

Fated out Chapter 107

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Lyla

When I opened my eyes, the Ferals lay on the ground writhing.

Even the ones that had pinned Ramsey and Nathan were on the ground too. Both of them changed into their human forms immediately and Nathan rushed to me, where I was curled up at the base of the tree, shaking with fear.

"Hey..." he said placatingly, approaching carefully "Everything is fine now, okay? You're safe."

Alpha Renwick ran towards me, his eyes wide with confusion as his gaze flitted from me to the Ferals writhing on the ground. "H-How did you do that? Don't tell me..."

"Take everyone back to the pack house," Ramsey's voice stopped him midsentence as he hoisted himself up, wincing with pain.

He was bleeding from his leg and his chest. He turned to Nathan, who was still kneeling next to me. He was also bleeding from his neck and his shirt was bloodied. "Where is your Gamma?" Nathan asked.

I felt him freeze as he turned to Ramsey, his eyes widening with realization. "Now that you mentioned it, Cole is supposed to be here." Nathan turned to one of the warriors. "Where is Gamma Cole? Why isn't he here?"

The warriors exchanged uneasy glances with one another and said nothing.

"Are you both deaf..." Nathan started screaming but suddenly yelped with pain as his hands went immediately to the wound on his stomach. Then with a more controlled voice filled with pain, he said through gritted teeth. "Answer me this instant!"

"W-Well, Today is his off day, Alpha... he took his wife on a date to Islands in the West. He won't be back until tomorrow."

"What kind of Gamma leaves his duty post and the pack vulnerable to go on dates? Is he not aware of his duties?" Ramsey asked staring at Nathan with disdain. "Is this how you enforce law and order in warriors that did nothing but stare at the Ferals."

your pack? Little wonder there was no one here to protect use these rookie

"Now you want faced Ramsey,

"You clearly do not know the consequences, putting the lives of people in danger because you cannot command and you stand before me with pride, asking if I want to lecture you about running a pack. I could have you removed from that position this instance and put someone more worthy

to lecture me about running a pack?" Nathan had a stiff smile on his face as he

"This is my pack... and I will run it the way I fucking please, Nathan said, walking up to Ramsey.

"And I own you, I own your pack and I own everyone in this world. It is my responsibility to ensure people leave. You think being an Alpha is a joke..."

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Some of the Alphas drew closer, trying to stand between Ramsey and Nathan who looked like they were seconds away from throwing blows.

"Alpha Nathan, you should tailify for this, eh... the Lycan Leader is right, Alpha Calder murmured trying to pull Nathan back but Nathan shook the man off his arm and advanced towards Ramsey, standing in front of him now.

Though Ramsey was at least three inches taller, at that moment, Nathan seemed bigger.

"Is this even about my Gamma?" Nathan taunted "Because it sounds like there's something on your mind that you'd like to say, Lycan Leader. Don't let me stop you, go ahead and

spill..

Ramsey scoffed running a hand through his hair. "Your impudence knows no bounds. I swear by the Moon, I'll have you sanctioned. You still this is a joke?"

"It is you who is the joker because if I remember clearly, everyone here was fighting for their lives. The warriors are living beings too... and the attack happened suddenly. Even the most trained of

warrior would be flustered and you expect them to stick out their neck for which of the Alphas? Is it Alpha Calder, Tristan Or maybe you the Lycan Leader? They were protecting the people that couldn't fight..."

"Nathan..."

Beta Jeremy tried to talk to Nathan but he ignored his father and continued speaking. "You call yourself the Lycan Leader who wants to save everyone... bla... blah... bla and yet, you didn't, instead you were..."

"That's enough!" I rose to my feet, hating how wobbly my legs felt. "We should be thankful that no one got hurt at least. Some of the warriors should remain behind to help us with the weak Ferals while the others should guide everyone to the Packhouse."

Nathan sighed beside me, tearing his gaze away from Ramsey as he turned to me. "Are you alright though? We should go to the Pack Hospital"

"Or your duties as Alpha of Blue Ridge pack. Look around you, Nathan... I'm

ybe you should do the least shaken or flustered. Your people need you now not just me."

"But..."

"No buts, Nathan... after all you were going to accuse..."

A rustling sound from above made me pause as the hair at the back of my neck stood. Before any of us could react, a white form leapt from the trees, landing a few feet from me.

It was the Trinax.

"Hurry, take everyone to the Packhouse,"

The screaming resumed as everyone started running in the direction of the Packhouse. I noticed the Alphas did not leave. Exasperated I turned to them.

"Go with them, it's a Trinax... I can handle it."

"T-Then you're the Moonsinger?" Alpha Tristan stuttered, his eyes wide with disbelief.

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throwing over my shoulders. "No, I'm not. Now hurry"

The rest of the Alphas rushed after the warriors, leaving just me, Nathan and Ramsey behind. Since they looked like they had no intention to go, I decided not to press them for it. Crouching, using one of my hands to momentarily block my vision of the Trinax, I whispered to both of

them.

"Don't look at its face, I instructed.

"You shouldn't be here," I heard Ramsey say.

I turned my eyes for a second to reply to him when the Trinax moved with incredible speed grabbing my hair and pulling me to him. The pain was so intense that my eyes watered.

"Lyla!" Nathan shouted and rushed towards me but the Trinax flicked his hand, sending Nathan sprawling to the ground as his grip tightened around my skull.

I opened my mouth to scream but no sound came out. Whatever magic the Trinax was using had rendered me voiceless, trapping my cries within my throat.

"Let her go!" Nathan scrambled to his feet, his movements were sluggish from his earlier injuries. Ramsey was right behind him, with the remainder of the warrior.

It felt as if the Trinax scoffed. It raised its free hand and suddenly, an invisible barrier erupted between us and my rescuers. The warriors slammed into it and were thrown backwards by the magical force.

I struggled in its grip; my lungs were burning for air. Through my blurring vision, I saw Ramsey shift back into his Lycan and push past the barrier. Lycans were immune to a level of magic.

He lunged at the Trinax, aiming for the head again but the Trinax again, was faster. It snarled and stretched out its free hand, catching Ramsey by the throat.

Ramsey let out a strangled gasp, his face was rapidly turning purple as the creature's grip tightened, his powerful Lycan thrashing in the Trinaxe's hold.

My vision was darkening... whatever it was using, was working on me. I wriggled, twisted and turned, my mind racing with fear and a new course of anger. Something was stirring inside me again...

"No!" the word exploded from me in a burst of rage. I pushed against the Trinax with all iny night, and to my surprise, the creature flew backwards, releasing its hold on me and Ramsey. A surge of power burst through me like an electric current rushing through my veins.

My eyes turned pure white, glowing with an intensity that illuminated the clearing although it was still day. Silver-white light emanated from my body, running through my form. I could feel myself slipping out of control. Like whatever was in me... was making it impossible for me to act

on my own accord.

I moved forward, covering the distance between me and the Trinax and grabbed it by its neck and without any force, flung him to the other side of the clearing.

Nathan had long recovered and immediately, reached for one of the swords of the warriors

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piercing the sword through their heads, soon a puddle of blood had settled.

The Trinax had recovered, its formless, shapeless face, turning in my direction as it rushed towards me again.

I grabbed it midair, slamming its body to the ground. Suddenly, it wrenched itself from my grip and disappeared and darted onto one of the trees, disappearing.

The silver-white light surrounding me began to fade, my eyes returned to their normal colour and I swayed on my feet, almost hitting the ground.

"Lyla!" Nathan rushed to catch me, cradling me in his arms, brushing the hair from my face. "Lyla, can you hear me?"

His voice was coming from a distance, but seeing his worried face looming over mine... a tenderness washed over me. I reached out, with my blurring vision stroking his

chin.

"This was nothing..." I heard myself slurring. "I am not a Moonsinger. Don't let them take me." The last thing I remembered before I slipped into unconsciousness was Nathan shouting at the cards to call the Pack Healer, not for me...

For Ramsey...

And I wondered just before the darkness swallowed me, if he was still alive.