

Fated To The Alpha by Jessica Hall

Chapter 261

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Fated To The Alpha by Jessica Hall Chapter 261 – “Where do you want her?” I asked Jonah as I scooped up Marabella off the couch where she had fallen asleep.

“Ah, in the bed,” Jonah said awkwardly while scratching the back of his neck as he stood. I shake my head at his strange behavior. I figured they would be sleeping together but thought I would ask if they weren’t sharing a bed on the off-chance.

Carrying her to the bedroom, I placed her in the bed and nearly walked into Jonah as he came in the door. Kaif writhed beneath my skin, wanting to stay. The bond may be broken, but that doesn’t mean we stopped loving her. However, I found it strange being the third wheel, making me wonder if this was how Jonah felt when she was still mine. She didn’t even wake; I expected her to when I picked her up,” I tell Jonah.

“I made her go back on her medication,” Jonah said, which made me look over at him.

“She is retaking her antidepressants?” I asked. “Yes, her mother had the doctor refill her script,

and he faxed it to the pharmacy down here for me,”

I nodded before looking down at her.

“Are you sleeping in here too?” Jonah asked, tugging his shirt off. I wasn’t even sure I could sleep. The manor stunk so heavily of bleach I hadn’t slept since the night Lucas was killed, the urge to keep busy preventing me from sleeping. Looking back at the bed, I shook my head. “Na, I might head home,” I told him, feeling a little awkward, suddenly. Especially now, Jonah had claimed her and with Kaif feeling uneasy inside me with his burning jealousy.

“Kyan, get in the damn bed,” Jonah growled at me before climbing in himself. Kaif pressed under my skin, wanting to sleep here and not back home, but I was slightly worried. Everything felt different now; I no longer knew what to do with myself. I had spent years fighting the bond, and now I just wanted it back. I will behave, please,” Kaif whined while peering longingly at the bed.

“Kyan, get in the damn bed; I know you want to. She is your mate, too.” Jonah snapped, which gave Kaif a boost because he also wanted her.

“Was my mate,” I told him, not liking how that sounded rolling off my tongue. Kaif growled at me but said nothing.

"She is still your mate; nothing prevents you from remarking her. Preferably you this time, though, and not Kaif," Jonah said before yawning and covering his mouth with his hand.

"And you're still standing there like a bloody creeper; if you want, I will spoon you," Jonah offered with a laugh. Although that actually didn't sound half bad, not that I would admit it to him, I wasn't exactly known for liking cuddles. I moved toward the bed with a sigh, toed off my shoes, and shrugged my jacket off. Removing my belt, I let my pants fall when Jonah tossed me a pair of his boxer shorts from his bedside drawer. "Seriously?" I asked, catching them.

"I would rather go pant-less," I tell him.

"Suit yourself," Jonah said before rolling on his side and tugging Mara closer so I could squeeze in next to her.

"Ah, you going to turn the lamp off, or are we sleeping with it on? I promise not to let the bogey man get you," I tell him, rolling on my side to face Marabella. Jonah sighed, and I peeked over the top of her to look at him.

"Ah, what?" I asked, feeling he was hesitant to ask about whatever was bothering him.

"Marabella wants to mark me. I have been putting off," Jonah told me.

"Why?" I asked him. I half expected him to jump at the idea, Kaif to press forward to find out why he would hold off. Still, he was also jealous, which made me a little uneasy knowing he was listening in.

"One because of you, I didn't want to upset you. I know you were a little peeved that I marked her," Jonah said.

"I wasn't angry; I don't know what I was," I admit, still unsure how I will fit into this bizarre relationship they have going on; it was different when she was mine. I was willing to share; maybe I thought Jonah wouldn't be now that he had her to himself.

"The other reason?" I asked him when he didn't continue. Embarrassment washed through the bond, making me sit up on one elbow to look at him. I had never seen him embarrassed before. He didn't embarrass easily, usually, he was the one embarrassing me. Oh god, what is it?" Kaif muttered, feeling his discomfort too.

"She wants to have sex," Jonah blurted, and my eyebrows rose almost to my hairline.

"So, how do you expect to mate her if you don't have sex with her?" I asked him with a shake of my head. I can't believe I was actually having a conversation with my best friend about fucking my mate.

"I like Jonah, but I am not listening to you give him the sex talk so he can fuck our mate," Kaif growled, feeling uncomfortable and pissed off. But it would be her first time?" Jonah sighed.

"Everyone has a first time," I tell him. Lying back down and getting comfortable, I watched Marabella.

"Yeah, and I would rather forget mine. Thank you very much." Jonah stated.

"Can't have been that bad?" I told him.

"Ah, you took me to a damn brothel. The woman was old enough to be my mother, and she was panting over the top of me; that shit traumatized me for life." I felt him shudder, and I snickered at the memory of horror on his face when I took him to it on his 18th birthday.

"You picked her, not my fault," I chuckled.

"You could have said no," I said with a shake of my head.

"I did. Then we played cards most awkward experience of my life, one I would like to forget."

"Then why did you pick her again when we went back? You always picked her?" I asked, wondering why he would choose the same woman every time we went if she was so terrible.

"We played cards while waiting for you," he says, and my brows furrowed.

"Every time?" I asked, sitting back up.

"Every time. Although I am shocked you even went to them being such a clean freak or with any of the girls you were with from the club, "Had no choice; Kaif was always unsettled wanting his mate, kind of like a deterrent to stop him hunting down Ella, " I answered, looking down at her.

"And yet you eat pussy," Jonah laughs. "That's different," I chuckled.

"Ah no, it's not; I drank from your drink once by accident, and you threw out," Jonah laughed.

"It's different, I don't know how, but it is; just sleep with her, Jonah. Pretty sure it is more to with the person than the act itself," I told him with a yawn. It would be impossible for me to understand some of the strange compulsions. I knew they weren't rational; I believe they were more of a control issue or, at the very least, feeling in control.

"Here, I thought you would be jumping for joy having her to yourself," I tell him, and Kaif growls; if he didn't have her, his mindset was nobody could. Jonah hums

but never answers, and I knew it was because he was still pissed off at me because she killed herself. He flicks off the lamp, sending the room into darkness, and I roll on my back, trying to get some sleep.

It was Marabella's voice that woke me in the early hours of the morning; it was still pitch dark until Jonah groaned and turned on the lamp beside him. I squinted at the sudden brightness as my eyes adjusted to the light. Marabella mutters, squirming in her sleep, and Kaif pressed to the surface, peering out my eyes. Her heartbeat was thumping loudly, and Jonah sat up, rubbing a hand down his face.

"She's dreaming; I think her medication makes them worse," he says, turning to wake her.

Curiosity got the better of me, wondering if I was the main reason for her nightmares. Before I even realized what I was doing, I placed my fingertips on her face.

"What are you doing?" Jonah yawned, pulling his hand back.

"Just want to see something," I whispered, feeling my magic fizzle to the surface when I was sucked into her dream. The gasp that left me as new surroundings materialized was loud. Suddenly I was inside her head and dreams as a bystander.

I recognized the room. It was one from the manor, and my heart thudded loudly as I watched peering around it, though it was different. However, it wasn't until I realized I had never been in this room with her before, that it confused me. A woman walked in, one of Kaif's shadow mates from a different time; she carried a baby in her arms. Kaif followed a few seconds later, walking in behind her, a worried look on his face. Only now do I know why he was concerned, why he kept it from me for years. "Why is Marabella dreaming this?" I whispered to myself.

"Because I gave them to her," Came a voice I never thought I would hear again. Spinning, I looked toward the door to see my father standing there exactly the way I remembered him last time I saw him. The shock of seeing him had me stumbling back as he walked into the room toward me.

"Dad?" he nodded to me sadly. "Hey, son," he murmured. Wait, how? Are you real?" I asked, shaking my head as I tried to get my bearings. The sound of his voice, how I had longed to hear it again.

"In a sense, but physically, no," he said, moving toward me.

"But you're really here, like in her dreams?" I asked, wanting to touch him.

"She is scared; I am her guardian, just like Jonah was yours. The pull to go to her when she has heightened emotion drags me in sometimes," he explains, and I nod. He watches the shadow memory play out, moving around the room, and I follow.

"Why?" I murmured, unable to help myself. One thing that constantly plagued me was why he would choose to leave me.

"Why did I leave you?" he asked, and I nodded.

"I never left you, Kye, but it was the only way to break the curse," he says, and I look away and I nod as emotion choked me at seeing him like he was that day. The same and no different, stuck in a time when he was still with me.

"She is strong enough to survive the curse, Kyan; I made sure of it. It's why I gave her the shadows," he tells me, motioning to Kaif, who had just killed his mate, and I look at him.

"How does this help, you being dead? How does any of this help?" I asked.

"Because they become filled with rage, Luna's rage, they can't explain it and only act on it. Marabella can live with the shadows because she always has. She knows why he killed them. She has watched it repeatedly all her life." My first thought was all the nightmares she suffers from; here I thought it was because of her depression when she was really living with the ghosts of Kaif's past.

"She will forgive you, son." my father murmured. "She killed herself because of me," I tell him.

"No, she killed herself because she couldn't bear to be alone; Marabella has you, she has Jonah, the only one that needs to forgive themselves is you. Marabella never blamed you, Kyan; she blamed herself." my brows furrow.

"Forgive yourself, Kyan. Forgive yourself for breaking her because you never did. I broke her by giving her the shadows, causing her depression for all these years; I broke her, so you didn't have to. He whispered, "I broke her to fix you." he added, making me look at him. Fix me. You fucking destroyed me!" What I did destroyed you. If I didn't, you would have destroyed yourself when you killed Marabella and me; I gave you a chance to break the curse, to set us all free. Sometimes sacrifices need to be made, son. It doesn't mean they are permanent, but they are needed." He says. I shake my head. How could he say that when I was a child?

"I'm not gone; break the curse and set me free," he said before the dream fizzled as Marabella started to wake.

"No, Dad," I gasped as he began to fade out.

"I'm still here," his voice was barely audible as the dream broke, and I tried to cling within in remnants, only to be ripped out.

"Kyan?" Marabella whispered before I felt her fingers run through my hair. I squeezed my eyes shut tighter before sucking in a breath. Opening them Marabella stared at me worriedly before cupping my cheek with her hand; the tingles that I used to get from her touch are now gone.

"I need to go, Ella. I'm sorry, but I can't be around right now," I said, pushing up off the bed. I grab my clothes, pull them on, and leave. I heard her call out behind me, heard Jonah too. but I couldn't;

I couldn't trust myself to stay in control when so many things were out of my control.

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Marabella POV

Kora was the one who woke me the following morning. Vague memories of Kyan abruptly leaving and freaking out last night came to mind as I stared up at the ceiling, and I could hear Jonah on the phone. Kyan 's voice was muffled coming from the other end. Jonah hung up with a sigh before laying back down and rolling toward me. He tugged me closer, burying his face in my neck. "Morning, " Jonah mumbled against my shoulder.

"That was Kyan?" I asked, and Jonah nodded and hummed.

"He dream walked into your dreams last night," Jonah murmured, and I rolled over to face him.

"That's why he left?" I asked, and he nodded, tugging me closer.

"Yes, he spoke to his father, and it upset him, but he is okay; he said he would come over later," Jonah explained, which baffled me. I had no idea what to think about what he had just said. Kyan spoke to his father through my dream?

It puzzled me until Kora purred loudly, yanking me from my troubled thoughts as the noise emanated out of me. Jonah chuckled, burying his face into my neck, enticing her to purr louder. I rolled my eyes at her, trying to think around the embarrassing noises she was making. With a sigh, I pressed closer to him, enjoying the tingling sensation that ran up my spine, the warmth of his skin against mine, and his scent as it enveloped me.

My fingers trailed over his chest, and I twisted the bar that went through his nipple, turning it between my fingers. He shivered before my hand moved lower, my fingertips grazing between the valleys of his abs down to the waistband of his pants. I chewed the inside of my lip when he didn't pull my hand away like he usually did.

Jonah moved and I sighed, becoming a little annoyed that he never let me touch him or we never did anything even though bond craved it. Kora growled, annoyed as I rolled onto my back. And I was about to sit up, intending to get up and

shower to help wake up a little, when Jonah rolled into me, pushing me back down.

“And where are you trying to sneak off to?” he growled against my lips before nipping them. I felt him smile against my lips as they brushed against mine, startling me when he kissed me.

His tongue traced the seam of my lips, demanding access as he pressed his knee between my legs, forcing my legs open before he settled between them. Jonah’s tongue played with mine when I parted them, kissing him back as he tasted every inch of my mouth while thrusting his hips against me gently. A moan escaped me feeling his hardened length press between my thighs.

My hand went to his hip, tugging him closer while his warm hand went to my breast, squeezing and fondling it gently through my thin top. My nipple hardened at his touch, and his lips muffled the moans that escaped them. Kora purred loudly, excitement pooling in my belly that he wasn’t so hesitant as he usually was.

Jonah groaned when I arched my hips, grinding myself against his hard erection, his teeth nipping at my lips before his hot mouth moved down my chin to my neck. He sucked on his mark that lay etched into my skin. Sparks zapped and zinged up my spine, and warmth pooled in my belly as desire coiled within me.

His firey vanilla scent overwhelmed my already heightened senses, and my skin buzzed under his touch. The bond flared to life, and his touch became rougher as he pushed my top up. I shivered at the

chill in the air as it caressed over my heated skin when he peeled it off, tossing it on the floor before pressing back against me.

The warmth of his chest against mine made me shiver in contrast to the frosty bite of the cold morning as his lips traveled lower. His tongue flicked over my pebbled nipple before he bit down on it, swirling his tongue around the hardened bud.

His hot mouth teased as he continued his descent, moving lower, his tongue licking and teeth nipping as he tasted my skin. My breathing became ragged as arousal flooded me. His fingers toyed with the waistband of my pants before pulling back to look at me questionably.

“And you’re sure you wouldn’t rather Kyan?” Jonah asked. My brows furrowed at his words, wondering if that is why he had been holding off on letting me mark him.

“Why would you ask that?” Jonah shrugged and bit his lip, looking unsure.

“I think it is because he isn’t as experienced as Kyan,” Kora murmured to me. Her words made me feel bad that he would think that way.

"Yes, Jonah. There is no one else I would rather be with." I assured him, and I meant every word of what I said. Jonah has never let me down, never judged, never abandoned me. He leaned forward with a smile on his lips as he pressed them to mine softly. Jonah gripped the waistband of my cotton shorts before sitting up between my legs as he tugged them down.

I lifted my hips so he could remove them before he tossed them aside and he kissed my knee. My legs trembled as he settled between them, his teeth grazing my inner thigh as he nipped his way down before burying his face between my legs. His hand pushed against the back of my thigh, forcing my legs further open as he settled between them.

His mouth teasing as his hot breath caressed over my lower lips before he swept his tongue flat across the seam of them, making me moan as my skin tingled and burned with desire. He growled softly before his tongue peeled my lips apart as he ran his tongue through them to my clit.

My pulse pounded uncontrollably in my veins as heat flooded through me. His tongue swirled around my clit before he sucked on it, making me whimper and mewl at the building sensation as he continued to torment me with his tongue, tasting and licking every inch of me before dipping his tongue inside my tight channel and lapping at the juices spilling from me. My legs trembled when I felt the first slivers of pleasure tighten in my belly, he slid his finger inside me while sucking.

His finger quickly drenched in my arousal, and slid in and out effortlessly as he added another, stretching me open. My inner walls squeezed as the friction built, and I moved my hips against his mouth. Heat washed over me, and I moaned as my sensitive nerves pulsated.

My walls fluttered when my orgasm pulsated through me, his fingers plunging in deeper, my inner walls clenched as he continued his relentless sucking and licking. Everything tingled, my thoughts solely consumed with the pleasure washing through me before my mind blanked, and I saw white. My moan echoed as I came hard.

The slickness of my arousal spilled out of me and my body tensed before relaxing as the ripple of waves washed over me, leaving me breathless. Jonah slipped his fingers from me, his hot tongue lapping at my release before he crawled up my body,

settling his weight against me. His lips wet with my juices molded around mine, his tongue forcing its way into my mouth as he forced me to taste myself on his tongue. His hips thrust against my entrance, making me jolt at the overused nerves as his erection pressed against me. My hand moved down his side, and I pushed the waistband of his boxers

down his hip before he tugged them down, using his feet to remove them altogether.

His thick hard shaft pressed against my lower lips, and I could feel his piercings roll over my clit as he pistoned his hips against me, coating his shaft in my arousal as it slid through my folds.

I arched my hips, rolling them against him, and moaned into his mouth before reaching between us, my hand stroking his hardened length as my fingers wrapped around his shaft. He groaned, thrusting into my hand. The sensation of his piercings running across my palm made me gasp, worried I would hurt him, but he pushed harder into my hand before sucking my bottom lip into his mouth and nibbling on it.

I wiggled my hips, rubbing against him, and he kissed me harder before taking his cock in his hand and positioning himself at my entrance. Moving my hand to his hip, I tugged him closer, rolling my hips against him. He pressed the tip against me, his cock gliding into my wet channel burned, and I hissed and wiggled my hips, trying to adjust to the size of him stretching me.

Jonah kissed me harder, biting down on my lip as he sank himself deeper, making me gasp at the sting. Jonah stilled, his lips moved down to my neck as he sucked on my mark-making my toes curl as tingles flooded my entire body.

I rolled my hips against him as his teeth teased the mark on my neck, my juices coating his shaft as he rocked his hips gently against me. The burning sensation dulled with the extra moisture, and I chased the slow friction to stave off the pain, rolling my hips against him and meeting his slow thrusts.

"I'm not hurting you, am I," Jonah whispered, pulling back to look at me. Instead of answering, I kissed him harder, my hand on his hip tugged him closer, and he moved quicker, harder, building up the friction as he dragged his cock out before slamming back in.

I gasped into his mouth at the pain before it turned moans, muffled by his lips as they devoured mine. The only noises in the room were my cries and the wet sounds of our bodies coming together when I felt my canines elongate, my vision flickered briefly, and I pulled my lips from him when I tasted the metallic taste of his blood coat my lips as my teeth nicked him.

"Let me mark you," I mewled, moaning as he drove his cock into me harder before his arm slid underneath my lower back. He sat up, sitting back on his knees with me on his lap. His hands gripping

my ass as he moved me up and down his hard length, our positions changing, I readjusted my legs and locked my arms around his neck.

Jonah nipped my collarbone with his teeth, making me gasp at the sting before tracing his tongue over it, and I gripped his hair, tugging his head back to kiss him. Our bodies moving as one like a synchronized dance. Jonah groaned into my mouth as I rolled my hips against him, his hands squeezing my ass in a bruising grip.

My skin was heated, tingles rushed over my body when I felt the pressure in my lower stomach build before reaching the precipice of bliss. My heart pounded in my ears when I felt my walls clench as I lifted my hips, His cock dragging along my inner walls sending me over the edge with one hard thrust.

My entire body spasmed and tingled. My breathing was ragged as I reached my climax. The waves were brutal as my desire coated him and spilled into his lap while I rode it out. Jonah tilted his head to the side. My movements became sluggish, and Jonah rolled my hips against him, chasing his own release.

My teeth pierced his flesh deeply, and his blood rushed into my mouth and over my tongue. Jonah jerked, his grip bruising, and I felt the warmth of his release filling me as he came with a groan. His movement stilled, and I felt the heat move to my chest, expanding, the sensation swelling before the bond snapped into place.

I pulled my teeth from his neck, running my tongue over the mark I laid there. Jonah shivered, clutching me closer; his lips pressed against my chest as we both tried to catch our breath while his fingertips traced up my spine.

My entire body relaxed; I felt boneless and putty in this man's hands. Jonah lifted his head, his lips going to the side of my mouth before nipping at my lip. "I love you, Marabella," he murmured against my lips. I smiled, kissing him back.

"And I love you," I told him before my back hit the mattress as he leaned forward, pressing his weight against me. He pressed his chest against mine, my heart swelling with the love writhing through me from our newly made bond.

Jonah chuckled, thrusting his already hardening cock into me. "Again," he chuckled against my lips. Feeling dead already, he slowly moved his hips against mine. Jonah buried his face in my neck, nipping at my jawline. I wrapped my legs around his waist, moving my hips against him, and he chuckled.

Feeling content and never so loved before, I don't think I would ever be able to deny him. How much easier it felt with Jonah, despite still loving Kyan, too. Jonah was my light, and now I realized Kyan was my dark. I am not the Gemini they are. It took destroying everything to see that, especially feeling the remnants of Kyan's link to Jonah. The longing through the bond and acceptance of Jonah while Jonah had nothing but love for both of us. They were both two halves of a whole, my whole.

"Is that yes?" Jonah laughed as he thrust into me again, his cock once again hard.

"Always a yes," I tell him, tugging him closer so I could bring his lips back to mine.

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Kyan POV

Time was not something I really paid attention to. I felt Jonah with Ella earlier, and I had been fighting the urge to go to them ever since. Yet I welcomed the pain from my link to Jonah; I didn't see it as betrayal, just that Kaif was stupid enough to mark him as our mate. He was never intended for us but for her. However, the pain was a distraction from the torment of grief rolling through me. The guilt, anger, and profound sadness that ebbed was relentless as I sat in this silent house that was much too big for a coven, let alone one person.

Working just served to piss me off, so I gave that idea the flick the moment it rose and our employees didn't deserve to put up with my attitude or an uneasy Kaif rearing his head and snapping at someone. Yet the bottle in my hand didn't serve its purpose of drowning my Sorrow, it just made me think more about it.

"We could always go home," Kaif growled at me.

"We are home, idiot," I snap at him. All this because he had to dip his wick in Hades' daughter. I thought with a snarl, earning a growl from Kaif at my thoughts. How one mistake could have a domino effect falling into the next generation and so on, destroying an entire bloodline, the same loss and heartache again and again.

"Home is wherever they are, this is just a house," Kaif said, and I raised my eyebrows at his words and let out a breath.

"No, this is our prison to your past," I tell him bitterly.

"This isn't a prison, Kyan. You have a door you can walk out of. Your father doesn't. None of them do. They don't get a choice. You still have one, so make the right one,"

"Yeah, because you were so accepting of Jonah when he was talking about fucking our mate, "I told him. I wasn't going to put Jonah at risk and, in turn, put Ella at risk by going over there even though that is all I wanted to do.

Kaif sighs. "I didn't disapprove, Kyan; I was just uncomfortable." I shake my head. To me, it was the same difference.

"Doesn't matter the fact remains, we are destined to be on our own, at least then no more curse because no one to follow on the name, or our cursed blood, and I won't have to abandon no kids, so we good," I tell him, swigging from the bottle.

"It's not just about following on the name or bloodline Kyan, and he didn't abandon you; Mara still loves us. You just refuse to allow her too." Kaif snapped at me.

"Yeah, because you loved your mates so much you killed them," I spat, instantly regretting it when I felt his hurt at my words,"

"When I met Luna, I loved her instantly. Then her father took her away, leaving me with a son to raise. I was bitter and angry at Hades, but I still loved Luna. She broke me when she returned, but she didn't return for me; that crushed me most," Kaif murmurs. I roll my eyes not wanting to listen to his life lessons, though Kaif was determined to give them.

"Then Hades cursed me, and as much as I hated him, she was his daughter, and I probably would have done the same. Yet even with him cursing me, I still found I loved her, despite her hating me, and you know why?" Kaif asked me, and I rolled my eyes. "Why?" I asked.

"Because she was the mother of my son, that was one thing I could always love her for, for giving me a son," Kaif answered.

"And the others?" I asked him. I didn't understand why he just kept going with the curse. Why not just remain on your own and let it die out naturally?

"I loved all of them, each and every single one of them even after they tried to do what they did. I knew it wasn't their fault, yet I loved my children more; I picked them over and over again, even if it meant destroying the women I loved repeatedly. I loved them, and I loved all my kids Kyan. Why do you think I always made sure to keep them safe, to set their mothers free and their future kids free. I couldn't just give up and die and let them rot in the shadows, not even Luna when she rejected."

"But you didn't abandon your sons?" I tell him.

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"No, but I made a sacrifice just like what your father did, only different. He chose your life over him, he chose your future over his and Ella's because she was an important part of it. He did what a parent is supposed to do. I get you're angry and sad, but if the tables were turned, what would you have done?" I thought his words over knowing I would have done the same, or the guilt would have made me do the same in the end anyway.

"Lucas was the same, Kyan; he didn't have to take your father's place and raise you. He did it because he wanted to. You were the last piece of his sister, his nephew. Your mother's child, he could have hated your father for taking your mother as his mate, knowing the bloodline was doomed; your father never hid it. He was always upfront with him, that much is clear because Lucas always knew more than he should. He did it because your mother loved your father, and he respected the mate bond. He then honored her by being there long after she died; he didn't have to be. He was always helping raise you, and he did right into adulthood. He took the place of your father, so you had one, you became his son too, and once you were grown, he still stayed when he could have left." Kaif tells me.

"Lucas could have had a life," I scoffed. He would be alive still if he walked away as he should have.

"Yes, but you became his life because he chose you over himself; you were more important. Lucas stayed despite being petrified of the future your father told him would come true, the one he kept hidden from even us, and why is that Kyan? What do you think the future was your father saw for Lucas?" Kaif asked.

"You believe Lucas knew Marabella would kill herself because of me?" I ask him.

"I know he did because he stood right there and didn't flinch when Ezhiah plunged that knife into his neck. He had plenty of time to move Kyan, but he remained. He chose his son because you were as much his as you were your fathers. Lucas chose Marabella over himself because you needed her more than you needed him. Lucas didn't need kids; he had you, and he was content with that because if he wasn't he would have walked away, but he didn't. A child doesn't have to be made by you for you to love them like your own, look at Jonah," Kaif said before prattling on. Though I was actually paying attention to the old fossilized Lycan.

"You think you lost your father, but you gained two more. Andrei always treated us like his, just like he treated and loved Jonah the same as Rose. You lost your father but gained two others in Andrei and Lucas. Your father's sacrifice was necessary for his son to live, just like mine was to ensure my sons lived. He gave his last breath to ensure you took your next one. Just like I broke my own heart repeatedly by killing them to ensure my sons kept beating, you can't have everything without losing something in return,"

"But I have already lost everything, Kaif. Look around. No one is here," I snapped at him.

"Yes, because they're waiting for you to pull your damn head out of your ass and stop wallowing over things you can't change," Kaif growled.

"Yeah, from the feels earlier, they aren't waiting," I deadpan.

"And you call me jealous!" Kaif huffs.

"I'm not jealous; I am... happy for them?" Though that tasted wrong on the tip of my tongue as I said it.

"So happy that you are here and they are there waiting for you?"

"They aren't bloody waiting?"

"If they weren't waiting, why did Jonah ask you about sleeping with her, knowing she was our mate? Why would they both ask you to stay?" Kaif breathed, shaking his head at me.

"Whatever," I breathe when he forces control of my drunken body, making me stand up; I face planted the moment he stood me up.

"Should have done that slower," Kaif laughed as I shook my head, getting on my hands and knees. The glass bottle in my hand shattered as I landed on top of it. I look down at my ruined shirt and growl.

"Stop crying over wrinkled shirts and spilled whiskey. You already look like shit, so can't look much worse," Kaif growls, forcing me to my feet again. I stagger to the door, snatching my keys.

"You can't drive. We have to walk. You're drunk," Kaif snarled at me shaking my hand out until I dropped them and I growled at him.

"If you can bend down and get them without falling on your face, you can have them,"

"I am not walking there," I snarl at him.

"Then ring Jonah to come to get you," Kaif said, shaking my head. I clutch it with my hands. His quick movements were going to make me puke.

"Bloody weakling, learn to hold your liquor. Back in my day, our piss was more intoxicating than that prissy crap you been drinking," Kaif growled, forcing control of my hands as he reached in the pocket.

"Back in your day, you wiped your ass with gum leaf and thought the world was flat," I deadpan. He shakes his head at me, well my head because he had control still. His fingers fumbled with the phone for a few seconds before he rang Jonah.

"You should text first; he could be asleep, it's late now,"

"I don't text," Kaif said before a sleepy Jonah answered the call.

"Hey," He yawned into the phone before Kaif's voice spilled from my lips, and I felt Jonah's shock through the bond at Kaif was ringing him and not me.

"You need to come and pick his drunk ass up and take him home," Kaif said to him.

"Ah, okay, where is he?" Jonah yawned, but I could hear him getting up and moving about.

"At home," Kaif answered.

"Give me 20 minutes, and I will be there. Do you want me to wake Mara and we stay there, or a ml bringing him here?"

"Pick him up, us up. Let Mara sleep. Don't want to wake her," Kaif tells him.

"Yep, be there in twenty, walking out the door now," Jonah said, and Kaif hung up before abruptly giving me control. The moment he did, I fell on my ass.

"Ha, I got my keys," I chuckled, only for the keys to go flying the moment I gripped them as Kaif took control, tossing them over my shoulder.

"Nope, you don't," Kaif laughed, and I shook my head before using the hall stand to pull myself up and staggering to the kitchen in search of another bottle.

"What are you doing?" Kaif snarled as I grabbed another from the shelf.

"If I have to listen to your life lesson crap and whatever shit your spouting about, I would rather be drunk of my face," I tell him.

"You already are drunk," Kaif yelled at me as I unscrewed the cap. "Ah, don't yell. You hurt my brain," I tell him.

"That would imply you have one. You either don't or don't know how to use it from my standpoint. But fine, you want to make a fool of yourself. Go for it," I mimicked Kaif's words back to him before sitting on the dining table chair only to miss it and end up on the floor. Tipping whiskey on my shirt.

"Oh, what's wrong, Kyan? OCD kicking in, that is a bad stain, an atrocious stain," Kaif taunts.

"Shut up," I tell him while trying to wipe it, only managing to spill more on my pants.

"Oh my gosh, what would the neighbors think if they saw you like this?" Kaif continued to taunt me.

"Good thing we don't have neighbors then," I tell him.

"Is that a wrinkle?" Kaif asks, and I snarl at him but can't help but look for the wrinkle he speaks of. There were lots of creases, my clothes were ruined.

"What's wrong? Can't walk to your room to get changed," Kaif mocked.

"No, but you can,"

"Not a chance, if you're drinking, I am going on strike,"

"You can't go on strike. We are the same person, idiot. What will people think seeing us like this?"

"I don't care what anyone thinks. I used to wipe my ass on gum leaves apparently and thought the world was flat. Clearly, that means I don't think!" I growl at him.

"My oh my, you have found yourself in a pickle," Kaif laughs.

Fated To The Alpha by Jessica Hall

Chapter 264

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Chapter 264

Jonah POV

By the time I got to Kyan, I felt woozy from his drinking. I pulled up out the front expecting him to be waiting outside, only he wasn't. I tried ringing him, but when he didn't answer, I got out and unlocked the door with the spare key.

"Kyan?" I called out, but got no answer as I stepped into the foyer. All the lights were off when I heard garbled talking coming from the kitchen. I walked over, pushing the door open to find Kyan sprawled out on the floor, talking aloud to Kaif. I chuckled before walking over to him and standing above him.

"My shirt has creases," he slurs. I look him over and shake my head. "Yes, it does," I laughed before bending down and grabbing his shoulders, and pulling him to sit up.

"Kaif is being an asshole," he slurs, and his eyes flicker to Kaifs briefly.

"Come on, let's get you home. Why have you been ignoring my calls all day?" I ask him. He mumbles about not wanting to disturb us while I try to haul him to his feet.

"A little help, Kaif, would be great," I groan, taking his weight. I felt Kaif's presence as he moved to help me get him upright, and I tossed his arm across my shoulder. "You fucked my mate," Kyan slurs.

"Our mate and I tried to ring you all damn day. Marabella has also been trying to ring you,"

"My shirt has creases; can you get me a blue one?" Kyan asks.

"Seriously, let me get you home first; I will get you tucked in bed where you should be."

"It has creases," Kyan mumbles, and I sigh. I placed him on the dining table chair before prying the bottle from his grip and placing it in the sink.

"I will get you a shirt, stay," I tell him, walking out and up to his room. Partway up the stairs, I hear a thud. "Don't think he stayed," Jax laughed, chuckled in my head. I click my tongue before pushing his door open. Everything was spotless, like the rest of the house and this entire floor, stuck heavily in bleach. I move to his closet and find him some clothes and grab his pajama pants and a shirt for home.

Grabbing his wallet off the bedside table, I stopped, looking at the photo of him, his father, and Lucas from when he was a kid. My heart sank for him as I set it back down. He had obviously been through his photo albums because these weren't here the other day. I find one of me, and Marabella, also in a small frame next to his bed, along with one of him and me from when I was around 16. I chuckle at it, also sitting down before flicking his light off and grabbing his clothes before wandering downstairs.

Going back to the kitchen, he had fallen off the chair, his legs in the air, and he was muttering incoherently. I set everything down and pull him back onto it, trapping his legs between mine, so he doesn't topple off again

"I spilled my drink on it," Kyan murmurs.

"I have seen you in worse states, it's fine," I tell him, unbuttoning his shirt *before* grabbing a new one off the hanger. It was like trying to dress a child. He was that *uncoordinated*, and Kaif was no help

"Better?" I ask him. "You ironed my shirt?" Kyan slurs.

"No, just got a new one," I laughed at his rambling.

"Come on, let's get you home to our girl," I tell him, hauling him upright.

"Kaif tossed my keys," Kyan growls.

"That's a good thing, you're drunk and probably would have killed someone, or yourself." I tell him.

"But you came to get me," he mumbled, leaning against me while I tried to hold him upright while carrying his spare clothes and his belongings.

"Always, you know that," I told him, dragging him to the car. I put him in the passenger side before racing back to the house to turn all the lights off and lock the place up. Climbing back in, he was leaning his head on the window. My hand reached over to help him clip his belt.

"Ready to go home now," he nodded sluggishly, and I shook my head before starting the car and taking off. The first half of the drive, I listened to ramble on about how much he loved Ella and me, then he abruptly stopped talking, making me look over at him to see him heave.

"Don't you puke in my car," I scolded. "I'm gonna be sick," Kyan muttered before burping. "Not in my car, you're not," I tell him, ripping the car off to the side of the road. He heaved again, and I jumped out, opening the passenger door and grabbing his shoulders as he nearly fell out from leaning on it, only for him to puke on my feet. I sighed, jumping back and keeping a hand on his shoulder while he emptied his stomach.

"Are you good?" I asked him, and he nodded before shaking his head and puking again. When I was finally convinced he was done, I pushed him back into his seat and groaned, seeing his ruined shirt and removing it before grabbing the T-shirt off the backseat. I couldn't haul him through the hotel looking like he would kill me tomorrow for it. He had a ruined shirt, and I used it to clean his face. "I love you, Jonah," I laugh.

"I love you too. You're really drunk; I think you have confessed your love for me a million times now," I tell him before chucking the shirt along with my shoes in the trunk.

"My teeth feel furry," he says before grabbing my water bottle from the cupholder. He drinks some, and I blink at him. He never shares drinks or anything but obliterated he didn't seem to notice he was drinking out of my drink bottle from yesterday I let him go and continued driving home and parking underground. It was a little after *1 AM* by the time I got him home and hauled him to an elevator

Getting him to the top floor, I had to get Kaif to help me walk with him. His dead weight became too much, and he was killing my lower back. Unlocking the door, he was rambling about needing to brush his teeth and needed a toothbrush I laughed, *dragging him into* the bathroom, trying to keep him quiet, so he didn't wake Mara. He would be *mortified* if she found him in this state.

Digging around under the sink, I find a fresh toothbrush and open the packaging, handing it! o him. While I turn the shower only to turn around and find him stuck between the gap between the wall and toilet. I heave him out before stripping my clothes off and dragging him into the shower

'You owe me big for this; I never thought I would have to shower you," I tell him.

"You're a good friend," he mumbles as I set him on the shower floor, leaning him against the wall. I remove the showerhead before grabbing the soap, and he raises a hand. "My only friend,"

"You have lots of friends. You just don't like them," I laugh. He snickers, chewing on the toothbrush as he tries to brush his teeth. I roll my eyes at him before crouching down and prying it from between his teeth and his grip.

"You know, Kaif, you could try to help him," I growl, knowing Kaif was punishing him. Kaif could perfectly handle Kyan's human form, but I knew he was refusing to.

"You look like you have it mastered," Kaif laughs, his voice echoing off the tiled walls.

"Quiet, he will be upset if Mara sees him like this, not that she would care. She has been asking for him all day," I tell Kaif.

'And this idiot has been pining for her all day,' Kaif says, while trying to brush his teeth for him.

"Wake up, buddy," I tell him, tapping his face.

"You need to spit. You can't swallow it," I laugh.

"That's what she said," he laughed.

"And who is she?" I laughed, pulling him forward so he could spit the toothpaste out.

"Huh?" he says mumblingly to my question, clearly too intoxicated to remember what he said when the door opened. Marabella walks in. I stare at her over my shoulder. Mara's eyes widen as she sees me naked and in the shower with a naked Kyan. Awkward! "Is he alright?" she asks, rushing over and opening the shower screen. "He is fine, just drunk," I tell her, and she sighs.

"I woke up, and you were gone. You sure he is ok?" she asks, prying his eyelids open, his eyes rolling around in his head. "Yep, I was about to bring him to bed," I tell her, and she leans over, grabbing the soap from my hand. Marabella helps me finish washing him, but now he is comatose. "You did not see him like this," I tell her.

"See what?" she laughs, wrapping a towel around him while I held him up.

"She definitely did, and I will make sure to tell him what an ass of himself he made," Kaif says, coming forward.

"Hey, Kaif, and don't be mean," Mara says.

"Never, my love," he purrs at her, and she chuckles.

"Well, you can help us dress him and get him to bed, please," she tells Kaif, and he does, coming forward.

- "You bloody come forward for her, you twat, but made me drag him up here,"
"She said please," Kaif laughs, and I shake my head. I just brushed his damn teeth and washed him, but he came forward instantly for her. Kaif also helps us get Kyan in bed before I feel him leave, going back into the deepest parts of Kyan's mind. Kyan snores, and Mara pulls the blanket over him, while I grab some shorts and climb in behind him. After yawning, I flicked the light out when Mara giggled, and I lifted my head to look for Kyan in the dark. kyan had pushed his nose into her neck, tugging her to him. Mara brushes his hair with her fingertips gently as he hugs her close.

"You're home now, Kye, where you belong," I tell him. As I sigh, I roll over, tossing my arm over both of them, and fall asleep.