

# The Dark Side of Fate

Chapter 247

## The Dark Side Of Fate By Karima Sa'ad Usman Chapter 247

### The Planning

~Leo~

I looked at my dad with hope in my eyes. If he knew something that could help, it would really be appreciated.

The only reason we hadn't actively searched for these bastards was that we were afraid it would mean suicide.

My father smiled and leaned forward. He always did that when he felt he knew something important you did not know. It reminded me of my childhood, and I was drifting down memory lane.

He took a sip of his water, and my mother, impatient, nudged him immediately.

"Just say it already," she said, and I laughed because they hadn't changed at all.

"Well, when it comes to fighting wolves, we are so lazy and want an immediate and easy result that makes us always think Silver dust, Silver bullet, silver arrows, but these are weapons that can't bring a Stepanov down.

You will need an army, but you might not get as much as you need. I know a few people, including Erik, that might help with the right incentives. Still, Stepanovs would not side with a Volkov against their own until the wrong committed is corrected.

So even though you will need a Stepanov army, have an ace up your sleeves. Do something that is forgotten. Something that no one expects someone of your generation to do in a battle. Replace your choice of weapon with darts. You would not need your wolf to use them?" my father said, and I felt so stupid that I did not think about poisoned darts. There was no way those things were immune to it.

"Getting an Army is a good idea, but we need to add more to it just in case we do not get a lot of Stepanovs on our side because Erik is unstable. He is indeed a better ally than the others. Still, we can't forget that he is unstable. The Stepanovs would do anything to be a ruling bloodline again," my father said, and I brought him back to what he said about darts.

"Elaborate on the use of darts, Father," I said, wanting to be clear before I jumped to conclusions and started planning.

"The Volkovs and the northern army trained with silver so they could fight Stepanov Clan. This common practice ended two hundred years ago before Sylvester Volkov revived it in his time.

They did it because they wanted to be able to stand their ground against the Stepanov clan.

When Dimitri chose to wipe away everything in history to hide his and his father's crimes, he also wiped away information that would help his lineage if the Stepanov clan ever chose to rise up against the Volkovs because we have to admit, other than the alpha genes, the Stepanovs have superior abilities. They are faster, stronger and immune to silver." My father said, and he was right. Those were indeed superior.

"The Stepanovs might be immune to silver, but they aren't immune to poison, sedatives and paralytics. All these things can be loaded in darts. Shoot darts at them, and it would affect them like it does other werewolves.

You might argue that their speed would give them an advantage, but the darts and a little Stepanov arm with a good formation would give us a fighting chance," He said, and I understood his angle.

This was indeed good news that I could not wait to share with everyone.

"So what do we do about the silver dust because they will likely pump it in the air?" I asked my father, and he smiled.

"Then have your sprayers. Once they pump the dust, counter it with Nitric Acid. It eats silver. Of course, you must have protective goggles and masks on during that period to avoid getting poisoned, but that would reduce their advantage," My mother said, and I was glad they were home.

It was clear they wanted revenge on Yuri. Locking them up for two years because they tried to send a postcard was extreme. I knew there was more to the story and something they weren't telling me, but I let it rest.

I linked Casper to arrest Joyce Monroe because I could not have an informant roaming about the place. I also instructed Casper not to tell her why until I saw her.

I would get all the information about the informants in the East from her and do it most painfully.

I might even leave the women to handle her while we go from Inkabod Semenov.

Now that my father had spoken, I would ask Tamia to help with the poisoned dart production. It was always her weapon of choice and came through for us several times.

I just did not know why I did not think to use it. Maybe somewhere in my mind, I felt they would be immune to poison too.

"I need to ask you something, Father," I said, and he was attentive.

"My fated mate is Luis Ivanov's daughter. Are we related?" I asked, worried about the bloodline.

"The Stepanov has grown so much in over six hundred years that it isn't a family but a clan. We referred to them as a family because they maintained the same last names until Dimitri did what he did. They also have similar features due to their genetics, but they aren't related. Yuri, Erik, and Mikhail are the ones related to your mate. Which makes Erik's desire to have her mated to his son a bit sick.

Sophia was from that clan but not the family itself. That was why Patrick could date her. Mind you, Volkovs hated the Stepanovs for inbreeding. Patrick wouldn't have dated Sophia if they were related.

We are related to the Volkovs but not the Stepanov; we just have a bit of the silver tolerance ability because of Sophia." He said, and I was calm.

"But the Stepanovs are related to the Volkovs?" I said.

"They share two ancestors over a thousand years ago. But both lineages have branched out that they aren't related but have equal royal status. Unfortunately for Yuri, Sylvester Kingship is new and not of the old order, so the Stepanovs have no claim to it," He explained, and it put my mind at ease.

"Look, Leo, I just want everything back to normal," my father confessed.

"Sylvester Volkov is the true ruler. What the cult is doing is delusional. They have no claim to the Kingship. It would be nice if he could give Alexei and Clay Lordship to honour the second ruling bloodline. It would also be nice for him to restore the name of the Stepanovs and acknowledge them just to rectify Gregory and Dimitri's errors.

Other than that, they do not deserve shit. I do not mean to insult your mate, but her family is messed up. Yuri is her father's immediate cousin, and I believe he isn't only wicked but might be mentally unstable too," He said, telling me his true intentions.

"Do you still have some of our stuff?" My mother asked, and I nodded. I never looked at any of those things.

"I am sure if I search them, I will find Sophia's picture," She said, but my father had already put my mind at ease, so I wasn't bothered anymore. Their things were in storage, but I would delegate someone to the task.

I decided to Link Amelia to come. I knew Tamia would want to see them, but she was Sylvester's mate now, so I would have to take them to the packhouse to see her.

Although we had Inkabod to catch, I wanted Amelia to meet my folks, and maybe we could cook something for them before we went to catch Inkabod.

"Do you know Inkabod Semenov?" I asked, and my father nodded.

"He is of your generation, Leo, a deadly member of the cult and one of Yuri's trusted lackeys," He said.

"Well, we are off to catch him. He is helping Yuri take over the South, and our friend is the head alpha of the South." I said, and he interrupted me.

"I hope he isn't in the south now," My father said with fear in his eyes, and I wondered what the issue was.

"No, he is here," I replied.

"I will have to connect him to Grey. He should stay away because he is on Yuri's hit list. If you have to pick Inkabod up, do not go with him. Yuri can sacrifice Inkabod to get the guy. He is that sick. Once the head alpha has fallen, the South will be for the taking. Do not let them touch him, Leo." He said, and I frowned at him.

"What about me, Father? Won't they be after my life?" I asked.

"Of course, they will be, but you have Amelia, Alexei, and Clay on your team; you are a more difficult adversary. Going head-on with you will be going head-on with the true heirs. Even if they kill you, the Stepanovs will not move against their own. You have a better fighting chance than the Corrigan," He said.

"It will be nice if you connect him with Grey because their daughter is his mate, and they are tying the knot this coming blue moon," I said, and my mother gasped and smiled.

"It's a small world, Richard," she said, and my father nodded.

"That is all the motivation the Sullivans need to go against Yuri. I will give you his number so you can call him," my father said, and I was happy to know that they were not part of Yuri's takeover.

It was clear that Andrew was misguided, but his hatred for Erik might blind him from believing that his father was just as sick as Yuri and neither deserved to live.

"Amelia, please come to the bungalow," I told my mate through the mind link.

"I will be there in ten minutes," she replied, and I waited.

"When Amelia comes, she will make you something to eat. I will also have to place you in our underground facility," I said, and my mother frowned.

"Why?" She asked, and I sighed.

"I do not want Yuri catching you and killing you. If he has spies and informants anywhere, they could try to kill you," I said, and my mother laughed.

"I would like to see them try," she said, and I had forgotten how deadly my parents were.

It was odd that they never moved to take over the East as I did, but they did not have the same motivation. I wanted to seek justice for Tamia's parents and also humiliate Ramsey for what he did. I ended up doing both.

"We have been locked up for two years. Leo, we have been away from the action for almost seven years. Let us have some fun, do not lock us up in your bunker. Leave that for the civilian pack members," she said, and I laughed and nodded.

My phone began to ring, and to my dismay, it was Timothy Eduard, Alpha of Brentwood. I wondered what the old man wanted now.

"Hello," I said, and he answered me.

"Alpha Leo, is Max interested in Mirabel?" he asked, and I was a bit pissed because this wasn't the time for this shit.

"I am only asking because some weird-looking men came here offering us immunity from that wicked Alexei guy. They said they would ensure they do not trouble us if I allow a form of union between us. I pretended to be ill, and they said they would return tonight. They gave me the creeps, Leo. If Max isn't interested, I might hand Mirabel over to them. I am too old for this Alpha shit, and I have no heirs," he said, and my stomach churned.

"Did the weird-looking guy leave his name?" I asked.

"Yes, Inkabod Semenov. He said they would be coming tonight. I do not know why they can't leave it until tomorrow. He seems nice, but you might not like having a new face in the East, and I do not want you to be angry. If Max isn't interested, I think it should be okay that I find Mirabel a suitor that can lead my people," he said, and I knew what Inkabod meant by 'they would be coming back in the night'. They were going to sack Brentwood, just like Alexei had warned me.