

Chapter 72 - The Destiny of a Heart-broken Luna

~Sylvester~

I remained speechless in my office, and my mother stared at me. She looked genuinely worried, and I knew why.

I wanted to speak, but she interrupted me.

“That girl has been through a lot, and she loves you with all her heart, Sylvester, do not break Tamia’s heart,” She said with tears forming in her eyes.

“I used to want a daughter so badly, but I never had one. Tamia feels like my blood.” She said and wiped away her tears.

“I love her, Sylvester, and I love what you two have. Please,” She said and put her hand together to beg me. “Do not break my Tamia’s heart. I know Susan is your first love, and you never got over her, but please; Tamia deserves better. Your wedding and claiming ceremony is seven weeks from now; please do not disappoint her and me. If you do, I will leave with her and my grandchild, and I will forget that you are my son,” She said with conviction in her eyes, and I knew she wasn’t lying. 3

“Why do you think I will be conflicted where Susan is concerned?” I asked her, and she composed herself.

“Because you keep your promises, Sylvester. You swore you would never settle down until she came back. You said you would find her and bring her back to make her your luna. You have remained single all this while, and that bitch Pamela said everything isn’t set in stone. Please, my son. Susan gave up on you and ran away. She should have hung around, fated or not. She should have waited to see what you would do, but she had no faith in you and left you alone with nothing but a letter and a broken heart. Do not destroy Tamia for her sake. I plead with you. I know you had a strong feeling for that girl, but she isn’t worth it. Please,” She said, and I felt terrible that my mother would think I would hurt Tamia for Susan’s sake.

“I love Tamia, and she is carrying my baby. I can never hurt her,” I said, and she nodded. She did not believe me, it was in her eyes, and it annoyed me a bit.

“I am nothing like my father, mother. I will never hurt the woman I love. Tamia has no family but us; I can never be cruel. I will die without her,” I said, and my mother studied my eyes and nodded.

“That was all I came to tell you; I will take my leave now,” she said and got up.

“Mother,” I called her attention, and she stopped to listen to me.

“Do not tell her about Susan. Allow me to do it myself, please,” I pleaded with her, and she hesitated before nodding, and then she left.

I sat at my desk, and my heart was still racing. Why would Susan come now after eleven years?

Why will she come to the north?

Why would Nikolay Sullivan come with her?

Was she playing on the Polo team?

I remembered how we learned horse riding and played Polo and Polocrosse together. I took an interest in the sport because of her, and it has remained my favourite since then.

Why would she return now when I had picked up the pieces of the heart that she shattered and moved on?

I was confused and angry.

I did not know how I would act when I saw her, and I did not know how I would feel.

I wondered how she was doing, if she was okay, and what she looked like now.

Was she married?

Did she have children?

Was she happy?

Those questions crossed my mind.

I remembered everything we did together, and the pain of her abandonment returned to me as I fought back my anger and tears sitting in the office.

I blocked everyone from the mind link so I could gather my thoughts and put my emotions in check.

My office phone rang, and it snapped me out of the deep thought I was in.

“Hello,” I said, and it was Noel.

I should have called her first thing in the morning, but many things distracted me from contacting her. She had finally called me.

“My Lord, Bricks noticed he was trailed, so he tried to escape. I had to get involved and arrest him,” she confessed, and I was sad because it meant we wouldn’t learn more like we wanted to.

“So what will happen now?” I asked her, and she sighed.

“That is why I called you. He said he works for the council’s spokesman Jacob Mikhailov.” She said, and I felt relief wash through me as I finally had a name that led to someone on the council.

“They are funding an extremist group that seeks democracy and Liberation,” She said, and I was stunned. “He claims they want to eliminate the lordship and put the council in charge while the regions would be ruled by governors,” She said.

I wondered why he quickly gave up names and told Noel their plans.

“Why did he tell you all of this?” I asked her, and she sighed.

“I tortured him and told him he would be tried for treason. He begged for a lesser sentence in exchange for information.” She said, and I realised he wasn’t as loyal as his recruiters might have needed him to be. He did not sound like someone that believed in the cause.

“Very well, transport him here secretly for questioning,” I told her and hung up.

I ran my fingers through my hair, feeling frustrated and sad.

It was good news, but my heart wasn’t happy. The whole Susan thing had destabilised me.

There was so much happening at once, and I needed a breather. I needed the noise to quiet down and the spinning situation to stop, but I knew it wouldn't, and it was getting to me.

I was tempted to have Jacob Mikhailov arrested, but I would instead do it after the games.

I did not want to do anything that would disrupt the games or interfere with the investigations that would occur during the games.

I needed the traitors to be relaxed and follow their plan. So we could catch them.

I attended to some documents in the office and went to train.

After training, I joined Marcel and Theo at the stables to practice polo. Susan plagued my mind, and I

needed the thought of her to fade away.

I practised so hard until I was tired.

I skipped lunch and remained outside, trying to free my mind of what was happening.

I sat by the cliff and wondered what I would do.

I took the horse back to the stables when it was dinner time, showered, and went for dinner.

I entered the dining room, and Tamia looked at me with her green eyes; she was worried; I could tell, but she did not say a word.

I went to sit next to her, and she smiled at me.

I had not seen her the whole day, and I felt guilty. Why was I acting like this? What was I worried about?

"You locked everyone out of your mind. Is everything alright," She said to me, and I rubbed her back gently, then began to plate her food.

"Everything is alright, my love," I said to her, releasing my mind to communicate through the link.

“They have arrested Bricks and are bringing him here for questioning. He said Jacob Mikhailov was the one that sent him the money, and they are funding a group that wants to remove the lordship, place the council in charge and liberate the people of the regions by installing governors. I told her to bring him here so we can interrogate him properly,” I said aloud, and Marcel growled.

“What about Jacob?” He asked, and I shook my head. 2

“Let him continue to believe his secret is safe. I want them to make more mistakes. Please, place someone to watch him and study his activities and associations. That could help.” I said, and Marcel agreed.

We ate the rest of the meal in silence. It was apparent that I wasn’t in high spirits, but I tried to keep it

together.

Soon we finished, and Tamia and I got up to leave.

We walked in silence, and she did not utter a word.

I could not read her. I could not tell if she was angry or just giving me space.

We entered the room, and she went to the bathroom.

I went to check my computer for emails, but there was nothing. By the time I was done, she had exited the bathroom in her night dress with wet hair. She had taken a quick shower, and she looked gorgeous.

“Hectic day?” She asked me with a smile, and I nodded.

I felt relief wash through me because I realised she was just giving me space. She wasn’t mad at me.

I watched her moisturise her skin at the vanity table and then move to the bed. I decided I had to tell her that Devin and Susan were coming so she would know and would not be surprised and shocked when she saw them or found out before then.

“Devin is coming for the games,” I said, and she looked at me, stunned. I could see a glimpse of fear in her eyes.

“He has never come for the games before. He accepted and even signed up three polo teams to play in the tournament for the south.” I said, and she looked worried.

“That isn’t all, my ex’s uncle is the captain of his team, and he is coming with my ex, Susan,” I said, and her hand shook a bit.

She sat upright on the bed and looked at me with fear. She was speechless.

“Susan is coming?” She asked, and I nodded and went to join her on the bed.

“Yes, Tamia,” I said and pulled her into my arms.

“I am not telling you this because she is important; I am telling you this so you will not be surprised when she shows up and some loudmouth council member decides to use it as a jab. I do not want you to get worked up over this,” I said, and she nodded slowly, so I turned her to look at me.

“I love you, Tamia. You have nothing to worry about. She blew her chance when she left me. My time with her is over now; my heart beats for only you,” I said, and she did not respond.

“Was that why you were scarce all day and you blocked your mind from communication?” she asked me.

Although it was part of it, I couldn’t tell her because she did not seem to be taking it well.

“No, the issue with the council is what is killing me. I am only telling you this because I want you to know so you aren’t caught off guard.” I said, and she nodded. 1

She looked at me and searched my eyes for a bit.

“I trust you, Sylvester. With all my heart,” She said with teary eyes, and I knew she was worried.

I leaned close and kissed her lips.

This was why I was worried. I did not want her to be stressed about it. I held her, and she wrapped her arms around me.

“Please don’t break my heart, Sylvester. I won’t survive this one,” She said, and her words cut me deeply.

The fact that she thought there could be a possibility made me want to check myself.

I was shocked and nervous about seeing Susan, but it wasn’t because I wanted to get back with her. It was because, deep down, I was still mad that she did not break up with me properly before leaving.

“I won’t, I promise. You have nothing to worry about. You own and rule my heart now. I will never betray you and our baby, Tamia. I promise you that my love is true, and it will always remain that way. Please don’t be worried. Don’t make me regret telling you,” I said, and I heard a faint sob. I held her, and we laid down. She placed her hand on my chest, resting her body on half of mine. I touched her hair, gently stroking it and stared at the ceiling. I could not wait for the blue moon and make her mine permanently.