

The Dark Side of Fate

Chapter 255

The Dark Side Of Fate By Karima Sa'ad Usman Chapter 255

The Dark Side Of Fate 92 Tired

~Leo~

I ordered Casper to secure Inkabod in a place to be sure his stories checked out before we decided what to do.

The man seemed content with my decision, and I wondered what kind of sick man Yuri was for his people to give him up so easily.

As far as I was concerned, what my father said about Erik had finally checked out, and Andrew was clearly speaking of the man from sentiments.

Had Erik's mother known Yuri would turn out like this and be after her son's life one day, she wouldn't have rescued him during the massacre. No matter how we looked at it, I still blamed Gregory Volkov for all of this. Had he honoured the simple agreement, none of this would have happened.

Honouring an agreement and building a good name for yourself was always wise.

Gregory's actions built mistrust between the two families, leading to a bloodbath in which monsters were created.

We returned to the packhouse with Dominic grumbling all the way. Luckily, we had eaten dinner; our kitchen adventure would have to start the next day.

"Omegas won't be helping," Tamia said while we entered, and it didn't click until a few seconds later.

"Come on, Tamia. It is bad enough that we lost. You do not have to rub it in," Vino said, and I figured he was worried.

Tamia and Linda laughed at them.

The women found it funny all but Avery, and I knew she wouldn't; she was pregnant with cravings. I doubt we could meet up.

"Assign an omega chef to me, Amelia," Avery requested, and Amelia laughed.

"The men losing wasn't a win after all because we get to eat bad food," Claudia said, laughing, and she was right. We cook the mess, and they have to eat it. It wasn't a win.

"No one said we had to eat it," Linda said, heading towards the stairs. They all started laughing, and I knew if the food didn't turn out well, the women would be eating something else.

Kyle and Max weren't too pleased, especially Max. He liked food, and a week of bad food was horror.

We all looked at Sylvester, who chose that minute to look away and follow his wife.

"Of all the things he could think of, it had to be food," Dominic said, hissing and heading in the same direction as Tamia and Sylvester.

"Have you decided who will be joining you to see Erik?" My father asked me, and I nodded.

"Theodore. He is a lord and not a direct descendant of Gregory Volkov." I said. I would have taken Marcel, but we had just returned from battle, and Avery was pregnant. She could only have her heart in her mouth so many times.

"I thought you would take me?" David complained, and I shook my head.

"You are a true Volkov. I am not risking it. If Sylvester falls, You will be next in line until Liam is old enough. There is no point delivering anyone important to them. I am not trying to say Theodore isn't important, but you understand my point. Erik might be the perfect ally, but he could not be trusted still. His grudge against the Volkovs is the same as Yuri's. They just chose to handle it differently," I explained, and David dropped the matter.

"The Sullivans will be here tomorrow," My father announced, and Susan froze. None of us missed it. I did not know how she would handle seeing her parents. People that she thought were dead. At least this way, Devin wouldn't be her only family.

"I do not think we can trust them," Dominic pointed out, and we were silent.

Inkabod did say Grey's brother was the one that helped them get informants in the South. What is to say this wasn't a ploy to get us? The Sullivans did not have the same sentiments as my folks; they were Stepanov descendants and had issues with Maurice.

"Grey can be trusted," My father said with a sigh.

"Maurice wanted their lives because he believed they were connected to the uprising. Now thinking of everything, I realised that Nicolas must have framed his brother. They ran away to protect little Susan. Maurice was sick. He would have caught them if they had not sought refuge with the Stepanov group and gone under. Maurice wasn't like Sylvester. He never asked questions." My father said, and there was a haunted look in his eyes that said he had gone down memory lane.

I had witnessed some of Maurice's massacre and the ripple effect. Sylvester was indeed different from his father. It was a blessing to have him.

"I would still be careful. They might still have an excellent reason to continue working for Yuri," Dominic said, making a valid point.

"Grey never worked for Yuri. He never helped him out. They were just good at keeping their heads down. The bastard locked Martha and me up for trying to send Leo a postcard two years ago. You do not need to do anything to get in trouble with Yuri," My father said, and I knew it would be a long argument if I did not break it.

I wanted to return to my room and sleep. This could wait for some other time.

Max and Kyle followed Andrew and Clay back to the bungalow. I did not miss that they were quiet all through. I guess they, too, weren't happy about losing the bet. Cooking was scary if you didn't know your way about the kitchen. It was going to be a long week.

"I guess we won't know the truth about the Sullivans until we experience them, but I agree with Dominic that we should be careful," I said and saw Devin wasn't finding anything we said funny.

I did not blame him.

Nicolas humiliated him and ran him out of his region with his actions. Nicolas might be dead now, but what he put in place for Yuri had diligently served Yuri's purpose.

We might not discuss it, but we all knew the South had fallen. I just hoped Erik had a solution that would help us, or I doubt Susan's relationship with Devin will be great knowing what he knows now.

Even if he chooses to love her through it, memories would still get in the way.

I pulled Amelia to me and led her towards the stairs so we could retire to our bedroom. My mother said good night, and we responded.

I knew tomorrow would be a long day because the Sullivans would arrive, but I pray we get through it peacefully without event.

"Alpha, our Nitric acid plant has gone in flames," I heard Casper's voice, and I was midway up the stairs when I cursed. I cursed so loud that everyone stopped to look at me.

"What is the matter?" My father asked, and I did not know I was shaking with rage. I balled my fist on my side and growled with anger. I felt Amelia step back. I was behaving like a madman.

"I just wanted to rest, for fuck sake!" I growled.

The pressure was getting to me for the first time.

I wondered why I couldn't catch a break, sleep and have peace. Why the events had to be a chain of reactions? Why couldn't they wait to bring it until tomorrow?

"Alpha, kappa Tom brought me a note from the arsonist." I heard Casper in my head, and Vino looked at me.

"Is everything all right, Leo?" he asked, and I tried to calm my rage down.

"Handle the site. I will join you tomorrow after I have rested. There is nothing we can do about the destruction. Bring the note in the morning," I linked Casper, knowing I would not function properly if I were to go there now. I was tired and angry; I could do just so much mentally in this condition.

"What happened," Amelia said and touched my hand.

My claws had grown out, and I did not know it.

The moment she touched my hands, I retracted my claws so I did not hurt her.

"The Nitric Acid plant was set ablaze, and the perpetrators left a note," I said, and Dominic and Vino exclaimed.

"How would they know to torch that place?" Dominic added.

"Someone told them of the outcome of the fight and used their spies or men in the east to torch the place," I said, knowing exactly what happened.

It meant one or two people got away, or we had an informant in the east. It couldn't be one of us. It had to be my people or my men. But someone surviving the fight was a more plausible explanation.

"Someone survived and might have reported how we were able to counter the silver dust," I said, and Dominic was enraged.

"If I catch this person, I won't ask questions. I will make sure they die most painfully," Devin said.

"How would they have known where the plant was to torch it? It wasn't someone that escaped the fight that did this, Leo, someone in this pack who communicates with them, did this. Preferably one of your men because the pack members did not know we took nitric acid with us. It was sudden. The spies in Mountain did not know we sprayed Nitric acid to counter the dust. Only your men know it. Only your men and us." My father said, making a lot of sense, and I did not want to start troubling my head about it. I felt a headache coming and just turned around to complete the climb.

"We will deal with it tomorrow," I said to everyone who cared to listen while Amelia and I headed to our bedroom. I hoped sleep would not elude me tonight because I needed it badly to wake up active tomorrow.