

The Dark Side of Fate

Chapter 360



The Dark Side Of Fate By Karima Sa'ad Usman Chapter 360 The Dark Side Of Fate 31 Going On ~Josephine~

The kappas coming from Lucland didn't reach Grizlo Hospital until late, subjecting us all to a lengthy and tense wait. When they finally did arrive, Charlotte couldn't contain her joy. Meanwhile, I observed Justin issuing them instructions, my only thought being an earnest desire to depart from that place. Before long, we were on our way back to the packhouse, with hunger and fatigue weighing heavily on all of us.

"What comes next?" Marvin inquired, prompting a chuckle from Justin.

"Merely your first day, and exhaustion has already set in. Imagine if you had to work under an Alpha known for their workaholic tendencies. Would you feel similarly then?" he remarked, eliciting laughter from Liam.

"I must say our empty stomachs pose a predicament. Even the most industrious of Alphas must heed the call of hunger," Liam added with a grin, inciting amusement all around.

Justin took a turn and branched at a diner to satiate our immediate needs.

The moment we entered the place, the patrons had their eyes on us. They looked at us as if we weren't like them.

Marvin, Oliver and Liam had it easy because they smiled at them and greeted them, but even though they greeted us, too, the difference was there.

Liam got a booth for us, and I snuggled into the corner with him. Something I had noticed so far was being around Liam felt right. He made me feel calm and at ease. I think I closed my eyes a bit to savour the feeling because the moment I opened them, Charlotte was sitting across from us with a disapproving look on her face. I honestly wondered what her deal was.

Having placed our orders, we consumed our meal in a hushed atmosphere.

"Our parents, will head to Lucland tomorrow night, and the council meeting will take place the following day. We won't be able to do much until after the meeting. We will use that time to go through the files made available by the Gamma. I implore that we all remain in the packhouse while we await further instruction," Justin implored as our meal neared its end. I could not help but notice all eyes were on Liam and me, meaning we were most likely to break the rule. I liked it.

TWO DAYS LATER.

Unlike previous occasions, the council assembly remained untelevised, leaving me curious as to the reason behind this choice. We had congregated in a communal space to observe the meeting's proceedings, anticipating insights into our forthcoming actions, but the fact that it wasn't televised made it disappointing.

After a while, King Sylvester called Liam on the phone. Everyone's phone rang except for Charlotte and me—signifying that our instructions had been dispensed.

I had assumed my father would call me, yet my phone remained conspicuously silent. Similarly, Charlotte's phone didn't ring, and a sense of unease crept over us. The situation seemed unjust, to say the least. We were integral members of the team, and yet, either our presence was deemed nonessential, or we were relegated to mere order-takers. The sentiment gnawed at me, fostering a sensation of diminished significance.

"Want to spend some time in my room?" Charlotte suggested, prompting me to glance at Liam. He appeared deeply engrossed in conversation with his father, implying a protracted dialogue. Despite my reluctance to depart, I nodded in agreement.

We headed to Charlotte's room, and it was apparent that the space she had chosen was originally designated for the Luna on the Alpha floor. Her commitment to making herself at home seemed unwavering. I suppose the fact that Justin lacked a Luna made the situation permissible. It made sense for his cousin to utilise the room temporarily. After all, the timeline for him selecting a Luna remained uncertain. He appeared to be taking his time in that aspect.

Charlotte shut the door behind her, leaving me standing in the centre of the room, taking in the surroundings. The space was passable for a Luna, although all of us had more luxurious accommodations back home.

"So, spill it. What's the deal with Liam?" she inquired, her curiosity palpable. I glanced at her, fully aware that she had been itching to ask that question for a while.

"Why do you want to know?" I countered, feeling my cheeks heat up. The mere thought of Liam was enough to make me blush. These past two days had been a whirlwind, and our chances to be together had been limited. This longing had only intensified as a result. Justin had kept us occupied with paperwork and evidence that left us exhausted by day's end. The prospect of spending genuine quality time with Liam was becoming increasingly appealing.

"Because you are my friend, and he is my cousin, and I know of Sophia, so I want to know why you will allow yourself to get carried away," she responded, her tone genuinely concerned. I offered her a smile, touched by her sincerity.

"There's nothing between him and Sophia," I reassured, to which she shook her head.

"You weren't there, Jo. When she went missing, he was devastated. I'd never seen Liam that shattered before. His emotions ran incredibly deep, and those kind of feelings tend to linger," she explained. This revelation caught me off guard, as I had never been privy to this information.

"Was it really that intense?" I inquired, genuinely surprised, and she nodded.

"Worse. I can't share all the details because they might have an impact on you, but you need to tread carefully, Jo. It would be painful to witness your heart getting broken. Emotions like that don't just fade away," she warned, her words sinking in. I nodded, choosing to keep my unease hidden. There was no point in arguing; she had firsthand experience and likely had a better grasp on Liam's connection with Sophia.

"Why didn't he ever ask her out?" I managed to inquire, seeking to understand more. Charlotte shrugged in response.

"Liam was always focused on his studies and his future. There wasn't time for that sort of thing; none of us really had the luxury. But I think now things might be different, and then you came along," she offered, injecting a note of hope.

Perhaps my situation was distinct. Despite the emotions they said he felt for Sophia, he hadn't taken any steps in that direction. Yet, with me, he had acted differently. He had made a move on me, and that was what truly counted.

"Well, I don't need to worry about Sophia then. Liam has been upfront about his intentions with me, and we're officially dating now," I stated with a touch of pride, causing her to gasp in surprise.

"Not a chance," she disputed, clearly taken aback, and I affirmed her surprise with a nod. Her realisation seemed to widen her eyes.

"Liam actually asked you out?" she inquired, seeking confirmation.

"Yeah," I responded.

"When?" she pressed for details.

"Two mornings ago, right after breakfast. He assured me there was nothing romantic between him and Sophia, they were just friends. He admitted he used to have feelings for her, but that's all in the past now. My guess is he's kept quiet about us because he doesn't want the search for her to halt. After all, she's his friend, so it's understandable," I explained, and her astonishment was palpable.

"They've known each other for so long," she commented, and I felt the need to clarify.

"We've known each other our entire lives," I corrected, and a silence followed.

I had always held an affection for Liam, even from my earliest memories. My heart had always held a special place for him, though not necessarily in the realm of love or infatuation. Our collective memories included countless gatherings and playing in the garden's sands. It felt unjust for them to overlook these facts and insinuate that I had suddenly appeared out of nowhere. In reality, Sophia was the newcomer.

"I'm sorry, Jo. I realise my words stung," Charlotte apologised, sensing my emotions.

"I've been there all along," I managed, close to tears because it seemed they just forgot that I was there. I had always been there. Charlotte reached out to hug me. Embracing each other tightly, our arms formed a bond of understanding and support.

"I apologise, Jo. I won't mention Sophia in that context again. I realise how insensitive that was. Just know that I'm cheering for the both of you," she conveyed, releasing me from the embrace.

"As everyone else was forming pairs, we were secretly hoping for you two to come together. We sensed that it would be a fantastic match, but Sophia was always in the picture. It's reassuring to see that Liam now recognises what's right in front of him," she added, and in that moment, my heart found complete comfort.

"Oh, and one more thing. How would the two of you handle it if a fated shows up?" she asked, posing the famous question.

While once an infrequent phenomenon, fated connections have become more common over the years. Though still unusual, the likelihood had increased compared to the past. I hadn't contemplated this scenario and didn't have a well-defined answer.

"I have to hope that we are fated to be together or that we possess the strength to do what his parents did: defy expectations and reject what fate has in store for us," I mused aloud, causing Charlotte's expression to take on a tinge of concern.

"Let us not worry about things that are yet to come and just live in the moment," she advised, attempting to alleviate our worries. In that very moment, our phones chimed in unison.

Glancing at my device, I saw that it was my father calling. A smile graced my lips immediately, grateful that he deemed it important to reach out and provide guidance. I presumed it was Charlotte's father calling her as well. With mutual understanding, we both answered our calls. I excused myself to my room, eager to converse with my father in private.

"So, how did everything go?" I inquired once we'd exchanged pleasantries.

"Slower than I'd have preferred. Honestly, I wished we could shift those meetings to once every three months. But the silver lining is that we're now in a position to intervene. Alpha Justin will be collaborating with Alpha Caspian of Cains Island. Consider this a heads-up," he informed me.

"Also, it's a good idea for you to review the reports that Thompson compiled and sent to the council about issues with the ports and docks. He downplayed them in an email, but they're reports of incidents filed by younger northern alphas. I've forwarded it to you. Take a look so you understand Caspian's perspective. I can't shake the feeling that this might be significant. The fact that Thompson was involved makes it noteworthy," my father conveyed, to which I nodded in acknowledgement.

"There might be a connection, Dad. According to the Gamma and Delta, on the night when Mike killed Thompson, Thompson had taken them to the docks to investigate something. He mentioned illegal activities were occurring there but didn't provide details. He used the excuse that he didn't fully trust them, but it felt like a cover-up. The Gamma mentioned that he and Delta left Mike with Thompson to assist with security at Grizlo Academy's graduation party. Unfortunately, they couldn't get there in time."

"They also said that witnesses at the docks reported seeing Thompson and Mike engaged in an argument before Mike gave him a ride. It's as if this case might tie together," I explained, and my father remained silent, then warned me to be careful.

"Absolutely, I'll take care. I won't take unnecessary risks. Now that we're actively involved, I'll reach out if I need anything," I assured him.

"Is there anything you need to fill me in on?" he inquired, prompting me to wonder why he felt there was something I should share.

"No," I replied, and he let out a chuckle.

"I'll be in touch soon, Princess. Send my regards to Liam," he said before disconnecting. I blushed a bit at his chuckling tone. My father had a knack for getting his message across, sometimes in a teasing way.

"Were we really that obvious?" I pondered to myself.

"Well, even a blind person can notice," Onyx remarked, causing me to take a seat at the edge of my bed. The latter part of our conversation had left me feeling bashful.

Lost in my thoughts, a knock echoed at my door. I hastened to see who it was, only to find Liam standing there with a warm grin.

"Hey," he greeted, and a sudden bout of shyness overtook me.

"There's a stream in the forest on the property. I thought maybe we could spend some time there, just the two of us. Justin gave his approval," he suggested, and my heart raced. I promptly nodded, my eagerness evident.

I had been yearning for a chance to share some intimate moments with Liam, and he had ingeniously made it happen.