

The Dark Side of Fate

Chapter 201

~Sylvester~

I offered my mother a sit on the couch so she would not feel we did not want her in our room. It was morning anyway, but we would have to sleep regardless because we were awake all night.

"What happened?" My mother asked, and I sighed, ready to explain.

I sat on the couch facing hers, and Tamia sat beside me.

"They were attacked. Their Limo lost control, went off the road and hit a tree in the forest. Then silver immune mutant attacked them. They pumped eastern silver dust in the air and killed the driver and escort.

Theo, Marcel and Leo fought, but they were no match for them. The silver hindered their wolves, and those things injured them badly.

Had it not been for Amelia, they would have all died. Amelia is immune to silver, so she can fight them. She killed two, but one got away. That was when she ran here to tell us what happened." I summed it up, and my mother was stunned.

"Mutants, you say?" he said, and I nodded.

"Only mutants would be immune to silver," I said, and she shook her head.

"You mean there are more Stepanovs out there?" she asked, and I nodded.

"We initially thought it was only Amelia, but we were wrong. I guess some people are out there carrying out experiments on themselves." I said, and she shook her head.

"If wolves are immune to silver, then they are of the Stepanov bloodline," she said, and I shook my head in disagreement.

All the Stepanovs were killed, so it was impossible.

These people had to be lab experiments which explains why Amelia's DNA sample was taken.

"Grandfather killed all of them," I argued, and she nodded.

"He did, but maybe one or two survived and escaped it. The details we have about the Stepanovs are based on stories told to us by our parents. Dimitri wanted to wipe them off from existence and did a good job at it. We were not taught their history in schools. Our parents were the ones that told us about them. It was a crime to talk about them. We were not allowed to say anything outside the small information about their treason." She explained.

"Anyway, these people might be experimenting on themselves," I said, and my mother disagreed.

"The Stepanovs bloodline did not evolve by injecting themselves with things," she said, and I frowned at her.

"The Stepanovs wanted to improve themselves, unlike what popular history says. It was their bloodline that was the original kings. They alternated power with the Volkovs. The Volkovs came from the Stepanovs and not the other way around. I can tell you this because you are now king." she said, and I was attentive.

"Rulership was alternated between the Volkovs and the Stepanovs, but things happened, and the two families were overthrown. The Stepanovs did not want to be vulnerable again, so they started looking for ways to be immune to silver.

The Volkovs had their way of building strength, and that was by isolating the alpha gene. Hence why only those in the line of succession can bear Volkov's last name, and he has to be an Alpha, while the others will have to bear their mother's last name. Hence why there are Sidorovs, Orlovs and Belyaevs. We are all from the Volkov bloodline but lost our last name because our ancestors were not at that time alphas; thus, they were not in the line of succession.

The Volkovs also ensured that their Alpha and successor breed with a female Alphas only," She said and stared me in the eye.

"If your grandfather, Dimitri, were alive, he wouldn't let you settle down with Tamia because she isn't an Alpha. That was why Maurice and I did not get together until his father passed away. Your father was much lenient than his father." she said and smiled, remembering my father. They had their moments, and I could see it in her eyes.

"With that practice, the Volkovs were able to breed powerful alphas. The Stepanovs took another route. They decided they wanted their bloodline to be immune to the one thing that could destroy wolves; silver.

They called it Alchemy back then, but now it is just biochemistry. They created vaccines.

Usually, when they get married, their wives will give birth to the first pups. After that, the experiments will begin.

She will get pregnant with the next set of pups. Then they inject the Vaccine or serum directly into the fetus, hoping it will develop an immunity gene.

Many pregnancies were lost this way, but soon they succeeded and gave birth to the first Stepanov success.

He wasn't immune to silver, but he had a tolerance. He wouldn't stay down like others and would recover faster than everyone. They were happy about this and stuck with the formula. By the time the children that had developed tolerance started having children by outsiders, they realised it weakened the genes, so they made a very severe decision. "she said and paused because it was difficult.

"They started inbreeding to concentrate the gene in the next generation and the ones after them," she said, and Tamia gasped.

"First, it was between siblings, then cousins, and it widened until it was no longer incest.

This practice created a wedge between the Volkovs and Stepanovs, but each bloodline did what it could to survive.

The success and incest practice came at a cost. They lost their alpha genes and eye pigment. Their wolves' dark eyes were white too. Where ours flashed black in our hominid form, theirs flashed white.

It was bearable, but the Alpha gene was the worst sacrifice.

Whereas the Volkovs had an abundance of strong Alphas, the Stepanovs had none.

The highest were Deltas, with the strength of Alphas with no command. Desperate to have an alpha gene, a distant relation to the Stepanov's inline of succession travelled to the east to mate with an Alpha female. The experiment was unsuccessful, and she ended up birthing a Beta. It was the closest to Alpha they could get. I do not know the man's name; I am just telling you history based on how my father told us, and his father told him, and so on, back to what I was saying.

They had a beta, but he did not have silver eyes and was not as strong as the Stepanov Deltas. He was tolerant of silver, but that was all. The child had no immunity, so his father dumped him and returned to the north.

He reported the outcome of his experiment to their family head, and they decided they would embrace their Delta genes and immunity.

That is the history of the Stepanovs.

One you will never read anywhere because Dimitri decided to wipe them away along with their story," She said, and Tamia and I were stunned.

I did not like that they did not teach this in school, but my grandfather might have been worried that others might follow in their footsteps. Seeing what they tried to do to my people, I believed my grandfather was right.

I could not fault my grandfather for taking that step. I had nothing against Amelia. She was a good woman, but the others were scum. Seeing the blood that might run through their veins was that of mutiny; I couldn't expect less.

"I guess grandfather did the right thing because they are scum," I said, and my mother looked worried.

I knew she wanted to say something and was afraid to speak up, so I sighed and looked at her.

"You know you can say whatever you like," I said, and she nodded, but it seemed she was trying to arrange her thoughts.

"Do not take offence with what I am about to say, Sylvester, but I am telling you the truth behind our families. Your grandfather was in the wrong. Adrik was the one in the right, but history is always told by the winners," She said, and I frowned at her.

"The mutation happened over six hundred years ago. The families lost their power and were demoted to council members, but the arrangement wasn't good for our world.

There was a lot of chaos and mutiny. Decisions were slow because it was a form of democracy. Mind you, before the people's revolution that took the monarchs out of power, the Stepanovs and Volkovs had the same power. They alternated succession between themselves. Power always switched hands every hundred years.

We live longer, so waiting for one to die before handing it over is unnecessary.

The longest a king was allowed to rule was a hundred years.

Rarely did they stay that long because of war and mutiny, but that was the order.

Gregory Volkov reached out to his cousin, Adrian Stepanov, so they could seize power again to save our world.

It was a great combination of powerful Alphas and Delta-like alphas immune to silver. They knew they would win and take over, but their unwillingness to force the hand of the people made them settle for Lordship.

Gregory agreed with Adrain that they would alternate power like in the past, and Adrain was okay with it.

He was loyal and did what needed to be done.

They agreed that Gregory would go first, then after his tenure, he would hand over to a Stepanov, and they would continue to switch.

If they had followed that order, it would have been Gregory, Adrik, Maurice, and whoever Adrik's grandson is, not you, Sylvester.

That was the agreement.

Adrian Stepanov died a few years after they had won, and Gregory did the most despicable thing.

He added a clause to the law of succession.

He said only a royal with the alpha genes between a Volkov and Stepanov would succeed; he knew the Stepanovs did not have the Alpha Genes.

He wanted to keep the line of succession to the Volkov. So he secretly added it to the agreement, and no one knew.

You see, the Volkovs felt superior to the Stepanovs. They saw the Stepanovs as an abomination because of their early practice of incest and their odd features.

Gregory had used that resentment to cheat Adrian.

He added it to the signed agreement between both families.

He did it cleverly so no one would know.

When he passed away, and they pulled up the agreement, that clause was there.

Everyone automatically named Dimitri Lord instead of Adrik.

Adrik was aggrieved because they had a copy of the original agreement. He tried to get justice, but the council feared Dimitri and did his bidding. He did not want to be cheated, so he sought a challenge.

My father said his father believed they would have acted differently if Dimitri and Adrik had wives and children. They each would have had something to lose and sought a more amicable resolution to the problem.

Adrik did only what he could; he challenged Dimitri for the title. Adrik would have won, but my father said Dimitri cheated, and the council turned a blind eye.

Wanting to secure his position badly, Dimitri framed Adrik for treason. He used the famous law you abolished to wipe the Stepanovs out. In desperation to cover the truth and prevent people from seeing the Volkovs for who they really are, he wiped everything that had to do with the Stepanovs away from history and added a law that made speaking of them treasonous.

He ensured he buried them completely, which is why we never spoke of them." She said, and I was stunned. I could not believe the type of blood that ran in my veins.

"I won't be surprised if the Stepanovs somehow survived the massacre and have decided to take what they know is rightfully theirs and wipe out the Volkovs in revenge.

Honestly, Sylvester, I can't blame them.

You are my son, but look what your father did to my family because he wanted to divorce me, and they wouldn't support it," she said with misty eyes.

I knew it got to my mother that she was the only Balyeav. Luckily now, Dominic will carry on that bloodline and name for her, but still, it was no excuse.

"If the Stepanovs are coming for us, Sylvester, we need to be careful because, unlike us, they have nothing to lose?" She said and got up. Tamia and I were stunned, and my mother left the room quietly.

We had just had a crash course on history, and there was nothing great about what I had learned.

My lineage and everything I believed about myself and my rights was built with lies and cheating.

I wished my mother hadn't told me this now because it would make dealing with the Stepanovs more difficult, knowing they are only after their pound of flesh.

"I know what you are thinking, Sylvester," Tamia said, placing her hand on mine.

I looked at her, and there was a resolve in her eyes.

"You are not Gregory and Dimitri. Making the Orlovs, Sidrovs and us pay for their crimes is wrong.

We will fight them head-on. There is no guilt in this, Sylvester. We have a people to rule and protect, a family to keep and children to raise. We have to be ruthless," she said, and all I could do was nodded because I was torn