

Fated out Chapter 133

133 Pessimist stuck in the past....

Lyla Ww.w.novEtwo@m.cm

I lay sprawled on the cold floor, its chill seeping into my bones as I stared into the darkness that shrouded the room like a cloak.

I don't know how long I've been here; all I remember was meeting Xander in the room of my former house and then opening my eyes to this darkness. How had I ended up here again? How had I come back to the human world so fast?

Was this a dream?

I didn't think so, because I've been sleeping and waking up and doing everything I would normally in real life and Xander feels so real too. I sighed, stretching lazily, not bothering to cover up the threadbare blanket I was given.

I lay quietly, thinking about what kind of food would be served to me later tonight, my inability to do anything but just wait was making me ravenous. Suddenly, the voice that wouldn't leave me alone filtered into my consciousness again.

"Lyla."

I didn't move, I didn't react. The voice as always would start with a low murmur that would gradually increase in volume and intensity. It was neither male nor female, neither young nor old

just a sound that seemed to come from somewhere within me.

"Lyla, "it said. Then again. "Lyla."

"What?" I sighed with irritation. "If someone doesn't want to answer you, you should take it as a hint and leave them alone. Can you just leave me the fuck alone? Please!"

There was a slight pause from its end. For a moment, I thought it had disappeared but then it came again.

"I know being alone and in this void is making you irritable, so, I'm going to let that slide this

once."

I ignored it, turning my head slightly to the side. The chill from the cold floor seeped into my cheek, grounding me in the emptiness I now called my existence.

"Lyla, you need to listen to me," the voice insisted.

"Go away," I muttered hoarsely.

"No, I won't," the voice snapped. "We have to find a way out of here before it's not too late.

I scoffed, my lips curling into a dry laugh. "Too late?" I repeated bitterly. "It's already too late. Xander has me, there's nothing I can do. There is no escape."

"Don't say that!" the voice protested, sounding frustrated. "There's always a way. You just need to be strong."

"Strong?" I let out a mirthless laugh. "I'm lying on the floor of this cold room and I can't even see. I have no strength left."

C 123 Pessimisti wwW.®ðv®llwøRm.(c)ðm

"Then make a deal with him," the voice urged again.

Eblinked, surprised by the suggestion. "A deal?" I repeated as if I wanted to be sure I wasn't hearing things.

Yes," the voice said., "Anything to get out of here. Bargain with him, trick him- do whatever it takes, anything to get out of this room especially"

"You think he'll give me an audience long enough to listen to my deal? I hurt Xander a long time ago, he hasn't brought it up yet but just waiting here, unable to do anything is killing me. I wish he would just mention what happened and put my mind at ease."

"You're just being a coward, Lyla," the voice hissed. WwW.®overtw®rm.coM

I went silent for a while, wondering if I wasn't losing my mind because of how long I've been cooped up here and the voice...

"Who are you?" I asked. "You've been here for a long time and you piss me off every day. What are you? Who sent you?"

There was a slight hesitation, followed by a deep sigh as if it was disappointed. "You don't recognize me?"

"No," I said flatly. "If I did I wouldn't be asking"

"I'm your wolf."

I began to laugh slowly at first, until my entire body wracked from my laughter, when I was done,

I dabbed at the tears at the corner of my eyes and tried to sound serious.

"Rubbish!" I finally responded. "That's impossible. I don't have a wolf. The High Priestess confirmed it herself. Moonsingers do not have wolves."

The voice sighed again, this time there was a hint of sadness. "You don't understand, Lyla and there's not enough time to explain it to you but you're part of two worlds. More complex than anyone can understand."

"Complex? Techoed. "You mean nonexistent. I've never felt you before except in the dream world. Never heard you before now and..."

I trailed off as I realization struck me. If I could talk to this voice claiming to be my wolf, it would only mean one thing. I was in a dream. I bolted upright, staring into the pitch darkness wishing I had light.

Slowly everything came back to me.

I was standing in the shallow depths of White Lake holding hands with Nanny and then, when I opened my eyes, I was here. So, this must mean, all of this is happening in my dreams, right?

"I think I know what to do, I just need to wake up. I think I must have fallen asleep during the cleansing at White Lake because the only time I can talk to you is only in the dream world."

"It's not going to be as easy as waking up, Lyla. You didn't fall asleep. This is different but help you. The Dark One doesn't know you have a wolf and you must keep me hidden."

"I don't understand. I furrowed my brows. "And how will you help me?"

"You just need to find a way to get out of this room and you need to leave this realm as soon as possible else it'll really be bad. He severed your link to the High Priestess but don't worry, I've always been here, waiting for the chance to help you and to manifest to you finally

"You said he severed my connection to the Mother Liora? I think that's the name of the High

Priestess,"

"No"" the wolf said. "The other one, whom you were holding hands with. She's a High Priestess too and..."

"Nanny?" I snorted, trying to hold back my laughter. "Nice try but that's impossible. Nanny is anything but a High Priestess. I mean, maybe she's..."

"This is killing me."the wolf muttered "There's so much you don't know Lyla and I promise you'll find all the answers but first, we must leave this realm."

I leaned back on the wall. "Why bother? I'm already lost. I can't take out Xander again and Nanny is not here unless you're planning to jump out of my body."

"That's not how it works!" she sighed. "You're not lost, you're trapped and there's a difference.... big difference. I can help you find a way out."

I was gradually losing interest but I had the decency to ask. "How?"

"First, you need to believe in me," the wolf said. "You need to trust that I'm real. That we're real. I don't do this but part of the reason why I've been locked away for so long is because you're such a pessimist who is stuck in the past. You don't hope for anything, you do not desire anything equally. You don't take anything serious and you think just surviving is all you need but Lyla... you have a great responsibility to play..."

"Here we go again!" I murmured. "Can you all give me a break from this endless drumming into my ears about responsibilities that I didn't choose? I don't want this... I don't want to save any of them. Not after what they did to me. I can't."

"So you want revenge

You'd rather watch everyone die than do your job and save our world?"

"It's not our... it's their world. They rejected me and I'm not interested in coming back as a hero. I don't want to and I won't." wwW.(n)Ov(e)l®M.c(a)M

"Yeah, because the world is such a fair place!" the wolf scoffed. "Listen, Lyla... I know you carry a lot of hurt but if you let it consume you, it becomes your darkness, the exact thing the Dark One would prey on. I know you were humiliated and offended all your life because of your pheromones, guess what... you're going to have it for the longest time until you die."

"What?"

"Yes! That is your power. You're strongest when your pheromones are seeping into the air. You do not just have those for the sexual exploration of it. Of course, you can learn to control it and harness it properly to the extent that no one would know when you're on your heat but... I'm sorry, you have to step up to your responsibilities. People will die... our world... everyone you love... Ramsey, Nathan, your mom, your sister... every single person would die... only you can save

them."

"I'm not sure I can do that. What you're asking from me is too huge."

wait that's why you're made up of two worlds. There's me and then there's your power as a Übersinger Über the cleansing. I come to you but first, you must give me a name," the wolf

thought you're supposed to come with one. That's how other wolves manifest to their

Tim not ocher wolves. I am a fusion between silver moon and golden sun. I was not created by the Moon Goddess like other woes... well technically wasn't Just a happenstance of two individuals who lost control and had you So. I do not have a name. The reason why the High Priestess

could

name..."

sense me. My presence is different. But that doesn't make me any less real. Give me a

pressed my palms against the cold floor, grounding myself as I processed the words. But before I could respond a faint creak echoed through the room. My body stiffened as I turned my head toward the sound.

The door was opening

Light spilled into the room, silhouetting a tall figure that sent a chill down my spine. Xander entered stalling over to me like a cat. The door closed behind him, plunging us back into darkness except for the faint glow of his amber eyes.

"Well well be dranded, his voice smooth and cold. 'Look who's awake."

134 it's either me or Ramsay..