

The Dark Side of Fate

Chapter 328

163 Not The End But A New Beginning

-Leo-

After our wedding, Amelia and I embarked on a journey to Cains Island the very next day. It was a place close to her heart, a destination she had always wanted to visit. I chose this beautiful island as the perfect setting for our honeymoon. For two blissful weeks, we resided in a charming resort where every moment was filled with love and joy.

I made a solemn vow to myself each morning, determined not to let anything go wrong. My love for Amelia was all-encompassing, devoid of doubt or fear. I had committed myself completely, and every word spoken during our wedding was sincere and heartfelt.

With Yuri and the Stepanovs no longer posing a threat, we returned to our normal lives. Amelia and I shared unforgettable moments together. Her carefree nature and unwavering trust made it nearly impossible for anyone else to come between us. Her infectious humour added a touch of lightness to our days.

The growing bump on her belly served as a constant reminder that our little family would soon expand. Upon our return to Mountain, we decided to personally prepare the baby nursery, utilising Max's former room.

Alexei had graciously returned Hill Valley to Max, reuniting their members in Mountain and the people that remained Hill Valley. When I saw Max again, I noticed a change in him. The melancholy and hopelessness had vanished, and he radiated the same happiness and optimism as before the fated mate ordeal. He shared his dreams for the future, frequently visiting to lend a helping hand.

Kyle remained steadfast. His pack members returned to their land, and he became an improved version of himself. The East was no longer just a region; it had transformed into a tight-knit community. Everyone willingly extended a helping hand, erasing the boundaries between packs. The Stepanov situation had forged an unbreakable bond between the alphas in the area.

Our meetings were no longer tedious and obligatory; they became enjoyable reunions. Everything fell into place harmoniously. Most importantly, we had all grown stronger through our experiences.

As the Lord of the East, despite Sylvester's prediction that it would be a mere title, my responsibilities were substantial. I found myself fulfilling all the duties expected of a Lord. Eventually, I relocated my office to our home so that I could be readily available to assist Amelia whenever she needed me.

I had vowed never to prioritise anyone or anything above her, and I remained true to my promise. Casper handled most of my guests in the office, while only urgent and significant matters were attended to in my private residence. I intended to keep it that way, unburdening myself to ensure I could be fully present when our babies entered the world. My desire was to be there for every step of the journey, forging an unbreakable bond as we built a strong and loving family together.

Our pack house overflowed with cherished memories, and our dear friends graced its threshold regularly. However, as Avery and Katya's pregnancies progressed, the visits dwindled, replaced by eager anticipation for the day of their deliveries. Amelia, understandably nervous, found solace in Gezel's presence as she had come to stay and offer her support.

My parents stood by our side, their long-awaited retirement trip postponed until after the birth of their beloved grandchildren. In our conversations, I implored them to stay connected, and they, in turn, promised more. They vowed to visit every three months, ensuring I would always know their whereabouts. Somehow, everything fell perfectly into place.

Meanwhile, Alexei and Clay flourished in the western territory. They dedicated months to rooting out terrorists and extremists, and their efforts bore fruit. Erik, a remarkable leader, impeccably represented the West.

To our delight, Gezel and Erik's relationship blossomed further, removing any doubt about its future. Their union would be a blissful one, sealed underthe enchantment of the upcoming Blue Moon. As for the Sullivans, they relocated to the South, assisting Devin in rebuilding the pack since many of the packs now had new alphas. Some of these new alphas were actual Stepanovs, esteemed members of the ten families that had come to our aid during the Gad crisis. Devin welcomed their support. While the Stepanovs may not have held the title of alpha, they were leaders in their own right.

Pridewood was restored, and its inhabitants found new homes to settle into. We erected a memorial to honour those who lost their lives, including Alpha Michael, who displayed incredible bravery. Witnessing the South's plight made us realise that Alpha Michael's choices were not foolish; he had either joined forces with Yuri or met his demise. He remained loyal until his last breath. A day was designated in the South to commemorate the fallen of Pridewood and their courageous and devoted alpha.

A month after our own wedding, Andrew and Mirabel exchanged vows, and Timothy graciously passed the torch of leadership to Andrew, allowing him to assume his role in Brentwood. Although Andrew had initially desired to be closer to his cousins in the West, love and destiny guided him to my domain. He settled with joy, content to visit the West instead. His happiness with Mirabel brought me immense delight. I couldn't help but chuckle at the memory of Timothy's attempt to arrange a marriage between me and Her. How amusing it seemed now.

Nelson found himself in the western lands, surrounded by his cousins and other brothers. Yuri, a wicked and heartless man, showed no mercy even to his sons. Two of them paid with their lives for defying him. It was clear why Nelson fled, desperate to save himself.

But now, the evil man was gone, no longer a threat. Sylvester ensured that Yuri suffered every day, inflicting agonising pain upon him. Yuri begged for release, but Sylvester made sure his torment was slow and unforgettable. He, too, was no longer among us. Larry, too, had received the mercy of death, a wish granted to him.

Joan, imprisoned, remained uncertain of her future. Given the circumstances, I knew she would rot away in there. Leah had tried to find sympathy for her mother, but her pleas fell on deaf ears. Now, as I'm about to become a father, I comprehend the gravity of Joan's crimes.

So much could have gone awry, and to think that it all stemmed from money troubles was absurd.

Erik kept Sean and some of the captured alphas alive, subjecting them to experiments. While some perished intentionally at Erik's hands, others were left devoid of their wolf companions, rendered harmless. Eventually, they would likely meet their end, as Erik never ran out of projects and experiments.

Stephanie and Jake sought solace in Grizlo, building a new life filled with happiness. Jake's wolf had yet to return, but we held onto hope that one day it would. Nevertheless, it didn't dampen their spirits. They retired and relished in the joy of life. During our visit to Grizlo, we encountered Donald, Jake's son, and Mikail Milton, his nephew. Their contentment was evident, and it brought us great pleasure. Meanwhile, Alexei diligently worked to develop Brighton, just as he had done for other places in Gad. The residents were immensely grateful for his efforts.

Old books containing the history of the Stepanov lineage were now accessible in libraries, and the tale of their bloodline was taught openly in schools. It was no longer a forbidden secret. Truly, things had turned out remarkably well, and I felt a deep sense of gratitude for being alive to witness it all.

Avery, the brave soul, was the first to bring forth new life, blessed with twins this time. Their son was named Alexander, while their daughter was affectionately named Eleanor. Unfortunately, circumstances prevented us from being by their side, as Amelia's due date was approaching.

Nonetheless, we sent our heartfelt love across the distance. Later, it was Katya's turn to deliver her precious baby. It made perfect sense since she was already pregnant when they arrived in the East.

Katya, too, was blessed with twins, two darling boys named Henry and Logan. We eagerly sent our love and patiently awaited the arrival of our own children. I was consumed with nerves, and the news of Katya's delivery only heightened Amelia's anxiety. She had countless questions, particularly about how our little ones would look. I refrained from speculating, but deep down, I couldn't help but imagine they might resemble their beautiful mother.

Finally, the long-awaited day arrived. In the early hours of the morning, Amelia's labour pains began. I promptly contacted the hospital, informing them that we were on our way. Hurrying to fetch the car, I prepared to drive her to the medical facility. With contractions occurring every fifteen minutes, we had enough time for the journey. Both of us were bubbling with excitement. Amelia managed to smile and even let out a few laughs as she practised her breathing exercises. Her eyes shimmered with tears of joy, revealing her profound eagerness to meet our little ones.

As the contractions grew closer together, pain gripped her. We reached the mountain hospital, where a team of medical professionals stood ready to welcome her. My heart overflowed with elation. I was truly happy. It was beyond anything I had ever imagined. After enduring the betrayals of Amanda and the pain of hurting Tamia, I had lost all hope. But fate had smiled upon me, turning my life around. Now, I was about to embark on the incredible journey of fatherhood, and the overwhelming joy consumed me.

I followed Amelia into the delivery room, gripping her hand tightly as she bravely brought our twins into the world. I struggled to contain my emotions, reminding myself that grown men don't shed tears. Yet, I pondered if tears of happiness could be an exception. I was overwhelmed with joy. Amelia's delivery went smoothly, without any complications, and she gave birth to two precious boys. One had fair hair and sparkling blue eyes, while the other bore my features with dark hair and warm brown eyes. They were absolutely beautiful and healthy, and they were ours to love and cherish.

Choosing their names required no second thoughts, for we had already decided. Our fair-haired son, with features reminiscent of the Stepanov lineage, was named Noah. The other was lovingly called Sebastian.

Holding my sons in my arms for the first time, a surge of indescribable happiness coursed through me. It was at that moment that I realised my life had finally found its purpose.

We joyfully called our dear friends to share the wonderful news of our twin babies' arrival, and their hearts overflowed with happiness for us. Luckily, they had already planned to visit us in a few weeks, and we eagerly anticipated celebrating this precious blessing together. Amelia, my beloved partner, had never experienced such immense delight before.

However, Gezel and my mother became quite a handful as they constantly vied for the opportunity to bathe, change diapers, and feed the babies. It seemed as though both of them wanted all the time in the world with our twins, but there simply wasn't enough to satisfy their desires. To ease the tension, Amelia came up with a brilliant idea: assigning each grandma to take care of one child. They would switch roles every twelve hours, granting both women cherished moments with their grandchildren while maintaining a harmonious schedule. Amelia and I agreed to this arrangement, knowing that our parents would soon leave, and we would then have ample time to cherish and care for our children ourselves.

Weeks passed, and the long-awaited day arrived when our friends set out on their journey to Mountain. Casper and I eagerly went to the airport to welcome everyone. Since it was a big gathering, we arranged for three vans to accommodate everyone- Sylvester, Tamia, Marcel, Avery, Theodore, Linda, Dominic, Katya, David, Nicole, Vino, Claudia, Alexei, Alia, Clay, Nelson, Erik, Stephanie, and Jake, along with all the children. The next two weeks were bound to be filled with endless joy and merriment.

Additionally, Max and Kyle, Andrew and Mirabel will be joining us. The only ones missing were Devin and Susan, as Susan was expected to give birth any day now.

Seeing my friends in person again filled my heart with anticipation and excitement. Our conversations over the phone simply didn't compare to the joy of being together. We gathered outside the arrival area, eagerly awaiting their arrival.

Erik was the first to emerge, warmly congratulating me and offering a heartfelt hug.

"Congratulations, Leo. I have no doubt you'll be an amazing father," he said, and I clung to him a little longer.novelxo.com fast update

Playfully, I pleaded, ' Please, keep those needles away from my precious twins," to which he laughed.

Erik had a unique hobby of drawing blood, and I needed him to understand that my babies were off-limits. He jokingly asked, "Not even a tiny prick?" and I tightened my embrace, playfully asserting my protective nature.

"Okay, okay. I won't do anything without permission and consent," he assured me. I let him go, knowing that was the best I would get. He flexed his muscles and laughed, teasingly mentioning my newfound protective instincts.

As our playful banter concluded, the rest of our friends arrived. The sight of the children brought immense joy to our hearts. Liam and Harper were now walking on their own. I couldn't help but notice the striking resemblance between Harper and Stephanie. Although she resembled Tamia, there was an undeniable similarity to Stephanie as well. Liam, on the other hand, was a spitting image of his father and appeared more attached to Sylvester, holding onto him tightly. Linda cared for Theodore and the triplets, who were already tired and peacefully asleep. Marvin was taking his first steps while Avery and Marcel lovingly held their twins. Nicole cradled one of

Katya's babies while her own children helped keep an eye on the little ones in strollers. Observing them, I realised our home would soon be filled to the brim with laughter and love.

Amelia had made elaborate plans, and the menu wouldn't feature spring rolls and sandwiches unless specifically requested. With Vino, Claudia, Stephanie, Jake, Alexei, and Alia joining us, we all climbed into the vans, ready to embark on the journey back to our cosy settlement, where beautiful moments awaited us.

Gezel and my mother eagerly awaited their arrival at the entrance. We had prepared their rooms, and set up the playroom and children's room, excluding the nursery for the little ones. To ensure everyone had enough space, Amelia and I chose to stay in the bungalow.

Max, Kyle, Andrew, and Mirabel arrived later that evening, and it was a night filled with joy. The men gathered together while the women formed their own group. We caught up on the events and moments we had missed in each other's lives as if the past troubles had never occurred.

There was an undeniable sense of happiness and tranquillity in the house, and we stayed awake until the early morning hours before deciding to rest.

Three days later, we received news that Susan had given birth to triplets. Without a second thought, most of us rushed there immediately, leaving behind Gezel, Stephanie, Katya, and Avery. I wanted Amelia to stay, but she insisted on accompanying us, so I relented.

The journey was filled with laughter, and we arrived at a grand celebration in Greenville. The pack members were rejoicing in the arrival of their future generation. Devin greeted us with overwhelming joy, and Susan was resting.

"I didn't expect all of you to come right now," Devin said as he welcomed us. Lukman was present, and I noticed that he had finally found his mate. It was a relief to see him happy after narrowly avoiding a difficult situation with Alice.

We celebrated Devin's blessing alongside our own. He had been blessed with two girls and a boy, Anthony, Layla, and Sarah, all of them with beautiful white hair. The girls had eyes the colour of the moon, while Anthony inherited blue eyes like Noah's. Erik wore a triumphant expression when he saw them, and I chose not to bring up the past. The couple was overwhelmed with joy for their blessing, and their babies were perfectly healthy. That was all that mattered.

In the enchanting South, we spent two blissful days before journeying back to the serene East. In those precious moments, our hearts brimmed with unprecedented happiness, erasing all traces of past struggles. Each land flourished, and serene tranquility wrapped around us, almost making us forget the hardships we had endured.

Together, we made a solemn vow to preserve the harmony and love that had enveloped our world. We pledged to nurture our children, instilling in them the values of peace and compassion, ensuring a brighter tomorrow for our people and the world we cherish.

We had traversed a long and arduous path, encountering life-altering lessons along the way. Yet, those trials did not shatter our spirits or rob us of hope and joy. Instead, they empowered us to confront our inner demons and sculpted us into the finest versions of ourselves.

We had embraced maturity and welcomed our destined paths, gazing ahead with hope and eagerness. Uncertain of what lay ahead, I carried a profound certainty within me that whatever obstacles we faced, we would conquer them hand in hand. This was not an end but the genesis of a new, captivating tale yet to unfold.