

# Darkness Mate Cheated Versus Fated by Victory Done

## Chapter 19

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Zora'

"Please do not bore the alpha or get him too worked up because I usually get the brunt of it," she said and walked away before I could respond. The bitch always had to have the last say.

"What is it with her?" Eloise asked disgustedly.

"I am wearing his clothes and calling his name without consequence," I said, answering Eloise's question.

"They aren't screwing, you know. He is just fond of her," Kara said, and I laughed.

"Oh, they are," I said, remembering what I saw this afternoon.

"I saw them exit his room together," I said, and she frowned at me.

"Well, guess Marcel doesn't know that part," She said, divulging where she got her information.

We entered the dining room, and Marcel and Raphael were there. Darius wasn't, and I wondered where he was. Maybe buried inside Cindy somewhere.

We sat and waited for Darius to grace us with his presence. He finally came and did not say a word. He sat at the head of the table with me beside him.

He placed his hands on my bare thighs and caressed them gently. I was glad I wasn't wearing a skirt because I was sure he would have touched me on that table.

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Chapter 19

"How was the party?" he asked me.

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288 Vouchers

"How it should be," I replied, and he smiled and continued eating his food.

We finished, and it was time to leave.

"Feed my eyes tonight," He said, and I felt butterflies in my tummy. I did not know why I felt it, but it was there.

He did not come to see me in the night as he had insinuated, and I ended up sleeping, feeling a bit disappointed.

Two days went by, and I did not see him. It was as if he had travelled. I feared he had gone to the east to make Casey reject me. I hoped for all our sakes that wasn't what happened.

I stood in front of the mirror in the morning, combing my hair when I felt a sharp pain pierce my heart.

Monica howled in pain, and I cried.

What was happening? I felt my energy draining. I knelt on the ground, trying to understand what was happening to my body.

I was feeling disoriented, and I felt a fever coming. I

had never felt this type of pain before. It was a soul-ripping pain, and I felt I would die. I began to fear I had ingested poison.

I screamed.

"What is happening to us?" Monica asked, unable to understand the pain.

My breathing was shallow, and I felt completely weakened.

I lay down on the gown, waiting for the pain to pass.

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Chapter 19

288 Vouchers

I think I laid there for almost an hour, going in and out of pain before I passed out.

I woke up still on the floor, but I wasn't feeling as strong as I used to. I looked out the window, and it was evening. I wondered how long I had been out for.

I felt incomplete. I decided to look at my complexion in the mirror. I managed to get on my feet and look in the mirror.

I was as white as a sheet and had a fever. Then I noticed something. My neck was bare. Casey's mark was gone.

As much as I wanted him to release me, I did not know how I would feel when he finally did.

I felt empty as tears rolled down my eyes, while staring at my bare neck. I felt lost, as if I did not belong anywhere. I was no longer connected to the Magic Fang.

As much as I kept asking my husband to free me. I didn't want to be free. I didn't want

to be separated from him. Our lives together flashed in my mind. All the happy and sad moments. The painful ones, too, and I fell on my knees and wept.

Fate had destroyed my life.

While I thought of it, I became more scared that Darius might have gone to the east to force or kill Casey. I began to wail.

In those moments, I wanted to die too. Who would have thought Casey and I would be star-crossed?

Everything went smoothly from the moment we started dating, until we got married. We thought we would live happily ever after, but fate had other plans which did not involve us remaining together.

“Please be safe, Casey,” I whispered.

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Chapter 19

288 Vouchers

I could not hide the fact that he was my confidant and friend. My support and strength. I wept because I was afraid Darius had forced him. I cried because I might never see him again, and we didn't say goodbye properly.

If only we had said a proper farewell, I would feel better, but I will never forget what we said before the northern soldiers barged in. I remained on my knees, weeping.

It was official; I was nobody's luna, and I had no pack.

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