

## The dark side of fate (Tamia) novel Chapter 86

~Sylvester~

Leo and I spent a while in the booth, and soon it was time to join our families, so we left the booth.

While Leo walked me to my family's booth so he could say hello to Tamia, Max and Kyle joined. It was clear they were lurking around and waiting.

Leo shook his head, indicating I disagreed.

"Your Eminence, I believe a fated is more valuable than a chosen. We feel it would be more..." Max said, and I looked at him.

"You are lucky I am in the spirit of forgiveness, Alpha Blanch. I haven't forgotten that you attacked my estate with your men." I said, and he was silent.

"Tribute does not work that way. There can be no swap. As you can see, the women have moved on. Avery is happy and will marry Marcel Sidorov during the blue moon. Likewise, Linda is four months pregnant and will marry Theodore Orlov on the same day. They are now ladies of the north and above you; they are not yours, so a swap cannot take place," I said calmly as we walked towards my booth.

"What if we talk to..." I heard Kyle say, and I was irritated.

I stopped in my track and looked at him.

"You are lucky Theodore isn't here. He would have bashed your face in. How dare you ask your men to fuck your wife for entertainment while you watch?" I asked, and Max gasped.

"You are lucky I am not your Alpha. I would have stripped you of your title and seized your lands and money. Then I would have had you locked up to serve time, but Leo seems a bit too liberal for the good of the east," I said, and Maxwell looked at Kyle with disgust.

"It isn't what you think. I was..." Kyle said, trying to justify himself, but the words won't come because what he did was wrong.

"You hurt that woman and traumatised her. It took a lot for Theo to help her come out of it," I told him, and he was silent. Max had a judgemental look in his eyes.

"And you think you are smart," I told Max.

“Asking your wife to shift so you can beat the shit out of your wife, and no one would know. Who does that? With silver, Max? Mia has scars on her lovely white fur. I can’t believe you all did these things because you had found your fated. It is absurd. I want to believe that your mates had agendas other than having you to themselves,” I said, and they were silent.

“Anyway, the answer is no. You are lucky I am in good spirits or I would have taken disciplinary action against you to discourage others that plan on walking in your footsteps,” I said. I looked ahead and saw my family’s booth.

“Well, I guess this is where we part,” I said, shook Leo and left them to go to my booth.

It was best for Leo to say hello to Tamia some other time because I did not want Marcel and Theo to deal with Max and Kyle outside the pitch.

I was happy that I had found myself an ally in Leo. All that remained now was for the actual investigation to begin.

I got to the booth, and Tamia looked at me with expectant eyes. I smiled at her and kissed her.

“I am alright, darling. I am not as troubled as I was this morning, and Leo and I have made headway,” I said, and she raised her eyebrow at me, which made me smile.

“You are right; he is a cool guy and highly misunderstood,” I said, and she giggled.

“Lilly has delivered the items to Gezel, and we have four men on her now,” Tamia linked me, and I nodded and looked at Marcel.

I knew I would have to tell him that his family was involved in the mess.

I did not know how he would take it, but I hope to sweep Gezel’s involvement under the carpet, so it does not hurt Marcel.

Whatever the case, I knew Gezel was not the mastermind.

I believe she was being used, and they wanted me to catch her so it would implicate my beta.

My gut feeling was telling me to protect them first and investigate later.

“So we will wait to see what they would do with the items Lily got them,”

I linked Tamia.

We returned home early, and I went straight to my office. Tamia followed me, and I let her sit on my lap while I went through my email on my computer.

I was still trying to trace my half-brother, and I was still trying to find Jenny's child.

"When are they bringing the list with the names of the alpha that raised the petition?" Tamia asked me, sounding eager.

"They will bring it tonight. I trusted Kappa William with the task. He is my most loyal officer." I told her, and she smiled at me.

"And Wilson too," she said, and I did not know how to respond because Wilson was the one that slapped her when they were coming to the north. I disciplined the Kappa for it, but I wondered if Tamia had forgiven the guy.

"It's okay, darling. The jaw-shifting blow Theodore gave him the day we arrived was satisfactory," she said, giggling, and I was relieved.

"Him too. I trust him too." I confessed, and she kissed my forehead, saying it was cute.

Marcel entered my office, followed by Theo; I knew they were eager to know what Leo and I had discussed.

Avery and Linda entered, and I knew they were looking for Tamia. Still, Tamia remained on my lap, and I wanted her there because I was hard as hell and trying to calm down.

Her citrus scent was overwhelming, and we were hiding the fact that we were fated from our friends for now.

"What is with Gezel?" Marcel asked me.

"First, I will tell you what Leo said," I said, trying to save the serious thing for the last.

Theo took orange juice from the small fridge in the office and gave it to Linda, then asked her to sit on the couch.

Avery collected the juice from him and sat quickly, leaving Linda dumbfounded.

"I get to be pampered, too," she said, and everyone laughed.

Marcel took another Juice from the fridge and gave it to Linda, and Linda received it smiling while she sat next to Avery.

"Leo said Kyle, and Maxwell put him up to it. They requested a tribute swap," I said, and Avery coughed, spilling the juice through her nose.

“What?” Linda said, exclaiming.

“Yes, I want to believe they have either lost it or are on some medication that isn’t good for their minds.

Kyle wanted to swap his mate for you, Linda. Leo later explained that Kyle found out that her triplets aren’t biologically his, and he has difficulty getting women pregnant. He regrets his actions towards you,” I said, and Linda was nonplussed.

I could see her mixed feelings, and I knew it came to her as a shocker. After all that Leo told me, I figured Kyle might have blamed her for not getting pregnant too, which was why he visited that level of abuse on her. I wonder if he would abuse himself now that he knew the fault was with him all along.

“Max wants to do the same. I expected it since he joined forces with Devin to attack the estate. Those two men are desperate. We have to watch them,” I said, and Theo laughed.

“You never know what you have until you throw it away. I am so looking forward to Rugby now. How dare those two treat this as a transaction? He wants to take my pregnant mate and swap her for his fated as if they are objects. I will treat him as an object soon,” Theo said with a tinge of anger.

“How stupid is Leo to deliver such a message? And let me guess, he wanted to swap Ramsey’s daughter for Tamia too?” Marcel said, and I shook my head.

“No, he has made peace with his loss. One thing I realised is that Leo genuinely loved Tamia. He took her for granted and did not know his action would have consequences. He was presumptuous about many things, which cost him dearly. He wishes us the best and will work with us to expose Ramsey. He does not like the Alpha and believes the man is shady.” I said, rubbing Tamia’s back gently, and she smiled at me.

I wondered how she would feel when I told her I was willing to allow her friendship with Leo to continue.

Tamia is not my prisoner and has the right to have friends. I do not feel threatened by Leo, and I trust her completely.

“Oh, before I forget. Devin Corrigan returned to the south today but said he would be back next week. He has been trying to put himself on Tamia’s itinerary, and I have blocked him,” Marcel said, and I was a bit pissed at the guy. Doesn’t he ever give up?

“Let him see her,” I said, and everyone was shocked. Tamia looked at me, frowning.

“What are you saying?” She linked me, and I smiled at her.

"I trust you, Tamia. I think you should hear him out so he can leave us alone. We are fated now, so I have nothing to worry about," I linked her back, and she smiled.

There was a wickedness to her grin that let me know Devin won't have it easy when he saw her.

"Very well, now let's talk about Gezel," I said, and Marcel was eager to listen. I told him all we knew, and he had to sit down to control his emotions.

"That bitch! Does she know the implications of her actions? If she is found guilty of treason, our family will be exiled, and she will be killed. She wants to cost us our reputation and good name," he said, angry and worried.

"I plan on sweeping it under the carpet. I will catch the people she is working with, so we can get closer to the culprit.

I am telling you this so you can take steps that won't cause you to be implicated in this crime. You too, Theo," I said, looking at my Gamma.

"The person we are dealing with is very smart and knows the law well. So far, we have concentrated on the council, but the trail we follow leads us away from them. That does not mean we would not remove Pamela and Joan, but we need to be careful.

This person is trying to take away my shield and protection so they can deal with me directly. With both of you in exile, I will be vulnerable. Vino is a coward, so I do not expect him to be of much help. The other council members have been linked to one thing or the other. You need to be on the lookout. Go back to your clans and families and ensure everything is in check, so they don't hurt us," I said, and Theo sighed.

"I know you want to sweep this Gezel matter under the carpet, but it will be difficult. It will be challenging unless we kill everyone who knows of her involvement. We need to think of ways to manage the situation if it gets out," he said, stating the truth, but I wanted to be optimistic and try.

While we discussed the matter, Kappa William was ushered into the office. It was time for dinner, but we needed to attend to the matter so we could retire to our bedrooms after dinner.

Kappa William was holding a sheet of paper, and Tamia got up and went to collect it from him. She was eager to glance at the list of the people on it. She smiled evilly and looked at me.

"Is he the one that would handle it?" She asked me, and I nodded. I did not know what she would tell him, but I had to let her handle it.

"They are seven on this list. Is there a hidden location in the north that no one knows of?" she asked a peculiar and unrelated question.

"We have warehouses and underground shelters that are isolated, Luna," Kappa William said, and she nodded.

"Skip the underground shelters. Let us use the structures that are above ground and could belong to anyone. Let us use the warehouses." She said and looked at Wilson.

"I need you to abduct their wives and a child, each, if any. If they have no spouse, then the person closest to them. I want these people blindfolded and kept in the warehouse. They should not be harmed yet. Make sure it is done covertly, and they don't see you," She said, and I was shocked. Avery was grinning, and Linda was laughing.

"I want you to set up a fictitious account as citizens and bombard these alphas to withdraw their petitions, or their loved ones won't be returned to them. Let them believe that the people are unhappy with their actions and will riot if they choose to proceed. Also, make it seem like the citizens abducted their loved ones to motivate them to comply. Can you do it?" Tamia asked him, and he nodded.

"I want to oversee the operation," Avery offered.

"Me too. Croquet is very boring," Linda said, and Tamia laughed.

"We will create fictitious untraceable emails and use them to troll them. But we have to keep up appearances at the games, so you two can't be physically involved," Tamia said, and Avery thought about it.

"Well, it is fair enough," She agreed, but Linda was silent. Looking at Linda, it seemed she wanted to be part of the process.

Kappa William saluted us and excused himself.

"Now we can focus on serious matters. Those clowns will cave. More will be taken from those who prove stubborn, and if they insist..." Tamia said and paused to think deeply.

I knew she was thinking something sinister.

"Well, let's not go there because they won't like what I would do to them," she completed her sentence, smiling.

"We honestly need to focus on catching the culprits. We can't be ahead if we are nice and play by the book. These people need a firm hand, and that is what they will be getting henceforth," she said, and Marcel nodded with approval.

"Remind me to not get on your bad side," Theo told her, and we all laughed.

~Leo~

I wasn't ready to face Tamia yet, so when Max and Kyle accosted Sylvester and me, I used the opportunity to part ways.

I knew seeing Tamia was inevitable, and I wished it would be easy, but I knew it won't.

The last time we spoke, she was hurt.

I remembered the hurt in her eyes that day. I saw her give up completely, and it was all my fault.

I knew she was happy with Sylvester, but I still found it hard to move on.

She was mine right from when she was seventeen. Who would have thought our time together would be short-lived?

I felt ashamed of myself.

She had done what I failed to do.

When she reminded me of my promise the night she returned home naked and in pain, I sat on the couch and could not speak.

The truth was, I did not expect her to understand. I did not expect her to see things my way. I was afraid to let go of the rare gift given to me, and I expected her to accept it.

I knew that that was my inner truth.

When she complained and showed disappointment, I often told myself she would do the same thing in my shoes.

Even though I knew Tamia was very loyal and devoted, I believed she would do the same in my shoes.

I had told Devin that she would have rejected him for my sake, but I did not believe my words. I just wanted to discourage him from pursuing her and getting her in trouble with Sylvester.

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Sylvester Volkov was a better man for her.

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I needed to prepare my mind for my friendship with Tamia. It will be hard. It would be difficult to see and talk to her, being in the same space with her and having limits around her.

It will be difficult because she was once mine.

I needed to prepare my mind for the torture I would experience through the friendship, but I was grateful to Sylvester for his kind gesture.

A challenging friendship with Tamia was better than silence. It was better than being estranged from her. At least I get my confidant back, someone I know I can trust and rely on. I was excited about it. However challenging it will be, I was excited about it.

I returned to my booth, and Ramsey was sitting next to Amanda.

I honestly hated the man. He brought about my ruin, and I was angry and enraged after what Sylvester had just told me he did.

I knew Kyle was a fool, but he did not deserve this.

I wanted to beat the crap out of Ramsey and ask him what the fuck Kyle did to him to make him set us up like that. I was angry.

The lives that were lost due to that attack still haunt me.

“Darling,” Amanda said, smiling at me, and I returned the smile.

“How did your meeting go?” She asked me, and I knew I needed to watch my tongue where Ramsey was concerned. Speaking in opposites was the only way to protect myself from the prick.

“Not well,” I replied, and her face dropped. She rubbed my back gently and kissed my upper arm.

“I hope he wasn’t upset,” She said with a tinge of fear, and I could not blame her. The Wolf Lord’s anger was something to avoid.

“I hope he isn’t. Max and Kyle accosted him, and I am nervous,” I lied, and she hissed.

“I am sorry, but those two alphas are fools. Kyle was the one that got the east into this mess to begin with, he had better not try it again, and Max almost got us in trouble the second time,” She said, grumbling, and I rubbed her back to calm her down.



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"Father, you should go against them in the committee. The east was more peaceful when you led it. Leo is doing a good job, but those people make it very hard. I think you and Alpha Timothy should step in to support Leo," She said, and Ramsey shook his head. The prick.

Of course, he will shake his head. He had messed everything up. I was beginning to suspect that he did it out of scorn.

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I was occupying his seat. Kyle and Max knocked him down to fourth place. Could he create trouble for us because of it?

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"I am sure Leo will side with you." She said and squeezed my hand.

"Won't you, darling?" She said, and honestly, I cringed.

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"I won't, darling, because your father is in retirement. I can also put Kyle and Max in check. I won't be able to caution your father," I explained, and she shook her head.

"You aren't putting those two in check. If you were, they wouldn't have caused the war and friction between the north and east," She said, and I shook my head.

"Kyle did not attack the Western border in Gad. I believe him. I do not know who did it, and I don't care." I said quickly, so the main culprit sitting with us won't be on alert.

"How can you not care? They took Tamia away," she said with a shaky voice.

"You did not see how they bound her in chains and took her away, Leo. She could have pointed at me or let them kill you, but she gave herself to them," She said, getting all emotional.

"And she is now a lady of the north. I believe it served her well," Ramsey said with a bit of jealousy or scorn.

He used his daughter to force Tamia out of our home; now, Tamia got herself a bigger and better wolf.

"Tamia was lucky with the wolf Lord," she said, and I stopped her. It was evening time.

"We need to return to the hotel." I said, standing up, and she stood with me.

I was tired of the conversation, and I wanted to get away from Ramsey. My mind was still processing what Sylvester told me about his involvement with the attack.

"I will see you tomorrow, daddy," Amanda said and hugged her father. Ramsey kissed her cheek, and he shook my hand. Amanda and I walked away.

We returned to the hotel suite that we shared with Max and Kyle.

After I showered, I changed into something comfortable and picked up the intercom to order a meal.

"What would you like to eat?" I asked Amanda when she exited the bathroom, and she smiled at me.

"Surprise me," she said and came to bed in her night dress.

I ordered her favourite and ordered mine. She was excited and rested her head against my chest.

"Amanda," I said, and she looked at me with a smile.

"Do you tell your father everything that is going on in our home?" I asked her, and she was silent before responding. I knew the answer was yes, but I kept it to myself.

"Not that I go and tell him, he talks to me about things, and I find myself answering the questions. He is very curious, and you know I am his only child," she said, giggling, and I pretended to laugh. Realising I needed to be secretive around Amanda.

"Leo," she said, and I answered her gently.

"Now that Tamia is getting married and you know she is happy, are we going to get married too?" She asked me, and I sighed.

“We have claimed each other already. There is no need for a ceremony. Only chosen mates practise blue moon ceremonies and weddings,” I said, and she was silent.

I knew it was customary to have a wedding ceremony with her, but I refused simply because I knew her father was the one pushing her to do it, and I did not want to name her Luna officially too.

I wasn't there yet.

We ate, and Amanda fell asleep thirty minutes after we finished eating. The movie we were watching was boring, so I could understand.

My eyelids became heavy too but sleep left me when I heard Max roaring in the living area.

I left the room in my pyjama pants and saw Max angry and fuming, pacing up and down the room.

“What is the meaning of this? Amanda is trying to sleep,” I said, and Kyle looked at me angrily.

“What good are you?” he said, and I frowned at him,

“All you had to do was demand a swap, and you failed. How can you call yourself our leader yet have no leadership in you? You have no spine,” He said, and I was slowly getting angry.

“You are a coward, Leo, a fucking coward. No wonder Tamai moved on quickly,” Kyle said, and I punched him.

I heard something crack, but I didn't care. He had struck a nerve with me.

“You will respect me!” I said, getting angry. Black had had enough of their nonsense. I was a peaceful man, but I refused to be disrespected anymore.

“I accepted the invite because of you two. Came here and ridiculed myself for your sake. I begged Sylvester Volkov for your sake. I am a leader in my own right, yet I stooped low for your sake, and you call me a coward!” I said, livid.

“If you had kept your ranks in check like a proper alpha should, no one would use your men to attack the border of Gad, and Sylvester won't rain down his terror on us and take our mates from us.

I am still hurting from my loss. I can never get over it. How dare you call me a coward?

It takes a lot of strength to walk away from a fight when you are challenged. I see Tamia in Sylvester's booth at the arena, and I dare not look. I dare not let my stare linger or talk to her. Do you think it is easy? It is your fault, Kyle! They took our mates because of you!" I said and then looked at him.

"Linda isn't an object that you can swap at will. She is a person, and she is happy now. She is expecting a baby with Theodore Orlov; move on. She would not get back to you even if you were the last man on earth. After all you did to her?" I said and laughed from frustration.

"Are you on drugs, Kyle?" I asked him.

"No woman would return to a man like you after you treated her that way. You are sick. You need help. I still can't wrap my head around you asking your soldiers to fuck your wife in front of you. I can't wrap my head around it. It is sick, and you need help. She is free of you, so let her go," I said and looked at Max.

"And you. I need to figure out where to start. I am ashamed that you two are my friends. I have done enough for you two. Let this be the last time either of you will talk to me about the mates you lost to better men. And before you think of a jab, I accept that I lost my wife to a better man. It is time you start accepting it, too," I said, and Max shook his head.

"You might be our leader, but we are alphas. Yes, I made a mistake with Avery, but I am willing to make amends. Everyone deserves a second chance. I won't be at peace if I do not try. I was blinded by lust and fooled by the bond; I had to try, Leo. I can't come this far and humiliate myself this much to not take her back with me," Max said, tears welling up in his eyes.

"I didn't mean to beat my Avery. Michelle told a lot of lies, and I believed her. Some of my men were in league with her. I believed them; I hurt Avery because I believed them. I thought Avery was malicious. I thought she deliberately hurt Michelle. I believed all the lies they told me..." Max said and sat on the couch crying.

"I swear, Leo, I didn't mean to. It is just that things got heated between us and I reacted, and then I found myself doing that all the time," he said, and I did not want to hear him or Kyle anymore.

"Then you two will have to do it on your own. I am not going to aggravate Volkov, Sidorov and Orlov over this," I said and returned to my room. Amanda was sitting up and crying in bed.

I knew she heard me, but it didn't matter.

I got into bed with her letting Black take over, and tried to console her. I was trying, but I needed to move faster.

We headed to the arena the next day, and Max and Kyle decided to seek out Linda and Avery.

They wanted to catch them when they were alone and plead their case. They were delusional, but I admired their perseverance. Too bad I did not see this going well for either of them.

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I ordered her favourite and ordered mine. She was excited and rested her head against my chest.

"Amanda," I said, and she looked at me with a smile.



“Do you tell your father everything that is going on in our home?” I asked her, and she was silent before responding. I knew the answer was yes, but I kept it to myself.

“Not that I go and tell him, he talks to me about things, and I find myself answering the questions. He is very curious, and you know I am his only child,” she said, giggling, and I pretended to laugh. Realising I needed to be secretive around Amanda.

“Leo,” she said, and I answered her gently.

“Now that Tamia is getting married and you know she is happy, are we going to get married too?” She asked me, and I sighed.

“We have claimed each other already. There is no need for a ceremony. Only chosen mates practise blue moon ceremonies and weddings,” I said, and she was silent.

I knew it was customary to have a wedding ceremony with her, but I refused simply because I knew her father was the one pushing her to do it, and I did not want to name her Luna officially too.

I wasn't there yet.

We ate, and Amanda fell asleep thirty minutes after we finished eating. The movie we were watching was boring, so I could understand.

My eyelids became heavy too but sleep left me when I heard Max roaring in the living area.

I left the room in my pyjama pants and saw Max angry and fuming, pacing up and down the room.

“What is the meaning of this? Amanda is trying to sleep,” I said, and Kyle looked at me angrily.

“What good are you?” he said, and I frowned at him,

“All you had to do was demand a swap, and you failed. How can you call yourself our leader yet have no leadership in you? You have no spine,” He said, and I was slowly getting angry.

“You are a coward, Leo, a fucking coward. No wonder Tamai moved on quickly,” Kyle said, and I punched him.

I heard something crack, but I didn't care. He had struck a nerve with me.

“You will respect me!” I said, getting angry. Black had had enough of their nonsense. I was a peaceful man, but I refused to be disrespected anymore.

"I accepted the invite because of you two. Came here and ridiculed myself for your sake. I begged Sylvester Volkov for your sake. I am a leader in my own right, yet I stooped low for your sake, and you call me a coward!" I said, livid.

"If you had kept your ranks in check like a proper alpha should, no one would use your men to attack the border of Gad, and Sylvester won't rain down his terror on us and take our mates from us.

I am still hurting from my loss. I can never get over it. How dare you call me a coward?

It takes a lot of strength to walk away from a fight when you are challenged. I see Tamia in Sylvester's booth at the arena, and I dare not look. I dare not let my stare linger or talk to her. Do you think it is easy? It is your fault, Kyle! They took our mates because of you!" I said and then looked at him.

"Linda isn't an object that you can swap at will. She is a person, and she is happy now. She is expecting a baby with Theodore Orlov; move on. She would not get back to you even if you were the last man on earth. After all you did to her?" I said and laughed from frustration.

"Are you on drugs, Kyle?" I asked him.

"No woman would return to a man like you after you treated her that way. You are sick. You need help. I still can't wrap my head around you asking your soldiers to fuck your wife in front of you. I can't wrap my head around it. It is sick, and you need help. She is free of you, so let her go," I said and looked at Max.

"And you. I need to figure out where to start. I am ashamed that you two are my friends. I have done enough for you two. Let this be the last time either of you will talk to me about the mates you lost to better men. And before you think of a jab, I accept that I lost my wife to a better man. It is time you start accepting it, too," I said, and Max shook his head.

"You might be our leader, but we are alphas. Yes, I made a mistake with Avery, but I am willing to make amends. Everyone deserves a second chance. I won't be at peace if I do not try. I was blinded by lust and fooled by the bond; I had to try, Leo. I can't come this far and humiliate myself this much to not take her back with me," Max said, tears welling up in his eyes.

"I didn't mean to beat my Avery. Michelle told a lot of lies, and I believed her. Some of my men were in league with her. I believed them; I hurt Avery because I believed them. I thought Avery was malicious. I thought she deliberately hurt Michelle. I believed all the lies they told me..." Max said and sat on the couch crying.

"I swear, Leo, I didn't mean to. It is just that things got heated between us and I reacted, and then I found myself doing that all the time," he said, and I did not want to hear him or Kyle anymore.

"Then you two will have to do it on your own. I am not going to aggravate Volkov, Sidorov and Orlov over this," I said and returned to my room. Amanda was sitting up and crying in bed.

I knew she heard me, but it didn't matter.

I got into bed with her letting Black take over, and tried to console her. I was trying, but I needed to move faster.

We headed to the arena the next day, and Max and Kyle decided to seek out Linda and Avery.

They wanted to catch them when they were alone and plead their case. They were delusional, but I admired their perseverance. Too bad I did not see this going well for either of them.

## The dark side of fate (Tamia) novel Chapter 88

~Avery~

I was having the nightmare again. The very dream that plagued my sleep and reminded me of my pain. It was the first night Max beat Mia. I felt the chain and the silver, the command and the pain.

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Max had stayed out all night, and I felt pain all through the night.

I did not need anyone to tell me what was happening. I knew he had gotten intimate with someone behind my back. I did not know why and was determined to find out when he returned.

I sat in bed and wept. I was mad at him and waited for him to return home.

He did not come home until noon the next day. By then, I had body pains and a terrible headache caused by his actions.

He walked into our home and did not say a word to me.

Our eyes met, and he looked away immediately.

I could see the guilt in his eyes, and he knew that I knew.

He did not speak. Instead, he walked away immediately.

I was mad. So I followed him. My head hurt, and my body ached, but I refused to be disrespected.

“Where were you?” I asked, and he was taking off his shirt.

He did not say anything. He took off his shirt and placed the shirt in a laundry bin.

“Max... Maxwell!” I asked, feeling insulted, and he sighed. He turned to look at me and sat at the foot of the bed.

“I am sorry, Ave. I am so sorry,” he said, and I got pissed.

“Is that what you have to say for yourself?” I asked him, and he bowed his head.

“What do you want me to say, Ave? You know I fucked up last night,” he said, close to tears.

“I had no control over it,” he said and looked at me.

His tears fell freely, and it broke my heart because the pain was registered in his eyes.

“Control over what?” I asked him, and he shook his head and pinched the bridge of his nose between his eyes.

“I have screwed up, Ave; I am finished,” he said, and I did not know what to tell him. I began to suspect it was an act to take me away from the fact that he was with someone all through the night.

“What happened last night? Why didn’t you come home?” I asked him, and he looked at me and bowed his head again.

“I found my fated, Ave; I found her,” he said, and his words were like a moving truck.

It hit me, and I moved back until my back was against the wall.

I was instantly overcome with fear, anger and confusion. My eyes welled up with tears, and my hands began to shake.

“No, no, no, no,” I said, more to myself than to him.

This was not supposed to happen to me.

This was an impossible situation. No one had a fated in our pack. We knew it was impossible. That was why no one bothered and just named a chosen and claimed them during the blue moon. Why was I an exception?

“No!” I cried, knowing what would happen.

Max had fucked her all through the night; I believed we were past debating what he would do now. I believed he had accepted her.

“Why?” I asked him, and he did not answer.

“If you love me, you will reject her,” I said, trying my luck, but my voice held no conviction.

I was hopeful, but I wasn't sure.

He was my alpha; I was connected to him. If he accepts her, I know he won't reject me. Where will I go to? How will I survive?

“You are my husband, my mate, Maxwell. After all that we have been through together, you have to reject her. Prove to me that I matter to you, and let her go. I will support and carry you. I have been by your side for a long time, Max,” I said, not knowing what to say again.

I was out of words.

“But I have touched her. I didn't want to, but Echo didn't give me a chance,” he said, and Mia growled in my head, feeling betrayed by Echo.

I wept, and soon he came to sit with me on the floor.

He touched my hand and asked me to look into his eyes.

“I accepted her, Ave,” he said, and my heart broke.

“She is moving in today,” he said, and my hand began to shake seriously, my heart racing and beating against my chest. I was sweating, and my stomach churned. I wanted to throw up.

“I have claimed her, and she is coming. I had no choice. Echo sank his teeth in before I could stop...” he said, and I slapped him. I hit him with all my might. He did not do anything, and I hit him repeatedly until I began to cry.

He held me without saying a word, but I felt alone in those moments. I knew my life was over.

“Set me free,” I said, looking at him, and he shook his head.

“Set me free!!!” I yelled and moved away from him. I was enraged.

“Let me go, Max! I did not care for the weakness; I want to go and find another mate!” I yelled at him.

“Snap out of it!” he yelled, and I looked at him. He had fear in his eyes. That was the first time he would yell at me.

“You were hysterical. I needed you to calm down,” he said, pulling me into his arms.

“I am sorry, my love. I am so sorry, but I can’t set you free. I can’t bear losing you. Fate has fucked our union up but let us try to make it work. Please,” he said, but he also knew I had no choice.

If he did not set me free, I couldn’t leave. No one would take me in. The ball was actually in his court, and he had stylishly told me he wouldn’t let me go.

Max held me, and I wept in his arms.

“You are my Luna, Ave; you will always be Luna, and Michelle has no choice but to respect and serve you. I have told her, and she is okay with it. I know this will work,” he said, and I could not believe how delusional he was. What made him think a woman he was fucking would be subservient to me?

Michelle moved into our home. She was nice at first, and Max could not leave her bed.

I listened to them most of the time.

Max gradually stopped caring and showed a lot of affection to her in public.

It got to me, and I showed it. I would get angry and throw things. I broke a lot of things in the house. I wanted out, but I was his prisoner.

Everything got to me, especially the disrespectful pack members who gossiped behind my back or tried to be disrespectful towards me.

What added to my misfortune was that I did not grow up in Hill valley, so they already had issues with me because I wasn’t from there.

Michelle’s grandfather happened to be from Hill valley, so they were nicer to her.

One day I got home, and Michelle had made a mess of the kitchen. The Omega had gone home, and I needed to cook because they had dinner and did not include me.

I went to the living room, where she was watching the television.

“Michelle, come clean your mess; I need to cook,” I said to her nicely, and she looked at me.

She was always disrespectful when Max wasn't around.

“If you can't wait till morning when the omegas would do it, then clean it yourself,” she said, and I got angry.

She wasn't only a bitch; she was lazy too. I had a bad day that day and could not take her shit anymore.

“You better come and clean your kitchen mess, Michelle,” I said with a low growl, and she looked at me.

I knew she could see my intent, and she knew she would not last on a one-on-one with me.

Max wasn't around. I would have beaten the shit out of her before he returned. I did not plan to touch her, but I knew that was what she was thinking.

She was reluctant at first, then she smiled and got up to clean the mess, but she was so slow that I decided I would eat at the pack house. There may be some leftovers in the fridge there.

I went to the pack house and ate, then hung around a bit so I would just sleep when I got home.

I returned home only to find Max on the couch, fuming angrily.

I wanted to walk past him and go to my room, but he didn't let me.

“What did you do to Michelle?” he asked, and I frowned.

I did not understand.

“I came home and found my men helping her. She had bruises on her, and they found this on her wrist,” he said, showing a thin silver bracelet used for torture. It was one of the ones I kept in the house for protection. Usually, it was best to clamp it around your attacker's wolf's hind leg, forcing them to shift back to their human form and allowing me to beat the shit out of them. How did Michelle get her hands on it?

“When did you become so wicked, Avery? I get your tantrums, but this? You clamped silver on her wrist and beat the shit out of her simply because you were hungry and the dinner was finished. I know you are jealous and do not want to share, but this is

extreme, Avery. Did you think I wouldn't find out? Unfortunately for you, she passed out on the floor, so she could not free herself like you ordered her to. I am glad my men helped her because if she had freed herself, her wounds would heal, and it would be your word against hers," he said, and I was in shock. I was so shocked I could not speak.

"All I asked her to do was clean her mess in the kitchen because I wanted to cook. She was rude about it, and I insisted. She went to clean it eventually without me touching her. She was too slow about it, so I went to the pack house to eat the leftovers; where is all this coming from?" I asked him, and he shook his head, livid.

"Liar!" he yelled at me with command, and I shook and stepped back out of fear.

"Fucking Liar. She told me she was cleaning the kitchen and you got angry that there was no meal for you. I know you, Ave. I know you are quick-tempered and impatient," he said, and I was shocked.

"I might be quick-tempered, but that is too silly for me to beat her like this," I said, and he shook his head.

"She said you got angry and told her you wished she could disappear and that she is not wanted in this house. She tried to reason with you, and you got mad and slapped her. She threatened to tell me. You went to the room while she continued the cleaning, only for you to return and clamp the silver around her wrist and beat her with the kitchen utensils. Then you threw the bracelet key at her to release the cuffs by herself; you also told her to make sure the mess is clean before you return, and if she tells me, you will do worse to her..." he said.

I looked in the direction of the kitchen, trying to figure out how she would make up such a story.

"The kitchen is a mess. It has your scent, and her blood is everywhere, Avery," he said, and I went to the kitchen and lo and behold, he wasn't lying. There was a terrible mess of broken things, dented pots and pans with blood on them.

"I did not do this, Max. You have to believe me," I said, and he shook his head.

"How can I? You never wanted her here. You asked me to reject her. You have been cold towards her. I also learned you do this often. You bully and sometimes beat her when I am not home. My men confirmed it," and I realised there was a ganging up against me. The sinister look in Max's eyes made me know that I would not win.

He dragged me out of the house to the back.

He was fuming with rage, and I wondered where he was taking me to.



“She is pregnant, Ave, she is fucking pregnant!” he said, dragging me with him, and I tried to defend myself, but he used his authority on me, forcing me to comply.

Tears streamed down my eyes.

“Please, Max, please. I did not do it. She is lying,” I said in tears.

“She has no reason to lie. I treat her well. You, on the other hand, feel you have been wronged. I wouldn’t have believed her if my men did not corroborate her story.” He said; he pushed me into the garage and locked the door, then I watched him wear thick rubber gloves and wound a silver chain around his hand. I wanted to run, but he commanded me to remain. He was livid.

“You beat a defenceless woman and used silver to make sure she feels the pain and does not heal quickly. I also learned this isn’t the first time. If she had not passed out, I wouldn’t have known. Michelle had told me you hated her. I did not realise it was this bad,” he said, and tears began to stream down my cheeks.

“Better pray she does not lose the baby, Ave, or it will worsen. Now shift!” he commanded me.

He beat Mia with the chain until we passed out...

The garage became my discipline room, and soon it became a norm.

He would lock me up there for a day or two without food.

Sometimes he would be sweet and loving towards me, and then Michelle would lie against me with the help of his men guarding our house, and then he would relapse and take me to the garage.

That became my life until he gave me to the northern soldiers...

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I woke up panting, relieved that the beating was a dream. I had a nightmare of that garage and silver chain, which still had the same effect on me. Marcel woke up and held me while I cried.

“It’s okay, darling, it was just a bad dream,” he said, gently rubbing my back and kissing my neck.

“He can never hurt you again. I promise,” he said, and I cried and held him.

It had been a while since I dreamt about Max; why did I dream about him this night?

Marcel held me, and I kissed him.

He returned the kiss with passion and started taking off my nightgown to make love to me. I wanted it.

“Let me bring you back to the present,” he whispered, burying himself into me, and the pleasure shock went straight to my head.

The dream was a distant memory as Marcel took me to great heights, reassuring me of his love.

We went to the sports arena early the next day, and our men went to handle state matters leaving Tamia, Katya, Stephanie, Linda and me in the booth.

Stephanie, Katya and Tamia went to watch the croquet game, leaving Linda and me in the booth.

Linda excused me to get a sandwich, and I sat alone, only for Max to approach the booth, looking at me with pleading eyes.

## The dark side of fate (Tamia) novel Chapter 89

~Avery~

I looked at Max with his pleading eyes.

What was he doing in my booth? Was he crazy?

He walked to where I was, and I stood up and punched him right between the eyes.

Now I see why I dreamt of him last night.

Everything he did to me came rushing back to me, and I slapped him.

He did not say anything; he just stared at me with tears rolling down his cheeks.

“What do you want, Max? You are trespassing,” I told him, and he went on his knees.

“Avery, I am sorry,” He said, and I wondered what had gotten into him. Why was he telling me sorry? There was no word to describe what he did to me, so there shouldn't be a word to take it away.

“What do you want?” I asked him, and he bowed his head.

“I want you to come back to me, Avery,” he said, and I could not believe this guy.

“Are you sick or something? How the fuck do you think I will come back to you after all you did to me because of Michelle?” I said, and he stood up.

“I am sorry, Avery. I later found out that she was lying. She wasn’t pregnant, and you were not beating her. Doctor Alice said Michelle had never been pregnant in her life. All the miscarriages she claimed to have because you beat her were lies. I am sorry,” he said, and I was shocked.

I wasn’t shocked at what he said, but because he was stupid enough to not figure out she was lying about her pregnancy.

“I have scars to show for it, Max. Scars that would never heal on Mia’s body. My body. How do you think that would make me feel?” I asked him, and he bowed his head in shame.

“I do not know what came over me, Ave. I lost it. I lost my mind,” he said in tears, and I could not believe this psycho.

“You did it so much, Max. You did it every night. Every night you fought with Michelle, you came for me; whenever I refused to agree with your actions, you came for me. Whenever I did something you disagreed with, you came for me. I was your punching bag. Your rag. You maltreated me; anything is better than being with you,” I said and looked at him in disbelief. Had he lost his mind?

“How could you even expect that I will leave someone who loves me wholeheartedly and fixed my broken soul? What made you think I would return to you?” I said, and he looked at me.

I knew he never expected it to come to this. He saw me as a commodity, an object. He even saw his fated like that, too. That was the only reason he requested a swap.

He thought it would be easy. He thought all men were like him and saw women as objects.

It was either that, or he had lost his mind completely.

“I am doing all this for you, Ave. I came here to humiliate myself, so I can see you. If you tell him to give you back, he will, and I will cherish you for the rest of my life. I will let you do whatever you like.” he said and looked away.

“I have executed all the men that lied against you and banished their family members. That is how desperate I am,” he said, and I laughed. I knew there was more to the story. I knew he wasn’t telling me the entire truth.

“Not all of them, Max; can’t say you dealt with all the men that hurt me when you are standing in front of me,” I said, looking him straight in the eye, and he bowed his head.

"I will do more if you promise to tell Sidorov to send you back to me. There are many women out there for him, but you are meant for me. My life was better when you were in it. My world is coming apart without you, Avery. You are my lifeline. Please," he said, and I did not understand why he would want me back. He had his fated.

"You do not need me, Max. You have a mate," I told him, and he shook his head.

"What about Echo, Max? Does Echo not need his mate badly?" I asked, and he was ashamed of himself.

"Please, Avery," he said in tears. I knew he had no words to plead his case. So I looked him dead in the eyes to make my demands. Demands I knew he would not be able to deliver.

"Go and lock Michelle up in the garage and repeatedly beat the shit out of her wolf for three years.

Starve her and humiliate her over and over again.

Fuck her out of pity and let her know that is why you are fucking her; let her know you touched her because you can't let a wolf in heat roam about your house.

Degrade her and make her feel like shit.

Then, make her a spectacle to your men and pack members.

Go and do that, then come back in three years," I said with a grin, and he bowed his head.

I had told him to do all he did to me to Michelle for the time he did it and return.

I knew he couldn't. He did not have that luxury of time, but those were my terms; an impossible task he could not achieve.

I wanted him to hear what being with him sounded like, and he knew.

He needed to hear what he did and how long he did it. He needed to see the extent of his wickedness toward me.

"My pack is in shambles, Avery. I will lose my pack if you do not come back. Michelle can't do shit.

I do not know how to handle the arsenal and the shelters.

Your food preservation schemes and safety schemes have died.

People are moving to Leo's pack, where the luna is active. Please.

That pack was left to me by my father. I can't lose it," Max confessed, and I realised why he wanted me back. The very reason he did not let me go.

"Let Michelle do it," I said.

"I will happily draft you a plan for old-time sake so she can have something to follow, but I am not coming back to you. I can have this conversation with you because I have moved on. I have healed. My heart is in the right place. I am getting married soon, and Marcel and I plan to start a family. I have too much going on for me here. I can't return to that hell hole. I will advise you to walk away," I told him, and he shook his head.

"You were mine. You will always be my Avery," I saw the possessive rage in his eye.

Where was it when he maltreated me for three years?

Where was it when he repeatedly chose Michelle and his men over me? Where was it when he hurt me to my soul?

"You know I didn't give you up. You told people I gave you up, but we both know what happened that day. You deliberately stopped fighting and let them overpower us. You knew I would have no choice but to let you go... You told everyone that cared to listen that I threw you to them like you didn't mean anything, yet we both know it was a lie," he said accusingly.

"I could not die for a pack that maltreated me and a man that destroyed me. I had to get away from the beating. It was a saving opportunity, and I took it.

I knew you wouldn't give Michelle to them, she claimed to be pregnant, so I knew you would give me up instead.

I was the useless Luna that wasn't your fated. Your biggest mistake," I said boldly, and he opened his eyes in shock.

He did not know I heard all the things he said about me.

"Yes, Max, I heard most of your love discussions with Michelle. How you found me repulsive. How you wished you never had to fuck me again. How you only sleep with me when I am in heat out of pity. How you wished you waited for her," I said and hearing me say those words brought tears to my eyes.

"Where was Echo when I met you?" I asked him because we had known each other before we got our wolves.

He was two years older than me, but it didn't matter. I had known him since I was fourteen years old.

We didn't date until I was sixteen.

Max never touched me until we married when I turned eighteen, and I got my wolf. I was twenty-six now, and he was twenty-eight.

"In those passionate nights with Michelle, you made all the time we spent together, all the memories we had and shared into nothing. You made it seem like nothing and claimed to regret it, so should I return it to you? You had used your words to cancel every ounce of affection I had left for you. You took it away every time I heard you say those things to her Max, so I will ask you nicely to leave before my mate returns. He isn't patient, just like me, and he won't take your proximity lightly," I warned him, and he stared at me, speechless. I guess he did not think things through as always. He had acted on impulse.

"Go home to Michelle and build a life with her," I told him, and he bowed his head and then looked at me.

Something he always did when he had something difficult to say.

"She is dying, Avery. That was how I found out she had never been pregnant. She has a few months to live," he said, and I realised Karma had caught up with them. I guess their forever will never be. He threw away a love he had for twelve years for something fleeting.

"Answer me this, Ave," he said to me.

"If you were not with Marcel, would you have come back to me?" He asked me, and it was only fair that I tell him the truth.

"No, Max. I would never. I would have remained a sex slave or a servant in the north. I would have chosen that life over being with you. I stopped loving you a long time ago, Max. I stopped caring.

I had become numb, so it was easy for me to forget you. Go back home and spend time with your woman. There is nothing for you here," I said, and he began to weep.

Max should have Listened to me and left the booth when I had told him to because I saw Marcel advancing towards our booth with rage in his eyes.

"Why didn't you tell me that bastard was here? Someone had to link me that a man was disturbing you in the booth," Marcel Linked me approaching, and I knew Max was in big trouble.

Marcel got into the booth, and Max turned to face him, only for Marcel to knock him to the ground and bash his head with his booth repeatedly. I had never seen Marcel with so much anger before.

“You fucking prick. What do you want with my mate! Haven’t you done enough? Why can’t you leave her the fuck alone?” He said, kicking Max on the floor.

“Marcel, please stop,” I said, close to tears because Max wasn’t fighting him. I had a feeling that Max did not mind dying by his hand.

“He is a broken man; leave him alone,” I pleaded with my mate, but Jax, his wolf, was in charge.

“Jax, please, leave him alone; his mate is dying. Please,” I said, close to tears. I was afraid, and everyone was looking at our booth.

Jax looked at me and then stopped. Max remained on the ground, coughing.

“You are not fit to be Alpha, you fucking bastard,” Jax roared at him, and the pressure of his command was much. I never knew that Marcel could be this angry.

“Stay away from my mate. You had your chance, and you blew it. I know all that happened and all you did, and you are lucky I did not come for your pack. Get the fuck out of my booth!” Marcel yelled, and I saw Leo approach us.

Was he watching all along? But then again, the eastern booth wasn’t far from ours, and they could easily see what was happening in our booth from across the field.

“Please forgive him, Sir Sidorov,” Leo said humbly and helped his friend. Max refused his help and got up himself. I could see that he had given up, not just on me but on everything.

“Watch him, Leo; he isn’t in the right frame of mind,” I told Leo, and he nodded at me and walked away with Max.

If anyone told me the first day I met Max, this was how our story would end. I would say it was a lie, but fate had dealt us a dark card, and his love was not pure enough to see us through.

## The dark side of fate (Tamia) novel Chapter 90

~Linda~

I had to have a sandwich.

There was no way I would sit in the booth until noon before I ate.

A woman was selling delicious turkey sandwiches, and I went to her stall. Besides my cravings, I did not want to sit alone in the booth with Avery. Even though I chose to be oblivious of it, I noticed she had been acting strangely towards me since my bump started showing.

It had become so bad that I dared not make certain gestures around her. I knew how she felt, but I believed it was unfair for her to act that way around me.

I hoped she got pregnant soon so I could have my friend back.

While I waited for the woman to put my sandwich together, I rubbed my bump and thought of the joy in my life.

Theodore took all my pain away. Bit by bit, he broke down my defences and fixed them with his love.

He loved me through my fears and uncertainties.

After seeing what Sylvester did for Tamia, I knew I had nothing to worry about where Theo was concerned, and I was grateful for him.

Thanks to his love, I was a different person altogether.

I remember walking around drunk and sleeping with anyone who told me they found me attractive.

It wasn't like I cared for them; I was just looking for a way out, anyone that would challenge that prick Kyle so he could set me free.

Then I met Eric, a delta breed and a warrior. He said he loved me. I could still remember it like yesterday.

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I was depressed, and I wanted to visit someone. I wanted to go somewhere, have fun and forget my troubles.

I had a bad headache from the alcohol I had consumed the night before, so I needed to take care of it before figuring out who I would visit.

I wanted to visit Avery that day, but I thought of what she was facing at home and decided against it.

I did not see her at the meeting, so I knew Max had locked her up again. Tamia was the luckiest of us. Leo was making an effort, and he still loved her. She was still in charge, and no one dared her.



I wished I were in her shoes.

As much as I wanted to visit Tamia, I wasn't as close to her as I was to Avery. So I opted to go to a pharmacy to get painkillers and return to my home, which was also my prison and torture chamber.

I met Eric at the counter, and he was handsome.

One thing led to the other, and I found myself dating him.

It was supposed to be a fling, but we could not stop seeing each other. He made me happy and helped me forget my troubles. I was at peace around him, and he respected my body. He was what I thought I needed in a man, and I became infatuated with him.

Eric began to plan how he would request to challenge Kyle, and I encouraged it. But then I got pregnant and decided to run away with Eric and deal with the mark later.

I wasn't thinking. I was desperate.

Kyle once told me I could do whatever I liked, but he would kill me if I got caught.

Kyle also believed I was barren and good for nothing. He believed it strongly because he had just touched Rebecca once, and she got pregnant.

When I think of it, Rebecca's pregnancy was the reason he accepted and claimed her.

He said he had slept with her to figure out if he was the one with the issue, and when she returned to him pregnant, he realised I was the barren piece of shit. What an asshole.

He accused me of many things and said I was only suitable for entertainment. That was why he treated me the way he did because he thought I was barren.

The painful part was that I believed him until Eric got me pregnant. That was why I chose to elope on impulse.

I knew the pregnancy would make Kyle mad, so I had no choice but to elope with Eric, but Eric was a coward.

He ran away and left me to deal with the mess.

I was arrested on the day I planned to run away. Rebecca claimed I had tried to poison her and her children, and Kyle believed her; my plans of running with Eric did not help too, coupled with the fact that I was pregnant.

Kyle beat the shit out of me and locked me up.

He told me I would rot in the cell, and he was right.

I lost my baby and almost lost my mind entirely before I was taken out of the cell and handed to the northern soldiers.

The irony of my suffering was I was made to shower and change my clothes every day in that cell, so I looked like someone that had care. It was Kyle's sick joke. I told him I did not try to kill his mate and children, but he did not believe me.

I rubbed my bump, glad that all was in my past now.

I was determined to love Theo without reserve.

I refused to be damaged goods or act like one.

I refused to be a broken woman. I will love him as if he was my first, and Kyle never existed. I owed myself that much.

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The woman finished making my sandwich and handed it to me. I offered to pay for the sandwich, and she refused.

"I can't collect money from you, Luna; I am from the Orlov pack." She said, smiling at me and looking at my bump.

"For our future Alpha," she said, and I smiled at her and thanked her.

She also gave me Iced Tea to go with it, and I decided to sit by her stall and help myself.

Call me selfish, but I knew Avery might want to have a bite, and I wasn't in the mood to share.

I did tell Avery to walk me down to the stall, and she refused, so I would eat it alone.

I was eating when a familiar scent caught my nostrils.

I looked in the direction it came from, and the bastard Kyle was approaching me. Usually, my heart would start racing, but I was calm. He was on my turf.

I composed myself to hear what he had to say. I had heard of their request, and I wondered what he wanted with me after they told him no.

I rubbed my bump gently and sipped my iced tea with the straw. I wanted him to see it.

He walked to where I was sitting and cleared his throat.

“Linda..” he said, and I looked away from him.

“Linda, please, I want to talk to you,” he said, and I could not imagine his nerve.

“Please, Linda, look at me,” he said, and I felt movement, so I looked at him and saw he was on his knees.

“Please tell Orlov to send you home. I will take care of the baby as if it were mine. I will love you with all my heart. I will send Rebecca and her children away. I want you to come home. I was a fool and did not know what I had until I lost you,” he said, and I shook my head.

“I am happy where I am, Kyle; why should I follow you? Can’t you see that I have upgraded? You once called me a whore, and you know whores always go for the best,” I said, and he shook his head.

“I am sorry. I am sorry. You are not a whore. I am the whore. For doing what I did to you. I need you to come back to me, Linda.

Since you left, my life has been in shambles. I did not know how I felt about you until I lost you.

Please, Linda. I promise to be a better version of myself,” he said, and I remained calm.

Not because I wanted to but because of my baby. I did not want to get upset and cause complications for myself.

“Let us not drag this, Kyle. Get off your knees and leave. I am not coming back to you. I am happy. I have a man that loves me, a real man, Kyle. One that adores me. You said I was a whore and worthless, but Theo treats me as his prized possession. His gem. I have liberty and freedom. I can do and say whatever I like, and I don’t even want to get into the love-making part.

I did not know I was a virgin until Theo happened to me. I can’t leave all that for a known hell,” I said, seeing that my words affected him, especially the virgin part. I was just telling him the truth.

“Look, you better leave this place because Theodore won’t treat you nicely if he catches you here with me. Go patch things up with Rebecca and her three bastards and move on with your life. At least no one is there to try to poison them again.” I said, reminding him of the wicked accusation laid against me.

“I am sorry I let her set you up. I am sorry,” Kyle said, and before I could reply, Theo arrived and grabbed him.

I wonder how he got there so fast, and the woman in the stall came out and was nodding.

“He was troubling Luna, Alpha,” she said, and Theodore had rage in his eyes.

How did he get here so quickly?

I heard Sylvester calling, and I realised they might have been nearby.

Theodore knelt over Kyle and beat the shit out of him. He did not talk. He just kept punching him against the ground.

I did not know what to do. I knew it would be best to stop Theo, but I didn't want to. Kyle deserved it. He deserved every punch and every blow. He was lucky I was pregnant, or I could have joined in.

The audacity he had to come and ask me to come back. What the fuck was he thinking? Only a fool would go back to a psycho like him.

People were gathered, and Theodore did not stop until Sylvester pulled him off him.

“Stay away from my wife!” he told him, and Kyle managed to get up and wipe his bloody nose.

“I do not see a mark on her neck,” he said, and that was it for me.

I walked to where Kyle was and punched him with all my might with the help of Arya, my wolf.

He fell to the ground. The crack sound that accompanied the punch was satisfying.

“I am not your property, Kyle, so fuck off, you sick fuck. And do not think I will let you get away with all you did. I won't,” I said and spat on him.

I went to meet Theo, and he held me.

I felt so much satisfaction, and I believed Kyle needed more punishment.

“I want you to go for his pack and his title,” I linked Theodore, and he held me.

“All you had to do was say the word, darling,” he linked me back and began to kiss me with his hand on my baby bump. I felt my anger dissipate as Theo filled me with love and joy. His kiss was possessive, and I welcomed it.

“Stay the fuck away from her,” Sylvester warned Kyle with his command.

“The next time you overstep, I will sanction your arrest. Remember your place, Kyle. I will take this up with Leo for not putting you in check,” Sylvester said, and I hoped Sylvester talked to Leo to tell Kyle to stay away from me. I was done with the clown, and I hoped he got the message now.