

Fated out Chapter 138

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Lyla

Ramsey stared at me for a few seconds and then shook his head. "Is that how much you're thirsty for a man? What will your beloved boyfriend do when he hears you say this?"

I rolled my eyes, exhaling deeply. My heart has stopped racing at least but the memory everything still lingered in my mind. *w@(w).n@vElwOr(m).cOm*

"Whatever!" I hissed.

of

"I know this is the wrong time to ask this but... are you happy with Nathan? Does he make you laugh at least?" Ramsey asked suddenly.

I paused, looking for the best way to reply him.

"He doesn't make me cry at least," I sighed again, loving the way he flinched at my accusation. "I've known Nathan for a long time and he's always treated me well but the way he treats me now!" I smiled "It's much better. It's clear, he doesn't see me as a friend anymore and that he

loves me."

He nodded with a quiet smile. "I'm glad."

"How about Cassidy? Do you love her?"

He smiled and raised his face to look at me. "Love is a deep word but I care enough for her, so much that I think I can marry her and stay married. There's not much to marriage and we will both be busy with doing our duties, so I'm sure it'll be easy.

"So transactional, I sucked my teeth "Both of you deserve each other. "I'm sure I and Nathan will do just fine too. He's..."

"But I still love you..." He interrupted, making the words I wanted to say freeze on my lips. "I don't think I can stop doing that. If Nathan doesn't treat you well..."

"He will, don't worry!" I said quickly. The room was growing grim. "Can we stop all this emotional talk? It's getting on my nerves already."

We

stayed like that for a few seconds before he broke the silence again.

"The Dark One, what does he look like?" he asked.

As I opened my mouth to respond, the door opened and Nathan, Nanny and the High Priestess re-entered the room. Nathan, now cleaned up but pale, let out a small, wry laugh as he came straight and sat on my bed.

"If the Dark One looks anything like what I saw in her mind..." he paused, reaching for my hand "I'd say he's ridiculously handsome. It annoys me so much."

"Yes, Nanny laughed, she seemed collected too. "I thought so the first day I saw him. He looks nothing like the evil written about him. Is that even his real appearance?"

Everyone turned to the Priestess.

"He should even be better than what you saw, I'm sure. He's been around for a long time. So,

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there might be changes but there's no talk about him taking the appearance of anything else. So... yeah..."

"How handsome can he be?" Ramsey scoffed.

"Tall, well-built, sharp jawline, piercing eyes – he's got the whole dark and dangerous look, the kind that ladies love. It's so infuriating,

Ramsey rolled his eyes but didn't say anything further.

"So," the High Priestess stepped forward, "Can you tell us what happened? Do you remember anything at all? Even the tiniest of detail should not be left out."

Ramsey raised a hand, cutting her off. "Mother Liora, not now. She needs to rest. I'm sure there'll

be time to talk later.

The priestess hesitated, her gaze flickering between me and Ramsey before she nodded. "I guess

"Also," Ramsey added straightening. "It's better we move her from White Lake Pack. I'll feel at ease if I know she's not here. We could send her to White Moon or Blue Ridge?" his gaze strayed

to Nathan.

"I think home would be better" Nathan nodded.

Why were they suddenly acting like friends?

The priestess frowned. "She's not fit to travel yet but you're right, we should move her elsewhere. We could keep her in your pack, Lycan Leader, then when she's strong enough

she'll *www.m@vElWOrM.CoM*

return home."

Everyone nodded at her suggestion.

Ramsey started towards the door, before he turned to leave, he announced. "I'll go now and arrange transport."

As the door closed behind him, my mind whirred with thoughts as Xander's words came to me.

"You will not end up with the Alpha. It's either me or Ramsey."

Could it be true? Could Ramsey – after everything be tied to my fate in ways I didn't fully understand? But he was marrying Cassidy soon? Should I take Xander's words to heart?

My gaze drifted to Nathan, he looked tired but he was massaging my legs, muttering something about circulation. It would break his heart if we didn't end up together but how? As far as I could see, there was nothing in the way of 1 and Nathan becoming mates.

But, I couldn't resist Xander's assessment.

And then there was the wolf. I'd heard the voice, felt its presence in that dark room and we had spoken. Was it real, or just a fragment of my imagination? The High Priestess had insisted that Moonsingers didn't have wolves and though the wolf had given me a vague explanation, it was all too confusing for me.

My gaze drifted to the door, Ramsey had just exited. The memory of his gentle touch, warm and reassuring still lingered. Despite the rift between us, I always feel comfortable around him.

Naanite his saldnann lhad mann mauathlua umanalina la bila

a mulat nain that

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iny confusion.

And then Nathan again!

My gaze returned to him. I saw the worry etched on his face as he was watching me as if I might disappear at any moment. He had stopped massaging my feet and was doing my hands. 2

My heart ached at the unanswered questions. For the first time in my life, I saw what could become of this world if I refused to take up my duty as a Moonsinger. Thanks to Xander, I had seen another aspect of his power and heard a little of what he planned to do.

As someone who has always run away from confronting her emotions, I wanted clarity answers to all the questions swirling in my mind. *(w)wVW.n@vElwOrM.cOm*

But how would I find them if I left? If I go back to the human world... would I be fulfilled? Even back then, it was never enough... I was never truly happy but these days, I was catching glimpses of happiness here and there.

Maybe staying would not be a bad idea. *www.N@C@LwOrM.CoM*

My eyelids drooped; I was struggling to stay awake but it wasn't just working. I had a wolf and I was the Moonsinger. The last thought I had before sleep claimed me was simple but overwhelming:

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And somewhere in between sleep and wakefulness, I prayed silently that I would never betray Nathan... because it felt like that storm was brewing overhead.

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