

## Fated out Chapter 132

132 Reuniting with the Dark One...

Ramsey

I've never trusted in the supernatural. I was not a big believer of the Moon Goddess nor the Universe but I could feel an unease settle all over my body, spreading to every part of my body.

I didn't know if it was the stillness of the evening or the way that it seemed like the wind wasn't moving but something didn't feel right. I could sense it.

Where I stood at the lake's bank, my gaze alternating between Lyla and Miriam as they stood. Knee-deep in the shimmering water. The evening had grown darker, the moon casting its pale glow over the surface of the lake.

The High Priestess had stopped chanting and the lake was too quiet.

Lenny moved closer to me; his voice low as he muttered. "I just received word from one of the Generals, that one of the Werewolf Pack is under attack by Ferals. Although they're doing everything to quell it, it's getting severe."

I nodded absently, still gazing at the two figures in the lake. "How far is the Werewolf pack from us?"

"About two hours, Lenny replied.

"Send them some reinforcements. Those warriors with those weapons from Blue Ridge should be among too. Just a few of them reach out to Alpha Nathan in the morning requesting for more warriors that can operate the weapons. Okay?"

He nodded and returned to his former position as he prepared to send the mindlink. I turned my attention back to the figures in the lake. From where I stood, I could see Lyla's face clearly and suddenly, I noticed her expression was what it was moments ago.

Her brows were furrowed, her lips quivering and her hands clutching Miriam's was filled with desperation. Even Miriam who seemed composed at first, looked strained. Her eyes were tightly shut, and her body was trembling slightly as if she was caught in a nightmare.

My stomach churned with unease as I approached the priestess. "Something is wrong. They look terrified,

The priestess turned toward him. "What do you mean?"

— *ww.nov@©Worm.com*

"Look at her at both of them," I said gesturing toward Lyla. "Her face is twisted in fear and Miriam doesn't look any better. This isn't normal right?"

The priestess studied them for a moment, her lips pressed into a thin line. "I can see it doo," she finally admitted. "But don't worry, they must have encountered a distant memory. The cleansing process often brings to light shadows of the past." *WW.n(©)©e#Vorm.(s)@m)*

Her words did little to ease my growing alarm. I continued watching anxiously. In the next instance, Lyla began to cry. Tears rolled silently down her cheeks; her body trembled with an unspoken anguish.

"Priestess," I snapped "Look she's crying. I told you something is wrong." *ww.Nove©wORm.com*

The High Priestess's calm façade faltered. She moved closer to the edge of the water, her brows eaned in concentration. "This is unusual, she muttered, almost to herself.

"Then do something I demanded, my tone rising. They're clearly in danger. Do something" Les came to me, silently tapping on my shoulders. When I turned to him, he shook his head and indicated that I shouldn't say anything else. Sighing. I moved away from the priestess and began to pace as I watched the priestess.

The tears on Lyta's face were coming in torrents, and Miriam was shivering too.

The priestess began to mutter something, her hands moved in intricate patterns over the lake. The air around us thickened, charging with energy that made the hair on my neck stand up. *W@w.f@VeLw@©m.coM*

Suddenly. Miriam's eyes flew open, wide with terror. She stumbled backwards, removing her band from Lyla's hand. Her chest was heaving as if she'd just completed a marathon. Her breath was coming in ragged gasps, fear was etched on every line of her face.

She waded through the water nosily and fell on the bank of the lake, shivering. "She's she's in her memories" she gasped, her voice was high-pitched and frantic. "I don't know how but the Dark One is there with here too. He's in our old house and..."

Her speech was not only disjointed but also, she was speaking too fast, making it difficult for us to understand her words.

"What?" I barked, stepping toward her. "Slow down! Talk to me! speak clearly!"

She clutched her chest: her breathing was erratic. She tried again but her words came out jumbled and incoherent mixed with panic. Inside the lake, Lyla still stood there unmoving as tears continued to stream down her face. Her eyes were still firmly shut.

"Miriam," I snapped with a firm but unkind tone. "Calm down and tell us what you saw. Hysterics won't help us to solve anything. Can you do that for me?"

She swallowed hard; her fingers were trembling so much that they gripped the edge of her gown until her knuckles turned white.

"It's him," she managed. "The Dark somehow found his way into her memories and in the house, we used to live in. The was there, it seems, waiting for her. It's so really.... this is not fiction."

"of course, I know!" the high priestess sighed, rubbing a hand on her temple.

My eyes darted back to Lyla who was still standing there motionless. Her tears refused to stop, if anything, they seemed to increase.

"You have to do something, Priestess," I tried to control the fearful tremors coursing through my body. "She hasn't moved. She's been like that for too long. Do something, please!"

The High priestess grunted and entered the water. She waded gently to where Lyla was, her hands hovering just above her shoulders as she spoke softly, urging her to open her eyes.

"Lyla, the priestess called gently, her voice was filled with authority. "Come back. Open your eyes.

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murmuring a series of incantations. Still, there was no reaction. The lake remained still, as though it too were holding its breath.

Minutes stretched into an hour, Lyla hadn't moved. The tears kept falling, her face was pale and damp in the moonlight..

Miriam sat on the bank of the lake, her arms wrapped tightly around herself as she rocked back and forth crying softly.

"What's happening?" I demanded hotly my voice breaking with frustration. I hated being unable to do anything but to stand there and watch. "Why isn't it working?

The High Priestess turned to me after a while, her face etched with worry. "I think she's trapped," she admitted. "Stuck in her memories. And if Miriam is right, the Dark One is the one manipulating all of this."

My blood ran cold. "What does that mean?

"It means, the priestess said slowly he has taken control and might be blocking her from returning. She must come back to us, it's dangerous."

"Dangerous?" My heart was pounding so wildly in my chest that I could hear the beating. "Fine, there's something we can do at least? Tell me... what is it? I'll do anything"

Miriam looked up, her face streaked with tears. "You have to try again, Mother, she pleaded, her voice was hoarse. "I've seen what he can do first hand and she's powerless in that state. Please.... do something. Don't leave her there with him!"

The priestess nodded, her lips pressing together in determination. She knelt by the water's edge, her hands outstretched as she began another incantation. The words came faster this time, more urgent, her voice was rising and falling like the waves.

Miriam moved towards Lyla again closing her eyes as she attempted to reconnect with her. Her breathing quickened and when her eyes snapped open again, she broke into a fresh sob and began to shake Lyla.

"Lyla... please baby, come back... please..."

"Stop that!" the Priestess chided her. "That's dangerous. What did see?"

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"Nothing!" Miriam cried. "I can't see anything. Our link is blocked. He's too strong."

As if to confirm what she was saying, Lyla's body suddenly fell into the water with a loud splash.

Without thinking, I jumped into the lake and swam towards her. Miriam was too flustered, the High priestess seemed confused. I grabbed Lyla's hand, pulling her face upward as I checked her heartbeat. It was still beating alright but

I waited through the water, carrying her with me.

"Help the Priestess and Miriam, ready the car, we're going back to..."

"There is no time, I heard the priestess shout weakly. We have to try to wake her up. If the Dark One gets to her she would be trapped until he releases her, by then, it'll be too late. He's going to cultivate her power and use her just like he wanted with Nerlah. We must try to wake her up."

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think, I couldn't breathe... I could feel tears forming at the corner of my eyes, as the memories of a similar scene flitted into my mind.

My grandfather, running with my mother in his arms, into the pack house, shouting for a healer and my mother dying two seconds later in his arms.

"Please, No!" a sob broke from the back of my throat as my throat constricted. "I can't lose, Lyla... please... you have to survive, please..."

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