The Dark Side of Fate

Chapter 217

The Dark Side Of Fate By Karima Sa'ad Usman Chapter 217

55 Battles of the heart and mind (Book 2)

~Susan~

Love could be messed up sometimes, and in my case, most of the time. That was my story when Maurice Volkov threatened my life, and my uncle had to move me to the south. I did not hear anything that day, but the paranoid man believed I did, and for that, I was asked to leave the north or die.

Writing the letter to Sylvester was hard, and I shed many tears. Tears that had never stopped falling ever since.

I knew he would be heartbroken, but my heart was bound to break more because I knew the truth. While he would hate me, I would have no one but myself to hate for being in the wrong place at the wrong time. That was twelve years ago now, and my heart was still aching.

I never moved on from Sylvester. I couldn't. I used to dream that we would return to the north one day, and I would see him. I will tell him the truth, and he will forgive me. Unfortunately for me, things did not turn out the way that I wanted. It hurt.

I was happy for Sylvester.

Tamia was a perfect fit for him and his personality, but where did that leave me? I was stuck in limbo. I could not move forward, and neither could I move backwards.

Devin brought light and life into my life, and I had fucked it up. I was afraid that fate would fuck us up, and he had argued otherwise, citing Marcel and Theodore's love life as an example, but what if we were the exception?

Devin thought I still wanted Sylvester, but that wasn't true.

He just reminded me of what I could have had. I also did not miss that he was now fated to Tamia. The moon had blessed them abundantly.

I sat in my new room and wept bitterly.

I should have said yes when Devin asked me to marry him. I should have thrown caution to the wind and said yes but instead; I said I would think about it.

I did not mean to hurt him with my words, but I had seen marriages crushed by fate. However rare the fated bond was, it somehow managed to fuck something up if it came. I was worried that we might get into it and something like that would happen to us.

I needed to be brazen and sure.

I needed to be determined for it to work out, so I said I would think about it. It wasn't because of Sylvester. It was to prepare for the unknown.

One thing Devin was yet to understand about me is that I suffered from depression. It was a well-kept secret, but it ran in my family. Hence our erratic behaviour. I tried to keep it under control by distancing myself from people and doing things that made me happy, but it was there.

My secrets and reluctance to open up had cost me dearly.

I loved Devin so much. My wolf Cleo and I could not give him up. I had done everything. I had learned to cook and throw out all my baggage just so it would work.

I was determined, but it crushed my soul when he said he would place me in the friend zone.

He was all the family I had now. My uncle and cousin had paid for their crimes with their lives; I was still healing.

No matter how evil they were, they were my family, and we loved each other.

I missed Glenda so much, and I was always afraid about talking about them with Devin because I knew he hated them. I had to heal alone.

How would I heal when I dared not speak of them? I had a lot bottled up, and it had compounded our issues.

"We have lost him, Sue," I told my wolf, Cleo.

I could not even go back to the kitchen to complete my meal.

The girl who had come to see him seemed into him, and nothing stopped him from getting involved with her.

She looked happy and less of a burden.

I did not know what to do.

I did not want to leave, but I did not want to be a burden. I did not want to force myself on him.

"We can't just give up on Devin like that. He is ours," Cleo said, and I laughed at myself.

"I do not know what to do. He does not want us. He let us leave his room last night, and this morning, when I mistakenly brought up his proposal, he wanted to leave. He is done with us," I told my wolf, tears streaming down my cheeks.

"Maybe we should just leave," I told my wolf, and she growled.

"Don't you dare? We always leave. We have never tried to fight for anything. We always let people boss us around, lie to us, manipulate us and hinder us from achieving our true potential. So what Devin is mad, we will just have to prove to him that we love him and this is meant to be. We have to stick around for that," my wolf said, and I felt depression sinking in.

"I can't handle seeing him with another woman. I could let go of Sylvester and wish him well, but I couldn't do the same with Devin. We should leave," I said, and my wolf was silent because she understood what I meant.

"We caused this, Sue. We have to deal with it instead of running away as usual," Cleo said, and I shook my head.

"Get up and go out there. Plaster a smile and act like she doesn't get to you. That girl called us Miss Sullivan for a purpose. We have to make her shove it, Sue. Do not back down." Cleo said, and I reluctantly got up and went to the bathroom in my room.

I washed my face to reduce the swelling around my eyes and stepped out of the room.

I headed to the living room, and there was no one there.

Thinking Alice had gone out with Devin, I decided to clean the kitchen.

I entered, and Alice trashed my food and cleaned the place. I was mad instantly.

"What are you doing?" I asked her, and she looked at me.

Now that Devin wasn't around, I knew she would throw away the pretence.

She had hated me since Devin brought me home. I knew she wanted him, and I had foolishly created an avenue for her.

"What does it look like?" she asked me with a very condescending tone.

"I do all the luna duties around her. I mean all." She said, and I did not want to believe that Devin would screw her.

"I take care of the pack and Alpha Devin. Since you left, someone had to step in," she said and then turned to look at me.

"You know you aren't needed here anymore. Alpha has moved on. The pack has moved on." She said, and I was stunned by her words. It had only been three months. Three freaking months.

I did not say anything to her. I just turned and left.

I went to the room I was sleeping in and changed my clothes.

The moment I came out, I saw her exiting Devin's room. She looked at me and winked.

Don't hold your breath, Susan. I will do right by him," she said and laughed.

She walked away, and I decided to take a walk.

I would go into the woods so no one would see me. I might have lost Devin, but I plan to get him back.

I spent the entire day in the woods in wolf form. Sometimes I would remember my uncle and Glenda. I would brush the thought away so I do not break down.

I did not return to the house until late at night.

The moment I stood at the door, I dreaded it. I did not know what I would see, so I braced up and let myself in.

Devin was in the living room attending to some files, and I could smell Alice in the house.

He looked up at me, and I managed a fake smile.

I always try to smile now so that I won't seem gloomy.

He had accused me of being a killjoy once because I became sad quickly, so this was me trying not to be that person.

Devin was worried, I could see it in his eyes, and I did not know if I should ask him, so I opted for the safest method. I went to sit on a couch close to the one he was sitting on.

"Do you mind if I ask you why you are worried?" I asked as politely as I could.

"There was a massacre at Pridewood. Over eight hundred died. Some evil bastards came, pumped silver in the air, and ensured the residents could not leave. They inhaled silver and died," he said, pinching his nose's bridge to fight his tears. I gasped from the horror of what I had heard.

"They must have been in agony. It was a painful way to go," he said, and I wanted to reach out to him and hold him, but I knew he wouldn't want me touching him, so I maintained my distance.

"Do you have any idea who these people are?" I asked him, and he shook his head.

"I have informed Sylvester and Leo; hopefully, something strong will come up," he said, and I fought my tears from the sadness of the news. Those people did not deserve to die.

"Alpha, I am done with dinner. Do you want me to stay?" I heard Alice's voice and did not want to listen to their discussion, so I opted to excuse myself from the living room.

"Are you not eating dinner?" I heard Devin ask.

I turned to see whom he was talking to, and he looked at me. I shook my head immediately. I could never eat what Alice had prepared.

He looked at me and nodded gradually.

"You can hang around. I might still need help," he said, replying to Alice, and I quickly walked to my room.

I sat down restless for a bit and then left the room to get a bottle of something strong to help me sleep.

I was afraid of seeing something, but I had to.

I walked out and headed for Devin's mini bar.

He wasn't in the living room anymore. There were documents on the coffee table, and I did not need to guess that he had retired to bed with Alice.

I felt awful because I had requested that he let me sleep in his bed when I arrived. I started laughing at myself. I knew I sounded crazy, but that was what came out of me.

I reached for the forty-seven per cent alcoholic content dry gin bottle and carried it.

On my way to my room, Alice stepped out of Devin's room, fully clothed, and I immediately went to my room.

"You still think we shouldn't leave?" I asked my wolf, and she was silent.

I gulped the dry gin and didn't stop swallowing until halfway through. I was tippy quickly when I put down the bottle because my stomach was empty. I knew I would sleep like a log of wood. I needed it.

I lay on my bed and fell asleep.