

The Dark Side of Fate

Chapter 149

The Dark Side Of Fate By Karima Sa'ad Usman Chapter 149 – ~Sylvester~

I remained attentive, listening to all that Larry had to say. I will be attentive as long as he doesn't use the pouch in his hand.

I also had to think of what to do if he blew the silver dust into the air.

If that happened, I told everyone to hold their breath and head to the exit. Hopefully, we weren't locked in.

"Your father and his friends didn't only ruin her; they told her I could do nothing about it. That she should be grateful that they fancied her enough to touch her.

They told her no one would care even if she reported.

It was common to practise, and they were right.

I knew Maurice initiated it, and those two joined him as always," he said and chuckled.

"I always wondered if they would share their mates like that, but they never did. This implies they knew what they were doing was wrong and degrading, but they felt it was okay since they could get away with it. Their jobs were to protect, lead and serve the people, not ruin lives.

They broke homes and ruined lives.

They separated mates and took women from their homes for personal pleasure, under the guise that there should always be a harem in the estate according to the kings before the lords.

A habit you and your friends embraced until recently.

I must commend your last procurements from the east for holding you three down. It also let me know that just like those three bastards that fathered you three, the three of you are capable of falling in love," he said and smiled.

"I returned home from the mission and found Emily depressed. She had lost the baby due to the incident but refused to tell me what had happened.

I was devastated, but I was willing to try again," he said, and I could see tears welling up in his eyes.

It was as if he was reliving the memory again.

"I would have tried, but she had given up. She said it did not matter that it could happen again.

I did not know what she meant by it until she ended herself, leaving me a note of the account of unspeakable things that the three men did to her.

I will never forget her final words in that letter. I still have it to date.

She said if I love her and care about our world, I should save our people from the monsters that rule them. These were her words," he said and sighed, composing himself to recite Emily's words.

"If you love me and care about our world and its people. Then you will know this world would be safer without the Volkovs, Sidorovs and Orlovs ruling it.

I am just one of many. Maurice might have implied you to be a powerless nobody, but I know you have it in you to stop their menace and make sure they nor the rest of their lineage ever do this to anyone again," he said and looked at me.

"Your fathers went on as if they had done nothing wrong. They had destroyed three lives, and they just went on like that.

I could never fall in love again. I only mated with Michelle to continue my bloodline. But your fathers moved on; they didn't even know or care that they did anything wrong.

The result of their crimes was my burden to bear and my hurt to carry alone.

A few months after Emily's death, they settled down as if they had done nothing wrong.

They destroyed my life, my happily ever after, and nothing happened. They got away with it.

The three of them mated and had children. It wasn't only me that they hurt like that. We were many. Daughters, wives, name it. They had no limit. It was as if the lasting peace gave them ample time to play.

Time passed, and those of us that knew what they did, remained angry, but neither of us had the effrontery to seek revenge.

During that time, he found his fated. He eradicated the Balyeavs because they would not allow him to remain Lord if he disgraced their sister by divorcing her.

That episode passed. His fated died, and he got back with Stephanie, and then they had you. Things worked out for him while the rest of us remained broken.

He ruined more lives, and no one seemed to do anything about it.

So I planned the first uprising with the head Alpha of the west. Emily was his cousin. He took it upon himself, and we would have succeeded if it weren't for some traitors in the east.

Your mate's parents were the ring leaders. They alerted the monster of our plans. Good men died because of that, and I had to go into hiding. Ramsey struck a deal with Maurice and pointed out all the culprits, but he did not know I was involved, so he could not point me out as a culprit.

Everything went quiet, and I had given up hope entirely until he did not return from pilgrimage.

Jenny told me Stephanie was the one that acted against him, and she should stand trial.

I knew Jenny was jealous of Stephanie because she was crazy about Maurice, but I kept it myself.

I knew how Maurice died because I was part of the engineers of that event, but I kept it to myself.

Jenny's anger towards Stephanie would be useful.

So I saw it as an opportunity to revive my group.

I told Jenny we would make her son Lord since Maurice was his father too. It was wrong to hide the poor lad away to be brought up as a Lawrence when he was a Volkov.

Knowing her son would benefit from it eventually, she was in, and that was when we started building again.

I never had direct contact with anyone, just like the first time. It was important. Jenny was the one that recruited people. Unlike the first time she went for younger people, people affected by Maurice could share our ideals," he said and looked at Devin.

"You should have been an easy recruit knowing what your father endured and how you grew up, but we could not find a way to get you on board. We later knew how to use your grudge against the Volkovs, and it would have worked if it weren't for that Riverstorm bitch," he said and looked at Tamia.

"You are despicable. You hopped into bed with the man that murdered your people and took you away from your husband," he said disgustingly.

"If you hadn't ruined my home with your prodigy, I would not have needed rescuing, but I am glad where I am. Save your moral conviction for yourself," Tamia shut at him.

He never really liked her, and now I know why. Her parents had foiled their plans, and now she was part of his problem.

"If you wanted to wipe my family out, why try to install Dominic as lord and fight tooth and nail for it?" I asked him, and he smiled at me.

"Dominic can never truly be Lord. He isn't a leader. Even Maurice knew this. That was why he wanted the Balyeav seat to go to David. Dominic is a useless piece of shit.

My encouragement was to pit you two against each other; if I ever succeeded, it would be easy to overthrow and end Dominic. He isn't as wise or as strong as you are. He does not have your kind of support and companionship, and the woman he was screwing worked for us; she would have made it easy. That was Glenda's job. To cause a rift between you two and end him when the time comes. But unfortunately, she got caught," he said, and Devin spoke before I could.

"And what was Susan's part in all this?" he asked, hoping her nose was clean for his sake.

"That idiot can never be a part of us. She was just too stupid and love-struck. Throughout her time in the south, she only pined for Volkov; she was worthless. I wondered how Nikolas put up with her.

To think she was forced to leave the north because Maurice felt she heard of Vino when he was discussing him with Nikolas. That girl was just hopeless," he said, and I realised why they forced Susan to leave.

My father had seen to it because he felt she knew of Vino.

He must have really wanted to keep Vino a secret badly, and Susan and I suffered the consequence.

Although I was happy with Tamia, I felt terrible for hating Susan all these years, thinking she just got up and left out of fear that we weren't fated as her letter had implied.

I began to suspect that the letter was written under strict instructions. I was angry at my father for doing that to a young teenage girl. I hoped Devin would give her the bliss she deserved.

"I can understand your anger with my father and his officers. They were infamous, but I cannot understand what this has to do with me, my friends and my brothers.

David was hunted, Dominic was misled, and you instructed Amanda to kill Vino. If you planned on making him king, why mislead him and then try to have him killed?" I asked, and he laughed.

"That wimp admired you too much to do what was asked of him. I told Jenny we shouldn't recruit him, but she insisted. He was the most useless piece of shit we ever recruited.

He just sat quietly on the board. I was sure he would tell you the truth eventually. He seemed like it. I needed to be sure he would never speak to anyone about the demons that haunted his conscience. For a Volkov, he was a wimp. Even Dominic would have been better," he said, and I realised who the head of the council was.

Vino might have occupied the Lawrence seat and headed the council, but Larry was in charge. To think Joan and Pamela were not in on this made me feel a bit sorry for the scornful women.

"Now that you have come here, I need to tell you all a secret," he said, looking at Devin.

"Your friend here is nothing but a farce. He did not kill your father or anyone. It was Lucas Sidorov who murdered his friends. Thanks to the hallucinogen I had someone slip into their cocktails. He went berserk," he said, laughing, and Marcel growled.

"He was efficient too. I also made the truth of what his friends did with his mate slip and get to him. I wanted to see how he would feel. I wanted to see how he would handle it. After what they did to my Emily, I wanted to see how they would take it; if they could take it at all," he said and laughed, then became serious.

"Well, chit-chat time is over. This building is surrounded by my men. Moses has a bone to pick with your family, seeing that your father killed his father and took the west from his family.

Then you had the effrontery to install Sean, who is from a lesser family, as the head of the west. I called in a favour, and you will feel my might today, away from your estate and your men.

Today I will get what I have dreamed of all my life: the end of the three menacing families," he said, and I saw him touch his neck and slump to the ground.

It all happened fast.

"Bind him," I heard Tamia say, and I turned to look at her and saw what she used in her hand.

She was holding a tiny blowgun. The man was too confident and focused on me that he did not see Tamia aim and blow, shooting the tiny needle dart at his neck. I began to laugh in relief. I did not know how we would have survived the silver dust he held in his hands. I wondered where she learned to do that. She must have gone on covert missions while in the east.

I looked at her, and she shrugged.

"What? He wasn't playing fair anyway. So there was no need to be fair when dealing with the bastard. Besides, I did not come here to fight. We have a wedding to plan," She said, and I laughed and pulled her in for a hug.

Holding her, I looked at Leo and thanked him. He was right when he said we should bring our mates, most especially Tamia, who was good at thinking on her feet. He smiled and nodded. I realised the tiny blowgun was the object she had in her pocket.

"Now to get the people outside," I said, and Marcel laughed.

"Our warriors have done that already," he said, and I was stunned.

While Larry told us his life story, our men quietly took down the warriors surrounding the building. They were much, but we came prepared.

Knowing we would walk out of place with the prisoner we came for without having to fight or kill anyone made me extremely happy.

"Let's drag him along," I said, turning around, and Avery stopped us.

"Wait!" she said, and I looked at her.

"Amanda said he has someone locked up in this place. He planned on making the guy the fall guy if the operation should fail," she reminded us, and I touched my forehead because I had forgotten.

"Leo, Theodore and I will secure the prisoner," Devin said.

"You and Marcel can search the place for the captive," he concluded, dragging Larry with him. I began to suspect that Devin liked to drag people.

I watched them leave with Tamia and Avery in tow. Marcel and I began to search through the apartment.

It was void of life. Meaning it had been a long time since anyone had lived in it.

We searched the place and happened upon a small door in the kitchen. It was locked, but Marcel broke it. He opened it, and the room was pitch black. My night vision adjusted, and I saw a frail-looking man sitting in chains with his back against the wall.

His features were not visible. I didn't need to know that the chain was silver. Marcel and I moved towards the man to drag him out. His facial features were not visible in the dark until we pulled him out into the light and what I saw shocked me. It validated all I had heard.

Marcel let go of the chains and staggered backwards. I did the same because I could not believe my eyes. The man was also looking at the two of us in shock, but he was too weak to express himself. He blinked, and tears streamed down his cheeks. It was no other than Lucas Sidorov, Marcel's father