

Fated out Chapter 139

139 Whispers...

Lyla

Two days later...

Tyla Lyla Lyla..."

I stirred as my eyes fluttered open, still heavy with sleep. I wanted to open my eyes and ask who was calling and what the person wanted but my mouth felt too heavy.

"Tyl Lyla Ayla..."

The voice came again, this time, more insistent than the first time, Grumbling, I swung my legs off the edge of my bed and rose, my bare feet against the cold floor, sending me cold tremors.

The voice came again, more insistent than before and I followed after it. My mind was too foggy as if I was trapped in a dream but that was real. I followed after the sound of the voice, half-asleep, half-awake running into the wall severally as the voice continued beckoning me

Each time I hesitated, the voice called again, urging me forward.

"lyla..."

I felt my hand push a door and the crisp night air greeted me like a cold embrace. I stepped into

the darkness.

"...too bright!" I murmured trying to move away from the bright light that shone on my face. I threw a lazy hand over my face, wondering why my bed was hard.

...close the blinds, it's too bright!" I cried again with my eyes tightly shut. But nothing happened, the light was still on my face.

Sighing. I opened my eyes, blinking rapidly as the harsh sunlight assaulted my vision. I turned my head to the side, expecting to see the maid that was bent on disturbing my sleep but all I saw were trees with daylight filtering through their branches.

This wasn't my room at White Moon Pack. Still feeling drowsy and irritated, I touched the bed, only to realize I was lying on the ground, the earth beneath me was damp and cool. Blinking rapidly I was fully awake now; this wasn't my room – or even near the pack house, I was in the middle of what seemed to be a forest.

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I started hearing hot and heavy breathing above me. When I looked up, a scream tore through my throat, spreading through the forest as my body jerked backwards instinctively. My heart leapt into my throat as I dragged my body away from it.

The wolf cocked its head, and then in an instant, its form shifted and transformed. Where the wolf once stood, was Nanny, in a kneeling position. Her expression was calm but filled with

concern.

"It's just me," she said softly, holding up her hands in a soothing gesture. "I forgot I hadn't transformed back.

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looked around me "How did I get here?" *wW.NovelWôrM.cOm*

"I was about to ask you the same thing, she said quietly. "I was out for a run this morning and found you here. I thought you came out for a walk too or something and fainted or fell asleep in the process" *wŴW.nóVÈlwôr@.CŌm*

She glanced at my dishevelled appearance and added "You look like you just fought a rogue. Are you alright dear?"

I looked down shocked. My body was caked in dirt, leaves tangled in my hair, and my clothes were torn and muddy. "L...I don't remember"

"What do you mean you don't remember? Nanny asked, staring at me intently. "You don't have to lie, I won't tell anyone I saw you here." *ww(w).novèLwôRM.coM*

"I swear I don't.

I looked around the forest and shivered, not from cold but from a strange sense of displacement. Something felt off, but I couldn't pinpoint what exactly.

Nanny stared at me for a few seconds then removed the shawl she had on and draped it over my shoulders. "Don't think too much of it. I told Mother Liora that the medicine was too strong, and it may cause one to lose the sense of time. Come, we need to return to the pack house, you're not supposed to be out here in the cold like this,"

Unable to say anything, I nodded and allowed her to guide me back to the pack house.

As we approached, servants were running in and out of the pack house with Nathan pacing like a caged Tiger on the porch. He had several lines of worry etched deeply on his forehead. The High Priestess stood beside him too, her expression was grim.

"Miss!" one of the maids that serves me suddenly exclaimed in relief and rushed towards me. cue, Nathan and the priestess's heads snapped up simultaneously. Both of them rushed to me.

"Lyla!" Nathan gathered me in his arms, hugging me so tight that I felt my bones would break.

"Where have you been?" he asked as he pulled back, tugging a stray strand away from my face.

"How are you like this?" he asked, his eyes examining my appearance. "Were you attacked by Ferals? Are you hurt?"

"Alpha Nathan, Nanny suddenly interjected, pulling me away from him and to her side. "We went for a walk and she was caught in a thicket but she's fine. Nothing to

worry a

"Caught in a thicket? What were you doing watching her walk into a thicket? Why did you allow her to go for a walk?" Nathan fumed, his eyes flashing dangerously at Nanny.

"Fresh air is good for Lyla and I know because I am..." Nanny trailed off, I could tell she hadn't been pleased with Nathan's tone earlier. "I've been taking care of her since she was a baby and I know exactly how she recovers." *ⓂⓂw.nóvELLwôrM.cŌm*

"Not by letting her walk into the forest with Ferals on the rage. What if..."

"That's enough, Alpha, Mother Liora interrupted Nathan, placing a hand gently on his arm. "I don't see any scratch on her body, she's fine and you should trust Nanny, she's closer to her than any of us, she won't purposely put her in harm's way."

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inore morning walks. If you want to walk that badly, you should have woken me up

"I'm line; I flashed him an uneasy smile.

He nodded exhaling as he tried to rein in his emotions. Mother Liora placed a hand on his arm

again and said. "She should go inside and rest?

I nodded, grateful for the distraction as I followed Nanny into the house.