

The Dark Side Of Fate

Chapter 351

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~Liam~

The siren's blare rudely shattered a significant moment for me, leaving me grappling with the urge to utter curses. As we reluctantly emerged from the water and hastily dressed, I couldn't help but feel that the interruption had robbed us of what could have been a magical kiss with Josephine. I stole a few glances at her, trying to gauge her feelings, but her face remained stoic, revealing nothing. I longed to linger in the water with Josephine, as she fit perfectly in my arms, and everything felt right when we were together. Inhaling her scent, I couldn't help but be captivated by her sheer beauty, knowing

deep down that she was meant to be mine. The way she responded to me was simply enchanting, reinforcing the belief that we were destined to be together.

Josephine adored the surprise I had prepared for her. I had worried that she might not appreciate the simplicity of a food truck or the location I chose, but it turned out we shared more in common than I had realised.

The experience was both unique and thrilling, and I can't help but hope that we'll get the chance to do it again soon, perhaps even fulfilling what we started.

Being with Josephine promises to be truly wonderful, and after our time in the water, I'm finding it difficult to hold back my feelings, but I intend to give her time.

“What’s happening outside?” Josephine inquired, pulling me back to reality as we neared the gate. I

decided to approach the guard for answers.

“Excuse me, sir, what’s happening out there?” I asked, and he bowed his head respectfully.

“There was an explosion involving a van on Sam Street just around the corner, which resulted in a house catching fire,” he explained. Hearing this, I instinctively rushed towards the gate.

“Liam!” Josephine called after me, and I slowed down to wait for her.

“What’s wrong?” she asked with concern.

“My grandparents’ house is on that street,” I replied, and her expression turned to shock.

“Are they in Grizlo?” she inquired, and I wasn’t sure, but I knew I had to find out.

I dialed my grandmother's number, patiently waiting for her to answer. She finally answered and the tranquil background noise on her end brought a sense of calm to my mind.

"Grandma, are you in Grizlo?" I inquired.

"No, darling. We're coming tomorrow. We sent the housekeeper ahead to prepare things, so it might seem

like we're home. We'll be there tomorrow," she responded. It was evident they were unaware of the situation unfolding.

"Please postpone your trip, grandma. Don't come, at least not yet," I pleaded, and she fell silent.

"Is there something I should know, Liam?" she asked, sensing my concern.

"A car exploded near a house on your street, and the house caught fire. I don't want to jump to

conclusions, but I'd rather you and Grandpa stay away until we're certain it's just a coincidence," I explained, and she let out a sigh.

"Okay, darling. I'll let Jake know," she assured me, and we said our goodbyes before ending the call.

Upon hearing my grandmother's assurance, a sense of relief washed over me. Josephine asked, "Are they safe?" I drew her close, wrapping my arms around her, finding comfort in her presence as we continued walking.

"Yes, they're not in Grizlo," I reassured her, knowing she had likely deduced that already.

"Let's head back to the pack house," I suggested, but Josephine suddenly stopped in her tracks. I glanced

at her, curious about her sudden pause, and the mischievous glint in her eyes spoke volumes. It was evident she was contemplating doing something adventurous or daring.

“Jo?” I questioned, and she grinned back at me.

“It won’t hurt to check the place out,” she urged, her eyes pleading with me.

“We might find some clues before any evidence gets erased. Besides, you have every right to be there.

Your grandparents live on that street,” she reasoned, trying to convince me.

I hesitated, unsure of what had really happened and the seriousness of the situation. The last thing I wanted was to put my loved ones in harm’s way.

“I don’t think it’s wise, Jo,” I managed to say, but she shook her head, still smiling, and began stepping

away from me. Suddenly, she bolted towards the sound of sirens. I was taken aback, but I wasted no time and followed her, shocked by her boldness and determination.

“What are you doing?” I shouted, but she just laughed in response.

“Hunting for clues. It could be connected to Sophia and our case; every detail matters, Li,” she explained, sprinting towards the scene, and it pained me to see her so driven.

How could she still be focused on finding Sophia after we had come so close to something intimate?

Josephine’s compassionate nature shone through. She wasn’t selfish, and I couldn’t help but feel grateful

that I hadn’t rushed into anything with Sophia. I hoped this would work out and that we could come

together without the influence of any bond.

Determined, I quickened my pace, taking the lead, and she followed close behind. It felt like a thrilling race, and my body welcomed the exercise after a long time without training. I embraced the physical activity and the pursuit of answers alongside Josephine.

As we approached the blazing fire, the scene was intense. The fire service was already on the scene, keeping people at a safe distance while battling the flames. They had succeeded in extinguishing the fire of the now mangled vehicle, leaving behind only an iron carcass. Looking ahead, I noticed some light emanating from my grandparent's mansion.

“Let’s go,” I urged Josephine, and she followed me, trying to catch her breath. Her tiredness was evident in her steps. Without hesitation, I squatted in front of her and suggested she hop on my back.

“Liam,” she responded with laughter, as if thinking I was just joking. I turned my head to the side to catch a glimpse of her face behind me.

“Never had a piggyback ride before?” I asked playfully, and she chuckled before agreeing to hop on.

With Josephine on my back, we continued towards my grandparent’s home. I guided us through the gate, and I didn’t set her down until we reached the front door. I rang the doorbell multiple times, hoping the housekeeper would answer, but there was no response. I decided to try the doorknob, and to my surprise,

it was unlocked.

“Why would she carelessly leave the door open?” I murmured, puzzled by the housekeeper’s negligence.

Josephine chuckled, playfully glancing around the area.

“I guess she might have gone to see what was happening or fled when she saw the fire. You’d be

surprised what people do in moments of survival,” she remarked, taking in the surroundings. She had only been here once before, and I doubted she paid much attention back then.

“Come on, let me show you my room,” I suggested, and she raised an eyebrow, giving me a knowing look.

I quickly reassured her, “No funny business, I promise.” Her smile assured me that she believed me, and

she nodded in agreement. I led her up the stairs towards my room, and she followed me curiously.

Opening the door, I was relieved to find the place immaculately clean, a testament to the diligent

housekeeper. Josephine stepped inside and took in the surroundings.

“Something tells me you were a serious-minded student,” she remarked, and I chuckled, nodding in agreement.

“You got me there. Some might say I was outrightly boring,” I confessed, glancing at her as she smiled back at me.

“I wouldn’t say boring, Li. You are anything but that,” she assured me, her words warming my heart.

“Coming from you, that means a lot,” I said gratefully, feeling honoured by her praise. As I moved our

interrupted moment at the lake fueled my eagerness to continue where we had left off.

“Li,” she playfully teased, and I drew her closer to my chest.

“Yes, Jo. Are you uncomfortable?” I whispered into her ears, noticing the goosebumps forming around her neck. I thought she would laugh, but instead, her demeanour suddenly became tense. I pulled away, concerned, and observed her fixed gaze on something. Following her line of sight, I realised it was a picture frame on my dresser – a picture of Sophia and me.

Josephine moved away from me and approached the photo. “She seems so full of life,” she remarked, and discussing it felt uncomfortable.

“Yeah, we... took that picture a few months ago,” I awkwardly admitted, realising that the mood had been dampened once again.

Deciding to change the atmosphere, I gently led her away from the dresser and guided her out of the room.

“I want to show you the rest of the house, but first, I need to check the room where the light was on from outside,” I said, and she nodded gently, reluctantly tearing her eyes away from the picture frame.

We proceeded down the hallway, and a metallic scent of blood assaulted my nose. I glanced at Josephine to verify that the scent was real.

“Do you smell that?” I asked her, and she nodded with a look of worry and disgust on her face. I decided

to follow the trail of the scent, and it led us to the music room, where Grandma often played her piano.

Josephine gasped while I stood in shock, witnessing the housekeeper lying on the floor amidst a pool of blood. Acting swiftly, we rushed towards her; she was breathing faintly. Without hesitation, I grabbed my phone and dialled the emergency service. “There’s silver in her, so she isn’t healing. They need to hurry,” Josephine remarked, kneeling close to the woman and examining her wound. I observed the deep claw marks on her chest and felt a sense of dread. If those marks had been on her throat, she would likely be dead by now. Why would anyone enter my grandparent’s house and harm the housekeeper? I was grateful that I had convinced my grandparents not to come.

The danger we might be facing hit me, and I quickly pulled Josephine to her feet, making a swift decision to leave the house.

While we walked, I spoke to the emergency operator, explaining the situation. Relief washed over me when the operator informed us that the ambulance was only five minutes away. We needed to get the housekeeper the help she urgently required.

“Why are we leaving her?” Josephine asked as we walked out of the building, concern etched on her face.

“For our safety. The person who attacked or killed her might still be nearby,” I explained, urging us to keep moving. But Josephine stopped abruptly at the gate, bending down to touch the ground. There were burnt

tire marks on the floor, leading directly to the burnt-down van that had caused the commotion in the first place.

The realisation hit us simultaneously.

“What are the odds that the perpetrators were the owners of the van?” Josephine whispered, her eyes widening in shock and understanding.

The Novel will be updated daily. Come back and continue reading tomorrow, everyone!

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