

## The dark side of fate (Tamia) novel Chapter 136

~Tamia~

Finding what to wear for the Coronation was a bit challenging, especially with our bumps. Avery was the only one in the clear because she wasn't showing up yet, so she got the best dresses to try on.

Linda was worse off than me and had to shop from very loose selections to accommodate her pregnancy but look sexy at the same time. I was in between. Nicole and Katya were free to choose from anywhere.

We tried on many clothes. After all, we all wanted to wear the same colour none of us would be with our men on that day because we weren't married yet; we would be going there strictly for moral support. After the wedding, we would be one and the same without a mate.

Only the Lords would be at the top with Sylvester. Thinking of it, I did not want to go again. Sitting away from him and watching him from a distance did not feel good at all. But I knew it would be insensitive of me not to be present.

We bought beautiful lilac dresses good enough for a function but nothing over the top that would draw attention to us. We all chose to wear the same colour as Stephanie to show we were family.

Satisfied with our purchase, we returned to the Estate.

It was nighttime, and I just went to my room and asked an Omega to bring me food.

I decided I would eat in the room. Sylvester was already sleeping; it was too early, but I figured his day might have been hectic.

I freshened up, and the food arrived. I ate quietly and went to bed. It was a bad habit, but I was too tired to stay awake and wait for the food to digest.

Sylvester's coronation day had finally come, and I was nervous. We were to converge at the council hall, the King's Hall onwards. I was excited, and I dressed up; I had butterflies.

Sylvester was taking his time in the closet, and I was too eager to see him in his new uniform.

I walked into the closet, and he was handsome. The jacket was regally decorated, and his hair was packed in a ponytail.

"Goddess, you are handsome," I breathed, letting the words out before I knew it. He looked at me through the mirror and smiled.

"I watched him as he managed to button up the jacket. Once he was done, he pulled me close and kissed my neck.

"Soon, you will be by my side. The blue moon is next week," he whispered in my ears, and I moaned.

"Sylvester," I breathed.

"Hold that thought," he said and nibbled my earlobe gently, making heat rush between my legs.

"I can smell you, Tamia," he whispered, but I couldn't speak.

"I want to get wild tonight, so I will keep things as they are, and you will think of me throughout the ceremony," He said, and I knew what he planned on doing.

We finished in the room and headed out. The Coronation would take about an hour and thirty minutes, but it looked like it would be a long hour because Sylvester got me worked up.

He held my hand firmly while we walked through the hallway. Just mean.

When we got to the entrance, everyone was there.

There was a limo with tints of gold parked in front, and I wondered where it came from. I knew it was the king's vehicle. Sylvester ushered me in, but Stephanie stopped him.

"Unfortunately, she can't ride with you today, Your Majesty," she told him the protocols. I tried to release my hand from his grip, and he held on.

"She rides with me, mother. The blue moon is next week. I will be riding in the same car with my mate," he said sternly, letting her know he would not follow ancient protocols" he ushered me in, and Stephanie smiled and stepped back.

I knew she did not mean anything by it; she just wanted to let him know the protocols. She didn't push.

Sitting at the back with Sylvester was more challenging than I thought because of my aroused state.

"I can still smell you, Tamia," he said to me in his low husky voice, and I swallowed because my throat was dry.

“Sylvester,” I managed, and he pulled me onto his lap. the vehicle was moving.

He kissed my neck and nibbled gently. I could feel his hardness underneath. I tried to hold my breath.

“I guess we both can’t wait,” he whispered in my ears, and that was all the invite I needed.

There was plenty of room in the Limo, so I sat across for him and rolled down my panties. Managing the space between us. He went between my legs and went to work.

I could not believe what we were doing. The thought of everything got me so excited that I came immediately, and he sat back on his side, releasing his cock for me to ride. His black eyes said it all, and I knew Knight would not give Sylvester control until he got what he wanted, and I liked it.

I went on top of him.

We arrived at the venue fully satisfied. I wiped traces of lipstick from his face, and Sylvester adjusted himself.

I applied a new layer of lipstick on my lips and adjusted myself before we stepped out of the Limo.

There was a multitude of people cheering outside. The crowd was phenomenal. There were screens outside to show what would be happening inside.

I went to join Stephanie and the others while Sylvester walked in alone.

The hall was arranged differently.

There was a stage with two steps-platforms. On the first step were four chairs, while on the second step, which was the top, sat the throne and the whole ceremonial display. There was an aisle with rows of chairs on both sides. It looked so different. I would have thought it was a different place if it weren’t for the loge.

We were led to sit in the front row to see everything happening. A sceptre and a crown were resting on a cushion on the stage close to the throne.

The crown and the sceptre looked old, which was logical since we had not had a king in over three hundred years. This was indeed a miracle.

There were four chairs on the lower level of the stage, and I knew they belonged to the lords. There were supposed to be three, so who was the fourth person? I guess I did not get the memo.

The music began to play, and we all stood up.

“Lord Dominic Volkov,” Larry said, welcoming Dominic as Dominic entered the hall.

He looked regal in what looked like Sylvester’s former uniform. It was new, but the decorations were precisely like Sylvester’s. He looked good, and I heard Katya exhale. The two were very in love, and I was happy for them. Dominic sat on one of the four chairs.

“Lord Marcel Sidorov,” Larry said, and Marcel walked in with his handsome self.

I looked at Avery, and her eyes were misty. I am sure she wished she was walking down with him for support,” He looked at her and winked before continuing to sit down.

“Lord Theodore Orlov,” Larry said, and Theodore walked in, walking a bit faster than the ones before him. He got to the front and blew a kiss at Linda, who caught it where she sat, and people actually laughed. Theodore had made the place a bit lively.

“Lord David Pavlishchev Volkov,” Larry said with difficulty; I guess he wasn’t expecting that David would be on the list neither were we. It was a huge surprise, and people began to murmur. I was also shocked, but Nicole wasn’t; I saw her grinning and wondered why Sylvester didn’t tell me.

David walked quickly, and people were in shock. I knew they said he was the spitting image of Maurice. There were murmurs.

“Silence! Silence,” Larry said, and I looked around to study the faces of the people present. They were all surprised, and I realised no one knew. He went to sit down, and everyone was quiet.

I had butterflies in my tummy because I knew who would enter next.

The music changed, and the Lords stood up, saluting and maintaining the pose.

“His Majesty, Sylvester Volkov. The twenty-fifth king of the Volkov bloodline. Son of Lord Maurice Volkov and Lady Stephanie Balyeave Volkov,” Larry said, and I could hear some contempt in his voice. I might have been imagining it, but who cares. Sylvester would sit on that throne, and there was nothing anyone could do about it.

The building was fully guarded, and Bryce Golubev was responsible for security.

Sylvester walked, and behind him was Lucas Vanhill, wearing a ceremonial outfit. I did not need to guess what his function would be. Joan and Pamela were dressed the same way, and they followed him.

Sylvester walked quickly and climbed onto the stage.

He climbed above the Lord's level with them still saluting him. They turned to face him, and he sat on the throne.

Sylvester looked in my direction with no expression on his face. He was trying to acknowledge me subtly, so it was okay.

"It's okay, darling. Just one more week to go," I linked him, and his eyes faltered a bit.

Everyone sat down, and the ceremony began.

Larry said the words, and Sylvester spoke the oath.

Joan handed him a book consisting of our laws and history. It was old and looked like they had just polished the leather back.

Sylvester was made to acknowledge the book and swear.

Then Pamela handed him the sceptre. He promised to rule with a firm hand, to be just and true, to put the people's needs above all, to maintain peace, and protect everyone equally.

Then Lucas Vanhill placed the crown on his head as Sylvester was made to promise to carry the people and bear their burden bravely. To truly serve and love his subjects. He was made to promise not to be partial and always uphold the law. To judge and punish those who are guilty and free the innocent.

Sylvester made all the promises, and he was officially named king. People cheered; the people in the hall and the multitude outside the hall. It was a happy event, and I was happy to be a part of it.

As soon as the ceremony was over. The King and Lords left the hall, and so did we. People were cheering outside, and Sylvester waved to them.

I joined Sylvester in the Limo, and we headed to the Estate.

There was traffic because of the crowd, and we did not get home until nighttime.

He held me throughout the ride, and we did not speak to each other. Although we had maintained a calm exterior as if nothing was wrong, our enemies were still at large, and we did all this to back them into a corner.

We arrived at the mansion and went to our bedroom. I was halfway changing my clothes when I heard Stephanie's voice.

"Tamia, the bastard sent me another text," She said, sounding nervous, and I knew what she meant.

“Relax, what does it say?” I asked her.

“How does it feel knowing you will be the first to be judged by your son? Enjoy the freedom while it lasts,” she told me, and I gently sat on the stool in the closet.

“Calm down, Stephanie, do not let him get to you. Whoever it is might just be bluffing. If they had anything on you, they would have put it forward by now. They might want you to panic and do something stupid. Please, keep it together. It is only a matter of time before we get this King, man,” I linked her, and there was silence before she responded.

“Okay, Tamia,” she linked me and closed the connection. I did not know what this king might have on Stephanie, but knowing that he might be Jenny’s bastard, made me believe he knew everything. I could not tell Stephanie because she would panic and do something stupid. I left the closet wearing a sheer gown and joined Sylvester in the room. Today was his day. I would not spoil it with what Stephanie had told me. The news could wait until tomorrow.

## The dark side of fate (Tamia) novel Chapter 137

~Tamia~

Sylvester looked breathtaking, sitting at the foot of the bed. I exhaled, and he looked at me and smiled. I could not let what Stephanie said spoil the night, so I returned the smile. I looked at his body and admired what I saw.

“Your Majesty,” I said with a breathy voice, and he grinned.

“Hold your pose; I want to have a perfect picture in my mind,” I said and straddled him. He looked at me and supported my back, gazing into my eyes.

“I want to remember how you look tonight, void of worry, void of fear, just living in the moment,” I said, his eyes searching mine.

“Let us deny all that is happening and that time is passing by. I want to hold this moment, freeze it and keep it forever. Let us free our minds of our troubles, Amanda, the king, our duties, our world. Just us. You, me and our wolves. Do you think you can do that for me, my love?” I asked, and he looked at me with misty loving eyes and crashed his lips on mine. Drinking him in, drowning in his love, I gave my all as we made love on his first night as king.

Sylvester and I battled the claim, and it was a bit painful because Kaira and Knight wanted to complete the bond. The love bite wasn’t working anymore, and we both knew it, but we held on. The bluemoon night had to count.

We were too tired to go for dinner, and neither were we hungry. Sleep finally came, and we drifted into dreamland.

I woke up on an empty bed in the morning and saw Sylvester on his computer. I ignored what he was doing. I got off the bed and went to brush my teeth. When I returned, he had closed his laptop and was waiting for me.

“Good morning,” He said with a smile, and I went to him and kissed the top of his head in response. While I was pulling away, he pulled me onto his lap and hungrily kissed me.

“I am not a little boy, Tamia,” He said, breaking the kiss, and I giggled.

I also noticed something was bothering him. I guess our bliss was over.

“What is the matter?” I asked, and he sighed.

“Someone sent a weird email this morning. Asking me how fair and just I will be when judging the case of a loved one,” he said, and I did not need to think twice about who the loved one was.

“The sender going by the name Mathew Majesty asked me my true intentions. Wondering if I would succeed where the council has failed,” he said, and I frowned.

“Have you traced it?” I asked, and he chuckled.

“The email account was created in Grizlo yesterday. It might be a VPN address, but it was still created yesterday regardless,” he said, and I sighed.

“Your mother linked me last night that the blackmailer sent her a message asking her how she feels knowing she will be the first person you will judge,” I said, and he frowned at me.

“We both know it is this king man, and he is Jenny’s son. If that is the case, then he knows everything, Sylvester,” I said and gently stood up.

“That is a big problem.” He confessed, and I nodded.

“Since we have not caught him, it is,” I said. I looked at him nervously because what I was about to ask him to do was risky, but I could not see any way out.

“Sylvester, your mother committed treason and murder. We need to get as many people on her side as possible. Jenny’s death would be seen as a homicide, and the death of your father and his officers would be considered conspiracy and treason. She is in big shit, Sylvester. However we try to play it off, Stephanie is in serious trouble,” I said, and he stood up from his seat.

"I do not know what to do. I have thought about the situation since the first blackmail, Tamia, and I do not know what to do. She did commit those crimes," Sylvester confessed, and I nodded.

"Yes, she did, and her reasons were justifiable; however selfish they were, they were justifiable," I said and sighed.

"I have been thinking of this for a while, but I will tell you now," I said and went to sit to calm my nerves.

"I think we should tell Marcel, Theo, Dominic, Devin and David what happened," I said, and he exclaimed.

"What!" he said, and I flinched.

"That letter got Marcel and Theodore's fathers killed. How will they feel knowing my mother orchestrated their fathers' deaths just because she did not want David to be the lord?" He asked, and putting it that way really spoke a lot.

"We do not have to tell it that way, Sylvester," I said calmly, and he shook his head.

"We will do no such thing. I cannot expose her like that," He said stubbornly.

"Either way, she will be exposed. Only the goddess knows what this douchebag has on her. He has his mother's computer, Sylvester, and Jenny liked to keep shit.

He knows it all. How do you think Marcel and Theodore will feel when they find out through the guy, not us? Do you think he will expose your mother in a way that would get her sympathy? It might not affect your position because you are now king, and David is lord as your father wanted, but still, it will affect her.

The punishment is death, Sylvester. We have people locked up for treason that never attempted taking your life; what do you think would happen to your mother, who planned and succeeded in having a lord and his officers killed by exposing him to his known enemy?" I asked him, and he was silent, seeing my point.

Sylvester looked at me with misty and tearful eyes.

"She has been through enough; having me judge her would be cruel, Tamia. Exposing her like that would be inhumane," he said, afraid of what would happen to his mother.

"I know, my love," I said and went to him, and he hugged me for comfort. I rested my head against his chest.



"I know exactly how it will feel. That is why I want us to do damage control. Please hear me out," I pleaded gently, and he broke the hug. He was able to win the battle against his tears.

"We will start by telling David how his mother died and how Jenny bragged about it. Then we will tell Dominic what your father planned on doing to him. Then we will talk about the letter sent to Devin anonymously and confess who did it and tell them that Jenny found out and was blackmailing your mother with it. She attacked your mother at home, and she and your mother fought. Stephanie killed her in self-defence. But afraid of what the council might do to her because the council was corrupt, she tried to cover it up.

Now Jenny's son has the evidence from his mother's computer, and he wants to destroy Stephanie with it to destabilise you," I said, and he shook his head.

"It would not exonerate her," he said, and I nodded.

"But it will come from us, and they will sympathise with her. Instead of allowing that bastard to tell it from his angle, that might as well damn your mother," I told him, and he did not know what to do.

"What is the situation with Amanda?" He asked me, and I shrugged.

"According to Levi, she is still in the hotel in Cains. She should be due in two weeks, though. Hendrix is on Jacob, but I think they should just arrest him. I doubt he knows anything and would lead us anywhere. I plan on sending enforcers to Cains Island to pick the bastard up," I said, and he nodded.

"Let's give it a day or two, and then we can decide. The blue moon is next week, and I do not want my mother to miss our wedding," he said with a finality that I knew had ended the conversation.

I pretended to let it go while I thought of the best way to deal with the situation.

We freshened up and went for breakfast. Everyone was in high spirits, and David and Nicole were with us for the first time.

When I asked about the triplets, Nicole told me they were having breakfast with their grandmother.

I was glad to hear that Stephanie had comfortably taken up the row. It meant progress had been made.

Looking at David critically, I realised the similarities between David, Dominic and Sylvester.

I guess I never really looked. I planned on speaking to Devin after breakfast, but I had to find a way to talk to him without Sylvester knowing.

Sylvester might think being silent and waiting for time to pass so we could catch the bastards might be the best bet, but he was wrong. Anything could happen, and no one was going to spoil my wedding.

“I will be returning to the east tomorrow,” Leo said, and I looked at him.

I did not need to know why he was leaving. It was only natural that he wouldn’t want to attend my wedding.

“When will you be back?” Marcel asked him, and I knew they would miss him.

“Whenever you need me,” he said, and Marcel shook his head.

“You have a seat on the council now; you should be in the north at least for an entire week every month...” he said, trailing off.

I guess somewhere in his mind, he figured out why Leo was leaving.

Leo looked at me and smiled.

I could not imagine his emotions in those moments, but it was okay.

I knew he would be okay. He was a strong man, and strong men survived.

At the end of breakfast, I left the dining room immediately so Sylvester won’t ask me to accompany him anywhere. I hid in the corridor, waiting for Devin to leave the room alone.

I secretly watched everyone exit the dining room, and Devin headed toward his room.

“Alpha Corrigan!” I called out. He turned to look at me and frowned.

“Tamia?” he said, and I nodded.

“Do you mind if I speak to you outside the estate?” I asked him.

“Just a short walk, nothing serious,” I said, and he contemplated and then nodded. I moved quickly, and noticing the haste, Devin hurried up too.

## The dark side of fate (Tamia) novel Chapter 138

The moment we stepped outside, I exhaled.

“What would you like to speak to me about, Tamia?” he asked gently, and I looked at him.

“First of all, I want to congratulate you. I heard of you and Susan, and I am happy for both of you,” I said; he nodded and looked away.

“I heard a rumour that I want to confirm with you, Devin, and I need you to be honest with me.

To start with, I know you did not face Sylvester during the legendary war. I know it was Dominic, but I have kept your secret. I am telling you this so you know you can trust me,” I said, and he chuckled.

“I knew you figured it out. There was no way you would be close to Volkov and not know that fact,” he said, and I smiled.

“What do you want to ask me?” He asked, and I sighed.

“It is about your encounter with Lord Maurice Volkov,” I said, and his expression became serious.

“Nothing serious, Devin. Nothing bad; I just want to clarify, please,” I said, and he nodded reluctantly.

“I do not want trouble. The Volkovs and I have buried the hatchet. Do not resurrect an old issue, Tamia,” he warned me, and I nodded.

“I do not intend on doing that, Devin. I just want to know the truth about something. Please, I hope it is not too much to ask,” I said to him, and he sighed.

“Very well, I am listening, Tamia,” He said, and I nodded.

“I heard you got a tip from an anonymous person in the form of a letter telling you where Maurice Volkov would be and his reasons in Pridewood,” I started.

“According to this rumour, the person gave details of his Alias and his purpose there,” I said, and he frowned at me.

“Where did you hear that from?” he asked me, and I nodded.

“Late Jenny,” I said, and he balled his fist.

“What was her gain with that magnitude of lies? I did receive a letter like that, but I ignored it. I did not attack Maurice because of the letter. Jenny is full of shit. I have kept

what happened that day in my heart, and I do not want to speak of it," he said, and I frowned at him.

"What do you mean by that?" I asked, and he shrugged.

"Nothing, Tamia, just ignore those rumours. It is a lie," he said, wanting to walk away, but I held his hand and stopped him.

"Please, Devin, I need to know what happened that night," I said with desperation, and he frowned at me.

"What is it to you? How does this affect you?" He said defensively, and I did not know what to say.

"You need to tell me why you want to know what happened badly, or else my lips are sealed, Tamia; you do not expect me to divulge anything to you while you hold back.

These are things on which my reputation was built. You do not expect me to just let tell you. At least tell me why you want to know," he said, and I looked at him.

"Will you tell me if I tell you?" I asked him, wanting a genuine answer.

"If you promise to keep my secret, I will," He said, and that wasn't good enough, especially if I needed him to come forward for Stephanie's sake.

"What if someone's life is on the line for it? Would you speak up?" I asked, and he shook his head.

"I can't destroy my reputation for anyone," he said, and I pleaded with him. I did not know tears were streaming down my cheeks until I felt the coolness.

I was terrified for Stephanie and Sylvester. I did not want Sylvester to be in a situation where he would have to condemn his mother. The blackmailer was sick.

"Tamia," Devin said, suddenly worried because of my tears.

"Are you in trouble because of it?" he asked me gently, and I shook my head.

"No, Devin, I am not, but someone dear to me other than Sylvester is," I told him, and he frowned at me.

"Stephanie is being blackmailed; they claim that the letter was written by her and caused Maurice's death. They said she sent it to you. She is the only parent figure in my life; everyone knows I have been an orphan for a long time. I do not want anything bad to happen to her. She has been through a lot. Devin, please. If there is anything you can

tell me that would not make that letter admissible, if a hearing should occur would be kind.

I will be forever indebted to you. Please, Devin, I am begging you," I said, beginning to weep because I was out of creative ideas.

"Does your mate know about this?" He asked me, and I shook my head.

"He has a lot to deal with already," I lied, and he sighed

"Tamia. I have had this reputation for years," he said, and I nodded.

"Please, Devin, I believe you will be known for greater things. With all that is happening now, you will be known for greater things.

Please, I need your help to help Stephanie.

If we can't prove otherwise, she will die.

They will try her for treason and sentence her to death.

I know you are a good man, Devin, and you will not want something like that on your conscience.

It is okay to maintain your story if it is not hurting anyone, but if a life is hanging in the balance, then you know the right thing to do. Please," I said, and he sighed.

"Was she the one that wrote the letter?" He asked, and there was no point lying.

"Yes, she wrote the letter," I said.

"Why?" he asked me, and I knew I had to be careful.

"He murdered her entire family, made her serve this fated, took her family's seat from her and tried to gift it to his son. The abuse was intense, and she just wanted to breathe," I said, and his eyes faltered.

"He did all that?" He asked, and I nodded.

"Much worse than that, but that is all I can say," I told him, and he nodded.

"I did not like Sylvester. I always believed he was overprivileged, but my time with him made me realise I was wrong. He isn't over-privileged. If anything, he had it worse.

Having to always watch his back and constantly being in a battle to maintain power and peace is a shitty life that I do not wish on anyone.

I also realise that he is nothing like his father.

He does not keep a harem and take people's wives. What happened with you and Leo was tragic, but you deserve all the love you are getting now. I was too slow when I had a chance thinking I had all the time in the world. My procrastination gave birth to the love between you two. I will never want to come between that, let alone destroy the joy the goddess has put in your life. Because of that, I will tell you everything that happened with Maurice.

If ever it comes to it that I have to speak up, I will do it for your sake, for the sake of the happiness I was meant to give you that day at the dinner party by taking you away from Leo," he said. I thanked him.

"I got the letter quite alright and dumped it. I do not know how it got around that I got a letter; I guess a mole might have picked it up back then. Which means this uprising bullshit is a spillover from Maurice's time, and Jenny's son is a stupid pawn," He said, and he made all the sense in the world.

I had asked myself severally how Jenny could get her hands on the letter with her so-called investigator. Why would she have someone in the south?

I had thought it was a way of keeping an eye on her enemies, but Devin made it make sense now.

Maybe the influential person behind Jenny's son had been planning this all along.

If so, the bastard was a fool and might go down like the rest of the people. It was really messy, and I did not know what to think, so I shut down my mind to ponder on the matter later.

"Maurice arrived at Danes Inn in Pridewood secretly with his officers. They had cleared out the Inn for themselves.

I felt insulted that the man that ruined my family was on my turf, and I could not do anything about it.

Unable to hold it in any longer, I decided to visit the Inn in the dead of night.

I went alone to avoid confrontation. When I got there, it was quiet.

There was no one at the exit and at the entrance. It was nothing like what I had seen before.

There was no one there. A hefty guard was lying dead on the floor at the entrance. He reeked of alcohol and northern cocktail, so I figured he might have overdone it.

Other than the guard, there was no one. Not a soul, but the light was on, and everything was running.

I figured Maurice might have told the staff to excuse him. He had lots of money anyway, so it was possible.

I let myself in, and that was when I smelled blood.

Afraid that Maurice had come to commit a crime in my territory, I followed the scent, and it led me to a room.

The door was ajar, and I saw Gavin Orlov partially shifted and dead with multiple silver stab wounds to his heart. He had deep claw marks all over his body. There was no way he could have survived with silver in him. He also reeked of the northern cocktail and some illegal stuff.

I heard aggressive sounds and moved through the living section to the room. I saw Lucas Sidorov on top of Maurice's dead body, stabbing him continually with a silver blade, he held it in his claws, and his wolf was in charge. They were both partially shifted and reeked of the northern cocktail and other things.

I did not need to think. I attacked Lucas immediately.

He was strong but already wounded and compromised; aiming for the kill, he surrendered and bore his neck to me.

I had no choice but to stop.

I looked at the mess, and he was in tears.

He pleaded with me never to tell anyone what had happened there.

He convinced me to claim the death and that he would disappear. He said I would be lord if I claim their deaths. It was motivation enough. I had no qualms with the man, so I agreed, but I wanted to know why he did it before I let him go.

He said he found out that Gavin and Maurice drugged him and fucked his wife severally. The drugs they gave him made him pass out so he wouldn't feel it. He said it was a cruel way for Maurice to live up to the dare they had when they were young and unmated," He told me, and I was in shock because this was a serious matter.

"I swore not to ever divulge this next part, but I guess I might have to now since I have told you that story," He said and looked around.

"Lucas believes that Marcel is either Maurice or Gavin's son. He does not know who," he said, and I gasped. It was a shocker, and my entire body froze on the spot.

“Honestly, I think the guy was mad because Marcel looks a lot like him, but he kept saying Marcel wasn’t his. He was unstable, and I could smell the northern cocktail on him and other stuff. Basically, he was out of it. But one thing was certain, he did not appreciate that his friends drugged him and fucked his wife severally,” Devin said, and I frowned.

“Did he have Marcel tested?” I asked, and Devin chuckled.

“How am I to know that part? I doubt the guy did that. You needed to see him, Tamia. He was mad,” Devin said.

“So you let him get away?” I asked, and he nodded.

“A deal is a deal, Tamia. He had surrendered and told me why he did it. I would also be seen as powerful for fighting and killing the three of them and maybe becoming lord. So I let him go,” he said, and I was shocked to find out that Lucas Sidorov was still alive, roaming free.

“So what did you do? How were you able to pass off three dead bodies when they were only two?” I asked.

“I burned the dead guard’s body at the Inn’s entrance; he had overdosed anyway. It was charred beyond recognition, so I passed it off as Lucas. People bought it seeing that half of the Inn burned down and the burnt body was pulled out of the fire,” he said, and I frowned at him.

“How?” I asked.

“Well, I took Gavin and Maurice’s bodies outside. Their bodies were clawed and partially shifted, so it seemed like we had a wolf fight, and they died before fully shifting back. The fire seemed like it occurred due to the battle.

I claimed that Lucas was my first kill in the room, and I chased Gavin out and ended him. Maurice was not around but arrived at the Inn while Gavin and I fought.

I had dealt the killing blow to Gavin when Maurice attacked me, and we fought.

To make the story believable, Lucas clawed at my skin before he ran away, and that is the truth,” he said, and I shook my head.

“Why did he have to lie like that?” I asked him, thinking all Lucas had to do was come home.

“You do not know the protocols, right?” Devin asked me, and I shook my head.



"The officers are to die with the lord. There was no way Lucas could come home; he would be put to death. It was customary." He said, and I understood.

"There was no war; no wolf fight like people like to tell the story. Maurice had no shadow guards, and I had no warriors with me, Tamia. I am not the hero; I am not a strong man. I am not the Bane, just a guy that got lucky a couple of times," He told me.

"No, you are all that and more, Devin. You are powerfully strong and loyal. I respect your honesty, and I know you would have killed them if it came to it. After all, Lucas bared his neck to you." I said, and he smiled.

I felt relieved at what I had heard, and I could not wait to share the news with Sylvester but knowing that Lucas Sidorov was out there meant a lot. He could have truly gone into hiding and abandoned his mate who cheated on him, or he could have founded a terrorist group to destroy the family of the man that destroyed his home. I might be wrong, but I knew there was something there.

I returned to the house, and a call came through on my phone. It was Levi, so I answered immediately,

"Your majesty," he said, addressing me by my future title.

"Amanda is moving to Grizlo to meet her lover," he said, and I was elated. Two wonderful pieces of news on the same day. I could not wait to share it with Sylvester.

## The dark side of fate (Tamia) novel Chapter 139

~Tamia~

My legs could not carry me fast enough. I walked through the house quickly. Wanting to get to Sylvester and give him the news.

I appreciated Devin for telling me the truth. It took a lot for him to put his reputation on the line like that.

That reputation had kept the south safe; if this comes out that Lucas was the one that killed Maurice and Gavin, then it will be over. While I moved towards the room, I knew the Lucas narrative was a part we must keep secret.

Establishing that Devin did not attack because of the letter was enough to get Stephanie off the hook. As for Jenny's death, the evidence Mathew Majesty might have against her will not stick because no one knew what happened other than Sylvester, the two Kappas that worked for Stephanie and me.

The Kappas would never tell a soul because they would condemn themselves and their families in the process, so I doubted that would be an issue.

The letter was my biggest fear, and knowing it won't be admissible was great news. I walked quickly and went straight to the room. Sylvester wasn't there, so I decided to link him.

"Where are you?" I asked him.

"In my office," he replied, and I left our room to join him. I entered the office, and he was sitting behind his desk. He did not seem in high spirits, and I wondered why.

"What is the matter?" I asked him, and he looked at me. Then smiled; my heart was beating fast, and his smile put it at rest.

"Don't do that again. I was scared that something was wrong," I said, and he laughed, got off his chair, and came to where I stood.

He pulled me close to his chest, still laughing and danced with me in his arms a little, then pulled me close.

"What happened?" I asked him, and he smiled.

"Amanda is off to Grizlo to see her lover," he said, and I rolled my eyes.

"So Levi told you," I said, and he shook his head.

"Hendrix told Wilson, and Wilson told me," He confessed. I laughed and smacked his chest gently. I could understand his joy. We had caught a big break.

He went to sit on the couch in his office and pulled me onto his lap.

"Lay across," he said in a low deep voice, and I knew what it meant.

Kaira squealed.

This wasn't the time for this, but Sylvester wanted what he wanted, and he was going to get precisely that.

He laid me across his lap with my butt in the air. He rolled my skirt up until my thongs were exposed and smacked my entrance.

"Ouch," I said because it brought both pleasure and pain. He used his thumb to caress my entrance and then smacked it. I flinched and moaned at the same time. It was pleasurable.

"It hurts, yet you are soaking wet, Tamia. What do I believe, your lips or your body language?" He asked, and I did not know what to say.

"You have been naughty, Tamia," He said, caressing the entrance and making me moan.

"You have been a naughty girl," he said, but I could not say anything. I was enjoying what he was doing while anticipating the next move.

I wanted him to stick it in, but I knew it would take a while longer.

"You have been a naughty girl, and naughty girls get punished," he said, placing his finger at my entrance. Making me moan and grind my pussy against it. He pulled out and smacked my butt cheek.

"I saw you sneaking off with Devin, Tamia," he said with a low voice, and I continued to grind against him. I did not care; I knew I had done nothing wrong.

"Hiding in the corridor waiting for him to pass, I saw it all," he said, sticking his thumb in, and I felt Knight coming to the surface. Putting it that way, it did seem suspicious.

"Will you let Devin do this to you?" he asked, caressing my walls, and I moaned.

"No," I replied, wanting more.

"So what did you do outside?" he asked, and I could not think straight anymore.

"Sylvester," I moaned.

"I know what you want, Tamia, but you won't be getting any until you tell me what you went to discuss with him outside," He said, using his thumb to rub my clit. I was coming, and he knew it, so he crashed and smacked it.

"Sylvester," I said impatiently.

"Tell me, Tamia," he said, massaging my walls.

"I was coming to tell you and..." I said, and he began to rub my clit again,

"Kneel on the couch and hold the backrest," He ordered, and we both got up.

I was dizzy with lust; I could see his dark wolf eyes and elongated canines. He was battling himself seriously.

I assumed the position he wanted, and he rolled my thong down and took it off. My arse was bare, and I did not care that the office door was not locked.

He went on his knees to eat me. I could not see him because he did it from behind, but my claws grew out, and I dug my nail into the backrest. Feeling the pleasure rise.

It didn't take long before I came, and he started to work. He pumped hard and fast inside me, and we were at it until he came.

Resting on the chair, I realised sneaking outside with Devin bothered him. However, he did not say it out of trust and respect, it bothered him, and I made a mental note never to do it again.

Leaning against him, spent on the couch, I decided to tell him what I had learned. I told him everything Devin had told me, and he got up from the shock.

"Lucas Sidorov is alive," he said, and I nodded. Sylvester ran his hand through his hair and began to pace in his office.

"Why didn't he tell us this soon? We would have looked for the man," Sylvester said, and I shook my head.

"You have to understand, darling; he had a reputation to protect. In our world, reputation is a huge thing. His reputation has kept his region safe; it was worth his silence. He had also promised Sidorov that he would not tell," I told him, and Sylvester remained silent a bit.

"Very well. So what do you propose?" he asked me, and I sighed.

"Ehmm, I think we should take Devin's account into consideration. No one has to know that Lucas is at large. We can hunt him by ourselves, but Devin can just dismiss receiving any letter. Once he does that, then there will be no case. As for Jenny's death, no one can prove Stephanie did it, so she is free. If they try to blame it on Devin, we will blame it on the uprising group," I said, and he nodded.

"It is a good idea, but do you think Devin would lie about not receiving a letter?" Sylvester asked, and I smiled at him.

"He would do anything to save his reputation. Claiming he had intel he used to attack your father and his officers make it seem like he had help. He likes to take credit, and I am sure he would," I said, and Sylvester nodded and stood up.

"Very well, I am going to Grizlo later today; you want to come?" he asked, and I beamed at him.

I never imagined he would ask me to follow him. He always expected me to sit things out, so I wondered what had changed.

"Why do you want me to come with you, your majesty?" I asked him, and he smiled at me.

"You won't just be a fancy queen, Tamia. You are a fighter and a strategist. I do not plan to kill your fire," He said and helped me up, then placed his hands on my tiny bump.

"This is not a weakness," he said, and I beamed at him.

"I am sure you are just as deadly as you were without it," he said, and I kissed him.

"You can see Devin and tell him what we expect him to say if there is ever a hearing concerning the issue with my mother's letter to him. Also, tell Leo about Amanda's location. I know he said he was leaving, but I am sure he will want to be there," He said, and I frowned at him.

A few minutes ago, he punished me for talking to Devin privately. What was with him?

"Are you sure you want me to speak to them? You weren't happy I spoke with Devin. No matter how you tried to mask it, I could feel it," I said, and he shook his head.

"That wasn't what got to me, Tamia. I was mad that you chose to sneak to do it. I wouldn't have stopped you from talking to Devin, Leo or anyone, regardless of your history with them, but the fact that you did not want me to know got to me," he confessed, and I shook my head.

"That wasn't the reason, darling," I said, looking at him apologetically.

"I did it because of your mood in the room when we discussed it this morning. You shut it down completely. You ended the conversation. I did not want to argue with you. I wanted to get a solution before bringing it up again. I am sorry, and I promise not to do it again," I said, and he pulled me close and kissed me.

"No matter how mad I get, Tamia, you can always tell me what you want; I will never shut you down," he assured me, and I nodded.

The truth was I didn't push it with him; I should have, instead of acting suspiciously. The painful part was if Sylvester saw me, then Marcel and Theodore saw me too. I was a bit ashamed.

"Marcel and Theodore?" I asked him, and he laughed.

"Marcel was the first to spot you. It was cute, really; Theodore figured you wanted to get Devin to do something for you," He said, and we both laughed.

"That obvious?" I asked, and he nodded.

"I guess I need to work on my people skills," I said, and he nodded.

“Come on, we have an operation to plan. I can’t wait to see who Amanda’s lover is. A jet is prepared to take us to Grizlo,” he said, and we left the room.

I linked Avery and Linda immediately to inform them. Avery said Marcel had told her, and she was getting ready; Linda had decided to stay behind because she was too heavy to shift.

I was glad it happened now because I would be too heavy to shift a month from now.

I left Sylvester in the room and went to find Devin to tell him what was happening and how he would present the matter of the letter at the King’s hall if the time ever came.

I knew he would jump at the idea because it meant he could keep his secret.

I had the discussion with Devin and then told him about Amanda going to Grizlo, and he was willing to join us.

We were not planning to disrupt their meeting. We just wanted to see who it was and then arrest them. Since they had no army, I doubted there would be any fight.

I left Devin and went to search for Leo. It was going to be more challenging to speak to him because of the emotional tension between us.

I had moved on, but it was clear Leo hadn’t, and maybe he never will. I prayed he found someone to ease his breaking heart.

While I walked towards his room, I cursed Amanda. She wrecked a man to please another. She destroyed a home to build another man’s dream. I could not promise I wouldn’t destroy her when I saw her, but I prayed for wisdom to handle what was coming.

## The dark side of fate (Tamia) novel Chapter 140

~Tamia~

I hesitated before knocking on Leo’s door. I did not want to argue, but I knew I had to be the one to tell him that we were finally going to see the man that sent Amanda to ruin our home.

I knocked.

“It’s open,” I heard his voice say, and I entered the room. He was packing his bags.

Leo looked at me and was surprised to see me.

“Tamia,” he said, confused.

“What are you doing here?” He asked me.

“Amanda is going to Grizlo to meet her lover. She should be there by now. We are all going to catch them. Sylvester wanted me to inform you so you can join us,” I said, and he sighed.

“He told you to tell me?” He asked me, wondering why Sylvester did not tell him himself.

Looking at Leo now, I knew why. Amanda was our mess, and he wanted us to work together.

“I can’t wait to give that bitch the treatment she deserves,” He growled, and Black surfaced.

“I hope you all know I will kill her when I see her,” He said, and I shook my head.

“The babies?” I said, and he growled.

“His babies. I do not give a fuck, Tamia. You were mine. The only person that mattered in my life. My marriage was my baby, and she killed it. She deliberately killed it,” he growled, tears falling down his eyes.

“I will give anything to return to that day on the balcony, Tamia. I will give anything to do it all over again. I would give anything to have you back in my life, but I can’t.

I do not get to keep you; likewise, the bastard Amanda is with would not get to keep her and their bastards. I will have my pound of flesh. It is what she owes me, Tamia,” He said, and I knew he believed every word of what he said. I began to regret inviting him.

“Leo, you need to be wise about this,” I said, and he chuckled.

“I was going to try with her, you know. I was trying. I really tried. It would have worked out. I was crawling, but they were still steps; Tamia, I would have kept at it until we arrived somewhere. Now I know why I couldn’t fall completely. Now I know why my bond with her could not heal and complete me. She had stolen it from me and given it to her lover. I hate her, Tamia. I do, and I swear when I catch her, she will be history,” he said, and tears streamed down my cheeks because I could feel his pain. We might have gotten back together had I not fallen in love. He would have never betrayed me again. But Sylvester is everything I have ever wanted in a mate, and we were now fated. Leo was buried in my past. Just as I faded away in his eyes once, he had now faded away permanently.

I walked to him and touched his chest. Then looked up into his eyes.

“I need you to move on and let it go,” I pleaded with him.

"Life is too beautiful for you to carry this hatred you have in your heart. Trust me, I felt the same way in Mountain, but I got over it and picked the pieces of my heart.

When I came here, I wept my first morning. I sat in the tub and sobbed. My heart bled, Leo, because something had been taken from me. When you let me go, there was a pain and emptiness that I could not describe. Knowing I could do nothing about it, I let it go and opened myself up to find love again, and I did.

It was slow and hard for Sylvester and me to get to where we are now, but once I opened up, we increased the pace, and now we are together.

I am sure there is someone out there for you, and I pray you will find a second-chance mate, so you will never have to fear the bond again," I said, and he closed his eyes while his tears rolled down.

"What am I supposed to do without you? You were all I had, and you are all I have ever known, Tamia. I do not know where to start, but one thing is sure. I won't let that bitch and her bastards live," he said and opened his eyes.

They had darkened, and I knew it was rage. Every time he thought of Amanda, that was when he felt anger.

He had been betrayed but did the same to me without knowing it. I kept that part to myself because I wanted him to heal.

"You have to keep the peace and let bygones be bygones. Forget about the pain and the life we could have made. Forget it all, Leo. We are where we should be. Don't let it destroy your gentle soul. I have watched all the trouble chip away your compassionate nature, and I am afraid you will let it destroy you. Underneath it all, I know you are loving, forgiving and strong. I need you to forgive the pain and feelings you have put out on parade stopping you from moving forward, Leo. I need you to truly let me go," I said to him, and he gently touched my cheeks with his palms.

"You used to be mine," he said, looking at me longingly and searching my eyes for a hope he would not find.

"Now you are someone else's, and I know I have to let you go, but I do not know how, Tamia. Every beautiful memory I have is with you. Everything I have, you are part of. How can I forget you when you are a part of my soul?" he asked me. I could feel his pain.

"I have learned to embrace my past and look to the future. Do the same. A beautiful woman is coming into your life soon, Leo; I want you to love her like you loved me. Unlike what you did to me, I want you to promise yourself that your love will be flawless and you will never betray her. Start from there and look to the future. She is there, waiting for you. Do not let your pain and anger blind you. I will always be in your life,



maybe not how you want me to be, but I will always be in your life," I told him, and he sighed and wiped away his tears.

"I will try, Tamia. I do not want this bitch to live, but I will try. Tell Sylvester to let me know when it is time for us to head to Grizlo. But once all this is over, I want you two to promise to release that bitch to me," he said, and I knew that was his condition, and I nodded. I knew Sylvester won't object. So far, we have gotten what we wanted. I knew he won't object.

I can't wait for us to catch this bastard and get on with our lives.

I left Leo's wing and returned to mine to get ready for the event that would ensue. The moment I stepped in, Sylvester looked at me and smiled.

"I think you should wash Leo's scent off your body before coming to me. Knight has been nuts lately, and I think it has to do with the delayed claim," he said, and I sighed.

Suddenly I felt waiting to do it under the blue moon was unnecessary. Still, Sylvester wanted it on that night for a purpose, so I held my opinion and showered.

Not long after I stepped in the shower, Sylvester joined me. We played a bit, and when we were done, I told him about my discussion with Leo and Devin.

He was glad they were on board because he wanted to only take people he could trust. I learned Dominic and David would remain at the estate with Stephanie.

Sylvester also told me he had assured his mother that she had nothing to worry about. He did not tell her about Devin's false reputation, but she was grateful nonetheless.

I had butterflies in my tummy. I was too eager to catch Amanda and her lover and curious to find out who it was. I hoped it was someone that could be dealt with. I would gladly support destroying the person because he had caused much damage.

Although I knew he was being manipulated by someone, I still hated that he allowed himself to be used that way. Greed was a terrible disease, and this man was suffering from it. We were going to cure him very soon.

The time came, and we dressed up to head to the airport. Sylvester had chartered a commercial jet to take us there in case the bastard had people at the airport in Grizlo; he would not know of our arrival and run away, it was a wise move, and I commended my mate for it.

Leo was angry, and likewise Devin. They would catch the man that tried to destroy their lives, start a war and cause conflicts.

Amanda, her lover and the person behind him had caused much damage. There was nothing anyone could say or do that would ease the situation. Everyone was going there to catch them and teach them a lesson.

We were travelling on a low profile because Sylvester was the King. If we went as ourselves, the culprits would know and escape because everyone would want to greet the King. This was the best option.

We got to the jet hangar and boarded the jet. I was nervous, and Sylvester held my hand tightly.

“We are only going there to observe. Once we have found the information we need, we will decide what to do. On no account should anyone engage without my permission,” he said, looking at Leo.

“However high our emotions run, we are not to engage,” he said, directing the last sentence to Leo, and Leo reluctantly nodded.

“I will give her to you once we are done with her,” He assured Leo, so he would know that Sylvester would keep his end of the bargain.

I knew Sylvester was yet to tell Marcel that his father was alive. I knew he would have to, in case the man had anything to do with this because, as things were, someone was sponsoring and helping Amanda’s lover. There was a possibility he was the one.

We just had to hope for the best.

We arrived at Grizlo and secretly left the airport to join Levi and Hendrix. They were staying in an apartment complex opposite the building Amanda was to meet her lover.

We arrived there, and I was amazed by the level of equipment that I found in the apartment.

They had all the spy gadgets. Binoculars, radios, cameras and so on. It was a complete investigation.

Avery was thrilled by everything that she started examining the equipment.

There wasn’t much in the apartment, but it was serving its purpose nicely.

Levi explained all that was happening to Sylvester, and we all sat there waiting for Amanda’s lover to show up.

According to Levi, they had had a heated argument on the phone, and Amanda had threatened to return to Lucland and tell it all.

Levi thinks the guy is either doing this to pacify or kill her; either way, Levi believes that we need to be careful because anything could happen.

I learned they had picked up Jacob Mikhailov, and he was en route to the King's prison, formerly known as the council prison. Everything was coming together nicely.

We sat on the couch, waiting for the man to show up. Hendrix went out to get us something to eat. He returned, with more snacks than food.

I could not wait to get the mission over with and eat good food.

I sat on the chair and soon passed out from exhaustion.

I felt someone tapping me to wake up, and I woke up. I realised the people in the room were moving out. Sylvester was the one who gently woke me up.

"Tamia, he is here," Sylvester said, and I was awake immediately.

"Did you see him?" I asked him, and I noticed his countenance wasn't good, which meant it was somebody he knew.

"Who is it?" I asked him, afraid to know the answer.

"Vino Lawrence," He replied, and I was shocked.