

Fated out Chapter 108

108 The Moonsinger's secret...

Ramsey

My eyes fluttered open, squinting against the soft light filtering into the room.

was filled with the

Blue curtains swayed gently in the breeze from an open window. The room sterile smell of antiseptic and stark white walls. My mind felt foggy, my head throbbed and my body felt sore as I tried to remember how I ended up here.

Where am I?

I looked down at my body noting my left leg was wrapped up with white bandages and then another on my left wrist, with plaster scattered all over my body. I counted five.

"Hospital,"

Lax's voice filtered into my consciousness. I could tell he was weak, from all the fighting and confrontation we had a while ago. Suddenly, a faint rustling in the room drew my attention. before a voice came to my ears, instantly souring my mood a voice I despised.

"Finally! You're awake.

It was Nathan.

Of all the people I wanted to wake up to, it had to be this jerk. From the corner of my eyes, I noticed he was on a bed and seemed to have more bandages than me. Groaning inwardly, I closed my eyes, hoping he would disappear. Or maybe if I ignored him, he would stop talking to

No such luck.

"Stop pretending to be asleep, I saw you stir a while ago. I've been watching you."

"And why is that?" I exploded turning my head to him. "Why are we in the same room to begin

with? Who did this?"

"Stop stressing over petty things like this, Ramsey," he hissed. "We were both unconscious when we were brought in, else, I would not purposely walk into a room with you. Talk more of sharing, so put up with it, this isn't the time for your petty hatred,"

"You can leave if you want... Nathan. I'm the oldest, I get to..."

"Will you stop throwing around your title like it's some divine gift? You're the Lycan Leader, chosen by the White Moon Throne and so what? Please shut up and listen carefully to what I have to say.

For once, I saw that he had a serious expression on his face, so I decided to pay attention.

"A while ago, while were still unconscious. I just came out of mine and was about to call for the nurse or something when elders from your Pack with your grandfather came into this room. They were talking about, Lyla."

My eyes flew open instantly turning to face him as I sat up abruptly, Ignoring the wave of

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"What did just say? What do you mean they were talking about her? Why?" wWw.novelluorM.cd(m)

He rolled his eyes, pursing his lips before he spoke again. "A moon priest came a while ago and he thinks she's the Moonsinger. She's still unconscious, so there's no conclusion yet but your grandfather was insisting that they take her back to the White Mountains..."

A smile broke out on my face as I turned to him, feeling triumphant. "If that's the case, then there's nothing to worry about. She'll have me and I'll...

"Can just take a minute and not think about yourself alone? It really doesn't hurt to try being selfless for even a second. Your grandfather and the elders have concluded and it's not looking good for her."

"Why?"

"Her heat started somehow and you know the thing with her pheromones; your grandfather thinks with the power she wielded earlier she might become uncontrollable, something about her heat... didn't get it clearly because of the drowsiness of the medicine I was on but they're planning to confine her... like literally put her in a cell until they can know for certain and it's not good for her."

My blood ran cold. I knew exactly what that

ant. The White Mountain elders wouldn't assess anything. They'd lock her away now that she's in her heat, strip her of any autonomy and use her

as a tool or worse, a weapon.

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"I know you think this is a win for you, he continued "But Lyla should never be locked up during her heat... it's dangerous...those pheromones might drive her crazy and make her do things she's not supposed to."

We were worried about two different things apparently.

"If you're worried about the male guards getting their way with her... I'll make sure..."

"No!" he shook his head. "That's not what I'm worried about. See, I can't tell you because it's something really private and maybe it's best you hear it from Lyla's mouth herself but you cannot let them put her in an enclosed space during her heat. It's dangerous. Also, please... let them not take her away from here... let me take care of her.

My heart squeezed with jealousy at the tenderness in his eyes as he spoke about her.

"Take care of her? How?" I asked.

"Make the heat less painful for her at least... just being there basically. There's not so much that you know about Lyla... those heats are not just heat... there is something..."

Then it clicked.

Nathan was not surprised when she was dealing with those Ferals. Not even when she had been fighting with the Trinax. If anything, he looked like it was normal.

"Y—You knew?" I gave him an accusatory glare.

He stared at me for a few seconds before sighing and sinking into his bed. "Yes... I had my suspicions for the longest time but... I knew. Lyla is the Moonsinger."

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"And you kept mute all this while? Did her family know too? Is that the reason they asked her to leave?"

"You're getting ahead of yourself again, Ramsey, he sneered at me. "Far from it. I suspected because I saw what happened to the first Ferals who attacked her. That day you drove her from your pack after..." he cleared his throat.

"I didn't drive her, Nathan..." I picked up from where he stopped. "We mated that day and we got into an argument afterwards. She practically escaped, dressed like an Omega and wanted to leave. Was I supposed to stop her?"

He sighed, narrowing his eyes suspiciously at me.

"Anyways, I picked up her scent and went after her. I was a few feet away when I saw those Ferals. When she screamed, some sort of Halo eclipsed her and weakened the Ferals. Back then, she wasn't strong enough to fight the Trinax. But I guess she is now."

"Why didn't you tell her?"

*And make her life more complicated than it already was?" he shook his head. "Besides, she wouldn't believe me. You heard it yourself what she said before she fainted.

nodded, recalling how she had desperately begged Nathan not to let anyone take her that she wasn't the Moonsinger.

"And if I refuse to help you out?" I tested the murky waters around us. This was the first time we were having a normal discussion without throwing insults at each other.

"Then I won't renew any of our trade agreements or alliances. And I'll make sure other Alphas of the South too do not renew theirs. There's more we can do but let's start with that first."

"Threats..." I scoffed. "So predictable."

"For once," he said, his voice tight. "We agree on something. But we need to be smart about this."

"Smart right?" I chuckled. "I didn't agree to help you yet."

"You will, his expression hardened. "Except you want to tell me you do not love her as you

claim."

"And I don't need to prove it to you."

Im not interested in that, honestly. Right now, what matters is keeping her safe. So, are we going to stand here arguing, or are you going to stop them from making a huge mistake?"

I studied him for a moment, wondering what was so attractive about him that endeared him to women. Lenny had told me he was quite the popular bachelor nowadays and that everyone wanted him.

"Fine!" I nodded curtly. "But after this is over, we're back to being enemies."

He smirked. "Wouldn't have it any other way. I wish we had a drink right now. We would have made a toast."

"To what?" I arched a brow at him.

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"To the woman we both love..." another smirk.

Gods! Werewolves....