

Fated out Chapter 106

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Lyla

"What are you talking about?" Nathan's eyes narrowed at me.

"I said they're here for me..." my vision blurred with tears."

His jaw tightened as he looked at me for a minute then back at the approaching Ferals. True enough, they were heading in my direction.

"They're not taking you, Lyla. Over my dead body"

As if on cue, Beta Jeremy came to us. "They're not attacking anyone. It seems they're heading for you. You must leave now; I'll try to hold..."

"No..." I came alive now "They don't want Nathan, it's me they want. They're coming for me. Tell everyone to stand down and let them come. Don't worry, they won't hurt me."

"What nonsense are you spewing, Lyla?" Nathan growled with annoyance. "The last time a Feral attacked you, you spent days unconscious. Go with the Warriors now. Don't make me..."

"And have the blood of these people spill because of me," I snapped back interrupting him. "Tell the warriors not to attack. They won't at least first... they won't. Just let them come to me and we'll see what they want.

Nathan paused, his eyes flashing with annoyance. He turned to his father. "Do as she said."

Beta Jeremy nodded and went off to give the instructions. The Ferals were almost to where I was standing with Nathan. Nathan turned to me, his hands gripping my shoulders. "Why would they want you? Lyla..."

By this time, the warriors that had built the perimeter disentangled, making a path for the Ferals who continued towards me. Nathan tried to pull me behind him but I resisted, my eyes darting back to the tree where I had seen the Trinax. It wasn't there.

One of the Feral wolves, the one who seemed to be leading the others let out a long, low howl and the others responded in kind. Then they began to circle around me and Nathan, just like the first day they had attacked me.

My mind was numb as I watched them wondering what to do at this point. Suddenly, one of the Feral, the smallest one among them, snarled and launched itself toward me.

My breath hitched, my mind screaming for me to run. Before I could react, a blur of motion intercepted the Feral mid-leap.

Ramsey.

He shoved me behind him with such force that I stumbled, landing hard on the ground. I looked up just in time to see him shift into his Lycan – muscles ripping, fur bristling as he stood on his hind legs.

My eyes widened with shock... this was the first time I was seeing a Lycan wolf and I was amazed. It was bigger than the average werewolf and looked almost like a man because, unlike a

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werewolf who would stand on both its hind and fore legs, a Lycan stood only on its Hind.

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They also had a fierce appearance not hideous but Fierce in such a way that I would scare anyone. Beside me, Nathan transformed into his own powerful wolf, baring his teeth in a snarl that echoed through the clearing.

Nathan's wolf – Ragnar was bigger than most Beta Wolves I've seen. It had a dusty brow colour with white marks running from his left eye to his right eye making it seem like a war mark.

The Ferals stopped circling as their gaze turned to Nathan and Ramsey glinting with malice. As their leader leapt, both Nathan and Ramsey launched themselves at it, their movement swift and coordinated.

The crowd shifted, everyone suddenly going silent.

The other Ferals were snarling at the people and at the warriors who came to join in the fight as if they didn't want anyone to aid them. I sat sprawled on the ground watching helplessly, like I did four years ago.

The lead Feral was trying to get to me, but somehow Nathan and Ramsey kept him away from me, blocking its path at every turn. They clawed and snapped, trying to gain the upper hand but since the Feral wolf was stronger and more ferocious, soon their movements began to slow down.

One of the Feral lunged again, its claws slashing through the air and Ramsey met it head-on, his massive jaws clamping down on its shoulders with Nathan pinned it down, sinking his jaw too on

its stomach.

I wanted to help, but I was frozen in place, fear had paralyzed me. The other Ferals must have noticed that Ramsey and Nathan were having the upper hand, before long, two of them joined in.

One of the Ferals slashed Ramsey on the leg and he growled out in pain as he was slammed to the ground, Nathan tried to intervene but one of the Feral attacked from behind, pushing him to the ground and sinking his teeth into his neck.

The Feral wolves forced both of them down, pinning them to the earth. The lead Feral, though he was bleeding, started coming towards me..

I tried to stand, but my legs refused to obey, I continued to move with my bottoms, crying. I remembered the dream I once had... the dream where everyone was lying dead on the field, Nathan and Ramsey were dead too... everyone... and for a moment, I wondered if today was that day.

The warriors were trying to help, but the other Ferals were snarling at them, trying to attack them. Everyone was trying to fight for their life. I continued to crawl until I found myself

backed w

to a free.

I could see Nathan and Ramsey fighting to free themselves from the hold of two Ferals holding them but they were already injured and they were losing blood.

My eyes scanned the clearing... The other Alphas fighting off the Ferals... trying to protect them from attacking the people present... Everywhere was in chaos.

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"Stay back," I finally found the strength to shout, my voice shaking.

They didn't listen.

As the lead Feral came closer, something inside me snapped... anger... rage... fury... coursed through my body all at once. I could feel a strange sensation running through me... the same kind I had felt when I had seen those Ferals holding on to Nanny.

I closed my eyes and screamed.