

# The Dark Side of Fate

Chapter 169

## The Dark Side Of Fate By Karima Sa'ad Usman Novel {Book 2} Chapter 8 –

~Leo~

I knew I was harsh on Amelia. The moment she ran to her room, I felt ashamed of myself.

The fact that I did not want a relationship with her did not mean that I should scare her like that.

It wasn't her fault that I messed my life up the way I did, but she was too good for me. When I returned home and found her still in her work clothes, I figured she was a good person.

She wasn't a lying schemer trying to seduce her way into my life. I appreciated her, honestly.

When she told me what Leah told her, I was mad.

Was Leah trying to give Amelia a complex?

I did not find it funny, and I knew that was why she asked if my rejection had anything to do with her looks.

Honestly, it didn't, and I had told her my truth.

I hoped she would accept the rejection and move on because I felt nothing towards her. The mate bond was broken on my end.

When she asked me to try, I knew she was hopeful. Soon she will find out there is no hope where I am concerned.

Being a delta breed, I decided to treat her as one. For now, I would see her as a little sister, so the maid status had to end.

I called the omegas to clean the house, but Amelia will still cook. I trusted her not to harm me.

She needed a wardrobe change because I knew her clothes won't fit soon. She had gained some weight in a few days, and I hoped she would reach her ideal weight soon to be more confident.

When I told her I would be taking her shopping, the light in her eyes let me know she wasn't angry. I got up from the couch and decided we would go shopping in town.

There were nice stores where we could buy casual outfits and outfits meant for outings.

I want her to get used to the fact that we are not dating first, and then I can take her out to functions so she can socialise.

Amelia looked at the road smiling, and I caught a glimpse of a dimple on her cheek. She looked very innocent, but I knew she had a story. Her eyes looked haunted sometimes. Not wanting to get personal, I had decided not to ask her and would keep it that way.

"I am sorry about last night. There are certain things I do not like to talk about," I finally said, and she looked at me. I took my eyes off the road to look at her, and she smiled. Then I returned my focus to the road.

"It's Okay, Alpha, I won't speak of her again," she said, understanding what I wanted, and I was grateful.

I never wanted to hear or see anything that had to do with that bitch Amanda again.

"Thank you for the kind gesture," She said, and I smiled and stepped on the accelerator.

I had not had fun in a long time. I had fun with Amelia. We stopped to order fast food. She had a thing for ice cream and told me she could count how many times she had had ice cream in her life.

It touched me because I knew it wasn't based on choice, but I did not let it show.

Amelia had a smile on her face as if she had no care in the world, and her mood lifted my spirit. I got her casual clothes, and we bought two sizes more than her now because we hoped she would gain some weight soon. She was a beauty already, but I knew she would look better with some extra weight.

We finally ended up at a high-end store for dinner dresses and lingerie. Amelia was shy at first, but then she loosened up.

Everyone thought she was my girlfriend and treated her with the utmost respect. She seemed uncomfortable about it, but I told her it was okay. At least this way, people won't be getting ideas and being hopeful that they have a chance with me.

We were leaving the store when a woman entering stopped us. She looked familiar, but I could not remember her.

"Alpha," She said, and I smiled at her. I was trying to place her face, but I couldn't.

"Joyce Monroe," She said, and I was shocked because she was one of the women that worked with my mother when my mother was luna. I had not seen her in ages. It was odd.

"How are you ?" She asked me, and I smiled at her.

She looked around and pointed at a cafe close by so we could chat.

I did not want to be rude, so I obliged and had Amelia follow us. She looked at Amelia strangely, and I hoped it did not affect Amelia.

We sat at the table outside, and a waiter came to serve us iced coffee.

"Do you still hear from Luna Martha?" She asked about my mother, and I shook my head.

"The last time I heard from them was when they sent me a postcard from River Island," I said, and she smiled.

"Your parents always wanted to retire to that place. I doubt they will be returning soon," She said, and I frowned at how confident she was about them not returning. She gave me the vibe that she knew something and kept it to herself.

It was odd that since my parents handed the pack over to me, they had yet to return.

I had considered visiting, but they did not want to be found.

"Anyway, how are you? You became head alpha of the east in a short period, and I heard of the great things you did in the north," she said, and her smile faded.

"I also heard what happened with Tamia. How are you holding up?" She asked me, and I smiled to tell her I was fine.

"They are fated, So I am fine," I told her, and she nodded with approval. Then looked at Amelia with curiosity and disgust.

"And who is this?" She asked me, and I smiled.

"My girlfriend," I lied, wiping away the scowl on her face.

"Those eyes," she said, and I cleared my throat because I was tired of people pointing out what was wrong with Amelia's eyes.

"There is nothing wrong with her eyes," I said, getting slightly offended, and she shook her head.

"Not that, Alpha Albert. Those.." she said, thinking about something, then spoke to Amelia.

"Where are your parent, dear?" She asked, and Amelia looked at me. I told her it was okay to answer.

"I grew up in an orphanage. I do not have parents," She confessed, and I was surprised at what I had just heard.

"Where?" Joyce asked.

"A small village in Gad called Vestir," she answered, and the woman nodded.

"Did the orphanage tell you anything about where you are from?" she asked her, and I felt the questions were getting too much, but I did not want to interfere because I wanted to know too. I should have asked the questions, but I did not want her to see it as if I were interested. So learning this way was okay too.

"My mother was an omega. She dumped me at the orphanage when I was four. They kicked me out when I turned eighteen. That is all," She said, and I wondered how long she had been on her own. How did she survive? Gad isn't a very good place for vulnerable people. It was dangerous for a young lady to roam the streets of Gad at night.

"Why are you asking all of these questions?" I asked Joyce nicely, and she looked at me.

"There is a Volkov lineage with these eyes, the Stepanovs, but they are no more. I am surprised to see this.

The bloodline was eradicated because the head of the family then, Adrik Stepanov, challenged Dimitri Volkov, Maurice's father, for the Lordship.

I heard it was a huge thing then.

Dimitri was to be inaugurated, and then his cousin, Adrik, challenged him.

They said his eyes were like the moon, and they were right.

I have seen his picture in history family tree books.

He was also immune to silver, too and very strong. He was formidable, but Dimitri had the upper hand.

After Adrik lost the challenge, that bloodline was wiped out for treason, and that was it.

Her eyes look like the moon. That was why I was curious, but maybe it is just a coincidence and knowing her mother was an Omega just throws me off completely," She said, but it didn't throw me off because I remembered Amelia had access to her wolf even after they bound her with silver. I kept that bit to myself and smiled at Joyce.

"Since he was killed for treason, then we can agree she is not his descendant," I said, and she agreed with a smile.

"They have pictures of him in the historic library and online. Check it out when you can. The eyes are identical," she said and smiled at Amelia.

"It is a pleasure meeting you. You have big shoes to fill. Tamia was a darling," she said, and there was some awkwardness in the air. I paid the tab, and we left.

The ride back home was silent. I knew Amelia was thinking of what Joyce had said, and so was I because silver did not affect her as it should.

She insisted on carrying the bags when we got home, but I refused. I was a gentleman, after all, so I carried the shopping bags, and we entered the house quietly.

"Do not let what Joyce said spoil our day," I said to her, and she smiled and nodded, but I doubted that was just it. Joyce had sent her down memory lane with those questions. I honestly did not know what to do to help.

"Those days are behind you, you know," I told her, and she looked at me. I could see the sadness in her eyes.

"They aren't really, Alpha. I am still a charity case," she said and looked at the bags at my feet.

"I am very grateful for today. " I had fun," She said, picking up the bags at my feet.

While she headed to her room, I cursed at myself.

Maybe I was supposed to be her happily ever after, but I had no joy to give her. She came a bit too late.

I sat on my couch and pulled out my phone to browse the internet for what Joyce had told me.

I typed Adrik Stepanov in the search engine box, and a picture finally appeared. The eyes of the man looked like Amelia's. He was deceased, along with his entire bloodline.

I looked in the direction of Amelia's room, and I made a silent promise to myself. If I cannot be her family, I will try and find her real family. I decided I would take her to the north in two months.