

## Fated out Chapter 137

137 If only looks could kill...

Lyla

I jolted awake.

My body was trembling as I gasped for air, my vision was blurry and my head pounded.

Nathan had been trying to pull me from Xander before someone whose face I couldn't see tackled him to the ground. In my desperation in between Xander pulling me and Nathan

struggling. I had felt that familiar anger. *wvw.ñov@lw@om.©(s)m*

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It started small, the thought that Nathan would be hurt because of me had burned through my heart, coursing through my veins...the last thing I remember was screaming..

But now, *w(w)w.Ñ(©)V\_e/lwo@om.Com*

Nathan was perched on the edge of my bed, in an unfamiliar room. Nanny hovered at the foot of the bed – her eyes were swollen and she was trying to hold back her tears. The High Priestess was there too, there was a wispy smile on her face and Ramsey....

He was leaning at the wall, our eyes met and held....

"Oh, gods!" Nanny cried as she ran to me engulfing me in a hug. "You're back... oh... I was terrified. I feared the worse, oh..."

My body still felt faint, and my vision was unstable but I allowed her to rock me. There was no Xander and I wasn't in that old house. It must have been a dream, only it was too vivid.

"What happened?" I asked weakly.

"You fell into some sort of sleeping state for a week and a few days now. Do you still remember that cleansing that was supposed to be done at the White Lake?" The priestess asked.

I stared at her blankly, trying to sort through my memory before I remembered and nodded weakly.

"You just slipped into it from there. We've been trying to bring you back, I didn't think this would work," the priestess chuckled. "But I'm happy you're here. Do you want to tell us what happened?"

Nathan had stood up and was standing awkwardly next to the priestess scratching his head and then he started bleeding through his nose.

"You're bleeding..." I said slowly pointing towards Nathan.

"What was that dear? Nanny pulled back "Did you say something"

"Nathan!" I licked my dry lips pointing to Nathan "He's bleeding.

Nanny turned. In the next few minutes, she and the priestess tried to stop the blood. They hovered over Nathan despite his protest that he was fine, making my head ache more and my

vision to swim.

After several attempts, the Priestess sighed. "We need to go to the pack healer to see if he has some healing herbs. We need to take care of that bleeding. It's likely a result of the strain you

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put on yourself to help Lyla. I told you to pull back if it was too much? *wvw.nov@wδRm.c.eM*

"I'll be fine" Nathan said waving his hand. "The bleeding will stop soon, I used to suffer from

nosebleeds occasionally?

"This is different. C'mon, let's go, Nanny said.

"But..." Nathan began, his gaze darting back to me.

"No arguments," the Priestess insisted, placing a firm hand on his shoulder. "You'll do her no good in this state and she's not running away. Miriam, come with us?"

Nanny nodded, her worried eyes lingering on me momentarily before following the Priestess out of the room with Nathan in tow.

As the door clicked shut, the room became silent. My gaze shifted to Ramsey, who was still at the wall and our gaze met again. There was no awkwardness between us, just quiet tension. He moved away from the wall and moved closer to the bed, crouching beside me, as his amber eyes

searched mine.

"Are you okay?" he asked softly.

I nodded weakly, my hands clutching the blanket tightly. My mind still felt foggy, my thoughts

scattered.

For a moment, neither of us spoke again. Then, hesitantly, Ramsey reached for my hand. His touch was warm and gentle as he rubbed soothing circles against my skin. "You should rest," he murmured. "You've been through so much."

I shook my head, trying to keep my eyelids open as my voice trembled. "No... I'm scared. What if he comes back? It had felt so real. He locked me up and wanted to use me for something before Nathan showed up. I'm glad he did... I think I was able to use my power to pull back"

"The Priestess did say something similar to that. Something about anger and fear being a catalyst to use your power but she doesn't know what's making you do all of that since you already lost your powers. Do you know?"

For a moment, I remembered the conversation I had with the wolf and wondered if it had something to do with her. I closed my eyes for a minute, focusing, wondering if I could hear it speak but silence as usual.

I shook my head in reply.

"You're safe now, okay?" he said gently.

"Aren't you busy?" I decided to change the discussion. "What are you doing here?"

He lifted his hands to my face and stroked my hair, tucking them delicately behind my ear. "TH

leave soon:

"That's not what I wanted you to say, I grumbled, glaring at him and surprisingly, he laughed.

Producing a rich baritone sound that stunned me. His smile was beautiful, lightening up his face

in a way I'd never seen him. His right cheek was dimpled, why hadn't I noticed that?

"I guess you're back with the way you're glaring at me...if only looks could kill."

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"It wouldn't hurt to be more expressive, I fired back. "No one will reward you for keeping things to yourself. Do you know how frustrating that can be?"

"I only say what's necessary," he shrugged. "Why are you angry at me already? I haven't done anything wrong"

I sighed, turning my gaze away from him. "Xander is the perfect one for me: I murmured before I could stop myself.

"The Dark One?" his brows arched. *wWw.n@VEIŴ@R@.com*

"Yes!" I turned to face him now. "He has treated me better than you ever did and even more

than Nathan. He treats me like a queen..." I sighed deeply "If only we were not supposed to be enemies. I should have loved to keep him."