

## Fated out Chapter 147

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147 Manifestation II

When my body volted awake, the first thing I noticed was the rough ground beneath me—damp earth and scattered leaves pressing against my skin.

lot again, I thought as panic rose in my chest.

1 blinked rapidly as the towering trees around me blurred into my view. I was in the forest again, no doubt.

I scrambled into a seating position, the dried leaves beneath me crinkling with my frantic movement.

My hands flew to my hair, clutching at the strands tightly as my fingers trembled. My eyes darted around the clearing, trying to piece together the puzzle of how I had ended up here- again,

My breathing was shallow and uneven.

“Why how?” I stammered under my breath, my voice cracking with disbelief. My chest heaved as I spun, searching for any clue that might ground me in reality.

A voice interrupted my spiralling thoughts.

“You’re awake”

I whirled toward the sound, startled, my heart pounding like a drum. Leaning casually against a nearby tree, his arms crossed, stood Lenny. He had a calm, concerned, almost amused expression on his face.

\*Lenny?\* I called out shakily. “What—what are you doing here?”

He pushed off the tree and walked over to where I was. “I could ask you the same thing,” he said, offering his hand. “but I’m not interested in explanations right now,” he added flatly, cutting off any excuse I might want to give.

I stared at his outstretched hand before tentatively placing my hand on his. My fingers felt cold and stiff as he helped me to my feet and held me for a few seconds as I swayed slightly, still disoriented.

“The last night shift patrol team found you out here, he continued in a clipped but not unkind tone. “Thankfully, they brought it to my attention before anyone else saw. We’re fortunate it’s still dawn and most of the pack is asleep. You can sneak back into the pack house without

questions.”

His tone brooked no room for argument, so I nodded mutely. Feeling my cheeks reddened as I avoided his gaze.

“Can you walk on your own? Do you want me to hold you or carry you?” he asked.

“I can walk” I said quickly, although I still felt slightly dizzy.

“Let’s go then,” he said, motioning me to follow.

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We walked quietly but briskly, as I was desperate to avoid meeting anyone. It would be hard to explain my mysterious state. Just as we arrived at the pack house entrance, the door opened and

Seth came out.

His gaze flickered between me and Lenny then back to me. Without saying a word, he bowed curtly to us and then brushed past us, going his way.

“Don’t worry about Seth!” Lenny said quietly. “He won’t say anything to anyone. Now hurry and go to your room.

“Thank you so much!” I nodded and fled into the pack house.

Back in my room, I moved with purpose. I stripped off my dirty clothes, stuffing them into the sink to scrub away the evidence. The earthy scent of the forest still clung to my skin, mixing with the faint metallic smell of blood from minor scratches I hadn’t noticed earlier.

I washed the dirty clothes feverishly, one car trained to the door to pick up any movement. I washed off the stains, restoring the dress to its original colour. Throwing it into a bucket at the corner of the bathroom, I stepped into the shower.

Hot water cascaded over me, washing away the dirt and leaves and soothing my tense r but doing nothing to cleanse the confusion clouding my mind. After washing off the worst of the grime, I wrapped myself in a soft bathrobe, my damp hair sticking to my shoulders.

I stared at my wet dress in the bucket, wondering what explanation to give on how it ended up wet. After coming up with a few lies, I stepped out of the bathroom. On cue, the door to my bedroom opened and Nanny entered, carrying a steaming cup of my morning medicine.

“Good morning darling,” she said brightly, smiling at me briefly before moving over to the vanity table where she set the cup and turned to me, her keen eyes scanning the length of my body. “How was your night? Did you just bathe by yourself?”

“Good morning to you too, Nan and I had a wonderful night,... that was a lie. My sassy wolf

Nymeris tormented me in my sleep.

“And I think living here is making you think you’re some sort of princess. Like I had a maid back in the human world or at Blue Ridge bathing me.” I said, avoiding Nanny’s gaze as I crossed the room to sit at the vanity.

Taking the cup in my hands, I sipped slowly, pushing the bitter taste down my throat.

She laughed and came to stand behind me, reaching for my brush and hair dryer on the vanity table.

“It was the Lycan Leader’s instructions. He said he didn’t want you doing anything with your hands. The Lycan Leaders gave the instructions. He didn’t want you to use your hands. The maids will be slightly disappointed to find you’ve done their work when they arrive today”

“As if!” I winced after taking another sip. “I don’t want to get spoilt. The maids at Blue Ridge are my mother’s henchmen. I’ll be getting poison ivy mixed in my bath if I ever demand that.”

We laughed it off as Nanny slowly started to brush and dry my hair with practised care, just like she had always done when I was a teenager at Blue Ridge and while we still lived together in the human world.

I finished the medicine and closed my eyes for a moment, letting myself relax, but it was Sort–lived and Nanny suddenly paused mid–stroke. From the mirror, I saw her nostrils flaring slightly as she sniffed the air, het brows furrowing

smell blood, she murmured, her voice filled with concern. (w)w@.Nó(v)el@orm.com

My body stiffenedd, my grip tightening on the hand of the chair I sat on as 1 imitated her previous

ment. “I smell nothing” I said dismissively. Hoping she wouldn’t press further, but Nanny didn’t seem like she was going to relent soon.

She continued sniffing the air, ignoring my reassurance that it was nothing. Setting the brush and the dryer aside, she gently lifted my hair from my shoulder and pushed aside the collar of my robe. Her sharp intake of breath gave me all the confirmation I needed: she had caught me.

I had noticed a small gash on my neck that had been bleeding—a wound I had intended to treat after my bath, but Nanny’s arrival had suspended it.

“How did this happen? How did you get this she sounded hysterical.

“I scrubbed too hard while I was bathing, but I’m fine, Nan...” Larranged my hair back in place. “Stop fretting over a little blood. I’m not a child. I’m 23,

“And so? You should walk around with open, bleeding gashes? Does being 23 make you immune to pain and injuries? What if it gets infected? Will being an adult stop that?”

She sounded like my mother.

“I’ll treat it, I mumbled.

“Im going to ask you again; how did you get this? Tell me this instant,  
Lyla... *Ŵwŵ.novēL̂ŵ°RM̂.c@°*

I inhaled and exhaled. “I woke up in the forest. I admitted, my voice barely above a whisper. “Like yesterday.”

Her eyes widened as tears welled up in them. Without another word, she pulled me into a tight embrace, her hands cradling my head as if she could shield me from whatever was happening.

“You’ll be fine, my dear, she murmured, her voice breaking. “Everything will be fine.”

I pulled back, slightly surprised at her reaction as I searched her eyes. “Do you know why this keeps happening?” I asked, my voice trembling with both fear and hope.”

Nanny averted her gaze, her lips pressing into a thin line. “Let’s get you cleaned up first, she mumbled, avoiding my question.

She hurried out of the room and came back some seconds later with an emergency first aid kit. Then she carefully began cleaning the gash on my neck before moving on to other bruises and scratches, tending to the ones on my arms and legs without meeting my gaze.

“You’re killing me already. If it’s something that I need to be worried about, wouldn’t it be better to let me know?”

“You’ll sleep in my room from tonight.”

“So, it means that whatever is happening to me doesn’t have a cure?” I asked, staring at her.

She hesitated for a while before nodding. “It goes away by itself after a while.”

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Can't at least know what it is Whatever it is, I promise, I'll try to take it all in. Just tell me.... please...

“Not she shook her head, closing the first aid kit. “I’m off to go see Mother. Have a nice day”

With that, she walked out of my room, leaving me in the dark again.