

## The dark side of fate (Tamia) novel Chapter 66

~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.

“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 it.

“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.

“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.

“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.

"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 fucking 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.

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“She was fucking 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.

## The dark side of fate (Tamia) novel Chapter 68

~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 me. 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 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.

"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. Claspng 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.

## The dark side of fate (Tamia) novel Chapter 69

~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 fiance; that is Avery, mate and fiance of Alpha Marcel Sidorov and this is Tamia, fiance 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.

“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.

## The dark side of fate (Tamia) novel Chapter 70

~Sylvester~

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.

"Tamia," 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 fucking 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.

“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.

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.

"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.