

Chapter 61 - The Destiny of a Heart-broken Luna

“You practically helped facilitate the treason against me, you bitch!!” I said, and I landed another slap.

“Do you know what you have done!” I yelled, and she remained on the ground. Just then, Tamia burst in, out of breath and barefooted. She must have run to where I was.

“Why did you run?” I scolded her, afraid because of her condition. Our baby meant everything to me, and I did not like her running.

“What happened?” She said, and I bowed my head. Lilly was crying, her nose bleeding.

“It was Lilly that helped facilitate the treasonous moves. She exposed me to them, Tamia. Bugged my computer, gave them my signature, my seal...” I said and wanted to send another slap when Tamia stopped me.

“Lilly,” Tamia said, standing between me and the treacherous bitch.

“Why did you do it?” she asked, and Lily could not stop crying.

“Your actions would have cost Dominic his life or made Sylvester lose his lordship. You could have caused a war. Why did you do it?” Tamia asked, sounding pained.

“Because I am tired of being here all by myself. They promised me freedom, and I wanted it badly. Since he did not want me and would never see me, I chose to take my chances...” She said, and Tamia slapped her before she could complete her sentence.

“That is the most stupid excuse I have ever heard!” Tamia said.

“Do you think life is all about sex!” Tamia yelled at her angrily.

“If you loved him, you wouldn’t have done this. We can never harm the people we love this way. I thought you would have a good excuse, but you disappointed me,” Tamia growled.

“The East and South hate him, and part of the west is wary of him because of this.

Do you know the extent of the damage you helped our enemies cause? What was his crime? Making us comfortable when we were all supposed to be languishing in a cell because that is what happens to war prisoners,” she said. I pulled her to my body by the waist to stop her from saying those words because I did not want her to refer to herself as a prisoner.

“Please, Tamia,” I said, and she shook her.

“No, Sylvester. Sometimes people have to hear the truth as it is. When we were dragged to the north, I thought I would be a slave. Only for me to be pampered and cared for even more so than I was back home, and I know the same is for you, Lily. How dare you feel entitled? How dare you!” Tamia said, angry, and I could feel Kaira emerging.

“You have exposed us to great danger! Where are your puppeteers now? They won’t save you from what I will do to you, Lily. They won’t save you,” Tamia said, and Lilly looked at her.

Tamia lifted her chin while Lilly remained on her knees.

“Tell me how you got recruited, and I will make it easy,” She said, and Lily’s eyes danced with fear.

Tamia slapped her impatiently.

“I do not have all day, Lilly. Tell me now!” She said. That was when I realised why every Alpha needed a Luna.

“There... is... there is an uprising group in the north, and they are recruiting members. I do not know where their headquarters is or how they meet. It was a former Luna that is in service that recruited me eight months ago. I refused to help, but when they threatened to wipe out my family, I decided to help them,” She said, and Tamia laughed.

“You expect me to believe that bullshit?” Tamia said and slapped Lily again.

“They did not need to threaten you for your cooperation, Lily. Sylvester just had to get with me to make you snap and want to bring his downfall, you scornful bitch! What is your handler’s name?”

Tamia asked her.

“Sofia Malek,” She said, and Tamia stepped back, allowing the men to carry her away.

“Guard her and make sure no harm comes to her. She is mine” She ordered them, and they looked at me. I nodded, letting them know they were to follow her orders.

The situation with Lily had blown this thing wide, but I was glad we now had a name. Sofia was a luna that worked in the kitchen for the harem.

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Karimasaadusman. Thank you for your support and feel free to DM me I always respond***

~Leo~

I did not know the meaning of misery until I found myself living in it. Since I learned that Tamia was getting married to Sylvester, my heart has broken into a million pieces.

I was hoping she would come back one day. Most of the northern captives always do. I wanted to right all my wrongs and seek her forgiveness.

I sat on the couch in my living room. I stared at the invitation to the all-region sports games sent to me by the council, and even though we had responded, I was dreading going there. I was going to see

Tamia in his arms, and my heart could not bear it.

Amanda came out of her room, and that was when I noticed she had packed her bags.

“Where are you going to? You are almost due.” I asked her, and she bowed her head.

“This isn't the life I wanted for myself,

Leo. I can't continue living in another woman's shadow. She has moved on, yet you choose to be miserable. I have pleaded with you several times. You have disgraced me and belittled me. Most of the Lunas mock me now. I do not

have a title, and neither are we married. Why did you do this to me, Leo?" She said, and I did not know how to start.

"I can't forgive myself for what we did to Tamia. She did not deserve all that happened to her here." I said, confessing my truth, and she sobbed. (1

"Why?" she asked, and I looked at her.

"I broke every promise I made to her because of you," I said, with my heart wrenching.

"She would have done the same had she found her fated," Amanda said, and I shook my head.

"She was stronger than me in that regard, Amanda. I know Tamia, and she would die before breaking her promise. She would have risked being weak to stay happy with me." I said and bowed my head.

"I was her first. She did not want to get with me because we weren't fated, but I assured her she had nothing to worry about," I said, and after saying it, I saw myself as a deceiver.

"She did not want me, But I assured her. I told her I would reject my fated and risk being weak. She trained to be strong because of me, and we used to joke about balancing each other's strength." I said, and Amanda came to sit next to me while I wept.

"I promised her many things and broke everything that day on the balcony when I did not reject you. You came to my home quite alright, but you did not force me to get into your bed. You did not force me to accept the bond or claim you and did not force me to make her share. I lost my way completely and found myself doing things I couldn't even imagine to her. Never spending time with her, refusing to go out with her. I did so many things to her, Amanda; I treated her like a burden. And do you know the twisted part of all of this was that I expected her to bear with me and understand? I was a selfish prick,

I said, laughing at myself.

"I hurt her and broke all my promises. I was her first, and I broke everything. I can never forgive myself for what I did to my wife, Amanda. She wanted to have children, and I told her we should wait; I could only understand her pain when she found out you were pregnant. I knew she would be hurt if I did not

take the same precautions with you. It was as if I had used her to while away time until my fated came. I had failed completely, so I can't move on, Amanda." I said and looked at her.

"I do not hate or dislike you. If anything, you have been with me through this difficult time, but I can't forgive myself for what I did to Tamia. I saw the pain in her eyes before those men attacked, and I can never shake off the fact that I caused

That pain was a permanent fixture since the dinner party when I met you. I failed her every single time until there was nothing left to salvage," I said and began to weep.

I had to let out my hurt because, other than being my wife, Tamia was my best friend and confidant. I thought Casper was my best friend, but I was wrong.

Tamia was there all along, and I took her for granted. She was always there to lift me up; she had my back and looked out for me. She made me happy and went out of her way to put a smile on my face. had never felt so alone in my life. Although I was surrounded by people, I was lonely and sad.

Amanda wrapped her arms around me and let me cry. The irony was that she was the cause of my pain and was trying to comfort me.

"You have to forgive yourself, Leo. Tamia has moved on, and she has found love." She said with a definite tone, meaning she knew something I didn't.

I broke the hug, wiped away my tears, and looked into her eyes.

"How do you know this?" I asked her, and she smiled.

"You forget I schooled in the north. Everyone is talking about the soon-to-be lady of the north. The Wolf Lord is madly in love with her. She presides over council matters. She can do whatever she likes. Recently she went to the west unaccompanied to discuss peace with Alpha Jake. She has moved on Leo, and she is happy. Why can't we do the same?" She said. I was hurt to hear that Tamia was free to move around, and she did not bother to come and see me so we could talk things through.

"She has let you go, Leo; you should do the same," Amanda said, and I shook my head.

“If you think I am lying to you, you will see them at the all-region games; I am sure you will have closure then,” she said and stood up.

“As for me, I am going back home. I hoped you would come around, but until you get the closure you want, I know you won’t come around,” She said, and I stopped her from leaving. “You will be due soon,” I said and placed my hand on her bump.

“I do not want to miss out on this. I want to be there. I want to hold your hand through it, Amanda,” I said, and she shook her head, wiping away her tears.

“You do not get to pick and choose, Leo.

You are either all in or not,” she said, and I understood what she was saying and nodded.

“Please stay and give me time. I will try to make it right.” I pleaded with her, and she looked around and wiped away her tears.

“You compare me to her all the time, Leo. You always talk about her; you call her name in your sleep, even when we make love. How much more do you want me to endure? I never wanted this for myself. I have done everything to fit into her shoes. I have been training since they took her. I have studied hard and am a work in progress, but you are not encouraging me or giving me the support I need. You are not helping me, Leo. I am going through the transition alone. I can’t continue like this.” She said, and I buried my face in her neck close to my mark and sucked gently, making her moan. 3

I knew I was playing dirty, but I was desperate.

“Please give me time, Amanda. I am begging you.” I pleaded with her, and she refused weakly with a moan.

“Please,” I said and kissed her neck.

Black growled, wanting her and I let him slowly take over.

“Please..” I said and kissed her.

She let down her defences, and Black took over. She was our mate, and we were trying to make her stay.

I woke up to someone banging on my front door.

Amanda was sleeping peacefully. I looked at the clock, and it was twelve midnight.

I wondered who would be knocking on my door late in the night.

Amanda woke up, and I asked her to go back to sleep. She had bought a bigger bed for her room so she could roll comfortably on the bed.

I was yet to move her to the room I shared with Tamia, and I doubt I could do that. Buying a new house was looking like the way forward, but I would wait until after the games.

I wasn't hoping to get Tamia back this time; I just wanted to be sure she was genuinely happy.

If I suspected she was being forced by the wolf lord, I planned to help Devin take her from him. She deserved to be happy, even if it wasn't with me.

I wore my shorts and advanced toward the main door.

I was shocked to see it was Kyle. He was drunk and naked.

I let him into my house.

His eyes were swollen and red, and I wondered why he would run in wolf form from his territory to mine.

Was he out of his mind? I went to get him joggies, and he wore them and sat on my couch.

"What is the matter with you? It is twelve midnight. How long did it take you to get here?" I asked him, and he sighed.

"Thirty minutes, I went through the woods," He said, and I knew that was the only explanation for how he could get here in wolf form, still drunk.

It seemed Kyle had taken over from Linda and become the new drunk of our territory.

"What is the matter with you?" I asked him, and he began to weep.

"I shouldn't have let my Linda go, Leo. I was a horrible man. I did unspeakable things to her, and now I am paying dearly for it," he said, and I wondered what he was talking about.

"Rebecca is a bitch," he said with scorn.

"Her triplets aren't mine," he confessed, and I was shocked.

"It seemed she was pregnant before I claimed her," he said, and he wept.

"That was why I accepted her because Linda and I had been trying, and there had been nothing. I called my wife useless and barren and made my officers f**k her for entertainment," He said, and I punched him before I could realise what I was doing. He looked at me in shock. 4

I sent another.

"How the f**k could you do that? Do you know how that poor woman was seen and labelled? No wonder she was always drunk and willing to hop into bed with anyone. You had broken her and taken her pride from her, Kyle," I said, growling at him, and he bowed his head in shame.

Most of the land, money and resources he owned belonged to Linda. Why would he hurt her like that? He deserved the pain. he was feeling.

"I was mad at her. I saw my time with her as wasted years. In my head, I had to touch my fated once, and she got pregnant. Meanwhile, I was with Linda for six years, and she never got pregnant.. " he explained, and I wanted to beat the shit out of him, but he was already beating himself.

"Did you seek medical help to find out what the matter was?" I asked, and with how he looked at me, I knew the answer was no. The man was an idiot.

"So, how do you know the triplets are bastards?" I asked him.

"Kent fell ill, and the doctor wanted to give him a blood transfusion. The mother volunteered, but she wasn't a match, so naturally, it should have been me, but she refused. The doctor offered to test my blood and found that I wasn't a match either. So we decided to do other tests and discovered they weren't mine. She confessed to being with someone before me, and while I was still trying to figure out whether to accept or reject her, she continued to

sleep with this man. She deliberately got pregnant, so she would get me because she knew I wanted children,” He said and bowed his head.

“The bitch planned it all, Leo. She planned it all. She planned Linda’s exit from my life,” He said, weeping, and I wondered what he wanted me to do now.

“What do you want?” I asked him, and he wiped away his tears, got up and went to my liquor cabinet to help himself to more alcohol. 1

“You’re in good rapport with the Wolf lord. I want to exchange Rebecca for my Linda,” he said.

I knew it was the alcohol speaking because there was no way he could be serious, but I wanted to poke him a bit before telling him the truth. 1

“What about her being barren?” I asked, and he bowed his head in shame.

“Doctor said I have low sperm count, and

I could only get her pregnant with assistance,” he said.

I knew the idiot had already figured that out without the doctor because the woman was pregnant when he requested to have her locked up for flimsy reasons.

“I doubt Linda would want to come back to you, Kyle. The Wolf Lord is treating them well.” I said, and he growled.

“Is he f**king her? Because I know that is what they do in the north. Fuck other people’s wives,” he said, and I shook my head.

“He isn’t; he is with Tamia; I think she is with another alpha. I do not know, but I am sure you will find out during the All- Region Games. If she is free, you can plead your case there,” I said, and he shook his head.

“You are the leader of the east. You should have my side if he says no,” He said, and I shook my head.

“I will not risk war because of you. You have to try to offer the exchange most amicably, but I will advise you to continue your life with your fated and forget about Linda. She will not come back to you. I did not do anything to Tamia, and she wanted to leave me by all means; you practically ruined Linda. She will not want you. Besides, she no longer bears your mark, so let it go and lick

your wounds,” I said to him and told him he could sleep in the third guest room while

I returned to Amanda’s room to sleep.

The man was a selfish prick.

~Sylvester~

Tamia was very angry about Lily’s betrayal; I could feel it in her. I tried to calm her down as we walked back to the room.

“We must search all the women in the harem and all the lunas working here. Everyone that has come to live here through war,” She said, and I could understand her reason.

There was no way they would be happy about being away from their loved ones. The fact that they could start an uprising right under my nose spoke volumes, and I knew it was best to do as Tamia had instructed. There was nothing more deadly than the enemy within.

“Very well, I will instruct the officers to do as you have instructed,” I told her, and she nodded.

I asked her to follow me to my office so I could set some things in motion.

It wasn’t long after we were in the office when my mother knocked on the door.

I knew it was her because I could smell her jasmine perfume.

She entered and looked at Tamia.

“What is this I hear of traitors in the estate?” She asked, and I knew news must have reached her by now, and she only came to clarify what she had heard.

“Lily was the one that set Dominic up. She had been communicating with a man and a woman we do not know, but she has given us a name,” I her, and she smiled.

“I knew my baby had no hand in this,” She said almost with a celebratory tone, and I nodded so she would know that she had won.

“Yes, yes, but if he did not spend his time trying to cause my downfall, I would not have believed the allegations against him,” I told her.

“I think we should sweep your office for spy devices,” Tamia said, interrupting my mother and me.

“Our bedroom too. We need to be sure

Lily was not actively spying on us,” She said, and I understood her. Lily had access to my office and bedroom. She could have as well planted things in my office.

“Maybe we should torture it out of her,” my mother said, and I understood her rage.

Just then, Marcel linked me that they were back.

“Mother, please excuse Tamia and me; we have things to do today. I will speak to you when we return,” I said, and she nodded.

Tamia frowned at me, so I had to link her.

“Marcel and Avery are back, let’s go to their wing, and then we can leave for Jenny’s house from there,” I said, and she stood up immediately.

I could see the eagerness in her eyes, and I smiled, hopeful that our trip to the beta’s wing would lighten her mood more.

We left my mother in my office, but I informed kappa William to sweep my office and room for bugs.

If any were found there, I would be annoyed with Lily. I was already pissed off with her, but I knew it would be worse.

We arrived at the beta’s wing and headed to Marcel’s room. I was worried for them but optimistic at the same time.

It would be nice to welcome our children into the world around the same time, but it wasn’t really up to us.

Marcel and Avery seemed happy, and I had linked my friend when Tamia went to speak with Avery.

“How did it go?” I asked him, and he nodded.

“We are both fine. The doctor said she should be calm about it and that she was overthinking it. There is nothing wrong with either of us,” He said, and I sighed.

“What is this I hear about Lily?” He said aloud, and I sighed.

Just then, Theodore and Linda arrived.

They were already dressed for our mission at Jenny’s house.

I knew Linda was the one behind it. The woman was eager to go out and do something. I wouldn’t blame her.

Theodore was overprotective about her pregnancy, and I knew it would get to her eventually.

“You needed to be there,” Theodore said to Marcel, joining our conversation.

“Tamia whacked the hell out of the bitch, ” he said, and I looked at him.

Avery and Linda looked at Tamia.

“Yes, I did,” She admitted.

“The bitch deserved it. All because

Sylvester didn’t fancy her,” She said, and

Avery was shocked.

“Did she say that?” She asked, and Tamia shook her head.

“No, she didn’t, but that is the truth. She claimed they tried recruiting her a few months before we arrived in the north. Suddenly her recruiter miraculously had the idea to threaten her family to make her do what they wanted a few months after Sylvester got with me. The bitch was sitting on the fence all this while, and she snapped.

when Sylvester got with me, she

It is as simple as that,” Tamia said, and Linda growled.

“Tell me you drew blood, Tamia,” She said, and I was shocked. These women were dangerous.

“More than she could spare. She was lucky it was a controlled environment. I am not done with her yet,” She said, and Theodore linked me.

“I would not want to be on her bad side,”

he said, and I nodded.

“Very well, are we ready to go to Jenny’s?

I asked, and everyone was a bit excited.

It wasn’t a date, we were going to snoop in a dead woman’s house, but it seemed exciting to everyone. I hope we find something exciting there, and hopefully, it leads us somewhere.

Tamia and I returned to our bedroom to get dressed to go to Lucland.

I wanted us to spend the night in our house there, so I called the staff to prepare the place.

I was hoping to have fun with my friends and my luna.

We rode in our jeeps as always.

Tamia seemed excited and nervous at the same time.

I wondered if it were the hormones, and I placed my right hand on her thigh and squeezed gently.

We arrived at Jenny’s house, and I was surprised that no one was in sight. I had asked that the place be guarded, but it seemed no one was there.

“Did we not put guards to guard the place?” Marcel asked, and I wondered why he was asking me these questions.

“I will call Kappa Wilson to find out why no one is here,” Theodore said, and we entered the building.

It was dark and dusty, and I did not think it was safe for pregnant women to inhale so much dust, but I knew Linda and Tamia were stubborn, most especially Linda, who had been dying to leave the estate.

Avery found a switch and switched on the light, and the living room looked trashed.

Tamia rushed to the door in the corridor and tried the lock, but it was locked. The door seemed to lead to the hallway that led to the rooms and probably her office.

She examined the lock, and I moved close to see what she was looking at while the others snooped around the anteroom and the living area.

“There are scratches on the wood,” She said, and I knew what it signified.

“Someone tried to get in forcefully but failed. Maybe there were guards, or the person ran off, but it seemed they did not have the time to break through discretely. I guess it was because people were guarding the place. If not, they could have smashed the door to get through.” She pointed out.

I touched the door to understand the type of wood it was made of, but immediately,

I felt a familiar weakness that comes with silver.

“Thick Oak. It would not have been easy even for a wolf because it has silver in it.”

I said, feeling weak just by touching the door.

“Jenny wanted to keep people out,’

Tamia said, and I smiled.

“Do not overthink it, darling. She might have only been protecting herself. She lives alone, you know,” I said, and Tamia smiled.

“We need to find a way in,” I said, trying to see how best to bring the door down.

Tamia took out two pins from her hair and smiled at me. I was amazed when I watched my mate pick the lock on the door.

“How did you know how to do this?” I asked, and she laughed.

“Leo and I used to...” She said and looked at me worriedly as if she had said something wrong.

I wondered why she would think that way when she rejected her fated for my sake.

Leo paled in comparison to her fated.

“It’s okay, green eyes; he is a part of your past. You can speak his name,” I said,

I said, and she smiled.

“When I was seventeen, we were not supposed to be dating because I was under -aged; my aunt then used to lock the doors to prevent me from going out at night. Leo taught me how to quietly pick her lock when she was sleeping at night so we could hang out without her knowledge,” She said, laughing. I realised it was a happy memory for her.

“I have never asked you of your parents, Tamia. Hope it isn’t a sensitive topic?” I asked her, and she shook her head.

“Not at all. My father used to be Leo’s father’s Delta. My parents were killed when they went on a trip. No one told me how it happened, but my elderly aunt raised me. She died a month before my wedding. She was my last relative,” She said. My heart broke because I could only imagine the trauma she went through when Leo betrayed her because he was her only family.

He was the only person that was related to her and hers alone. I could not speak because being alone was the worst thing ever.

She looked at me and smiled, and I plastered a smile on my face.

I looked into her green eyes; although she had been through horrible things, she still found a reason to smile and dared to open up to love and be loved.

I knew then that breaking her heart would be an unforgivable sin.

I vowed to ensure she would never regret loving me. I will try to be everything so she will never feel alone or feel like she is lacking.

"We are in," She said and stood up, snapping me out of my deep thought, and I smiled.

We walked into the hallway, and it was dark, but my vision was better than most wolves.

Borrowing Knight's eyes, I could see clearly and found the light switch, which

I turned on. There was a door down the hall; I suspected it was either the master bedroom or her office.

There were three doors in the corridor, and I moved to open them all. They were not locked, and I discovered they were rooms, leaving the door I had my eyes on from the onset, the one at the end of the corridor.

Tamia tried the lock, and it was locked.

She smiled at me and squatted to do her magic.

She opened the door, and it was Jenny's office.

Something peculiar about the office was that the window was covered with silver shields. She was trying to keep someone, or people out. 1

We began to search through her desk.

I saw a cabinet and reached for it.

There were many files in the cabinet, and I went through them and saw one labelled David Pavlishchev and the Volkovs.

I had always known she had a knack for keeping records, but this was a bit extreme.

I took it out, and it was just pictures of a man that looked very much like Dominic, but he had the legendary blonde hair that westerners have.

I flipped through the files, saw photocopies of handwritten letters, and realised Jenny had photocopied the letters she had mailed and received.

The older generation stuck to the letter system and is still yet to change it.

They claimed it was imperative that the receiver knows the sender that sent it, hence why the handwriting is unique to everyone. The letter carried the sender's scent and seal.

I could see a black and white photocopied image of the Babanin's seal on the paper indicating she or a Babanin wrote it.

I took out the file and went through it.

The dates were distinct. A letter to my mother caught my eye, so I read that first.

“Dear Stephanie, I hope this letter finds well. I am writing to you as your you friend and a council member. I want to give you a heads up on your husband's wishes before he leaves for pilgrimage. He requested that your ancestral seat on the council be given to his son, David. I know you have requested the Balyaev seat be given to Dominic, but this will not be so as the lord himself has given it to his son. Because you are his wife and the rightful heir to the seat, he can also give it out as he owns the seat by marriage. The Balyaevs are the original head of the council before Lawrence. It means David will head the council while Sylvester will be lord. I am giving you a heads-up so you will not be surprised when it happens.

Yours faithfully, Jenny Lawrence Babanin.

It read, and I was shocked at the discovery. Why would my father insult my mother this way? There were so many letters to be read, and I was motivated to go through them all.

~Sylvester~

I took out the following letter, and it was a letter my mother had written to Jenny.

“Dear Jenny, I am pained to my soul that Maurice would do such a thing to me.

Kindly let me know if there is a way to overturn this injustice. That seat is rightfully mine, and I want Dominic to sit on it as head of the council. Please, I need your help. You know everything, and you know that bitch Alissa and everything she did to me. Please help me overturn this cruelty. Yours Stephanie Balyaev Volkov”

It read, and I went through Jenny's scribbles.

Studying the scribbles, she was tracing David.

I wondered what she was tracing him for. Was it to do my father's bidding or my mother's bidding? According to the scribbles, David had moved from Grizlo to Haddad, then he moved to Lucland and went to the west to live in Gad, after which she lost track of him. Why was he moving about so much?

The following paper was a letter from my father before he went on a pilgrimage.

"Dear Jenny, Hope this letter finds you well. I am writing to you because Gavin, Lucas and I won't see you before we leave for our pilgrimage, but I promise we won't be long. Also, I have decided to instate David as the head of the council using the Balyaev seat. Kindly help me find him and ensure he takes his place as head of the council. Also, please keep it between us because you know how Stephanie can get. When I return, I will reward you greatly for your loyalty.

Yours sincerely, Maurice. PS do not forget to buy a replacement for the red lace that I like. See you soon, darling," it read, and I was stunned.

I did not need someone to explain what I had just read.

Jenny was sleeping with my father. They were having an affair, and I was sure my mother did not know because Jenny was my mother's best friend.

The following letter was addressed to my father while he and his officers had left on pilgrimage.

"My darling Maurice, you need to be careful; I think Stephanie is planning to get you. She said something about you stealing from her. I do not know why but she seems to want to set you up. Please be careful and come back to me in peace. I bought the red lace you like, and I hope it lasts before you rip it. Please hurry. I miss you so much, and my body is craving your touch so much that I find myself touching myself often just thinking of you.." I could not finish the letter because it seemed like the rest was dirty talk.

From what I had read so far, Jenny was playing two sides.

I suspect she lied to my father about my mother being out to get him. All my mother said was that she did not want David to have her ancestral seat, and she was in the right. Unless there were other communications between then and when she sent the letter to my father. I would have to dig deeper.

It was wrong for my father to try to pass my mother's seat and Dominic's birthright to his bastard.

"Darling," Tamia said, and I looked at her. She was holding a photo album and her eyes looked a bit worried.

She handed the album to me, and I was shocked at the content. According to the pictures, my father had a child with Jenny.

I began to rake my head, wondering who this child was because he wasn't David, and according to the time stamps on the pictures, I was just two years older than the baby.

"That isn't all," she said and showed me some letters.

I read the content.

"Whores have no place on the council. You better keep your mouth shut, or I will shut it forever." it read, and I was surprised.

The next one read.

"I see you are getting cosy with your position on the council. I wonder how people would feel when they find out your were f**king the wolf lord while married to your late husband, of which you currently occupy his seat on the council. What would they say when they find out. you even had a bastard by the wolf lord three years after your husband died?

Bloody hypocrite. I will advise you to shut your mouth and stop digging for shit, or you will get what is coming," it read, and there were lots of them.

Some had dried tears on them. Meaning Jenny wept while she read some. I wondered about the kind of life Jenny was living.

I put down the letters and picked up Volkov's file again.

"She kept a journal, Sylvester," Tamia said, and I looked at her and saw a book in her hand.

Just then, the rest of our team walked into the office.

“Sylvester, Jenny was screwing our fathers,” Marcel said, and I looked at him.

He showed me a black-and-white picture of Jenny tied and Marcel’s father, Lucas, and my father having their way with her.

We did not need to guess who was behind the camera. It was definitely Theodore’s father.

I wondered about the kind of sick life our parents were living.

I turned the picture and saw a scribble. 1

“To Maurice, thank you for letting us share your woman this once; it was an awesome experience. You are one lucky man to have someone like her. Hope you are open to sharing again. We looked good together,” It read, and both Theodore and Maurice’s father signed it.

Gavin and Lucas. 1

I bowed my head in shame because there were times the three of us shared women like this, but it seemed Jenny belonged to my father, who let them have her once. I dumped the picture, and Tamia picked it up. Avery and Linda joined her in studying it. 1

I continued to flip through the documents in my hand.

“Sylvester,” Tamia said softly, and I looked at her.

“Jenny was in pain in this picture. I think she was being taken against her will,” She said, and I did not care, but it must be a clue to what had happened.

I collected the picture from her, and indeed Jenny was not happy. Why did my father do this to her? I guess I will have to let Tamia study her journal.

I found a letter addressed to my mother, and it read.

“Stephanie, I know you set Maurice up in the south. You didn’t have to do it. You have ruined a lot of lives. I know he hurt you, but why will you do this to him? I had apologised to you for sleeping with him; I even helped you make sure David did not ascend your family seat on the council. Why couldn’t you let it go, Stephanie? I hope you will have the courage to tell your sons that you

set their father up and had him killed in the south, "I She said. The letter looked written in haste as if the writer was experiencing anger and sorrow at the same time.

I quickly checked to see if my mother had replied to her, and she did.

"How dare you insinuate such nonsense? I would have killed you if I had planned to have him killed. I am not angry about you grieving the death of your lover and lord, but don't you dare try to pin it on me or bring my sons into the conversation. As for this bastard, David, that you manipulated his position, do not say you did it for me. Vino is your brother's son, and you love him dearly. You did it for the sake of the Lawrence family. Let this be the last time you will try to accuse me." It read, and I was relieved because I was scared that my mother had set my father up. It was plausible thinking about all he did to her. 3

While I searched the document, I wondered what happened to Jenny's child with my father.

I did not know if it was a boy or a girl, but the baby had somehow disappeared. Did it somehow die? I guess I will have to lean on the journal to explain it.

I returned to the cabinet, and the remaining files were duty files, but I planned on taking everything with me to study them.

Jenny was a can of worms, and it was apparent she was the target of the attack at my house in Lucland.

Maybe the same person who sent her the anonymous threat letters might have been the one who decided to finish her off, or someone she might have angered.

I did not understand why they did it in my mother's house and injured my mother too.

I also realised it was odd that Jenny was in my mother's house, seeing the amount of bad blood between them.

Although my mother had a lot of questions to answer, I doubted she would tell the truth or lead me right. She had so many secrets that I could never tell the difference between her truths and lies.

I checked the file and saw a letter addressed to David.

“Dear David, as per your request, I have sent you eight hundred thousand Lakhs. I hope this is enough for you and your mate to settle wherever you like. Now that your half-brother is lord, please do not come to Lucland because he is searching to kill you. You have heard of his reputation. It will be in your best interest to stay away. Do stay in touch and let me know if you need anything.” It read, and I was enraged.

This bitch had sent a letter to David telling him that I was hunting him when I did not know of his existence. 1

Why would she go to this length to keep David away?

I would have thought David was her son if I did not know of Alissa. She even sent him a lot of money to settle down with. 1

Hearing David had a wife and family, and seeing that he was moving about, made me suspect he might not be the culprit, but then again, he could have felt entitled and cheated and decided to snap.

Anything could have happened. Finding him and Jenny’s child, whether a man or woman, was necessary. It was imperative.

Babies don’t disappear. I knew something was terribly wrong with the picture.

We searched the office and found other things, but nothing led to her child.

“Let us take all the files, journals, photo albums and anything that could give us clues to study. We will be staying at the Volkov duplex in Lucland. I asked the workers there to prepare food and three rooms for us,” I said, and everyone was happy except for me.

I had come here for an answer, but it seemed I would be leaving the place more confused than I had come.

I wanted them to pack the files out of the house. While we were packing, five Kappas entered the office.

I figured they were the people that were supposed to be guarding the place.

When they saw us, they paid their respects and were scared.

They had to be because they were not doing their duty, and I had seen it first-hand.

They claimed they went to eat, and I told them it was wrong for them to all leave without attending to their work.

They handed me the keys, and I locked the office and the door that led to the corridor to keep intruders out.

We exited the house, and we all hopped into our jeeps respectively and drove to the Volkov duplex in Lucland, where my mother was staying before she moved back to the estate. 1

“You need to calm down, darling,” Tamia said, and I sighed.

“As long as you are with me, I am calm, green-eyes. There are so many unanswered questions,” I confessed, and she placed her hand on my thigh.

“I am sure her journal would answer a few of those questions. You just have to keep your mind open and watch your temper. It seems Jenny was a shitty person,” she said, and I laughed because of how she put it. I was grateful to have Tamia beside me.

I rubbed her thigh gently.

“I love you, Tamia,” I confessed from the bottom of my heart, and instead of an I-love-you-too response, my mate said something quite funny.

“Then you show me how much tonight,” She replied, and I laughed.

Only Tamia could get away with that as the reply to I-love-you.

She was cute like that.

I stepped on the gas, eager to get her out of her clothes, taste her and bury myself in her.

I could never get enough of my green-eyed beauty.

~Tamia~

I was giddy about spending time at the duplex but worried about Sylvester's mood.

It was clear we had opened a can of worms, and I doubted we would get all the answers we wanted.

We arrived at the building and were greeted by a smiling staff.

They had a lot of respect and admiration for their Lord. The staff accorded the same respect to me, making me realise who I was now

I was no longer an eastern Luna but would soon be The Lady Of The North. Something most women could only dream of.

I was glad that Sylvester wasn't a shitty man like his father. Stephanie did a great job raising him, and I had to commend her for it. I wondered what went wrong with Dominic, but I guess time would tell.

"Do you want to shower? Because of the dust at Jenny's," Sylvester said to me the moment we entered the house, and I could sense he had other things in mind, so I nodded, and he led me up the stairs to the master bedroom.

"What about dinner?" I said, and he smiled at me.

"Once we clean up, we would head down to eat. I promise." He said.

The room was beautiful. It had a contemporary design compared to the old victorian of the estate.

Sylvester hugged me from the back and kissed my neck, making me moan.

Kaira purred in my head, and I knew it was on.

I doubt we would get tired of each other, but I knew Sylvester was on edge and needed to calm down. He was finding his centre, and I was more than willing to help him find it.

He unbuttoned my blouse, still standing behind me. Then he opened my blouse and cupped my breasts with his hands, squeezing gently and brushing his thumbs against my hard nipples through the fabric of my bra.

I moaned softly.

"Music, your moan is music to my ears," he whispered, nibbling my earlobe gently. Sylvester was a master, and I couldn't get enough of his skills.

I closed my eyes to enjoy what he was doing as I felt the wetness between my legs.

My shirt came off, and then my bra. He took them off while standing behind me. 1

He opened the fly of my jeans, rolled it down, and I took it off. I had nothing but my panties on, and I was wet between my legs.

“Time to shower,” He said, and I could not believe we were stopping there.

He led me into the bathroom. I entered the shower, and he pinned me against the wall facing me and staring intensely into my eyes.

“This is a lifetime journey, Green eyes,” He said with conviction, and I nodded, not knowing how to respond to his statement.

He crashed his lips on mine and kissed me hungrily, then broke the kiss and stared at me.

He lifted my hand and placed it on his chest to feel his heartbeat. I looked at him, speechless.

“I will only stop loving you when it stops beating,” he said, and the words hit so hard that I squeezed my hand a bit, digging my nails into his flesh. I looked down, averting my gaze from his, fighting my tears. Then his hands touched my chin and lifted my face so that I could see him.

“I will be your family, your love, and your support. I will never betray you, Tamia. I will never leave you. I will never use you, and I will never hurt you. I will always choose you, no matter what. You own my heart, and you own me, and it will always be like this. No matter how hard it gets, no matter how difficult it gets, I will remain by your side. You will be my pride, and I will wear your love proudly. Your sacrifice won't be in vain. I will give more than what the fated bond provides; I will love you endlessly,” he said with misty eyes, and my tears fell from the corner of my eyes. They fell freely.

There was deep relief in my chest that made me realise that I was worried about something.

“I know my father was a bastard, and he hurt my mother and the women in his life in irreparable ways. But I am nothing like him. I am not a dark alpha, and I

refuse to be. Please do not let what we discover about my family and father make you afraid. I am nothing like him,” He said, and I placed my head against his chest and let my tears fall freely.

“I know, my love. I know,” I assured him, and he hugged me. Holding me close. I felt him turn on the faucet, and the water washed our skins.

I took off his shirt, and he took off his trousers and shorts and helped with my panties, leaving both of us naked under the shower.

The water washed away our fears and uncertainties.

He kissed and hoisted me up, burying himself deep inside.

He pumped gently, and I knew it was beyond the physical for me.

He was joining his soul to mine, owning and uniting with me. I held on and let him take me places.

We both came shattering on each other and loving it.

We completed the shower and exited the bathroom.

There were joggers in the wardrobe, so I opted to pair them with a white t-shirt. He wore the same, and we headed downstairs for dinner.

The amazing thing was that we all arrived in the dining room at the same time, with wet hair and in joggers. I wondered if the men planned this, but it didn't matter.

We sat at the table and served the food to eat.

“It was disturbing what we found back there,” Linda began, and everyone agreed.

“Did you see the bondage pictures? Jenny and her Lord were into some kinky shit,” Avery said, and we all laughed. I was glad our men did not take offence.

“No joke, but she wore the Mistress title with a capital M,” Linda said, and we laughed.

“Honestly, it is sad,” Avery said, and we were silent.

“I want to know how your mother could stand that woman,” I asked Sylvester, and he shrugged.

“Honestly, if I were in her shoes, I would have found a way to make her disappear,” Linda said, and we all laughed.

“You do not know how often I wanted to make Rebecca disappear. Kyle wasn’t worth it. If he were, I would have committed a crime,” She added, and Sylvester laughed.

“Honestly, my father wasn’t worth the trouble. Trust me. With all I found, my mother could have as well driven a blade into his heart, and no one would fault her. He was shitty like that,” Sylvester said, and I placed my hand on his thigh to rub gently.

“There are a lot of things we need to figure out quickly,” I said.

“It is clear Jenny was the target, but why did they kill her in this house and not hers?” I asked, and Linda raised her hand as if we were in the classroom.

“Did you see her windows and the silver on her doors? They had to get her where she was less protected.” Linda said, and we all laughed. Although I agreed with Linda’s deduction, it did not make sense.

“It doesn’t still make sense. This is the Wolf Lord’s house. Stephanie is the Wolf lord’s mother and lady of the north. There would be guards here; they were supposed to guard her. The main reason for bringing her here to live was to hide her and protect her from Devin and other enemies. It means this place was heavily guarded. Why would they attack and kill her in a heavily guarded place?” I asked, and as I asked the question, a scary truth dawned on me, one I dared not speak. I was silent immediately. 5

“I guess we will have to read her journal to understand her mind, and we can figure it out from there,” Avery said, and everyone agreed, but I could not speak a word because the thought that loomed in my mind was the most likely answer, but I had to discuss it with Sylvester in private just in case I am wrong. I did not want to say anything that would hurt the investigation and people’s reputations. 2

“One of the letters read that she gave my half-brother money. I wonder why she would go out of her way and give him money, then scare him to not show

up in Lucland by telling him I am looking for him when I did not even know of his existence,” Sylvester said, and he had a valid point. 3

“Your mother did ask her to help overturn your father’s plans. Maybe that was part of it.” Marcel said, and Sylvester shook his head.

“I had ascended as Lord by then. It can’t be because of that. I suspect it has to do with something else,” He said, and I was equally confused about that part.

“What about her child? Did it die at birth? I wouldn’t put it past our fathers to do that just to hide their secrets. Mind you; people would know that she was unfaithful to her husband, which would have been detrimental to the Lord’s reputation. The fact that our fathers shared her meant the baby could have belonged to any of them. What if they killed that baby? It will be understandable why she lived a solitary life and was always sad all the time. She dared not speak of it because it would reflect on her character. If the world knew of her affair, she would lose the right to represent the Babanins on the council, which would make her irrelevant, and I doubt your father loved her enough to make her luna.

He couldn’t even if he wanted to. The Belyaev bloodline is premium compared to her Lawrence arse. She would always play second fiddle, and I think she knew it,” Marcel said, and we were silent because what he said was true. He had hit the nail on the head. 3

“We need to study her journals together starting tomorrow,” Sylvester said with strong determination, and I squeezed his thigh. 1

I planned on telling him my thoughts when we retired to the bedroom.

I hoped it wasn’t what I thought, but that was the only plausible explanation for what happened.

“I think we will still need to comb through that building,” Theodore said, and I knew he was right because we were not expecting to find all we found there. There was a possibility that there were things there.

“For someone that keeps records for the council, it is amazing that she doesn’t have a computer yet. All the letters were photocopied,” Linda said, bringing something vital to our attention.

"I thought that too. It was quite odd. I know she is old school and all, but it was quite odd that there was nothing on her desk. Do you think someone might have stolen the computer if she had one?" Avery asked, and we all looked at ourselves because she had given a valid point.

There was a lot of shadiness and bad blood around her. She might have something on it that they want to protect from getting out. We needed to find out.

"If she had a computer, I doubt it was in that office. Didn't you see the number of locks on the door and windows?"

Theodore said, and Sylvester shook his head.

"The culprit might have stolen it before the murder. The office and passage were locked after the murder," Sylvester said, making a very valid point, and it was plausible.

"There is a lot to uncover. I suggest we stay another day here and go through the documents we have taken. Afterwards, we should copy them onto a system by having a Kappa scan them into a computer." I said, and everyone agreed.

We finished up and decided to retire to our bedroom.

As soon as Sylvester and I entered the room, I decided to tell him what I was thinking about Jenny's murder. I just prayed he would not take offence.

~Tamia~

Sylvester took off his clothes, leaving his boxers on and lay on the bed facing up and resting his head on his hand. He looked to the side and smiled at me. He motioned me to join him in bed.

"Come on, Green-eyes. I want to hold you," He said, and I smiled.

I took off the joggers and left the T-shirt on.

It was big, and I had nothing under it.

I climbed into bed, and he sat up to hold me.

“That was intense down there, right?” He asked, kissing my neck, and I nodded.

“So, do you always solve cases like this?”

He asked me, and I laughed.

“Never solved a murder and mutiny case in my life,” I said, and he pretended to be shocked.

“You mean I have an amateur on the job? he asked playfully, and I laughed.

“You are then charging too much, green- eyes,” He said.

“I will charge you more,” I said, and he tickled me.

I laughed so hard and used the pillow to hit him.

His wolf flashed, and I found it sexy.

I stopped laughing, and my eyes roamed his body. I looked at his muscles and his tattoos. The tan on his skin and Kaira purred in my head.

“Drooling, Green-eyes,” He said with a smirk, and I looked away, giggling.

“All yours,” He said and hugged me, pulling me close and kissing me on my lips.

I moaned gently, and he growled lowly turning me on.

I wanted to get into it, but I needed to tell him what I was thinking first.

“I want to share something with you,” I said quietly, and he nibbled my ears, making it hard for me to compose myself. I moaned, and he put his hand under my T-shirt.

Want to speak to you,” I said between moans as he caressed my clit with his thumb. My body was coming apart, and he looked into my eyes as he rubbed my clit gently.

“Tell me,” he said with lust in his eyes, and I could not speak. He wasn’t playing fair.

“I wanted to taste you all day, green eyes, ” he said with his dark wolf eyes, and I gently nodded, telling him he should go ahead. Spreading my legs wide, he went to work.

I did not know what had happened to me, but I came immediately, and he smacked my clit gently.

“That is naughty, Green-eyes. I wanted it to last longer,” He teased, and the truth was, how could I when he had already got me worked up before he delved in?

I went on top of him to ride.

I placed him inside me, and he filled me up and guided my body as I moved up and down on his cock. He worshipped my breast, and everything was heightened. We were at it for a while, and soon we finished.

I lay beside him, trying to catch my breath, and he looked at me.

“You wanted to tell me something,” He said, and I laughed.

I managed to sit up because what I wanted to say was serious.

He sat up, too and smiled.

“I do not want you to take offence to what

I am about to say. It is just a hunch, and I could be wrong.” I said, and he smiled.

“You can never offend me, Tamia.” He said, and I smiled at him.

“It is about Jenny and your mother,” I began.

“How could she be visiting your mother when it seemed there was a lot of bad blood between them? Your mother found out she was having an affair with her husband and must have hated her for it.

How come she visited your mother?” I asked, and he was silent.

“Stephanie might be passive, but I also know she is vindictive. There is no way she would be okay with it. Your father did a lot of horrible things to her. It

is a miracle she is sane.” I said, and he touched my hand gently and kissed it.
1

I did not know my hand was shaking until he did that.

I was trying hard to find a way to put my thoughts into words without offending him.

“Relax and tell me what you want to say, Tamia,” He said and kissed my hand again. I sighed.

“Your mother does not seem like the forgiving type. Were there guards in this duplex during the time of the attack?” I asked him.

“They were supposed to be, but the wounded ones were few. They usually have a shift, and the attack happened during the shift. They did say southern and eastern soldiers attacked them. They thought my mother was dead. That was why the attackers left,” he said, and I sighed,

“Did you see these so-called southern soldiers? At least your mother’s guards should have put up a fight and got one or two,” I said.

“I guess they came prepared,” he said.

“What if,” I said and looked at him, trying to compose myself and summon the courage to speak.

“I am just speculating, Sylvester,” I warned him, and he smiled and caressed my cheek, urging me to speak freely.

“What if your mother lured Jenny to her house and had her killed?” I said, and he froze. (1

“Think about it. They aren’t friends; there is bad blood between them, and Jenny’s house is impenetrable. Your mother might have invited her here in the name of truce, made sure there was a shift and planned with the guards present to do her bidding and say it was the south. She and Dominic were the only ones that knew I was visiting that morning. Since Devin had tried to take me from the estate once, they might as well blame the attack on him, only that this time around, he decided to kill a council member and injure your mother, which is a bit odd. If truly he was the one that staged the attack, then your mother would be dead. What if Jenny was blackmailing your mother, and she

decided to silence her for good? What if Jenny was making allegations that could put you in trouble? Your mother would do anything for you and Dominic. I am just saying,” I said, and he was silent for a bit, digesting my words. 1

“What will Jenny have on her?” He asked me and his eyes widened because he had thought of something.

“There was a letter where Jenny claimed my mother had my father and his officers murdered. My mother replied to her and warned her to stop spewing nonsense. It is impossible, of course, because we know Bane killed them, but what if Jenny was trying to pin it on her? I still doubt my mother will kill her because of a baseless allegation.” He said, and I shook my head.

“I doubt it has anything to do with your father’s death, Sylvester. I think it has a lot to do with your position and that of your brother. You know I read the letters you read, and your mother said something about Jenny helping her because it would benefit Vino, who is

Jenny’s nephew,” I said, and he nodded.

“Did it occur to you that the two people that helped her overturn your father’s decree are now dead? Vino’s father and Jenny?” I said, and he widened his eyes. 1

“I am just speculating, but what if your mother wanted Dominic to ascend her family position on the council, and Jenny might have pushed back because that would make Vino second in command? You know how badly your mother wanted Dominic to be in the place of power,” I said, and he realised where I was driving.

“I hope she didn’t do it, Tamia. Please do not tell anyone this. If my mother did it, she would be in trouble because after the blue moon, she would no longer be the lady of the north and would not have immunity. I do not want us to give our enemies a weapon to use to hurt our family,” He said, and I could see the fear in his eyes.

“That was why I held my tongue downstairs,” I said and looked at him.

“As much as you will want Theodore or Marcel to be in on this, I think we should investigate your mother’s part in this between us so that no damage is caused. We need to investigate the allegations made, and once we have

enough, you should question your mother in private, I said, touched his hand, and used my thumb to gently rub the back of his hand to calm him down. 1

“I am sure no woman would go through half of what your mother did and not snap. Your father treated her like shit. He tried to replace her with his fated, then forced her to be his fated’s midwife. He cheated on her, killed most of her family members and crippled them by forbidding her from representing them on the council, almost wiping them from existence just because he wanted to divorce and replace her. He didn’t stop there; he had an affair with her best friend and tried to take her family seat from her by depriving her child and giving it to his bastard—the son of the woman that caused your mother so much pain. There is just so much a woman can take, and these are just a few things she had been brave enough to share. When I look at Stephanie, she looks like a battered woman that has learned to cope by living in denial. I am sure she must have snapped and tried to push back somewhere along the line, Sylvester,” I said, and tears formed in his eyes. He fought them, but they came.

“I never thought of it this way, Tamia,” he said, and I snuggled into his arms to help him relax.

Listing out what his mother had been through, the reality hit home for him. It would hurt anyone.

“She never really told us any of these things, Tamia. She only spoke praises of him and told us how he loved her,” He said, and I could understand Stephanie’s reason.

She needed them to be proud of their father.

She did not want to ruin his image for them. She did not want to spoil their memory of him.

“Your father might have been a wonderful man to you and your brother, and she did not want to spoil your memory of him,” I said, and he sighed.

“I guess so. He was really fun and spent so much time with us. I knew of the Harem, but since it was tradition, my mother did not seem to be bothered about it. I let it be. I would have confronted and challenged my father if I had known she was going through half of the things you had listed. If I didn’t, I am sure Dominic would have. He loves her that much. If Dominic knows half of this, he will be mad,” Sylvester said, and I sighed.

“I think he might know Sylvester. He was alive during the time of Alissa. He must have noticed the changes. Even if he did not know of her, he must have noticed that your father was different towards your mother,” I said, and he giggled.

“I doubt he knew. My mother kept it hidden. I am sure he did not even know of Alissa. My brother worshipped our father. He sees him as perfect, hence why he went to war to avenge his death. He loved our father and spent more time with him than I did,” He said, and I sighed.

“I guess your mother did a good job of protecting your innocence, which brings me back to the point that she must have snapped somewhere down the line,” I said and turned to him.

“We will get to the bottom of it, but we must keep my mother’s investigation a secret. I do not want her to get in trouble,” He said gently, and I nodded.

“Neither do I. She has been through enough, and if she did anything to Jenny, Jenny deserved it. That is my opinion because the woman was a wicked and shitty friend. She could refuse the wolf

Lord, but she did it for her gains or whatever reason.

“We will go through the document tomorrow and decide what to do from there,” He said and kissed me. We snuggled in bed, and soon sleep came.

~Tamia~

I woke in the morning with a bit of morning sickness. So I rushed to the bathroom and threw up what was left of my dinner from last night. Sylvester joined me in the bathroom and rubbed my back gently.

Knowing why I was throwing up, neither of us was bothered.

He kissed the top of my head, and I wiped my lips gently and smiled at him.

“Good morning,” he said to me, gently patting my hair. I smiled in response. We sat down on the bathroom floor.

Sylvester placed his hand on my stomach and rubbed gently.

“I can’t wait to meet our baby, Tamia,’

He said, and I gently touched his hand on my tummy.

“We still have a long way to go; it’s flat,”

I pointed out, and we laughed.

We got ready for the day and headed downstairs. I could not wait to go through the journals.

As much as I wanted to get to the bottom of things, I was curious about Jenny’s life because the woman had a lot of skeletons in her closet and seemed a bit eccentric.

“Good morning,” Linda said, smiling at me, and her smile was extra, which made me know Theodore had done a lot of work.

“Good morning,” I greeted her and

Theodore, and he smiled at me while rubbing her back.

Avery and Marcel were yet to join us.

Sylvester pulled out a seat for me to sit down. I sat and looked at Linda. She was glowing. She looked nothing like the

Linda that I used to know. It was amazing what true love could do to someone. We were lucky.

We came to the north as war prisoners and found love in the process. Like in the east when our husbands were friends, likewise in the north. It was amazing to see how intertwined our destinies were. It was still in the very same order. 1

“Where is Marcel?” Sylvester asked

Theodore, and he smiled.

“They will soon join us, I hope,” Theodore answered, and Sylvester laughed. I knew there was a subtle exchange between the men, which we weren’t privy to, so I squeezed my man’s thigh.

“Have you decided what our team would wear during the polo?” Theodore asked

Sylvester, and he shook his head.

“Maybe our women would decide that,” Sylvester said, lifted my hand and kissed

“I want to look sexy while you cheer me on during our games,” he said, and I smiled at him.

“That is an easy colour. Black polo shirt and white trousers. Black and white everything,” I said, and he nodded. 2

“As you wish, my Lady,” he said, and I felt tingles.

“I am so excited about the ball before the sports games begin. I learned everyone would be there,” Linda said, and I wondered why she would be excited. Then it hit me that our exes might be coming for the games, but I also knew that the east and most of the south were never invited to the all-region games.

“You will get to rub it in his face one day, Linda but not at the games. They never invite the east,” I linked her, and her smile dropped. She really wanted to laugh at Kyle. I could understand. Theodore was an upgrade from the douchebag.

Theodore was a powerful Alpha and third in command of our world. A position Kyle could never dream of. It would have been nice if she and Avery got the chance to rub the joy on their faces. Call it petty, but there was a true satisfaction that would come with their pain and disbelief. I knew one day it would happen, and no matter how much they claimed not to care, they would because the women had an upgrade.

Avery joined us with Marcel, and with how they looked, I knew what they had been up to.

Marcel did not button all the way up, meaning they were in a rush, and Avery looked like she packed her hair before tumbling in the sheets. She couldn't take the time to comb and pack the hair again, so she decided to pat it and fix herself up. 2

“Shall we eat?” Sylvester said, and we dug in.

I ate everything. My appetite was over the roof, and Sylvester kept adding things to my plate.

Breakfast ended, and I was the first to leave the table to head to where we kept the journals.

There were six journals altogether, and somehow it wasn't a daily record of her life; browsing through the page, I realised she only recorded significant events.

"Read aloud, Tamia," Marcel said. We were all eager for answers, so we sat in the living room, and I picked the oldest journal, judging by the dates, to read.

"Today was the worst day of my life. I told Maurice I would like to have a baby with him, and he shut it down. He said he already has one bastard; he can't have another. It really hurt because I love him so much, and it would be a gift to have a baby with him," I finished.

It wasn't informative, but we now knew how Maurice felt about having a baby with her; maybe that is why the baby is nowhere.

I flipped through, looking for something significant.

Jenny seemed the type to rant a lot, and I wasn't surprised. She was alone most of her life, so she was bound to rave in her journals. Everyone needed an outlet, and this was hers, especially since she had dirty disgraceful secrets.

"Maurice punished me today because I wanted something permanent. He told me he did not like Stephanie anymore, but he flared up when I asked him to make me his Luna. He did the worst thing ever to me, and I will never forgive him for it. Asking his friends to share me with him was the most humiliating thing ever. He wanted me to know how he saw me, as his whore. I might not be in his harem, but I wasn't different from them in his eyes. I was foolish to think he would fall in love with me." It read, and I could not feel sorry for her because Stephanie was her friend. She got what she deserved.

"It is clear that Maurice is lying to me. I know he loves Stephanie; I can see it in his eyes now he has banned me from speaking her name. I hate that bitch so much," it read, and we laughed.

“I think we should skip that book and read the later ones,” Sylvester said, disgusted by the content of the journal I was reading. 1

“No, please let her read some more pages, and we will move to the next one,” Marcel said and looked at me.

“Read an interesting bit, Tamia,” He said. It was clear we all believed she got treated the way she should.

“Alissa is a bitch, and I will put her in her place. How dare she take him from me. I have to find a way to get to her. I do not know how, but I will start somewhere.

Friendship always makes it easy. I will try and be her friend and pretend to support her against Stephanie. The woman is a thief and a menace, and she needs to be sent back to where she belongs,” It read, and I could only imagine her state of mind when she wrote it.

I dropped the journal and went for the second to the last one. The one she started the year Maurice would go on Pilgrimage.

“You will skip all these ones?” Linda asked, and I nodded.

“The woman is mad and obsessed with her lover. Unless we want a whole day of how she feels about all the women the wolf lord was screwing, we need to move on from them,” I said, and Linda was silent.

“You know you can read them at your leisure. I plan to do so,” I told her, and she smiled at me.

I picked up the book and opened it.

I flipped through the pages and found a relevant entry.

“Today, I was wronged to my soul.

Maurice has never spoken of my son. He behaves as if he does not exist. He even favours his bastard over my son.

Planning to make David head of the council is just wicked. I have to alert

Stephanie. I am sure she would be mad, and she might fight him. Who knows,

Maurice may snap and dump her arse. If he does, he will definitely come to me, and I can find a way to get my son back,”

It read; now we understand why she bothered to alert Stephanie about Maurice's decision.

We also knew she had a son who was not with her. Clearly, she wasn't in her son's life and might not know where he was. It sounded like Maurice took her son from her, but I could not draw conclusions yet.

The other pages showed how she and Stephanie would ensure that Dominic got the Balyaev seat. She indeed planned on double-crossing Stephanie in that regard; the woman was vile.

I picked up the last journal and read most of its content until I could not read it aloud anymore.

Jenny had made several entries that could get Stephanie in trouble. It was part of her final records.

“What is it?” Avery asked me, and I tried to play it off.

“Nothing interesting; we should go through the files,” I said, and they agreed.

Linda picked up the first journal while I held onto the last one.

“Are you alright, green-eyes?” Sylvester linked me, and I looked at him.

“We need to talk in private,” I linked him back.

“Is it about something that is in that book?” he asked me through the mind link, and I nodded.

“Go upstairs; I will join you,” He said, and I pretended to have a stomach upset and would read the journal while in the toilet. So I headed up to the room. I entered, sat on the bed and read the pages.

“I have always known that Stephanie was behind Maurice and his officers' death. She had denied it, but now I have proof. Today I received a letter from my spy in the south. An anonymous person sent the letter to Devin, claiming that the wolf lord was planning to attack and take over the south. The content of the letter was wicked. The writer had described the route the wolf lord

would take, his alias and the company he was travelling with, where he would stay, and the time he should attack. The sender also lied that the wolf lord was travelling with a secret army. The writer gave Devin the details he needed to strike and succeed. Only one person would have this much information on Maurice: Stephanie.

I have scanned the letter and emailed it to her. I have also threatened to expose her so she would bear the full wrath of her punishment. Once she is put on trial, we can easily say that she connived with her sons to have their father killed so they can take over the lordship and head the council. It will automatically disqualify them, and Sylvester and Dominic will not ascend. I will have the last laugh.” It read, and my hands began to shake.

I read the rest of the contents; Jenny had blackmailed Stephanie with the letter for five years.

According to the entries, Stephanie denied writing it. She even told Jenny not to hurt her son’s reputation with the lies. Jenny found her pleas amusing and wrote about how she enjoyed tormenting Stephanie with the letter.

We needed to confront Stephanie, and she needed to come clean so Sylvester would know how to deal with the matter.

Just then, Sylvester walked in, and I looked at him with fear in my eyes.

“Jenny was a very disturbed woman,” I said, and he frowned and came to sit with me on the bed.

“You have to confront your mother, Sylvester, and she better come clean,” I said, and he asked me why.

“Because Jenny claims she was the one that got your father and his friends killed. Jenny got a letter someone sent Devin and mailed your mother a copy. She has been blackmailing your mother for five years now,” I said, and he was in shock.

I could only imagine what was going on in his mind.

Even if Stephanie did not do it, the wolf lord’s death was a serious matter. Now I understood why Stephanie was hell-bent on Sylvester taking revenge. If someone had already been punished for the crime, she can’t be tried for the same offence; no one would dig since the culprit has been dealt with.

As much as I knew Maurice deserved it,

Devin wasn't lying when he said the Wolf Lord trespassed. He was made to believe the wolf lord had trespassed by whoever sent the letter.

~Sylvester~

I took the journal from Tamia and read the page she was on. I could not believe what I had just seen.

"What if this woman was trying to frame my mother? The letter was anonymous. What if that was what she was trying to do? Jenny was on the council, and my mother wasn't. My father had left the Balyaev seat vacant, making the Lawrences the most powerful family on the council. What if the council teamed up and decided to persecute my mother?"

There is always evidence to convict a person, whether guilty or innocent. What if that was Jenny's plan?" I said, still finding it hard to believe what Tamia had said.

She stood up and touched my hand.

"I do not know what to believe. But we must review the files and hide the correspondence about your father's murder. Marcel and Theodore are loyal to you, but their fathers were also killed. They might not find it funny and demand retribution," she said to me, and I knew she was right.

So I left her in the room and rushed down, stared at where the documents were and started searching the files for anything that had to do with the correspondence between Jenny and my mother.

"Sylvester, is everything alright?" Marcel asked me holding Jenny's journal in his hand. It was clear they found what she had written amusing. I smiled at him and nodded.

"Yes. I just need to see the correspondence between her and my mother," I said. He nodded and continued to read the journal in his hand.

I thought of the many things that could happen if the information Tamia just found out got into the wrong hands. The thought motivated me to search. Tamia joined me downstairs and helped me search the files.

We were at it for hours. We had lunch and talked about the content of the journal. We joked about what Jenny wrote. Tamia and I pretended to find it amusing because we did not want to alarm the others.

By evening we had gone through all the documents we had brought, and only four files consisted of her correspondence with my mother and father.

I found a copy of the letter sent to her by her southern informant in those files. It was authentic, but I could not tell if it was my mother's handwriting or not.

"Alpha Corrigan, I write you in good conscience. I do not believe in injustice, and I believe the wolf lord lost his mind because of his greed. Knowing how greatly your family suffered at his hands, I am moved to do this. Although I want to remain anonymous, I have discovered that the lord is out to conquer the south. He travels in disguise with his beta and gamma under the Alias John Michan. He plans to scout your territory as a tourist to develop his attack plan. I am writing you this letter so you can prepare yourself for what is to come. Your parents' sacrifice should not be in vain. Leah Corrigan and I became friends in the harem. Where I found favour with the wolf lord, she didn't. I am writing you this letter to help keep her son alive. Please, the wolf lord will be in the south on Monday at noon. He will be staying at the Danes Inn in Pridewood Pack land

Under his Alias. Be warned that there will be warriors around. You must intercept him in the inn. I hope for the sake of the south you succeed." It read, and I wondered how Jenny would think my mother would write the letter.

The writer said she was in the harem, but Jenny had also said only my mother knew the Alias my father used to travel. Could it be possible that he discussed his trip with one of his girls, and she opted to betray him?

Tamia and I returned upstairs to pack the evidence, and I decided to talk to her about my thoughts.

"Could it be that my father might have divulged his travelling plans to a girl in the harem?" I asked, and Tamia looked at me

"You did not read some of the records in the journal. Jenny said that Leah Corrigan was never in the harem. He did not even sleep with her. She was thrown into service in Grizlo, where she died." Tamia said.

“Maybe she was misinformed. My father slept with all the lunas he took. He might have told Jenny that, so she would not be mad. You have read her journals, Tamia; you know she is obsessed with him and possessive of him, too,” I said, and she nodded.

“Still, you need to confront your mother on this. You need to ask her; she better come clean because this is serious. This can just ruin the entire Volkov family. We have a marriage coming, and we will soon welcome children into this world. We do not need lies and secrets weighing us down and haunting us.” She said, and I could understand her fear and her reasons.

I decided I wouldn’t waste any time. Once we returned to the estate in the morning, I would ask my mother. I hope she tells the truth for all our sakes so I can figure out what to do.

We had dinner, and everyone joked about the things they read in Jenny’s journal.

The woman believed my father loved her, and my mother was blackmailing him to keep him.

She was really delusional.

One thing that troubled everyone was that other than when she mentioned her son, she never talked about him again. It was as if he had stopped existing. According to Theodore, there was an entry where she claimed my father took her son from her, but that was all. She did not talk about it or tell us where he was living. It was as if the baby had stopped existing. It was weird.

We left for the Volkov estate the next day.

I was eager to confirm with my mother on the matter.

We arrived, and I went to my room.

After Tamia and I had settled in, I took the photocopied letter and knocked on my mother’s door. I hoped she did not make it hard for my sake because I was tired of the lies.

My mother opened the door and was surprised to see me. She smiled and let me in.

"I must have done something right for you to come looking for me this morning," She said with a smile and offered me a seat. I sat and thanked her.

"How is Tamia? Is she alright? I hope she is eating and resting. These are the early stages. She shouldn't be going about with you," she said, and I smiled and leaned forward.

"She is fine, mother," I said and sighed.

"I am here to have a private discussion with you, and I need you to be honest with me," I said, and her smile dropped.

"I need you to tell me the truth because what I discovered is explosive. It can ruin our family. I need you to come clean and tell me the truth, so I will know how to handle the situation," I said, and she frowned at me.

"Why are you speaking like this, darling? I won't lie to you about anything. I love you and your brother, and your know it," She said, sounding a bit hurt, and I nodded.

"Okay, I want to know what transpired between you and Jenny Lawrence

Babanin. There was a lot of bad blood between you two, so I do not understand why she would visit you in our house," I said, and she became uncomfortable.

"She just came to say hello and reconcile," She said, and I got irritated.

"Mother, you better tell me the truth. I have a letter from Jenny's records. She has a record claiming you wrote it and accusing you of killing father," I said, and she stood up and shook her head.

"How can you say such a thing about me? It is all lies. I warned her to stop spewing that nonsense about me. You do not know how that bitch was. She was obsessed with your father.." She said, and I cut her sentence to stop her from deviating. She always did that when backed into a corner.

"Tell me the truth, mother," I said, and she shook her head.

"Please sit down," I told her, letting my command through, and she reluctantly did as I said.

“I know he was unfair to you. I know everything. Tamia told me about Alissa, and I learned other things. I am not trying to judge you; I just need to know what to do,” I said and sighed.

“She is lying. I can never hurt Maurice. He was my husband.” She said, and I shook my head.

“Yes, I know, but he hurt you, mother. He tried to divorce you because of his fated, made you care for her, murdered most of your family members, and tried to give your family seat to his son. He did a lot of hurtful things to you,” I said, and she looked at me, shocked.

“How did you know he tried to take my family seat from me?” She asked me with disbelief. I bowed my head and then looked at her.

“I did some research and saw a letter Jenny wrote to you to alert you that father wanted to give your family seat to his son, David,” I said, and she was speechless.

I had her where I wanted, so it was time to ask again. Now that she knew I had information, she would not resolve to lie.

“Mother, please tell me you had no hand in this. Tell me that Jenny is lying and you did not have father killed.” I said, staring into her eyes. Her tears were a dead giveaway. She was shaking and sweating. I could see it, but I needed her to say it.

“Answer me, mother,” I said, and she wiped away her tears.

“She was f**king him, Sylvester. I had no choice. They were working against me, all of them, against us,” She said, and my knees gave out, and I fell on them with tears streaming down my eyes.

Everything she told me was a lie.

Everything I knew was a lie. Every hate I harboured against Devin was doctored. I was a puppet. My mother’s puppet.

“I had to. Maurice had done enough, Sylvester. My family headed the council. He did not only wipe them out but banned me from sitting on their seat because he wanted to make his fated lady and luna.

Things went back to normal when Alissa died, and we lived for many years.

I couldn't say I was happy because he kept a harem and had mistresses, but he wasn't trying to divorce me anymore, and you and your brother were growing into fine men. I was content.

Then Jenny told me he planned to give my seat to his bastard. I was livid. I was preserving that seat for Dominic, and the council had approved that he ascend the chair to lead them.

Maurice was planning on going on a pilgrimage when he decided to give my seat to his bastard.

We had a heated argument after Jenny told me what he was planning.

I would later find out that she was his mistress and that she told me, hoping it would end my marriage and she could slide in. That bitch.

During our argument, your father threatened to deal with me if I did not comply.

When I told him I won't stand for it, and I would fight him for it, he came to the sickest decision. He said I could keep my seat and give it to whomever I liked because he would make David lord. After all, he is an Alpha and his son, even if he did not marry his mother.

I couldn't have it, and knowing he was serious, I was determined to end his terror.

He had shamed me so many times I refused to let him shame my children. So I did what I had to do.

I sent a letter to the southern Alpha that Maurice was heading his way to wage war on his people." she said, and I bowed my head. Bane wasn't lying when he said my father trespassed. I looked at my mother, and she looked away.

"I had to, Sylvester, or you won't be lord. He had sent the decree, which I had to bribe Vino's father and Jenny to overturn secretly. I did not even know he was screwing her then.

They agreed, but the Balyaev seat would be vacant in exchange, so Lawrence would head the council. I did it for you.

That man wanted to take everything away from us and give Alissa's son. All my years with him, suffering and supporting him were going to amount to nothing. He wanted to raise a bastard above you, Sylvester.

He was a cold-hearted maniac, and I had to end him before he ruined what was left of our family and lives.

I loved him, but I couldn't take it anymore," She said and sat down and began to weep.

I did not know what to say or do. I was in shock.

"Then why did you have Dominic wage war against Alpha Corrigan?" I asked her, and she looked away.

"To cover my tracks. Jenny suspected I had a hand in Maurice's death, and she was hell-bent on exposing me. I had to cover my tracks. If someone is punished for the crime, there will be no need to dig into it."

"So why did you continue your friendship with Jenny?" I asked her, and She sighed.

"Ever heard of the saying that tells us to keep our enemies close?" She said, and I wondered what more she had done for our honour. A woman's scorn was truly dangerous, and my mother had proven it.

-Sylvester-

I was speechless. My mother sat on the couch and was weeping.

I could see she was afraid, and I understood why. She had committed treason.

I sighed and looked at her. I could see she was tired and wondered how much she was hiding.

"Is there anything else, mother, that I need to know?" I asked her, and she looked at me.

It was hard for her, but she knew her game was up.

"I hated her." She confessed, and I did not need to guess who she was talking about.

“She came to my house uninvited and told me that she was tired of the money she was getting from me and she needed to get justice for Maurice. She was on to something, and I knew she would do it. I do not know if it had anything to do with the bastard that Maurice took from her, but she was broken, and she came to vent her anger on me,” my mother said, and I sighed.

“She said I was an idiot and could not take care of business. She bragged to me that I was a fool. She told me she was the one that helped me get rid of my competition.

I only had one competition when it came to your father, and that was Alissa. She told me how she paid the doctor to inject silver into her system.

Silver doesn't kill us; it only stops us from healing and makes us weak, which was what it did to Alissa the day she gave birth. The doctor registered her cause of death as an extreme case of preeclampsia. She bragged that I would not be able to prove it because, unlike me, she knew how to tidy up her mess.

The doctor died a month after Alissa passed away. We didn't see it as anything when it happened, but I figured it out when she told

I knew Jenny was crazy, but I did not realise how crazy she was until she said what she said.

After she bragged about what she did to Alissa, she said I reaped the benefit of her hard work but not anymore,” my mother said I knew where it was going, but I held my tongue to let her speak.

“I did not know she was screwing your father when I asked her to help secure the Balyaev seat. I found out after he died, and she thought that was why I had him killed. She claimed she loved your father, but it was all a lie. She was a bloody social climber. She dated Gavin Orlov in secret. I knew but kept her secret because her husband was late by then. 1

I did not know she was also screwing my husband when I learned about her and Gavin. I found out after Devin had killed him, and I was mad. Jenny was a bloody social climber. She married Jerry Babanin

because his family was higher than hers. Before Jerry, she tried to get with my brother, but he did not fancy her. After she married Jerry, she chose to aim higher, so she went after the eldest, Orlovs, and one day I found out she went after Maurice

Volkov too. She just wanted to be at the top. The bitch.

I had someone investigate her so I could have something on her and get her off my back, but I found out she had a child for my husband, which made me snap.

So I started sending her threatening messages hoping she would be so scared and maybe run away, but the bitch always kept her shit together, so I stopped.” She said, and I remembered the anonymous blackmail letters Jenny was getting. I did not tell my mother I had seen those letters so she would not feel bad about it.

“I had to pay her two hundred thousand Lakhs every three months so she wouldn’t raise the issue at the council. The letter might not have carried my name, but once they dug deep, they would figure it out.

So I pretended with her.

The day she died, she came to my house to gloat. She told me she had me where she wanted and could dispose of me whenever. She only let me keep my miserable life because she enjoyed watching me suffer. She told me of her child with Maurice, and I pretended to be surprised about it. She told me Maurice took her son away from her and how she envied me because he let me raise my children.

The woman was that sick. She could not tell the difference between a legitimate child and a bastard.

Jenny said it was time for her to raise the matter in the council. Kapa Blake and kappa Melvick were there when she made all those statements; they didn’t believe her, of course, and saw her as a mad woman threatening my life. She also came with her guards for reasons best known to her.

“It all happened so fast. She was leaving and said she would get you off your seat and end the Volkov line with the amount of evidence she had. Knowing she always made good on her threats, I knew I could not let her go. So I attacked; likewise, her men attacked my men, but we had the upper hand.

She stabbed me with the silver switch knife she always had on her, and Kappa Melvick helped me end her. Of course, my men killed her men, and they got scared because they had killed a high council member, so I told them what they would say before I passed out,” She said, and I placed my hand on

her thigh. She looked at me, and her eyes looked light. It must have been a burden. 2

“You know my secret, Sylvester; please do not hate me and do not tell Dominic any of this. He would never understand. He loved his father blindly,” she said, pleading with me, and I nodded and hugged her.

She cried in my arms, and I could only imagine the amount of pain she was in.

She had no choice but to strike.

Jenny was not going to back down. I had read the woman’s journals. She was sick and rotten to her core. It was good riddance.

“Please, Sylvester, Melvick and his men meant well, do not let them suffer; they believe they were protecting our family from a mad woman,” She pleaded. I told her to calm down, patting her back gently.

“It is okay, mother, your secret is safe with me,” I said, and she broke the hug and stared into my eyes to be sure I had just said what I said.

“What about Tamia? She likes digging and...” She said with genuine fear in her eyes, and I shook my head and held her hands that were shaking so she could be calm.

“Tamia was the one that figured it out, mother,” I said, and there was horror in her eyes.

“She hid the evidence from everyone and only let me in on it. She protected your secret, mother. She knew it would hurt you, our baby and me, and she kept it,” I said, and tears fell freely from her eyes.

“I am grateful, Sylvester. Tell her I am grateful..” she said, crying. She was relieved.

“Tamia, please join me in my mother’s room,” I linked my mate. I needed my mother to believe that Tamia was on her side because I could feel she was conflicted.

I held my mother, and there was a knock on the door.

My mother broke the hug and wiped away her tears while Tamia walked in.

My mother looked at me and then looked at Tamia.

She went on her knees to plead to my mate.

Clasping her hands together, she wept and begged.

“Please, Tamia, do not expose me. I am begging you. I had no choice..” she said, and Tamia rushed to her and held her. She knelt and hugged my mother.

“Your secret is safe with me, Luna. We will burn all the evidence and never speak of it again,” Tamia assured her.

I was glad Tamia was the one that found the evidence. I did not think Marcel or Theodore would want to hurt my mother, but their mothers might feel differently about it. I watched as Tamia held my mother while she wept on her knees.

It was a secret she had carried and lived in fear at the mercy of Jenny, the psycho. I hoped for all our sakes it was over. It was a relief, but we still had unanswered questions.

Who was working against my family? It was either the entire council, some people or someone on the council, David or Jenny’s bastard.

I realised that Devin was innocent all along, and I had to try to find a way to calm the situation down and have a treaty with the south to avoid any more problems. There was also the issue of him being fated to

Tamia. Although she rejected him, he was too hopeful for him to let go like that. He would always blame me for his loss, even if he respected and accepted the rejection.

I watched Tamia comfort my mother.

We left her room together and returned to our bedroom.

“We need to destroy all the evidence, so it does not get into the wrong hands,” Tamia said, going through the files.

“Anything that points to the bad blood between them, Jenny’s blackmail, the letter to the south and the correspondence about the letter must be destroyed. I am thinking of burning it in the bathroom,” She said, and I frowned. Although

we had electronic heaters in our rooms, there was a fireplace in the common room that we could use to burn the evidence.

“Why would you want to burn it in the bathroom when we can use the fireplace in the common room?” I asked, and she shook her head.

“Someone can walk into the common room and notice we are burning papers. No one would notice if we burn them in the bathroom bit by bit until they are all gone,” She explained, and I understood and agreed with her.

“So, what is our next move?” She asked me.

“After we are done burying her secret, we must look closely at everyone on the council. Investigate them while I search for David.” I told her, and she nodded and searched the documents to separate them.

I doubt David could help with anything, but I needed him to know I wasn't hunting him.

I needed to investigate and find Jenny's child. Meanwhile, we had to prep for the games. It would start in two weeks.

While we were figuring all these things out, it was best we figured out what to wear for the ball and prepare for the games to keep up appearances.

Jenny might have led to a dead end regarding the pending mutiny, but it opened a lot of things that were hidden from us. The new knowledge that we gained would help us in our future decision-making.

Tamia and I searched through the documents for two hours, and once we had separated the evidence against my mother from the others. I took them to the bathroom to burned them one at a time.

I sat by the window in the bathroom with a metal trash can and started burning the papers. I could not let Tamia do this because of her condition. I wanted her and our baby to be healthy and well. She was everything to me, and she knew it, which was why she respected my decision and did not argue with me.

-Tamia-

A week passed, and Sylvester and I did not mention what we knew.

We did not even speak of it in private. We had utterly buried it, and Stephanie was grateful.

Glenda and Dominic were at it again, and Sylvester was planning to move them to the house's east wing because they fought in the halls at night. They fought about everything. Sometimes I would hear Dominic end it, and they would get back together within minutes.

They were psychos, and even though I knew Maurice was a douchebag, I could understand why he did not deem Dominic worthy of anything.

There was no way Dominic would be able to lead the council. He was controlled by his emotions and did not have a mind of his own.

I was glad his relationship with Larry was strained, and Larry had started trying to cosy up to Sylvester. The old man had no shame.

Linda had turned Jenny's journals into her book of jokes.

The woman was delusional, and it showed in her entries.

We would often joke about some things she said during dinner. It was great.

While we did that, we practised croquet because that was the only sport we were allowed to partake in, due to our conditions. We planned our uniforms and our mates' polo team uniforms.

I was serious about the black and white uniforms. So I had them make the same for our croquet team.

The women in the harem that were on our team, most especially Katya, asked of Lilly, but we did not tell them anything.

The investigators had searched the women in the harem, and nothing was found on them, leaving Lilly and Sofia Malek as the only culprits.

They were going to be judged and punished for all to see, but it would have to be after the games.

In the meantime, they were languishing in a cell in the estate. We were supposed to send them to the council prison, but we needed to find out the people she worked for. We needed to protect ourselves and our investigation. Due to these reasons, we kept their arrest and imprisonment a secret.

“Tamia,” Stephanie called out to me in the great hall of the estate, where the VIP ball would take place; Alphas and sports team captains with the council members will be attending.

We planned on using the eastern garden and the hall as the venue because we doubted we could contain all the guests in the hall.

We had a professional event planner, Lacy Brian, planning the ball, but I had to keep busy, so my friends and I decided we would supervise the event planner.

The woman was rude and did not respect us.

Lacy felt we had no say, but we were stubborn about what we wanted.

I fought the urge to report her to Sylvester. I had to make people respect me without getting my man involved all the time. My friends understood my reason and decided to follow in my footsteps by unapologetically insisting she does what we want.

We were standing in the hall going through the colours with the event planner when Stephanie joined us.

Avery and Linda were weary of her, but I had let the bad blood between us go. Avery was vindictive, and she wasn't over the name-calling yet, and I didn't blame her. Stephanie went too far. I hoped they reconcile.

“So what are the three lunas doing?” Stephaine said with brilliant-looking eyes.

I had never seen her this happy before.

Her eyes shined brightly. Her secrets were killing her. I guess she wasn't burdened by them anymore.

“My Lady, these women want to have a monochromatic colour arrangement, and I keep telling them it isn't nice for the event. They want shades of brown and green and beige which do not suit the mood, and it lacks taste,” Lacy said.

There was a way she said it that made it sound offensive. Maybe she had not gotten the memo, but I kept it to myself. She referred to us with a demeaning

tone giving Stephanie all the respect and pleading with her to put us in our place. Even though she did not put it that way, her actions and tone implied it.

“You need to watch your tone, Lacy,”

Stephanie scolded her.

“Who do you think these women are? Mistresses?” She asked, and Lacy realised she had committed an offence.

“That is Linda, Alpha Theodore Orlov’s mate and fiancée; that is Avery, mate and fiancée of Alpha Marcel Sidorov and this is Tamia, fiancée and mate to the lord of the north and soon-to-be Lady of the north,” She said, and the event planner was speechless.

The colour drained from her face, and she went on her knees and bore her neck to me to apologise for her rude behaviour.

I told her it was okay and to get back to work.

“She thought you were women from the harem,” Stephanie said while Lacy walked

away, utterly scared.

“Most of the women your mates have been with usually oversee the events, but it had been three years since they had kept such company. She was silly to think that might be the case. I apologise on her behalf,” Stephanie said, and I nodded, telling her it was okay.

“I learned you are playing croquet,” Stephanie asked me and looked at my tummy.

I placed my hand on my flat tummy and smiled.

“I spoke with the doctor, and he said it will be good exercise,” I argued, smiling at her, and she shook her head.

“Not on my watch, Tamia. That is my grandbaby growing in you. I want both of you to be okay. I think you should take up the cheering bit. The one that involves you sitting next to me and cheering our team.

You too, Linda,” She said, and I knew it would make Avery uncomfortable. I tried to smile it off.

“You should do the same, Avery. You might not be pregnant, but we don’t want any mistakes,” Stephanie said, and Avery smiled at her.

“I hope I am, Luna. I want to have babies too,” She confessed, and we all laughed at how she said it.

“You will; just don’t overthink it and try to rest a bit more,” Stephanie said, advising Avery, and Avery nodded.

“Well, I want to play croquet,” Linda said, and I knew she wouldn’t back down.

“Theodore forbids I do anything physically demanding. It is getting to me. I want to move about the place,” She said, and I could see her tiny bump when she placed her hand on her tummy.

“The Orlov family are few, Linda; that is why Theodore is overprotective. He is the only child of his father, Gavin. He wouldn’t want anything to happen to his child and you. Please listen to him,” She pleaded, and

Linda smiled.

“Well, he said I could play croquet since the doctor approved,” She said, and Stephanie looked at me. My eyes pleaded with her to allow me to join in the fun.

“Very well, I will cheer your team from the seat,” She said, and I smiled. We sat on one of the tables, and they served us juice and Ice cream. I had Ice cream.

We laughed and joked about many things, and the whole place was lively, only for Pamela to grace us with her presence.

Seeing anyone from the council gave me the creeps.

“Lady Stephanie,” She greeted Stephanie and did not bother to greet us. Stephanie wanted to scold her, but I told her not to.

“Why don’t you ever acknowledge us?”

Linda asked her, and I honestly wished I had stopped her because I did not want to get into an altercation with the old bitch. She looked at Linda's tiny bump.

"That has never kept a man," She said, and Stephanie was angry.

"Watch your tongue, Pamela, this isn't the council, and she isn't a mistress," Stephanie said, and Pamela smiled.

"I get it, but they are just girlfriends until the wedding takes place and the claiming is done. The alphas can change their minds before then, and even the women can change their minds. It isn't set in stone. I would accord them respect when that happens. As things are, I am above them. I dare not bow to women simply because they are sleeping with the Alphas and lord," She said, making a disturbingly valid point, but she was wrong.

It was beyond what she was thinking, and I could not wait to see her eat her words when the time came. I hope she will be able to repeat herself after the blue moon.

"Jealousy does not suit you, Pamela. Your daughter had no chance with either of them. Now you are taking your anger out on these innocent women for getting what you wanted for your daughter. What is it with you council women and social climbing? I hope you can repeat this in the presence of Sylvester, Marcel and Theodore," Stephanie said, and the woman's smile faded.

"They can tell them what I said. I haven't said anything wrong. You are still Lady of the north, and I have given you your respect. It ends there. Besides, this is not why I came," She said and handed Stephanie a file and a flash drive. 1

"That is the number of invites we sent, and those are the alphas that responded and the names of the sports they would indulge in along with their team captains. to help with the ball arrangement and planning," She said, and Stephanie frowned at the document.

"This is bulkier than usual," she said, and Pamela smiled and looked at all of us.

"I guess the games have become more popular as we have more invites and participants this year," She said with a smile, and I knew she was planning something wicked.

She bowed to Stephanie and excused herself.

Stephanie was staring at the bulky document, still wondering why it was big.

“May I?” I asked Stephanie, and she handed me the file while she held onto the flash drive.

I figured the flash drive consisted of everything in the file for mailing purposes. They were giving a go at going digital.

I placed the file on the table and began to scroll through the list of guests that would be there.

I read several pages before seeing the eastern Alphas that were coming. The east had never participated before. The council had deliberately invited them to cause trouble for us.

We were the ex-wives of the eastern top Alphas; it was only expected that there would be bad blood, jealousy and friction if we met our exes face to face with our current mates.

This was what she meant by ‘anything could happen before then.’

She will be shocked to learn that Kyle did not care about Linda, nor did Max care about Avery.

I scrolled through the names and saw them, Kyle, Max and Leo were coming, and I was worried for Leo because of what Jake had told me about his state.

These stupid council people planned to stir up shit.

I was glad to know beforehand so we could alert our mates. At least we would be attending prepared.

Linda would get her moment in the sun, likewise Avery.

I hoped Leo wouldn’t do anything stupid and get on Sylvester’s nerves.

I did not bother to check the rest of the file. I looked at Stephanie, and she frowned at me with the same question in her eyes. I nodded, and she became angry.

“That bitch Pamela knows how to stir up shit,” She said, balling her fist in anger.

She knew exactly what the council was planning to do. They wanted to stir up shit and separate us from our men, but they would be disappointed because what we have is unshakeable.

Tamia walked into the room tired. I was at my desk working on my computer.

Someone had sent money to a Bricks Liam in Gad, and I was on it.

It was an anonymous transfer, but the receiver had slipped off.

Instead of using a number as an ID to collect the money, he gave his Id and name.

This was the first slip-up since I started tracing the transactions.

Was it possible that Lily was the one helping these people hide their tracks because this was an idiotic move?

If that was it, I would make sure the bitch suffered most excruciatingly. The truth about Lily was she wasn't a trophy, as everyone believed. Her father sent her to the estate the year we had decided we would no longer keep a harem.

He wanted her to be my mistress and bear me children, but I felt it was wrong and saw her more like a younger sister. I did not know it would get to her and make her act stupid. I was angry.

The only reason I let her stay was that her father was my father's friend, and they agreed that she would live on the estate.

I had abolished the laws of the lord and alphas keeping harems, but some people still wanted it in place. Bearing a bastard for the top six families would guarantee an elite life for such people and their families. Hence, everyone wanted it, and the elites would rather their daughters be mistresses than marry into lesser families.

It was a sick tradition that people still tried to keep even though I had abolished it. I banned alphas, betas and gammas from sending their daughters to my estate three years ago, and I have maintained it since then.

“Are you alright?” Tamia said, bending and hugging me from behind. She kissed my cheek, and I grabbed her and placed her on my lap to kiss her properly.

I drank her in, kissing her and taking in her scent until she moaned for me and broke away from the kiss, getting up. She went to sit on the bed, and I watched her move.

“I am so tired,” she said, arching her back and moving so she could crack her spine for relief. She turned her neck, too, for the same reason, and I laughed.

“That is why there is a planner. So you do not have to stress yourself, my lady, but you always choose to. I can’t stop you because I did not want to argue with you,” I said, and she laughed at me.

“I think I would soak in the bath,” She said, and I nodded.

She stripped as she walked toward the bathroom and moved seductively, making Knight growl and lust for her.

“Tarnia,” I growled, and she giggled, knowing exactly what she was doing. I closed my laptop and decided to join her in the bath.

It had been two days since we made love, and I would not let her get away from me tonight.

I waited a bit, then took off my clothes and went to join her in the bathroom. She sat in the tub and looked at me, smiling.

“Did you miss me?” She asked, knowing exactly what was on my mind, and Knight growled in response.

I got into the bath with her, and she moved to me and kissed me. She broke the kiss and put foam at the tip of my nose, laughing.

She was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. Her eyes captivated me, and her laughter was enthralling.

She had brought me to my knees entirely before I knew it. She was easy to love and be with.

No tension and no stress.

She wasn't a social climber. Her love and affection were true.

What did I do to be this lucky? I looked at her innocent eyes and drew her close to me.

"My Tamia," I said, and she stopped laughing. Her eyes flashed golden, and I knew it was jealous Kaira.

"I love you too, Kaira; you two are the same," I said, and she giggled.

I pulled her close and kissed her lips. We kissed deeply and had to break to catch our breaths. So I rested my forehead against hers.

"It will always be like this. My love will never die, and it will never weaken. It will always be strong, Tamia. I will never allow you to regret this. I am nothing like my father. You will never have to share, and you will never have to deal with shit. I will be true all my life, worship and cherish you until I die. You have nothing to worry about where I am concerned, my love." I said, and tears streamed down her eyes.

"I know, Sylvester. I know. I want you to know that for me, it is the same. This is my family. You are my family. You and our baby, and it will always be like that. My past is behind me and forgotten; it can never compete with what we have. Know that and trust me, Sylvester," She said, and from how she said it, I knew something was troubling her, but I did not want to spoil the moment and ask what it was because I knew she was speaking her truth.

She kissed me and soon came over to me in the bath. I let her.

My body was ready and eager to please her and receive the love she was willing to give. She came over to me, and I grabbed her waist and guided my length into her. Her warmth engulfed me with peace and pleasure as she rode me.

It felt so f**king good that I did not want it to stop. I held on to my cum, wanting her to ride her fill.

Tamia rode me, and I enjoyed every bit of it. She was my haven, and I was grateful. The pleasure got into my head, and I moaned.

“Fuck!” I said, trying to hold on to my cum. My toes were curling, and the pleasure was at its peak. I felt her pussy clench as she grabbed onto me tightly.

“Sylvester,” she called my name, and all I could do was growl as she came and milked my cock.

Soon I could not hold it anymore. Her pussy was too warm, soft and sensitive for me to hold out on her for long.

I spilt my seed into her, feeling my toes curl in the bath. She rode me until I went soft.

I held her for a bit in the bath and kissed the side of her neck.

“We have seven more weeks to go, and you will be mine. We will be connected as one,” I said, and she held me tight.

I knew something was troubling her, and I could not keep it anymore. So I broke the hug so I could see her face. I searched her worried green eyes, and she searched mine.

“Tell me,” I said, and her tears began to fall freely.

“Oh, Sylvester. The council wants to break us up. They invited our exes for the games,” She said, and I froze.

I was pissed off.

Pissed off because I knew Leo and Max were not over their mates. I can't say the same for the sick bastard, Kyle, but Max had tried to take Avery from the estate, and Leo has been on the fence even though he claimed he had given her to me. I could not forget the fact that she gave herself up, and he would have rather died than let her go.

Everyone knew how those men felt about our women. The only person whose intentions weren't clear was sick Kyle.

I knew Leo still loved Tamia. Why will they do this? I could understand Tamia's fear, and I held her. 1

“It's okay, my love. They can't break us. In fact, it is good they see the three of you have moved on, so they can move on too. I know I am the only one in

your heart now, Tamia. You have nothing to worry about. I can't be jealous of Leonardo Albert because I have you. Do not worry about what that evil council is doing. "I said to ease her mind, and she held on tightly.

"Once we solve the mutiny case, they will be dealt with accordingly, I promise," I said, and she squeezed tightly.

"She said scary things like our marriage and union not being set in stone. She said you could change your mind," Tamia said. Usually, I knew this wouldn't faze her, but her hormones were all over the place, making her extra sensitive. Most people did not know she was pregnant with my child yet.

"Who said this?" I asked so I would know who to discipline.

"Pamela Rivers," She said, and I cursed under my breath.

"That social climbing bitch. She tried to send her daughter to join the Harem three years ago, but we turned it down. She had been bitter ever since. She is just jealous of you, Tamia. She can't win, and I know you know this, so cheer up and stop letting your fear get the best of you." I said, and she broke the hug and looked at me. 1

We left the bath, dried up and went to bed naked.

I lay down, and Tamia placed her head against my chest. I needed to ease her mind and change the topic.

"Guess what?" I asked her, and she pinched me in response, which made me flinch, and we both laughed.

"The money transfers finally turned up a name at the receiving end," I said, and she sat up abruptly and looked surprised and overjoyed at the same time.

"A break!" she said, and I nodded, laughing and sat up.

Tamia was overjoyed.

"Finally, we have a trail," She said, relieved for the same reason.

"I think Lilly has been helping them hide their tracks since, but not anymore," I told her, and Tamia nodded.

“I suspected that might be it, but I had no proof. That bitch.” She said, and I laughed.

“I will have him arrested tomorrow,” I said, and she stopped laughing and shook her head.

“You can’t do that. Put someone on him and have him watched. He might lead us to someone and blow this thing open wider. They do not know their moles have been caught. No one knows what happened to Lilly and her handler. We will keep it that way and keep letting them slip up. There will be more activities during the game because Lilly had told them security would be low then. That is when we’ll strike, and I am thinking of using Lilly to get them,” She told me, and I could understand her angle. I agreed with everything she said except for using the treacherous bitch to trap the people.

“I do not trust Lilly to have her do our bidding,” I said, and Tamia nodded.

“I know she is selfish, and that is exactly what we will use against her. Right now, her life is forfeit because she committed treason. We will offer her lesser punishment if she can help us catch some of them. She will throw them under the bus to save her skin. The woman is selfish like that. She does not believe in their cause. She only did what she did out of scorn. Her conviction is different from theirs. That is why we will use her.” She explained, and I could see her point.

“What about Sofia, her handler?” I asked, and Tamia shook her head.

“She will be challenging to use. We will keep her locked up, and soon word will get out that she has been apprehended. So the uprising group, whatever they call themselves, will have no choice but to work with Lilly directly.” Tamia said, and I understood what she was planning on doing. 1

“I think we can work on that,” I said, and she nodded.

Tamia’s eyes looked sleepy, so I made her lie down.

She placed her head back on my chest, and soon I heard her snoring. She was exhausted. I thought of what she said about Pamela, and I decided it was time to clip the wings of the council. They had done too much damage.

Chapter 62 - The Destiny of a Heart-broken Luna

~Sylvester~

Tamia was very angry about Lily's betrayal; I could feel it in her. I tried to calm her down as we walked back to the room.

"We must search all the women in the harem and all the lunas working here. Everyone that has come to live here through war," She said, and I could understand her reason.

There was no way they would be happy about being away from their loved ones. The fact that they could start an uprising right under my nose spoke volumes, and I knew it was best to do as Tamia had instructed. There was nothing more deadly than the enemy within.

"Very well, I will instruct the officers to do as you have instructed," I told her, and she nodded.

I asked her to follow me to my office so I could set some things in motion.

It wasn't long after we were in the office when my mother knocked on the door.

I knew it was her because I could smell her jasmine perfume.

She entered and looked at Tamia.

"What is this I hear of traitors in the estate?" She asked, and I knew news must have reached her by now, and she only came to clarify what she had heard.

"Lily was the one that set Dominic up. She had been communicating with a man and a woman we do not know, but she has given us a name," I her, and she smiled.

"I knew my baby had no hand in this," She said almost with a celebratory tone, and I nodded so she would know that she had won.

"Yes, yes, but if he did not spend his time trying to cause my downfall, I would not have believed the allegations against him," I told her.

"I think we should sweep your office for spy devices," Tamia said, interrupting my mother and me.

"Our bedroom too. We need to be sure

Lily was not actively spying on us," She said, and I understood her. Lily had access to my office and bedroom. She could have as well planted things in my office.

"Maybe we should torture it out of her," my mother said, and I understood her rage.

Just then, Marcel linked me that they were back.

“Mother, please excuse Tamia and me; we have things to do today. I will speak to you when we return,” I said, and she nodded.

Tamia frowned at me, so I had to link her.

“Marcel and Avery are back, let’s go to their wing, and then we can leave for Jenny’s house from there,” I said, and she stood up immediately.

I could see the eagerness in her eyes, and I smiled, hopeful that our trip to the beta’s wing would lighten her mood more.

We left my mother in my office, but I informed kappa William to sweep my office and room for bugs.

If any were found there, I would be annoyed with Lily. I was already pissed off with her, but I knew it would be worse.

We arrived at the beta’s wing and headed to Marcel’s room. I was worried for them but optimistic at the same time.

It would be nice to welcome our children into the world around the same time, but it wasn’t really up to us.

Marcel and Avery seemed happy, and I had linked my friend when Tamia went to speak with Avery.

“How did it go?” I asked him, and he nodded.

“We are both fine. The doctor said she should be calm about it and that she was overthinking it. There is nothing wrong with either of us,” He said, and I sighed.

“What is this I hear about Lily?” He said aloud, and I sighed.

Just then, Theodore and Linda arrived.

They were already dressed for our mission at Jenny’s house.

I knew Linda was the one behind it. The woman was eager to go out and do something. I wouldn’t blame her.

Theodore was overprotective about her pregnancy, and I knew it would get to her eventually.

“You needed to be there,” Theodore said to Marcel, joining our conversation.

“Tamia whacked the hell out of the bitch, ” he said, and I looked at him.

Avery and Linda looked at Tamia.

“Yes, I did,” She admitted.

“The bitch deserved it. All because

Sylvester didn’t fancy her,” She said, and

Avery was shocked.

“Did she say that?” She asked, and Tamia shook her head.

“No, she didn’t, but that is the truth. She claimed they tried recruiting her a few months before we arrived in the north. Suddenly her recruiter miraculously had the idea to threaten her family to make her do what they wanted a few months after Sylvester got with me. The bitch was sitting on the fence all this while, and she snapped.

when Sylvester got with me, she

It is as simple as that,” Tamia said, and Linda growled.

“Tell me you drew blood, Tamia,” She said, and I was shocked. These women were dangerous.

“More than she could spare. She was lucky it was a controlled environment. I am not done with her yet,” She said, and Theodore linked me.

“I would not want to be on her bad side,”

he said, and I nodded.

“Very well, are we ready to go to Jenny’s?”

I asked, and everyone was a bit excited.

It wasn’t a date, we were going to snoop in a dead woman’s house, but it seemed exciting to everyone. I hope we find something exciting there, and hopefully, it leads us somewhere.

Tamia and I returned to our bedroom to get dressed to go to Lucland.

I wanted us to spend the night in our house there, so I called the staff to prepare the place.

I was hoping to have fun with my friends and my luna.

We rode in our jeeps as always.

Tamia seemed excited and nervous at the same time.

I wondered if it were the hormones, and I placed my right hand on her thigh and squeezed gently.

We arrived at Jenny's house, and I was surprised that no one was in sight. I had asked that the place be guarded, but it seemed no one was there.

"Did we not put guards to guard the place?" Marcel asked, and I wondered why he was asking me these questions.

"I will call Kappa Wilson to find out why no one is here," Theodore said, and we entered the building.

It was dark and dusty, and I did not think it was safe for pregnant women to inhale so much dust, but I knew Linda and Tamia were stubborn, most especially Linda, who had been dying to leave the estate.

Avery found a switch and switched on the light, and the living room looked trashed.

Tamia rushed to the door in the corridor and tried the lock, but it was locked. The door seemed to lead to the hallway that led to the rooms and probably her office.

She examined the lock, and I moved close to see what she was looking at while the others snooped around the anteroom and the living area.

"There are scratches on the wood," She said, and I knew what it signified.

"Someone tried to get in forcefully but failed. Maybe there were guards, or the person ran off, but it seemed they did not have the time to break through discretely. I guess it was because people were guarding the place. If not, they could have smashed the door to get through." She pointed out.

I touched the door to understand the type of wood it was made of, but immediately,

I felt a familiar weakness that comes with silver.

"Thick Oak. It would not have been easy even for a wolf because it has silver in it."

I said, feeling weak just by touching the door.

"Jenny wanted to keep people out,"

Tamia said, and I smiled.

"Do not overthink it, darling. She might have only been protecting herself. She lives alone, you know," I said, and Tamia smiled.

"We need to find a way in," I said, trying to see how best to bring the door down.

Tamia took out two pins from her hair and smiled at me. I was amazed when I watched my mate pick the lock on the door.

“How did you know how to do this?” I asked, and she laughed.

“Leo and I used to...” She said and looked at me worriedly as if she had said something wrong.

I wondered why she would think that way when she rejected her fated for my sake.

Leo paled in comparison to her fated.

“It’s okay, green eyes; he is a part of your past. You can speak his name,” I said,

I said, and she smiled.

“When I was seventeen, we were not supposed to be dating because I was under -aged; my aunt then used to lock the doors to prevent me from going out at night. Leo taught me how to quietly pick her lock when she was sleeping at night so we could hang out without her knowledge,” She said, laughing. I realised it was a happy memory for her.

“I have never asked you of your parents, Tamia. Hope it isn’t a sensitive topic?” I asked her, and she shook her head.

“Not at all. My father used to be Leo’s father’s Delta. My parents were killed when they went on a trip. No one told me how it happened, but my elderly aunt raised me. She died a month before my wedding. She was my last relative,” She said. My heart broke because I could only imagine the trauma she went through when Leo betrayed her because he was her only family.

He was the only person that was related to her and hers alone. I could not speak because being alone was the worst thing ever.

She looked at me and smiled, and I plastered a smile on my face.

I looked into her green eyes; although she had been through horrible things, she still found a reason to smile and dared to open up to love and be loved.

I knew then that breaking her heart would be an unforgivable sin.

I vowed to ensure she would never regret loving me. I will try to be everything so she will never feel alone or feel like she is lacking.

“We are in,” She said and stood up, snapping me out of my deep thought, and I smiled.

We walked into the hallway, and it was dark, but my vision was better than most wolves.

Borrowing Knight’s eyes, I could see clearly and found the light switch, which

I turned on. There was a door down the hall; I suspected it was either the master bedroom or her office.

There were three doors in the corridor, and I moved to open them all. They were not locked, and I discovered they were rooms, leaving the door I had my eyes on from the onset, the one at the end of the corridor.

Tamia tried the lock, and it was locked.

She smiled at me and squatted to do her magic.

She opened the door, and it was Jenny's office.

Something peculiar about the office was that the window was covered with silver shields. She was trying to keep someone, or people out. 1

We began to search through her desk.

I saw a cabinet and reached for it.

There were many files in the cabinet, and I went through them and saw one labelled David Pavlishchev and the Volkovs.

I had always known she had a knack for keeping records, but this was a bit extreme.

I took it out, and it was just pictures of a man that looked very much like Dominic, but he had the legendary blonde hair that westerners have.

I flipped through the files, saw photocopies of handwritten letters, and realised Jenny had photocopied the letters she had mailed and received.

The older generation stuck to the letter system and is still yet to change it.

They claimed it was imperative that the receiver knows the sender that sent it, hence why the handwriting is unique to everyone. The letter carried the sender's scent and seal.

I could see a black and white photocopied image of the Babanin's seal on the paper indicating she or a Babanin wrote it.

I took out the file and went through it.

The dates were distinct. A letter to my mother caught my eye, so I read that first.

"Dear Stephanie, I hope this letter finds well. I am writing to you as your you friend and a council member. I want to give you a heads up on your husband's wishes before he leaves for pilgrimage. He requested that your ancestral seat on the council be given to his son, David. I

know you have requested the Balyaev seat be given to Dominic, but this will not be so as the lord himself has given it to his son. Because you are his wife and the rightful heir to the seat, he can also give it out as he owns the seat by marriage. The Balyaevs are the original head of the council before Lawrence. It means David will head the council while Sylvester will be lord. I am giving you a heads-up so you will not be surprised when it happens.

Yours faithfully, Jenny Lawrence Babanin.

It read, and I was shocked at the discovery. Why would my father insult my mother this way? There were so many letters to be read, and I was motivated to go through them all.

~Sylvester~

I took out the following letter, and it was a letter my mother had written to Jenny.

“Dear Jenny, I am pained to my soul that Maurice would do such a thing to me.

Kindly let me know if there is a way to overturn this injustice. That seat is rightfully mine, and I want Dominic to sit on it as head of the council. Please, I need your help. You know everything, and you know that bitch Alissa and everything she did to me. Please help me overturn this cruelty. Yours Stephanie Balyaev Volkov”

It read, and I went through Jenny’s scribbles.

Studying the scribbles, she was tracing David.

I wondered what she was tracing him for. Was it to do my father’s bidding or my mother’s bidding? According to the scribbles, David had moved from Grizlo to Haddad, then he moved to Lucland and went to the west to live in Gad, after which she lost track of him. Why was he moving about so much?

The following paper was a letter from my father before he went on a pilgrimage.

“Dear Jenny, Hope this letter finds you well. I am writing to you because Gavin, Lucas and I won’t see you before we leave for our pilgrimage, but I promise we won’t be long. Also, I have decided to instate David as the head of the council using the Balyaev seat. Kindly help me find him and ensure he takes his place as head of the council. Also, please keep it between us because you know how Stephanie can get. When I return, I will reward you greatly for your loyalty.

Yours sincerely, Maurice. PS do not forget to buy a replacement for the red lace that I like. See you soon, darling,” it read, and I was stunned.

I did not need someone to explain what I had just read.

Jenny was sleeping with my father. They were having an affair, and I was sure my mother did not know because Jenny was my mother’s best friend.

The following letter was addressed to my father while he and his officers had left on pilgrimage.

“My darling Maurice, you need to be careful; I think Stephanie is planning to get you. She said something about you stealing from her. I do not know why but she seems to want to set you up. Please be careful and come back to me in peace. I bought the red lace you like, and I hope it lasts before you rip it. Please hurry. I miss you so much, and my body is craving your touch so much that I find myself touching myself often just thinking of you..” I could not finish the letter because it seemed like the rest was dirty talk.

From what I had read so far, Jenny was playing two sides.

I suspect she lied to my father about my mother being out to get him. All my mother said was that she did not want David to have her ancestral seat, and she was in the right. Unless there were other communications between then and when she sent the letter to my father. I would have to dig deeper.

It was wrong for my father to try to pass my mother’s seat and Dominic’s birthright to his bastard.

“Darling,” Tamia said, and I looked at her. She was holding a photo album and her eyes looked a bit worried.

She handed the album to me, and I was shocked at the content. According to the pictures, my father had a child with Jenny.

I began to rake my head, wondering who this child was because he wasn’t David, and according to the time stamps on the pictures, I was just two years older than the baby.

“That isn’t all,” she said and showed me some letters.

I read the content.

“Whores have no place on the council. You better keep your mouth shut, or I will shut it forever.” it read, and I was surprised.

The next one read.

“I see you are getting cosy with your position on the council. I wonder how people would feel when they find out your were f**king the wolf lord while married to your late husband, of which you currently occupy his seat on the council. What would they say when they find out. you even had a bastard by the wolf lord three years after your husband died?

Bloody hypocrite. I will advise you to shut your mouth and stop digging for shit, or you will get what is coming,” it read, and there were lots of them.

Some had dried tears on them. Meaning Jenny wept while she read some. I wondered about the kind of life Jenny was living.

I put down the letters and picked up Volkov's file again.

"She kept a journal, Sylvester," Tamia said, and I looked at her and saw a book in her hand.

Just then, the rest of our team walked into the office.

"Sylvester, Jenny was screwing our fathers," Marcel said, and I looked at him.

He showed me a black-and-white picture of Jenny tied and Marcel's father, Lucas, and my father having their way with her.

We did not need to guess who was behind the camera. It was definitely Theodore's father.

I wondered about the kind of sick life our parents were living.

I turned the picture and saw a scribble. 1

"To Maurice, thank you for letting us share your woman this once; it was an awesome experience. You are one lucky man to have someone like her. Hope you are open to sharing again. We looked good together," It read, and both Theodore and Maurice's father signed it.

Gavin and Lucas. 1

I bowed my head in shame because there were times the three of us shared women like this, but it seemed Jenny belonged to my father, who let them have her once. I dumped the picture, and Tamia picked it up. Avery and Linda joined her in studying it. 1

I continued to flip through the documents in my hand.

"Sylvester," Tamia said softly, and I looked at her.

"Jenny was in pain in this picture. I think she was being taken against her will," She said, and I did not care, but it must be a clue to what had happened.

I collected the picture from her, and indeed Jenny was not happy. Why did my father do this to her? I guess I will have to let Tamia study her journal.

I found a letter addressed to my mother, and it read.

"Stephanie, I know you set Maurice up in the south. You didn't have to do it. You have ruined a lot of lives. I know he hurt you, but why will you do this to him? I had apologised to you for sleeping with him; I even helped you make sure David did not ascend your family seat on the council. Why couldn't you let it go, Stephanie? I hope you will have the courage to tell your sons

that you set their father up and had him killed in the south, “I She said. The letter looked written in haste as if the writer was experiencing anger and sorrow at the same time.

I quickly checked to see if my mother had replied to her, and she did.

“How dare you insinuate such nonsense? I would have killed you if I had planned to have him killed. I am not angry about you grieving the death of your lover and lord, but don’t you dare try to pin it on me or bring my sons into the conversation. As for this bastard, David, that you manipulated his position, do not say you did it for me. Vino is your brother’s son, and you love him dearly. You did it for the sake of the Lawrence family. Let this be the last time you will try to accuse me.” It read, and I was relieved because I was scared that my mother had set my father up. It was plausible thinking about all he did to her. 3

While I searched the document, I wondered what happened to Jenny’s child with my father.

I did not know if it was a boy or a girl, but the baby had somehow disappeared. Did it somehow die? I guess I will have to lean on the journal to explain it.

I returned to the cabinet, and the remaining files were duty files, but I planned on taking everything with me to study them.

Jenny was a can of worms, and it was apparent she was the target of the attack at my house in Lucland.

Maybe the same person who sent her the anonymous threat letters might have been the one who decided to finish her off, or someone she might have angered.

I did not understand why they did it in my mother’s house and injured my mother too.

I also realised it was odd that Jenny was in my mother’s house, seeing the amount of bad blood between them.

Although my mother had a lot of questions to answer, I doubted she would tell the truth or lead me right. She had so many secrets that I could never tell the difference between her truths and lies.

I checked the file and saw a letter addressed to David.

“Dear David, as per your request, I have sent you eight hundred thousand Lakhs. I hope this is enough for you and your mate to settle wherever you like. Now that your half-brother is lord, please do not come to Lucland because he is searching to kill you. You have heard of his reputation. It will be in your best interest to stay away. Do stay in touch and let me know if you need anything.” It read, and I was enraged.

This bitch had sent a letter to David telling him that I was hunting him when I did not know of his existence. 1

Why would she go to this length to keep David away?

I would have thought David was her son if I did not know of Alissa. She even sent him a lot of money to settle down with. 1

Hearing David had a wife and family, and seeing that he was moving about, made me suspect he might not be the culprit, but then again, he could have felt entitled and cheated and decided to snap.

Anything could have happened. Finding him and Jenny's child, whether a man or woman, was necessary. It was imperative.

Babies don't disappear. I knew something was terribly wrong with the picture.

We searched the office and found other things, but nothing led to her child.

"Let us take all the files, journals, photo albums and anything that could give us clues to study. We will be staying at the Volkov duplex in Lucland. I asked the workers there to prepare food and three rooms for us," I said, and everyone was happy except for me.

I had come here for an answer, but it seemed I would be leaving the place more confused than I had come.

I wanted them to pack the files out of the house. While we were packing, five Kappas entered the office.

I figured they were the people that were supposed to be guarding the place.

When they saw us, they paid their respects and were scared.

They had to be because they were not doing their duty, and I had seen it first-hand.

They claimed they went to eat, and I told them it was wrong for them to all leave without attending to their work.

They handed me the keys, and I locked the office and the door that led to the corridor to keep intruders out.

We exited the house, and we all hopped into our jeeps respectively and drove to the Volkov duplex in Lucland, where my mother was staying before she moved back to the estate. 1

"You need to calm down, darling," Tamia said, and I sighed.

"As long as you are with me, I am calm, green-eyes. There are so many unanswered questions," I confessed, and she placed her hand on my thigh.

“I am sure her journal would answer a few of those questions. You just have to keep your mind open and watch your temper. It seems Jenny was a shitty person,” she said, and I laughed because of how she put it. I was grateful to have Tamia beside me.

I rubbed her thigh gently.

“I love you, Tamia,” I confessed from the bottom of my heart, and instead of an I-love-you-too response, my mate said something quite funny.

“Then you show me how much tonight, She replied, and I laughed.

Only Tamia could get away with that as the reply to I-love-you.

She was cute like that.

I stepped on the gas, eager to get her out of her clothes, taste her and bury myself in her.

I could never get enough of my green-eyed beauty.

~Tamia~

I was giddy about spending time at the duplex but worried about Sylvester’s mood.

It was clear we had opened a can of worms, and I doubted we would get all the answers we wanted.

We arrived at the building and were greeted by a smiling staff.

They had a lot of respect and admiration for their Lord. The staff accorded the same respect to me, making me realise who I was now

I was no longer an eastern Luna but would soon be The Lady Of The North. Something most women could only dream of.

I was glad that Sylvester wasn’t a shitty man like his father. Stephanie did a great job raising him, and I had to commend her for it. I wondered what went wrong with Dominic, but I guess time would tell.

“Do you want to shower? Because of the dust at Jenny’s,” Sylvester said to me the moment we entered the house, and I could sense he had other things in mind, so I nodded, and he led me up the stairs to the master bedroom.

“What about dinner?” I said, and he smiled at me.

“Once we clean up, we would head down to eat. I promise.” He said.

The room was beautiful. It had a contemporary design compared to the old victorian of the estate.

Sylvester hugged me from the back and kissed my neck, making me moan.

Kaira purred in my head, and I knew it was on.

I doubt we would get tired of each other, but I knew Sylvester was on edge and needed to calm down. He was finding his centre, and I was more than willing to help him find it.

He unbuttoned my blouse, still standing behind me. Then he opened my blouse and cupped my breasts with his hands, squeezing gently and brushing his thumbs against my hard nipples through the fabric of my bra.

I moaned softly.

“Music, your moan is music to my ears,” he whispered, nibbling my earlobe gently. Sylvester was a master, and I couldn’t get enough of his skills.

I closed my eyes to enjoy what he was doing as I felt the wetness between my legs.

My shirt came off, and then my bra. He took them off while standing behind me. 1

He opened the fly of my jeans, rolled it down, and I took it off. I had nothing but my panties on, and I was wet between my legs.

“Time to shower,” He said, and I could not believe we were stopping there.

He led me into the bathroom. I entered the shower, and he pinned me against the wall facing me and staring intensely into my eyes.

“This is a lifetime journey, Green eyes,” He said with conviction, and I nodded, not knowing how to respond to his statement.

He crashed his lips on mine and kissed me hungrily, then broke the kiss and stared at me.

He lifted my hand and placed it on his chest to feel his heartbeat. I looked at him, speechless.

“I will only stop loving you when it stops beating,” he said, and the words hit so hard that I squeezed my hand a bit, digging my nails into his flesh. I looked down, averting my gaze from his, fighting my tears. Then his hands touched my chin and lifted my face so that I could see him.

“I will be your family, your love, and your support. I will never betray you, Tamia. I will never leave you. I will never use you, and I will never hurt you. I will always choose you, no matter what. You own my heart, and you own me, and it will always be like this. No matter how hard it gets, no matter how difficult it gets, I will remain by your side. You will be my pride, and I will

wear your love proudly. Your sacrifice won't be in vain. I will give more than what the fated bond provides; I will love you endlessly," he said with misty eyes, and my tears fell from the corner of my eyes. They fell freely.

There was deep relief in my chest that made me realise that I was worried about something.

"I know my father was a bastard, and he hurt my mother and the women in his life in irreparable ways. But I am nothing like him. I am not a dark alpha, and I refuse to be. Please do not let what we discover about my family and father make you afraid. I am nothing like him," He said, and I placed my head against his chest and let my tears fall freely.

"I know, my love. I know," I assured him, and he hugged me. Holding me close. I felt him turn on the faucet, and the water washed our skins.

I took off his shirt, and he took off his trousers and shorts and helped with my panties, leaving both of us naked under the shower.

The water washed away our fears and uncertainties.

He kissed and hoisted me up, burying himself deep inside.

He pumped gently, and I knew it was beyond the physical for me.

He was joining his soul to mine, owning and uniting with me. I held on and let him take me places.

We both came shattering on each other and loving it.

We completed the shower and exited the bathroom.

There were joggers in the wardrobe, so I opted to pair them with a white t-shirt. He wore the same, and we headed downstairs for dinner.

The amazing thing was that we all arrived in the dining room at the same time, with wet hair and in joggers. I wondered if the men planned this, but it didn't matter.

We sat at the table and served the food to eat.

"It was disturbing what we found back there," Linda began, and everyone agreed.

"Did you see the bondage pictures? Jenny and her Lord were into some kinky shit," Avery said, and we all laughed. I was glad our men did not take offence.

"No joke, but she wore the Mistress title with a capital M," Linda said, and we laughed.

"Honestly, it is sad," Avery said, and we were silent.

“I want to know how your mother could stand that woman,” I asked Sylvester, and he shrugged.

“Honestly, if I were in her shoes, I would have found a way to make her disappear,” Linda said, and we all laughed.

“You do not know how often I wanted to make Rebecca disappear. Kyle wasn’t worth it. If he were, I would have committed a crime,” She added, and Sylvester laughed.

“Honestly, my father wasn’t worth the trouble. Trust me. With all I found, my mother could have as well driven a blade into his heart, and no one would fault her. He was shitty like that,” Sylvester said, and I placed my hand on his thigh to rub gently.

“There are a lot of things we need to figure out quickly,” I said.

“It is clear Jenny was the target, but why did they kill her in this house and not hers?” I asked, and Linda raised her hand as if we were in the classroom.

“Did you see her windows and the silver on her doors? They had to get her where she was less protected.” Linda said, and we all laughed. Although I agreed with Linda’s deduction, it did not make sense.

“It doesn’t still make sense. This is the Wolf Lord’s house. Stephanie is the Wolf lord’s mother and lady of the north. There would be guards here; they were supposed to guard her. The main reason for bringing her here to live was to hide her and protect her from Devin and other enemies. It means this place was heavily guarded. Why would they attack and kill her in a heavily guarded place?” I asked, and as I asked the question, a scary truth dawned on me, one I dared not speak. I was silent immediately. 5

“I guess we will have to read her journal to understand her mind, and we can figure it out from there,” Avery said, and everyone agreed, but I could not speak a word because the thought that loomed in my mind was the most likely answer, but I had to discuss it with Sylvester in private just in case I am wrong. I did not want to say anything that would hurt the investigation and people’s reputations. 2

“One of the letters read that she gave my half-brother money. I wonder why she would go out of her way and give him money, then scare him to not show up in Lucland by telling him I am looking for him when I did not even know of his existence,” Sylvester said, and he had a valid point. 3

“Your mother did ask her to help overturn your father’s plans. Maybe that was part of it.” Marcel said, and Sylvester shook his head.

“I had ascended as Lord by then. It can’t be because of that. I suspect it has to do with something else,” He said, and I was equally confused about that part.

“What about her child? Did it die at birth? I wouldn’t put it past our fathers to do that just to hide their secrets. Mind you; people would know that she was unfaithful to her husband, which would have been detrimental to the Lord’s reputation. The fact that our fathers shared her meant the baby could have belonged to any of them. What if they killed that baby? It will be understandable why she lived a solitary life and was always sad all the time. She dared not speak of it because it would reflect on her character. If the world knew of her affair, she would lose the right to represent the Babanins on the council, which would make her irrelevant, and I doubt your father loved her enough to make her luna.

He couldn’t even if he wanted to. The Belyaev bloodline is premium compared to her Lawrence arse. She would always play second fiddle, and I think she knew it,” Marcel said, and we were silent because what he said was true. He had hit the nail on the head. 3

“We need to study her journals together starting tomorrow,” Sylvester said with strong determination, and I squeezed his thigh. 1

I planned on telling him my thoughts when we retired to the bedroom.

I hoped it wasn’t what I thought, but that was the only plausible explanation for what happened.

“I think we will still need to comb through that building,” Theodore said, and I knew he was right because we were not expecting to find all we found there. There was a possibility that there were things there.

“For someone that keeps records for the council, it is amazing that she doesn’t have a computer yet. All the letters were photocopied,” Linda said, bringing something vital to our attention.

“I thought that too. It was quite odd. I know she is old school and all, but it was quite odd that there was nothing on her desk. Do you think someone might have stolen the computer if she had one?” Avery asked, and we all looked at ourselves because she had given a valid point.

There was a lot of shadiness and bad blood around her. She might have something on it that they want to protect from getting out. We needed to find out.

“If she had a computer, I doubt it was in that office. Didn’t you see the number of locks on the door and windows?”

Theodore said, and Sylvester shook his head.

“The culprit might have stolen it before the murder. The office and passage were locked after the murder,” Sylvester said, making a very valid point, and it was plausible.

“There is a lot to uncover. I suggest we stay another day here and go through the documents we have taken. Afterwards, we should copy them onto a system by having a Kappa scan them into a computer.” I said, and everyone agreed.

We finished up and decided to retire to our bedroom.

As soon as Sylvester and I entered the room, I decided to tell him what I was thinking about Jenny's murder. I just prayed he would not take offence.

~Tamia~

Sylvester took off his clothes, leaving his boxers on and lay on the bed facing up and resting his head on his hand. He looked to the side and smiled at me. He motioned me to join him in bed.

"Come on, Green-eyes. I want to hold you," He said, and I smiled.

I took off the joggers and left the T-shirt on.

It was big, and I had nothing under it.

I climbed into bed, and he sat up to hold me.

"That was intense down there, right?" He asked, kissing my neck, and I nodded.

"So, do you always solve cases like this?"

He asked me, and I laughed.

"Never solved a murder and mutiny case in my life," I said, and he pretended to be shocked.

"You mean I have an amateur on the job? he asked playfully, and I laughed.

"You are then charging too much, green- eyes," He said.

"I will charge you more," I said, and he tickled me.

I laughed so hard and used the pillow to hit him.

His wolf flashed, and I found it sexy.

I stopped laughing, and my eyes roamed his body. I looked at his muscles and his tattoos. The tan on his skin and Kaira purred in my head.

"Drooling, Green-eyes," He said with a smirk, and I looked away, giggling.

"All yours," He said and hugged me, pulling me close and kissing me on my lips.

I moaned gently, and he growled lowly turning me on.

I wanted to get into it, but I needed to tell him what I was thinking first.

“I want to share something with you,” I said quietly, and he nibbled my ears, making it hard for me to compose myself. I moaned, and he put his hand under my T-shirt.

Want to speak to you,” I said between moans as he caressed my clit with his thumb. My body was coming apart, and he looked into my eyes as he rubbed my clit gently.

“Tell me,” he said with lust in his eyes, and I could not speak. He wasn’t playing fair.

“I wanted to taste you all day, green eyes, ” he said with his dark wolf eyes, and I gently nodded, telling him he should go ahead. Spreading my legs wide, he went to work.

I did not know what had happened to me, but I came immediately, and he smacked my clit gently.

“That is naughty, Green-eyes. I wanted it to last longer,” He teased, and the truth was, how could I when he had already got me worked up before he delved in?

I went on top of him to ride.

I placed him inside me, and he filled me up and guided my body as I moved up and down on his cock. He worshipped my breast, and everything was heightened. We were at it for a while, and soon we finished.

I lay beside him, trying to catch my breath, and he looked at me.

“You wanted to tell me something,” He said, and I laughed.

I managed to sit up because what I wanted to say was serious.

He sat up, too and smiled.

“I do not want you to take offence to what

I am about to say. It is just a hunch, and I could be wrong.” I said, and he smiled.

“You can never offend me, Tamia.” He said, and I smiled at him.

“It is about Jenny and your mother,” I began.

“How could she be visiting your mother when it seemed there was a lot of bad blood between them? Your mother found out she was having an affair with her husband and must have hated her for it.

How come she visited your mother?” I asked, and he was silent.

“Stephanie might be passive, but I also know she is vindictive. There is no way she would be okay with it. Your father did a lot of horrible things to her. It is a miracle she is sane.” I said, and he touched my hand gently and kissed it. 1

I did not know my hand was shaking until he did that.

I was trying hard to find a way to put my thoughts into words without offending him.

“Relax and tell me what you want to say, Tamia,” He said and kissed my hand again. I sighed.

“Your mother does not seem like the forgiving type. Were there guards in this duplex during the time of the attack?” I asked him.

“They were supposed to be, but the wounded ones were few. They usually have a shift, and the attack happened during the shift. They did say southern and eastern soldiers attacked them. They thought my mother was dead. That was why the attackers left,” he said, and I sighed,

“Did you see these so-called southern soldiers? At least your mother’s guards should have put up a fight and got one or two,” I said.

“I guess they came prepared,” he said.

“What if,” I said and looked at him, trying to compose myself and summon the courage to speak.

“I am just speculating, Sylvester,” I warned him, and he smiled and caressed my cheek, urging me to speak freely.

“What if your mother lured Jenny to her house and had her killed?” I said, and he froze. (1

“Think about it. They aren’t friends; there is bad blood between them, and Jenny’s house is impenetrable. Your mother might have invited her here in the name of truce, made sure there was a shift and planned with the guards present to do her bidding and say it was the south. She and Dominic were the only ones that knew I was visiting that morning. Since Devin had tried to take me from the estate once, they might as well blame the attack on him, only that this time around, he decided to kill a council member and injure your mother, which is a bit odd. If truly he was the one that staged the attack, then your mother would be dead. What if Jenny was blackmailing your mother, and she decided to silence her for good? What if Jenny was making allegations that could put you in trouble? Your mother would do anything for you and Dominic. I am just saying,” I said, and he was silent for a bit, digesting my words. 1

“What will Jenny have on her?” He asked me and his eyes widened because he had thought of something.

“There was a letter where Jenny claimed my mother had my father and his officers murdered. My mother replied to her and warned her to stop spewing nonsense. It is impossible, of course,

because we know Bane killed them, but what if Jenny was trying to pin it on her? I still doubt my mother will kill her because of a baseless allegation.” He said, and I shook my head.

“I doubt it has anything to do with your father’s death, Sylvester. I think it has a lot to do with your position and that of your brother. You know I read the letters you read, and your mother said something about Jenny helping her because it would benefit Vino, who is

Jenny’s nephew,” I said, and he nodded.

“Did it occur to you that the two people that helped her overturn your father’s decree are now dead? Vino’s father and Jenny?” I said, and he widened his eyes. 1

“I am just speculating, but what if your mother wanted Dominic to ascend her family position on the council, and Jenny might have pushed back because that would make Vino second in command? You know how badly your mother wanted Dominic to be in the place of power,” I said, and he realised where I was driving.

“I hope she didn’t do it, Tamia. Please do not tell anyone this. If my mother did it, she would be in trouble because after the blue moon, she would no longer be the lady of the north and would not have immunity. I do not want us to give our enemies a weapon to use to hurt our family,” He said, and I could see the fear in his eyes.

“That was why I held my tongue downstairs,” I said and looked at him.

“As much as you will want Theodore or Marcel to be in on this, I think we should investigate your mother’s part in this between us so that no damage is caused. We need to investigate the allegations made, and once we have enough, you should question your mother in private, I said, touched his hand, and used my thumb to gently rub the back of his hand to calm him down. 1

“I am sure no woman would go through half of what your mother did and not snap. Your father treated her like shit. He tried to replace her with his fated, then forced her to be his fated’s midwife. He cheated on her, killed most of her family members and crippled them by forbidding her from representing them on the council, almost wiping them from existence just because he wanted to divorce and replace her. He didn’t stop there; he had an affair with her best friend and tried to take her family seat from her by depriving her child and giving it to his bastard-the son of the woman that caused your mother so much pain. There is just so much a woman can take, and these are just a few things she had been brave enough to share. When I look at Stephanie, she looks like a battered woman that has learned to cope by living in denial. I am sure she must have snapped and tried to push back somewhere along the line, Sylvester,” I said, and tears formed in his eyes. He fought them, but they came.

“I never thought of it this way, Tamia,” he said, and I snuggled into his arms to help him relax.

Listing out what his mother had been through, the reality hit home for him. It would hurt anyone.

“She never really told us any of these things, Tamia. She only spoke praises of him and told us how he loved her,” He said, and I could understand Stephanie’s reason.

She needed them to be proud of their father.

She did not want to ruin his image for them. She did not want to spoil their memory of him.

“Your father might have been a wonderful man to you and your brother, and she did not want to spoil your memory of him,” I said, and he sighed.

“I guess so. He was really fun and spent so much time with us. I knew of the Harem, but since it was tradition, my mother did not seem to be bothered about it. I let it be. I would have confronted and challenged my father if I had known she was going through half of the things you had listed. If I didn’t, I am sure Dominic would have. He loves her that much. If Dominic knows half of this, he will be mad,” Sylvester said, and I sighed.

“I think he might know Sylvester. He was alive during the time of Alissa. He must have noticed the changes. Even if he did not know of her, he must have noticed that your father was different towards your mother,” I said, and he giggled.

“I doubt he knew. My mother kept it hidden. I am sure he did not even know of Alissa. My brother worshipped our father. He sees him as perfect, hence why he went to war to avenge his death. He loved our father and spent more time with him than I did,” He said, and I sighed.

“I guess your mother did a good job of protecting your innocence, which brings me back to the point that she must have snapped somewhere down the line,” I said and turned to him.

“We will get to the bottom of it, but we must keep my mother’s investigation a secret. I do not want her to get in trouble,” He said gently, and I nodded.

“Neither do I. She has been through enough, and if she did anything to Jenny, Jenny deserved it. That is my opinion because the woman was a wicked and shitty friend. She could refuse the wolf

Lord, but she did it for her gains or whatever reason.

“We will go through the document tomorrow and decide what to do from there,” He said and kissed me. We snuggled in bed, and soon sleep came.

~Tamia~

I woke in the morning with a bit of morning sickness. So I rushed to the bathroom and threw up what was left of my dinner from last night. Sylvester joined me in the bathroom and rubbed my back gently.

Knowing why I was throwing up, neither of us was bothered.

He kissed the top of my head, and I wiped my lips gently and smiled at him.

“Good morning,” he said to me, gently patting my hair. I smiled in response. We sat down on the bathroom floor.

Sylvester placed his hand on my stomach and rubbed gently.

“I can’t wait to meet our baby, Tamia,”

He said, and I gently touched his hand on my tummy.

“We still have a long way to go; it’s flat,”

I pointed out, and we laughed.

We got ready for the day and headed downstairs. I could not wait to go through the journals.

As much as I wanted to get to the bottom of things, I was curious about Jenny’s life because the woman had a lot of skeletons in her closet and seemed a bit eccentric.

“Good morning,” Linda said, smiling at me, and her smile was extra, which made me know Theodore had done a lot of work.

“Good morning,” I greeted her and

Theodore, and he smiled at me while rubbing her back.

Avery and Marcel were yet to join us.

Sylvester pulled out a seat for me to sit down. I sat and looked at Linda. She was glowing. She looked nothing like the

Linda that I used to know. It was amazing what true love could do to someone. We were lucky.

We came to the north as war prisoners and found love in the process. Like in the east when our husbands were friends, likewise in the north. It was amazing to see how intertwined our destinies were. It was still in the very same order. 1

“Where is Marcel?” Sylvester asked

Theodore, and he smiled.

“They will soon join us, I hope,” Theodore answered, and Sylvester laughed. I knew there was a subtle exchange between the men, which we weren’t privy to, so I squeezed my man’s thigh.

“Have you decided what our team would wear during the polo?” Theodore asked

Sylvester, and he shook his head.

“Maybe our women would decide that,” Sylvester said, lifted my hand and kissed

“I want to look sexy while you cheer me on during our games,” he said, and I smiled at him.

“That is an easy colour. Black polo shirt and white trousers. Black and white everything,” I said, and he nodded. 2

“As you wish, my Lady,” he said, and I felt tingles.

“I am so excited about the ball before the sports games begin. I learned everyone would be there,” Linda said, and I wondered why she would be excited. Then it hit me that our exes might be coming for the games, but I also knew that the east and most of the south were never invited to the all-region games.

“You will get to rub it in his face one day, Linda but not at the games. They never invite the east,” I linked her, and her smile dropped. She really wanted to laugh at Kyle. I could understand. Theodore was an upgrade from the douchebag.

Theodore was a powerful Alpha and third in command of our world. A position Kyle could never dream of. It would have been nice if she and Avery got the chance to rub the joy on their faces. Call it petty, but there was a true satisfaction that would come with their pain and disbelief. I knew one day it would happen, and no matter how much they claimed not to care, they would because the women had an upgrade.

Avery joined us with Marcel, and with how they looked, I knew what they had been up to.

Marcel did not button all the way up, meaning they were in a rush, and Avery looked like she packed her hair before tumbling in the sheets. She couldn't take the time to comb and pack the hair again, so she decided to pat it and fix herself up. 2

“Shall we eat?” Sylvester said, and we dug in.

I ate everything. My appetite was over the roof, and Sylvester kept adding things to my plate.

Breakfast ended, and I was the first to leave the table to head to where we kept the journals.

There were six journals altogether, and somehow it wasn't a daily record of her life; browsing through the page, I realised she only recorded significant events.

“Read aloud, Tamia,” Marcel said. We were all eager for answers, so we sat in the living room, and I picked the oldest journal, judging by the dates, to read.

“Today was the worst day of my life. I told Maurice I would like to have a baby with him, and he shut it down. He said he already has one bastard; he can’t have another. It really hurt because I love him so much, and it would be a gift to have a baby with him,” I finished.

It wasn’t informative, but we now knew how Maurice felt about having a baby with her; maybe that is why the baby is nowhere.

I flipped through, looking for something significant.

Jenny seemed the type to rant a lot, and I wasn’t surprised. She was alone most of her life, so she was bound to rave in her journals. Everyone needed an outlet, and this was hers, especially since she had dirty disgraceful secrets.

“Maurice punished me today because I wanted something permanent. He told me he did not like Stephanie anymore, but he flared up when I asked him to make me his Luna. He did the worst thing ever to me, and I will never forgive him for it. Asking his friends to share me with him was the most humiliating thing ever. He wanted me to know how he saw me, as his whore. I might not be in his harem, but I wasn’t different from them in his eyes. I was foolish to think he would fall in love with me.” It read, and I could not feel sorry for her because Stephanie was her friend. She got what she deserved.

“It is clear that Maurice is lying to me. I know he loves Stephanie; I can see it in his eyes now he has banned me from speaking her name. I hate that bitch so much,” it read, and we laughed.

“I think we should skip that book and read the later ones,” Sylvester said, disgusted by the content of the journal I was reading. 1

“No, please let her read some more pages, and we will move to the next one,” Marcel said and looked at me.

“Read an interesting bit, Tamia,” He said. It was clear we all believed she got treated the way she should.

“Alissa is a bitch, and I will put her in her place. How dare she take him from me. I have to find a way to get to her. I do not know how, but I will start somewhere.

Friendship always makes it easy. I will try and be her friend and pretend to support her against Stephanie. The woman is a thief and a menace, and she needs to be sent back to where she belongs,” It read, and I could only imagine her state of mind when she wrote it.

I dropped the journal and went for the second to the last one. The one she started the year Maurice would go on Pilgrimage.

“You will skip all these ones?” Linda asked, and I nodded.

“The woman is mad and obsessed with her lover. Unless we want a whole day of how she feels about all the women the wolf lord was screwing, we need to move on from them,” I said, and Linda was silent.

“You know you can read them at your leisure. I plan to do so,” I told her, and she smiled at me.

I picked up the book and opened it.

I flipped through the pages and found a relevant entry.

“Today, I was wronged to my soul.

Maurice has never spoken of my son. He behaves as if he does not exist. He even favours his bastard over my son.

Planning to make David head of the council is just wicked. I have to alert

Stephanie. I am sure she would be mad, and she might fight him. Who knows,

Maurice may snap and dump her arse. If he does, he will definitely come to me, and I can find a way to get my son back,”

It read; now we understand why she bothered to alert Stephanie about

Maurice’s decision.

We also knew she had a son who was not with her. Clearly, she wasn’t in her son’s life and might not know where he was. It sounded like Maurice took her son from her, but I could not draw conclusions yet.

The other pages showed how she and Stephanie would ensure that Dominic got the Balyaev seat. She indeed planned on double-crossing Stephanie in that regard; the woman was vile.

I picked up the last journal and read most of its content until I could not read it aloud anymore.

Jenny had made several entries that could get Stephanie in trouble. It was part of her final records.

“What is it?” Avery asked me, and I tried to play it off.

“Nothing interesting; we should go through the files,” I said, and they agreed.

Linda picked up the first journal while I held onto the last one.

“Are you alright, green-eyes?” Sylvester linked me, and I looked at him.

“We need to talk in private,” I linked him back.

“Is it about something that is in that book?” he asked me through the mind link, and I nodded.

“Go upstairs; I will join you,” He said, and I pretended to have a stomach upset and would read the journal while in the toilet. So I headed up to the room. I entered, sat on the bed and read the pages.

“I have always known that Stephanie was behind Maurice and his officers’ death. She had denied it, but now I have proof. Today I received a letter from my spy in the south. An anonymous person sent the letter to Devin, claiming that the wolf lord was planning to attack and take over the south. The content of the letter was wicked. The writer had described the route the wolf lord would take, his alias and the company he was travelling with, where he would stay, and the time he should attack. The sender also lied that the wolf lord was travelling with a secret army. The writer gave Devin the details he needed to strike and succeed. Only one person would have this much information on Maurice: Stephanie.

I have scanned the letter and emailed it to her. I have also threatened to expose her so she would bear the full wrath of her punishment. Once she is put on trial, we can easily say that she connived with her sons to have their father killed so they can take over the lordship and head the council. It will automatically disqualify them, and Sylvester and Dominic will not ascend. I will have the last laugh.” It read, and my hands began to shake.

I read the rest of the contents; Jenny had blackmailed Stephanie with the letter for five years.

According to the entries, Stephanie denied writing it. She even told Jenny not to hurt her son’s reputation with the lies. Jenny found her pleas amusing and wrote about how she enjoyed tormenting Stephanie with the letter.

We needed to confront Stephanie, and she needed to come clean so Sylvester would know how to deal with the matter.

Just then, Sylvester walked in, and I looked at him with fear in my eyes.

“Jenny was a very disturbed woman,” I said, and he frowned and came to sit with me on the bed.

“You have to confront your mother, Sylvester, and she better come clean,” I said, and he asked me why.

“Because Jenny claims she was the one that got your father and his friends killed. Jenny got a letter someone sent Devin and mailed your mother a copy. She has been blackmailing your mother for five years now,” I said, and he was in shock.

I could only imagine what was going on in his mind.

Even if Stephanie did not do it, the wolf lord's death was a serious matter. Now I understood why Stephanie was hell-bent on Sylvester taking revenge. If someone had already been punished for the crime, she can't be tried for the same offence; no one would dig since the culprit has been dealt with.

As much as I knew Maurice deserved it,

Devin wasn't lying when he said the Wolf Lord trespassed. He was made to believe the wolf lord had trespassed by whoever sent the letter.

~Sylvester~

I took the journal from Tamia and read the page she was on. I could not believe what I had just seen.

“What if this woman was trying to frame my mother? The letter was anonymous. What if that was what she was trying to do? Jenny was on the council, and my mother wasn't. My father had left the Balyaev seat vacant, making the Lawrences the most powerful family on the council. What if the council teamed up and decided to persecute my mother?”

There is always evidence to convict a person, whether guilty or innocent. What if that was Jenny's plan?” I said, still finding it hard to believe what Tamia had said.

She stood up and touched my hand.

“I do not know what to believe. But we must review the files and hide the correspondence about your father's murder. Marcel and Theodore are loyal to you, but their fathers were also killed. They might not find it funny and demand retribution,” she said to me, and I knew she was right.

So I left her in the room and rushed down, stared at where the documents were and started searching the files for anything that had to do with the correspondence between Jenny and my mother.

“Sylvester, is everything alright?” Marcel asked me holding Jenny's journal in his hand. It was clear they found what she had written amusing. I smiled at him and nodded.

“Yes. I just need to see the correspondence between her and my mother,” I said. He nodded and continued to read the journal in his hand.

I thought of the many things that could happen if the information Tamia just found out got into the wrong hands. The thought motivated me to search. Tamia joined me downstairs and helped me search the files.

We were at it for hours. We had lunch and talked about the content of the journal. We joked about what Jenny wrote. Tamia and I pretended to find it amusing because we did not want to alarm the others.

By evening we had gone through all the documents we had brought, and only four files consisted of her correspondence with my mother and father.

I found a copy of the letter sent to her by her southern informant in those files. It was authentic, but I could not tell if it was my mother's handwriting or not.

"Alpha Corrigan, I write you in good conscience. I do not believe in injustice, and I believe the wolf lord lost his mind because of his greed. Knowing how greatly your family suffered at his hands, I am moved to do this. Although I want to remain anonymous, I have discovered that the lord is out to conquer the south. He travels in disguise with his beta and gamma under the Alias John Michan. He plans to scout your territory as a tourist to develop his attack plan. I am writing you this letter so you can prepare yourself for what is to come. Your parents' sacrifice should not be in vain. Leah Corrigan and I became friends in the harem. Where I found favour with the wolf lord, she didn't. I am writing you this letter to help keep her son alive. Please, the wolf lord with be in the south on Monday at noon. He will be staying at the Danes Inn in Pridewood Pack land

Under his Alias. Be warned that there will be warriors around. You must intercept him in the inn. I hope for the sake of the south you succeed." It read, and I wondered how Jenny would think my mother would write the letter.

The writer said she was in the harem, but Jenny had also said only my mother knew the Alias my father used to travel. Could it be possible that he discussed his trip with one of his girls, and she opted to betray him?

Tamia and I returned upstairs to pack the evidence, and I decided to talk to her about my thoughts.

"Could it be that my father might have divulged his travelling plans to a girl in the harem?" I asked, and Tamia looked at me

"You did not read some of the records in the journal. Jenny said that Leah Corrigan was never in the harem. He did not even sleep with her. She was thrown into service in Grizlo, where she died." Tamia said.

"Maybe she was misinformed. My father slept with all the lunas he took. He might have told Jenny that, so she would not be mad. You have read her journals, Tamia; you know she is obsessed with him and possessive of him, too," I said, and she nodded.

"Still, you need to confront your mother on this. You need to ask her; she better come clean because this is serious. This can just ruin the entire Volkov family. We have a marriage coming, and we will soon welcome children into this world. We do not need lies and secrets weighing us down and haunting us." She said, and I could understand her fear and her reasons.

I decided I wouldn't waste any time. Once we returned to the estate in the morning, I would ask my mother. I hope she tells the truth for all our sakes so I can figure out what to do.

We had dinner, and everyone joked about the things they read in Jenny's journal.

The woman believed my father loved her, and my mother was blackmailing him to keep him.

She was really delusional.

One thing that troubled everyone was that other than when she mentioned her son, she never talked about him again. It was as if he had stopped existing. According to Theodore, there was an entry where she claimed my father took her son from her, but that was all. She did not talk about it or tell us where he was living. It was as if the baby had stopped existing. It was weird.

We left for the Volkov estate the next day.

I was eager to confirm with my mother on the matter.

We arrived, and I went to my room.

After Tamia and I had settled in, I took the photocopied letter and knocked on my mother's door. I hoped she did not make it hard for my sake because I was tired of the lies.

My mother opened the door and was surprised to see me. She smiled and let me in.

"I must have done something right for you to come looking for me this morning," She said with a smile and offered me a seat. I sat and thanked her.

"How is Tamia? Is she alright? I hope she is eating and resting. These are the early stages. She shouldn't be going about with you," she said, and I smiled and leaned forward.

"She is fine, mother," I said and sighed.

"I am here to have a private discussion with you, and I need you to be honest. with me," I said, and her smile dropped.

"I need you to tell me the truth because what I discovered is explosive. It can ruin our family. I need you to come clean and tell me the truth, so I will know how to handle the situation," I said, and she frowned at me.

"Why are you speaking like this, darling? I won't lie to you about anything. I love you and your brother, and your know it," She said, sounding a bit hurt, and I nodded.

"Okay, I want to know what transpired between you and Jenny Lawrence

Babanin. There was a lot of bad blood between you two, so I do not understand why she would visit you in our house," I said, and she became uncomfortable.

"She just came to say hello and reconcile," She said, and I got irritated.

“Mother, you better tell me the truth. I have a letter from Jenny’s records. She has a record claiming you wrote it and accusing you of killing father,” I said, and she stood up and shook her head.

“How can you say such a thing about me? It is all lies. I warned her to stop spewing that nonsense about me. You do not know how that bitch was. She was obsessed with your father..” She said, and I cut her sentence to stop her from deviating. She always did that when backed into a corner.

“Tell me the truth, mother,” I said, and she shook her head.

“Please sit down,” I told her, letting my command through, and she reluctantly did as I said.

“I know he was unfair to you. I know everything. Tamia told me about Alissa, and I learned other things. I am not trying to judge you; I just need to know what to do,” I said and sighed.

“She is lying. I can never hurt Maurice. He was my husband.” She said, and I shook my head.

“Yes, I know, but he hurt you, mother. He tried to divorce you because of his fated, made you care for her, murdered most of your family members, and tried to give your family seat to his son. He did a lot of hurtful things to you,” I said, and she looked at me, shocked.

“How did you know he tried to take my family seat from me?” She asked me with disbelief. I bowed my head and then looked at her.

“I did some research and saw a letter Jenny wrote to you to alert you that father wanted to give your family seat to his son, David,” I said, and she was speechless.

I had her where I wanted, so it was time to ask again. Now that she knew I had information, she would not resolve to lie.

“Mother, please tell me you had no hand in this. Tell me that Jenny is lying and you did not have father killed.” I said, staring into her eyes. Her tears were a dead giveaway. She was shaking and sweating. I could see it, but I needed her to say it.

“Answer me, mother,” I said, and she wiped away her tears.

“She was f**king him, Sylvester. I had no choice. They were working against me, all of them, against us,” She said, and my knees gave out, and I fell on them with tears streaming down my eyes.

Everything she told me was a lie.

Everything I knew was a lie. Every hate I harboured against Devin was doctored. I was a puppet. My mother’s puppet.

“I had to. Maurice had done enough, Sylvester. My family headed the council. He did not only wipe them out but banned me from sitting on their seat because he wanted to make his fated lady and luna.

Things went back to normal when Alissa died, and we lived for many years.

I couldn't say I was happy because he kept a harem and had mistresses, but he wasn't trying to divorce me anymore, and you and your brother were growing into fine men. I was content.

Then Jenny told me he planned to give my seat to his bastard. I was livid. I was preserving that seat for Dominic, and the council had approved that he ascend the chair to lead them.

Maurice was planning on going on a pilgrimage when he decided to give my seat to his bastard.

We had a heated argument after Jenny told me what he was planning.

I would later find out that she was his mistress and that she told me, hoping it would end my marriage and she could slide in. That bitch.

During our argument, your father threatened to deal with me if I did not comply.

When I told him I won't stand for it, and I would fight him for it, he came to the sickest decision. He said I could keep my seat and give it to whomever I liked because he would make David lord. After all, he is an Alpha and his son, even if he did not marry his mother.

I couldn't have it, and knowing he was serious, I was determined to end his terror.

He had shamed me so many times I refused to let him shame my children. So I did what I had to do.

I sent a letter to the southern Alpha that Maurice was heading his way to wage war on his people.” she said, and I bowed my head. Bane wasn't lying when he said my father trespassed. I looked at my mother, and she looked away.

“I had to, Sylvester, or you won't be lord. He had sent the decree, which I had to bribe Vino's father and Jenny to overturn secretly. I did not even know he was screwing her then.

They agreed, but the Balyaev seat would be vacant in exchange, so Lawrence would head the council. I did it for you.

That man wanted to take everything away from us and give Alissa's son. All my years with him, suffering and supporting him were going to amount to nothing. He wanted to raise a bastard above you, Sylvester.

He was a cold-hearted maniac, and I had to end him before he ruined what was left of our family and lives.

I loved him, but I couldn't take it anymore," She said and sat down and began to weep.

I did not know what to say or do. I was in shock.

"Then why did you have Dominic wage war against Alpha Corrigan?" I asked her, and she looked away.

"To cover my tracks. Jenny suspected I had a hand in Maurice's death, and she was hell-bent on exposing me. I had to cover my tracks. If someone is punished for the crime, there will be no need to dig into it."

"So why did you continue your friendship with Jenny?" I asked her, and She sighed.

"Ever heard of the saying that tells us to keep our enemies close?" She said, and I wondered what more she had done for our honour. A woman's scorn was truly dangerous, and my mother had proven it.

-Sylvester-

I was speechless. My mother sat on the couch and was weeping.

I could see she was afraid, and I understood why. She had committed treason.

I sighed and looked at her. I could see she was tired and wondered how much she was hiding.

"Is there anything else, mother, that I need to know?" I asked her, and she looked at me.

It was hard for her, but she knew her game was up.

"I hated her." She confessed, and I did not need to guess who she was talking about.

"She came to my house uninvited and told me that she was tired of the money she was getting from me and she needed to get justice for Maurice. She was on to something, and I knew she would do it. I do not know if it had anything to do with the bastard that Maurice took from her, but she was broken, and she came to vent her anger on me," my mother said, and I sighed.

"She said I was an idiot and could not take care of business. She bragged to me that I was a fool. She told me she was the one that helped me get rid of my competition.

I only had one competition when it came to your father, and that was Alissa. She told me how she paid the doctor to inject silver into her system.

Silver doesn't kill us; it only stops us from healing and makes us weak, which was what it did to Alissa the day she gave birth. The doctor registered her cause of death as an extreme case of preeclampsia. She bragged that I would not be able to prove it because, unlike me, she knew how to tidy up her mess.

The doctor died a month after Alissa passed away. We didn't see it as anything when it happened, but I figured it out when she told

I knew Jenny was crazy, but I did not realise how crazy she was until she said what she said.

After she bragged about what she did to Alissa, she said I reaped the benefit of her hard work but not anymore," my mother said I knew where it was going, but I held my tongue to let her speak.

"I did not know she was screwing your father when I asked her to help secure the Balyaev seat. I found out after he died, and she thought that was why I had him killed. She claimed she loved your father, but it was all a lie. She was a bloody social climber. She dated Gavin Orlov in secret. I knew but kept her secret because her husband was late by then. I

I did not know she was also screwing my husband when I learned about her and Gavin. I found out after Devin had killed him, and I was mad. Jenny was a bloody social climber. She married Jerry Babanin

because his family was higher than hers. Before Jerry, she tried to get with my brother, but he did not fancy her. After she married Jerry, she chose to aim higher, so she went after the eldest, Orlovs, and one day I found out she went after Maurice

Volkov too. She just wanted to be at the top. The bitch.

I had someone investigate her so I could have something on her and get her off my back, but I found out she had a child for my husband, which made me snap.

So I started sending her threatening messages hoping she would be so scared and maybe run away, but the bitch always kept her shit together, so I stopped." She said, and I remembered the anonymous blackmail letters Jenny was getting. I did not tell my mother I had seen those letters so she would not feel bad about it.

"I had to pay her two hundred thousand Lakhs every three months so she wouldn't raise the issue at the council. The letter might not have carried my name, but once they dug deep, they would figure it out.

So I pretended with her.

The day she died, she came to my house to gloat. She told me she had me where she wanted and could dispose of me whenever. She only let me keep my miserable life because she enjoyed watching me suffer. She told me of her child with Maurice, and I pretended to be surprised about it. She told me Maurice took her son away from her and how she envied me because he let me raise my children.

The woman was that sick. She could not tell the difference between a legitimate child and a bastard.

Jenny said it was time for her to raise the matter in the council. Kapa Blake and kappa Melvick were there when she made all those statements; they didn't believe her, of course, and saw her as a mad woman threatening my life. She also came with her guards for reasons best known to her.

"It all happened so fast. She was leaving and said she would get you off your seat and end the Volkov line with the amount of evidence she had. Knowing she always made good on her threats, I knew I could not let her go. So I attacked; likewise, her men attacked my men, but we had the upper hand.

She stabbed me with the silver switch knife she always had on her, and Kappa Melvick helped me end her. Of course, my men killed her men, and they got scared because they had killed a high council member, so I told them what they would say before I passed out," She said, and I placed my hand on her thigh. She looked at me, and her eyes looked light. It must have been a burden. 2

"You know my secret, Sylvester; please do not hate me and do not tell Dominic any of this. He would never understand. He loved his father blindly," she said, pleading with me, and I nodded and hugged her.

She cried in my arms, and I could only imagine the amount of pain she was in.

She had no choice but to strike.

Jenny was not going to back down. I had read the woman's journals. She was sick and rotten to her core. It was good riddance.

"Please, Sylvester, Melvick and his men meant well, do not let them suffer; they believe they were protecting our family from a mad woman," She pleaded. I told her to calm down, patting her back gently.

"It is okay, mother, your secret is safe with me," I said, and she broke the hug and stared into my eyes to be sure I had just said what I said.

"What about Tamia? She likes digging and..." She said with genuine fear in her eyes, and I shook my head and held her hands that were shaking so she could be calm.

"Tamia was the one that figured it out, mother," I said, and there was horror in her eyes.

"She hid the evidence from everyone and only let me in on it. She protected your secret, mother. She knew it would hurt you, our baby and me, and she kept it," I said, and tears fell freely from her eyes.

"I am grateful, Sylvester. Tell her I am grateful.." she said, crying. She was relieved.

"Tamia, please join me in my mother's room," I linked my mate. I needed my mother to believe that Tamia was on her side because I could feel she was conflicted.

I held my mother, and there was a knock on the door.

My mother broke the hug and wiped away her tears while Tamia walked in.

My mother looked at me and then looked at Tamia.

She went on her knees to plead to my mate.

Clasping her hands together, she wept and begged.

“Please, Tamia, do not expose me. I am begging you. I had no choice..” she said, and Tamia rushed to her and held her. She knelt and hugged my mother.

“Your secret is safe with me, Luna. We will burn all the evidence and never speak of it again,” Tamia assured her.

I was glad Tamia was the one that found the evidence. I did not think Marcel or Theodore would want to hurt my mother, but their mothers might feel differently about it. I watched as Tamia held my mother while she wept on her knees.

It was a secret she had carried and lived in fear at the mercy of Jenny, the psycho. I hoped for all our sakes it was over. It was a relief, but we still had unanswered questions.

Who was working against my family? It was either the entire council, some people or someone on the council, David or Jenny’s bastard.

I realised that Devin was innocent all along, and I had to try to find a way to calm the situation down and have a treaty with the south to avoid any more problems. There was also the issue of him being fated to

Tamia. Although she rejected him, he was too hopeful for him to let go like that. He would always blame me for his loss, even if he respected and accepted the rejection.

I watched Tamia comfort my mother.

We left her room together and returned to our bedroom.

“We need to destroy all the evidence, so it does not get into the wrong hands,” Tamia said, going through the files.

“Anything that points to the bad blood between them, Jenny’s blackmail, the letter to the south and the correspondence about the letter must be destroyed. I am thinking of burning it in the bathroom,” She said, and I frowned. Although we had electronic heaters in our rooms, there was a fireplace in the common room that we could use to burn the evidence.

“Why would you want to burn it in the bathroom when we can use the fireplace in the common room?” I asked, and she shook her head.

“Someone can walk into the common room and notice we are burning papers. No one would notice if we burn them in the bathroom bit by bit until they are all gone,” She explained, and I understood and agreed with her.

“So, what is our next move?” She asked me.

“After we are done burying her secret, we must look closely at everyone on the council. Investigate them while I search for David.” I told her, and she nodded and searched the documents to separate them.

I doubt David could help with anything, but I needed him to know I wasn’t hunting him.

I needed to investigate and find Jenny’s child. Meanwhile, we had to prep for the games. It would start in two weeks.

While we were figuring all these things out, it was best we figured out what to wear for the ball and prepare for the games to keep up appearances.

Jenny might have led to a dead end regarding the pending mutiny, but it opened a lot of things that were hidden from us. The new knowledge that we gained would help us in our future decision-making.

Tamia and I searched through the documents for two hours, and once we had separated the evidence against my mother from the others. I took them to the bathroom to burned them one at a time.

I sat by the window in the bathroom with a metal trash can and started burning the papers. I could not let Tamia do this because of her condition. I wanted her and our baby to be healthy and well. She was everything to me, and she knew it, which was why she respected my decision and did not argue with me.

Chapter 62 - The Destiny of a Heart-broken Luna

~Sylvester~

Tamia was very angry about Lily’s betrayal; I could feel it in her. I tried to calm her down as we walked back to the room.

“We must search all the women in the harem and all the lunas working here. Everyone that has come to live here through war,” She said, and I could understand her reason.

There was no way they would be happy about being away from their loved ones. The fact that they could start an uprising right under my nose spoke volumes, and I knew it was best to do as Tamia had instructed. There was nothing more deadly than the enemy within.

“Very well, I will instruct the officers to do as you have instructed,” I told her, and she nodded.

I asked her to follow me to my office so I could set some things in motion.

It wasn't long after we were in the office when my mother knocked on the door.

I knew it was her because I could smell her jasmine perfume.

She entered and looked at Tamia.

“What is this I hear of traitors in the estate?” She asked, and I knew news must have reached her by now, and she only came to clarify what she had heard.

“Lily was the one that set Dominic up. She had been communicating with a man and a woman we do not know, but she has given us a name,” I her, and she smiled.

“I knew my baby had no hand in this,” She said almost with a celebratory tone, and I nodded so she would know that she had won.

“Yes, yes, but if he did not spend his time trying to cause my downfall, I would not have believed the allegations against him,” I told her.

“I think we should sweep your office for spy devices,” Tamia said, interrupting my mother and me.

“Our bedroom too. We need to be sure

Lily was not actively spying on us,” She said, and I understood her. Lily had access to my office and bedroom. She could have as well planted things in my office.

“Maybe we should torture it out of her,” my mother said, and I understood her rage.

Just then, Marcel linked me that they were back.

“Mother, please excuse Tamia and me; we have things to do today. I will speak to you when we return,” I said, and she nodded.

Tamia frowned at me, so I had to link her.

“Marcel and Avery are back, let’s go to their wing, and then we can leave for Jenny’s house from there,” I said, and she stood up immediately.

I could see the eagerness in her eyes, and I smiled, hopeful that our trip to the beta’s wing would lighten her mood more.

We left my mother in my office, but I informed kappa William to sweep my office and room for bugs.

If any were found there, I would be annoyed with Lily. I was already pissed off with her, but I knew it would be worse.

We arrived at the beta’s wing and headed to Marcel’s room. I was worried for them but optimistic at the same time.

It would be nice to welcome our children into the world around the same time, but it wasn’t really up to us.

Marcel and Avery seemed happy, and I had linked my friend when Tamia went to speak with Avery.

“How did it go?” I asked him, and he nodded.

“We are both fine. The doctor said she should be calm about it and that she was overthinking it. There is nothing wrong with either of us,” He said, and I sighed.

“What is this I hear about Lily?” He said aloud, and I sighed.

Just then, Theodore and Linda arrived.

They were already dressed for our mission at Jenny’s house.

I knew Linda was the one behind it. The woman was eager to go out and do something. I wouldn't blame her.

Theodore was overprotective about her pregnancy, and I knew it would get to her eventually.

"You needed to be there," Theodore said to Marcel, joining our conversation.

"Tamia whacked the hell out of the bitch, " he said, and I looked at him.

Avery and Linda looked at Tamia.

"Yes, I did," She admitted.

"The bitch deserved it. All because

Sylvester didn't fancy her," She said, and

Avery was shocked.

"Did she say that?" She asked, and Tamia shook her head.

"No, she didn't, but that is the truth. She claimed they tried recruiting her a few months before we arrived in the north. Suddenly her recruiter miraculously had the idea to threaten her family to make her do what they wanted a few months after Sylvester got with me. The bitch was sitting on the fence all this while, and she snapped.

when Sylvester got with me, she

It is as simple as that," Tamia said, and Linda growled.

"Tell me you drew blood, Tamia," She said, and I was shocked. These women were dangerous.

"More than she could spare. She was lucky it was a controlled environment. I am not done with her yet," She said, and Theodore linked me.

"I would not want to be on her bad side,"

he said, and I nodded.

"Very well, are we ready to go to Jenny's?"

I asked, and everyone was a bit excited.

It wasn't a date, we were going to snoop in a dead woman's house, but it seemed exciting to everyone. I hope we find something exciting there, and hopefully, it leads us somewhere.

Tamia and I returned to our bedroom to get dressed to go to Lucland.

I wanted us to spend the night in our house there, so I called the staff to prepare the place.

I was hoping to have fun with my friends and my luna.

We rode in our jeeps as always.

Tamia seemed excited and nervous at the same time.

I wondered if it were the hormones, and I placed my right hand on her thigh and squeezed gently.

We arrived at Jenny's house, and I was surprised that no one was in sight. I had asked that the place be guarded, but it seemed no one was there.

"Did we not put guards to guard the place?" Marcel asked, and I wondered why he was asking me these questions.

"I will call Kappa Wilson to find out why no one is here," Theodore said, and we entered the building.

It was dark and dusty, and I did not think it was safe for pregnant women to inhale so much dust, but I knew Linda and Tamia were stubborn, most especially Linda, who had been dying to leave the estate.

Avery found a switch and switched on the light, and the living room looked trashed.

Tamia rushed to the door in the corridor and tried the lock, but it was locked. The door seemed to lead to the hallway that led to the rooms and probably her office.

She examined the lock, and I moved close to see what she was looking at while the others snooped around the anteroom and the living area.

“There are scratches on the wood,” She said, and I knew what it signified.

“Someone tried to get in forcefully but failed. Maybe there were guards, or the person ran off, but it seemed they did not have the time to break through discretely. I guess it was because people were guarding the place. If not, they could have smashed the door to get through.” She pointed out.

I touched the door to understand the type of wood it was made of, but immediately,

I felt a familiar weakness that comes with silver.

“Thick Oak. It would not have been easy even for a wolf because it has silver in it.”

I said, feeling weak just by touching the door.

“Jenny wanted to keep people out,’

Tamia said, and I smiled.

“Do not overthink it, darling. She might have only been protecting herself. She lives alone, you know,” I said, and Tamia smiled.

“We need to find a way in,” I said, trying to see how best to bring the door down.

Tamia took out two pins from her hair and smiled at me. I was amazed when I watched my mate pick the lock on the door.

“How did you know how to do this?” I asked, and she laughed.

“Leo and I used to...” She said and looked at me worriedly as if she had said something wrong.

I wondered why she would think that way when she rejected her fated for my sake.

Leo paled in comparison to her fated.

“It’s okay, green eyes; he is a part of your past. You can speak his name,” I said,

I said, and she smiled.

“When I was seventeen, we were not supposed to be dating because I was under -aged; my aunt then used to lock the doors to prevent me from going out at night. Leo taught me how to quietly pick her lock when she was sleeping at night so we could hang out without her knowledge,” She said, laughing. I realised it was a happy memory for her.

“I have never asked you of your parents, Tamia. Hope it isn’t a sensitive topic?” I asked her, and she shook her head.

“Not at all. My father used to be Leo’s father’s Delta. My parents were killed when they went on a trip. No one told me how it happened, but my elderly aunt raised me. She died a month before my wedding. She was my last relative,” She said. My heart broke because I could only imagine the trauma she went through when Leo betrayed her because he was her only family.

He was the only person that was related to her and hers alone. I could not speak because being alone was the worst thing ever.

She looked at me and smiled, and I plastered a smile on my face.

I looked into her green eyes; although she had been through horrible things, she still found a reason to smile and dared to open up to love and be loved.

I knew then that breaking her heart would be an unforgivable sin.

I vowed to ensure she would never regret loving me. I will try to be everything so she will never feel alone or feel like she is lacking.

“We are in,” She said and stood up, snapping me out of my deep thought, and I smiled.

We walked into the hallway, and it was dark, but my vision was better than most wolves.

Borrowing Knight’s eyes, I could see clearly and found the light switch, which

I turned on. There was a door down the hall; I suspected it was either the master bedroom or her office.

There were three doors in the corridor, and I moved to open them all. They were not locked, and I discovered they were rooms, leaving the door I had my eyes on from the onset, the one at the end of the corridor.

Tamia tried the lock, and it was locked.

She smiled at me and squatted to do her magic.

She opened the door, and it was Jenny's office.

Something peculiar about the office was that the window was covered with silver shields. She was trying to keep someone, or people out. 1

We began to search through her desk.

I saw a cabinet and reached for it.

There were many files in the cabinet, and I went through them and saw one labelled David Pavlishchev and the Volkovs.

I had always known she had a knack for keeping records, but this was a bit extreme.

I took it out, and it was just pictures of a man that looked very much like Dominic, but he had the legendary blonde hair that westerners have.

I flipped through the files, saw photocopies of handwritten letters, and realised Jenny had photocopied the letters she had mailed and received.

The older generation stuck to the letter system and is still yet to change it.

They claimed it was imperative that the receiver knows the sender that sent it, hence why the handwriting is unique to everyone. The letter carried the sender's scent and seal.

I could see a black and white photocopied image of the Babanin's seal on the paper indicating she or a Babanin wrote it.

I took out the file and went through it.

The dates were distinct. A letter to my mother caught my eye, so I read that first.

“Dear Stephanie, I hope this letter finds well. I am writing to you as your you friend and a council member. I want to give you a heads up on your husband’s wishes before he leaves for pilgrimage. He requested that your ancestral seat on the council be given to his son, David. I know you have requested the Balyaev seat be given to Dominic, but this will not be so as the lord himself has given it to his son. Because you are his wife and the rightful heir to the seat, he can also give it out as he owns the seat by marriage. The Balyaevs are the original head of the council before Lawrence. It means David will head the council while Sylvester will be lord. I am giving you a heads-up so you will not be surprised when it happens.

Yours faithfully, Jenny Lawrence Babanin.

It read, and I was shocked at the discovery. Why would my father insult my mother this way? There were so many letters to be read, and I was motivated to go through them all.

~Sylvester~

I took out the following letter, and it was a letter my mother had written to Jenny.

“Dear Jenny, I am pained to my soul that Maurice would do such a thing to me.

Kindly let me know if there is a way to overturn this injustice. That seat is rightfully mine, and I want Dominic to sit on it as head of the council. Please, I need your help. You know everything, and you know that bitch Alissa and everything she did to me. Please help me overturn this cruelty. Yours Stephanie Balyaev Volkov”

It read, and I went through Jenny’s scribbles.

Studying the scribbles, she was tracing David.

I wondered what she was tracing him for. Was it to do my father’s bidding or my mother’s bidding? According to the scribbles, David had moved from Grizlo to Haddad, then he moved to Lucland and went to the west to live in Gad, after which she lost track of him. Why was he moving about so much?

The following paper was a letter from my father before he went on a pilgrimage.

“Dear Jenny, Hope this letter finds you well. I am writing to you because Gavin, Lucas and I won’t see you before we leave for our pilgrimage, but I promise we won’t be long. Also, I have decided to instate David as the head of the council using the Balyaev seat. Kindly help me find him and ensure he takes his place as head of the council. Also, please keep it between us because you know how Stephanie can get. When I return, I will reward you greatly for your loyalty.

Yours sincerely, Maurice. PS do not forget to buy a replacement for the red lace that I like. See you soon, darling,” it read, and I was stunned.

I did not need someone to explain what I had just read.

Jenny was sleeping with my father. They were having an affair, and I was sure my mother did not know because Jenny was my mother’s best friend.

The following letter was addressed to my father while he and his officers had left on pilgrimage.

“My darling Maurice, you need to be careful; I think Stephanie is planning to get you. She said something about you stealing from her. I do not know why but she seems to want to set you up. Please be careful and come back to me in peace. I bought the red lace you like, and I hope it lasts before you rip it. Please hurry. I miss you so much, and my body is craving your touch so much that I find myself touching myself often just thinking of you..” I could not finish the letter because it seemed like the rest was dirty talk.

From what I had read so far, Jenny was playing two sides.

I suspect she lied to my father about my mother being out to get him. All my mother said was that she did not want David to have her ancestral seat, and she was in the right. Unless there were other communications between then and when she sent the letter to my father. I would have to dig deeper.

It was wrong for my father to try to pass my mother’s seat and Dominic’s birthright to his bastard.

“Darling,” Tamia said, and I looked at her. She was holding a photo album and her eyes looked a bit worried.

She handed the album to me, and I was shocked at the content. According to the pictures, my father had a child with Jenny.

I began to rake my head, wondering who this child was because he wasn't David, and according to the time stamps on the pictures, I was just two years older than the baby.

"That isn't all," she said and showed me some letters.

I read the content.

"Whores have no place on the council. You better keep your mouth shut, or I will shut it forever." it read, and I was surprised.

The next one read.

"I see you are getting cosy with your position on the council. I wonder how people would feel when they find out you were f**king the wolf lord while married to your late husband, of which you currently occupy his seat on the council. What would they say when they find out. you even had a bastard by the wolf lord three years after your husband died?"

Bloody hypocrite. I will advise you to shut your mouth and stop digging for shit, or you will get what is coming," it read, and there were lots of them.

Some had dried tears on them. Meaning Jenny wept while she read some. I wondered about the kind of life Jenny was living.

I put down the letters and picked up Volkov's file again.

"She kept a journal, Sylvester," Tamia said, and I looked at her and saw a book in her hand.

Just then, the rest of our team walked into the office.

"Sylvester, Jenny was screwing our fathers," Marcel said, and I looked at him.

He showed me a black-and-white picture of Jenny tied and Marcel's father, Lucas, and my father having their way with her.

We did not need to guess who was behind the camera. It was definitely Theodore's father.

I wondered about the kind of sick life our parents were living.

I turned the picture and saw a scribble. 1

"To Maurice, thank you for letting us share your woman this once; it was an awesome experience. You are one lucky man to have someone like her. Hope you are open to sharing again. We looked good together," It read, and both Theodore and Maurice's father signed it.

Gavin and Lucas. 1

I bowed my head in shame because there were times the three of us shared women like this, but it seemed Jenny belonged to my father, who let them have her once. I dumped the picture, and Tamia picked it up. Avery and Linda joined her in studying it. 1

I continued to flip through the documents in my hand.

"Sylvester," Tamia said softly, and I looked at her.

"Jenny was in pain in this picture. I think she was being taken against her will," She said, and I did not care, but it must be a clue to what had happened.

I collected the picture from her, and indeed Jenny was not happy. Why did my father do this to her? I guess I will have to let Tamia study her journal.

I found a letter addressed to my mother, and it read.

"Stephanie, I know you set Maurice up in the south. You didn't have to do it. You have ruined a lot of lives. I know he hurt you, but why will you do this to him? I had apologised to you for sleeping with him; I even helped you make sure David did not ascend your family seat on the council. Why couldn't you let it go, Stephanie? I hope you will have the courage to tell your sons that you set their father up and had him killed in the south," I She said. The letter looked written in haste as if the writer was experiencing anger and sorrow at the same time.

I quickly checked to see if my mother had replied to her, and she did.

"How dare you insinuate such nonsense? I would have killed you if I had planned to have him killed. I am not angry about you grieving the death of your lover and lord, but don't you dare try to pin it on me or bring my sons into the conversation. As for this bastard, David, that you manipulated his position, do not say you did it for me. Vino is your brother's son, and you love him dearly. You did it for the sake of the Lawrence family. Let this be the last time you will try to accuse me." It read, and I was relieved because I was scared

that my mother had set my father up. It was plausible thinking about all he did to her. 3

While I searched the document, I wondered what happened to Jenny's child with my father.

I did not know if it was a boy or a girl, but the baby had somehow disappeared. Did it somehow die? I guess I will have to lean on the journal to explain it.

I returned to the cabinet, and the remaining files were duty files, but I planned on taking everything with me to study them.

Jenny was a can of worms, and it was apparent she was the target of the attack at my house in Lucland.

Maybe the same person who sent her the anonymous threat letters might have been the one who decided to finish her off, or someone she might have angered.

I did not understand why they did it in my mother's house and injured my mother too.

I also realised it was odd that Jenny was in my mother's house, seeing the amount of bad blood between them.

Although my mother had a lot of questions to answer, I doubted she would tell the truth or lead me right. She had so many secrets that I could never tell the difference between her truths and lies.

I checked the file and saw a letter addressed to David.

"Dear David, as per your request, I have sent you eight hundred thousand Lakhs. I hope this is enough for you and your mate to settle wherever you like. Now that your half-brother is lord, please do not come to Lucland because he is searching to kill you. You have heard of his reputation. It will be in your best interest to stay away. Do stay in touch and let me know if you need anything." It read, and I was enraged.

This bitch had sent a letter to David telling him that I was hunting him when I did not know of his existence. 1

Why would she go to this length to keep David away?

I would have thought David was her son if I did not know of Alissa. She even sent him a lot of money to settle down with. 1

Hearing David had a wife and family, and seeing that he was moving about, made me suspect he might not be the culprit, but then again, he could have felt entitled and cheated and decided to snap.

Anything could have happened. Finding him and Jenny's child, whether a man or woman, was necessary. It was imperative.

Babies don't disappear. I knew something was terribly wrong with the picture.

We searched the office and found other things, but nothing led to her child.

"Let us take all the files, journals, photo albums and anything that could give us clues to study. We will be staying at the Volkov duplex in Lucland. I asked the workers there to prepare food and three rooms for us," I said, and everyone was happy except for me.

I had come here for an answer, but it seemed I would be leaving the place more confused than I had come.

I wanted them to pack the files out of the house. While we were packing, five Kappas entered the office.

I figured they were the people that were supposed to be guarding the place.

When they saw us, they paid their respects and were scared.

They had to be because they were not doing their duty, and I had seen it first-hand.

They claimed they went to eat, and I told them it was wrong for them to all leave without attending to their work.

They handed me the keys, and I locked the office and the door that led to the corridor to keep intruders out.

We exited the house, and we all hopped into our jeeps respectively and drove to the Volkov duplex in Lucland, where my mother was staying before she moved back to the estate. 1

"You need to calm down, darling," Tamia said, and I sighed.

"As long as you are with me, I am calm, green-eyes. There are so many unanswered questions," I confessed, and she placed her hand on my thigh.

"I am sure her journal would answer a few of those questions. You just have to keep your mind open and watch your temper. It seems Jenny was a shitty person," she said, and I laughed because of how she put it. I was grateful to have Tamia beside me.

I rubbed her thigh gently.

"I love you, Tamia," I confessed from the bottom of my heart, and instead of an I-love-you-too response, my mate said something quite funny.

"Then you show me how much tonight," She replied, and I laughed.

Only Tamia could get away with that as the reply to I-love-you.

She was cute like that.

I stepped on the gas, eager to get her out of her clothes, taste her and bury myself in her.

I could never get enough of my green-eyed beauty.

~Tamia~

I was giddy about spending time at the duplex but worried about Sylvester's mood.

It was clear we had opened a can of worms, and I doubted we would get all the answers we wanted.

We arrived at the building and were greeted by a smiling staff.

They had a lot of respect and admiration for their Lord. The staff accorded the same respect to me, making me realise who I was now

I was no longer an eastern Luna but would soon be The Lady Of The North. Something most women could only dream of.

I was glad that Sylvester wasn't a shitty man like his father. Stephanie did a great job raising him, and I had to commend her for it. I wondered what went wrong with Dominic, but I guess time would tell.

"Do you want to shower? Because of the dust at Jenny's," Sylvester said to me the moment we entered the house, and I could sense he had other things in mind, so I nodded, and he led me up the stairs to the master bedroom.

"What about dinner?" I said, and he smiled at me.

"Once we clean up, we would head down to eat. I promise." He said.

The room was beautiful. It had a contemporary design compared to the old victorian of the estate.

Sylvester hugged me from the back and kissed my neck, making me moan.

Kaira purred in my head, and I knew it was on.

I doubt we would get tired of each other, but I knew Sylvester was on edge and needed to calm down. He was finding his centre, and I was more than willing to help him find it.

He unbuttoned my blouse, still standing behind me. Then he opened my blouse and cupped my breasts with his hands, squeezing gently and brushing his thumbs against my hard nipples through the fabric of my bra.

I moaned softly.

"Music, your moan is music to my ears," he whispered, nibbling my earlobe gently. Sylvester was a master, and I couldn't get enough of his skills.

I closed my eyes to enjoy what he was doing as I felt the wetness between my legs.

My shirt came off, and then my bra. He took them off while standing behind me. 1

He opened the fly of my jeans, rolled it down, and I took it off. I had nothing but my panties on, and I was wet between my legs.

"Time to shower," He said, and I could not believe we were stopping there.

He led me into the bathroom. I entered the shower, and he pinned me against the wall facing me and staring intensely into my eyes.

“This is a lifetime journey, Green eyes,” He said with conviction, and I nodded, not knowing how to respond to his statement.

He crashed his lips on mine and kissed me hungrily, then broke the kiss and stared at me.

He lifted my hand and placed it on his chest to feel his heartbeat. I looked at him, speechless.

“I will only stop loving you when it stops beating,” he said, and the words hit so hard that I squeezed my hand a bit, digging my nails into his flesh. I looked down, averting my gaze from his, fighting my tears. Then his hands touched my chin and lifted my face so that I could see him.

“I will be your family, your love, and your support. I will never betray you, Tamia. I will never leave you. I will never use you, and I will never hurt you. I will always choose you, no matter what. You own my heart, and you own me, and it will always be like this. No matter how hard it gets, no matter how difficult it gets, I will remain by your side. You will be my pride, and I will wear your love proudly. Your sacrifice won't be in vain. I will give more than what the fated bond provides; I will love you endlessly,” he said with misty eyes, and my tears fell from the corner of my eyes. They fell freely.

There was deep relief in my chest that made me realise that I was worried about something.

“I know my father was a bastard, and he hurt my mother and the women in his life in irreparable ways. But I am nothing like him. I am not a dark alpha, and I refuse to be. Please do not let what we discover about my family and father make you afraid. I am nothing like him,” He said, and I placed my head against his chest and let my tears fall freely.

“I know, my love. I know,” I assured him, and he hugged me. Holding me close. I felt him turn on the faucet, and the water washed our skins.

I took off his shirt, and he took off his trousers and shorts and helped with my panties, leaving both of us naked under the shower.

The water washed away our fears and uncertainties.

He kissed and hoisted me up, burying himself deep inside.

He pumped gently, and I knew it was beyond the physical for me.

He was joining his soul to mine, owning and uniting with me. I held on and let him take me places.

We both came shattering on each other and loving it.

We completed the shower and exited the bathroom.

There were joggers in the wardrobe, so I opted to pair them with a white t-shirt. He wore the same, and we headed downstairs for dinner.

The amazing thing was that we all arrived in the dining room at the same time, with wet hair and in joggers. I wondered if the men planned this, but it didn't matter.

We sat at the table and served the food to eat.

"It was disturbing what we found back there," Linda began, and everyone agreed.

"Did you see the bondage pictures? Jenny and her Lord were into some kinky shit," Avery said, and we all laughed. I was glad our men did not take offence.

"No joke, but she wore the Mistress title with a capital M," Linda said, and we laughed.

"Honestly, it is sad," Avery said, and we were silent.

"I want to know how your mother could stand that woman," I asked Sylvester, and he shrugged.

"Honestly, if I were in her shoes, I would have found a way to make her disappear," Linda said, and we all laughed.

"You do not know how often I wanted to make Rebecca disappear. Kyle wasn't worth it. If he were, I would have committed a crime," She added, and Sylvester laughed.

"Honestly, my father wasn't worth the trouble. Trust me. With all I found, my mother could have as well driven a blade into his heart, and no one would

fault her. He was shitty like that,” Sylvester said, and I placed my hand on his thigh to rub gently.

“There are a lot of things we need to figure out quickly,” I said.

“It is clear Jenny was the target, but why did they kill her in this house and not hers?” I asked, and Linda raised her hand as if we were in the classroom.

“Did you see her windows and the silver on her doors? They had to get her where she was less protected.” Linda said, and we all laughed. Although I agreed with Linda’s deduction, it did not make sense.

“It doesn’t still make sense. This is the Wolf Lord’s house. Stephanie is the Wolf lord’s mother and lady of the north. There would be guards here; they were supposed to guard her. The main reason for bringing her here to live was to hide her and protect her from Devin and other enemies. It means this place was heavily guarded. Why would they attack and kill her in a heavily guarded place?” I asked, and as I asked the question, a scary truth dawned on me, one I dared not speak. I was silent immediately. 5

“I guess we will have to read her journal to understand her mind, and we can figure it out from there,” Avery said, and everyone agreed, but I could not speak a word because the thought that loomed in my mind was the most likely answer, but I had to discuss it with Sylvester in private just in case I am wrong. I did not want to say anything that would hurt the investigation and people’s reputations. 2

“One of the letters read that she gave my half-brother money. I wonder why she would go out of her way and give him money, then scare him to not show up in Lucland by telling him I am looking for him when I did not even know of his existence,” Sylvester said, and he had a valid point. 3

“Your mother did ask her to help overturn your father’s plans. Maybe that was part of it.” Marcel said, and Sylvester shook his head.

“I had ascended as Lord by then. It can’t be because of that. I suspect it has to do with something else,” He said, and I was equally confused about that part.

“What about her child? Did it die at birth? I wouldn’t put it past our fathers to do that just to hide their secrets. Mind you; people would know that she was unfaithful to her husband, which would have been detrimental to the Lord’s

reputation. The fact that our fathers shared her meant the baby could have belonged to any of them. What if they killed that baby? It will be understandable why she lived a solitary life and was always sad all the time. She dared not speak of it because it would reflect on her character. If the world knew of her affair, she would lose the right to represent the Babanins on the council, which would make her irrelevant, and I doubt your father loved her enough to make her luna.

He couldn't even if he wanted to. The Belyaev bloodline is premium compared to her Lawrence arse. She would always play second fiddle, and I think she knew it," Marcel said, and we were silent because what he said was true. He had hit the nail on the head. 3

"We need to study her journals together starting tomorrow," Sylvester said with strong determination, and I squeezed his thigh. 1

I planned on telling him my thoughts when we retired to the bedroom.

I hoped it wasn't what I thought, but that was the only plausible explanation for what happened.

"I think we will still need to comb through that building," Theodore said, and I knew he was right because we were not expecting to find all we found there. There was a possibility that there were things there.

"For someone that keeps records for the council, it is amazing that she doesn't have a computer yet. All the letters were photocopied," Linda said, bringing something vital to our attention.

"I thought that too. It was quite odd. I know she is old school and all, but it was quite odd that there was nothing on her desk. Do you think someone might have stolen the computer if she had one?" Avery asked, and we all looked at ourselves because she had given a valid point.

There was a lot of shadiness and bad blood around her. She might have something on it that they want to protect from getting out. We needed to find out.

"If she had a computer, I doubt it was in that office. Didn't you see the number of locks on the door and windows?"

Theodore said, and Sylvester shook his head.

“The culprit might have stolen it before the murder. The office and passage were locked after the murder,” Sylvester said, making a very valid point, and it was plausible.

“There is a lot to uncover. I suggest we stay another day here and go through the documents we have taken. Afterwards, we should copy them onto a system by having a Kappa scan them into a computer.” I said, and everyone agreed.

We finished up and decided to retire to our bedroom.

As soon as Sylvester and I entered the room, I decided to tell him what I was thinking about Jenny’s murder. I just prayed he would not take offence.

~Tamia~

Sylvester took off his clothes, leaving his boxers on and lay on the bed facing up and resting his head on his hand. He looked to the side and smiled at me. He motioned me to join him in bed.

“Come on, Green-eyes. I want to hold you,” He said, and I smiled.

I took off the joggers and left the T-shirt on.

It was big, and I had nothing under it.

I climbed into bed, and he sat up to hold me.

“That was intense down there, right?” He asked, kissing my neck, and I nodded.

“So, do you always solve cases like this?”

He asked me, and I laughed.

“Never solved a murder and mutiny case in my life,” I said, and he pretended to be shocked.

“You mean I have an amateur on the job? he asked playfully, and I laughed.

“You are then charging too much, green- eyes,” He said.

“I will charge you more,” I said, and he tickled me.

I laughed so hard and used the pillow to hit him.

His wolf flashed, and I found it sexy.

I stopped laughing, and my eyes roamed his body. I looked at his muscles and his tattoos. The tan on his skin and Kaira purred in my head.

“Drooling, Green-eyes,” He said with a smirk, and I looked away, giggling.

“All yours,” He said and hugged me, pulling me close and kissing me on my lips.

I moaned gently, and he growled lowly turning me on.

I wanted to get into it, but I needed to tell him what I was thinking first.

“I want to share something with you,” I said quietly, and he nibbled my ears, making it hard for me to compose myself. I moaned, and he put his hand under my T-shirt.

“Want to speak to you,” I said between moans as he caressed my clit with his thumb. My body was coming apart, and he looked into my eyes as he rubbed my clit gently.

“Tell me,” he said with lust in his eyes, and I could not speak. He wasn’t playing fair.

“I wanted to taste you all day, green eyes, ” he said with his dark wolf eyes, and I gently nodded, telling him he should go ahead. Spreading my legs wide, he went to work.

I did not know what had happened to me, but I came immediately, and he smacked my clit gently.

“That is naughty, Green-eyes. I wanted it to last longer,” He teased, and the truth was, how could I when he had already got me worked up before he delved in?

I went on top of him to ride.

I placed him inside me, and he filled me up and guided my body as I moved up and down on his cock. He worshipped my breast, and everything was heightened. We were at it for a while, and soon we finished.

I lay beside him, trying to catch my breath, and he looked at me.

“You wanted to tell me something,” He said, and I laughed.

I managed to sit up because what I wanted to say was serious.

He sat up, too and smiled.

“I do not want you to take offence to what

I am about to say. It is just a hunch, and I could be wrong.” I said, and he smiled.

“You can never offend me, Tamia.” He said, and I smiled at him.

“It is about Jenny and your mother,” I began.

“How could she be visiting your mother when it seemed there was a lot of bad blood between them? Your mother found out she was having an affair with her husband and must have hated her for it.

How come she visited your mother?” I asked, and he was silent.

“Stephanie might be passive, but I also know she is vindictive. There is no way she would be okay with it. Your father did a lot of horrible things to her. It is a miracle she is sane.” I said, and he touched my hand gently and kissed it.

1

I did not know my hand was shaking until he did that.

I was trying hard to find a way to put my thoughts into words without offending him.

“Relax and tell me what you want to say, Tamia,” He said and kissed my hand again. I sighed.

“Your mother does not seem like the forgiving type. Were there guards in this duplex during the time of the attack?” I asked him.

“They were supposed to be, but the wounded ones were few. They usually have a shift, and the attack happened during the shift. They did say southern and eastern soldiers attacked them. They thought my mother was dead. That was why the attackers left,” he said, and I sighed,

“Did you see these so-called southern soldiers? At least your mother’s guards should have put up a fight and got one or two,” I said.

“I guess they came prepared,” he said.

“What if,” I said and looked at him, trying to compose myself and summon the courage to speak.

“I am just speculating, Sylvester,” I warned him, and he smiled and caressed my cheek, urging me to speak freely.

“What if your mother lured Jenny to her house and had her killed?” I said, and he froze. (1

“Think about it. They aren’t friends; there is bad blood between them, and Jenny’s house is impenetrable. Your mother might have invited her here in the name of truce, made sure there was a shift and planned with the guards present to do her bidding and say it was the south. She and Dominic were the only ones that knew I was visiting that morning. Since Devin had tried to take me from the estate once, they might as well blame the attack on him, only that this time around, he decided to kill a council member and injure your mother, which is a bit odd. If truly he was the one that staged the attack, then your mother would be dead. What if Jenny was blackmailing your mother, and she decided to silence her for good? What if Jenny was making allegations that could put you in trouble? Your mother would do anything for you and Dominic. I am just saying,” I said, and he was silent for a bit, digesting my words. 1

“What will Jenny have on her?” He asked me and his eyes widened because he had thought of something.

“There was a letter where Jenny claimed my mother had my father and his officers murdered. My mother replied to her and warned her to stop spewing nonsense. It is impossible, of course, because we know Bane killed them, but what if Jenny was trying to pin it on her? I still doubt my mother will kill her because of a baseless allegation.” He said, and I shook my head.

“I doubt it has anything to do with your father’s death, Sylvester. I think it has a lot to do with your position and that of your brother. You know I read the letters you read, and your mother said something about Jenny helping her because it would benefit Vino, who is

Jenny’s nephew,” I said, and he nodded.

“Did it occur to you that the two people that helped her overturn your father’s decree are now dead? Vino’s father and Jenny?” I said, and he widened his eyes. 1

“I am just speculating, but what if your mother wanted Dominic to ascend her family position on the council, and Jenny might have pushed back because that would make Vino second in command? You know how badly your mother wanted Dominic to be in the place of power,” I said, and he realised where I was driving.

“I hope she didn’t do it, Tamia. Please do not tell anyone this. If my mother did it, she would be in trouble because after the blue moon, she would no longer be the lady of the north and would not have immunity. I do not want us to give our enemies a weapon to use to hurt our family,” He said, and I could see the fear in his eyes.

“That was why I held my tongue downstairs,” I said and looked at him.

“As much as you will want Theodore or Marcel to be in on this, I think we should investigate your mother’s part in this between us so that no damage is caused. We need to investigate the allegations made, and once we have enough, you should question your mother in private, I said, touched his hand, and used my thumb to gently rub the back of his hand to calm him down. 1

“I am sure no woman would go through half of what your mother did and not snap. Your father treated her like shit. He tried to replace her with his fated, then forced her to be his fated’s midwife. He cheated on her, killed most of her family members and crippled them by forbidding her from representing them on the council, almost wiping them from existence just because he wanted to divorce and replace her. He didn’t stop there; he had an affair with her best friend and tried to take her family seat from her by depriving her child and giving it to his bastard-the son of the woman that caused your mother so much pain. There is just so much a woman can take, and these are just a few things she had been brave enough to share. When I look at Stephanie, she looks like a battered woman that has learned to cope by living in denial. I am sure she must have snapped and tried to push back somewhere along the line, Sylvester,” I said, and tears formed in his eyes. He fought them, but they came.

“I never thought of it this way, Tamia,’ he said, and I snuggled into his arms to help him relax.

Listing out what his mother had been through, the reality hit home for him. It would hurt anyone.

“She never really told us any of these things, Tamia. She only spoke praises of him and told us how he loved her,” He said, and I could understand Stephanie’s reason.

She needed them to be proud of their father.

She did not want to ruin his image for them. She did not want to spoil their memory of him.

“Your father might have been a wonderful man to you and your brother, and she did not want to spoil your memory of him,” I said, and he sighed.

“I guess so. He was really fun and spent so much time with us. I knew of the Harem, but since it was tradition, my mother did not seem to be bothered about it. I let it be. I would have confronted and challenged my father if I had known she was going through half of the things you had listed. If I didn’t, I am sure Dominic would have. He loves her that much. If Dominic knows half of this, he will be mad,” Sylvester said, and I sighed.

“I think he might know Sylvester. He was alive during the time of Alissa. He must have noticed the changes. Even if he did not know of her, he must have noticed that your father was different towards your mother,” I said, and he giggled.

“I doubt he knew. My mother kept it hidden. I am sure he did not even know of Alissa. My brother worshipped our father. He sees him as perfect, hence why he went to war to avenge his death. He loved our father and spent more time with him than I did,” He said, and I sighed.

“I guess your mother did a good job of protecting your innocence, which brings me back to the point that she must have snapped somewhere down the line,” I said and turned to him.

“We will get to the bottom of it, but we must keep my mother’s investigation a secret. I do not want her to get in trouble,” He said gently, and I nodded.

“Neither do I. She has been through enough, and if she did anything to Jenny, Jenny deserved it. That is my opinion because the woman was a wicked and shitty friend. She could refuse the wolf

Lord, but she did it for her gains or whatever reason.

“We will go through the document tomorrow and decide what to do from there,” He said and kissed me. We snuggled in bed, and soon sleep came.

~Tamia~

I woke in the morning with a bit of morning sickness. So I rushed to the bathroom and threw up what was left of my dinner from last night. Sylvester joined me in the bathroom and rubbed my back gently.

Knowing why I was throwing up, neither of us was bothered.

He kissed the top of my head, and I wiped my lips gently and smiled at him.

“Good morning,” he said to me, gently patting my hair. I smiled in response. We sat down on the bathroom floor.

Sylvester placed his hand on my stomach and rubbed gently.

“I can’t wait to meet our baby, Tamia,’

He said, and I gently touched his hand on my tummy.

“We still have a long way to go; it’s flat,”

I pointed out, and we laughed.

We got ready for the day and headed downstairs. I could not wait to go through the journals.

As much as I wanted to get to the bottom of things, I was curious about Jenny’s life because the woman had a lot of skeletons in her closet and seemed a bit eccentric.

“Good morning,” Linda said, smiling at me, and her smile was extra, which made me know Theodore had done a lot of work.

“Good morning,” I greeted her and

Theodore, and he smiled at me while rubbing her back.

Avery and Marcel were yet to join us.

Sylvester pulled out a seat for me to sit down. I sat and looked at Linda. She was glowing. She looked nothing like the

Linda that I used to know. It was amazing what true love could do to someone. We were lucky.

We came to the north as war prisoners and found love in the process. Like in the east when our husbands were friends, likewise in the north. It was amazing to see how intertwined our destinies were. It was still in the very same order. 1

“Where is Marcel?” Sylvester asked

Theodore, and he smiled.

“They will soon join us, I hope,” Theodore answered, and Sylvester laughed. I knew there was a subtle exchange between the men, which we weren’t privy to, so I squeezed my man’s thigh.

“Have you decided what our team would wear during the polo?” Theodore asked

Sylvester, and he shook his head.

“Maybe our women would decide that,” Sylvester said, lifted my hand and kissed

“I want to look sexy while you cheer me on during our games,” he said, and I smiled at him.

“That is an easy colour. Black polo shirt and white trousers. Black and white everything,” I said, and he nodded. 2

“As you wish, my Lady,” he said, and I felt tingles.

“I am so excited about the ball before the sports games begin. I learned everyone would be there,” Linda said, and I wondered why she would be excited. Then it hit me that our exes might be coming for the games, but I also knew that the east and most of the south were never invited to the all-region games.

“You will get to rub it in his face one day, Linda but not at the games. They never invite the east,” I linked her, and her smile dropped. She really wanted

to laugh at Kyle. I could understand. Theodore was an upgrade from the douchebag.

Theodore was a powerful Alpha and third in command of our world. A position Kyle could never dream of. It would have been nice if she and Avery got the chance to rub the joy on their faces. Call it petty, but there was a true satisfaction that would come with their pain and disbelief. I knew one day it would happen, and no matter how much they claimed not to care, they would because the women had an upgrade.

Avery joined us with Marcel, and with how they looked, I knew what they had been up to.

Marcel did not button all the way up, meaning they were in a rush, and Avery looked like she packed her hair before tumbling in the sheets. She couldn't take the time to comb and pack the hair again, so she decided to pat it and fix herself up. 2

"Shall we eat?" Sylvester said, and we dug in.

I ate everything. My appetite was over the roof, and Sylvester kept adding things to my plate.

Breakfast ended, and I was the first to leave the table to head to where we kept the journals.

There were six journals altogether, and somehow it wasn't a daily record of her life; browsing through the page, I realised she only recorded significant events.

"Read aloud, Tamia," Marcel said. We were all eager for answers, so we sat in the living room, and I picked the oldest journal, judging by the dates, to read.

"Today was the worst day of my life. I told Maurice I would like to have a baby with him, and he shut it down. He said he already has one bastard; he can't have another. It really hurt because I love him so much, and it would be a gift to have a baby with him," I finished.

It wasn't informative, but we now knew how Maurice felt about having a baby with her; maybe that is why the baby is nowhere.

I flipped through, looking for something significant.

Jenny seemed the type to rant a lot, and I wasn't surprised. She was alone most of her life, so she was bound to rave in her journals. Everyone needed an outlet, and this was hers, especially since she had dirty disgraceful secrets.

"Maurice punished me today because I wanted something permanent. He told me he did not like Stephanie anymore, but he flared up when I asked him to make me his Luna. He did the worst thing ever to me, and I will never forgive him for it. Asking his friends to share me with him was the most humiliating thing ever. He wanted me to know how he saw me, as his whore. I might not be in his harem, but I wasn't different from them in his eyes. I was foolish to think he would fall in love with me." It read, and I could not feel sorry for her because Stephanie was her friend. She got what she deserved.

"It is clear that Maurice is lying to me. I know he loves Stephanie; I can see it in his eyes now he has banned me from speaking her name. I hate that bitch so much," it read, and we laughed.

"I think we should skip that book and read the later ones," Sylvester said, disgusted by the content of the journal I was reading. 1

"No, please let her read some more pages, and we will move to the next one," Marcel said and looked at me.

"Read an interesting bit, Tamia," He said. It was clear we all believed she got treated the way she should.

"Alissa is a bitch, and I will put her in her place. How dare she take him from me. I have to find a way to get to her. I do not know how, but I will start somewhere.

Friendship always makes it easy. I will try and be her friend and pretend to support her against Stephanie. The woman is a thief and a menace, and she needs to be sent back to where she belongs," It read, and I could only imagine her state of mind when she wrote it.

I dropped the journal and went for the second to the last one. The one she started the year Maurice would go on Pilgrimage.

"You will skip all these ones?" Linda asked, and I nodded.

“The woman is mad and obsessed with her lover. Unless we want a whole day of how she feels about all the women the wolf lord was screwing, we need to move on from them,” I said, and Linda was silent.

“You know you can read them at your leisure. I plan to do so,” I told her, and she smiled at me.

I picked up the book and opened it.

I flipped through the pages and found a relevant entry.

“Today, I was wronged to my soul.

Maurice has never spoken of my son. He behaves as if he does not exist. He even favours his bastard over my son.

Planning to make David head of the council is just wicked. I have to alert Stephanie. I am sure she would be mad, and she might fight him. Who knows, Maurice may snap and dump her arse. If he does, he will definitely come to me, and I can find a way to get my son back,”

It read; now we understand why she bothered to alert Stephanie about Maurice’s decision.

We also knew she had a son who was not with her. Clearly, she wasn’t in her son’s life and might not know where he was. It sounded like Maurice took her son from her, but I could not draw conclusions yet.

The other pages showed how she and Stephanie would ensure that Dominic got the Balyaev seat. She indeed planned on double-crossing Stephanie in that regard; the woman was vile.

I picked up the last journal and read most of its content until I could not read it aloud anymore.

Jenny had made several entries that could get Stephanie in trouble. It was part of her final records.

“What is it?” Avery asked me, and I tried to play it off.

“Nothing interesting; we should go through the files,” I said, and they agreed.

Linda picked up the first journal while I held onto the last one.

“Are you alright, green-eyes?” Sylvester linked me, and I looked at him.

“We need to talk in private,” I linked him back.

“Is it about something that is in that book?” he asked me through the mind link, and I nodded.

“Go upstairs; I will join you,” He said, and I pretended to have a stomach upset and would read the journal while in the toilet. So I headed up to the room. I entered, sat on the bed and read the pages.

“I have always known that Stephanie was behind Maurice and his officers’ death. She had denied it, but now I have proof. Today I received a letter from my spy in the south. An anonymous person sent the letter to Devin, claiming that the wolf lord was planning to attack and take over the south. The content of the letter was wicked. The writer had described the route the wolf lord would take, his alias and the company he was travelling with, where he would stay, and the time he should attack. The sender also lied that the wolf lord was travelling with a secret army. The writer gave Devin the details he needed to strike and succeed. Only one person would have this much information on Maurice: Stephanie.

I have scanned the letter and emailed it to her. I have also threatened to expose her so she would bear the full wrath of her punishment. Once she is put on trial, we can easily say that she connived with her sons to have their father killed so they can take over the lordship and head the council. It will automatically disqualify them, and Sylvester and Dominic will not ascend. I will have the last laugh.” It read, and my hands began to shake.

I read the rest of the contents; Jenny had blackmailed Stephanie with the letter for five years.

According to the entries, Stephanie denied writing it. She even told Jenny not to hurt her son’s reputation with the lies. Jenny found her pleas amusing and wrote about how she enjoyed tormenting Stephanie with the letter.

We needed to confront Stephanie, and she needed to come clean so Sylvester would know how to deal with the matter.

Just then, Sylvester walked in, and I looked at him with fear in my eyes.

“Jenny was a very disturbed woman,” I said, and he frowned and came to sit with me on the bed.

“You have to confront your mother, Sylvester, and she better come clean,” I said, and he asked me why.

“Because Jenny claims she was the one that got your father and his friends killed. Jenny got a letter someone sent Devin and mailed your mother a copy. She has been blackmailing your mother for five years now,” I said, and he was in shock.

I could only imagine what was going on in his mind.

Even if Stephanie did not do it, the wolf lord’s death was a serious matter. Now I understood why Stephanie was hell-bent on Sylvester taking revenge. If someone had already been punished for the crime, she can’t be tried for the same offence; no one would dig since the culprit has been dealt with.

As much as I knew Maurice deserved it,

Devin wasn’t lying when he said the Wolf Lord trespassed. He was made to believe the wolf lord had trespassed by whoever sent the letter.

~Sylvester~

I took the journal from Tamia and read the page she was on. I could not believe what I had just seen.

“What if this woman was trying to frame my mother? The letter was anonymous. What if that was what she was trying to do? Jenny was on the council, and my mother wasn’t. My father had left the Balyaev seat vacant, making the Lawrences the most powerful family on the council. What if the council teamed up and decided to persecute my mother?

There is always evidence to convict a person, whether guilty or innocent. What if that was Jenny’s plan?” I said, still finding it hard to believe what Tamia had said.

She stood up and touched my hand.

“I do not know what to believe. But we must review the files and hide the correspondence about your father’s murder. Marcel and Theodore are loyal to you, but their fathers were also killed. They might not find it funny and demand retribution,” she said to me, and I knew she was right.

So I left her in the room and rushed down, stared at where the documents were and started searching the files for anything that had to do with the correspondence between Jenny and my mother.

“Sylvester, is everything alright?” Marcel asked me holding Jenny’s journal in his hand. It was clear they found what she had written amusing. I smiled at him and nodded.

“Yes. I just need to see the correspondence between her and my mother,” I said. He nodded and continued to read the journal in his hand.

I thought of the many things that could happen if the information Tamia just found out got into the wrong hands. The thought motivated me to search. Tamia joined me downstairs and helped me search the files.

We were at it for hours. We had lunch and talked about the content of the journal. We joked about what Jenny wrote. Tamia and I pretended to find it amusing because we did not want to alarm the others.

By evening we had gone through all the documents we had brought, and only four files consisted of her correspondence with my mother and father.

I found a copy of the letter sent to her by her southern informant in those files. It was authentic, but I could not tell if it was my mother’s handwriting or not.

“Alpha Corrigan, I write you in good conscience. I do not believe in injustice, and I believe the wolf lord lost his mind because of his greed. Knowing how greatly your family suffered at his hands, I am moved to do this. Although I want to remain anonymous, I have discovered that the lord is out to conquer the south. He travels in disguise with his beta and gamma under the Alias John Michan. He plans to scout your territory as a tourist to develop his attack plan. I am writing you this letter so you can prepare yourself for what is to come. Your parents’ sacrifice should not be in vain. Leah Corrigan and I became friends in the harem. Where I found favour with the wolf lord, she didn’t. I am writing you this letter to help keep her son alive. Please, the wolf lord will be in the south on Monday at noon. He will be staying at the Danes Inn in Pridewood Pack land

Under his Alias. Be warned that there will be warriors around. You must intercept him in the inn. I hope for the sake of the south you succeed.” It read, and I wondered how Jenny would think my mother would write the letter.

The writer said she was in the harem, but Jenny had also said only my mother knew the Alias my father used to travel. Could it be possible that he discussed his trip with one of his girls, and she opted to betray him?

Tamia and I returned upstairs to pack the evidence, and I decided to talk to her about my thoughts.

“Could it be that my father might have divulged his travelling plans to a girl in the harem?” I asked, and Tamia looked at me

“You did not read some of the records in the journal. Jenny said that Leah Corrigan was never in the harem. He did not even sleep with her. She was thrown into service in Grizlo, where she died.” Tamia said.

“Maybe she was misinformed. My father slept with all the lunas he took. He might have told Jenny that, so she would not be mad. You have read her journals, Tamia; you know she is obsessed with him and possessive of him, too,” I said, and she nodded.

“Still, you need to confront your mother on this. You need to ask her; she better come clean because this is serious. This can just ruin the entire Volkov family. We have a marriage coming, and we will soon welcome children into this world. We do not need lies and secrets weighing us down and haunting us.” She said, and I could understand her fear and her reasons.

I decided I wouldn’t waste any time. Once we returned to the estate in the morning, I would ask my mother. I hope she tells the truth for all our sakes so I can figure out what to do.

We had dinner, and everyone joked about the things they read in Jenny’s journal.

The woman believed my father loved her, and my mother was blackmailing him to keep him.

She was really delusional.

One thing that troubled everyone was that other than when she mentioned her son, she never talked about him again. It was as if he had stopped existing. According to Theodore, there was an entry where she claimed my father took her son from her, but that was all. She did not talk about it or tell us where he was living. It was as if the baby had stopped existing. It was weird.

We left for the Volkov estate the next day.

I was eager to confirm with my mother on the matter.

We arrived, and I went to my room.

After Tamia and I had settled in, I took the photocopied letter and knocked on my mother's door. I hoped she did not make it hard for my sake because I was tired of the lies.

My mother opened the door and was surprised to see me. She smiled and let me in.

"I must have done something right for you to come looking for me this morning," She said with a smile and offered me a seat. I sat and thanked her.

"How is Tamia? Is she alright? I hope she is eating and resting. These are the early stages. She shouldn't be going about with you," she said, and I smiled and leaned forward.

"She is fine, mother," I said and sighed.

"I am here to have a private discussion with you, and I need you to be honest with me," I said, and her smile dropped.

"I need you to tell me the truth because what I discovered is explosive. It can ruin our family. I need you to come clean and tell me the truth, so I will know how to handle the situation," I said, and she frowned at me.

"Why are you speaking like this, darling? I won't lie to you about anything. I love you and your brother, and you know it," She said, sounding a bit hurt, and I nodded.

"Okay, I want to know what transpired between you and Jenny Lawrence

Babanin. There was a lot of bad blood between you two, so I do not understand why she would visit you in our house,” I said, and she became uncomfortable.

“She just came to say hello and reconcile,” She said, and I got irritated.

“Mother, you better tell me the truth. I have a letter from Jenny’s records. She has a record claiming you wrote it and accusing you of killing father,” I said, and she stood up and shook her head.

“How can you say such a thing about me? It is all lies. I warned her to stop spewing that nonsense about me. You do not know how that bitch was. She was obsessed with your father..” She said, and I cut her sentence to stop her from deviating. She always did that when backed into a corner.

“Tell me the truth, mother,” I said, and she shook her head.

“Please sit down,” I told her, letting my command through, and she reluctantly did as I said.

“I know he was unfair to you. I know everything. Tamia told me about Alissa, and I learned other things. I am not trying to judge you; I just need to know what to do,” I said and sighed.

“She is lying. I can never hurt Maurice. He was my husband.” She said, and I shook my head.

“Yes, I know, but he hurt you, mother. He tried to divorce you because of his fated, made you care for her, murdered most of your family members, and tried to give your family seat to his son. He did a lot of hurtful things to you,” I said, and she looked at me, shocked.

“How did you know he tried to take my family seat from me?” She asked me with disbelief. I bowed my head and then looked at her.

“I did some research and saw a letter Jenny wrote to you to alert you that father wanted to give your family seat to his son, David,” I said, and she was speechless.

I had her where I wanted, so it was time to ask again. Now that she knew I had information, she would not resolve to lie.

“Mother, please tell me you had no hand in this. Tell me that Jenny is lying and you did not have father killed.” I said, staring into her eyes. Her tears were a dead giveaway. She was shaking and sweating. I could see it, but I needed her to say it.

“Answer me, mother,” I said, and she wiped away her tears.

“She was f**king him, Sylvester. I had no choice. They were working against me, all of them, against us,” She said, and my knees gave out, and I fell on them with tears streaming down my eyes.

Everything she told me was a lie.

Everything I knew was a lie. Every hate I harboured against Devin was doctored. I was a puppet. My mother’s puppet.

“I had to. Maurice had done enough, Sylvester. My family headed the council. He did not only wipe them out but banned me from sitting on their seat because he wanted to make his fated lady and luna.

Things went back to normal when Alissa died, and we lived for many years.

I couldn’t say I was happy because he kept a harem and had mistresses, but he wasn’t trying to divorce me anymore, and you and your brother were growing into fine men. I was content.

Then Jenny told me he planned to give my seat to his bastard. I was livid. I was preserving that seat for Dominic, and the council had approved that he ascend the chair to lead them.

Maurice was planning on going on a pilgrimage when he decided to give my seat to his bastard.

We had a heated argument after Jenny told me what he was planning.

I would later find out that she was his mistress and that she told me, hoping it would end my marriage and she could slide in. That bitch.

During our argument, your father threatened to deal with me if I did not comply.

When I told him I won’t stand for it, and I would fight him for it, he came to the sickest decision. He said I could keep my seat and give it to whomever I liked

because he would make David lord. After all, he is an Alpha and his son, even if he did not marry his mother.

I couldn't have it, and knowing he was serious, I was determined to end his terror.

He had shamed me so many times I refused to let him shame my children. So I did what I had to do.

I sent a letter to the southern Alpha that Maurice was heading his way to wage war on his people." she said, and I bowed my head. Bane wasn't lying when he said my father trespassed. I looked at my mother, and she looked away.

"I had to, Sylvester, or you won't be lord. He had sent the decree, which I had to bribe Vino's father and Jenny to overturn secretly. I did not even know he was screwing her then.

They agreed, but the Balyaev seat would be vacant in exchange, so Lawrence would head the council. I did it for you.

That man wanted to take everything away from us and give Alissa's son. All my years with him, suffering and supporting him were going to amount to nothing. He wanted to raise a bastard above you, Sylvester.

He was a cold-hearted maniac, and I had to end him before he ruined what was left of our family and lives.

I loved him, but I couldn't take it anymore," She said and sat down and began to weep.

I did not know what to say or do. I was in shock.

"Then why did you have Dominic wage war against Alpha Corrigan?" I asked her, and she looked away.

"To cover my tracks. Jenny suspected I had a hand in Maurice's death, and she was hell-bent on exposing me. I had to cover my tracks. If someone is punished for the crime, there will be no need to dig into it."

"So why did you continue your friendship with Jenny?" I asked her, and She sighed.

“Ever heard of the saying that tells us to keep our enemies close?” She said, and I wondered what more she had done for our honour. A woman’s scorn was truly dangerous, and my mother had proven it.

-Sylvester-

I was speechless. My mother sat on the couch and was weeping.

I could see she was afraid, and I understood why. She had committed treason.

I sighed and looked at her. I could see she was tired and wondered how much she was hiding.

“Is there anything else, mother, that I need to know?” I asked her, and she looked at me.

It was hard for her, but she knew her game was up.

“I hated her.” She confessed, and I did not need to guess who she was talking about.

“She came to my house uninvited and told me that she was tired of the money she was getting from me and she needed to get justice for Maurice. She was on to something, and I knew she would do it. I do not know if it had anything to do with the bastard that Maurice took from her, but she was broken, and she came to vent her anger on me,” my mother said, and I sighed.

“She said I was an idiot and could not take care of business. She bragged to me that I was a fool. She told me she was the one that helped me get rid of my competition.

I only had one competition when it came to your father, and that was Alissa. She told me how she paid the doctor to inject silver into her system.

Silver doesn’t kill us; it only stops us from healing and makes us weak, which was what it did to Alissa the day she gave birth. The doctor registered her cause of death as an extreme case of preeclampsia. She bragged that I would not be able to prove it because, unlike me, she knew how to tidy up her mess.

The doctor died a month after Alissa passed away. We didn’t see it as anything when it happened, but I figured it out when she told

I knew Jenny was crazy, but I did not realise how crazy she was until she said what she said.

After she bragged about what she did to Alissa, she said I reaped the benefit of her hard work but not anymore,” my mother said I knew where it was going, but I held my tongue to let her speak.

“I did not know she was screwing your father when I asked her to help secure the Balyaev seat. I found out after he died, and she thought that was why I had him killed. She claimed she loved your father, but it was all a lie. She was a bloody social climber. She dated Gavin Orlov in secret. I knew but kept her secret because her husband was late by then. 1

I did not know she was also screwing my husband when I learned about her and Gavin. I found out after Devin had killed him, and I was mad. Jenny was a bloody social climber. She married Jerry Babanin

because his family was higher than hers. Before Jerry, she tried to get with my brother, but he did not fancy her. After she married Jerry, she chose to aim higher, so she went after the eldest, Orlovs, and one day I found out she went after Maurice

Volkov too. She just wanted to be at the top. The bitch.

I had someone investigate her so I could have something on her and get her off my back, but I found out she had a child for my husband, which made me snap.

So I started sending her threatening messages hoping she would be so scared and maybe run away, but the bitch always kept her shit together, so I stopped.” She said, and I remembered the anonymous blackmail letters Jenny was getting. I did not tell my mother I had seen those letters so she would not feel bad about it.

“I had to pay her two hundred thousand Lakhs every three months so she wouldn't raise the issue at the council. The letter might not have carried my name, but once they dug deep, they would figure it out.

So I pretended with her.

The day she died, she came to my house to gloat. She told me she had me where she wanted and could dispose of me whenever. She only let me keep

my miserable life because she enjoyed watching me suffer. She told me of her child with Maurice, and I pretended to be surprised about it. She told me Maurice took her son away from her and how she envied me because he let me raise my children.

The woman was that sick. She could not tell the difference between a legitimate child and a bastard.

Jenny said it was time for her to raise the matter in the council. Kapa Blake and kappa Melvick were there when she made all those statements; they didn't believe her, of course, and saw her as a mad woman threatening my life. She also came with her guards for reasons best known to her.

"It all happened so fast. She was leaving and said she would get you off your seat and end the Volkov line with the amount of evidence she had. Knowing she always made good on her threats, I knew I could not let her go. So I attacked; likewise, her men attacked my men, but we had the upper hand.

She stabbed me with the silver switch knife she always had on her, and Kappa Melvick helped me end her. Of course, my men killed her men, and they got scared because they had killed a high council member, so I told them what they would say before I passed out," She said, and I placed my hand on her thigh. She looked at me, and her eyes looked light. It must have been a burden. 2

"You know my secret, Sylvester; please do not hate me and do not tell Dominic any of this. He would never understand. He loved his father blindly," she said, pleading with me, and I nodded and hugged her.

She cried in my arms, and I could only imagine the amount of pain she was in.

She had no choice but to strike.

Jenny was not going to back down. I had read the woman's journals. She was sick and rotten to her core. It was good riddance.

"Please, Sylvester, Melvick and his men meant well, do not let them suffer; they believe they were protecting our family from a mad woman," She pleaded. I told her to calm down, patting her back gently.

"It is okay, mother, your secret is safe with me," I said, and she broke the hug and stared into my eyes to be sure I had just said what I said.

“What about Tamia? She likes digging and...” She said with genuine fear in her eyes, and I shook my head and held her hands that were shaking so she could be calm.

“Tamia was the one that figured it out, mother,” I said, and there was horror in her eyes.

“She hid the evidence from everyone and only let me in on it. She protected your secret, mother. She knew it would hurt you, our baby and me, and she kept it,” I said, and tears fell freely from her eyes.

“I am grateful, Sylvester. Tell her I am grateful..” she said, crying. She was relieved.

“Tamia, please join me in my mother’s room,” I linked my mate. I needed my mother to believe that Tamia was on her side because I could feel she was conflicted.

I held my mother, and there was a knock on the door.

My mother broke the hug and wiped away her tears while Tamia walked in.

My mother looked at me and then looked at Tamia.

She went on her knees to plead to my mate.

Clasping her hands together, she wept and begged.

“Please, Tamia, do not expose me. I am begging you. I had no choice..” she said, and Tamia rushed to her and held her. She knelt and hugged my mother.

“Your secret is safe with me, Luna. We will burn all the evidence and never speak of it again,” Tamia assured her.

I was glad Tamia was the one that found the evidence. I did not think Marcel or Theodore would want to hurt my mother, but their mothers might feel differently about it. I watched as Tamia held my mother while she wept on her knees.

It was a secret she had carried and lived in fear at the mercy of Jenny, the psycho. I hoped for all our sakes it was over. It was a relief, but we still had unanswered questions.

Who was working against my family? It was either the entire council, some people or someone on the council, David or Jenny's bastard.

I realised that Devin was innocent all along, and I had to try to find a way to calm the situation down and have a treaty with the south to avoid any more problems. There was also the issue of him being fated to

Tamia. Although she rejected him, he was too hopeful for him to let go like that. He would always blame me for his loss, even if he respected and accepted the rejection.

I watched Tamia comfort my mother.

We left her room together and returned to our bedroom.

"We need to destroy all the evidence, so it does not get into the wrong hands," Tamia said, going through the files.

"Anything that points to the bad blood between them, Jenny's blackmail, the letter to the south and the correspondence about the letter must be destroyed. I am thinking of burning it in the bathroom," She said, and I frowned. Although we had electronic heaters in our rooms, there was a fireplace in the common room that we could use to burn the evidence.

"Why would you want to burn it in the bathroom when we can use the fireplace in the common room?" I asked, and she shook her head.

"Someone can walk into the common room and notice we are burning papers. No one would notice if we burn them in the bathroom bit by bit until they are all gone," She explained, and I understood and agreed with her.

"So, what is our next move?" She asked me.

"After we are done burying her secret, we must look closely at everyone on the council. Investigate them while I search for David." I told her, and she nodded and searched the documents to separate them.

I doubt David could help with anything, but I needed him to know I wasn't hunting him.

I needed to investigate and find Jenny's child. Meanwhile, we had to prep for the games. It would start in two weeks.

While we were figuring all these things out, it was best we figured out what to wear for the ball and prepare for the games to keep up appearances.

Jenny might have led to a dead end regarding the pending mutiny, but it opened a lot of things that were hidden from us. The new knowledge that we gained would help us in our future decision-making.

Tamia and I searched through the documents for two hours, and once we had separated the evidence against my mother from the others. I took them to the bathroom to burn them one at a time.

I sat by the window in the bathroom with a metal trash can and started burning the papers. I could not let Tamia do this because of her condition. I wanted her and our baby to be healthy and well. She was everything to me, and she knew it, which was why she respected my decision and did not argue with me.

-Tamia-

A week passed, and Sylvester and I did not mention what we knew.

We did not even speak of it in private. We had utterly buried it, and Stephanie was grateful.

Glenda and Dominic were at it again, and Sylvester was planning to move them to the house's east wing because they fought in the halls at night. They fought about everything. Sometimes I would hear Dominic end it, and they would get back together within minutes.

They were psychos, and even though I knew Maurice was a douchebag, I could understand why he did not deem Dominic worthy of anything.

There was no way Dominic would be able to lead the council. He was controlled by his emotions and did not have a mind of his own.

I was glad his relationship with Larry was strained, and Larry had started trying to cosy up to Sylvester. The old man had no shame.

Linda had turned Jenny's journals into her book of jokes.

The woman was delusional, and it showed in her entries.

We would often joke about some things she said during dinner. It was great.

While we did that, we practised croquet because that was the only sport we were allowed to partake in, due to our conditions. We planned our uniforms and our mates' polo team uniforms.

I was serious about the black and white uniforms. So I had them make the same for our croquet team.

The women in the harem that were on our team, most especially Katya, asked of Lilly, but we did not tell them anything.

The investigators had searched the women in the harem, and nothing was found on them, leaving Lilly and Sofia Malek as the only culprits.

They were going to be judged and punished for all to see, but it would have to be after the games.

In the meantime, they were languishing in a cell in the estate. We were supposed to send them to the council prison, but we needed to find out the people she worked for. We needed to protect ourselves and our investigation. Due to these reasons, we kept their arrest and imprisonment a secret.

"Tamia," Stephanie called out to me in the great hall of the estate, where the VIP ball would take place; Alphas and sports team captains with the council members will be attending.

We planned on using the eastern garden and the hall as the venue because we doubted we could contain all the guests in the hall.

We had a professional event planner, Lacy Brian, planning the ball, but I had to keep busy, so my friends and I decided we would supervise the event planner.

The woman was rude and did not respect us.

Lacy felt we had no say, but we were stubborn about what we wanted.

I fought the urge to report her to Sylvester. I had to make people respect me without getting my man involved all the time. My friends understood my reason and decided to follow in my footsteps by unapologetically insisting she does what we want.

We were standing in the hall going through the colours with the event planner when Stephanie joined us.

Avery and Linda were weary of her, but I had let the bad blood between us go. Avery was vindictive, and she wasn't over the name-calling yet, and I didn't blame her. Stephanie went too far. I hoped they reconcile.

"So what are the three lunas doing?" Stephaine said with brilliant-looking eyes.

I had never seen her this happy before.

Her eyes shined brightly. Her secrets were killing her. I guess she wasn't burdened by them anymore.

"My Lady, these women want to have a monochromatic colour arrangement, and I keep telling them it isn't nice for the event. They want shades of brown and green and beige which do not suit the mood, and it lacks taste," Lacy said.

There was a way she said it that made it sound offensive. Maybe she had not gotten the memo, but I kept it to myself. She referred to us with a demeaning tone giving Stephanie all the respect and pleading with her to put us in our place. Even though she did not put it that way, her actions and tone implied it.

"You need to watch your tone, Lacy,"

Stephanie scolded her.

"Who do you think these women are? Mistresses?" She asked, and Lacy realised she had committed an offence.

"That is Linda, Alpha Theodore Orlov's mate and fiancée; that is Avery, mate and fiancée of Alpha Marcel Sidorov and this is Tamia, fiancée and mate to the lord of the north and soon-to-be Lady of the north," She said, and the event planner was speechless.

The colour drained from her face, and she went on her knees and bore her neck to me to apologise for her rude behaviour.

I told her it was okay and to get back to work.

“She thought you were women from the harem,” Stephanie said while Lacy walked

away, utterly scared.

“Most of the women your mates have been with usually oversee the events, but it had been three years since they had kept such company. She was silly to think that might be the case. I apologise on her behalf,” Stephanie said, and I nodded, telling her it was okay.

“I learned you are playing croquet,” Stephanie asked me and looked at my tummy.

I placed my hand on my flat tummy and smiled.

“I spoke with the doctor, and he said it will be good exercise,” I argued, smiling at her, and she shook her head.

“Not on my watch, Tamia. That is my grandbaby growing in you. I want both of you to be okay. I think you should take up the cheering bit. The one that involves you sitting next to me and cheering our team.

You too, Linda,” She said, and I knew it would make Avery uncomfortable. I tried to smile it off.

“You should do the same, Avery. You might not be pregnant, but we don’t want any mistakes,” Stephanie said, and Avery smiled at her.

“I hope I am, Luna. I want to have babies too,” She confessed, and we all laughed at how she said it.

“You will; just don’t overthink it and try to rest a bit more,” Stephanie said, advising Avery, and Avery nodded.

“Well, I want to play croquet,” Linda said, and I knew she wouldn’t back down.

“Theodore forbids I do anything physically demanding. It is getting to me. I want to move about the place,” She said, and I could see her tiny bump when she placed her hand on her tummy.

“The Orlov family are few, Linda; that is why Theodore is overprotective. He is the only child of his father, Gavin. He wouldn’t want anything to happen to his child and you. Please listen to him,” She pleaded, and

Linda smiled.

“Well, he said I could play croquet since the doctor approved,” She said, and Stephanie looked at me. My eyes pleaded with her to allow me to join in the fun.

“Very well, I will cheer your team from the seat,” She said, and I smiled. We sat on one of the tables, and they served us juice and Ice cream. I had Ice cream.

We laughed and joked about many things, and the whole place was lively, only for Pamela to grace us with her presence.

Seeing anyone from the council gave me the creeps.

“Lady Stephanie,” She greeted Stephanie and did not bother to greet us. Stephanie wanted to scold her, but I told her not to.

“Why don’t you ever acknowledge us?”

Linda asked her, and I honestly wished I had stopped her because I did not want to get into an altercation with the old bitch. She looked at Linda’s tiny bump.

“That has never kept a man,” She said, and Stephanie was angry.

“Watch your tongue, Pamela, this isn’t the council, and she isn’t a mistress,” Stephanie said, and Pamela smiled.

“I get it, but they are just girlfriends until the wedding takes place and the claiming is done. The alphas can change their minds before then, and even the women can change their minds. It isn’t set in stone. I would accord them respect when that happens. As things are, I am above them. I dare not bow to women simply because they are sleeping with the Alphas and lord,” She said, making a disturbingly valid point, but she was wrong.

It was beyond what she was thinking, and I could not wait to see her eat her words when the time came. I hope she will be able to repeat herself after the blue moon.

“Jealousy does not suit you, Pamela. Your daughter had no chance with either of them. Now you are taking your anger out on these innocent women for

getting what you wanted for your daughter. What is it with you council women and social climbing? I hope you can repeat this in the presence of Sylvester, Marcel and Theodore,” Stephanie said, and the woman’s smile faded.

“They can tell them what I said. I haven’t said anything wrong. You are still Lady of the north, and I have given you your respect. It ends there. Besides, this is not why I came,” She said and handed Stephanie a file and a flash drive. 1

“That is the number of invites we sent, and those are the alphas that responded and the names of the sports they would indulge in along with their team captains. to help with the ball arrangement and planning,” She said, and Stephanie frowned at the document.

“This is bulkier than usual,” she said, and Pamela smiled and looked at all of us.

“I guess the games have become more popular as we have more invites and participants this year,” She said with a smile, and I knew she was planning something wicked.

She bowed to Stephanie and excused herself.

Stephanie was staring at the bulky document, still wondering why it was big.

“May I?” I asked Stephanie, and she handed me the file while she held onto the flash drive.

I figured the flash drive consisted of everything in the file for mailing purposes. They were giving a go at going digital.

I placed the file on the table and began to scroll through the list of guests that would be there.

I read several pages before seeing the eastern Alphas that were coming. The east had never participated before. The council had deliberately invited them to cause trouble for us.

We were the ex-wives of the eastern top Alphas; it was only expected that there would be bad blood, jealousy and friction if we met our exes face to face with our current mates.

This was what she meant by 'anything could happen before then.'

She will be shocked to learn that Kyle did not care about Linda, nor did Max care about Avery.

I scrolled through the names and saw them, Kyle, Max and Leo were coming, and I was worried for Leo because of what Jake had told me about his state.

These stupid council people planned to stir up shit.

I was glad to know beforehand so we could alert our mates. At least we would be attending prepared.

Linda would get her moment in the sun, likewise Avery.

I hoped Leo wouldn't do anything stupid and get on Sylvester's nerves.

I did not bother to check the rest of the file. I looked at Stephanie, and she frowned at me with the same question in her eyes. I nodded, and she became angry.

"That bitch Pamela knows how to stir up shit," She said, balling her fist in anger.

She knew exactly what the council was planning to do. They wanted to stir up shit and separate us from our men, but they would be disappointed because what we have is unshakeable.

Tamia walked into the room tired. I was at my desk working on my computer.

Someone had sent money to a Bricks Liam in Gad, and I was on it.

It was an anonymous transfer, but the receiver had slipped off.

Instead of using a number as an ID to collect the money, he gave his Id and name.

This was the first slip-up since I started tracing the transactions.

Was it possible that Lily was the one helping these people hide their tracks because this was an idiotic move?

If that was it, I would make sure the bitch suffered most excruciatingly. The truth about Lily was she wasn't a trophy, as everyone believed. Her father sent her to the estate the year we had decided we would no longer keep a harem.

He wanted her to be my mistress and bear me children, but I felt it was wrong and saw her more like a younger sister. I did not know it would get to her and make her act stupid. I was angry.

The only reason I let her stay was that her father was my father's friend, and they agreed that she would live on the estate.

I had abolished the laws of the lord and alphas keeping harems, but some people still wanted it in place. Bearing a bastard for the top six families would guarantee an elite life for such people and their families. Hence, everyone wanted it, and the elites would rather their daughters be mistresses than marry into lesser families.

It was a sick tradition that people still tried to keep even though I had abolished it. I banned alphas, betas and gammas from sending their daughters to my estate three years ago, and I have maintained it since then.

"Are you alright?" Tamia said, bending and hugging me from behind. She kissed my cheek, and I grabbed her and placed her on my lap to kiss her properly.

I drank her in, kissing her and taking in her scent until she moaned for me and broke away from the kiss, getting up. She went to sit on the bed, and I watched her move.

"I am so tired," she said, arching her back and moving so she could crack her spine for relief. She turned her neck, too, for the same reason, and I laughed.

"That is why there is a planner. So you do not have to stress yourself, my lady, but you always choose to. I can't stop you because I did not want to argue with you," I said, and she laughed at me.

"I think I would soak in the bath," She said, and I nodded.

She stripped as she walked toward the bathroom and moved seductively, making Knight growl and lust for her.

“Tarnia,” I growled, and she giggled, knowing exactly what she was doing. I closed my laptop and decided to join her in the bath.

It had been two days since we made love, and I would not let her get away from me tonight.

I waited a bit, then took off my clothes and went to join her in the bathroom. She sat in the tub and looked at me, smiling.

“Did you miss me?” She asked, knowing exactly what was on my mind, and Knight growled in response.

I got into the bath with her, and she moved to me and kissed me. She broke the kiss and put foam at the tip of my nose, laughing.

She was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. Her eyes captivated me, and her laughter was enthralling.

She had brought me to my knees entirely before I knew it. She was easy to love and be with.

No tension and no stress.

She wasn't a social climber. Her love and affection were true.

What did I do to be this lucky? I looked at her innocent eyes and drew her close to me.

“My Tamia,” I said, and she stopped laughing. Her eyes flashed golden, and I knew it was jealous Kaira.

“I love you too, Kaira; you two are the same,” I said, and she giggled.

I pulled her close and kissed her lips. We kissed deeply and had to break to catch our breaths. So I rested my forehead against hers.

“It will always be like this. My love will never die, and it will never weaken. It will always be strong, Tamia. I will never allow you to regret this. I am nothing like my father. You will never have to share, and you will never have to deal with shit. I will be true all my life, worship and cherish you until I die. You have nothing to worry about where I am concerned, my love.” I said, and tears streamed down her eyes.

“I know, Sylvester. I know. I want you to know that for me, it is the same. This is my family. You are my family. You and our baby, and it will always be like that. My past is behind me and forgotten; it can never compete with what we have. Know that and trust me, Sylvester,” She said, and from how she said it, I knew something was troubling her, but I did not want to spoil the moment and ask what it was because I knew she was speaking her truth.

She kissed me and soon came over to me in the bath. I let her.

My body was ready and eager to please her and receive the love she was willing to give. She came over to me, and I grabbed her waist and guided my length into her. Her warmth engulfed me with peace and pleasure as she rode me.

It felt so f**king good that I did not want it to stop. I held on to my cum, wanting her to ride her fill.

Tamia rode me, and I enjoyed every bit of it. She was my haven, and I was grateful. The pleasure got into my head, and I moaned.

“Fuck!” I said, trying to hold on to my cum. My toes were curling, and the pleasure was at its peak. I felt her pussy clench as she grabbed onto me tightly.

“Sylvester,” she called my name, and all I could do was growl as she came and milked my cock.

Soon I could not hold it anymore. Her pussy was too warm, soft and sensitive for me to hold out on her for long.

I spilt my seed into her, feeling my toes curl in the bath. She rode me until I went soft.

I held her for a bit in the bath and kissed the side of her neck.

“We have seven more weeks to go, and you will be mine. We will be connected as one,” I said, and she held me tight.

I knew something was troubling her, and I could not keep it anymore. So I broke the hug so I could see her face. I searched her worried green eyes, and she searched mine.

“Tell me,” I said, and her tears began to fall freely.

“Oh, Sylvester. The council wants to break us up. They invited our exes for the games,” She said, and I froze.

I was pissed off.

Pissed off because I knew Leo and Max were not over their mates. I can't say the same for the sick bastard, Kyle, but Max had tried to take Avery from the estate, and Leo has been on the fence even though he claimed he had given her to me. I could not forget the fact that she gave herself up, and he would have rather died than let her go.

Everyone knew how those men felt about our women. The only person whose intentions weren't clear was sick Kyle.

I knew Leo still loved Tamia. Why will they do this? I could understand Tamia's fear, and I held her. 1

“It's okay, my love. They can't break us. In fact, it is good they see the three of you have moved on, so they can move on too. I know I am the only one in your heart now, Tamia. You have nothing to worry about. I can't be jealous of Leonardo Albert because I have you. Do not worry about what that evil council is doing.” I said to ease her mind, and she held on tightly.

“Once we solve the mutiny case, they will be dealt with accordingly, I promise,” I said, and she squeezed tightly.

“She said scary things like our marriage and union not being set in stone. She said you could change your mind,” Tamia said. Usually, I knew this wouldn't faze her, but her hormones were all over the place, making her extra sensitive. Most people did not know she was pregnant with my child yet.

“Who said this?” I asked so I would know who to discipline.

“Pamela Rivers,” She said, and I cursed under my breath.

“That social climbing bitch. She tried to send her daughter to join the Harem three years ago, but we turned it down. She had been bitter ever since. She is just jealous of you, Tamia. She can't win, and I know you know this, so cheer up and stop letting your fear get the best of you.” I said, and she broke the hug and looked at me. 1

We left the bath, dried up and went to bed naked.

I lay down, and Tamia placed her head against my chest. I needed to ease her mind and change the topic.

“Guess what?” I asked her, and she pinched me in response, which made me flinch, and we both laughed.

“The money transfers finally turned up a name at the receiving end,” I said, and she sat up abruptly and looked surprised and overjoyed at the same time.

“A break!” she said, and I nodded, laughing and sat up.

Tamia was overjoyed.

“Finally, we have a trail,” She said, relieved for the same reason.

“I think Lilly has been helping them hide their tracks since, but not anymore,” I told her, and Tamia nodded.

“I suspected that might be it, but I had no proof. That bitch.” She said, and I laughed.

“I will have him arrested tomorrow,” I said, and she stopped laughing and shook her head.

“You can’t do that. Put someone on him and have him watched. He might lead us to someone and blow this thing open wider. They do not know their moles have been caught. No one knows what happened to Lilly and her handler. We will keep it that way and keep letting them slip up. There will be more activities during the game because Lily had told them security would be low then. That is when we’ll strike, and I am thinking of using Lilly to get them,” She told me, and I could understand her angle. I agreed with everything she said except for using the treacherous bitch to trap the people.

“I do not trust Lilly to have her do our bidding,” I said, and Tamia nodded.

“I know she is selfish, and that is exactly what we will use against her. Right now, her life is forfeit because she committed treason. We will offer her lesser punishment if she can help us catch some of them. She will throw them under the bus to save her skin. The woman is selfish like that. She does not believe in their cause. She only did what she did out of scorn. Her conviction is

different from theirs. That is why we will use her.” She explained, and I could see her point.

“What about Sofia, her handler?” I asked, and Tamia shook her head.

“She will be challenging to use. We will keep her locked up, and soon word will get out that she has been apprehended. So the uprising group, whatever they call themselves, will have no choice but to work with Lilly directly.” Tamia said, and I understood what she was planning on doing. 1

“I think we can work on that,” I said, and she nodded.

Tamia’s eyes looked sleepy, so I made her lie down.

She placed her head back on my chest, and soon I heard her snoring. She was exhausted. I thought of what she said about Pamela, and I decided it was time to clip the wings of the council. They had done too much damage.

Chapter 63 - The Destiny of a Heart-broken Luna

~Sylvester~

I took out the following letter, and it was a letter my mother had written to Jenny.

“Dear Jenny, I am pained to my soul that Maurice would do such a thing to me.

Kindly let me know if there is a way to overturn this injustice. That seat is rightfully mine, and I want Dominic to sit on it as head of the council. Please, I need your help. You know everything, and you know that bitch Alissa and everything she did to me. Please help me overturn this cruelty. Yours
Stephanie Balyaev Volkov”

It read, and I went through Jenny’s scribbles.

Studying the scribbles, she was tracing David.

I wondered what she was tracing him for. Was it to do my father’s bidding or my mother’s bidding? According to the scribbles, David had moved from Grizlo to Haddad, then he moved to Lucland and went to the west to live in Gad, after which she lost track of him. Why was he moving about so much?

The following paper was a letter from my father before he went on a pilgrimage.

“Dear Jenny, Hope this letter finds you well. I am writing to you because Gavin, Lucas and I won’t see you before we leave for our pilgrimage, but I promise we won’t be long. Also, I have decided to instate David as the head of the council using the Balyaev seat. Kindly help me find him and ensure he takes his place as head of the council. Also, please keep it between us because you know how Stephanie can get. When I return, I will reward you greatly for your loyalty.

Yours sincerely, Maurice. PS do not forget to buy a replacement for the red lace that I like. See you soon, darling,” it read, and I was stunned.

I did not need someone to explain what I had just read.

Jenny was sleeping with my father. They were having an affair, and I was sure my mother did not know because Jenny was my mother’s best friend.

The following letter was addressed to my father while he and his officers had left on pilgrimage.

“My darling Maurice, you need to be careful; I think Stephanie is planning to get you. She said something about you stealing from her. I do not know why but she seems to want to set you up. Please be careful and come back to me in peace. I bought the red lace you like, and I hope it lasts before you rip it. Please hurry. I miss you so much, and my body is craving your touch so much that I find myself touching myself often just thinking of you..” I could not finish the letter because it seemed like the rest was dirty talk.

From what I had read so far, Jenny was playing two sides.

I suspect she lied to my father about my mother being out to get him. All my mother said was that she did not want David to have her ancestral seat, and she was in the right. Unless there were other communications between then and when she sent the letter to my father. I would have to dig deeper.

It was wrong for my father to try to pass my mother’s seat and Dominic’s birthright to his bastard.

“Darling,” Tamia said, and I looked at her. She was holding a photo album and her eyes looked a bit worried.

She handed the album to me, and I was shocked at the content. According to the pictures, my father had a child with Jenny.

I began to rake my head, wondering who this child was because he wasn't David, and according to the time stamps on the pictures, I was just two years older than the baby.

"That isn't all," she said and showed me some letters.

I read the content.

"Whores have no place on the council. You better keep your mouth shut, or I will shut it forever." it read, and I was surprised.

The next one read.

"I see you are getting cosy with your position on the council. I wonder how people would feel when they find out your were f**king the wolf lord while married to your late husband, of which you currently occupy his seat on the council. What would they say when they find out. you even had a bastard by the wolf lord three years after your husband died?

Bloody hypocrite. I will advise you to shut your mouth and stop digging for shit, or you will get what is coming," it read, and there were lots of them.

Some had dried tears on them. Meaning Jenny wept while she read some. I wondered about the kind of life Jenny was living.

I put down the letters and picked up Volkov's file again.

"She kept a journal, Sylvester," Tamia said, and I looked at her and saw a book in her hand.

Just then, the rest of our team walked into the office.

"Sylvester, Jenny was screwing our fathers," Marcel said, and I looked at him.

He showed me a black-and-white picture of Jenny tied and Marcel's father, Lucas, and my father having their way with her.

We did not need to guess who was behind the camera. It was definitely Theodore's father.

I wondered about the kind of sick life our parents were living.

I turned the picture and saw a scribble. 1

“To Maurice, thank you for letting us share your woman this once; it was an awesome experience. You are one lucky man to have someone like her. Hope you are open to sharing again. We looked good together,” It read, and both Theodore and Maurice’s father signed it.

Gavin and Lucas. 1

I bowed my head in shame because there were times the three of us shared women like this, but it seemed Jenny belonged to my father, who let them have her once. I dumped the picture, and Tamia picked it up. Avery and Linda joined her in studying it. 1

I continued to flip through the documents in my hand.

“Sylvester,” Tamia said softly, and I looked at her.

“Jenny was in pain in this picture. I think she was being taken against her will,” She said, and I did not care, but it must be a clue to what had happened.

I collected the picture from her, and indeed Jenny was not happy. Why did my father do this to her? I guess I will have to let Tamia study her journal.

I found a letter addressed to my mother, and it read.

“Stephanie, I know you set Maurice up in the south. You didn’t have to do it. You have ruined a lot of lives. I know he hurt you, but why will you do this to him? I had apologised to you for sleeping with him; I even helped you make sure David did not ascend your family seat on the council. Why couldn’t you let it go, Stephanie? I hope you will have the courage to tell your sons that you set their father up and had him killed in the south,” I She said. The letter looked written in haste as if the writer was experiencing anger and sorrow at the same time.

I quickly checked to see if my mother had replied to her, and she did.

“How dare you insinuate such nonsense? I would have killed you if I had planned to have him killed. I am not angry about you grieving the death of your lover and lord, but don’t you dare try to pin it on me or bring my sons into

the conversation. As for this bastard, David, that you manipulated his position, do not say you did it for me. Vino is your brother's son, and you love him dearly. You did it for the sake of the Lawrence family. Let this be the last time you will try to accuse me." It read, and I was relieved because I was scared that my mother had set my father up. It was plausible thinking about all he did to her. 3

While I searched the document, I wondered what happened to Jenny's child with my father.

I did not know if it was a boy or a girl, but the baby had somehow disappeared. Did it somehow die? I guess I will have to lean on the journal to explain it.

I returned to the cabinet, and the remaining files were duty files, but I planned on taking everything with me to study them.

Jenny was a can of worms, and it was apparent she was the target of the attack at my house in Lucland.

Maybe the same person who sent her the anonymous threat letters might have been the one who decided to finish her off, or someone she might have angered.

I did not understand why they did it in my mother's house and injured my mother too.

I also realised it was odd that Jenny was in my mother's house, seeing the amount of bad blood between them.

Although my mother had a lot of questions to answer, I doubted she would tell the truth or lead me right. She had so many secrets that I could never tell the difference between her truths and lies.

I checked the file and saw a letter addressed to David.

"Dear David, as per your request, I have sent you eight hundred thousand Lakhs. I hope this is enough for you and your mate to settle wherever you like. Now that your half-brother is lord, please do not come to Lucland because he is searching to kill you. You have heard of his reputation. It will be in your best interest to stay away. Do stay in touch and let me know if you need anything." It read, and I was enraged.

This bitch had sent a letter to David telling him that I was hunting him when I did not know of his existence. 1

Why would she go to this length to keep David away?

I would have thought David was her son if I did not know of Alissa. She even sent him a lot of money to settle down with. 1

Hearing David had a wife and family, and seeing that he was moving about, made me suspect he might not be the culprit, but then again, he could have felt entitled and cheated and decided to snap.

Anything could have happened. Finding him and Jenny's child, whether a man or woman, was necessary. It was imperative.

Babies don't disappear. I knew something was terribly wrong with the picture.

We searched the office and found other things, but nothing led to her child.

"Let us take all the files, journals, photo albums and anything that could give us clues to study. We will be staying at the Volkov duplex in Lucland. I asked the workers there to prepare food and three rooms for us," I said, and everyone was happy except for me.

I had come here for an answer, but it seemed I would be leaving the place more confused than I had come.

I wanted them to pack the files out of the house. While we were packing, five Kappas entered the office.

I figured they were the people that were supposed to be guarding the place.

When they saw us, they paid their respects and were scared.

They had to be because they were not doing their duty, and I had seen it first-hand.

They claimed they went to eat, and I told them it was wrong for them to all leave without attending to their work.

They handed me the keys, and I locked the office and the door that led to the corridor to keep intruders out.

We exited the house, and we all hopped into our jeeps respectively and drove to the Volkov duplex in Lucland, where my mother was staying before she moved back to the estate. 1

“You need to calm down, darling,” Tamia said, and I sighed.

“As long as you are with me, I am calm, green-eyes. There are so many unanswered questions,” I confessed, and she placed her hand on my thigh.

“I am sure her journal would answer a few of those questions. You just have to keep your mind open and watch your temper. It seems Jenny was a shitty person,” she said, and I laughed because of how she put it. I was grateful to have Tamia beside me.

I rubbed her thigh gently.

“I love you, Tamia,” I confessed from the bottom of my heart, and instead of an I-love-you-too response, my mate said something quite funny.

“Then you show me how much tonight, She replied, and I laughed.

Only Tamia could get away with that as the reply to I-love-you.

She was cute like that.

I stepped on the gas, eager to get her out of her clothes, taste her and bury myself in her.

I could never get enough of my green-eyed beauty.

~Tamia~

I was giddy about spending time at the duplex but worried about Sylvester’s mood.

It was clear we had opened a can of worms, and I doubted we would get all the answers we wanted.

We arrived at the building and were greeted by a smiling staff.

They had a lot of respect and admiration for their Lord. The staff accorded the same respect to me, making me realise who I was now

I was no longer an eastern Luna but would soon be The Lady Of The North. Something most women could only dream of.

I was glad that Sylvester wasn't a shitty man like his father. Stephanie did a great job raising him, and I had to commend her for it. I wondered what went wrong with Dominic, but I guess time would tell.

"Do you want to shower? Because of the dust at Jenny's," Sylvester said to me the moment we entered the house, and I could sense he had other things in mind, so I nodded, and he led me up the stairs to the master bedroom.

"What about dinner?" I said, and he smiled at me.

"Once we clean up, we would head down to eat. I promise." He said.

The room was beautiful. It had a contemporary design compared to the old victorian of the estate.

Sylvester hugged me from the back and kissed my neck, making me moan.

Kaira purred in my head, and I knew it was on.

I doubt we would get tired of each other, but I knew Sylvester was on edge and needed to calm down. He was finding his centre, and I was more than willing to help him find it.

He unbuttoned my blouse, still standing behind me. Then he opened my blouse and cupped my breasts with his hands, squeezing gently and brushing his thumbs against my hard nipples through the fabric of my bra.

I moaned softly.

"Music, your moan is music to my ears," he whispered, nibbling my earlobe gently. Sylvester was a master, and I couldn't get enough of his skills.

I closed my eyes to enjoy what he was doing as I felt the wetness between my legs.

My shirt came off, and then my bra. He took them off while standing behind me. 1

He opened the fly of my jeans, rolled it down, and I took it off. I had nothing but my panties on, and I was wet between my legs.

“Time to shower,” He said, and I could not believe we were stopping there.

He led me into the bathroom. I entered the shower, and he pinned me against the wall facing me and staring intensely into my eyes.

“This is a lifetime journey, Green eyes,” He said with conviction, and I nodded, not knowing how to respond to his statement.

He crashed his lips on mine and kissed me hungrily, then broke the kiss and stared at me.

He lifted my hand and placed it on his chest to feel his heartbeat. I looked at him, speechless.

“I will only stop loving you when it stops beating,” he said, and the words hit so hard that I squeezed my hand a bit, digging my nails into his flesh. I looked down, averting my gaze from his, fighting my tears. Then his hands touched my chin and lifted my face so that I could see him.

“I will be your family, your love, and your support. I will never betray you, Tamia. I will never leave you. I will never use you, and I will never hurt you. I will always choose you, no matter what. You own my heart, and you own me, and it will always be like this. No matter how hard it gets, no matter how difficult it gets, I will remain by your side. You will be my pride, and I will wear your love proudly. Your sacrifice won't be in vain. I will give more than what the fated bond provides; I will love you endlessly,” he said with misty eyes, and my tears fell from the corner of my eyes. They fell freely.

There was deep relief in my chest that made me realise that I was worried about something.

“I know my father was a bastard, and he hurt my mother and the women in his life in irreparable ways. But I am nothing like him. I am not a dark alpha, and I refuse to be. Please do not let what we discover about my family and father make you afraid. I am nothing like him,” He said, and I placed my head against his chest and let my tears fall freely.

“I know, my love. I know,” I assured him, and he hugged me. Holding me close. I felt him turn on the faucet, and the water washed our skins.

I took off his shirt, and he took off his trousers and shorts and helped with my panties, leaving both of us naked under the shower.

The water washed away our fears and uncertainties.

He kissed and hoisted me up, burying himself deep inside.

He pumped gently, and I knew it was beyond the physical for me.

He was joining his soul to mine, owning and uniting with me. I held on and let him take me places.

We both came shattering on each other and loving it.

We completed the shower and exited the bathroom.

There were joggers in the wardrobe, so I opted to pair them with a white t-shirt. He wore the same, and we headed downstairs for dinner.

The amazing thing was that we all arrived in the dining room at the same time, with wet hair and in joggers. I wondered if the men planned this, but it didn't matter.

We sat at the table and served the food to eat.

"It was disturbing what we found back there," Linda began, and everyone agreed.

"Did you see the bondage pictures? Jenny and her Lord were into some kinky shit," Avery said, and we all laughed. I was glad our men did not take offence.

"No joke, but she wore the Mistress title with a capital M," Linda said, and we laughed.

"Honestly, it is sad," Avery said, and we were silent.

"I want to know how your mother could stand that woman," I asked Sylvester, and he shrugged.

"Honestly, if I were in her shoes, I would have found a way to make her disappear," Linda said, and we all laughed.

"You do not know how often I wanted to make Rebecca disappear. Kyle wasn't worth it. If he were, I would have committed a crime," She added, and Sylvester laughed.

“Honestly, my father wasn’t worth the trouble. Trust me. With all I found, my mother could have as well driven a blade into his heart, and no one would fault her. He was shitty like that,” Sylvester said, and I placed my hand on his thigh to rub gently.

“There are a lot of things we need to figure out quickly,” I said.

“It is clear Jenny was the target, but why did they kill her in this house and not hers?” I asked, and Linda raised her hand as if we were in the classroom.

“Did you see her windows and the silver on her doors? They had to get her where she was less protected.” Linda said, and we all laughed. Although I agreed with Linda’s deduction, it did not make sense.

“It doesn’t still make sense. This is the Wolf Lord’s house. Stephanie is the Wolf lord’s mother and lady of the north. There would be guards here; they were supposed to guard her. The main reason for bringing her here to live was to hide her and protect her from Devin and other enemies. It means this place was heavily guarded. Why would they attack and kill her in a heavily guarded place?” I asked, and as I asked the question, a scary truth dawned on me, one I dared not speak. I was silent immediately. 5

“I guess we will have to read her journal to understand her mind, and we can figure it out from there,” Avery said, and everyone agreed, but I could not speak a word because the thought that loomed in my mind was the most likely answer, but I had to discuss it with Sylvester in private just in case I am wrong. I did not want to say anything that would hurt the investigation and people’s reputations. 2

“One of the letters read that she gave my half-brother money. I wonder why she would go out of her way and give him money, then scare him to not show up in Lucland by telling him I am looking for him when I did not even know of his existence,” Sylvester said, and he had a valid point. 3

“Your mother did ask her to help overturn your father’s plans. Maybe that was part of it.” Marcel said, and Sylvester shook his head.

“I had ascended as Lord by then. It can’t be because of that. I suspect it has to do with something else,” He said, and I was equally confused about that part.

“What about her child? Did it die at birth? I wouldn’t put it past our fathers to do that just to hide their secrets. Mind you; people would know that she was unfaithful to her husband, which would have been detrimental to the Lord’s reputation. The fact that our fathers shared her meant the baby could have belonged to any of them. What if they killed that baby? It will be understandable why she lived a solitary life and was always sad all the time. She dared not speak of it because it would reflect on her character. If the world knew of her affair, she would lose the right to represent the Babanins on the council, which would make her irrelevant, and I doubt your father loved her enough to make her luna.

He couldn’t even if he wanted to. The Belyaev bloodline is premium compared to her Lawrence arse. She would always play second fiddle, and I think she knew it,” Marcel said, and we were silent because what he said was true. He had hit the nail on the head. 3

“We need to study her journals together starting tomorrow,” Sylvester said with strong determination, and I squeezed his thigh. 1

I planned on telling him my thoughts when we retired to the bedroom.

I hoped it wasn’t what I thought, but that was the only plausible explanation for what happened.

“I think we will still need to comb through that building,” Theodore said, and I knew he was right because we were not expecting to find all we found there. There was a possibility that there were things there.

“For someone that keeps records for the council, it is amazing that she doesn’t have a computer yet. All the letters were photocopied,” Linda said, bringing something vital to our attention.

“I thought that too. It was quite odd. I know she is old school and all, but it was quite odd that there was nothing on her desk. Do you think someone might have stolen the computer if she had one?” Avery asked, and we all looked at ourselves because she had given a valid point.

There was a lot of shadiness and bad blood around her. She might have something on it that they want to protect from getting out. We needed to find out.

“If she had a computer, I doubt it was in that office. Didn’t you see the number of locks on the door and windows?”

Theodore said, and Sylvester shook his head.

“The culprit might have stolen it before the murder. The office and passage were locked after the murder,” Sylvester said, making a very valid point, and it was plausible.

“There is a lot to uncover. I suggest we stay another day here and go through the documents we have taken. Afterwards, we should copy them onto a system by having a Kappa scan them into a computer.” I said, and everyone agreed.

We finished up and decided to retire to our bedroom.

As soon as Sylvester and I entered the room, I decided to tell him what I was thinking about Jenny’s murder. I just prayed he would not take offence.

~Tamia~

Sylvester took off his clothes, leaving his boxers on and lay on the bed facing up and resting his head on his hand. He looked to the side and smiled at me. He motioned me to join him in bed.

“Come on, Green-eyes. I want to hold you,” He said, and I smiled.

I took off the joggers and left the T-shirt on.

It was big, and I had nothing under it.

I climbed into bed, and he sat up to hold me.

“That was intense down there, right?” He asked, kissing my neck, and I nodded.

“So, do you always solve cases like this?”

He asked me, and I laughed.

“Never solved a murder and mutiny case in my life,” I said, and he pretended to be shocked.

“You mean I have an amateur on the job? he asked playfully, and I laughed.

“You are then charging too much, green- eyes,” He said.

“I will charge you more,” I said, and he tickled me.

I laughed so hard and used the pillow to hit him.

His wolf flashed, and I found it sexy.

I stopped laughing, and my eyes roamed his body. I looked at his muscles and his tattoos. The tan on his skin and Kaira purred in my head.

“Drooling, Green-eyes,” He said with a smirk, and I looked away, giggling.

“All yours,” He said and hugged me, pulling me close and kissing me on my lips.

I moaned gently, and he growled lowly turning me on.

I wanted to get into it, but I needed to tell him what I was thinking first.

“I want to share something with you,” I said quietly, and he nibbled my ears, making it hard for me to compose myself. I moaned, and he put his hand under my T-shirt.

“Want to speak to you,” I said between moans as he caressed my clit with his thumb. My body was coming apart, and he looked into my eyes as he rubbed my clit gently.

“Tell me,” he said with lust in his eyes, and I could not speak. He wasn’t playing fair.

“I wanted to taste you all day, green eyes, ” he said with his dark wolf eyes, and I gently nodded, telling him he should go ahead. Spreading my legs wide, he went to work.

I did not know what had happened to me, but I came immediately, and he smacked my clit gently.

“That is naughty, Green-eyes. I wanted it to last longer,” He teased, and the truth was, how could I when he had already got me worked up before he delved in?

I went on top of him to ride.

I placed him inside me, and he filled me up and guided my body as I moved up and down on his cock. He worshipped my breast, and everything was heightened. We were at it for a while, and soon we finished.

I lay beside him, trying to catch my breath, and he looked at me.

“You wanted to tell me something,” He said, and I laughed.

I managed to sit up because what I wanted to say was serious.

He sat up, too and smiled.

“I do not want you to take offence to what

I am about to say. It is just a hunch, and I could be wrong.” I said, and he smiled.

“You can never offend me, Tamia.” He said, and I smiled at him.

“It is about Jenny and your mother,” I began.

“How could she be visiting your mother when it seemed there was a lot of bad blood between them? Your mother found out she was having an affair with her husband and must have hated her for it.

How come she visited your mother?” I asked, and he was silent.

“Stephanie might be passive, but I also know she is vindictive. There is no way she would be okay with it. Your father did a lot of horrible things to her. It is a miracle she is sane.” I said, and he touched my hand gently and kissed it.

1

I did not know my hand was shaking until he did that.

I was trying hard to find a way to put my thoughts into words without offending him.

“Relax and tell me what you want to say, Tamia,” He said and kissed my hand again. I sighed.

"Your mother does not seem like the forgiving type. Were there guards in this duplex during the time of the attack?" I asked him.

"They were supposed to be, but the wounded ones were few. They usually have a shift, and the attack happened during the shift. They did say southern and eastern soldiers attacked them. They thought my mother was dead. That was why the attackers left," he said, and I sighed,

"Did you see these so-called southern soldiers? At least your mother's guards should have put up a fight and got one or two," I said.

"I guess they came prepared," he said.

"What if," I said and looked at him, trying to compose myself and summon the courage to speak.

"I am just speculating, Sylvester," I warned him, and he smiled and caressed my cheek, urging me to speak freely.

"What if your mother lured Jenny to her house and had her killed?" I said, and he froze. (1

"Think about it. They aren't friends; there is bad blood between them, and Jenny's house is impenetrable. Your mother might have invited her here in the name of truce, made sure there was a shift and planned with the guards present to do her bidding and say it was the south. She and Dominic were the only ones that knew I was visiting that morning. Since Devin had tried to take me from the estate once, they might as well blame the attack on him, only that this time around, he decided to kill a council member and injure your mother, which is a bit odd. If truly he was the one that staged the attack, then your mother would be dead. What if Jenny was blackmailing your mother, and she decided to silence her for good? What if Jenny was making allegations that could put you in trouble? Your mother would do anything for you and Dominic. I am just saying," I said, and he was silent for a bit, digesting my words. 1

"What will Jenny have on her?" He asked me and his eyes widened because he had thought of something.

"There was a letter where Jenny claimed my mother had my father and his officers murdered. My mother replied to her and warned her to stop spewing nonsense. It is impossible, of course, because we know Bane killed them, but

what if Jenny was trying to pin it on her? I still doubt my mother will kill her because of a baseless allegation.” He said, and I shook my head.

“I doubt it has anything to do with your father’s death, Sylvester. I think it has a lot to do with your position and that of your brother. You know I read the letters you read, and your mother said something about Jenny helping her because it would benefit Vino, who is

Jenny’s nephew,” I said, and he nodded.

“Did it occur to you that the two people that helped her overturn your father’s decree are now dead? Vino’s father and Jenny?” I said, and he widened his eyes. 1

“I am just speculating, but what if your mother wanted Dominic to ascend her family position on the council, and Jenny might have pushed back because that would make Vino second in command? You know how badly your mother wanted Dominic to be in the place of power,” I said, and he realised where I was driving.

“I hope she didn’t do it, Tamia. Please do not tell anyone this. If my mother did it, she would be in trouble because after the blue moon, she would no longer be the lady of the north and would not have immunity. I do not want us to give our enemies a weapon to use to hurt our family,” He said, and I could see the fear in his eyes.

“That was why I held my tongue downstairs,” I said and looked at him.

“As much as you will want Theodore or Marcel to be in on this, I think we should investigate your mother’s part in this between us so that no damage is caused. We need to investigate the allegations made, and once we have enough, you should question your mother in private, I said, touched his hand, and used my thumb to gently rub the back of his hand to calm him down. 1

“I am sure no woman would go through half of what your mother did and not snap. Your father treated her like shit. He tried to replace her with his fated, then forced her to be his fated’s midwife. He cheated on her, killed most of her family members and crippled them by forbidding her from representing them on the council, almost wiping them from existence just because he wanted to divorce and replace her. He didn’t stop there; he had an affair with her best friend and tried to take her family seat from her by depriving her child and giving it to his bastard-the son of the woman that caused your mother so

much pain. There is just so much a woman can take, and these are just a few things she had been brave enough to share. When I look at Stephanie, she looks like a battered woman that has learned to cope by living in denial. I am sure she must have snapped and tried to push back somewhere along the line, Sylvester,” I said, and tears formed in his eyes. He fought them, but they came.

“I never thought of it this way, Tamia,’ he said, and I snuggled into his arms to help him relax.

Listing out what his mother had been through, the reality hit home for him. It would hurt anyone.

“She never really told us any of these things, Tamia. She only spoke praises of him and told us how he loved her,” He said, and I could understand Stephanie’s reason.

She needed them to be proud of their father.

She did not want to ruin his image for them. She did not want to spoil their memory of him.

“Your father might have been a wonderful man to you and your brother, and she did not want to spoil your memory of him,” I said, and he sighed.

“I guess so. He was really fun and spent so much time with us. I knew of the Harem, but since it was tradition, my mother did not seem to be bothered about it. I let it be. I would have confronted and challenged my father if I had known she was going through half of the things you had listed. If I didn’t, I am sure Dominic would have. He loves her that much. If Dominic knows half of this, he will be mad,” Sylvester said, and I sighed.

“I think he might know Sylvester. He was alive during the time of Alissa. He must have noticed the changes. Even if he did not know of her, he must have noticed that your father was different towards your mother,” I said, and he giggled.

“I doubt he knew. My mother kept it hidden. I am sure he did not even know of Alissa. My brother worshipped our father. He sees him as perfect, hence why he went to war to avenge his death. He loved our father and spent more time with him than I did,” He said, and I sighed.

"I guess your mother did a good job of protecting your innocence, which brings me back to the point that she must have snapped somewhere down the line," I said and turned to him.

"We will get to the bottom of it, but we must keep my mother's investigation a secret. I do not want her to get in trouble," He said gently, and I nodded.

"Neither do I. She has been through enough, and if she did anything to Jenny, Jenny deserved it. That is my opinion because the woman was a wicked and shitty friend. She could refuse the wolf

Lord, but she did it for her gains or whatever reason.

"We will go through the document tomorrow and decide what to do from there," He said and kissed me. We snuggled in bed, and soon sleep came.

~Tamia~

I woke in the morning with a bit of morning sickness. So I rushed to the bathroom and threw up what was left of my dinner from last night. Sylvester joined me in the bathroom and rubbed my back gently.

Knowing why I was throwing up, neither of us was bothered.

He kissed the top of my head, and I wiped my lips gently and smiled at him.

"Good morning," he said to me, gently patting my hair. I smiled in response. We sat down on the bathroom floor.

Sylvester placed his hand on my stomach and rubbed gently.

"I can't wait to meet our baby, Tamia,'

He said, and I gently touched his hand on my tummy.

"We still have a long way to go; it's flat,"

I pointed out, and we laughed.

We got ready for the day and headed downstairs. I could not wait to go through the journals.

As much as I wanted to get to the bottom of things, I was curious about Jenny's life because the woman had a lot of skeletons in her closet and seemed a bit eccentric.

"Good morning," Linda said, smiling at me, and her smile was extra, which made me know Theodore had done a lot of work.

"Good morning," I greeted her and

Theodore, and he smiled at me while rubbing her back.

Avery and Marcel were yet to join us.

Sylvester pulled out a seat for me to sit down. I sat and looked at Linda. She was glowing. She looked nothing like the

Linda that I used to know. It was amazing what true love could do to someone. We were lucky.

We came to the north as war prisoners and found love in the process. Like in the east when our husbands were friends, likewise in the north. It was amazing to see how intertwined our destinies were. It was still in the very same order. 1

"Where is Marcel?" Sylvester asked

Theodore, and he smiled.

"They will soon join us, I hope," Theodore answered, and Sylvester laughed. I knew there was a subtle exchange between the men, which we weren't privy to, so I squeezed my man's thigh.

"Have you decided what our team would wear during the polo?" Theodore asked

Sylvester, and he shook his head.

"Maybe our women would decide that," Sylvester said, lifted my hand and kissed

"I want to look sexy while you cheer me on during our games," he said, and I smiled at him.

“That is an easy colour. Black polo shirt and white trousers. Black and white everything,” I said, and he nodded. 2

“As you wish, my Lady,” he said, and I felt tingles.

“I am so excited about the ball before the sports games begin. I learned everyone would be there,” Linda said, and I wondered why she would be excited. Then it hit me that our exes might be coming for the games, but I also knew that the east and most of the south were never invited to the all-region games.

“You will get to rub it in his face one day, Linda but not at the games. They never invite the east,” I linked her, and her smile dropped. She really wanted to laugh at Kyle. I could understand. Theodore was an upgrade from the douchebag.

Theodore was a powerful Alpha and third in command of our world. A position Kyle could never dream of. It would have been nice if she and Avery got the chance to rub the joy on their faces. Call it petty, but there was a true satisfaction that would come with their pain and disbelief. I knew one day it would happen, and no matter how much they claimed not to care, they would because the women had an upgrade.

Avery joined us with Marcel, and with how they looked, I knew what they had been up to.

Marcel did not button all the way up, meaning they were in a rush, and Avery looked like she packed her hair before tumbling in the sheets. She couldn't take the time to comb and pack the hair again, so she decided to pat it and fix herself up. 2

“Shall we eat?” Sylvester said, and we dug in.

I ate everything. My appetite was over the roof, and Sylvester kept adding things to my plate.

Breakfast ended, and I was the first to leave the table to head to where we kept the journals.

There were six journals altogether, and somehow it wasn't a daily record of her life; browsing through the page, I realised she only recorded significant events.

“Read aloud, Tamia,” Marcel said. We were all eager for answers, so we sat in the living room, and I picked the oldest journal, judging by the dates, to read.

“Today was the worst day of my life. I told Maurice I would like to have a baby with him, and he shut it down. He said he already has one bastard; he can’t have another. It really hurt because I love him so much, and it would be a gift to have a baby with him,” I finished.

It wasn’t informative, but we now knew how Maurice felt about having a baby with her; maybe that is why the baby is nowhere.

I flipped through, looking for something significant.

Jenny seemed the type to rant a lot, and I wasn’t surprised. She was alone most of her life, so she was bound to rave in her journals. Everyone needed an outlet, and this was hers, especially since she had dirty disgraceful secrets.

“Maurice punished me today because I wanted something permanent. He told me he did not like Stephanie anymore, but he flared up when I asked him to make me his Luna. He did the worst thing ever to me, and I will never forgive him for it. Asking his friends to share me with him was the most humiliating thing ever. He wanted me to know how he saw me, as his whore. I might not be in his harem, but I wasn’t different from them in his eyes. I was foolish to think he would fall in love with me.” It read, and I could not feel sorry for her because Stephanie was her friend. She got what she deserved.

“It is clear that Maurice is lying to me. I know he loves Stephanie; I can see it in his eyes now he has banned me from speaking her name. I hate that bitch so much,” it read, and we laughed.

“I think we should skip that book and read the later ones,” Sylvester said, disgusted by the content of the journal I was reading. 1

“No, please let her read some more pages, and we will move to the next one,” Marcel said and looked at me.

“Read an interesting bit, Tamia,” He said. It was clear we all believed she got treated the way she should.

“Alissa is a bitch, and I will put her in her place. How dare she take him from me. I have to find a way to get to her. I do not know how, but I will start somewhere.

Friendship always makes it easy. I will try and be her friend and pretend to support her against Stephanie. The woman is a thief and a menace, and she needs to be sent back to where she belongs,” It read, and I could only imagine her state of mind when she wrote it.

I dropped the journal and went for the second to the last one. The one she started the year Maurice would go on Pilgrimage.

“You will skip all these ones?” Linda asked, and I nodded.

“The woman is mad and obsessed with her lover. Unless we want a whole day of how she feels about all the women the wolf lord was screwing, we need to move on from them,” I said, and Linda was silent.

“You know you can read them at your leisure. I plan to do so,” I told her, and she smiled at me.

I picked up the book and opened it.

I flipped through the pages and found a relevant entry.

“Today, I was wronged to my soul.

Maurice has never spoken of my son. He behaves as if he does not exist. He even favours his bastard over my son.

Planning to make David head of the council is just wicked. I have to alert Stephanie. I am sure she would be mad, and she might fight him. Who knows,

Maurice may snap and dump her arse. If he does, he will definitely come to me, and I can find a way to get my son back,”

It read; now we understand why she bothered to alert Stephanie about Maurice’s decision.

We also knew she had a son who was not with her. Clearly, she wasn't in her son's life and might not know where he was. It sounded like Maurice took her son from her, but I could not draw conclusions yet.

The other pages showed how she and Stephanie would ensure that Dominic got the Balyaev seat. She indeed planned on double-crossing Stephanie in that regard; the woman was vile.

I picked up the last journal and read most of its content until I could not read it aloud anymore.

Jenny had made several entries that could get Stephanie in trouble. It was part of her final records.

"What is it?" Avery asked me, and I tried to play it off.

"Nothing interesting; we should go through the files," I said, and they agreed.

Linda picked up the first journal while I held onto the last one.

"Are you alright, green-eyes?" Sylvester linked me, and I looked at him.

"We need to talk in private," I linked him back.

"Is it about something that is in that book?" he asked me through the mind link, and I nodded.

"Go upstairs; I will join you," He said, and I pretended to have a stomach upset and would read the journal while in the toilet. So I headed up to the room. I entered, sat on the bed and read the pages.

"I have always known that Stephanie was behind Maurice and his officers' death. She had denied it, but now I have proof. Today I received a letter from my spy in the south. An anonymous person sent the letter to Devin, claiming that the wolf lord was planning to attack and take over the south. The content of the letter was wicked. The writer had described the route the wolf lord would take, his alias and the company he was travelling with, where he would stay, and the time he should attack. The sender also lied that the wolf lord was travelling with a secret army. The writer gave Devin the details he needed to strike and succeed. Only one person would have this much information on Maurice: Stephanie.

I have scanned the letter and emailed it to her. I have also threatened to expose her so she would bear the full wrath of her punishment. Once she is put on trial, we can easily say that she connived with her sons to have their father killed so they can take over the lordship and head the council. It will automatically disqualify them, and Sylvester and Dominic will not ascend. I will have the last laugh.” It read, and my hands began to shake.

I read the rest of the contents; Jenny had blackmailed Stephanie with the letter for five years.

According to the entries, Stephanie denied writing it. She even told Jenny not to hurt her son’s reputation with the lies. Jenny found her pleas amusing and wrote about how she enjoyed tormenting Stephanie with the letter.

We needed to confront Stephanie, and she needed to come clean so Sylvester would know how to deal with the matter.

Just then, Sylvester walked in, and I looked at him with fear in my eyes.

“Jenny was a very disturbed woman,” I said, and he frowned and came to sit with me on the bed.

“You have to confront your mother, Sylvester, and she better come clean,” I said, and he asked me why.

“Because Jenny claims she was the one that got your father and his friends killed. Jenny got a letter someone sent Devin and mailed your mother a copy. She has been blackmailing your mother for five years now,” I said, and he was in shock.

I could only imagine what was going on in his mind.

Even if Stephanie did not do it, the wolf lord’s death was a serious matter. Now I understood why Stephanie was hell-bent on Sylvester taking revenge. If someone had already been punished for the crime, she can’t be tried for the same offence; no one would dig since the culprit has been dealt with.

As much as I knew Maurice deserved it,

Devin wasn’t lying when he said the Wolf Lord trespassed. He was made to believe the wolf lord had trespassed by whoever sent the letter.

~Sylvester~

I took the journal from Tamia and read the page she was on. I could not believe what I had just seen.

“What if this woman was trying to frame my mother? The letter was anonymous. What if that was what she was trying to do? Jenny was on the council, and my mother wasn’t. My father had left the Balyaev seat vacant, making the Lawrences the most powerful family on the council. What if the council teamed up and decided to persecute my mother?”

There is always evidence to convict a person, whether guilty or innocent. What if that was Jenny’s plan?” I said, still finding it hard to believe what Tamia had said.

She stood up and touched my hand.

“I do not know what to believe. But we must review the files and hide the correspondence about your father’s murder. Marcel and Theodore are loyal to you, but their fathers were also killed. They might not find it funny and demand retribution,” she said to me, and I knew she was right.

So I left her in the room and rushed down, stared at where the documents were and started searching the files for anything that had to do with the correspondence between Jenny and my mother.

“Sylvester, is everything alright?” Marcel asked me holding Jenny’s journal in his hand. It was clear they found what she had written amusing. I smiled at him and nodded.

“Yes. I just need to see the correspondence between her and my mother,” I said. He nodded and continued to read the journal in his hand.

I thought of the many things that could happen if the information Tamia just found out got into the wrong hands. The thought motivated me to search. Tamia joined me downstairs and helped me search the files.

We were at it for hours. We had lunch and talked about the content of the journal. We joked about what Jenny wrote. Tamia and I pretended to find it amusing because we did not want to alarm the others.

By evening we had gone through all the documents we had brought, and only four files consisted of her correspondence with my mother and father.

I found a copy of the letter sent to her by her southern informant in those files. It was authentic, but I could not tell if it was my mother's handwriting or not.

"Alpha Corrigan, I write you in good conscience. I do not believe in injustice, and I believe the wolf lord lost his mind because of his greed. Knowing how greatly your family suffered at his hands, I am moved to do this. Although I want to remain anonymous, I have discovered that the lord is out to conquer the south. He travels in disguise with his beta and gamma under the Alias John Michan. He plans to scout your territory as a tourist to develop his attack plan. I am writing you this letter so you can prepare yourself for what is to come. Your parents' sacrifice should not be in vain. Leah Corrigan and I became friends in the harem. Where I found favour with the wolf lord, she didn't. I am writing you this letter to help keep her son alive. Please, the wolf lord will be in the south on Monday at noon. He will be staying at the Danes Inn in Pridewood Pack land

Under his Alias. Be warned that there will be warriors around. You must intercept him in the inn. I hope for the sake of the south you succeed." It read, and I wondered how Jenny would think my mother would write the letter.

The writer said she was in the harem, but Jenny had also said only my mother knew the Alias my father used to travel. Could it be possible that he discussed his trip with one of his girls, and she opted to betray him?

Tamia and I returned upstairs to pack the evidence, and I decided to talk to her about my thoughts.

"Could it be that my father might have divulged his travelling plans to a girl in the harem?" I asked, and Tamia looked at me

"You did not read some of the records in the journal. Jenny said that Leah Corrigan was never in the harem. He did not even sleep with her. She was thrown into service in Grizlo, where she died." Tamia said.

"Maybe she was misinformed. My father slept with all the lunas he took. He might have told Jenny that, so she would not be mad. You have read her journals, Tamia; you know she is obsessed with him and possessive of him, too," I said, and she nodded.

“Still, you need to confront your mother on this. You need to ask her; she better come clean because this is serious. This can just ruin the entire Volkov family. We have a marriage coming, and we will soon welcome children into this world. We do not need lies and secrets weighing us down and haunting us.” She said, and I could understand her fear and her reasons.

I decided I wouldn't waste any time. Once we returned to the estate in the morning, I would ask my mother. I hope she tells the truth for all our sakes so I can figure out what to do.

We had dinner, and everyone joked about the things they read in Jenny's journal.

The woman believed my father loved her, and my mother was blackmailing him to keep him.

She was really delusional.

One thing that troubled everyone was that other than when she mentioned her son, she never talked about him again. It was as if he had stopped existing. According to Theodore, there was an entry where she claimed my father took her son from her, but that was all. She did not talk about it or tell us where he was living. It was as if the baby had stopped existing. It was weird.

We left for the Volkov estate the next day.

I was eager to confirm with my mother on the matter.

We arrived, and I went to my room.

After Tamia and I had settled in, I took the photocopied letter and knocked on my mother's door. I hoped she did not make it hard for my sake because I was tired of the lies.

My mother opened the door and was surprised to see me. She smiled and let me in.

“I must have done something right for you to come looking for me this morning,” She said with a smile and offered me a seat. I sat and thanked her.

“How is Tamia? Is she alright? I hope she is eating and resting. These are the early stages. She shouldn’t be going about with you,” she said, and I smiled and leaned forward.

“She is fine, mother,” I said and sighed.

“I am here to have a private discussion with you, and I need you to be honest with me,” I said, and her smile dropped.

“I need you to tell me the truth because what I discovered is explosive. It can ruin our family. I need you to come clean and tell me the truth, so I will know how to handle the situation,” I said, and she frowned at me.

“Why are you speaking like this, darling? I won’t lie to you about anything. I love you and your brother, and your know it,” She said, sounding a bit hurt, and I nodded.

“Okay, I want to know what transpired between you and Jenny Lawrence

Babanin. There was a lot of bad blood between you two, so I do not understand why she would visit you in our house,” I said, and she became uncomfortable.

“She just came to say hello and reconcile,” She said, and I got irritated.

“Mother, you better tell me the truth. I have a letter from Jenny’s records. She has a record claiming you wrote it and accusing you of killing father,” I said, and she stood up and shook her head.

“How can you say such a thing about me? It is all lies. I warned her to stop spewing that nonsense about me. You do not know how that bitch was. She was obsessed with your father..” She said, and I cut her sentence to stop her from deviating. She always did that when backed into a corner.

“Tell me the truth, mother,” I said, and she shook her head.

“Please sit down,” I told her, letting my command through, and she reluctantly did as I said.

“I know he was unfair to you. I know everything. Tamia told me about Alissa, and I learned other things. I am not trying to judge you; I just need to know what to do,” I said and sighed.

“She is lying. I can never hurt Maurice. He was my husband.” She said, and I shook my head.

“Yes, I know, but he hurt you, mother. He tried to divorce you because of his fated, made you care for her, murdered most of your family members, and tried to give your family seat to his son. He did a lot of hurtful things to you,” I said, and she looked at me, shocked.

“How did you know he tried to take my family seat from me?” She asked me with disbelief. I bowed my head and then looked at her.

“I did some research and saw a letter Jenny wrote to you to alert you that father wanted to give your family seat to his son, David,” I said, and she was speechless.

I had her where I wanted, so it was time to ask again. Now that she knew I had information, she would not resolve to lie.

“Mother, please tell me you had no hand in this. Tell me that Jenny is lying and you did not have father killed.” I said, staring into her eyes. Her tears were a dead giveaway. She was shaking and sweating. I could see it, but I needed her to say it.

“Answer me, mother,” I said, and she wiped away her tears.

“She was f**king him, Sylvester. I had no choice. They were working against me, all of them, against us,” She said, and my knees gave out, and I fell on them with tears streaming down my eyes.

Everything she told me was a lie.

Everything I knew was a lie. Every hate I harboured against Devin was doctored. I was a puppet. My mother’s puppet.

“I had to. Maurice had done enough, Sylvester. My family headed the council. He did not only wipe them out but banned me from sitting on their seat because he wanted to make his fated lady and luna.

Things went back to normal when Alissa died, and we lived for many years.

I couldn't say I was happy because he kept a harem and had mistresses, but he wasn't trying to divorce me anymore, and you and your brother were growing into fine men. I was content.

Then Jenny told me he planned to give my seat to his bastard. I was livid. I was preserving that seat for Dominic, and the council had approved that he ascend the chair to lead them.

Maurice was planning on going on a pilgrimage when he decided to give my seat to his bastard.

We had a heated argument after Jenny told me what he was planning.

I would later find out that she was his mistress and that she told me, hoping it would end my marriage and she could slide in. That bitch.

During our argument, your father threatened to deal with me if I did not comply.

When I told him I won't stand for it, and I would fight him for it, he came to the sickest decision. He said I could keep my seat and give it to whomever I liked because he would make David lord. After all, he is an Alpha and his son, even if he did not marry his mother.

I couldn't have it, and knowing he was serious, I was determined to end his terror.

He had shamed me so many times I refused to let him shame my children. So I did what I had to do.

I sent a letter to the southern Alpha that Maurice was heading his way to wage war on his people." she said, and I bowed my head. Bane wasn't lying when he said my father trespassed. I looked at my mother, and she looked away.

"I had to, Sylvester, or you won't be lord. He had sent the decree, which I had to bribe Vino's father and Jenny to overturn secretly. I did not even know he was screwing her then.

They agreed, but the Balyaev seat would be vacant in exchange, so Lawrence would head the council. I did it for you.

That man wanted to take everything away from us and give Alissa's son. All my years with him, suffering and supporting him were going to amount to nothing. He wanted to raise a bastard above you, Sylvester.

He was a cold-hearted maniac, and I had to end him before he ruined what was left of our family and lives.

I loved him, but I couldn't take it anymore," She said and sat down and began to weep.

I did not know what to say or do. I was in shock.

"Then why did you have Dominic wage war against Alpha Corrigan?" I asked her, and she looked away.

"To cover my tracks. Jenny suspected I had a hand in Maurice's death, and she was hell-bent on exposing me. I had to cover my tracks. If someone is punished for the crime, there will be no need to dig into it."

"So why did you continue your friendship with Jenny?" I asked her, and She sighed.

"Ever heard of the saying that tells us to keep our enemies close?" She said, and I wondered what more she had done for our honour. A woman's scorn was truly dangerous, and my mother had proven it.

-Sylvester-

I was speechless. My mother sat on the couch and was weeping.

I could see she was afraid, and I understood why. She had committed treason.

I sighed and looked at her. I could see she was tired and wondered how much she was hiding.

"Is there anything else, mother, that I need to know?" I asked her, and she looked at me.

It was hard for her, but she knew her game was up.

"I hated her." She confessed, and I did not need to guess who she was talking about.

“She came to my house uninvited and told me that she was tired of the money she was getting from me and she needed to get justice for Maurice. She was on to something, and I knew she would do it. I do not know if it had anything to do with the bastard that Maurice took from her, but she was broken, and she came to vent her anger on me,” my mother said, and I sighed.

“She said I was an idiot and could not take care of business. She bragged to me that I was a fool. She told me she was the one that helped me get rid of my competition.

I only had one competition when it came to your father, and that was Alissa. She told me how she paid the doctor to inject silver into her system.

Silver doesn't kill us; it only stops us from healing and makes us weak, which was what it did to Alissa the day she gave birth. The doctor registered her cause of death as an extreme case of preeclampsia. She bragged that I would not be able to prove it because, unlike me, she knew how to tidy up her mess.

The doctor died a month after Alissa passed away. We didn't see it as anything when it happened, but I figured it out when she told

I knew Jenny was crazy, but I did not realise how crazy she was until she said what she said.

After she bragged about what she did to Alissa, she said I reaped the benefit of her hard work but not anymore,” my mother said I knew where it was going, but I held my tongue to let her speak.

“I did not know she was screwing your father when I asked her to help secure the Balyaev seat. I found out after he died, and she thought that was why I had him killed. She claimed she loved your father, but it was all a lie. She was a bloody social climber. She dated Gavin Orlov in secret. I knew but kept her secret because her husband was late by then. 1

I did not know she was also screwing my husband when I learned about her and Gavin. I found out after Devin had killed him, and I was mad. Jenny was a bloody social climber. She married Jerry Babanin

because his family was higher than hers. Before Jerry, she tried to get with my brother, but he did not fancy her. After she married Jerry, she chose to aim higher, so she went after the eldest, Orlovs, and one day I found out she went after Maurice

Volkov too. She just wanted to be at the top. The bitch.

I had someone investigate her so I could have something on her and get her off my back, but I found out she had a child for my husband, which made me snap.

So I started sending her threatening messages hoping she would be so scared and maybe run away, but the bitch always kept her shit together, so I stopped.” She said, and I remembered the anonymous blackmail letters Jenny was getting. I did not tell my mother I had seen those letters so she would not feel bad about it.

“I had to pay her two hundred thousand Lakhs every three months so she wouldn’t raise the issue at the council. The letter might not have carried my name, but once they dug deep, they would figure it out.

So I pretended with her.

The day she died, she came to my house to gloat. She told me she had me where she wanted and could dispose of me whenever. She only let me keep my miserable life because she enjoyed watching me suffer. She told me of her child with Maurice, and I pretended to be surprised about it. She told me Maurice took her son away from her and how she envied me because he let me raise my children.

The woman was that sick. She could not tell the difference between a legitimate child and a bastard.

Jenny said it was time for her to raise the matter in the council. Kapa Blake and kappa Melvick were there when she made all those statements; they didn’t believe her, of course, and saw her as a mad woman threatening my life. She also came with her guards for reasons best known to her.

“It all happened so fast. She was leaving and said she would get you off your seat and end the Volkov line with the amount of evidence she had. Knowing she always made good on her threats, I knew I could not let her go. So I attacked; likewise, her men attacked my men, but we had the upper hand.

She stabbed me with the silver switch knife she always had on her, and Kappa Melvick helped me end her. Of course, my men killed her men, and they got scared because they had killed a high council member, so I told them what they would say before I passed out,” She said, and I placed my hand on

her thigh. She looked at me, and her eyes looked light. It must have been a burden. 2

“You know my secret, Sylvester; please do not hate me and do not tell Dominic any of this. He would never understand. He loved his father blindly,” she said, pleading with me, and I nodded and hugged her.

She cried in my arms, and I could only imagine the amount of pain she was in.

She had no choice but to strike.

Jenny was not going to back down. I had read the woman’s journals. She was sick and rotten to her core. It was good riddance.

“Please, Sylvester, Melvick and his men meant well, do not let them suffer; they believe they were protecting our family from a mad woman,” She pleaded. I told her to calm down, patting her back gently.

“It is okay, mother, your secret is safe with me,” I said, and she broke the hug and stared into my eyes to be sure I had just said what I said.

“What about Tamia? She likes digging and...” She said with genuine fear in her eyes, and I shook my head and held her hands that were shaking so she could be calm.

“Tamia was the one that figured it out, mother,” I said, and there was horror in her eyes.

“She hid the evidence from everyone and only let me in on it. She protected your secret, mother. She knew it would hurt you, our baby and me, and she kept it,” I said, and tears fell freely from her eyes.

“I am grateful, Sylvester. Tell her I am grateful..” she said, crying. She was relieved.

“Tamia, please join me in my mother’s room,” I linked my mate. I needed my mother to believe that Tamia was on her side because I could feel she was conflicted.

I held my mother, and there was a knock on the door.

My mother broke the hug and wiped away her tears while Tamia walked in.

My mother looked at me and then looked at Tamia.

She went on her knees to plead to my mate.

Clasping her hands together, she wept and begged.

“Please, Tamia, do not expose me. I am begging you. I had no choice..” she said, and Tamia rushed to her and held her. She knelt and hugged my mother.

“Your secret is safe with me, Luna. We will burn all the evidence and never speak of it again,” Tamia assured her.

I was glad Tamia was the one that found the evidence. I did not think Marcel or Theodore would want to hurt my mother, but their mothers might feel differently about it. I watched as Tamia held my mother while she wept on her knees.

It was a secret she had carried and lived in fear at the mercy of Jenny, the psycho. I hoped for all our sakes it was over. It was a relief, but we still had unanswered questions.

Who was working against my family? It was either the entire council, some people or someone on the council, David or Jenny’s bastard.

I realised that Devin was innocent all along, and I had to try to find a way to calm the situation down and have a treaty with the south to avoid any more problems. There was also the issue of him being fated to

Tamia. Although she rejected him, he was too hopeful for him to let go like that. He would always blame me for his loss, even if he respected and accepted the rejection.

I watched Tamia comfort my mother.

We left her room together and returned to our bedroom.

“We need to destroy all the evidence, so it does not get into the wrong hands,” Tamia said, going through the files.

“Anything that points to the bad blood between them, Jenny’s blackmail, the letter to the south and the correspondence about the letter must be destroyed. I am thinking of burning it in the bathroom,” She said, and I frowned. Although

we had electronic heaters in our rooms, there was a fireplace in the common room that we could use to burn the evidence.

“Why would you want to burn it in the bathroom when we can use the fireplace in the common room?” I asked, and she shook her head.

“Someone can walk into the common room and notice we are burning papers. No one would notice if we burn them in the bathroom bit by bit until they are all gone,” She explained, and I understood and agreed with her.

“So, what is our next move?” She asked me.

“After we are done burying her secret, we must look closely at everyone on the council. Investigate them while I search for David.” I told her, and she nodded and searched the documents to separate them.

I doubt David could help with anything, but I needed him to know I wasn't hunting him.

I needed to investigate and find Jenny's child. Meanwhile, we had to prep for the games. It would start in two weeks.

While we were figuring all these things out, it was best we figured out what to wear for the ball and prepare for the games to keep up appearances.

Jenny might have led to a dead end regarding the pending mutiny, but it opened a lot of things that were hidden from us. The new knowledge that we gained would help us in our future decision-making.

Tamia and I searched through the documents for two hours, and once we had separated the evidence against my mother from the others. I took them to the bathroom to burned them one at a time.

I sat by the window in the bathroom with a metal trash can and started burning the papers. I could not let Tamia do this because of her condition. I wanted her and our baby to be healthy and well. She was everything to me, and she knew it, which was why she respected my decision and did not argue with me.

-Tamia-

A week passed, and Sylvester and I did not mention what we knew.

We did not even speak of it in private. We had utterly buried it, and Stephanie was grateful.

Glenda and Dominic were at it again, and Sylvester was planning to move them to the house's east wing because they fought in the halls at night. They fought about everything. Sometimes I would hear Dominic end it, and they would get back together within minutes.

They were psychos, and even though I knew Maurice was a douchebag, I could understand why he did not deem Dominic worthy of anything.

There was no way Dominic would be able to lead the council. He was controlled by his emotions and did not have a mind of his own.

I was glad his relationship with Larry was strained, and Larry had started trying to cosy up to Sylvester. The old man had no shame.

Linda had turned Jenny's journals into her book of jokes.

The woman was delusional, and it showed in her entries.

We would often joke about some things she said during dinner. It was great.

While we did that, we practised croquet because that was the only sport we were allowed to partake in, due to our conditions. We planned our uniforms and our mates' polo team uniforms.

I was serious about the black and white uniforms. So I had them make the same for our croquet team.

The women in the harem that were on our team, most especially Katya, asked of Lilly, but we did not tell them anything.

The investigators had searched the women in the harem, and nothing was found on them, leaving Lilly and Sofia Malek as the only culprits.

They were going to be judged and punished for all to see, but it would have to be after the games.

In the meantime, they were languishing in a cell in the estate. We were supposed to send them to the council prison, but we needed to find out the people she worked for. We needed to protect ourselves and our investigation. Due to these reasons, we kept their arrest and imprisonment a secret.

“Tamia,” Stephanie called out to me in the great hall of the estate, where the VIP ball would take place; Alphas and sports team captains with the council members will be attending.

We planned on using the eastern garden and the hall as the venue because we doubted we could contain all the guests in the hall.

We had a professional event planner, Lacy Brian, planning the ball, but I had to keep busy, so my friends and I decided we would supervise the event planner.

The woman was rude and did not respect us.

Lacy felt we had no say, but we were stubborn about what we wanted.

I fought the urge to report her to Sylvester. I had to make people respect me without getting my man involved all the time. My friends understood my reason and decided to follow in my footsteps by unapologetically insisting she does what we want.

We were standing in the hall going through the colours with the event planner when Stephanie joined us.

Avery and Linda were weary of her, but I had let the bad blood between us go. Avery was vindictive, and she wasn't over the name-calling yet, and I didn't blame her. Stephanie went too far. I hoped they reconcile.

“So what are the three lunas doing?” Stephaine said with brilliant-looking eyes.

I had never seen her this happy before.

Her eyes shined brightly. Her secrets were killing her. I guess she wasn't burdened by them anymore.

“My Lady, these women want to have a monochromatic colour arrangement, and I keep telling them it isn't nice for the event. They want shades of brown and green and beige which do not suit the mood, and it lacks taste,” Lacy said.

There was a way she said it that made it sound offensive. Maybe she had not gotten the memo, but I kept it to myself. She referred to us with a demeaning

tone giving Stephanie all the respect and pleading with her to put us in our place. Even though she did not put it that way, her actions and tone implied it.

“You need to watch your tone, Lacy,”

Stephanie scolded her.

“Who do you think these women are? Mistresses?” She asked, and Lacy realised she had committed an offence.

“That is Linda, Alpha Theodore Orlov’s mate and fiancée; that is Avery, mate and fiancée of Alpha Marcel Sidorov and this is Tamia, fiancée and mate to the lord of the north and soon-to-be Lady of the north,” She said, and the event planner was speechless.

The colour drained from her face, and she went on her knees and bore her neck to me to apologise for her rude behaviour.

I told her it was okay and to get back to work.

“She thought you were women from the harem,” Stephanie said while Lacy walked

away, utterly scared.

“Most of the women your mates have been with usually oversee the events, but it had been three years since they had kept such company. She was silly to think that might be the case. I apologise on her behalf,” Stephanie said, and I nodded, telling her it was okay.

“I learned you are playing croquet,” Stephanie asked me and looked at my tummy.

I placed my hand on my flat tummy and smiled.

“I spoke with the doctor, and he said it will be good exercise,” I argued, smiling at her, and she shook her head.

“Not on my watch, Tamia. That is my grandbaby growing in you. I want both of you to be okay. I think you should take up the cheering bit. The one that involves you sitting next to me and cheering our team.

You too, Linda,” She said, and I knew it would make Avery uncomfortable. I tried to smile it off.

“You should do the same, Avery. You might not be pregnant, but we don’t want any mistakes,” Stephanie said, and Avery smiled at her.

“I hope I am, Luna. I want to have babies too,” She confessed, and we all laughed at how she said it.

“You will; just don’t overthink it and try to rest a bit more,” Stephanie said, advising Avery, and Avery nodded.

“Well, I want to play croquet,” Linda said, and I knew she wouldn’t back down.

“Theodore forbids I do anything physically demanding. It is getting to me. I want to move about the place,” She said, and I could see her tiny bump when she placed her hand on her tummy.

“The Orlov family are few, Linda; that is why Theodore is overprotective. He is the only child of his father, Gavin. He wouldn’t want anything to happen to his child and you. Please listen to him,” She pleaded, and

Linda smiled.

“Well, he said I could play croquet since the doctor approved,” She said, and Stephanie looked at me. My eyes pleaded with her to allow me to join in the fun.

“Very well, I will cheer your team from the seat,” She said, and I smiled. We sat on one of the tables, and they served us juice and Ice cream. I had Ice cream.

We laughed and joked about many things, and the whole place was lively, only for Pamela to grace us with her presence.

Seeing anyone from the council gave me the creeps.

“Lady Stephanie,” She greeted Stephanie and did not bother to greet us. Stephanie wanted to scold her, but I told her not to.

“Why don’t you ever acknowledge us?”

Linda asked her, and I honestly wished I had stopped her because I did not want to get into an altercation with the old bitch. She looked at Linda's tiny bump.

"That has never kept a man," She said, and Stephanie was angry.

"Watch your tongue, Pamela, this isn't the council, and she isn't a mistress," Stephanie said, and Pamela smiled.

"I get it, but they are just girlfriends until the wedding takes place and the claiming is done. The alphas can change their minds before then, and even the women can change their minds. It isn't set in stone. I would accord them respect when that happens. As things are, I am above them. I dare not bow to women simply because they are sleeping with the Alphas and lord," She said, making a disturbingly valid point, but she was wrong.

It was beyond what she was thinking, and I could not wait to see her eat her words when the time came. I hope she will be able to repeat herself after the blue moon.

"Jealousy does not suit you, Pamela. Your daughter had no chance with either of them. Now you are taking your anger out on these innocent women for getting what you wanted for your daughter. What is it with you council women and social climbing? I hope you can repeat this in the presence of Sylvester, Marcel and Theodore," Stephanie said, and the woman's smile faded.

"They can tell them what I said. I haven't said anything wrong. You are still Lady of the north, and I have given you your respect. It ends there. Besides, this is not why I came," She said and handed Stephanie a file and a flash drive. 1

"That is the number of invites we sent, and those are the alphas that responded and the names of the sports they would indulge in along with their team captains. to help with the ball arrangement and planning," She said, and Stephanie frowned at the document.

"This is bulkier than usual," she said, and Pamela smiled and looked at all of us.

"I guess the games have become more popular as we have more invites and participants this year," She said with a smile, and I knew she was planning something wicked.

She bowed to Stephanie and excused herself.

Stephanie was staring at the bulky document, still wondering why it was big.

“May I?” I asked Stephanie, and she handed me the file while she held onto the flash drive.

I figured the flash drive consisted of everything in the file for mailing purposes. They were giving a go at going digital.

I placed the file on the table and began to scroll through the list of guests that would be there.

I read several pages before seeing the eastern Alphas that were coming. The east had never participated before. The council had deliberately invited them to cause trouble for us.

We were the ex-wives of the eastern top Alphas; it was only expected that there would be bad blood, jealousy and friction if we met our exes face to face with our current mates.

This was what she meant by ‘anything could happen before then.’

She will be shocked to learn that Kyle did not care about Linda, nor did Max care about Avery.

I scrolled through the names and saw them, Kyle, Max and Leo were coming, and I was worried for Leo because of what Jake had told me about his state.

These stupid council people planned to stir up shit.

I was glad to know beforehand so we could alert our mates. At least we would be attending prepared.

Linda would get her moment in the sun, likewise Avery.

I hoped Leo wouldn’t do anything stupid and get on Sylvester’s nerves.

I did not bother to check the rest of the file. I looked at Stephanie, and she frowned at me with the same question in her eyes. I nodded, and she became angry.

“That bitch Pamela knows how to stir up shit,” She said, balling her fist in anger.

She knew exactly what the council was planning to do. They wanted to stir up shit and separate us from our men, but they would be disappointed because what we have is unshakeable.

Tamia walked into the room tired. I was at my desk working on my computer.

Someone had sent money to a Bricks Liam in Gad, and I was on it.

It was an anonymous transfer, but the receiver had slipped off.

Instead of using a number as an ID to collect the money, he gave his Id and name.

This was the first slip-up since I started tracing the transactions.

Was it possible that Lily was the one helping these people hide their tracks because this was an idiotic move?

If that was it, I would make sure the bitch suffered most excruciatingly. The truth about Lily was she wasn't a trophy, as everyone believed. Her father sent her to the estate the year we had decided we would no longer keep a harem.

He wanted her to be my mistress and bear me children, but I felt it was wrong and saw her more like a younger sister. I did not know it would get to her and make her act stupid. I was angry.

The only reason I let her stay was that her father was my father's friend, and they agreed that she would live on the estate.

I had abolished the laws of the lord and alphas keeping harems, but some people still wanted it in place. Bearing a bastard for the top six families would guarantee an elite life for such people and their families. Hence, everyone wanted it, and the elites would rather their daughters be mistresses than marry into lesser families.

It was a sick tradition that people still tried to keep even though I had abolished it. I banned alphas, betas and gammas from sending their daughters to my estate three years ago, and I have maintained it since then.

“Are you alright?” Tamia said, bending and hugging me from behind. She kissed my cheek, and I grabbed her and placed her on my lap to kiss her properly.

I drank her in, kissing her and taking in her scent until she moaned for me and broke away from the kiss, getting up. She went to sit on the bed, and I watched her move.

“I am so tired,” she said, arching her back and moving so she could crack her spine for relief. She turned her neck, too, for the same reason, and I laughed.

“That is why there is a planner. So you do not have to stress yourself, my lady, but you always choose to. I can’t stop you because I did not want to argue with you,” I said, and she laughed at me.

“I think I would soak in the bath,” She said, and I nodded.

She stripped as she walked toward the bathroom and moved seductively, making Knight growl and lust for her.

“Tarnia,” I growled, and she giggled, knowing exactly what she was doing. I closed my laptop and decided to join her in the bath.

It had been two days since we made love, and I would not let her get away from me tonight.

I waited a bit, then took off my clothes and went to join her in the bathroom. She sat in the tub and looked at me, smiling.

“Did you miss me?” She asked, knowing exactly what was on my mind, and Knight growled in response.

I got into the bath with her, and she moved to me and kissed me. She broke the kiss and put foam at the tip of my nose, laughing.

She was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. Her eyes captivated me, and her laughter was enthralling.

She had brought me to my knees entirely before I knew it. She was easy to love and be with.

No tension and no stress.

She wasn't a social climber. Her love and affection were true.

What did I do to be this lucky? I looked at her innocent eyes and drew her close to me.

"My Tamia," I said, and she stopped laughing. Her eyes flashed golden, and I knew it was jealous Kaira.

"I love you too, Kaira; you two are the same," I said, and she giggled.

I pulled her close and kissed her lips. We kissed deeply and had to break to catch our breaths. So I rested my forehead against hers.

"It will always be like this. My love will never die, and it will never weaken. It will always be strong, Tamia. I will never allow you to regret this. I am nothing like my father. You will never have to share, and you will never have to deal with shit. I will be true all my life, worship and cherish you until I die. You have nothing to worry about where I am concerned, my love." I said, and tears streamed down her eyes.

"I know, Sylvester. I know. I want you to know that for me, it is the same. This is my family. You are my family. You and our baby, and it will always be like that. My past is behind me and forgotten; it can never compete with what we have. Know that and trust me, Sylvester," She said, and from how she said it, I knew something was troubling her, but I did not want to spoil the moment and ask what it was because I knew she was speaking her truth.

She kissed me and soon came over to me in the bath. I let her.

My body was ready and eager to please her and receive the love she was willing to give. She came over to me, and I grabbed her waist and guided my length into her. Her warmth engulfed me with peace and pleasure as she rode me.

It felt so f**king good that I did not want it to stop. I held on to my cum, wanting her to ride her fill.

Tamia rode me, and I enjoyed every bit of it. She was my haven, and I was grateful. The pleasure got into my head, and I moaned.

“Fuck!” I said, trying to hold on to my cum. My toes were curling, and the pleasure was at its peak. I felt her pussy clench as she grabbed onto me tightly.

“Sylvester,” she called my name, and all I could do was growl as she came and milked my cock.

Soon I could not hold it anymore. Her pussy was too warm, soft and sensitive for me to hold out on her for long.

I spilt my seed into her, feeling my toes curl in the bath. She rode me until I went soft.

I held her for a bit in the bath and kissed the side of her neck.

“We have seven more weeks to go, and you will be mine. We will be connected as one,” I said, and she held me tight.

I knew something was troubling her, and I could not keep it anymore. So I broke the hug so I could see her face. I searched her worried green eyes, and she searched mine.

“Tell me,” I said, and her tears began to fall freely.

“Oh, Sylvester. The council wants to break us up. They invited our exes for the games,” She said, and I froze.

I was pissed off.

Pissed off because I knew Leo and Max were not over their mates. I can't say the same for the sick bastard, Kyle, but Max had tried to take Avery from the estate, and Leo has been on the fence even though he claimed he had given her to me. I could not forget the fact that she gave herself up, and he would have rather died than let her go.

Everyone knew how those men felt about our women. The only person whose intentions weren't clear was sick Kyle.

I knew Leo still loved Tamia. Why will they do this? I could understand Tamia's fear, and I held her. 1

“It's okay, my love. They can't break us. In fact, it is good they see the three of you have moved on, so they can move on too. I know I am the only one in

your heart now, Tamia. You have nothing to worry about. I can't be jealous of Leonardo Albert because I have you. Do not worry about what that evil council is doing. "I said to ease her mind, and she held on tightly.

"Once we solve the mutiny case, they will be dealt with accordingly, I promise," I said, and she squeezed tightly.

"She said scary things like our marriage and union not being set in stone. She said you could change your mind," Tamia said. Usually, I knew this wouldn't faze her, but her hormones were all over the place, making her extra sensitive. Most people did not know she was pregnant with my child yet.

"Who said this?" I asked so I would know who to discipline.

"Pamela Rivers," She said, and I cursed under my breath.

"That social climbing bitch. She tried to send her daughter to join the Harem three years ago, but we turned it down. She had been bitter ever since. She is just jealous of you, Tamia. She can't win, and I know you know this, so cheer up and stop letting your fear get the best of you." I said, and she broke the hug and looked at me. 1

We left the bath, dried up and went to bed naked.

I lay down, and Tamia placed her head against my chest. I needed to ease her mind and change the topic.

"Guess what?" I asked her, and she pinched me in response, which made me flinch, and we both laughed.

"The money transfers finally turned up a name at the receiving end," I said, and she sat up abruptly and looked surprised and overjoyed at the same time.

"A break!" she said, and I nodded, laughing and sat up.

Tamia was overjoyed.

"Finally, we have a trail," She said, relieved for the same reason.

"I think Lilly has been helping them hide their tracks since, but not anymore," I told her, and Tamia nodded.

“I suspected that might be it, but I had no proof. That bitch.” She said, and I laughed.

“I will have him arrested tomorrow,” I said, and she stopped laughing and shook her head.

“You can’t do that. Put someone on him and have him watched. He might lead us to someone and blow this thing open wider. They do not know their moles have been caught. No one knows what happened to Lilly and her handler. We will keep it that way and keep letting them slip up. There will be more activities during the game because Lily had told them security would be low then. That is when we’ll strike, and I am thinking of using Lilly to get them,” She told me, and I could understand her angle. I agreed with everything she said except for using the treacherous bitch to trap the people.

“I do not trust Lilly to have her do our bidding,” I said, and Tamia nodded.

“I know she is selfish, and that is exactly what we will use against her. Right now, her life is forfeit because she committed treason. We will offer her lesser punishment if she can help us catch some of them. She will throw them under the bus to save her skin. The woman is selfish like that. She does not believe in their cause. She only did what she did out of scorn. Her conviction is different from theirs. That is why we will use her.” She explained, and I could see her point.

“What about Sofia, her handler?” I asked, and Tamia shook her head.

“She will be challenging to use. We will keep her locked up, and soon word will get out that she has been apprehended. So the uprising group, whatever they call themselves, will have no choice but to work with Lilly directly.” Tamia said, and I understood what she was planning on doing. 1

“I think we can work on that,” I said, and she nodded.

Tamia’s eyes looked sleepy, so I made her lie down.

She placed her head back on my chest, and soon I heard her snoring. She was exhausted. I thought of what she said about Pamela, and I decided it was time to clip the wings of the council. They had done too much damage.

Chapter 64 - The Destiny of a Heart-broken Luna

~Tamia~

I was giddy about spending time at the duplex but worried about Sylvester's mood.

It was clear we had opened a can of worms, and I doubted we would get all the answers we wanted.

We arrived at the building and were greeted by a smiling staff.

They had a lot of respect and admiration for their Lord. The staff accorded the same respect to me, making me realise who I was now

I was no longer an eastern Luna but would soon be The Lady Of The North. Something most women could only dream of.

I was glad that Sylvester wasn't a shitty man like his father. Stephanie did a great job raising him, and I had to commend her for it. I wondered what went wrong with Dominic, but I guess time would tell.

"Do you want to shower? Because of the dust at Jenny's," Sylvester said to me the moment we entered the house, and I could sense he had other things in mind, so I nodded, and he led me up the stairs to the master bedroom.

"What about dinner?" I said, and he smiled at me.

"Once we clean up, we would head down to eat. I promise." He said.

The room was beautiful. It had a contemporary design compared to the old victorian of the estate.

Sylvester hugged me from the back and kissed my neck, making me moan.

Kaira purred in my head, and I knew it was on.

I doubt we would get tired of each other, but I knew Sylvester was on edge and needed to calm down. He was finding his centre, and I was more than willing to help him find it.

He unbuttoned my blouse, still standing behind me. Then he opened my blouse and cupped my breasts with his hands, squeezing gently and brushing his thumbs against my hard nipples through the fabric of my bra.

I moaned softly.

“Music, your moan is music to my ears,” he whispered, nibbling my earlobe gently. Sylvester was a master, and I couldn’t get enough of his skills.

I closed my eyes to enjoy what he was doing as I felt the wetness between my legs.

My shirt came off, and then my bra. He took them off while standing behind me. 1

He opened the fly of my jeans, rolled it down, and I took it off. I had nothing but my panties on, and I was wet between my legs.

“Time to shower,” He said, and I could not believe we were stopping there.

He led me into the bathroom. I entered the shower, and he pinned me against the wall facing me and staring intensely into my eyes.

“This is a lifetime journey, Green eyes,” He said with conviction, and I nodded, not knowing how to respond to his statement.

He crashed his lips on mine and kissed me hungrily, then broke the kiss and stared at me.

He lifted my hand and placed it on his chest to feel his heartbeat. I looked at him, speechless.

“I will only stop loving you when it stops beating,” he said, and the words hit so hard that I squeezed my hand a bit, digging my nails into his flesh. I looked down, averting my gaze from his, fighting my tears. Then his hands touched my chin and lifted my face so that I could see him.

“I will be your family, your love, and your support. I will never betray you, Tamia. I will never leave you. I will never use you, and I will never hurt you. I will always choose you, no matter what. You own my heart, and you own me, and it will always be like this. No matter how hard it gets, no matter how difficult it gets, I will remain by your side. You will be my pride, and I will wear your love proudly. Your sacrifice won’t be in vain. I will give more than what the fated bond provides; I will love you endlessly,” he said with misty eyes, and my tears fell from the corner of my eyes. They fell freely.

There was deep relief in my chest that made me realise that I was worried about something.

“I know my father was a bastard, and he hurt my mother and the women in his life in irreparable ways. But I am nothing like him. I am not a dark alpha, and I refuse to be. Please do not let what we discover about my family and father make you afraid. I am nothing like him,” He said, and I placed my head against his chest and let my tears fall freely.

“I know, my love. I know,” I assured him, and he hugged me. Holding me close. I felt him turn on the faucet, and the water washed our skins.

I took off his shirt, and he took off his trousers and shorts and helped with my panties, leaving both of us naked under the shower.

The water washed away our fears and uncertainties.

He kissed and hoisted me up, burying himself deep inside.

He pumped gently, and I knew it was beyond the physical for me.

He was joining his soul to mine, owning and uniting with me. I held on and let him take me places.

We both came shattering on each other and loving it.

We completed the shower and exited the bathroom.

There were joggers in the wardrobe, so I opted to pair them with a white t-shirt. He wore the same, and we headed downstairs for dinner.

The amazing thing was that we all arrived in the dining room at the same time, with wet hair and in joggers. I wondered if the men planned this, but it didn't matter.

We sat at the table and served the food to eat.

“It was disturbing what we found back there,” Linda began, and everyone agreed.

“Did you see the bondage pictures? Jenny and her Lord were into some kinky shit,” Avery said, and we all laughed. I was glad our men did not take offence.

“No joke, but she wore the Mistress title with a capital M,” Linda said, and we laughed.

“Honestly, it is sad,” Avery said, and we were silent.

“I want to know how your mother could stand that woman,” I asked Sylvester, and he shrugged.

“Honestly, if I were in her shoes, I would have found a way to make her disappear,” Linda said, and we all laughed.

“You do not know how often I wanted to make Rebecca disappear. Kyle wasn’t worth it. If he were, I would have committed a crime,” She added, and Sylvester laughed.

“Honestly, my father wasn’t worth the trouble. Trust me. With all I found, my mother could have as well driven a blade into his heart, and no one would fault her. He was shitty like that,” Sylvester said, and I placed my hand on his thigh to rub gently.

“There are a lot of things we need to figure out quickly,” I said.

“It is clear Jenny was the target, but why did they kill her in this house and not hers?” I asked, and Linda raised her hand as if we were in the classroom.

“Did you see her windows and the silver on her doors? They had to get her where she was less protected.” Linda said, and we all laughed. Although I agreed with Linda’s deduction, it did not make sense.

“It doesn’t still make sense. This is the Wolf Lord’s house. Stephanie is the Wolf lord’s mother and lady of the north. There would be guards here; they were supposed to guard her. The main reason for bringing her here to live was to hide her and protect her from Devin and other enemies. It means this place was heavily guarded. Why would they attack and kill her in a heavily guarded place?” I asked, and as I asked the question, a scary truth dawned on me, one I dared not speak. I was silent immediately. 5

“I guess we will have to read her journal to understand her mind, and we can figure it out from there,” Avery said, and everyone agreed, but I could not speak a word because the thought that loomed in my mind was the most likely answer, but I had to discuss it with Sylvester in private just in case I am

wrong. I did not want to say anything that would hurt the investigation and people's reputations. 2

"One of the letters read that she gave my half-brother money. I wonder why she would go out of her way and give him money, then scare him to not show up in Lucland by telling him I am looking for him when I did not even know of his existence," Sylvester said, and he had a valid point. 3

"Your mother did ask her to help overturn your father's plans. Maybe that was part of it." Marcel said, and Sylvester shook his head.

"I had ascended as Lord by then. It can't be because of that. I suspect it has to do with something else," He said, and I was equally confused about that part.

"What about her child? Did it die at birth? I wouldn't put it past our fathers to do that just to hide their secrets. Mind you; people would know that she was unfaithful to her husband, which would have been detrimental to the Lord's reputation. The fact that our fathers shared her meant the baby could have belonged to any of them. What if they killed that baby? It will be understandable why she lived a solitary life and was always sad all the time. She dared not speak of it because it would reflect on her character. If the world knew of her affair, she would lose the right to represent the Babanins on the council, which would make her irrelevant, and I doubt your father loved her enough to make her luna.

He couldn't even if he wanted to. The Belyaev bloodline is premium compared to her Lawrence arse. She would always play second fiddle, and I think she knew it," Marcel said, and we were silent because what he said was true. He had hit the nail on the head. 3

"We need to study her journals together starting tomorrow," Sylvester said with strong determination, and I squeezed his thigh. 1

I planned on telling him my thoughts when we retired to the bedroom.

I hoped it wasn't what I thought, but that was the only plausible explanation for what happened.

"I think we will still need to comb through that building," Theodore said, and I knew he was right because we were not expecting to find all we found there. There was a possibility that there were things there.

“For someone that keeps records for the council, it is amazing that she doesn’t have a computer yet. All the letters were photocopied,” Linda said, bringing something vital to our attention.

“I thought that too. It was quite odd. I know she is old school and all, but it was quite odd that there was nothing on her desk. Do you think someone might have stolen the computer if she had one?” Avery asked, and we all looked at ourselves because she had given a valid point.

There was a lot of shadiness and bad blood around her. She might have something on it that they want to protect from getting out. We needed to find out.

“If she had a computer, I doubt it was in that office. Didn’t you see the number of locks on the door and windows?”

Theodore said, and Sylvester shook his head.

“The culprit might have stolen it before the murder. The office and passage were locked after the murder,” Sylvester said, making a very valid point, and it was plausible.

“There is a lot to uncover. I suggest we stay another day here and go through the documents we have taken. Afterwards, we should copy them onto a system by having a Kappa scan them into a computer.” I said, and everyone agreed.

We finished up and decided to retire to our bedroom.

As soon as Sylvester and I entered the room, I decided to tell him what I was thinking about Jenny’s murder. I just prayed he would not take offence.

~Tamia~

Sylvester took off his clothes, leaving his boxers on and lay on the bed facing up and resting his head on his hand. He looked to the side and smiled at me. He motioned me to join him in bed.

“Come on, Green-eyes. I want to hold you,” He said, and I smiled.

I took off the joggers and left the T-shirt on.

It was big, and I had nothing under it.

I climbed into bed, and he sat up to hold me.

“That was intense down there, right?” He asked, kissing my neck, and I nodded.

“So, do you always solve cases like this?”

He asked me, and I laughed.

“Never solved a murder and mutiny case in my life,” I said, and he pretended to be shocked.

“You mean I have an amateur on the job? he asked playfully, and I laughed.

“You are then charging too much, green- eyes,” He said.

“I will charge you more,” I said, and he tickled me.

I laughed so hard and used the pillow to hit him.

His wolf flashed, and I found it sexy.

I stopped laughing, and my eyes roamed his body. I looked at his muscles and his tattoos. The tan on his skin and Kaira purred in my head.

“Drooling, Green-eyes,” He said with a smirk, and I looked away, giggling.

“All yours,” He said and hugged me, pulling me close and kissing me on my lips.

I moaned gently, and he growled lowly turning me on.

I wanted to get into it, but I needed to tell him what I was thinking first.

“I want to share something with you,” I said quietly, and he nibbled my ears, making it hard for me to compose myself. I moaned, and he put his hand under my T-shirt.

Want to speak to you,” I said between moans as he caressed my clit with his thumb. My body was coming apart, and he looked into my eyes as he rubbed my clit gently.

“Tell me,” he said with lust in his eyes, and I could not speak. He wasn’t playing fair.

“I wanted to taste you all day, green eyes, ” he said with his dark wolf eyes, and I gently nodded, telling him he should go ahead. Spreading my legs wide, he went to work.

I did not know what had happened to me, but I came immediately, and he smacked my clit gently.

“That is naughty, Green-eyes. I wanted it to last longer,” He teased, and the truth was, how could I when he had already got me worked up before he delved in?

I went on top of him to ride.

I placed him inside me, and he filled me up and guided my body as I moved up and down on his cock. He worshipped my breast, and everything was heightened. We were at it for a while, and soon we finished.

I lay beside him, trying to catch my breath, and he looked at me.

“You wanted to tell me something,” He said, and I laughed.

I managed to sit up because what I wanted to say was serious.

He sat up, too and smiled.

“I do not want you to take offence to what

I am about to say. It is just a hunch, and I could be wrong.” I said, and he smiled.

“You can never offend me, Tamia.” He said, and I smiled at him.

“It is about Jenny and your mother,” I began.

“How could she be visiting your mother when it seemed there was a lot of bad blood between them? Your mother found out she was having an affair with her husband and must have hated her for it.

How come she visited your mother?” I asked, and he was silent.

“Stephanie might be passive, but I also know she is vindictive. There is no way she would be okay with it. Your father did a lot of horrible things to her. It is a miracle she is sane.” I said, and he touched my hand gently and kissed it.
1

I did not know my hand was shaking until he did that.

I was trying hard to find a way to put my thoughts into words without offending him.

“Relax and tell me what you want to say, Tamia,” He said and kissed my hand again. I sighed.

“Your mother does not seem like the forgiving type. Were there guards in this duplex during the time of the attack?” I asked him.

“They were supposed to be, but the wounded ones were few. They usually have a shift, and the attack happened during the shift. They did say southern and eastern soldiers attacked them. They thought my mother was dead. That was why the attackers left,” he said, and I sighed,

“Did you see these so-called southern soldiers? At least your mother’s guards should have put up a fight and got one or two,” I said.

“I guess they came prepared,” he said.

“What if,” I said and looked at him, trying to compose myself and summon the courage to speak.

“I am just speculating, Sylvester,” I warned him, and he smiled and caressed my cheek, urging me to speak freely.

“What if your mother lured Jenny to her house and had her killed?” I said, and he froze. (1

“Think about it. They aren’t friends; there is bad blood between them, and Jenny’s house is impenetrable. Your mother might have invited her here in the name of truce, made sure there was a shift and planned with the guards present to do her bidding and say it was the south. She and Dominic were the only ones that knew I was visiting that morning. Since Devin had tried to take me from the estate once, they might as well blame the attack on him, only that this time around, he decided to kill a council member and injure your mother,

which is a bit odd. If truly he was the one that staged the attack, then your mother would be dead. What if Jenny was blackmailing your mother, and she decided to silence her for good? What if Jenny was making allegations that could put you in trouble? Your mother would do anything for you and Dominic. I am just saying,” I said, and he was silent for a bit, digesting my words. 1

“What will Jenny have on her?” He asked me and his eyes widened because he had thought of something.

“There was a letter where Jenny claimed my mother had my father and his officers murdered. My mother replied to her and warned her to stop spewing nonsense. It is impossible, of course, because we know Bane killed them, but what if Jenny was trying to pin it on her? I still doubt my mother will kill her because of a baseless allegation.” He said, and I shook my head.

“I doubt it has anything to do with your father’s death, Sylvester. I think it has a lot to do with your position and that of your brother. You know I read the letters you read, and your mother said something about Jenny helping her because it would benefit Vino, who is

Jenny’s nephew,” I said, and he nodded.

“Did it occur to you that the two people that helped her overturn your father’s decree are now dead? Vino’s father and Jenny?” I said, and he widened his eyes. 1

“I am just speculating, but what if your mother wanted Dominic to ascend her family position on the council, and Jenny might have pushed back because that would make Vino second in command? You know how badly your mother wanted Dominic to be in the place of power,” I said, and he realised where I was driving.

“I hope she didn’t do it, Tamia. Please do not tell anyone this. If my mother did it, she would be in trouble because after the blue moon, she would no longer be the lady of the north and would not have immunity. I do not want us to give our enemies a weapon to use to hurt our family,” He said, and I could see the fear in his eyes.

“That was why I held my tongue downstairs,” I said and looked at him.

“As much as you will want Theodore or Marcel to be in on this, I think we should investigate your mother’s part in this between us so that no damage is

caused. We need to investigate the allegations made, and once we have enough, you should question your mother in private, I said, touched his hand, and used my thumb to gently rub the back of his hand to calm him down. 1

“I am sure no woman would go through half of what your mother did and not snap. Your father treated her like shit. He tried to replace her with his fated, then forced her to be his fated’s midwife. He cheated on her, killed most of her family members and crippled them by forbidding her from representing them on the council, almost wiping them from existence just because he wanted to divorce and replace her. He didn’t stop there; he had an affair with her best friend and tried to take her family seat from her by depriving her child and giving it to his bastard—the son of the woman that caused your mother so much pain. There is just so much a woman can take, and these are just a few things she had been brave enough to share. When I look at Stephanie, she looks like a battered woman that has learned to cope by living in denial. I am sure she must have snapped and tried to push back somewhere along the line, Sylvester,” I said, and tears formed in his eyes. He fought them, but they came.

“I never thought of it this way, Tamia,” he said, and I snuggled into his arms to help him relax.

Listing out what his mother had been through, the reality hit home for him. It would hurt anyone.

“She never really told us any of these things, Tamia. She only spoke praises of him and told us how he loved her,” He said, and I could understand Stephanie’s reason.

She needed them to be proud of their father.

She did not want to ruin his image for them. She did not want to spoil their memory of him.

“Your father might have been a wonderful man to you and your brother, and she did not want to spoil your memory of him,” I said, and he sighed.

“I guess so. He was really fun and spent so much time with us. I knew of the Harem, but since it was tradition, my mother did not seem to be bothered about it. I let it be. I would have confronted and challenged my father if I had known she was going through half of the things you had listed. If I didn’t, I am

sure Dominic would have. He loves her that much. If Dominic knows half of this, he will be mad,” Sylvester said, and I sighed.

“I think he might know Sylvester. He was alive during the time of Alissa. He must have noticed the changes. Even if he did not know of her, he must have noticed that your father was different towards your mother,” I said, and he giggled.

“I doubt he knew. My mother kept it hidden. I am sure he did not even know of Alissa. My brother worshipped our father. He sees him as perfect, hence why he went to war to avenge his death. He loved our father and spent more time with him than I did,” He said, and I sighed.

“I guess your mother did a good job of protecting your innocence, which brings me back to the point that she must have snapped somewhere down the line,” I said and turned to him.

“We will get to the bottom of it, but we must keep my mother’s investigation a secret. I do not want her to get in trouble,” He said gently, and I nodded.

“Neither do I. She has been through enough, and if she did anything to Jenny, Jenny deserved it. That is my opinion because the woman was a wicked and shitty friend. She could refuse the wolf

Lord, but she did it for her gains or whatever reason.

“We will go through the document tomorrow and decide what to do from there,” He said and kissed me. We snuggled in bed, and soon sleep came.

~Tamia~

I woke in the morning with a bit of morning sickness. So I rushed to the bathroom and threw up what was left of my dinner from last night. Sylvester joined me in the bathroom and rubbed my back gently.

Knowing why I was throwing up, neither of us was bothered.

He kissed the top of my head, and I wiped my lips gently and smiled at him.

“Good morning,” he said to me, gently patting my hair. I smiled in response. We sat down on the bathroom floor.

Sylvester placed his hand on my stomach and rubbed gently.

“I can’t wait to meet our baby, Tamia,”

He said, and I gently touched his hand on my tummy.

“We still have a long way to go; it’s flat,”

I pointed out, and we laughed.

We got ready for the day and headed downstairs. I could not wait to go through the journals.

As much as I wanted to get to the bottom of things, I was curious about Jenny’s life because the woman had a lot of skeletons in her closet and seemed a bit eccentric.

“Good morning,” Linda said, smiling at me, and her smile was extra, which made me know Theodore had done a lot of work.

“Good morning,” I greeted her and

Theodore, and he smiled at me while rubbing her back.

Avery and Marcel were yet to join us.

Sylvester pulled out a seat for me to sit down. I sat and looked at Linda. She was glowing. She looked nothing like the

Linda that I used to know. It was amazing what true love could do to someone. We were lucky.

We came to the north as war prisoners and found love in the process. Like in the east when our husbands were friends, likewise in the north. It was amazing to see how intertwined our destinies were. It was still in the very same order. 1

“Where is Marcel?” Sylvester asked

Theodore, and he smiled.

“They will soon join us, I hope,” Theodore answered, and Sylvester laughed. I knew there was a subtle exchange between the men, which we weren’t privy to, so I squeezed my man’s thigh.

“Have you decided what our team would wear during the polo?” Theodore asked

Sylvester, and he shook his head.

“Maybe our women would decide that,” Sylvester said, lifted my hand and kissed

“I want to look sexy while you cheer me on during our games,” he said, and I smiled at him.

“That is an easy colour. Black polo shirt and white trousers. Black and white everything,” I said, and he nodded. 2

“As you wish, my Lady,” he said, and I felt tingles.

“I am so excited about the ball before the sports games begin. I learned everyone would be there,” Linda said, and I wondered why she would be excited. Then it hit me that our exes might be coming for the games, but I also knew that the east and most of the south were never invited to the all-region games.

“You will get to rub it in his face one day, Linda but not at the games. They never invite the east,” I linked her, and her smile dropped. She really wanted to laugh at Kyle. I could understand. Theodore was an upgrade from the douchebag.

Theodore was a powerful Alpha and third in command of our world. A position Kyle could never dream of. It would have been nice if she and Avery got the chance to rub the joy on their faces. Call it petty, but there was a true satisfaction that would come with their pain and disbelief. I knew one day it would happen, and no matter how much they claimed not to care, they would because the women had an upgrade.

Avery joined us with Marcel, and with how they looked, I knew what they had been up to.

Marcel did not button all the way up, meaning they were in a rush, and Avery looked like she packed her hair before tumbling in the sheets. She couldn't take the time to comb and pack the hair again, so she decided to pat it and fix herself up. 2

“Shall we eat?” Sylvester said, and we dug in.

I ate everything. My appetite was over the roof, and Sylvester kept adding things to my plate.

Breakfast ended, and I was the first to leave the table to head to where we kept the journals.

There were six journals altogether, and somehow it wasn't a daily record of her life; browsing through the page, I realised she only recorded significant events.

“Read aloud, Tamia,” Marcel said. We were all eager for answers, so we sat in the living room, and I picked the oldest journal, judging by the dates, to read.

“Today was the worst day of my life. I told Maurice I would like to have a baby with him, and he shut it down. He said he already has one bastard; he can't have another. It really hurt because I love him so much, and it would be a gift to have a baby with him,” I finished.

It wasn't informative, but we now knew how Maurice felt about having a baby with her; maybe that is why the baby is nowhere.

I flipped through, looking for something significant.

Jenny seemed the type to rant a lot, and I wasn't surprised. She was alone most of her life, so she was bound to rave in her journals. Everyone needed an outlet, and this was hers, especially since she had dirty disgraceful secrets.

“Maurice punished me today because I wanted something permanent. He told me he did not like Stephanie anymore, but he flared up when I asked him to make me his Luna. He did the worst thing ever to me, and I will never forgive him for it. Asking his friends to share me with him was the most humiliating thing ever. He wanted me to know how he saw me, as his whore. I might not be in his harem, but I wasn't different from them in his eyes. I was foolish to think he would fall in love with me.” It read, and I could not feel sorry for her because Stephanie was her friend. She got what she deserved.

“It is clear that Maurice is lying to me. I know he loves Stephanie; I can see it in his eyes now he has banned me from speaking her name. I hate that bitch so much,” it read, and we laughed.

"I think we should skip that book and read the later ones," Sylvester said, disgusted by the content of the journal I was reading. 1

"No, please let her read some more pages, and we will move to the next one," Marcel said and looked at me.

"Read an interesting bit, Tamia," He said. It was clear we all believed she got treated the way she should.

"Alissa is a bitch, and I will put her in her place. How dare she take him from me. I have to find a way to get to her. I do not know how, but I will start somewhere.

Friendship always makes it easy. I will try and be her friend and pretend to support her against Stephanie. The woman is a thief and a menace, and she needs to be sent back to where she belongs," It read, and I could only imagine her state of mind when she wrote it.

I dropped the journal and went for the second to the last one. The one she started the year Maurice would go on Pilgrimage.

"You will skip all these ones?" Linda asked, and I nodded.

"The woman is mad and obsessed with her lover. Unless we want a whole day of how she feels about all the women the wolf lord was screwing, we need to move on from them," I said, and Linda was silent.

"You know you can read them at your leisure. I plan to do so," I told her, and she smiled at me.

I picked up the book and opened it.

I flipped through the pages and found a relevant entry.

"Today, I was wronged to my soul.

Maurice has never spoken of my son. He behaves as if he does not exist. He even favours his bastard over my son.

Planning to make David head of the council is just wicked. I have to alert

Stephanie. I am sure she would be mad, and she might fight him. Who knows,

Maurice may snap and dump her arse. If he does, he will definitely come to me, and I can find a way to get my son back,”

It read; now we understand why she bothered to alert Stephanie about Maurice's decision.

We also knew she had a son who was not with her. Clearly, she wasn't in her son's life and might not know where he was. It sounded like Maurice took her son from her, but I could not draw conclusions yet.

The other pages showed how she and Stephanie would ensure that Dominic got the Balyaev seat. She indeed planned on double-crossing Stephanie in that regard; the woman was vile.

I picked up the last journal and read most of its content until I could not read it aloud anymore.

Jenny had made several entries that could get Stephanie in trouble. It was part of her final records.

“What is it?” Avery asked me, and I tried to play it off.

“Nothing interesting; we should go through the files,” I said, and they agreed.

Linda picked up the first journal while I held onto the last one.

“Are you alright, green-eyes?” Sylvester linked me, and I looked at him.

“We need to talk in private,” I linked him back.

“Is it about something that is in that book?” he asked me through the mind link, and I nodded.

“Go upstairs; I will join you,” He said, and I pretended to have a stomach upset and would read the journal while in the toilet. So I headed up to the room. I entered, sat on the bed and read the pages.

“I have always known that Stephanie was behind Maurice and his officers' death. She had denied it, but now I have proof. Today I received a letter from my spy in the south. An anonymous person sent the letter to Devin, claiming that the wolf lord was planning to attack and take over the south. The content of the letter was wicked. The writer had described the route the wolf lord

would take, his alias and the company he was travelling with, where he would stay, and the time he should attack. The sender also lied that the wolf lord was travelling with a secret army. The writer gave Devin the details he needed to strike and succeed. Only one person would have this much information on Maurice: Stephanie.

I have scanned the letter and emailed it to her. I have also threatened to expose her so she would bear the full wrath of her punishment. Once she is put on trial, we can easily say that she connived with her sons to have their father killed so they can take over the lordship and head the council. It will automatically disqualify them, and Sylvester and Dominic will not ascend. I will have the last laugh.” It read, and my hands began to shake.

I read the rest of the contents; Jenny had blackmailed Stephanie with the letter for five years.

According to the entries, Stephanie denied writing it. She even told Jenny not to hurt her son’s reputation with the lies. Jenny found her pleas amusing and wrote about how she enjoyed tormenting Stephanie with the letter.

We needed to confront Stephanie, and she needed to come clean so Sylvester would know how to deal with the matter.

Just then, Sylvester walked in, and I looked at him with fear in my eyes.

“Jenny was a very disturbed woman,” I said, and he frowned and came to sit with me on the bed.

“You have to confront your mother, Sylvester, and she better come clean,” I said, and he asked me why.

“Because Jenny claims she was the one that got your father and his friends killed. Jenny got a letter someone sent Devin and mailed your mother a copy. She has been blackmailing your mother for five years now,” I said, and he was in shock.

I could only imagine what was going on in his mind.

Even if Stephanie did not do it, the wolf lord’s death was a serious matter. Now I understood why Stephanie was hell-bent on Sylvester taking revenge. If someone had already been punished for the crime, she can’t be tried for the same offence; no one would dig since the culprit has been dealt with.

As much as I knew Maurice deserved it,

Devin wasn't lying when he said the Wolf Lord trespassed. He was made to believe the wolf lord had trespassed by whoever sent the letter.

~Sylvester~

I took the journal from Tamia and read the page she was on. I could not believe what I had just seen.

"What if this woman was trying to frame my mother? The letter was anonymous. What if that was what she was trying to do? Jenny was on the council, and my mother wasn't. My father had left the Balyaev seat vacant, making the Lawrences the most powerful family on the council. What if the council teamed up and decided to persecute my mother?"

There is always evidence to convict a person, whether guilty or innocent. What if that was Jenny's plan?" I said, still finding it hard to believe what Tamia had said.

She stood up and touched my hand.

"I do not know what to believe. But we must review the files and hide the correspondence about your father's murder. Marcel and Theodore are loyal to you, but their fathers were also killed. They might not find it funny and demand retribution," she said to me, and I knew she was right.

So I left her in the room and rushed down, stared at where the documents were and started searching the files for anything that had to do with the correspondence between Jenny and my mother.

"Sylvester, is everything alright?" Marcel asked me holding Jenny's journal in his hand. It was clear they found what she had written amusing. I smiled at him and nodded.

"Yes. I just need to see the correspondence between her and my mother," I said. He nodded and continued to read the journal in his hand.

I thought of the many things that could happen if the information Tamia just found out got into the wrong hands. The thought motivated me to search. Tamia joined me downstairs and helped me search the files.

We were at it for hours. We had lunch and talked about the content of the journal. We joked about what Jenny wrote. Tamia and I pretended to find it amusing because we did not want to alarm the others.

By evening we had gone through all the documents we had brought, and only four files consisted of her correspondence with my mother and father.

I found a copy of the letter sent to her by her southern informant in those files. It was authentic, but I could not tell if it was my mother's handwriting or not.

"Alpha Corrigan, I write you in good conscience. I do not believe in injustice, and I believe the wolf lord lost his mind because of his greed. Knowing how greatly your family suffered at his hands, I am moved to do this. Although I want to remain anonymous, I have discovered that the lord is out to conquer the south. He travels in disguise with his beta and gamma under the Alias John Michan. He plans to scout your territory as a tourist to develop his attack plan. I am writing you this letter so you can prepare yourself for what is to come. Your parents' sacrifice should not be in vain. Leah Corrigan and I became friends in the harem. Where I found favour with the wolf lord, she didn't. I am writing you this letter to help keep her son alive. Please, the wolf lord will be in the south on Monday at noon. He will be staying at the Danes Inn in Pridewood Pack land

Under his Alias. Be warned that there will be warriors around. You must intercept him in the inn. I hope for the sake of the south you succeed." It read, and I wondered how Jenny would think my mother would write the letter.

The writer said she was in the harem, but Jenny had also said only my mother knew the Alias my father used to travel. Could it be possible that he discussed his trip with one of his girls, and she opted to betray him?

Tamia and I returned upstairs to pack the evidence, and I decided to talk to her about my thoughts.

"Could it be that my father might have divulged his travelling plans to a girl in the harem?" I asked, and Tamia looked at me

"You did not read some of the records in the journal. Jenny said that Leah Corrigan was never in the harem. He did not even sleep with her. She was thrown into service in Grizlo, where she died." Tamia said.

“Maybe she was misinformed. My father slept with all the lunas he took. He might have told Jenny that, so she would not be mad. You have read her journals, Tamia; you know she is obsessed with him and possessive of him, too,” I said, and she nodded.

“Still, you need to confront your mother on this. You need to ask her; she better come clean because this is serious. This can just ruin the entire Volkov family. We have a marriage coming, and we will soon welcome children into this world. We do not need lies and secrets weighing us down and haunting us.” She said, and I could understand her fear and her reasons.

I decided I wouldn’t waste any time. Once we returned to the estate in the morning, I would ask my mother. I hope she tells the truth for all our sakes so I can figure out what to do.

We had dinner, and everyone joked about the things they read in Jenny’s journal.

The woman believed my father loved her, and my mother was blackmailing him to keep him.

She was really delusional.

One thing that troubled everyone was that other than when she mentioned her son, she never talked about him again. It was as if he had stopped existing. According to Theodore, there was an entry where she claimed my father took her son from her, but that was all. She did not talk about it or tell us where he was living. It was as if the baby had stopped existing. It was weird.

We left for the Volkov estate the next day.

I was eager to confirm with my mother on the matter.

We arrived, and I went to my room.

After Tamia and I had settled in, I took the photocopied letter and knocked on my mother’s door. I hoped she did not make it hard for my sake because I was tired of the lies.

My mother opened the door and was surprised to see me. She smiled and let me in.

"I must have done something right for you to come looking for me this morning," She said with a smile and offered me a seat. I sat and thanked her.

"How is Tamia? Is she alright? I hope she is eating and resting. These are the early stages. She shouldn't be going about with you," she said, and I smiled and leaned forward.

"She is fine, mother," I said and sighed.

"I am here to have a private discussion with you, and I need you to be honest with me," I said, and her smile dropped.

"I need you to tell me the truth because what I discovered is explosive. It can ruin our family. I need you to come clean and tell me the truth, so I will know how to handle the situation," I said, and she frowned at me.

"Why are you speaking like this, darling? I won't lie to you about anything. I love you and your brother, and you know it," She said, sounding a bit hurt, and I nodded.

"Okay, I want to know what transpired between you and Jenny Lawrence

Babanin. There was a lot of bad blood between you two, so I do not understand why she would visit you in our house," I said, and she became uncomfortable.

"She just came to say hello and reconcile," She said, and I got irritated.

"Mother, you better tell me the truth. I have a letter from Jenny's records. She has a record claiming you wrote it and accusing you of killing father," I said, and she stood up and shook her head.

"How can you say such a thing about me? It is all lies. I warned her to stop spewing that nonsense about me. You do not know how that bitch was. She was obsessed with your father.." She said, and I cut her sentence to stop her from deviating. She always did that when backed into a corner.

"Tell me the truth, mother," I said, and she shook her head.

"Please sit down," I told her, letting my command through, and she reluctantly did as I said.

“I know he was unfair to you. I know everything. Tamia told me about Alissa, and I learned other things. I am not trying to judge you; I just need to know what to do,” I said and sighed.

“She is lying. I can never hurt Maurice. He was my husband.” She said, and I shook my head.

“Yes, I know, but he hurt you, mother. He tried to divorce you because of his fated, made you care for her, murdered most of your family members, and tried to give your family seat to his son. He did a lot of hurtful things to you,” I said, and she looked at me, shocked.

“How did you know he tried to take my family seat from me?” She asked me with disbelief. I bowed my head and then looked at her.

“I did some research and saw a letter Jenny wrote to you to alert you that father wanted to give your family seat to his son, David,” I said, and she was speechless.

I had her where I wanted, so it was time to ask again. Now that she knew I had information, she would not resolve to lie.

“Mother, please tell me you had no hand in this. Tell me that Jenny is lying and you did not have father killed.” I said, staring into her eyes. Her tears were a dead giveaway. She was shaking and sweating. I could see it, but I needed her to say it.

“Answer me, mother,” I said, and she wiped away her tears.

“She was f**king him, Sylvester. I had no choice. They were working against me, all of them, against us,” She said, and my knees gave out, and I fell on them with tears streaming down my eyes.

Everything she told me was a lie.

Everything I knew was a lie. Every hate I harboured against Devin was doctored. I was a puppet. My mother’s puppet.

“I had to. Maurice had done enough, Sylvester. My family headed the council. He did not only wipe them out but banned me from sitting on their seat because he wanted to make his fated lady and luna.

Things went back to normal when Alissa died, and we lived for many years.

I couldn't say I was happy because he kept a harem and had mistresses, but he wasn't trying to divorce me anymore, and you and your brother were growing into fine men. I was content.

Then Jenny told me he planned to give my seat to his bastard. I was livid. I was preserving that seat for Dominic, and the council had approved that he ascend the chair to lead them.

Maurice was planning on going on a pilgrimage when he decided to give my seat to his bastard.

We had a heated argument after Jenny told me what he was planning.

I would later find out that she was his mistress and that she told me, hoping it would end my marriage and she could slide in. That bitch.

During our argument, your father threatened to deal with me if I did not comply.

When I told him I won't stand for it, and I would fight him for it, he came to the sickest decision. He said I could keep my seat and give it to whomever I liked because he would make David lord. After all, he is an Alpha and his son, even if he did not marry his mother.

I couldn't have it, and knowing he was serious, I was determined to end his terror.

He had shamed me so many times I refused to let him shame my children. So I did what I had to do.

I sent a letter to the southern Alpha that Maurice was heading his way to wage war on his people." she said, and I bowed my head. Bane wasn't lying when he said my father trespassed. I looked at my mother, and she looked away.

"I had to, Sylvester, or you won't be lord. He had sent the decree, which I had to bribe Vino's father and Jenny to overturn secretly. I did not even know he was screwing her then.

They agreed, but the Balyaev seat would be vacant in exchange, so Lawrence would head the council. I did it for you.

That man wanted to take everything away from us and give Alissa's son. All my years with him, suffering and supporting him were going to amount to nothing. He wanted to raise a bastard above you, Sylvester.

He was a cold-hearted maniac, and I had to end him before he ruined what was left of our family and lives.

I loved him, but I couldn't take it anymore," She said and sat down and began to weep.

I did not know what to say or do. I was in shock.

"Then why did you have Dominic wage war against Alpha Corrigan?" I asked her, and she looked away.

"To cover my tracks. Jenny suspected I had a hand in Maurice's death, and she was hell-bent on exposing me. I had to cover my tracks. If someone is punished for the crime, there will be no need to dig into it."

"So why did you continue your friendship with Jenny?" I asked her, and She sighed.

"Ever heard of the saying that tells us to keep our enemies close?" She said, and I wondered what more she had done for our honour. A woman's scorn was truly dangerous, and my mother had proven it.

-Sylvester-

I was speechless. My mother sat on the couch and was weeping.

I could see she was afraid, and I understood why. She had committed treason.

I sighed and looked at her. I could see she was tired and wondered how much she was hiding.

"Is there anything else, mother, that I need to know?" I asked her, and she looked at me.

It was hard for her, but she knew her game was up.

"I hated her." She confessed, and I did not need to guess who she was talking about.

“She came to my house uninvited and told me that she was tired of the money she was getting from me and she needed to get justice for Maurice. She was on to something, and I knew she would do it. I do not know if it had anything to do with the bastard that Maurice took from her, but she was broken, and she came to vent her anger on me,” my mother said, and I sighed.

“She said I was an idiot and could not take care of business. She bragged to me that I was a fool. She told me she was the one that helped me get rid of my competition.

I only had one competition when it came to your father, and that was Alissa. She told me how she paid the doctor to inject silver into her system.

Silver doesn't kill us; it only stops us from healing and makes us weak, which was what it did to Alissa the day she gave birth. The doctor registered her cause of death as an extreme case of preeclampsia. She bragged that I would not be able to prove it because, unlike me, she knew how to tidy up her mess.

The doctor died a month after Alissa passed away. We didn't see it as anything when it happened, but I figured it out when she told

I knew Jenny was crazy, but I did not realise how crazy she was until she said what she said.

After she bragged about what she did to Alissa, she said I reaped the benefit of her hard work but not anymore,” my mother said I knew where it was going, but I held my tongue to let her speak.

“I did not know she was screwing your father when I asked her to help secure the Balyaev seat. I found out after he died, and she thought that was why I had him killed. She claimed she loved your father, but it was all a lie. She was a bloody social climber. She dated Gavin Orlov in secret. I knew but kept her secret because her husband was late by then. 1

I did not know she was also screwing my husband when I learned about her and Gavin. I found out after Devin had killed him, and I was mad. Jenny was a bloody social climber. She married Jerry Babanin

because his family was higher than hers. Before Jerry, she tried to get with my brother, but he did not fancy her. After she married Jerry, she chose to aim higher, so she went after the eldest, Orlovs, and one day I found out she went after Maurice

Volkov too. She just wanted to be at the top. The bitch.

I had someone investigate her so I could have something on her and get her off my back, but I found out she had a child for my husband, which made me snap.

So I started sending her threatening messages hoping she would be so scared and maybe run away, but the bitch always kept her shit together, so I stopped.” She said, and I remembered the anonymous blackmail letters Jenny was getting. I did not tell my mother I had seen those letters so she would not feel bad about it.

“I had to pay her two hundred thousand Lakhs every three months so she wouldn’t raise the issue at the council. The letter might not have carried my name, but once they dug deep, they would figure it out.

So I pretended with her.

The day she died, she came to my house to gloat. She told me she had me where she wanted and could dispose of me whenever. She only let me keep my miserable life because she enjoyed watching me suffer. She told me of her child with Maurice, and I pretended to be surprised about it. She told me Maurice took her son away from her and how she envied me because he let me raise my children.

The woman was that sick. She could not tell the difference between a legitimate child and a bastard.

Jenny said it was time for her to raise the matter in the council. Kapa Blake and kappa Melvick were there when she made all those statements; they didn’t believe her, of course, and saw her as a mad woman threatening my life. She also came with her guards for reasons best known to her.

“It all happened so fast. She was leaving and said she would get you off your seat and end the Volkov line with the amount of evidence she had. Knowing she always made good on her threats, I knew I could not let her go. So I attacked; likewise, her men attacked my men, but we had the upper hand.

She stabbed me with the silver switch knife she always had on her, and Kappa Melvick helped me end her. Of course, my men killed her men, and they got scared because they had killed a high council member, so I told them what they would say before I passed out,” She said, and I placed my hand on

her thigh. She looked at me, and her eyes looked light. It must have been a burden. 2

“You know my secret, Sylvester; please do not hate me and do not tell Dominic any of this. He would never understand. He loved his father blindly,” she said, pleading with me, and I nodded and hugged her.

She cried in my arms, and I could only imagine the amount of pain she was in.

She had no choice but to strike.

Jenny was not going to back down. I had read the woman’s journals. She was sick and rotten to her core. It was good riddance.

“Please, Sylvester, Melvick and his men meant well, do not let them suffer; they believe they were protecting our family from a mad woman,” She pleaded. I told her to calm down, patting her back gently.

“It is okay, mother, your secret is safe with me,” I said, and she broke the hug and stared into my eyes to be sure I had just said what I said.

“What about Tamia? She likes digging and...” She said with genuine fear in her eyes, and I shook my head and held her hands that were shaking so she could be calm.

“Tamia was the one that figured it out, mother,” I said, and there was horror in her eyes.

“She hid the evidence from everyone and only let me in on it. She protected your secret, mother. She knew it would hurt you, our baby and me, and she kept it,” I said, and tears fell freely from her eyes.

“I am grateful, Sylvester. Tell her I am grateful..” she said, crying. She was relieved.

“Tamia, please join me in my mother’s room,” I linked my mate. I needed my mother to believe that Tamia was on her side because I could feel she was conflicted.

I held my mother, and there was a knock on the door.

My mother broke the hug and wiped away her tears while Tamia walked in.

My mother looked at me and then looked at Tamia.

She went on her knees to plead to my mate.

Clasping her hands together, she wept and begged.

“Please, Tamia, do not expose me. I am begging you. I had no choice..” she said, and Tamia rushed to her and held her. She knelt and hugged my mother.

“Your secret is safe with me, Luna. We will burn all the evidence and never speak of it again,” Tamia assured her.

I was glad Tamia was the one that found the evidence. I did not think Marcel or Theodore would want to hurt my mother, but their mothers might feel differently about it. I watched as Tamia held my mother while she wept on her knees.

It was a secret she had carried and lived in fear at the mercy of Jenny, the psycho. I hoped for all our sakes it was over. It was a relief, but we still had unanswered questions.

Who was working against my family? It was either the entire council, some people or someone on the council, David or Jenny’s bastard.

I realised that Devin was innocent all along, and I had to try to find a way to calm the situation down and have a treaty with the south to avoid any more problems. There was also the issue of him being fated to

Tamia. Although she rejected him, he was too hopeful for him to let go like that. He would always blame me for his loss, even if he respected and accepted the rejection.

I watched Tamia comfort my mother.

We left her room together and returned to our bedroom.

“We need to destroy all the evidence, so it does not get into the wrong hands,” Tamia said, going through the files.

“Anything that points to the bad blood between them, Jenny’s blackmail, the letter to the south and the correspondence about the letter must be destroyed. I am thinking of burning it in the bathroom,” She said, and I frowned. Although

we had electronic heaters in our rooms, there was a fireplace in the common room that we could use to burn the evidence.

“Why would you want to burn it in the bathroom when we can use the fireplace in the common room?” I asked, and she shook her head.

“Someone can walk into the common room and notice we are burning papers. No one would notice if we burn them in the bathroom bit by bit until they are all gone,” She explained, and I understood and agreed with her.

“So, what is our next move?” She asked me.

“After we are done burying her secret, we must look closely at everyone on the council. Investigate them while I search for David.” I told her, and she nodded and searched the documents to separate them.

I doubt David could help with anything, but I needed him to know I wasn't hunting him.

I needed to investigate and find Jenny's child. Meanwhile, we had to prep for the games. It would start in two weeks.

While we were figuring all these things out, it was best we figured out what to wear for the ball and prepare for the games to keep up appearances.

Jenny might have led to a dead end regarding the pending mutiny, but it opened a lot of things that were hidden from us. The new knowledge that we gained would help us in our future decision-making.

Tamia and I searched through the documents for two hours, and once we had separated the evidence against my mother from the others. I took them to the bathroom to burned them one at a time.

I sat by the window in the bathroom with a metal trash can and started burning the papers. I could not let Tamia do this because of her condition. I wanted her and our baby to be healthy and well. She was everything to me, and she knew it, which was why she respected my decision and did not argue with me.

-Tamia-

A week passed, and Sylvester and I did not mention what we knew.

We did not even speak of it in private. We had utterly buried it, and Stephanie was grateful.

Glenda and Dominic were at it again, and Sylvester was planning to move them to the house's east wing because they fought in the halls at night. They fought about everything. Sometimes I would hear Dominic end it, and they would get back together within minutes.

They were psychos, and even though I knew Maurice was a douchebag, I could understand why he did not deem Dominic worthy of anything.

There was no way Dominic would be able to lead the council. He was controlled by his emotions and did not have a mind of his own.

I was glad his relationship with Larry was strained, and Larry had started trying to cosy up to Sylvester. The old man had no shame.

Linda had turned Jenny's journals into her book of jokes.

The woman was delusional, and it showed in her entries.

We would often joke about some things she said during dinner. It was great.

While we did that, we practised croquet because that was the only sport we were allowed to partake in, due to our conditions. We planned our uniforms and our mates' polo team uniforms.

I was serious about the black and white uniforms. So I had them make the same for our croquet team.

The women in the harem that were on our team, most especially Katya, asked of Lilly, but we did not tell them anything.

The investigators had searched the women in the harem, and nothing was found on them, leaving Lilly and Sofia Malek as the only culprits.

They were going to be judged and punished for all to see, but it would have to be after the games.

In the meantime, they were languishing in a cell in the estate. We were supposed to send them to the council prison, but we needed to find out the people she worked for. We needed to protect ourselves and our investigation. Due to these reasons, we kept their arrest and imprisonment a secret.

“Tamia,” Stephanie called out to me in the great hall of the estate, where the VIP ball would take place; Alphas and sports team captains with the council members will be attending.

We planned on using the eastern garden and the hall as the venue because we doubted we could contain all the guests in the hall.

We had a professional event planner, Lacy Brian, planning the ball, but I had to keep busy, so my friends and I decided we would supervise the event planner.

The woman was rude and did not respect us.

Lacy felt we had no say, but we were stubborn about what we wanted.

I fought the urge to report her to Sylvester. I had to make people respect me without getting my man involved all the time. My friends understood my reason and decided to follow in my footsteps by unapologetically insisting she does what we want.

We were standing in the hall going through the colours with the event planner when Stephanie joined us.

Avery and Linda were weary of her, but I had let the bad blood between us go. Avery was vindictive, and she wasn't over the name-calling yet, and I didn't blame her. Stephanie went too far. I hoped they reconcile.

“So what are the three lunas doing?” Stephaine said with brilliant-looking eyes.

I had never seen her this happy before.

Her eyes shined brightly. Her secrets were killing her. I guess she wasn't burdened by them anymore.

“My Lady, these women want to have a monochromatic colour arrangement, and I keep telling them it isn't nice for the event. They want shades of brown and green and beige which do not suit the mood, and it lacks taste,” Lacy said.

There was a way she said it that made it sound offensive. Maybe she had not gotten the memo, but I kept it to myself. She referred to us with a demeaning

tone giving Stephanie all the respect and pleading with her to put us in our place. Even though she did not put it that way, her actions and tone implied it.

“You need to watch your tone, Lacy,”

Stephanie scolded her.

“Who do you think these women are? Mistresses?” She asked, and Lacy realised she had committed an offence.

“That is Linda, Alpha Theodore Orlov’s mate and fiancée; that is Avery, mate and fiancée of Alpha Marcel Sidorov and this is Tamia, fiancée and mate to the lord of the north and soon-to-be Lady of the north,” She said, and the event planner was speechless.

The colour drained from her face, and she went on her knees and bore her neck to me to apologise for her rude behaviour.

I told her it was okay and to get back to work.

“She thought you were women from the harem,” Stephanie said while Lacy walked

away, utterly scared.

“Most of the women your mates have been with usually oversee the events, but it had been three years since they had kept such company. She was silly to think that might be the case. I apologise on her behalf,” Stephanie said, and I nodded, telling her it was okay.

“I learned you are playing croquet,” Stephanie asked me and looked at my tummy.

I placed my hand on my flat tummy and smiled.

“I spoke with the doctor, and he said it will be good exercise,” I argued, smiling at her, and she shook her head.

“Not on my watch, Tamia. That is my grandbaby growing in you. I want both of you to be okay. I think you should take up the cheering bit. The one that involves you sitting next to me and cheering our team.

You too, Linda,” She said, and I knew it would make Avery uncomfortable. I tried to smile it off.

“You should do the same, Avery. You might not be pregnant, but we don’t want any mistakes,” Stephanie said, and Avery smiled at her.

“I hope I am, Luna. I want to have babies too,” She confessed, and we all laughed at how she said it.

“You will; just don’t overthink it and try to rest a bit more,” Stephanie said, advising Avery, and Avery nodded.

“Well, I want to play croquet,” Linda said, and I knew she wouldn’t back down.

“Theodore forbids I do anything physically demanding. It is getting to me. I want to move about the place,” She said, and I could see her tiny bump when she placed her hand on her tummy.

“The Orlov family are few, Linda; that is why Theodore is overprotective. He is the only child of his father, Gavin. He wouldn’t want anything to happen to his child and you. Please listen to him,” She pleaded, and

Linda smiled.

“Well, he said I could play croquet since the doctor approved,” She said, and Stephanie looked at me. My eyes pleaded with her to allow me to join in the fun.

“Very well, I will cheer your team from the seat,” She said, and I smiled. We sat on one of the tables, and they served us juice and Ice cream. I had Ice cream.

We laughed and joked about many things, and the whole place was lively, only for Pamela to grace us with her presence.

Seeing anyone from the council gave me the creeps.

“Lady Stephanie,” She greeted Stephanie and did not bother to greet us. Stephanie wanted to scold her, but I told her not to.

“Why don’t you ever acknowledge us?”

Linda asked her, and I honestly wished I had stopped her because I did not want to get into an altercation with the old bitch. She looked at Linda's tiny bump.

"That has never kept a man," She said, and Stephanie was angry.

"Watch your tongue, Pamela, this isn't the council, and she isn't a mistress," Stephanie said, and Pamela smiled.

"I get it, but they are just girlfriends until the wedding takes place and the claiming is done. The alphas can change their minds before then, and even the women can change their minds. It isn't set in stone. I would accord them respect when that happens. As things are, I am above them. I dare not bow to women simply because they are sleeping with the Alphas and lord," She said, making a disturbingly valid point, but she was wrong.

It was beyond what she was thinking, and I could not wait to see her eat her words when the time came. I hope she will be able to repeat herself after the blue moon.

"Jealousy does not suit you, Pamela. Your daughter had no chance with either of them. Now you are taking your anger out on these innocent women for getting what you wanted for your daughter. What is it with you council women and social climbing? I hope you can repeat this in the presence of Sylvester, Marcel and Theodore," Stephanie said, and the woman's smile faded.

"They can tell them what I said. I haven't said anything wrong. You are still Lady of the north, and I have given you your respect. It ends there. Besides, this is not why I came," She said and handed Stephanie a file and a flash drive. 1

"That is the number of invites we sent, and those are the alphas that responded and the names of the sports they would indulge in along with their team captains. to help with the ball arrangement and planning," She said, and Stephanie frowned at the document.

"This is bulkier than usual," she said, and Pamela smiled and looked at all of us.

"I guess the games have become more popular as we have more invites and participants this year," She said with a smile, and I knew she was planning something wicked.

She bowed to Stephanie and excused herself.

Stephanie was staring at the bulky document, still wondering why it was big.

“May I?” I asked Stephanie, and she handed me the file while she held onto the flash drive.

I figured the flash drive consisted of everything in the file for mailing purposes. They were giving a go at going digital.

I placed the file on the table and began to scroll through the list of guests that would be there.

I read several pages before seeing the eastern Alphas that were coming. The east had never participated before. The council had deliberately invited them to cause trouble for us.

We were the ex-wives of the eastern top Alphas; it was only expected that there would be bad blood, jealousy and friction if we met our exes face to face with our current mates.

This was what she meant by ‘anything could happen before then.’

She will be shocked to learn that Kyle did not care about Linda, nor did Max care about Avery.

I scrolled through the names and saw them, Kyle, Max and Leo were coming, and I was worried for Leo because of what Jake had told me about his state.

These stupid council people planned to stir up shit.

I was glad to know beforehand so we could alert our mates. At least we would be attending prepared.

Linda would get her moment in the sun, likewise Avery.

I hoped Leo wouldn’t do anything stupid and get on Sylvester’s nerves.

I did not bother to check the rest of the file. I looked at Stephanie, and she frowned at me with the same question in her eyes. I nodded, and she became angry.

“That bitch Pamela knows how to stir up shit,” She said, balling her fist in anger.

She knew exactly what the council was planning to do. They wanted to stir up shit and separate us from our men, but they would be disappointed because what we have is unshakeable.

Tamia walked into the room tired. I was at my desk working on my computer.

Someone had sent money to a Bricks Liam in Gad, and I was on it.

It was an anonymous transfer, but the receiver had slipped off.

Instead of using a number as an ID to collect the money, he gave his Id and name.

This was the first slip-up since I started tracing the transactions.

Was it possible that Lily was the one helping these people hide their tracks because this was an idiotic move?

If that was it, I would make sure the bitch suffered most excruciatingly. The truth about Lily was she wasn't a trophy, as everyone believed. Her father sent her to the estate the year we had decided we would no longer keep a harem.

He wanted her to be my mistress and bear me children, but I felt it was wrong and saw her more like a younger sister. I did not know it would get to her and make her act stupid. I was angry.

The only reason I let her stay was that her father was my father's friend, and they agreed that she would live on the estate.

I had abolished the laws of the lord and alphas keeping harems, but some people still wanted it in place. Bearing a bastard for the top six families would guarantee an elite life for such people and their families. Hence, everyone wanted it, and the elites would rather their daughters be mistresses than marry into lesser families.

It was a sick tradition that people still tried to keep even though I had abolished it. I banned alphas, betas and gammas from sending their daughters to my estate three years ago, and I have maintained it since then.

“Are you alright?” Tamia said, bending and hugging me from behind. She kissed my cheek, and I grabbed her and placed her on my lap to kiss her properly.

I drank her in, kissing her and taking in her scent until she moaned for me and broke away from the kiss, getting up. She went to sit on the bed, and I watched her move.

“I am so tired,” she said, arching her back and moving so she could crack her spine for relief. She turned her neck, too, for the same reason, and I laughed.

“That is why there is a planner. So you do not have to stress yourself, my lady, but you always choose to. I can’t stop you because I did not want to argue with you,” I said, and she laughed at me.

“I think I would soak in the bath,” She said, and I nodded.

She stripped as she walked toward the bathroom and moved seductively, making Knight growl and lust for her.

“Tarnia,” I growled, and she giggled, knowing exactly what she was doing. I closed my laptop and decided to join her in the bath.

It had been two days since we made love, and I would not let her get away from me tonight.

I waited a bit, then took off my clothes and went to join her in the bathroom. She sat in the tub and looked at me, smiling.

“Did you miss me?” She asked, knowing exactly what was on my mind, and Knight growled in response.

I got into the bath with her, and she moved to me and kissed me. She broke the kiss and put foam at the tip of my nose, laughing.

She was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. Her eyes captivated me, and her laughter was enthralling.

She had brought me to my knees entirely before I knew it. She was easy to love and be with.

No tension and no stress.

She wasn't a social climber. Her love and affection were true.

What did I do to be this lucky? I looked at her innocent eyes and drew her close to me.

"My Tamia," I said, and she stopped laughing. Her eyes flashed golden, and I knew it was jealous Kaira.

"I love you too, Kaira; you two are the same," I said, and she giggled.

I pulled her close and kissed her lips. We kissed deeply and had to break to catch our breaths. So I rested my forehead against hers.

"It will always be like this. My love will never die, and it will never weaken. It will always be strong, Tamia. I will never allow you to regret this. I am nothing like my father. You will never have to share, and you will never have to deal with shit. I will be true all my life, worship and cherish you until I die. You have nothing to worry about where I am concerned, my love." I said, and tears streamed down her eyes.

"I know, Sylvester. I know. I want you to know that for me, it is the same. This is my family. You are my family. You and our baby, and it will always be like that. My past is behind me and forgotten; it can never compete with what we have. Know that and trust me, Sylvester," She said, and from how she said it, I knew something was troubling her, but I did not want to spoil the moment and ask what it was because I knew she was speaking her truth.

She kissed me and soon came over to me in the bath. I let her.

My body was ready and eager to please her and receive the love she was willing to give. She came over to me, and I grabbed her waist and guided my length into her. Her warmth engulfed me with peace and pleasure as she rode me.

It felt so f**king good that I did not want it to stop. I held on to my cum, wanting her to ride her fill.

Tamia rode me, and I enjoyed every bit of it. She was my haven, and I was grateful. The pleasure got into my head, and I moaned.

“Fuck!” I said, trying to hold on to my cum. My toes were curling, and the pleasure was at its peak. I felt her pussy clench as she grabbed onto me tightly.

“Sylvester,” she called my name, and all I could do was growl as she came and milked my cock.

Soon I could not hold it anymore. Her pussy was too warm, soft and sensitive for me to hold out on her for long.

I spilt my seed into her, feeling my toes curl in the bath. She rode me until I went soft.

I held her for a bit in the bath and kissed the side of her neck.

“We have seven more weeks to go, and you will be mine. We will be connected as one,” I said, and she held me tight.

I knew something was troubling her, and I could not keep it anymore. So I broke the hug so I could see her face. I searched her worried green eyes, and she searched mine.

“Tell me,” I said, and her tears began to fall freely.

“Oh, Sylvester. The council wants to break us up. They invited our exes for the games,” She said, and I froze.

I was pissed off.

Pissed off because I knew Leo and Max were not over their mates. I can't say the same for the sick bastard, Kyle, but Max had tried to take Avery from the estate, and Leo has been on the fence even though he claimed he had given her to me. I could not forget the fact that she gave herself up, and he would have rather died than let her go.

Everyone knew how those men felt about our women. The only person whose intentions weren't clear was sick Kyle.

I knew Leo still loved Tamia. Why will they do this? I could understand Tamia's fear, and I held her. 1

“It's okay, my love. They can't break us. In fact, it is good they see the three of you have moved on, so they can move on too. I know I am the only one in

your heart now, Tamia. You have nothing to worry about. I can't be jealous of Leonardo Albert because I have you. Do not worry about what that evil council is doing. "I said to ease her mind, and she held on tightly.

"Once we solve the mutiny case, they will be dealt with accordingly, I promise," I said, and she squeezed tightly.

"She said scary things like our marriage and union not being set in stone. She said you could change your mind," Tamia said. Usually, I knew this wouldn't faze her, but her hormones were all over the place, making her extra sensitive. Most people did not know she was pregnant with my child yet.

"Who said this?" I asked so I would know who to discipline.

"Pamela Rivers," She said, and I cursed under my breath.

"That social climbing bitch. She tried to send her daughter to join the Harem three years ago, but we turned it down. She had been bitter ever since. She is just jealous of you, Tamia. She can't win, and I know you know this, so cheer up and stop letting your fear get the best of you." I said, and she broke the hug and looked at me. 1

We left the bath, dried up and went to bed naked.

I lay down, and Tamia placed her head against my chest. I needed to ease her mind and change the topic.

"Guess what?" I asked her, and she pinched me in response, which made me flinch, and we both laughed.

"The money transfers finally turned up a name at the receiving end," I said, and she sat up abruptly and looked surprised and overjoyed at the same time.

"A break!" she said, and I nodded, laughing and sat up.

Tamia was overjoyed.

"Finally, we have a trail," She said, relieved for the same reason.

"I think Lilly has been helping them hide their tracks since, but not anymore," I told her, and Tamia nodded.

“I suspected that might be it, but I had no proof. That bitch.” She said, and I laughed.

“I will have him arrested tomorrow,” I said, and she stopped laughing and shook her head.

“You can’t do that. Put someone on him and have him watched. He might lead us to someone and blow this thing open wider. They do not know their moles have been caught. No one knows what happened to Lilly and her handler. We will keep it that way and keep letting them slip up. There will be more activities during the game because Lilly had told them security would be low then. That is when we’ll strike, and I am thinking of using Lilly to get them,” She told me, and I could understand her angle. I agreed with everything she said except for using the treacherous bitch to trap the people.

“I do not trust Lilly to have her do our bidding,” I said, and Tamia nodded.

“I know she is selfish, and that is exactly what we will use against her. Right now, her life is forfeit because she committed treason. We will offer her lesser punishment if she can help us catch some of them. She will throw them under the bus to save her skin. The woman is selfish like that. She does not believe in their cause. She only did what she did out of scorn. Her conviction is different from theirs. That is why we will use her.” She explained, and I could see her point.

“What about Sofia, her handler?” I asked, and Tamia shook her head.

“She will be challenging to use. We will keep her locked up, and soon word will get out that she has been apprehended. So the uprising group, whatever they call themselves, will have no choice but to work with Lilly directly.” Tamia said, and I understood what she was planning on doing. 1

“I think we can work on that,” I said, and she nodded.

Tamia’s eyes looked sleepy, so I made her lie down.

She placed her head back on my chest, and soon I heard her snoring. She was exhausted. I thought of what she said about Pamela, and I decided it was time to clip the wings of the council. They had done too much damage.

Chapter 65 - The Destiny of a Heart-broken Luna

~Tamia~

Sylvester took off his clothes, leaving his boxers on and lay on the bed facing up and resting his head on his hand. He looked to the side and smiled at me. He motioned me to join him in bed.

“Come on, Green-eyes. I want to hold you,” He said, and I smiled.

I took off the joggers and left the T-shirt on.

It was big, and I had nothing under it.

I climbed into bed, and he sat up to hold me.

“That was intense down there, right?” He asked, kissing my neck, and I nodded.

“So, do you always solve cases like this?”

He asked me, and I laughed.

“Never solved a murder and mutiny case in my life,” I said, and he pretended to be shocked.

“You mean I have an amateur on the job? he asked playfully, and I laughed.

“You are then charging too much, green- eyes,” He said.

“I will charge you more,” I said, and he tickled me.

I laughed so hard and used the pillow to hit him.

His wolf flashed, and I found it sexy.

I stopped laughing, and my eyes roamed his body. I looked at his muscles and his tattoos. The tan on his skin and Kaira purred in my head.

“Drooling, Green-eyes,” He said with a smirk, and I looked away, giggling.

“All yours,” He said and hugged me, pulling me close and kissing me on my lips.

I moaned gently, and he growled lowly turning me on.

I wanted to get into it, but I needed to tell him what I was thinking first.

“I want to share something with you,” I said quietly, and he nibbled my ears, making it hard for me to compose myself. I moaned, and he put his hand under my T-shirt.

Want to speak to you,” I said between moans as he caressed my clit with his thumb. My body was coming apart, and he looked into my eyes as he rubbed my clit gently.

“Tell me,” he said with lust in his eyes, and I could not speak. He wasn’t playing fair.

“I wanted to taste you all day, green eyes, ” he said with his dark wolf eyes, and I gently nodded, telling him he should go ahead. Spreading my legs wide, he went to work.

I did not know what had happened to me, but I came immediately, and he smacked my clit gently.

“That is naughty, Green-eyes. I wanted it to last longer,” He teased, and the truth was, how could I when he had already got me worked up before he delved in?

I went on top of him to ride.

I placed him inside me, and he filled me up and guided my body as I moved up and down on his cock. He worshipped my breast, and everything was heightened. We were at it for a while, and soon we finished.

I lay beside him, trying to catch my breath, and he looked at me.

“You wanted to tell me something,” He said, and I laughed.

I managed to sit up because what I wanted to say was serious.

He sat up, too and smiled.

“I do not want you to take offence to what

I am about to say. It is just a hunch, and I could be wrong.” I said, and he smiled.

“You can never offend me, Tamia.” He said, and I smiled at him.

“It is about Jenny and your mother,” I began.

“How could she be visiting your mother when it seemed there was a lot of bad blood between them? Your mother found out she was having an affair with her husband and must have hated her for it.

How come she visited your mother?” I asked, and he was silent.

“Stephanie might be passive, but I also know she is vindictive. There is no way she would be okay with it. Your father did a lot of horrible things to her. It is a miracle she is sane.” I said, and he touched my hand gently and kissed it.
1

I did not know my hand was shaking until he did that.

I was trying hard to find a way to put my thoughts into words without offending him.

“Relax and tell me what you want to say, Tamia,” He said and kissed my hand again. I sighed.

“Your mother does not seem like the forgiving type. Were there guards in this duplex during the time of the attack?” I asked him.

“They were supposed to be, but the wounded ones were few. They usually have a shift, and the attack happened during the shift. They did say southern and eastern soldiers attacked them. They thought my mother was dead. That was why the attackers left,” he said, and I sighed,

“Did you see these so-called southern soldiers? At least your mother’s guards should have put up a fight and got one or two,” I said.

“I guess they came prepared,” he said.

“What if,” I said and looked at him, trying to compose myself and summon the courage to speak.

“I am just speculating, Sylvester,” I warned him, and he smiled and caressed my cheek, urging me to speak freely.

“What if your mother lured Jenny to her house and had her killed?” I said, and he froze. (1

“Think about it. They aren’t friends; there is bad blood between them, and Jenny’s house is impenetrable. Your mother might have invited her here in the name of truce, made sure there was a shift and planned with the guards present to do her bidding and say it was the south. She and Dominic were the only ones that knew I was visiting that morning. Since Devin had tried to take me from the estate once, they might as well blame the attack on him, only that this time around, he decided to kill a council member and injure your mother, which is a bit odd. If truly he was the one that staged the attack, then your mother would be dead. What if Jenny was blackmailing your mother, and she decided to silence her for good? What if Jenny was making allegations that could put you in trouble? Your mother would do anything for you and Dominic. I am just saying,” I said, and he was silent for a bit, digesting my words. 1

“What will Jenny have on her?” He asked me and his eyes widened because he had thought of something.

“There was a letter where Jenny claimed my mother had my father and his officers murdered. My mother replied to her and warned her to stop spewing nonsense. It is impossible, of course, because we know Bane killed them, but what if Jenny was trying to pin it on her? I still doubt my mother will kill her because of a baseless allegation.” He said, and I shook my head.

“I doubt it has anything to do with your father’s death, Sylvester. I think it has a lot to do with your position and that of your brother. You know I read the letters you read, and your mother said something about Jenny helping her because it would benefit Vino, who is

Jenny’s nephew,” I said, and he nodded.

“Did it occur to you that the two people that helped her overturn your father’s decree are now dead? Vino’s father and Jenny?” I said, and he widened his eyes. 1

“I am just speculating, but what if your mother wanted Dominic to ascend her family position on the council, and Jenny might have pushed back because that would make Vino second in command? You know how badly your mother wanted Dominic to be in the place of power,” I said, and he realised where I was driving.

“I hope she didn’t do it, Tamia. Please do not tell anyone this. If my mother did it, she would be in trouble because after the blue moon, she would no longer be the lady of the north and would not have immunity. I do not want us to give our enemies a weapon to use to hurt our family,” He said, and I could see the fear in his eyes.

“That was why I held my tongue downstairs,” I said and looked at him.

“As much as you will want Theodore or Marcel to be in on this, I think we should investigate your mother’s part in this between us so that no damage is caused. We need to investigate the allegations made, and once we have enough, you should question your mother in private, I said, touched his hand, and used my thumb to gently rub the back of his hand to calm him down. 1

“I am sure no woman would go through half of what your mother did and not snap. Your father treated her like shit. He tried to replace her with his fated, then forced her to be his fated’s midwife. He cheated on her, killed most of her family members and crippled them by forbidding her from representing them on the council, almost wiping them from existence just because he wanted to divorce and replace her. He didn’t stop there; he had an affair with her best friend and tried to take her family seat from her by depriving her child and giving it to his bastard-the son of the woman that caused your mother so much pain. There is just so much a woman can take, and these are just a few things she had been brave enough to share. When I look at Stephanie, she looks like a battered woman that has learned to cope by living in denial. I am sure she must have snapped and tried to push back somewhere along the line, Sylvester,” I said, and tears formed in his eyes. He fought them, but they came.

“I never thought of it this way, Tamia,’ he said, and I snuggled into his arms to help him relax.

Listing out what his mother had been through, the reality hit home for him. It would hurt anyone.

“She never really told us any of these things, Tamia. She only spoke praises of him and told us how he loved her,” He said, and I could understand Stephanie’s reason.

She needed them to be proud of their father.

She did not want to ruin his image for them. She did not want to spoil their memory of him.

“Your father might have been a wonderful man to you and your brother, and she did not want to spoil your memory of him,” I said, and he sighed.

“I guess so. He was really fun and spent so much time with us. I knew of the Harem, but since it was tradition, my mother did not seem to be bothered about it. I let it be. I would have confronted and challenged my father if I had known she was going through half of the things you had listed. If I didn’t, I am sure Dominic would have. He loves her that much. If Dominic knows half of this, he will be mad,” Sylvester said, and I sighed.

“I think he might know Sylvester. He was alive during the time of Alissa. He must have noticed the changes. Even if he did not know of her, he must have noticed that your father was different towards your mother,” I said, and he giggled.

“I doubt he knew. My mother kept it hidden. I am sure he did not even know of Alissa. My brother worshipped our father. He sees him as perfect, hence why he went to war to avenge his death. He loved our father and spent more time with him than I did,” He said, and I sighed.

“I guess your mother did a good job of protecting your innocence, which brings me back to the point that she must have snapped somewhere down the line,” I said and turned to him.

“We will get to the bottom of it, but we must keep my mother’s investigation a secret. I do not want her to get in trouble,” He said gently, and I nodded.

“Neither do I. She has been through enough, and if she did anything to Jenny, Jenny deserved it. That is my opinion because the woman was a wicked and shitty friend. She could refuse the wolf

Lord, but she did it for her gains or whatever reason.

“We will go through the document tomorrow and decide what to do from there,” He said and kissed me. We snuggled in bed, and soon sleep came.

~Tamia~

I woke in the morning with a bit of morning sickness. So I rushed to the bathroom and threw up what was left of my dinner from last night. Sylvester joined me in the bathroom and rubbed my back gently.

Knowing why I was throwing up, neither of us was bothered.

He kissed the top of my head, and I wiped my lips gently and smiled at him.

“Good morning,” he said to me, gently patting my hair. I smiled in response. We sat down on the bathroom floor.

Sylvester placed his hand on my stomach and rubbed gently.

“I can’t wait to meet our baby, Tamia,”

He said, and I gently touched his hand on my tummy.

“We still have a long way to go; it’s flat,”

I pointed out, and we laughed.

We got ready for the day and headed downstairs. I could not wait to go through the journals.

As much as I wanted to get to the bottom of things, I was curious about Jenny’s life because the woman had a lot of skeletons in her closet and seemed a bit eccentric.

“Good morning,” Linda said, smiling at me, and her smile was extra, which made me know Theodore had done a lot of work.

“Good morning,” I greeted her and

Theodore, and he smiled at me while rubbing her back.

Avery and Marcel were yet to join us.

Sylvester pulled out a seat for me to sit down. I sat and looked at Linda. She was glowing. She looked nothing like the

Linda that I used to know. It was amazing what true love could do to someone. We were lucky.

We came to the north as war prisoners and found love in the process. Like in the east when our husbands were friends, likewise in the north. It was amazing to see how intertwined our destinies were. It was still in the very same order. 1

“Where is Marcel?” Sylvester asked

Theodore, and he smiled.

“They will soon join us, I hope,” Theodore answered, and Sylvester laughed. I knew there was a subtle exchange between the men, which we weren’t privy to, so I squeezed my man’s thigh.

“Have you decided what our team would wear during the polo?” Theodore asked

Sylvester, and he shook his head.

“Maybe our women would decide that,” Sylvester said, lifted my hand and kissed

“I want to look sexy while you cheer me on during our games,” he said, and I smiled at him.

“That is an easy colour. Black polo shirt and white trousers. Black and white everything,” I said, and he nodded. 2

“As you wish, my Lady,” he said, and I felt tingles.

“I am so excited about the ball before the sports games begin. I learned everyone would be there,” Linda said, and I wondered why she would be excited. Then it hit me that our exes might be coming for the games, but I also knew that the east and most of the south were never invited to the all-region games.

“You will get to rub it in his face one day, Linda but not at the games. They never invite the east,” I linked her, and her smile dropped. She really wanted to laugh at Kyle. I could understand. Theodore was an upgrade from the douchebag.

Theodore was a powerful Alpha and third in command of our world. A position Kyle could never dream of. It would have been nice if she and Avery got the

chance to rub the joy on their faces. Call it petty, but there was a true satisfaction that would come with their pain and disbelief. I knew one day it would happen, and no matter how much they claimed not to care, they would because the women had an upgrade.

Avery joined us with Marcel, and with how they looked, I knew what they had been up to.

Marcel did not button all the way up, meaning they were in a rush, and Avery looked like she packed her hair before tumbling in the sheets. She couldn't take the time to comb and pack the hair again, so she decided to pat it and fix herself up. 2

"Shall we eat?" Sylvester said, and we dug in.

I ate everything. My appetite was over the roof, and Sylvester kept adding things to my plate.

Breakfast ended, and I was the first to leave the table to head to where we kept the journals.

There were six journals altogether, and somehow it wasn't a daily record of her life; browsing through the page, I realised she only recorded significant events.

"Read aloud, Tamia," Marcel said. We were all eager for answers, so we sat in the living room, and I picked the oldest journal, judging by the dates, to read.

"Today was the worst day of my life. I told Maurice I would like to have a baby with him, and he shut it down. He said he already has one bastard; he can't have another. It really hurt because I love him so much, and it would be a gift to have a baby with him," I finished.

It wasn't informative, but we now knew how Maurice felt about having a baby with her; maybe that is why the baby is nowhere.

I flipped through, looking for something significant.

Jenny seemed the type to rant a lot, and I wasn't surprised. She was alone most of her life, so she was bound to rave in her journals. Everyone needed an outlet, and this was hers, especially since she had dirty disgraceful secrets.

“Maurice punished me today because I wanted something permanent. He told me he did not like Stephanie anymore, but he flared up when I asked him to make me his Luna. He did the worst thing ever to me, and I will never forgive him for it. Asking his friends to share me with him was the most humiliating thing ever. He wanted me to know how he saw me, as his whore. I might not be in his harem, but I wasn't different from them in his eyes. I was foolish to think he would fall in love with me.” It read, and I could not feel sorry for her because Stephanie was her friend. She got what she deserved.

“It is clear that Maurice is lying to me. I know he loves Stephanie; I can see it in his eyes now he has banned me from speaking her name. I hate that bitch so much,” it read, and we laughed.

“I think we should skip that book and read the later ones,” Sylvester said, disgusted by the content of the journal I was reading. 1

“No, please let her read some more pages, and we will move to the next one,” Marcel said and looked at me.

“Read an interesting bit, Tamia,” He said. It was clear we all believed she got treated the way she should.

“Alissa is a bitch, and I will put her in her place. How dare she take him from me. I have to find a way to get to her. I do not know how, but I will start somewhere.

Friendship always makes it easy. I will try and be her friend and pretend to support her against Stephanie. The woman is a thief and a menace, and she needs to be sent back to where she belongs,” It read, and I could only imagine her state of mind when she wrote it.

I dropped the journal and went for the second to the last one. The one she started the year Maurice would go on Pilgrimage.

“You will skip all these ones?” Linda asked, and I nodded.

“The woman is mad and obsessed with her lover. Unless we want a whole day of how she feels about all the women the wolf lord was screwing, we need to move on from them,” I said, and Linda was silent.

“You know you can read them at your leisure. I plan to do so,” I told her, and she smiled at me.

I picked up the book and opened it.

I flipped through the pages and found a relevant entry.

“Today, I was wronged to my soul.

Maurice has never spoken of my son. He behaves as if he does not exist. He even favours his bastard over my son.

Planning to make David head of the council is just wicked. I have to alert Stephanie. I am sure she would be mad, and she might fight him. Who knows, Maurice may snap and dump her arse. If he does, he will definitely come to me, and I can find a way to get my son back,”

It read; now we understand why she bothered to alert Stephanie about Maurice’s decision.

We also knew she had a son who was not with her. Clearly, she wasn’t in her son’s life and might not know where he was. It sounded like Maurice took her son from her, but I could not draw conclusions yet.

The other pages showed how she and Stephanie would ensure that Dominic got the Balyaev seat. She indeed planned on double-crossing Stephanie in that regard; the woman was vile.

I picked up the last journal and read most of its content until I could not read it aloud anymore.

Jenny had made several entries that could get Stephanie in trouble. It was part of her final records.

“What is it?” Avery asked me, and I tried to play it off.

“Nothing interesting; we should go through the files,” I said, and they agreed.

Linda picked up the first journal while I held onto the last one.

“Are you alright, green-eyes?” Sylvester linked me, and I looked at him.

“We need to talk in private,” I linked him back.

“Is it about something that is in that book?” he asked me through the mind link, and I nodded.

“Go upstairs; I will join you,” He said, and I pretended to have a stomach upset and would read the journal while in the toilet. So I headed up to the room. I entered, sat on the bed and read the pages.

“I have always known that Stephanie was behind Maurice and his officers’ death. She had denied it, but now I have proof. Today I received a letter from my spy in the south. An anonymous person sent the letter to Devin, claiming that the wolf lord was planning to attack and take over the south. The content of the letter was wicked. The writer had described the route the wolf lord would take, his alias and the company he was travelling with, where he would stay, and the time he should attack. The sender also lied that the wolf lord was travelling with a secret army. The writer gave Devin the details he needed to strike and succeed. Only one person would have this much information on Maurice: Stephanie.

I have scanned the letter and emailed it to her. I have also threatened to expose her so she would bear the full wrath of her punishment. Once she is put on trial, we can easily say that she connived with her sons to have their father killed so they can take over the lordship and head the council. It will automatically disqualify them, and Sylvester and Dominic will not ascend. I will have the last laugh.” It read, and my hands began to shake.

I read the rest of the contents; Jenny had blackmailed Stephanie with the letter for five years.

According to the entries, Stephanie denied writing it. She even told Jenny not to hurt her son’s reputation with the lies. Jenny found her pleas amusing and wrote about how she enjoyed tormenting Stephanie with the letter.

We needed to confront Stephanie, and she needed to come clean so Sylvester would know how to deal with the matter.

Just then, Sylvester walked in, and I looked at him with fear in my eyes.

“Jenny was a very disturbed woman,” I said, and he frowned and came to sit with me on the bed.

“You have to confront your mother, Sylvester, and she better come clean,” I said, and he asked me why.

“Because Jenny claims she was the one that got your father and his friends killed. Jenny got a letter someone sent Devin and mailed your mother a copy. She has been blackmailing your mother for five years now,” I said, and he was in shock.

I could only imagine what was going on in his mind.

Even if Stephanie did not do it, the wolf lord’s death was a serious matter. Now I understood why Stephanie was hell-bent on Sylvester taking revenge. If someone had already been punished for the crime, she can’t be tried for the same offence; no one would dig since the culprit has been dealt with.

As much as I knew Maurice deserved it,

Devin wasn’t lying when he said the Wolf Lord trespassed. He was made to believe the wolf lord had trespassed by whoever sent the letter.

~Sylvester~

I took the journal from Tamia and read the page she was on. I could not believe what I had just seen.

“What if this woman was trying to frame my mother? The letter was anonymous. What if that was what she was trying to do? Jenny was on the council, and my mother wasn’t. My father had left the Balyaev seat vacant, making the Lawrences the most powerful family on the council. What if the council teamed up and decided to persecute my mother?”

There is always evidence to convict a person, whether guilty or innocent. What if that was Jenny’s plan?” I said, still finding it hard to believe what Tamia had said.

She stood up and touched my hand.

“I do not know what to believe. But we must review the files and hide the correspondence about your father’s murder. Marcel and Theodore are loyal to you, but their fathers were also killed. They might not find it funny and demand retribution,” she said to me, and I knew she was right.

So I left her in the room and rushed down, stared at where the documents were and started searching the files for anything that had to do with the correspondence between Jenny and my mother.

“Sylvester, is everything alright?” Marcel asked me holding Jenny’s journal in his hand. It was clear they found what she had written amusing. I smiled at him and nodded.

“Yes. I just need to see the correspondence between her and my mother,” I said. He nodded and continued to read the journal in his hand.

I thought of the many things that could happen if the information Tamia just found out got into the wrong hands. The thought motivated me to search. Tamia joined me downstairs and helped me search the files.

We were at it for hours. We had lunch and talked about the content of the journal. We joked about what Jenny wrote. Tamia and I pretended to find it amusing because we did not want to alarm the others.

By evening we had gone through all the documents we had brought, and only four files consisted of her correspondence with my mother and father.

I found a copy of the letter sent to her by her southern informant in those files. It was authentic, but I could not tell if it was my mother’s handwriting or not.

“Alpha Corrigan, I write you in good conscience. I do not believe in injustice, and I believe the wolf lord lost his mind because of his greed. Knowing how greatly your family suffered at his hands, I am moved to do this. Although I want to remain anonymous, I have discovered that the lord is out to conquer the south. He travels in disguise with his beta and gamma under the Alias John Michan. He plans to scout your territory as a tourist to develop his attack plan. I am writing you this letter so you can prepare yourself for what is to come. Your parents’ sacrifice should not be in vain. Leah Corrigan and I became friends in the harem. Where I found favour with the wolf lord, she didn’t. I am writing you this letter to help keep her son alive. Please, the wolf lord will be in the south on Monday at noon. He will be staying at the Danes Inn in Pridewood Pack land

Under his Alias. Be warned that there will be warriors around. You must intercept him in the inn. I hope for the sake of the south you succeed.” It read, and I wondered how Jenny would think my mother would write the letter.

The writer said she was in the harem, but Jenny had also said only my mother knew the Alias my father used to travel. Could it be possible that he discussed his trip with one of his girls, and she opted to betray him?

Tamia and I returned upstairs to pack the evidence, and I decided to talk to her about my thoughts.

“Could it be that my father might have divulged his travelling plans to a girl in the harem?” I asked, and Tamia looked at me

“You did not read some of the records in the journal. Jenny said that Leah Corrigan was never in the harem. He did not even sleep with her. She was thrown into service in Grizlo, where she died.” Tamia said.

“Maybe she was misinformed. My father slept with all the lunas he took. He might have told Jenny that, so she would not be mad. You have read her journals, Tamia; you know she is obsessed with him and possessive of him, too,” I said, and she nodded.

“Still, you need to confront your mother on this. You need to ask her; she better come clean because this is serious. This can just ruin the entire Volkov family. We have a marriage coming, and we will soon welcome children into this world. We do not need lies and secrets weighing us down and haunting us.” She said, and I could understand her fear and her reasons.

I decided I wouldn't waste any time. Once we returned to the estate in the morning, I would ask my mother. I hope she tells the truth for all our sakes so I can figure out what to do.

We had dinner, and everyone joked about the things they read in Jenny's journal.

The woman believed my father loved her, and my mother was blackmailing him to keep him.

She was really delusional.

One thing that troubled everyone was that other than when she mentioned her son, she never talked about him again. It was as if he had stopped existing. According to Theodore, there was an entry where she claimed my father took her son from her, but that was all. She did not talk about it or tell us where he was living. It was as if the baby had stopped existing. It was weird.

We left for the Volkov estate the next day.

I was eager to confirm with my mother on the matter.

We arrived, and I went to my room.

After Tamia and I had settled in, I took the photocopied letter and knocked on my mother's door. I hoped she did not make it hard for my sake because I was tired of the lies.

My mother opened the door and was surprised to see me. She smiled and let me in.

"I must have done something right for you to come looking for me this morning," She said with a smile and offered me a seat. I sat and thanked her.

"How is Tamia? Is she alright? I hope she is eating and resting. These are the early stages. She shouldn't be going about with you," she said, and I smiled and leaned forward.

"She is fine, mother," I said and sighed.

"I am here to have a private discussion with you, and I need you to be honest with me," I said, and her smile dropped.

"I need you to tell me the truth because what I discovered is explosive. It can ruin our family. I need you to come clean and tell me the truth, so I will know how to handle the situation," I said, and she frowned at me.

"Why are you speaking like this, darling? I won't lie to you about anything. I love you and your brother, and your know it," She said, sounding a bit hurt, and I nodded.

"Okay, I want to know what transpired between you and Jenny Lawrence

Babanin. There was a lot of bad blood between you two, so I do not understand why she would visit you in our house," I said, and she became uncomfortable.

"She just came to say hello and reconcile," She said, and I got irritated.

"Mother, you better tell me the truth. I have a letter from Jenny's records. She has a record claiming you wrote it and accusing you of killing father," I said, and she stood up and shook her head.

"How can you say such a thing about me? It is all lies. I warned her to stop spewing that nonsense about me. You do not know how that bitch was. She

was obsessed with your father.." She said, and I cut her sentence to stop her from deviating. She always did that when backed into a corner.

"Tell me the truth, mother," I said, and she shook her head.

"Please sit down," I told her, letting my command through, and she reluctantly did as I said.

"I know he was unfair to you. I know everything. Tamia told me about Alissa, and I learned other things. I am not trying to judge you; I just need to know what to do," I said and sighed.

"She is lying. I can never hurt Maurice. He was my husband." She said, and I shook my head.

"Yes, I know, but he hurt you, mother. He tried to divorce you because of his fated, made you care for her, murdered most of your family members, and tried to give your family seat to his son. He did a lot of hurtful things to you," I said, and she looked at me, shocked.

"How did you know he tried to take my family seat from me?" She asked me with disbelief. I bowed my head and then looked at her.

"I did some research and saw a letter Jenny wrote to you to alert you that father wanted to give your family seat to his son, David," I said, and she was speechless.

I had her where I wanted, so it was time to ask again. Now that she knew I had information, she would not resolve to lie.

"Mother, please tell me you had no hand in this. Tell me that Jenny is lying and you did not have father killed." I said, staring into her eyes. Her tears were a dead giveaway. She was shaking and sweating. I could see it, but I needed her to say it.

"Answer me, mother," I said, and she wiped away her tears.

"She was f**king him, Sylvester. I had no choice. They were working against me, all of them, against us," She said, and my knees gave out, and I fell on them with tears streaming down my eyes.

Everything she told me was a lie.

Everything I knew was a lie. Every hate I harboured against Devin was doctored. I was a puppet. My mother's puppet.

"I had to. Maurice had done enough, Sylvester. My family headed the council. He did not only wipe them out but banned me from sitting on their seat because he wanted to make his fated lady and luna.

Things went back to normal when Alissa died, and we lived for many years.

I couldn't say I was happy because he kept a harem and had mistresses, but he wasn't trying to divorce me anymore, and you and your brother were growing into fine men. I was content.

Then Jenny told me he planned to give my seat to his bastard. I was livid. I was preserving that seat for Dominic, and the council had approved that he ascend the chair to lead them.

Maurice was planning on going on a pilgrimage when he decided to give my seat to his bastard.

We had a heated argument after Jenny told me what he was planning.

I would later find out that she was his mistress and that she told me, hoping it would end my marriage and she could slide in. That bitch.

During our argument, your father threatened to deal with me if I did not comply.

When I told him I won't stand for it, and I would fight him for it, he came to the sickest decision. He said I could keep my seat and give it to whomever I liked because he would make David lord. After all, he is an Alpha and his son, even if he did not marry his mother.

I couldn't have it, and knowing he was serious, I was determined to end his terror.

He had shamed me so many times I refused to let him shame my children. So I did what I had to do.

I sent a letter to the southern Alpha that Maurice was heading his way to wage war on his people." she said, and I bowed my head. Bane wasn't lying when he said my father trespassed. I looked at my mother, and she looked away.

"I had to, Sylvester, or you won't be lord. He had sent the decree, which I had to bribe Vino's father and Jenny to overturn secretly. I did not even know he was screwing her then.

They agreed, but the Balyaev seat would be vacant in exchange, so Lawrence would head the council. I did it for you.

That man wanted to take everything away from us and give Alissa's son. All my years with him, suffering and supporting him were going to amount to nothing. He wanted to raise a bastard above you, Sylvester.

He was a cold-hearted maniac, and I had to end him before he ruined what was left of our family and lives.

I loved him, but I couldn't take it anymore," She said and sat down and began to weep.

I did not know what to say or do. I was in shock.

"Then why did you have Dominic wage war against Alpha Corrigan?" I asked her, and she looked away.

"To cover my tracks. Jenny suspected I had a hand in Maurice's death, and she was hell-bent on exposing me. I had to cover my tracks. If someone is punished for the crime, there will be no need to dig into it."

"So why did you continue your friendship with Jenny?" I asked her, and She sighed.

"Ever heard of the saying that tells us to keep our enemies close?" She said, and I wondered what more she had done for our honour. A woman's scorn was truly dangerous, and my mother had proven it.

-Sylvester-

I was speechless. My mother sat on the couch and was weeping.

I could see she was afraid, and I understood why. She had committed treason.

I sighed and looked at her. I could see she was tired and wondered how much she was hiding.

“Is there anything else, mother, that I need to know?” I asked her, and she looked at me.

It was hard for her, but she knew her game was up.

“I hated her.” She confessed, and I did not need to guess who she was talking about.

“She came to my house uninvited and told me that she was tired of the money she was getting from me and she needed to get justice for Maurice. She was on to something, and I knew she would do it. I do not know if it had anything to do with the bastard that Maurice took from her, but she was broken, and she came to vent her anger on me,” my mother said, and I sighed.

“She said I was an idiot and could not take care of business. She bragged to me that I was a fool. She told me she was the one that helped me get rid of my competition.

I only had one competition when it came to your father, and that was Alissa. She told me how she paid the doctor to inject silver into her system.

Silver doesn't kill us; it only stops us from healing and makes us weak, which was what it did to Alissa the day she gave birth. The doctor registered her cause of death as an extreme case of preeclampsia. She bragged that I would not be able to prove it because, unlike me, she knew how to tidy up her mess.

The doctor died a month after Alissa passed away. We didn't see it as anything when it happened, but I figured it out when she told

I knew Jenny was crazy, but I did not realise how crazy she was until she said what she said.

After she bragged about what she did to Alissa, she said I reaped the benefit of her hard work but not anymore,” my mother said I knew where it was going, but I held my tongue to let her speak.

“I did not know she was screwing your father when I asked her to help secure the Balyaev seat. I found out after he died, and she thought that was why I had him killed. She claimed she loved your father, but it was all a lie. She was a bloody social climber. She dated Gavin Orlov in secret. I knew but kept her secret because her husband was late by then. 1

I did not know she was also screwing my husband when I learned about her and Gavin. I found out after Devin had killed him, and I was mad. Jenny was a bloody social climber. She married Jerry Babanin

because his family was higher than hers. Before Jerry, she tried to get with my brother, but he did not fancy her. After she married Jerry, she chose to aim higher, so she went after the eldest, Orlovs, and one day I found out she went after Maurice

Volkov too. She just wanted to be at the top. The bitch.

I had someone investigate her so I could have something on her and get her off my back, but I found out she had a child for my husband, which made me snap.

So I started sending her threatening messages hoping she would be so scared and maybe run away, but the bitch always kept her shit together, so I stopped.” She said, and I remembered the anonymous blackmail letters Jenny was getting. I did not tell my mother I had seen those letters so she would not feel bad about it.

“I had to pay her two hundred thousand Lakhs every three months so she wouldn’t raise the issue at the council. The letter might not have carried my name, but once they dug deep, they would figure it out.

So I pretended with her.

The day she died, she came to my house to gloat. She told me she had me where she wanted and could dispose of me whenever. She only let me keep my miserable life because she enjoyed watching me suffer. She told me of her child with Maurice, and I pretended to be surprised about it. She told me Maurice took her son away from her and how she envied me because he let me raise my children.

The woman was that sick. She could not tell the difference between a legitimate child and a bastard.

Jenny said it was time for her to raise the matter in the council. Kapa Blake and kappa Melvick were there when she made all those statements; they didn’t believe her, of course, and saw her as a mad woman threatening my life. She also came with her guards for reasons best known to her.

“It all happened so fast. She was leaving and said she would get you off your seat and end the Volkov line with the amount of evidence she had. Knowing she always made good on her threats, I knew I could not let her go. So I attacked; likewise, her men attacked my men, but we had the upper hand.

She stabbed me with the silver switch knife she always had on her, and Kappa Melvick helped me end her. Of course, my men killed her men, and they got scared because they had killed a high council member, so I told them what they would say before I passed out,” She said, and I placed my hand on her thigh. She looked at me, and her eyes looked light. It must have been a burden. 2

“You know my secret, Sylvester; please do not hate me and do not tell Dominic any of this. He would never understand. He loved his father blindly,” she said, pleading with me, and I nodded and hugged her.

She cried in my arms, and I could only imagine the amount of pain she was in.

She had no choice but to strike.

Jenny was not going to back down. I had read the woman’s journals. She was sick and rotten to her core. It was good riddance.

“Please, Sylvester, Melvick and his men meant well, do not let them suffer; they believe they were protecting our family from a mad woman,” She pleaded. I told her to calm down, patting her back gently.

“It is okay, mother, your secret is safe with me,” I said, and she broke the hug and stared into my eyes to be sure I had just said what I said.

“What about Tamia? She likes digging and...” She said with genuine fear in her eyes, and I shook my head and held her hands that were shaking so she could be calm.

“Tamia was the one that figured it out, mother,” I said, and there was horror in her eyes.

“She hid the evidence from everyone and only let me in on it. She protected your secret, mother. She knew it would hurt you, our baby and me, and she kept it,” I said, and tears fell freely from her eyes.

"I am grateful, Sylvester. Tell her I am grateful.." she said, crying. She was relieved.

"Tamia, please join me in my mother's room," I linked my mate. I needed my mother to believe that Tamia was on her side because I could feel she was conflicted.

I held my mother, and there was a knock on the door.

My mother broke the hug and wiped away her tears while Tamia walked in.

My mother looked at me and then looked at Tamia.

She went on her knees to plead to my mate.

Clasping her hands together, she wept and begged.

"Please, Tamia, do not expose me. I am begging you. I had no choice.." she said, and Tamia rushed to her and held her. She knelt and hugged my mother.

"Your secret is safe with me, Luna. We will burn all the evidence and never speak of it again," Tamia assured her.

I was glad Tamia was the one that found the evidence. I did not think Marcel or Theodore would want to hurt my mother, but their mothers might feel differently about it. I watched as Tamia held my mother while she wept on her knees.

It was a secret she had carried and lived in fear at the mercy of Jenny, the psycho. I hoped for all our sakes it was over. It was a relief, but we still had unanswered questions.

Who was working against my family? It was either the entire council, some people or someone on the council, David or Jenny's bastard.

I realised that Devin was innocent all along, and I had to try to find a way to calm the situation down and have a treaty with the south to avoid any more problems. There was also the issue of him being fated to

Tamia. Although she rejected him, he was too hopeful for him to let go like that. He would always blame me for his loss, even if he respected and accepted the rejection.

I watched Tamia comfort my mother.

We left her room together and returned to our bedroom.

“We need to destroy all the evidence, so it does not get into the wrong hands,” Tamia said, going through the files.

“Anything that points to the bad blood between them, Jenny’s blackmail, the letter to the south and the correspondence about the letter must be destroyed. I am thinking of burning it in the bathroom,” She said, and I frowned. Although we had electronic heaters in our rooms, there was a fireplace in the common room that we could use to burn the evidence.

“Why would you want to burn it in the bathroom when we can use the fireplace in the common room?” I asked, and she shook her head.

“Someone can walk into the common room and notice we are burning papers. No one would notice if we burn them in the bathroom bit by bit until they are all gone,” She explained, and I understood and agreed with her.

“So, what is our next move?” She asked me.

“After we are done burying her secret, we must look closely at everyone on the council. Investigate them while I search for David.” I told her, and she nodded and searched the documents to separate them.

I doubt David could help with anything, but I needed him to know I wasn’t hunting him.

I needed to investigate and find Jenny’s child. Meanwhile, we had to prep for the games. It would start in two weeks.

While we were figuring all these things out, it was best we figured out what to wear for the ball and prepare for the games to keep up appearances.

Jenny might have led to a dead end regarding the pending mutiny, but it opened a lot of things that were hidden from us. The new knowledge that we gained would help us in our future decision-making.

Tamia and I searched through the documents for two hours, and once we had separated the evidence against my mother from the others. I took them to the bathroom to burned them one at a time.

I sat by the window in the bathroom with a metal trash can and started burning the papers. I could not let Tamia do this because of her condition. I wanted her and our baby to be healthy and well. She was everything to me, and she knew it, which was why she respected my decision and did not argue with me.

-Tamia-

A week passed, and Sylvester and I did not mention what we knew.

We did not even speak of it in private. We had utterly buried it, and Stephanie was grateful.

Glenda and Dominic were at it again, and Sylvester was planning to move them to the house's east wing because they fought in the halls at night. They fought about everything. Sometimes I would hear Dominic end it, and they would get back together within minutes.

They were psychos, and even though I knew Maurice was a douchebag, I could understand why he did not deem Dominic worthy of anything.

There was no way Dominic would be able to lead the council. He was controlled by his emotions and did not have a mind of his own.

I was glad his relationship with Larry was strained, and Larry had started trying to cosy up to Sylvester. The old man had no shame.

Linda had turned Jenny's journals into her book of jokes.

The woman was delusional, and it showed in her entries.

We would often joke about some things she said during dinner. It was great.

While we did that, we practised croquet because that was the only sport we were allowed to partake in, due to our conditions. We planned our uniforms and our mates' polo team uniforms.

I was serious about the black and white uniforms. So I had them make the same for our croquet team.

The women in the harem that were on our team, most especially Katya, asked of Lilly, but we did not tell them anything.

The investigators had searched the women in the harem, and nothing was found on them, leaving Lilly and Sofia Malek as the only culprits.

They were going to be judged and punished for all to see, but it would have to be after the games.

In the meantime, they were languishing in a cell in the estate. We were supposed to send them to the council prison, but we needed to find out the people she worked for. We needed to protect ourselves and our investigation. Due to these reasons, we kept their arrest and imprisonment a secret.

“Tamia,” Stephanie called out to me in the great hall of the estate, where the VIP ball would take place; Alphas and sports team captains with the council members will be attending.

We planned on using the eastern garden and the hall as the venue because we doubted we could contain all the guests in the hall.

We had a professional event planner, Lacy Brian, planning the ball, but I had to keep busy, so my friends and I decided we would supervise the event planner.

The woman was rude and did not respect us.

Lacy felt we had no say, but we were stubborn about what we wanted.

I fought the urge to report her to Sylvester. I had to make people respect me without getting my man involved all the time. My friends understood my reason and decided to follow in my footsteps by unapologetically insisting she does what we want.

We were standing in the hall going through the colours with the event planner when Stephanie joined us.

Avery and Linda were weary of her, but I had let the bad blood between us go. Avery was vindictive, and she wasn't over the name-calling yet, and I didn't blame her. Stephanie went too far. I hoped they reconcile.

“So what are the three lunas doing?” Stephanie said with brilliant-looking eyes.

I had never seen her this happy before.

Her eyes shined brightly. Her secrets were killing her. I guess she wasn't burdened by them anymore.

"My Lady, these women want to have a monochromatic colour arrangement, and I keep telling them it isn't nice for the event. They want shades of brown and green and beige which do not suit the mood, and it lacks taste," Lacy said.

There was a way she said it that made it sound offensive. Maybe she had not gotten the memo, but I kept it to myself. She referred to us with a demeaning tone giving Stephanie all the respect and pleading with her to put us in our place. Even though she did not put it that way, her actions and tone implied it.

"You need to watch your tone, Lacy,"

Stephanie scolded her.

"Who do you think these women are? Mistresses?" She asked, and Lacy realised she had committed an offence.

"That is Linda, Alpha Theodore Orlov's mate and fiancée; that is Avery, mate and fiancée of Alpha Marcel Sidorov and this is Tamia, fiancée and mate to the lord of the north and soon-to-be Lady of the north," She said, and the event planner was speechless.

The colour drained from her face, and she went on her knees and bore her neck to me to apologise for her rude behaviour.

I told her it was okay and to get back to work.

"She thought you were women from the harem," Stephanie said while Lacy walked

away, utterly scared.

"Most of the women your mates have been with usually oversee the events, but it had been three years since they had kept such company. She was silly to think that might be the case. I apologise on her behalf," Stephanie said, and I nodded, telling her it was okay.

"I learned you are playing croquet," Stephanie asked me and looked at my tummy.

I placed my hand on my flat tummy and smiled.

“I spoke with the doctor, and he said it will be good exercise,” I argued, smiling at her, and she shook her head.

“Not on my watch, Tamia. That is my grandbaby growing in you. I want both of you to be okay. I think you should take up the cheering bit. The one that involves you sitting next to me and cheering our team.

You too, Linda,” She said, and I knew it would make Avery uncomfortable. I tried to smile it off.

“You should do the same, Avery. You might not be pregnant, but we don’t want any mistakes,” Stephanie said, and Avery smiled at her.

“I hope I am, Luna. I want to have babies too,” She confessed, and we all laughed at how she said it.

“You will; just don’t overthink it and try to rest a bit more,” Stephanie said, advising Avery, and Avery nodded.

“Well, I want to play croquet,” Linda said, and I knew she wouldn’t back down.

“Theodore forbids I do anything physically demanding. It is getting to me. I want to move about the place,” She said, and I could see her tiny bump when she placed her hand on her tummy.

“The Orlov family are few, Linda; that is why Theodore is overprotective. He is the only child of his father, Gavin. He wouldn’t want anything to happen to his child and you. Please listen to him,” She pleaded, and

Linda smiled.

“Well, he said I could play croquet since the doctor approved,” She said, and Stephanie looked at me. My eyes pleaded with her to allow me to join in the fun.

“Very well, I will cheer your team from the seat,” She said, and I smiled. We sat on one of the tables, and they served us juice and Ice cream. I had Ice cream.

We laughed and joked about many things, and the whole place was lively, only for Pamela to grace us with her presence.

Seeing anyone from the council gave me the creeps.

“Lady Stephanie,” She greeted Stephanie and did not bother to greet us. Stephanie wanted to scold her, but I told her not to.

“Why don’t you ever acknowledge us?”

Linda asked her, and I honestly wished I had stopped her because I did not want to get into an altercation with the old bitch. She looked at Linda’s tiny bump.

“That has never kept a man,” She said, and Stephanie was angry.

“Watch your tongue, Pamela, this isn’t the council, and she isn’t a mistress,” Stephanie said, and Pamela smiled.

“I get it, but they are just girlfriends until the wedding takes place and the claiming is done. The alphas can change their minds before then, and even the women can change their minds. It isn’t set in stone. I would accord them respect when that happens. As things are, I am above them. I dare not bow to women simply because they are sleeping with the Alphas and lord,” She said, making a disturbingly valid point, but she was wrong.

It was beyond what she was thinking, and I could not wait to see her eat her words when the time came. I hope she will be able to repeat herself after the blue moon.

“Jealousy does not suit you, Pamela. Your daughter had no chance with either of them. Now you are taking your anger out on these innocent women for getting what you wanted for your daughter. What is it with you council women and social climbing? I hope you can repeat this in the presence of Sylvester, Marcel and Theodore,” Stephanie said, and the woman’s smile faded.

“They can tell them what I said. I haven’t said anything wrong. You are still Lady of the north, and I have given you your respect. It ends there. Besides, this is not why I came,” She said and handed Stephanie a file and a flash drive. 1

“That is the number of invites we sent, and those are the alphas that responded and the names of the sports they would indulge in along with their team captains. to help with the ball arrangement and planning,” She said, and Stephanie frowned at the document.

“This is bulkier than usual,” she said, and Pamela smiled and looked at all of us.

“I guess the games have become more popular as we have more invites and participants this year,” She said with a smile, and I knew she was planning something wicked.

She bowed to Stephanie and excused herself.

Stephanie was staring at the bulky document, still wondering why it was big.

“May I?” I asked Stephanie, and she handed me the file while she held onto the flash drive.

I figured the flash drive consisted of everything in the file for mailing purposes. They were giving a go at going digital.

I placed the file on the table and began to scroll through the list of guests that would be there.

I read several pages before seeing the eastern Alphas that were coming. The east had never participated before. The council had deliberately invited them to cause trouble for us.

We were the ex-wives of the eastern top Alphas; it was only expected that there would be bad blood, jealousy and friction if we met our exes face to face with our current mates.

This was what she meant by ‘anything could happen before then.’

She will be shocked to learn that Kyle did not care about Linda, nor did Max care about Avery.

I scrolled through the names and saw them, Kyle, Max and Leo were coming, and I was worried for Leo because of what Jake had told me about his state.

These stupid council people planned to stir up shit.

I was glad to know beforehand so we could alert our mates. At least we would be attending prepared.

Linda would get her moment in the sun, likewise Avery.

I hoped Leo wouldn't do anything stupid and get on Sylvester's nerves.

I did not bother to check the rest of the file. I looked at Stephanie, and she frowned at me with the same question in her eyes. I nodded, and she became angry.

"That bitch Pamela knows how to stir up shit," She said, balling her fist in anger.

She knew exactly what the council was planning to do. They wanted to stir up shit and separate us from our men, but they would be disappointed because what we have is unshakeable.

Tamia walked into the room tired. I was at my desk working on my computer.

Someone had sent money to a Bricks Liam in Gad, and I was on it.

It was an anonymous transfer, but the receiver had slipped off.

Instead of using a number as an ID to collect the money, he gave his Id and name.

This was the first slip-up since I started tracing the transactions.

Was it possible that Lily was the one helping these people hide their tracks because this was an idiotic move?

If that was it, I would make sure the bitch suffered most excruciatingly. The truth about Lily was she wasn't a trophy, as everyone believed. Her father sent her to the estate the year we had decided we would no longer keep a harem.

He wanted her to be my mistress and bear me children, but I felt it was wrong and saw her more like a younger sister. I did not know it would get to her and make her act stupid. I was angry.

The only reason I let her stay was that her father was my father's friend, and they agreed that she would live on the estate.

I had abolished the laws of the lord and alphas keeping harems, but some people still wanted it in place. Bearing a bastard for the top six families would guarantee an elite life for such people and their families. Hence, everyone

wanted it, and the elites would rather their daughters be mistresses than marry into lesser families.

It was a sick tradition that people still tried to keep even though I had abolished it. I banned alphas, betas and gammas from sending their daughters to my estate three years ago, and I have maintained it since then.

“Are you alright?” Tamia said, bending and hugging me from behind. She kissed my cheek, and I grabbed her and placed her on my lap to kiss her properly.

I drank her in, kissing her and taking in her scent until she moaned for me and broke away from the kiss, getting up. She went to sit on the bed, and I watched her move.

“I am so tired,” she said, arching her back and moving so she could crack her spine for relief. She turned her neck, too, for the same reason, and I laughed.

“That is why there is a planner. So you do not have to stress yourself, my lady, but you always choose to. I can’t stop you because I did not want to argue with you,” I said, and she laughed at me.

“I think I would soak in the bath,” She said, and I nodded.

She stripped as she walked toward the bathroom and moved seductively, making Knight growl and lust for her.

“Tarnia,” I growled, and she giggled, knowing exactly what she was doing. I closed my laptop and decided to join her in the bath.

It had been two days since we made love, and I would not let her get away from me tonight.

I waited a bit, then took off my clothes and went to join her in the bathroom. She sat in the tub and looked at me, smiling.

“Did you miss me?” She asked, knowing exactly what was on my mind, and Knight growled in response.

I got into the bath with her, and she moved to me and kissed me. She broke the kiss and put foam at the tip of my nose, laughing.

She was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. Her eyes captivated me, and her laughter was enthralling.

She had brought me to my knees entirely before I knew it. She was easy to love and be with.

No tension and no stress.

She wasn't a social climber. Her love and affection were true.

What did I do to be this lucky? I looked at her innocent eyes and drew her close to me.

"My Tamia," I said, and she stopped laughing. Her eyes flashed golden, and I knew it was jealous Kaira.

"I love you too, Kaira; you two are the same," I said, and she giggled.

I pulled her close and kissed her lips. We kissed deeply and had to break to catch our breaths. So I rested my forehead against hers.

"It will always be like this. My love will never die, and it will never weaken. It will always be strong, Tamia. I will never allow you to regret this. I am nothing like my father. You will never have to share, and you will never have to deal with shit. I will be true all my life, worship and cherish you until I die. You have nothing to worry about where I am concerned, my love." I said, and tears streamed down her eyes.

"I know, Sylvester. I know. I want you to know that for me, it is the same. This is my family. You are my family. You and our baby, and it will always be like that. My past is behind me and forgotten; it can never compete with what we have. Know that and trust me, Sylvester," She said, and from how she said it, I knew something was troubling her, but I did not want to spoil the moment and ask what it was because I knew she was speaking her truth.

She kissed me and soon came over to me in the bath. I let her.

My body was ready and eager to please her and receive the love she was willing to give. She came over to me, and I grabbed her waist and guided my length into her. Her warmth engulfed me with peace and pleasure as she rode me.

It felt so f**king good that I did not want it to stop. I held on to my cum, wanting her to ride her fill.

Tamia rode me, and I enjoyed every bit of it. She was my haven, and I was grateful. The pleasure got into my head, and I moaned.

“Fuck!” I said, trying to hold on to my cum. My toes were curling, and the pleasure was at its peak. I felt her pussy clench as she grabbed onto me tightly.

“Sylvester,” she called my name, and all I could do was growl as she came and milked my cock.

Soon I could not hold it anymore. Her pussy was too warm, soft and sensitive for me to hold out on her for long.

I spilt my seed into her, feeling my toes curl in the bath. She rode me until I went soft.

I held her for a bit in the bath and kissed the side of her neck.

“We have seven more weeks to go, and you will be mine. We will be connected as one,” I said, and she held me tight.

I knew something was troubling her, and I could not keep it anymore. So I broke the hug so I could see her face. I searched her worried green eyes, and she searched mine.

“Tell me,” I said, and her tears began to fall freely.

“Oh, Sylvester. The council wants to break us up. They invited our exes for the games,” She said, and I froze.

I was pissed off.

Pissed off because I knew Leo and Max were not over their mates. I can't say the same for the sick bastard, Kyle, but Max had tried to take Avery from the estate, and Leo has been on the fence even though he claimed he had given her to me. I could not forget the fact that she gave herself up, and he would have rather died than let her go.

Everyone knew how those men felt about our women. The only person whose intentions weren't clear was sick Kyle.

I knew Leo still loved Tamia. Why will they do this? I could understand Tamia's fear, and I held her. 1

"It's okay, my love. They can't break us. In fact, it is good they see the three of you have moved on, so they can move on too. I know I am the only one in your heart now, Tamia. You have nothing to worry about. I can't be jealous of Leonardo Albert because I have you. Do not worry about what that evil council is doing. "I said to ease her mind, and she held on tightly.

"Once we solve the mutiny case, they will be dealt with accordingly, I promise," I said, and she squeezed tightly.

"She said scary things like our marriage and union not being set in stone. She said you could change your mind," Tamia said. Usually, I knew this wouldn't faze her, but her hormones were all over the place, making her extra sensitive. Most people did not know she was pregnant with my child yet.

"Who said this?" I asked so I would know who to discipline.

"Pamela Rivers," She said, and I cursed under my breath.

"That social climbing bitch. She tried to send her daughter to join the Harem three years ago, but we turned it down. She had been bitter ever since. She is just jealous of you, Tamia. She can't win, and I know you know this, so cheer up and stop letting your fear get the best of you." I said, and she broke the hug and looked at me. 1

We left the bath, dried up and went to bed naked.

I lay down, and Tamia placed her head against my chest. I needed to ease her mind and change the topic.

"Guess what?" I asked her, and she pinched me in response, which made me flinch, and we both laughed.

"The money transfers finally turned up a name at the receiving end," I said, and she sat up abruptly and looked surprised and overjoyed at the same time.

"A break!" she said, and I nodded, laughing and sat up.

Tamia was overjoyed.

"Finally, we have a trail," She said, relieved for the same reason.

“I think Lilly has been helping them hide their tracks since, but not anymore,” I told her, and Tamia nodded.

“I suspected that might be it, but I had no proof. That bitch.” She said, and I laughed.

“I will have him arrested tomorrow,” I said, and she stopped laughing and shook her head.

“You can’t do that. Put someone on him and have him watched. He might lead us to someone and blow this thing open wider. They do not know their moles have been caught. No one knows what happened to Lilly and her handler. We will keep it that way and keep letting them slip up. There will be more activities during the game because Lily had told them security would be low then. That is when we’ll strike, and I am thinking of using Lilly to get them,” She told me, and I could understand her angle. I agreed with everything she said except for using the treacherous bitch to trap the people.

“I do not trust Lilly to have her do our bidding,” I said, and Tamia nodded.

“I know she is selfish, and that is exactly what we will use against her. Right now, her life is forfeit because she committed treason. We will offer her lesser punishment if she can help us catch some of them. She will throw them under the bus to save her skin. The woman is selfish like that. She does not believe in their cause. She only did what she did out of scorn. Her conviction is different from theirs. That is why we will use her.” She explained, and I could see her point.

“What about Sofia, her handler?” I asked, and Tamia shook her head.

“She will be challenging to use. We will keep her locked up, and soon word will get out that she has been apprehended. So the uprising group, whatever they call themselves, will have no choice but to work with Lilly directly.” Tamia said, and I understood what she was planning on doing. 1

“I think we can work on that,” I said, and she nodded.

Tamia’s eyes looked sleepy, so I made her lie down.

She placed her head back on my chest, and soon I heard her snoring. She was exhausted. I thought of what she said about Pamela, and I decided it was time to clip the wings of the council. They had done too much damage.

