

The Dark Side Of Fate

Chapter 283

~Leo~

The news of Ighor's arrest was like music, and I could feel the relief in the air.

We quickly went to change our outfits into something more comfortable. I could not wait to get my hands on the bastard.

To think he was under my nose all the while made me feel deceived.

Who would have thought Hayland would be home to so many Stepanovs.

"You need to be calm," Amelia said, and I looked in her direction. She had taken her clothes off completely. All she had on was her underwear. I looked at her flat tummy and realised it won't be just us in a few months. We needed to end this so we could move on and prepare for our future.

I walked to her and held her in my arms. I kissed her neck and breathed her in. I needed some calmness and peace, and she offered it.

I felt her wrap her arms around me and relax in my embrace.

"I need you to be calm," she repeated.

"I am calm. Moonlight. I am calm," I said, assuring her of my state of mind.

"Casper will be fine, and we will win this. I believe in our team," she said, repeating Devin's words in the car before they shot at us.

"I need you to be safe," I said, speaking my fears.

"We won't be around each other much in the days ahead. Our mission might take us to different places. I need you to remember I need you." I said, and she broke the hug and looked into my eyes.

"I need you to remember that too, Leo. Do not get emotional and careless," She said with tears in her eyes.

"I would be lying if I said I wasn't afraid, but I am. I am distraught. Do not get emotional. Casper will be fine. I need you to be sharp for us. We are the ones under fire, not Sylvester or the northern lords. You, me, Devin and Susan. We are the ones caught in the mess. I need you to remain sharp and focused," She said pleadingly, and I bent to kiss her lips. There were no words I could say to assure her that I would put her first.

"I will always put you first, Moonlight. Always," I said.

I held Amelia for a while, then let go and slipped into something comfortable for the trip to the warehouse.

"I wish we could come. I would have loved to take out my frustration on Ighor," Amelia said, wearing a silk bedroom robe.

I smiled at her.

"Do not worry; there will be plenty of key players for you to play with before sentencing. Joan seems like a good candidate, don't you think?" I asked, and her eyes widened.

I watched a smile creep onto her face.

"Is Sylvester going to let her live?" She asked, and I shook my head.

I knew he meant what he said when he said he wouldn't take prisoners.

I doubt he would make an exception.

Too many people had lost their lives for anyone caught in the mess to be spared. The only mercy was he might make it quick, but I doubt Tamia would allow that.

"I can't wait," She said and went to lie down. I went to her side of the bed, opened her robe, and then bent to kiss her lower belly. She giggled and ruffled my hair a bit.

"Have fun," she said when I looked at her. I kissed her again and then left the room.

I felt light and ready. I was also hopeful that this whole thing was about to end.

I joined everyone in Sylvester's lounge. We were all waiting for Alexei to join us.

Alexei joined us fifteen minutes later, and it was time for us to leave.

"Are we going by road?" Devin asked, obviously traumatised by the incident, and Sylvester shook his head.

"We did not have that luxury of time. The helicopter will do, but we will be using a smaller one this time." He explained, and I was glad because I doubted I wanted to go through that road too.

The dead driver remained in my head, and I hoped I would not need therapy to get over it. Being at war was different from being shot at.

One is expected, and the other catches the victim unaware. I did not want to be in that situation again.

We were heading out when Erik joined us at the door.

"You can't leave without me?" He said, and I frowned at him.

"Claudia, Nelson and my assistants are helping with the purchase and set up. It won't be ready today. I might as well help while they are busy getting things together. Besides, I will need to give you all something for the rash that you will have in two hours," he said, and I had completely forgotten about the side effect of the meds he gave us. It was too bad that we did not need it, but there was no harm in being extra careful.

"What if they attack us on our way there or elsewhere?" Marcel asked him, and Erik nodded.

"It will still work. The effects will wear off tomorrow, but the rash will come today," Erik said, and Devin grumbled.

"Hope you will be able to create something more permanent," Devin said, and Erik shook his head while we headed out of the building.

"That would be impossible, Devin. For something like that to be permanent, it has to be part of your DNA. Meaning your resistant cells have to form at the point of conception. What we are doing in introducing temporary artificial cells that would replicate the effect of the original for a few hours and expire," He explained, and I doubted anyone was paying attention. We were all rushing towards the small Heliport on the property.

"It also wares off in Alphas faster than others," Erik said, and Devin looked at him. We were walking very fast.

"Well, that is also the very reason why we do not have Alpha genes. The alpha genes neutralise it. When creating Stepanov armies, we looked for people that did not have alpha genes to reproduce. It was the only way to ensure the experiment's success," He said, and we arrived at the Heliport. The helicopter we would use was already waiting, so we just got in.

Erik tapped my shoulder while we got into the helicopter.

"That is why I am studying his DNA," he said, and I knew he was referring to me.

"Really?" Sylvester said, relaxing in the helicopter and strapping himself in. Everyone was doing the same.

"Yes. Leo has the gene, which is very active but seems to have triggers. It is not always active as in a normal Stepanov; it needs something to trigger it. Silver, Dopamine, serotonin, Oxytocin, adrenaline. Once those chemicals are introduced, the genes are completely active, and then it goes dormant again. Somehow the Albert bloodline has evolved the Alpha genes helping it coexist with the Silver-resistant genes. But they aren't fast or completely immune like us. But they have a higher chance of surviving silver attacks than ordinary werewolves," He said, and the helicopter lifted into the air.

"When all this is over, I want to take more samples, Leo. So I can run experiments." He said, and I shook my head immediately. I doubted there would be an end to it.

"Cherish what you have, Erika; there won't be anymore," I said, and everyone started to laugh.

Erik punched my upper arm, and it really hurt, but I couldn't stop laughing. Erik dressed as Erika remained engraved in my mind.

"So what would we do to this Ighor guy?" Clay asked after being silent for a while.

"I don't know; maybe Andrew can tell us since he was hell-bent on getting us on Yuri's team," Devin said, looking at Andrew, who was embarrassed.

"If I knew all this, I wouldn't have suggested it. I am glad neither of you listened to me. I am really ashamed right now," He said, and I noticed we had made him very uncomfortable.

The guy knew no one trusted him, it was good enough to keep him on his toes, but everyone needed to be in high spirits because we did not know the kind of mind games Ighor was capable of.

If he could Fool Erik the scientist for so long, then he was very good at whatever he did.

"Have you called your grandfather-in-law?" I teased Andrew, and he frowned.

I knew he had no clue what I was talking about.

"Timothy. Did you call Timothy? I heard you have been checking on Mirabel since she was hospitalised," I said, and he bowed his head.

He behaved like someone that had been caught, and it was cute. Feelings did that to people. I did not know if it was love, but something was there.

"Andrew likes Mirabel?" Clay said and looked at his cousin.

"Is that where you have been going at night. No wonder you smell like the hospital sometimes," Clay said, and Andrew looked up with a weak smile.

"Busted; now, can we please drop it?" he said, and I laughed.

"She is fine," I told him, even though I could not tell. I knew that If anything had gone wrong, Maxwell would have told me. No news was good news.

I could see relief in his eyes, and I realised his silence was partly because he was worried for her.

"Do you plan to settle down with her? Maybe court her?" I asked him, knowing Timothy was desperately looking for a mate for her. He nodded immediately.

"Well, Timothy would be delighted. He has been looking for a suitor for her for a while now. I hope she will like you," I said, and he smiled at me.

"She will," he said confidently, catching everyone's attention. I found it off too. i

"That is some confidence you got?" Sylvester said, laughing at him, and I did not want to press him any more than I already had.

Our conversations let time pass effortlessly, and soon we landed in a clearing in the woods.

What were the odds that there would be a place to land? I thought we would have to jump down. I guess this place was reserved for things like this. One could never know the extent of resources Sylvester has.

"We must walk a bit before we get to the warehouse. There is no clearing to land close to the place. That is why we landed here. Running there in wolf form will be faster," Sylvester said, taking off his clothes, and I guess my observation was wrong. I stand corrected.

We removed our clothes, shifted, and held our clothes in our mouths. Sylvester, Marcel and Theodore led us through the wood, and we followed. We were a pack of giant wolves running through the forest. It was a fun experience.