

The Dark Side of Fate

Chapter 361



The Dark Side Of Fate By Karima Sa'ad Usman Chapter 361 The Dark Side Of Fate 32 A Date ~Josephine~

A rush of excitement coursed through me, and a smile tugged at Liam's lips as he stood by the doorway. Since there was nothing to grab in my room, I slipped on my slippers and made my way outside.

"Did your father get in touch?" Liam inquired as we descended the staircase, and I nodded.

" Heard the Alpha of Cain is joining us," I said.

"My father thinks his case is linked with ours," Liam said, and I was surprised.

"Mine too," I said.

Moving downstairs, we encountered Oliver and Justin in the foyer. It was evident that they were engrossed in a conversation. As our gazes met, Justin's lips curved into a knowing smile, his eyes carrying a hint of understanding. Had Liam confided in him about our relationship? The notion made me feel bashful, yet I reined in my emotions.

"Make sure you stay on the premises, you two," Justin cautioned, and Liam affirmed his understanding with a nod. With that, we stepped out through the door, and under Liam's guidance, our journey began.

"What's up with Justin? One moment, he seemed uncomfortable with us being close, and now he's all smiles," I inquired of Liam, prompting a laugh from him.

"He was just concerned because of the whole Sophia situation. He didn't want you to be hurt," Liam explained, causing me to pause and regard him.

"What did you say to reassure him?" I questioned, and he smiled.

"I told him the truth. Sophia is my friend, and you hold a greater place in my heart. He doesn't need to worry," he expressed, and a warm sensation filled me, knowing that Liam had the courage to confide in his cousin about us.

"Charlotte shared similar concerns," I divulged as we continued our stroll.

"She feared I might be hurt when Sophia is located, but I assured her that we're together now and she doesn't need to be concerned," I revealed, and a brief silence fell between us. I wasn't sure if my words had unsettled him, but they seemed to put a halt to our conversation.

"You must have had it bad for Sophia for everyone to be worried for my safety," I teased him, and he laughed.

"Not really. There was always a hindrance between us, A 'but', a let's-wait-and-see vibe that I couldn't shake off. It was a bit foggy, and I had to think through it and plan," he said as we entered the forest.

Liam halted his steps, drawing me near. His fingers brushed my cheek with a tender touch as his gaze locked onto mine. I had abandoned my contacts, a secret I was yet to reveal – the reason behind their initial use.

Strangely, I felt more assured in my own skin now than ever before. The realisation had dawned upon me that the hurtful words thrown my way held no true significance. Perhaps I should have confronted him back then, instead of enduring two years of emotional turmoil.

Liam's touch continued a gentle caress on my cheek. "With you, I never needed to overthink. It was simply meant to be," he admitted, and a flush crept up my cheeks while Onyx circled in head, howling.

Gazing into his eyes, I sensed the sincerity in his words. Doubts dissolved as certainty took their place. Liam wouldn't shatter my heart; there was no need for apprehension.

"Follow me, the stream isn't too far from here," he suggested. Taking his lead, we strolled hand in hand through the wooded area. The gentle murmur of flowing water gradually reached my ears, accompanied by the aroma of a crackling fire and the tantalizing scent of food being prepared. Could someone be cooking by the stream?

"Looks like there are people around, Liam," I remarked, gripping his hand a bit tighter, to which he responded with a chuckle. Stepping out of the woods, we emerged into a clearing beside the stream. What met my eyes left me pleasantly surprised.

This outing wasn't a spontaneous decision or a last-minute idea. Liam had meticulously orchestrated it, and the realisation set my heart aflutter. A picnic mat lay adorned with a cosy blanket and cushions. Nearby, the woman from the food truck was busy cooking, adding an unexpected and delightful touch to the scene.

"Since we can't venture out alone, I convinced Mrs Mirabel to join us," he explained, and a surge of excitement led me to embrace him tightly.

His consideration touched me deeply. I had yearned to return to the park ever since that day. Even though the stream wasn't quite the same as the lake, it was more than acceptable.

Liam encircled me with his arms, planting a gentle kiss on the nape of my neck. The sensation from his kiss shot through me, immediately evoking a response that I shouldn't be entertaining. The presence of someone else nearby added a layer of shyness to my emotions.

"Li," I murmured softly.

"Yes, Jo," he responded in a hushed tone, still holding me close. His breath set off sparks of electricity across my skin, and my thoughts began to stray into more forbidden territories as my desires started to take on a wild edge.

"Not in front of her," I managed to utter, and he chuckled, easing away from me with gentleness. The vulnerability I felt was tangible; I didn't want him to retreat, yet he seemed to respect my wishes.

We settled onto the mat, soaking in the picturesque view and relishing the serene ambience of the location.

Mrs. Mirabel diligently served us an array of appetizers and food, and once she had completed her task, she discreetly departed. I was aware that her assistance didn't come without a price – she couldn't have left her food truck unattended. Liam must have expended considerable effort to arrange for her to come and prepare this delightful meal for us. After her departure, I nestled in close to Liam, my gaze fixed on the horizon to marvel at the unfolding sunset.

"Peace is a precious gift," Liam voiced, his gaze fixed on the distant horizon. The stream before us provided a broad enough expanse to grant us this view, and it was truly breathtaking.

"We have to do everything we can to protect the peace our parents fought so valiantly to secure," he said, and I nodded in agreement, entwining my fingers with his. The tranquillity enveloping us felt like a treasured blessing. The calm around us was a gift. If we were at war or in trouble, we wouldn't be able to do this.

The restrictions on our movement were a poignant reminder that something of great significance was at stake.

"I'm confident you'll make an exceptional king when your time comes, Li. And rest assured, we'll all be there to offer our unwavering support," I assured him, prompting him to turn his gaze towards me.

"I want you there, Jo. Right by my side," he spoke earnestly, his sincerity evident in his words. I found myself momentarily at a loss for a response. He drew me close to him, his gaze penetrating mine.

"I'm not toying with your feelings; this isn't some experiment for me. It's real. I won't rush you, but understand that my commitment to you is real. My feelings won't waver. This is the real deal for me. But, of course, you can take all the time you need to decide what you want. I will be patient with you," he said, coaxing a giggle from me.

Liam's brow furrowed, looking at me.

"How have you been managing without your contacts?" he inquired, and a twinge of embarrassment led me to avert my eyes. There was little sense in concealing the truth about them any longer; it was time to come clean.

"Well, um, you see," I began, clearing my throat and absently tucking a strand of hair behind my ear. Liam's attentiveness only added to my nervousness; I desperately hoped this revelation wouldn't sour our date.

"There's actually nothing wrong with my eyes, Li. I wore the contacts as a cover-up because of what I overheard you all discussing back in Lucland," I confessed, finally meeting his gaze. The façade had to crumble; there was no longer any justification for keeping this secret.

"That day, I was actually planning to ask you out," I admitted, and his expression registered genuine surprise.

"Elaine was the one pushing me. You know how relentlessly optimistic she can be. Her enthusiasm must have rubbed off on me that day," I added with a chuckle, reminiscing about the moment. However, his evident shock and attentive demeanour made my nerves flutter; it seemed only fitting to carry on and divulge everything I had started to reveal.

"I was scared, partly because of Sophia's presence. She seemed perfect, so normal, and I..." I stumbled over my words, the memory stoking an odd ache within me. The pain from that day was stubborn, refusing to fade.

"I felt like I couldn't measure up, Li. But my sister insisted that I should give it a shot," I confessed, my eyes welling with tears.

"I'd had a crush on you for a while, but I suppose I lacked the courage to let it show. You never seemed to notice. It was always you and Sophia. From the moment you two became friends, you started sidelining me, even at gatherings. It was as though I were invisible, and that hurt," I continued, and he made a move to draw me nearer, yet I stopped him. It was imperative to express everything I had been holding inside.

"Despite everything, I clung to hope and desperately wanted to share my feelings with you that day. I was just fifteen, but I understood my emotions, Li. It was crystal clear. I had never experienced anything like it before. But then I overheard you four talking and laughing about me. Sophia was there laughing too, and it made me feel stupid and insecure," I revealed, my voice trembling as tears streamed down my cheeks.

"At that moment, I don't think I've ever despised being a Stepanov more than I did then. My hair, my pale skin, my eyes, my intelligence – they all seemed to work against me. While I couldn't change my skin or my IQ, and I actually loved my hair colour, I thought maybe having brown eyes would make me seem more 'normal'," I confessed, my vulnerability laid bare. This time, when Liam reached out to draw me close, I allowed him to hold me.

"I'm sorry, Jo, truly sorry," he apologised with genuine remorse, and while I sensed his sincerity, he needed to understand the full story.

Liam released his hold on me and locked his gaze onto mine.

"Your eyes, Jo, they're beautiful. They're among your finest features. Being unique is a blessing, not a curse. What the four of us said was thoughtless and hurtful, driven by our own jealousy. We were older by a year and some months, yet you not only caught up but surpassed us; you continue to do so," he earnestly expressed, evoking a giggle from me.

"Who wouldn't be jealous of a perfect person? I regret it deeply, Jo, and I wish I could undo my words and actions. Turn back time and erase those moments. I hope you can find it in your heart to forgive me and not let this linger between us. I adore every facet of you. You're perfect just the way you are. I wouldn't want a single thing to change," he articulated sincerely and hugged me this time; he kissed my neck again, and a moan escaped my lips before I could stop it.

"Li," I whispered, and he transitioned from my neck to my lips. His kiss was tender and affectionate, devoid of any haste or pressure. He was resolute in keeping his promise of patience.

My body was responding in ways that felt unfamiliar, and I understood the direction in which this was heading. But were we truly ready for this? Was this the right moment, or were we still too young for such experiences?

Liam's gaze bore into me with deep, dark eyes, a glimpse of his wolf shining through. My heart raced, unsure if I was prepared for the intensity of this moment. And then, he kissed me, and the sensation was met with an eager response from Onyx within me.

"Li," I whispered breathlessly.

"Mine," he responded, his voice carrying a deep growl that seemed to resonate with Alex's presence. He gingerly encircled his arms around my waist, his touch evoking a tingling sensation along my skin. My scent seemed to saturate the air around us, and despite my shyness, my body exhibited a different kind of response.

I'd never been in such close proximity to a guy before, and a flurry of thoughts crossed my mind. How many other girls had he been involved with? Was I just another experience for him?

"I... I'm clueless," I stammered as he trailed kisses along my neck, each touch igniting a wild sensation within me.

"Same here," he managed between breaths, his hand gradually tracing up my thigh. His confession reassured me, and at that moment, I embraced the idea of exploration and discovery with him.

His touch sent electric jolts through me, and I couldn't help myself. He was about to touch my centre when he froze and pulled back.

I was concerned and looked at him.

His eyes shifted from obsidian to their regular hue. A battle was raging within him, a struggle against his wolf. Eventually, he emerged victorious, though his breathing had hastened.

"I apologise, Jo. I don't want to push you," he admitted, and while his caution was appreciated, a part of me desired the opposite.

I yearned to forge a deeper connection with him. His cautiousness elicited a giggle from me.

"I wouldn't mind a little making out," I stated, drawing closer to him. His eyes promptly darkened once more, surrendering to his wolf's influence, and he pressed his lips forcefully against mine.

Buttoning my blouse, he fumbled with my bra hooks, which I had to help him undo. It also showed he had no experience in that department, and I was at ease.

My heart was pounding in my chest, but there was also an ease that made me feel it was right; this was right.

He stared at my breasts and ran his thumb against my nipples. It felt so good and the shock went up my head. They were hard.

To my surprise, he bent to kiss them and then sucked on one.

My core clenched, and my body went wild.

I wasn't in control anymore.

He sucked on my nipples one at a time, and they appreciated the attention they were getting.

I didn't know there was this much pleasure in this until now. Instinctively, I ran my fingers through his hair, grabbing on his brown curls and enjoying the pleasure he was giving.

I was wet to my core.

He stopped to look at me. His eyes were normal as he studied mine.

"I won't go all the way until you turn eighteen," he said, my heart still pounding—excitement and shock of what was happening around us still coursing through me.

"What if I don't want to wait until then, Li," I blurted out,

"What if I want us to move fast? What if I want it now?" I said, and he studied me.

Placing his hand on my thigh, he moved his hand up to stare into my eyes. He moved until his hands were on me. The only thing separating his hand from touching my clit directly was my underwear.

He began to rub gently. And I closed my eyes to enjoy the pleasure he was giving me. I felt his lips on my nipple, sucking on them as he rubbed gently.

A sensation started to stir within me, unfamiliar yet compelling. I didn't resist it; instead, I allowed it to take its course. Slowly, the pressure mounted, and eventually, I surrendered to its pull. A resonant moan tumbled from my lips, coupled with his name.

What he had just elicited from me was nothing short of euphoric. Waves of sensation coursed through me, a lingering jolt that seemed to reverberate. My body quivered, caught in the aftermath of the experience.

He stilled his hand, and as I opened my eyes, I found him gazing at me with a fervent mix of love and desire. I initiated a kiss, and he responded by enveloping me in his embrace, reciprocating the passionate gesture. Uncertainty lingered as I contemplated the future of this connection, yet my hope remained steadfast that it would endure.