

# The Dark Side of Fate

Chapter 158

The Dark Side Of Fate By Karima Sa'ad UsmanChapter 158 – ~Sylvester~

Tamia was shocked about what I told her, but that was the truth, and there was no point sugar-coating it. I just hoped all the victims found peace, especially Susan, who did not hear anything but was forced to leave everything she loved and cared for. It was either that or her life.

I wish my father was the one we found and not Lucas; I would have spent an eternity ensuring he paid for his crimes against everyone. Lucas was equally a scumbag, but he did not do half as much as my father did. Hearing Larry's story, it seemed Gavin and my father were the scumbags, and Lucas was a weak fool who followed along. It was still no excuse for what he did, and I would ensure he paid for his crimes dearly.

Tamia and I dressed up and went for breakfast. Arriving at the lounge, everyone was there except for my mother and Jake.

They were said to be having breakfast together. The children now had nannies that were caring for them. David's children were older, so they were more independent, but the triplets were still infants, so the nannies were always with them.

Vino smiled his creepy smile when he saw me. I guess with time, he would figure out he did not need to try so hard anymore. He had been entirely accepted.

Everyone was happy at the table, and I hated to be the one to end the bliss. But someone had to. We had a lot of unfinished business, and I did not want the matter to linger any longer. It had.

The earlier we deal with the matter, the quicker it will be for us to start living our married life in peace.

I looked at David and Nicole, they were so in love, and I realised that sending him to Grizlo was the best thing that had happened to him. He did not endure our father's hostility; because of that, he was the kindest of us four.

Vino was the most damaged because of the blatant and public rejection. I hoped he would get over it and move on. Dominic and I were now happily married, and we had forgiven ourselves for the past.

We were closer than before, and we trusted each other.

Marcel and Theodore were still my best friends, and I was happy that we all claimed our mates on the same night. I was also glad our set wasn't twisted like our fathers'. Somehow we had turned out better than the men that raised us. It was a considerable achievement, and I was proud of our efforts.

We ate with complete joy, and everyone had something to say. It was a happy breakfast. Even Vino was delighted. He ate and laughed like he had no care in the world. He still had to heal completely, but his health was progressing. I thanked the goddess for sparing his life. Not everyone would have survived silver dust. He had an amazing campfire tale to tell his children when they grew up.

"We will have to question Lucas Sidorov today," I said. Marcel put down his fork. Avery touched his shoulder gently, and he looked at me and nodded.

"It's overdue," he said, and like that, the awkwardness in the atmosphere was lifted. I did not know what we might find, but I knew we should brace ourselves for the worst outcome.

We finished our meals, and everyone went about their day except for Marcel, Theodore and me. Lucas was a priority, and whatever he had to tell us had to do with all three of us.

Marcel's pain was that Lucas thought he was a bastard. It was very stupid of the man, but I guess many things would be clear soon. Although Marcel looked like Lucas, we couldn't go by looks alone, especially since we were all distant relatives. We had similar features. Marcel had gone out of his way to order a DNA test, and it had come out that Lucas was indeed his father, and that made the man's accusation much more challenging to bear.

"Are you sure you are up for this?" I asked Marcel.

"Theo and I can go in while you sit this one out," I told him, and he shook his head.

"I want to be there, Sylvester. I want to know why he never tried to reach out to us. That was low if it were because of his doubts towards me. Even if I wasn't his, he raised me. That attachment is supposed to be there. I suspect he wanted to abandon everything and start afresh elsewhere. Too bad for him that Larry caught him," he said calmly. I knew he was pissed, but he controlled his anger very well.

We entered the room where we kept Lucas, and he was sitting on the chair reading a book. He looked better than he did when we found him. They had cut his beard and his hair. He had also managed to gain some weight in a short period. With the silver off him, it was easy for his wolf and body to fix themselves.

He looked at us, and his eyes showed shame and regret. His eyes travelled to Marcel, and he bowed his head in submission. He must think we wanted to punish him for killing our fathers, but we had come for answers.

"Why?" Marcel said before I could say anything, and Lucas looked at him with tear-filled eyes. His lips quivered as if he was trying to hold a sob. His lips finally parted with a sigh.

"I am sorry, son," he said, and I realised he must have figured out that he was wrong even without the test result being shared.

"I did not know what came over me that night. I got a message from someone about Morissa a day before, and I became mad. We started drinking, and one thing led to the other. I knew I wanted to kill him. I felt like it. Maurice was a greedy sick fuck, and I wanted to end him. He had crossed all limits. It was fun when we did it with the women in the harem but not our mates. It was cruel, and the extent they went to do it was what made me feel betrayed. It wasn't by accident. It was deliberate and calculated, and Gavin allowed it. I snapped.

I had always allowed Maurice to lead and tell me what to do all my life, but I wasn't his beta that night; I was his enemy. I asked him about it, and he was too intoxicated to deny it.

He and Gavin even went as far as describing the experience and the times it had occurred. They claimed they had lost count. They found it amusing.

All the times I woke up with throbbing headaches and could not figure out what happened played in my mind. I know you love your mother, Marcel, but Morissa was a bitch. She wanted it. She had always liked Maurice and envied Stephanie greatly. She wasn't like the women that had no choice but to serve. She wanted it.

She was the one that served me the drinks. Then she would slip out of our bedroom to party with Maurice. No wonder she did not want to leave the estate to stay in Lucland. I bet she did not expect Gavin to join in, but he did. It was Maurice's way of letting her know she wasn't special.

I was mad, and I snapped.

The anonymous message said you might not be mine, and I believed it. I believed everything, and I wanted revenge.

I knew I should have allowed us to return and seek justice with the council. We had consumed many things that night, and I couldn't control myself.

I felt everything in the strongest way possible. It was as if the rage was radiating from me. So I attacked them and killed them.

The young head Alpha of the south walked in on me, and I attacked him too, but I was wounded and tired by them.

He would have killed me in self-defence had I not submitted.

Slowly I realised what I had done, and I knew what awaited me in the north, so I pleaded with him to take responsibility for the deaths and told him he could claim the lordship.

He was reluctant, but I pleaded with him to do it, letting him know the benefits. I knew if he claimed it, no one would persecute him because it happened in his territory. He could easily claim he was defending his territory. It also meant he would be feared because everyone knew how ruthless we were. He agreed, and I took off.

Unknown to me, men were lurking about the place, waiting for the right opportunity to abduct me. I fell into their hands, and they captured me. That was when I realised what had happened and that I had been manipulated and set up," He said, and I was shocked