

The Dark Side of Fate

Chapter 289

124 The Rash

~Leo~

After the meeting in Sylvester's lounge, Erik requested that I follow him to his room to take my blood sample. While I followed him, I wondered how often he would have to take samples from me. I hope not again because I was beginning to feel like cattle in his lab.

I entered his room and was surprised to see the mess of clothes he had everywhere.

His countenance changed, showing some embarrassment.

"Sometimes deciding what to wear isn't easy," he said, gently scratching his head and smiling from embarrassment.

"I see," I said, eyeing the entire place.

"Do you have a mate?" I asked him, knowing he had children. I had meant to ask him because he had been behaving like a bachelor for a while now. He went to his bag and brought out a big purse. I did not need to guess what was in it when he slipped on latex gloves.

"Yuri and I made many silly mistakes when we were younger. We said we wanted to populate the world and so on," he said, laughing at himself.

"Had I known what I know now, I would have settled with Elsa. She left me after she had Erin, and I did not claim her. I do not know where she went. I hoped to find her but have been unsuccessful in that venture." He said and prepared the bag he would use to take my blood.

"Yuri?" I asked him, sitting on the couch in his room.

"He settled down, but she died. He was negligent and cruel, especially to his sons. Nelson was the bravest of the three of them," he replied.

"So, where is Erin?" I asked him, and he sighed. I could see the conversation was difficult for him, but he seemed forthcoming.

"Somewhere in the West with his mother. He wants nothing to do with me." Erik said, and I felt sorry for him.

"Maybe, you can try to get your family back together?" I said while he cleaned my arm to set up the IV line.

"I plan on doing that. Once this madness is over, I plan to dedicate my time to finding Elsa and Erin. I hope it won't be too late." He said, and I remembered something Alexei once told me about Erik and Yuri's experiments.

"What about your other children by other women?" I asked, and he looked at me and frowned.

"Ten successful science experiments scattered about the place," he said, almost laughing at himself.

"I can't tell which are mine, Yuri's or Mikhail's. We did a lot of stupid things in the name of revenge. We believed it was up to us to build our clan again, so we wanted Luis to join us so we could be plenty. Luis was smart and normal. It was cruel what Yuri did to him. I did not find out until later, so we split up. Yuri had killed the heir because he refused to join up. I knew it was more than that. I knew Yuri did it so he could be the heir. That was why I divided the group. It was the only way to reduce his power. He never forgave me for it. Frankly, I do not care. He is the hunted now," Erik said, laughing, and I chuckled too.

It was clear the man let things go easily. He wasn't the type to hold a grudge for long. If only Dimitri did not do what he did, all this would not have happened, and Erik's mother wouldn't have accidentally dropped him. Sylvester was dealing with a mess his ancestors created.

I learned it is always good to look to the future before making decisions. Decisions that are made based on immediate gratification can cause long term adverse effects.

Erik finished, and I left his room. I moved quickly, eager to shower, eat and get in bed with Amelia. We had spent the entire day apart.

I returned to the room, and Amelia was eating and watching television. Sylvester had ordered the Omegas to serve the food in our rooms because he knew we would not have the time to shower and converge at the dining room to eat. This was thoughtful of him.

Amelia looked at me and smiled. Her mouth was full, and it looked cute.

I walked towards her. She swallowed and pinched her nose, pointing towards the bathroom. I chuckled.

I had forgotten that I was filthy.

I went to shower in a hurry. The dirt, grime, and blood washed away with ease. I used a bath wash with menthol, so it was cool against my skin, making me feel fresh and clean after.

I wore shorts and joined Amelia on the couch to eat.

"Miss me?" I asked her, and she giggled.

"We were busy here. No time," she said, and I feigned hurt, making her smile.

"How was it?" She asked, and I told her all that happened. She was wide-eyed by the time I was done.

"I knew Sylvester was a mean guy," she said, and we laughed.

I remembered what she had to say about Sylvester and Tamia when I caught her in my house. We had indeed come a long way.

"The Bluemoon is around the corner," she finally said, and I kissed my mark on her neck. She moaned while I placed my hands in her robe.

"I know, Moonlight," I whispered in her ears.

"This should be over in ten days," I said, hoping we would win. She pulled away from me a little, and I frowned at her. She wasn't the type to show emotions, so I wondered what the matter was.

"Sylvester has to allow Stepanovs to fight on his side. They can't all be bad. I saw the way they moved when we fought them in Brentwood. They are a formidable force. I know he is being careful, but it also means he does not trust the clan. He has to have a little faith in us," she said, and I sighed, hoping Tamia would see it that way, too, because I knew Sylvester would only listen to Tamia on this matter. He might have told us to speak to our mates about it, but I knew only Tamia's opinion would matter.

"I hope Tamia sees it that way," I said, and Amelia nodded, understanding me.

"Did Kappa Wilson and Levi report our findings?" She asked, and I nodded. My response was satisfying, and she dropped the matter.

She seemed very tired, so I decided I would avoid doing any physically draining activities with her. There would always be time. Maybe in the morning when we were both rested.

Amelia and I chose to watch a movie that night with her cuddled in my arms. We did not finish the film when we passed from fatigue. I woke up early in the morning and found we were on the couch. So I gently carried Amelia to bed.

I tossed and turned the rest of the morning. I was nervous about many things. I hadn't heard from Kyle, and I was worried. Kyle did not need to go West to help Jake, but I had sent him there.

I did not want him to die in a battle he had no business fighting. I planned that I would call Jake or Donald in the morning.

My friend and warriors were in their pack. I hoped they would survive.

Unlike us, they did not have AgK32 in their system. They had to depend on Nitric acid and poisoned darts. It would be a clumsy fight.

The best case was that Yuri would change his mind and not attack Brighton.

Sleep eventually came.

I woke up with a headache and Sylvester's voice in my head.

I grumbled a bit and looked at Amelia. She was sleeping peacefully in bed. My neck was a bit itchy, and I scratched the spot. It felt rough and stung severely after I scratched it. My back and chest felt the same, So I rushed to the bathroom to see what was there.

I turned on the light and looked at my reflection in the mirror over the sink. A trail of red rashes was on my neck down to my chest.

The areas covered with the rash looked inflamed and itchy.

I ran cold water over a towel and placed it on the spots to cool it down, but then I felt the same sensation on my back. I did not need to know what had caused it.

"Leo," I heard Sylvester's voice again. Although I was feeling uncomfortable, I knew I had to answer.

"Good morning, Sylvester," I replied, removing my shorts to get under the cold shower. I planned to head straight to Erik's room to give me whatever he gave Devin because I doubted I could spend the entire day like this. It wasn't bearable.

"There is a woman called Gezel Westwood at the gate. She claims to be Amelia's mother. Should they let her in?" He asked me, and the itch was immediately blocked out of my brain.

Gezel, Gezel, I thought in my head.

"One minute," I told Sylvester and tried to Link Alexei.

"Alexei, Alexei," I linked him, and he answered by the second time. I knew he was just waking up. It was a few minutes past seven in the morning.

The itch was back in full force, and I began to dance in the shower while I attempted to turn on the cold water. I danced, avoiding scratching the parts that itched. I turned on the cold shower to ease the burning sensation.

"What is Amelia's mother's name again?" I linked him.

"Seriously, Leo?" he replied, feeling I had troubled him for nothing. My condition in the shower was too much for me to condone his feeling.

"A woman called Gezel Westwood is at the gate and claims to be Amelia's mother. Handle it. The rash is here," I said, turning the shower to full force. It subsided, and I quickly exited the shower. I could not go to Erik with morning breath, so I decided to brush my teeth. While brushing my teeth, the discomfort of the rash returned, burning and itching simultaneously. I was going nuts. 1

I wore a robe and left my room barefoot and partially wet.

I wasn't thinking straight. My mind was muddled up with the itch and the inflammatory pain I was feeling. It looked like I was dancing in the hallway.

I kept my hands from my body to avoid scratching the itch. People looked at me funny, but I had to make it to Erik's room.

I got there and found David there too. He was shirtless and covered in a rash. He was also banging on the door seriously.

We did not exchange pleasantries. There was no need. Our predicament was severe. The discomfort came with anger and a need to blame someone. All I could think of was Erik's inaccurate guesses.

Soon Erik opened the door half asleep, and when he saw us, his eyes widened quickly.

"I suspected you two would be the first to get the rash. Your concentrated Alpha...." He started, and David yelled at him.

"Give us the fucking meds, old man," He said, and he had taken the words out of my mouth. How could Erik think this would be the time to explain why we were the first people at his door?

"I do not have it with me. The nurse at the Infirmary would administer it. She is on standby." He said, and David walked away briskly before he could finish the sentence. I followed, too; I just wanted the itch and everything to stop. Everything could wait.