

Read The Dark Side Of Fate novel Chapter 16

~Tamia~

Sylvester looked handsome, laughing, and I wanted to tell him to laugh more, but it wasn't in my place.

"Of course I know you can ride, Green-eyes. I meant the horse." He said, and I smiled at him.

"Not an expert, but I can survive," I confessed, and he smiled.

I wore the necessary gear and mounted the horse. Sylvester went ahead, and I followed him.

The land was beautiful, and I felt a rush I hadn't felt in a while as we raced the horses through the land. With the way he was riding, he was heading somewhere.

We finally got to a cliff where the alpenes were visible, and the sight was beautiful.

The snow-covered mountains were a sight, and Sylvester unmounted his horse. I did the same, and he secured them by the only tree on the cliff.

"What do you think?" He asked, pointing to the mountains in the distance, and I smiled.

"They are beautiful. The mountains back home aren't this beautiful," I confessed, and he smiled at me.

The breeze brushed his hair, and he looked breathtaking.

"I felt you have been couped up in the estate for long; I thought this would help," he said to me, and I was stunned at the gesture. However insignificant he tried to make it seem, the fact remains that he did this for me.

"Thank you, it is beautiful," I said, and then he came to me and cupped my face in his palms.

"Not as beautiful as you are," he said, and I was stunned by his confession.

He smiled and looked away. Those words were hard for him to say, but he said them anyway, and there was no taking it back; I appreciated it.

"Thank you," I said with a breathy voice, and he smiled.

He stood beside me and looked ahead.

"I have sent the letter," He said, and I looked at him. I knew it was difficult for him, but I was grateful he did it.

"Other than Leo, did you date anyone?" He asked me, and I shook my head.

"No, he was my first," I confessed, and he looked at me and smiled.

"As beautiful as you are. I thought you would have a long list," He said, and I smiled.

"Well, I did not have the opportunity for that. We started dating when I was seventeen and married when I was nineteen." I said.

"I see. That explains a lot," He said and gently touched my hand.

"Do you want to sit on the cliff?" He asked, and I was scared.

"Goddess, no, not with a weakened wolf," I said, and he nodded.

"I felt it when you joined my pack. Your wolf isn't so strong anymore," he said out of concern, and I nodded.

"I just need a bit of training to adjust. Brains beat brawn any day," I said, and we laughed.

"Sure, you can train with me," he said, and I was stunned.

"Are you sure?" I asked him, and he nodded.

"I wouldn't want anyone taking liberties with you and touching you," he said, sounding possessive. I laughed; he looked at me while I tried to stop laughing, surprised me and arrested my lips with his.

His kiss was gentle and warm.

He tasted sweet and warm. I did not hesitate to respond and grabbed onto his neck.

My response wasn't patient, like his. It was hungry and expectant.

He wrapped his arms around my waist and pulled me to his body. Then he broke the kiss and looked at me.

"I can't make you promises, Tamia," he confessed, and I nodded.

"I know," I said, and he broke away from me.

"Let's head back," He said, and I felt disappointed.

Why didn't he want to touch me? I was ready to go all the way with him. Couldn't he see it?

I mounted the horse and followed him, angry and disappointed.

He was playing with my emotions, and I did not like it.

We rode until we got to the stables.

He secured the horses, and we started walking back to the estate as he had put it. To me, it was a castle.

"I noticed that the other Lunas before us are allowed to socialise and mingle. I learned some of them even date and find love here," I told him, and he stopped walking.

I could sense the fury radiating from him.

I wanted to know why we were special.

A luna had told me they usually split the lunas among themselves as spoils of war. It was a way of ultimately conquering the Alphas to whom the Lunas belonged. Although they never touched them, they owned them. My friends and I got a different treatment, and I did not know why. One day I will ask him if I ever get the chance.

"You are not allowed that," he said without hearing what I had to say.

"Then what am I allowed? I am a woman, and I have needs," I said, and he shook his head.

"Then you come to me," he said with a low growl, and I searched his eyes to see if he was joking, but he wasn't. He was serious. His wolf flashed in those moments.

"I want you tonight," I said, blurting it out boldly, and he looked at me critically and pulled me close.

"You are still not over him yet. I can't be a rebound," He said, and I was stunned.

"Who said you are a rebound?" I asked him, and he smiled.

He kissed the corner of my lips, released me and walked away.

He had stylishly refused my invitation. I was furious, angry, name it. I felt everything. I felt inadequate. What did Lilly have that I did not? I was mad.

“He is arrogant,” Kaira growled as we walked back to the castle, sexually frustrated. I walked to my room and headed straight for the bath. Touching myself would have to suffice.

I wore shorts and a t-shirt and headed for dinner.

He had sent me his clothes. I wondered why he didn’t send someone to just buy me new ones. Instead, he wanted me walking about in his oversized clothes.

I did not dry my hair, so it was wet.

I met Linda and Theodore there; I did not need to guess why Avery and Marcel weren’t there.

I noticed Linda wasn’t in a good mood, so I linked her to find out her problem.

“Some bitches gave me a hard time because of him. I suspect he is screwing them, but he refuses to admit it. Not that I care, but I should know,” She said, and I realised she had her version of Lilly.

Marcel finally arrived with Avery, and the food was served. I wondered where Sylvester was.

“The Alpha wouldn’t be joining us; he is working on something with Lilly,” he said, and I felt a pain in my chest. That was why he turned down my invitation. I was furious.

I composed myself and tried to eat without showing emotions.

After the meal, Avery tried to make me stay to hang out, but I was fighting tears, so I just walked away. I would apologise to her when I am better, but I just needed space now.

I entered my room, and I wished it had a lock.

“We should barge in on them,” Kaira said, ready to do damage.

“He is not ours, Kaira, and he has not made his intentions known. We will only be making fools of ourselves.” I told my wolf, and she was silent.

I went to bed with a broken heart.

Morning came, and I did not go for breakfast.

“Tamia, why aren’t you in the dining room?” I heard Sylvester’s voice in my head, and I was tempted to growl, but I composed myself.

"I am not hungry," I said, and he was silent.

"Regardless, you should eat. Training starts by nine; that is an order," he said. I growled and got up.

I decided to wear a sheer outfit instead of his clothes this time. I was glad he had not cleared my wardrobe as he had threatened.

I arrived at the dining room, and Avery smiled, but Sylvester was mad.

I went to sit next to him and greeted everyone with the utmost respect, then served my food.

"What do you think you are doing dressed like that?" He asked me, almost growling.

"I do not think it is wise I walk around in your clothes, Alpha; it will send the wrong message. I do not want Lilly's trouble," I said, and his anger dissipated.

He was silent, and I ate breakfast.

For the first time, I requested to be served wine. It was out of character and too early, but my nerves were all over the place, and I knew I had pissed Sylvester off. I needed to calm down.

He did not utter a word throughout my display, and when the breakfast was over, he left.

"You shouldn't push him, Tamia. He has made a lot of exceptions for you," Marcel warned me, and I was quiet. What did he know about being pushed? Avery looked at me, feeling sorry for me.

I felt sorry for myself. Being brave with Sylvester was pointless; I just broke down and cried. Theodore and Marcel excused us while Linda and Avery remained.

"What is the matter?" Avery asked.

"You usually have your shit together, but you are losing yourself," Avery said, and I nodded in agreement. I did not understand what was happening to me.

"Remember, we are prisoners here, Tamia. They could get bored and kick us to the curb. As nice as they may be, we aren't free here. Please do not aggravate the Alpha." Linda pleaded with me, afraid of what would happen if Sylvester got mad and changed his mind. Being victims of severe abuse, I could understand their fear and her willingness to settle for less. Anything was better than where they were coming from, but I couldn't relate, and my heart and emotions were all over the place.

I wiped away my tears for their sake.

"I will try," I said, and they thanked me.

I returned to my room to change my clothes. And then, I went to join Sylvester in the training room.

He was the only one there, and he was punching a bag.

It seemed ordinary until I realised it was coated in silver; I looked around and noticed that most things were covered in silver.

I realised why they were very strong. If they trained with silver, then an actual battle would be easy.

Remembering what my friends pleaded with me to do, I chose to be on my best behaviour.

"I am sorry I wore that dress to breakfast; it won't happen again, Alpha," I said, and he punched the bag hard.

I wonder what I said that made him angry.

He turned to look at me, his hair was wet with sweat, and his muscles flexed.

I tried to ignore his body and his face altogether.

"What are you doing here?" He asked me, a bit angry, and I swallowed. I guess I had pissed him off really good.

"To train," I said with uncertainty.

"No training today, and you can wear your sheer clothes henceforth," He said and turned back to continue what he was doing.

I felt insulted, but he had put me in my place, which Avery and Linda feared.

What was the matter with him? What was he afraid of?

I did not want to trouble him any more than I had, so I gave up.

"I am sorry to disturb you. I will take my leave," I said and turned around. As I was leaving, I heard Sylvester growl loudly and punch the bag hard. I walked quickly to create the desired distance between us. I did not want to be in the punching bag's shoes.

I left the place feeling foolish and stupid.

I decided to go to my room and sleep the rest of the day.

I did not want to stay awake, so I won't think about what had just happened.

Maybe I will wake up, and it will all be a bad dream.

I told the servant at my door to bring me the strongest drink they had, anything to knock me out, and she smiled and went to fetch me something.

She was yet to know that my privileges had been revoked. I might as well abuse it one last time before it is official.

She returned with a bottle with a vodka label filled with a green-looking drink.

I thought it would taste awful, but it was delicious.

I went through half the bottle and started feeling funny.

I had an out-of-body experience, and soon I wasn't in control of myself anymore because I could not coordinate myself, and everything went blank.

I woke with a banging headache and saw Sylvester sitting on the couch, looking concerned.

I was in his room.