Kyan's number?" I ask him, and he nods his head, his eyes flicking to me.

"I will be back. I need to go speak to someone," Jonah says suddenly before storming off when I realize he forgot to give me my phone back. I heard the front door slam with a loud bang while I was left standing in the bathroom, still clutching his phone in my hand.

"I wonder what he meant?" Kora asked me, and I had no idea what he meant by his words. What did he mean?

# Fated To The Alpha by Jessica Hall

## Read Online Chapter 219

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# Fated To The Alpha by Jessica Hall

## Chapter 219

Read Fated To The Alpha [by Jessica Hall] Chapter 219 – Kyan POV

Kaif stirred frantically when he felt pain ripple through the bond. It was worse than before, my pants sticking to me as I walked up the steps to my room, I could feel blood running down my leg, and I couldn't get the fear out of my system as it coursed through me. Kaif wanted me to go to her and check her, urging me to bring her home and mark her to keep her safe, but I knew she wouldn't be safe here. Marabella believes she is tainted by darkness, but she isn't a descendant of the g\*d of darkness and descendant of Celeste like I am.

Marabella was granted the touch of d\*\*\*h; she isn't incarnate like I am, isn't stained the way my bloodline is, tainted and doomed to complete the cycle every twelve generations. Kaif is doomed to relive his mistake and condemns me along with him.

She fears herself, when in fact, she should fear me. What Kaif could do to her, what he has done to his past mates, every twelfth generation he returns, every twelfth, the curse comes back as a reminder it can't be broken. Punished for his mistake, punished for k\*\*\*\*\*g a demi- goddess.

Stripping my black pants off, I peel the fabric down, the blood making them stick to my pants. My stomach drops at the sight of my leg, her injuries becoming mine like they always did. Black blood gushed down my leg and spilled onto the rug beneath my feet.

"F\*\*k!" I whisper, these were so much deeper, I could pry the wounds apart and see the tissue inside, see the muscle it tore through. Does she not feel pain at all? It seemed absurd one would do this to themselves.

"You did that; she did that because you upset her. Could you fix it? Fix it now?" Kaif orders, his command rumbling through me, and I grit my teeth, trying to fight him off.

"If I do she will know it us; she will know something is up with us," I spit through clenched teeth.

"Now!" Kaif bellows loudly, and I clutch my head, my entire body vibrating with the command.



"I don't care. She is ours; mend her now," he growls. I could feel him pulling on my essence. Pain ripples through my chest." Stop, f\*\*\*\*\*g stop; we are linked to her," I yell at him. Kaif whimpers, realizing he could have hurt her by hurting me, though not k\*\*l her, the pain would be intense until the bond severed. She could feel us if I didn't keep my guards up. Kaif losing it will make her well aware there was a link in place already, one more than a mate bond.

"I will do it, just stop, Kaif," I tell him, trying to catch my breath. My hands become coated in my blood as I clutch my leg, feeling the power build and run through my veins, sickly sweet and icy cold as it writhed in my veins, my hand's tingle as I focus on her, focus on what she had done to herself.

"a fuil airson m' fhuil, thoir agus leighis bhuam" The words rolled off my tongue, and magic burst from my palms, so cold I shivered.

My veins turn frosty as a cold rush runs up my leg, and pain ripples through me as I siphon it from her and into me, taking it all from her. Blood starts pouring from me like someone has turned on a tap. I feel light-headed, yet I could feel her healing, feel my teether strengthening her power, coating it with mine. I hated this sort of magic; it always reminded me of voodoo or necromancy.

We were bonded by d\*\*\*h. My power is an old extinct magic, an unused, forgotten kind of power, ancestral omnificent power. I tried not to tap into this sort of magic, it could be dangerous, but it was the most powerful. Only the gods had power like mine. My magic knows no bounds, no limits, and no power exists that is stronger. This is the same power I used for my blood tie to Jonah, the same power that brought Marabella back from the d\*\*d, binding her soul to mine.

It was unnatural, addictive, and unlimited but crazed, sadistic, and menacing. Kaif thrived off its use, so did I until the darkness of it came back for us. The room spun violently as I hauled myself to my feet, staggering into my bathroom to grab a hand towel. I press it against my leg, waiting for Kaif to heal me.

"Kaif, now before I pass out," I snap at him. He was angry I wouldn't go to her.

"Kaif!" I warn him. I could feel him forward. However, he just watched, wanting to punish me, wishing to weaken me to have control, while forgetting he could also k\*\*l us.

"I will message her, just f\*\*\*\*\*g heal me," I tell him, needing his Lycan genes to work and quickly.

I dig my phone out of pocket, sending her a message, my vision blurring. I look for Marabella's number on my phone before hitting send.

"My father didn't d\*e for you to toss your life away."

Kaif watching through my eyes growls," that is what you sent, that? Unsend it, don't let her see," He snaps at me.

"Heal me, you idiot,"

"Take it back,"

"I can't, it already sent, now heal me, Kaif,"

"No, you d\*e," He growls.

"I d\*e, you d\*e f\*\*\*\*\*d, now heal me, or you will never see her again," I tell him. The room swayed, and I blinked, trying to remain conscious; I could feel the blood draining out of me, feel the color drain from my face as sweat coated me. Using a spell like that, with magic like that, always took a toll on my and Kaif's sanity and my body. Kaif, unwilling to help, would let me d\*e if he didn't hurry up.

He wasn't of sound mind, and I suppose I wouldn't be either if I repeatedly lived with my mate d\*\*\*g on a neverending cycle. I refuse to let that be Marabella's fate; I won't lose the only person left in this world that I love. I couldn't live with the torment of knowing she died because she was destined for me.

My hearing went, I could no longer hear the creaks of the house, just the faint ringing in my ears, my blood staining and coating the tiles, and I felt delirious. Time slowed when suddenly I blinked; Jonah was frantically grabbing and reaching for me, his lips moving but no sound. I blink before his hand connects with my face, my head whips to the side, and sound returns.

"Kaif, you big f\*\*\*\*\*g neanderthal, heal him, you f\*\*\*\*\*g oversized hyena" I try to smile at his words, but it probably looked more like a grimace.

"Jonah," I murmur.

"Right here," Jonah says before I am suddenly moving.

"I came here to kick your a\*s, not to have it in my face," Jonah says, tossing me over his shoulder. He starts trekking down the steps, and I feel Kaif fading, his essence d\*\*\*g out with mine because he refused to heal me in time. I could feel his panic at d\*\*\*g like a soft pulse when I was slammed on a table in the conservatory. I stared up at the glass roof covered in vines; I could hear Jonah rummaging around.

"Yeesh, what the f\*\*k is that? Is that a finger?" I groan, turning my head to see two of him, my vision doubled, and he was holding a ?

"Oh right, saving your a\*s, so I can k\*\*l it myself," Jonah says, turning back to the shelves,

"Ah, here we go, so up the bum or down the throat hole," I growl, but it makes no noise, only vibrates in my chest. Jonah unscrews the lid before grabbing a pair of gloves from the table drawer beneath me.

"Hang on," Jonah says before scooping some out with a spoon and tipping it into a glass of water. I try not to think where he got that water from or how long it was down here. I hardly came down to this part of the house. I fight to stay awake as he mixes the wolfsbane and Belladonna.

"Bottoms up bro, I hope it tastes like s\*\*t," Jonah says before pouring the poison down my throat. I choke as I am forced to swallow the concoction. My heart started beating erratically in my chest, blood pumping in my veins, Kaif being forced to turn, moved forward as the poison worked through our system.

My bones snap and stretch simultaneously, making me groan, which turns to growl. Kaif is thrown forward and forced to merge with me, my body healing, although now I had a new battle as the table gave way under our weight. Standing up, I stagger. Jonah gripping my hairy arm to steady me as I get to my feet. wired and pulsing through my veins, and I felt high, needing to run, adrenaline pumping around my body and the need to sink my claws into something, tear something to pieces. My vision adjusted, and I could see the heat radiating off of Jonah, his body glowing like a beacon.

"You feel better?" Jonah asks before nodding his own answer.

"Good, good," He mutters before he lunges at us, his fist connecting with my face as he springs off the ground. Kaif roars at him before backhanding him, and he goes flying into the glass walls, and they shatter.

Jonah gets to his feet, bouncy on the b\*\*\*s of his feet.

"P\*\*\*y, that all you got, you oversized peanut brained mutt," Jonah says, taunting Kaif, knowing full well he was about to get his a\*s beat, but he smiles, spitting blood on the ground before running at us, and Kaif charges at him, the growl that leaves Kaif makes the glass roof rattle. Jonah shifts just as we c\*\*\*h into each other.

## Fated To The Alpha by Jessica Hall Read Online Chapter 220

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## Fated To The Alpha by Jessica Hall Chapter 220

Read Fated To The Alpha [by Jessica Hall] Chapter 220 – Jonah POV

Kyan and Kaif, in their Lycan form, are barbaric and uncivilized. Jax was completely battered, and our back leg was broken when his fist came down on our back before he kicked us. Air rushed around me, and my vision blurred at the force and speed as we crashed through the conservatory wall; the air knocked out of our lungs with a wheeze. There wasn't much left of this side of the house; just the frame remained and one side of glass left.

I could feel Kyan was trying to fight off the urges rushing through him, fighting off instincts as they were now starting to tire. Neither of them had control in this form, k\*\*l or be k\*\*\*\*d. Kaif could be rational, almost human in nature when Kyan had complete control, but they became the thing of nightmares in their shifted form.

Glass rained down on us, a large shard slicing through my side, and Jax howls in pain. Kaif also howls, pain radiating through me everywhere, but finally, Kyan regained focus and was fighting for control back, his consciousness coming back to him when Lucas walked out behind me.

The growl was more like a roar as he went to charge at his Uncle, and Jax forces himself up again, blocking his way. Lucas realizing what he walked into, froze, remaining entirely still.

I tried to push on the blood bond, not sure how it worked, but I could feel Kyan through it, and he could feel me. His mind was consumed with instinct, driven by the darkest parts of Kaif. Their Lycan form was terrifying. I never voiced it, but I didn't have to. Kyan knew he scared me sometimes and had even come close to k\*\*\*\*\*g me a few times. If it weren't for them weakening every time I am injured, I would surely be d\*\*d by now.

I am alive because of the blood bond; in this form, I am linked to Kaif and Kyan; in our human forms, I get slivers but not everything. Exactly why we made the bond in the first place, I was Kaif's keeper in a sense, but to stop him from k\*\*\*\*\*g me, I had to feel him and him me when he hurt me. The s\*\*t you do for best friends take a beating, then get a beer afterward and high-five it out.

Kaif's eyes were locked on Lucas; Lucas was about three seconds from shitting his pants, but he knew if he moved a muscle, Kaif would a\*\*\*\*k in a heartbeat. Jax growls at Kaif, whose eyes dart down to us, he shakes his head, raking his claws down the sides of his face, and Jax whimpers as our flesh tears too.

I could see Kaif trying to remember who we are and what we are to him before he whimpers and leans down, shifting back, and Kyan is left panting on the ground beside me, his hand reaching out and stroking our fur.

"Thanks, Jax!" He breathes, and I feel my bones rearranging, my broken leg snapping back in place. I lay back on the grass, also trying to catch my breath. He smashed us up pretty good. I feel his hands reach for the wound across my stomach.

"Oi, no touching the merchandise, don't want anyone getting the wrong idea," I tell him, and he punches me in the arm. I looked over to see Lucas had gone back to safety within the house and let out a breath of relief.

"F\*\*k up, and hold still. And did you have to call him an oversized Hyena," Kyan asks before reaching out and ignoring me, slapping his hands away. He always felt terribly guilty afterward, but I was used to it, saved me from going to the gym.

"He liked that one huh, I will have to remember it then,"

"Want me to heal you or not? I swear you have rocks in your head antagonizing him like that," Kyan growls at me. I feel the coldness of his magic seep into me, and I fight the urge to be sick. I hated the feeling of his magic; it was so unnatural and sickly feeling. I imagined it was like what d\*\*\*h felt like.

"Well, at least you will be ready when it comes time to fight for your Alpha title," Kyan says, and I nod. I had to challenge my father in two months, I was stand-in Alpha now, but the official title hadn't been claimed yet, though I have been called Alpha for years.

"What is it?" Kyan asks, sensing my unease.

"Nothing," I tell him.

"B\*\*\*\*\*t, you may not be able to feel me in this form, but I can still feel you," He says, holding up his hand. We both had identical scars running down our palms from the blood bond. I look at mine, the skin raised along the line.

"If I take the Alpha position, what goes on with this," I ask him, and he shrugs.

"I find another way; I will think of something," He says, his brows furrowing.

"What if I don't want to be Alpha anymore," I mutter, and he turns his head to the side, observing me.

"You have been training for it since you were a kid; you have always wanted this,"

"I did always want this, but it is different now. I don't want the same things,"

"What do you want then? You are giving me whiplash with your indecision, like the stupid paint all over again for the c\*\*\*\*o theme. We changed paint codes seven times," Kyan mutters, shaking his head.

"Eight, but I will let your bad memory slide," I tell him, and he chuckles, shaking his head.

Kyan stands before offering me his hand and pulling me to my feet.

"You never answered," Kyan says, picking up shredded clothes and tidying as we walk back into the ruined Conservatory.

"Leave it," I tell him, and he growls, trying to clean up the mess; he hated untidiness and disorder.

"Keep walking, send cleaners tomorrow," I tell him though I did not doubt after I left he would be back out here cleaning. He growls, and I see his fingers twitch

with his OCD tendencies. Rubbing his temples, he storms off through the Conservatory's left and into the central part of the house.

This place felt haunted, creepy as f\*\*k. The shadows, I swear had eyes, and it is so dark and cold feeling in this house. Kyan starts walking up the steps, and I stop next to the old grandfather clock.

"What about Marabella?" I ask him, and he stops looking over his shoulder at me. A growl escapes him before he continues walking toward his room. I sigh, following him, and he flicks the light on. I catch Lucas peeping out the crack of his bedroom door across the other side of the second-floor landing.

"I know your there Lucas, you can stop hiding now," Kyan calls as he walks into his room. Lucas never used to be scared of Kyan until Kaif broke his arm and took his sight in his right eye.

"I wasn't hiding," Lucas calls back.

"Because peeping through the crack isn't hiding, chill old man, he is alive, no bodies tonight," Kyan says, grabbing a pair of sweats out. He slips them on and before chucking me some pants.

"So, Marabella?"

"What about her," he snaps, though he pauses sitting on his bed.

"Are you going to tell her? She showed me the message you sent her," I ask him.

"No, and neither are you. Not that you could even if you wanted to," Kyan says

"No, I can't tell her that, but I can tell her what you are. You never slipped that into your blood bond, seriously; who adds a non-disclosure to a blood bond?"

"I do because I know you love her, and I don't need you blurting out every little detail to her,"

"How long have you known, and why didn't you tell me?" I ask him, wanting an answer; he kept this secret for years. Has he always known or just once he turned of age?

"Since I was nine," and he shrugs like it was no big deal to keep that from me.

"That's all I get since you were nine. Didn't think to tell me that the one girl I have ever shown interest in is your f\*\*\*\*\*g mate?"

"She isn't my mate, I haven't marked her, and I am not going to,"

"So you are rejecting her then?"

"No, Kaif won't allow it," he drops onto the edge of his bed, putting his head in his hands. I growl at him; Jax is also pissed off at his words.

"How did you know?"

"I have had Kaif since I was three; I could sense her. And dad told me too; he had a vision about her,"

"That's why he took the bullet for her. That's what you meant at the f\*\*\*\*\*l when you dropped your Talisman into the coffin and sealed it in there" Kyan nods. I know he regretted doing that; he didn't realize that it would lock permanently by dropping it in there. It was not the best memory I had with Kyan digging up his father's grave only to find his Talisman reinforced the coffin and permanently sealed it. I lean on the door frame, watching him, his entire body tense at the mention of Mara. My whole body trembled with rage, and Kyan raised an eyebrow at me.

"So you don't want her even though your dad died for her?" I ask him trying to understand his reasoning. How could he not want her? How could his own mate not be good enough for him?

"I never said I didn't want her," Kyan mumbles.

"Ah yeah, you did, bro. But where the f\*\*k does that leave me? I am not going to watch you run off into the sunset with her; you should have told me."

"You have a mate out there, Jonah, so drop it; she is my mate, not yours. I will do as I please with her,"

"Like f\*\*k you will, you think I will sit by and watch you destroy her?"

"She isn't yours!" Kyan bellows before squeezing his eyes shut and pinching the bridge of his nose when Kaif tries to press forward again.

"F\*\*\*\*\*g coward, she is your mate. If you don't want her, reject her and let me claim her, Kyan, at least I will look after her," I snap at him.

"Jonah, enough. I am not arguing over my mate with you," I shake my head, looking toward the creepy grimoires he keeps in his room, trying to figure out a solution. I couldn't let Mara go. It was more than wanting her, I needed her. I wouldn't just walk away from her. I had three people in this world I would die for without hesitation, my baby sister, the one being a t\*\*t and sitting right in front of me, the other back at the penthouse waiting for me to return home.

"So what now?"

"Nothing, go back home and drop Marabella back to her mothers tomorrow,"

"That's it, what happens if she goes into heat, Kyan. You want to send her home by herself. She either belongs here with you, or you reject her. Pick, you can't have it both ways, but don't think for one second I am going to forget about her,"

"I reject her Kaif will k\*\*l me, I claim her she dies Jonah, is that the answer you wanted,"

"You make no sense; Kaif is her mate. He won't hurt her, Kyan,"

"No, I already lost my father. I can't lose her too. You think I don't want her? I f\*\*\*\*\*g love her. I always have, you know this, but this is the only way. The only f\*\*\*\*\*g way Jonah." Kyan sighs, he looks defeated as his shoulders slump, and he rests his elbows on his knees.

"She isn't strong enough to survive Kaif, he f\*\*\*\*\*g kills her, dad saw it, she dies if I claim her. I d\*e if I reject her, and there is no way Kaif will share her; he isn't like Maddox. He won't suddenly catch feeling's to you,"

"I never said we have to be mated to each other. I know Kaif isn't like Maddox, and I sure as h\*\*l don't swing that way; I like soft hands and un-hairy faces," I tell him with a shudder.

"Besides, Kaif won't k\*\*l me. He couldn't without k\*\*\*\*\*g you," I tell him.

"It won't work, Kaif doesn't share, I won't share, and you can't honestly say you would be comfortable sharing her, and what if she doesn't want to be shared?"

"But that wasn't an outright no?" Kyan growls, and his eyes turn to onyx pits as Kaif growls at me too. Ignoring Kaif and his possessive hairy a\*s.

"So, it isn't because your father died for her? I know you struggled with that for years, but you could have told me she was your mate," I ask him.

"No... yes... I don't f\*\*\*\*\*g know. I hate her ... but I don't, I know it isn't her fault, but she still angers me" He sighs. I move into his room, further pushing off the door, careful not to touch anything just in case. You never know, with all this witchy mumbo jumbo, the s\*\*t in his room is probably possessed like the rest of this creepy house. I shudder thinking of the finger in the . Why would you keep that?

"My father died for her, and for years she was fine, then once she started school she stopped f\*\*\*\*\*g living, he died for no reason, I can't even have her, and if I did somehow manage it, I don't think I could forgive her,"

"Forgive her for what, she was f\*\*\*\*\*g baby,"

"For throwing it away, she threw my father's sacrifice in his f\*\*\*\*\*g face. He sacrificed himself for her even though he knew I couldn't keep her, he died for her, and she is just wasting oxygen by refusing to help herself, I can't baby her,



she needs to be able to look after herself, I can't trust her to protect herself around Kaif, and if she can't do that I can't be with her,"

"This is ridiculous; you are being a d\*\*\*\*\*d. She can handle whatever this is. She is your mate. That's why she is bonded to you,"

"What part of I k\*\*l her did you not understand?"

"You won't k\*\*l her,"

"Dad saw it, I have seen it, Jonah, my visions aren't wrong,"

"No, but they are sometimes out of sequence, misinterpreted, they don't give you all the answers, so you can't be sure,"

"I watched her d\*e in my f\*\*\*\*\*g arms, in this f\*\*\*\*\*g house. I broke her neck; I think well, that is what it looked like. I strangled her or grabbed her too hard, but I definitely k\*\*\*\*d her. Dad saw the same thing, but he couldn't tell what started it, mine was the same, just bits and pieces, and then you hate me for k\*\*\*\*\*g her," I shake my head. It didn't make sense; I wouldn't let him k\*\*l her. If Kaif got free, I would feel it.

"And that is the only reason because you think you will k\*\*l her?"

"That is enough, just get back to Ella," He says, I rarely heard him say it, but sometimes it slipped out of him. His old childhood nickname for her. Kyan also seemed to realize what he said. He holds a finger up.

"Don't," He warns, and I smirk, shaking my head.

"Get home; you can b\*\*\*h at me tomorrow. You are covered in blood, and I have a headache," I shake my head, walking into his bathroom and removing the pants he gave me. I wasn't about to go home drenched in blood.

"Use the other one, not mine; you always make a mess," He groans.

"Wanna scrub my back," I taunt.

"F\*\*k off, wash your own d\*\*n back,"

"Love you too," I retort, turning his shower on in his ensuite before stepping under the spray.

1 "And don't you p\*\*s in my shower,"

"Already peeing," I call back, laughing. He growls at me.

"Just helping you out with your tinea,"

"I haven't got tinea. I will be back, and you are bleaching that shower before you leave," Kyan snaps before I hear his door shut. I laugh to myself before grabbing the soap.

"Oi, grab me a towel," I sing out from the shower. I just hear him reply with something, but not clear enough to understand what he said.