

The Dark Side of Fate

Chapter 171

The Dark Side Of Fate By Karima Sa'ad Usman Novel {Book 2} Chapter 10 –

~Leo~

Amelia had become insanely gorgeous. The pack members were gossiping about me sleeping with her. I allowed it because I did not want anyone to exploit her. She was vulnerable.

When she dressed up to go to town, I was tempted to have her change her outfit, but I did not want to sound possessive or controlling. I had no reason to, so I just asked her questions instead.

When she told me Gabriel was taking her, I wasn't comfortable. He was indeed free for the day, but I chose that moment to link him and send him on an errand.

I did not know why I did it, but I did.

I thought she would wait for me to finish so I could take her, but she seemed in a hurry, so I asked Casper to take her.

I would have preferred I sent her with a Kappa, but she seemed to have a phobia for them.

I knew they doubled as law enforcement, which might be why she hated them so much.

Regardless, Casper was the only safe option I could think of that would protect her out there. So I let him take her to town.

Three hours passed, and there was no charge on my credit card. I wondered what they were doing in town, so I opted to call Casper to find out where they were.

It took a while before Casper answered, so I had to compose myself.

"Where are you?" I asked him.

"On our way back, Alpha," he said, and I sighed with relief.

"Well, I am going home," I told him, and he hung up.

I entered my house and sat down on the couch, waiting.

I got restless and then went to the kitchen to see what I could fix for myself.

The truth was I lived by myself for a while. Amelia had been my only company for over a month, so I was bound to feel her absence. I thought of how I acted throughout the morning and laughed at myself. I was overprotective of her.

I took a beer from the fridge and opened it.

"Are we liking her?" Black asked me, and I almost spat out my beer.

Black had been silent on Amelia's matter because I blamed him for what happened with Tamia.

I had severed our bond with her before thinking about it.

I did not want to get to know or spend time with her. The fact that we were fated spoiled it for me, but I ended up spending time with her.

So I could understand Black asking if I had feelings for Amelia.

The truth was I was just fond of her, and I did not want anyone to take advantage of her. She had suffered enough. I just wanted to protect her and maybe help her find her family.

I went to sit on my chair and decided to call Tamia. I had been putting it off for weeks, so I decided it was time.

I dialled her number, and she answered immediately.

"Leo," she said, sounding excited on the phone, and I knew she was with the twins.

"Your majesty," I said, and she laughed.

"To what do I owe this call, Councilman," she asked, and I laughed then composed myself.

"How are you doing?" I asked her, and she sighed.

"Perfect," she replied.

"Sylvester and the twins?" I asked her, and she giggled.

"They are fine too. You didn't come for the last council meeting," She said.

"I had something to handle," I lied.

I had deliberately missed it because that was the first hearing for Kyle and Linda's case.

"Liar," Tamia said, and I knew she had figured it out.

"Kyle was hopeless," she said

"So, how did it go?" I asked.

"It was moved to the next hearing. Kyle claimed it was rightfully his by marriage and that she gave those things to him. The story was long and messy," she said.

"Leo, please advice Kyle; Theodore isn't finding his behaviour funny at all, and you know how Linda is," she said. I sighed, knowing exactly what she was trying to tell me.

"I do, and I had tried to talk some sense into him, but he refuses to listen. I honestly do not know what to do," I said.

It wasn't really our problem, but it was our business. I knew I would have to talk to Kyle again.

"Anyway, back to why I called," I said.

"I met a girl." I said, and Tamia began to tease me on the phone.

"It isn't what you think. I am just helping her out," I said quickly, and she was silent.

"Anyway, she stays with me now. She has unique eyes that someone said are from one of Volkov's bloodlines. The issue is that she grew up as an orphan and did not know who her parents were. I also checked the Volkov family tree, and that bloodline was wiped out by Sylvester's grandfather for treason. I do not know if it is possible that someone survived, and maybe someone along the line fathered the girl," I said.

"What is the name of this ancestor?" She asked.

"Adrik Stepanov" I said.

"Very well, I will speak to Sylvester about it, but you might have to bring her, so maybe we can run some tests if needed," She said, and I was glad that Tamia was going to help.

"Very well, I will see you at the end of the month," I told her, and she giggled.

"I am sure there is more to it with this girl, Leo because this is a lot of help you are rendering," She teased me.

"See you soon," she said and hung up.

The call put me at ease, and I relaxed on the chair and sipped my beer gradually.

I heard a car pull up outside, and I knew Casper had returned.

I was curious to see why Amelia didn't buy anything.

A hand tried the handle of my door lock.

"It's opened," I said, and the person opened the door. It was Casper.

He walked in, and Amelia followed behind him. I was shocked by what I saw.

She smiled at me, seeming very happy, and I looked at Casper for an explanation.

"It was an Eye clinic. She went to get contacts," he said and immediately excused himself. The contacts did not sit well with me at all.

Amelia walked up to me and handed me my card. I collected it from her, still trying to compose my words.

"Do you have issues with your sight?" I asked her, so I did not jump to conclusions, but she shook her head.

"No, Alpha, my sight is perfectly okay. At least this way, I won't look blind, creepy or scary anymore," she said, sounding very happy.

I realised the remarks, constant stares, and name-calling finally got to her.

No one was calling her names anymore, but people stared too hard.

"Don't you like it?" she asked me, and I composed myself, so I didn't scare her.

"I want you to remove them," I told her, and her smile dropped.

" But Alpha," She tried to protest, and I shook my head.

"Take them off, Amelia. There is nothing wrong with your eyes or the colour. Take them off," I said, and she shook her head.

"I won't," she said defiantly; I was shocked.

"You don't know what I go through daily," she complained, and I heard her voice crack.

"It was hell for me as a child. I was labelled many names for it. No one would adopt me. They always asked if I were blind or if something was wrong with me. Being a delta did not help either. Growing up, it became more difficult. You have been kind to me, alpha, but even here, people stare too hard for comfort," She said, and I knew she was fighting her tears.

"Today, I walked out of the clinic, and no one stared at me. For the first time, I got approval looks and not disgust. No one stared hard," she said and wiped away her tears.

"You will base your self-esteem on people's opinions. Did it ever occur that they might be staring because they find you attractive? They might be mesmerised by the colour of your eyes. It might intrigue them. Did it ever occur to you that those that call you names might be jealous? Your eyes are the best part of your face. They are unique, and you want to be common?" I asked her, and she shook her head and looked at me.

"Even you, Alpha, you stare hard sometimes," she said, and I realised she did it for me.

She did not need to spell it out, but for someone as thick-skinned as Amelia to do something like this, I knew it had to be because of me.

" I just want you to be able to try," she confessed.

"I am hanging on because I want you to try. Not based on the bond but on choice. I just wanted it to be easy. I thought it would be easier if I gained weight and got contacts. You will be able to look at me without staring too hard. You will want to try," she said, and I did not know how my actions had damaged her until now.

I ran my fingers through my hair, not knowing what to tell her. There were many things I could say in those moments, but I couldn't let them out.

I did not want to try with her or anyone. I was done in that department. Why wouldn't she just get the message and be happy? "I will not speak of your past, but making me pay for someone else's mistakes is cruel, alpha. This is me trying. I never cared about many things before, but I do now. I am trying. Why can't you try? Am I not worth the effort?" She asked, and I looked at her because her tone had a tinge of anger.

"Am I not worth anything? I am not asking you to marry or claim me. I just want a shot. I just want to know what it would be like. If it doesn't work out, at least we both tried. I am not asking for too much," she said, crying.

"I am not sophisticated or high-born, but I can try. I don't even want to be Luna. None of this matters. I just want to have a shot at love, life and happiness, and I do not want to try with anyone else but you. So yes, I gained weight and bought fucking contacts with my wages, so just maybe you will see me and want to try," she said and walked away from me.

She went to her room and shut the door.

I stood there stunned.

I could feel her frustration and see it in her eyes.

She went through many emotions simultaneously, but anger was the most prominent one. Her words had cut deep.

I knew what I did was harsh, but I did not want a mate bond with anyone. I did not want to break what was already broken. Why did she have to complicate matters like this?

I was still thinking of all she had said when Amelia walked out of her room with her bags.

"Where are you going?" I asked her, and she wiped away her tears.

"I did not hang around because of food and money. I stayed because I was hoping you would want to try, but I have done everything within my capacity and even changed certain things about myself with the hope that you will want to try, but I know it has nothing to do with me. It is you.

I might not be your type. Hanging around you will be fruitless, so it is best I leave and settle elsewhere," she said, still wearing her contact lenses.

"I, Amelia Westwood..." she started, and I knew she wanted to accept the rejection. I did not know what I did, but I acted on impulse. I pulled her close and kissed her lips to stop her from saying the words.

"I will try," I linked her, still kissing her. I could not let her leave, not like this.