

Fated out Chapter 16

16 The dreamscape...

[Warning – Triggering content]

Lyla

I was running, my heart was hammering wildly in my chest as my boots dug

into the earth.

My breath was coming in shallow gasps as the weight of the armour I had on pressed on me.

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This was strange, alien to me – everything felt wrong. I looked down, to see the shiny metal covering my chest and my arms. In my hand was a spear and a shield in the other hand. I would stop for a second and open my mouth to shout but no sound would come out. @

I was frustrated but I kept moving, charging at the wolves that came at me. I threw the spear to the first wolf that leapt high in the air, aiming for my throat and used my shield to knock off the other coming at me from the other angle. Soon, the sound of swords clanging and knives filled the air.

The wolves we fought were not ordinary. Their eyes were filled with deep hatred that emanated from every pore of their body. They fought with vengeance; it was as if they were possessed by something. I could feel my arms burning with pain but I surged forward, charging into them, digging my spear deep into their fur.

I could feel danger looming overheard – a dark premonition yet it felt ...right. Familiar, except something was off. I was moving like a man – my body was stronger; my strides were wider. When I lifted the spear to strike, my muscles moved with perfect synchronization. This was not the first time I was doing this.

I paused for a while, my hands on my knees as I tried to catch my breath. Suddenly, my gaze flitted to my image on my shield and I shuddered with fright. I had beards – I was a man.

But I was Lyla too... at least inside, I was. I could feel it.

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As I tried to understand what was going on, a spear sank into my chest, piercing through the thick armour and right through my heart. As I fell to the ground, my mind spinning, I wondered if this was normal.

When I opened my eyes again, the battlefield had disappeared. Instead, I was standing in a field that seemed to stretch on for hours. The armour I had on had vanished too and I was in a dress, and my hair was long, flowing with the wind.

Relief washed over me for a brief moment but as I made to move, I stumbled into something on the ground. When I looked down to see what it was... I gasped with horror. *wɔɹW.ɪəV@lworm.C.©*

Countless dead bodies were strewn across the field, their lifeless eyes were wide staring into nothing. The scent of blood hung in the air, threatening to choke me. I tried to move back but I stumbled and fell on one of the dead

bodies.

I shrieked with fear, screaming. "No! No!" I scrambled to my feet and tried to move when suddenly among the sea of corpses, I saw familiar faces drenched in their blood, staring lifelessly at me. *Wɔɹw.nəV@lworm.c©m*

"No! No!" I cried out as I ran towards the bodies. It was the body of my father, my mother and my sister. And there, just a few feet away, lay Nathan and Alpha Ramsey, their hands joined together.

I stumbled towards them, my mind reeling. This couldn't be real, I tried to assure myself. It had to be a nightmare. I fell to my knees beside Ramsey, my hand shaking as I reached him. He was my mate... how could he be dead?

"Ramsey!" I pleaded, grasping his shoulders. "Ramsey... please, wake up."

But as I tried to lift him, his body remained limp and unresponsive. Blood seeped from a wound in his chest, staining my hands. Something shifted inside me as an anguished wail tore from my throat. I beat my fists against my chest as if the physical pain could somehow numb the agony in my heart.

"Why?" I screamed to the empty sky. "Why is this happening?"

Amid my wailing, I felt a presence. I stopped, my breath catching in my *wɔɹw.nəV@lworm.c©m*

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throat. Slowly, I turned.

There at the edge of the field stood a figure dressed in a white flowing cloth. It was the same image I've been seeing for a few days now. Since I returned from the human world to my pack. Although their face was not covered, no matter how much I tried to look, I couldn't see their face.

"W—who are you?" I stammered, rising to my feet.

The figure didn't respond. Instead, they simply extended a hand toward me beckoning me.

I hesitated, staring at the outstretched hand and torn between grief and an unexplainable curiosity that wanted to be satisfied. I wanted to know what I have been seeing for a few weeks now. I pulled myself together, casting one last glance at Ramsey's and Nathan's bodies before I started towards the figure.

But just as I took my first step. The world shifted again.

This time, I was standing in the middle of a desert with the sun burning so bright that my skin burned. The heat was unbearable, yet I seemed frozen in place.

I turned my head, trying to search for signs of life. But there was nothing. No oasis, no distant mountains, not even a single plant, just an endless stretch of

land.

"Hello!" I called out and immediately, my voice echoed back to me.

Then, the wind began to howl around me and a voice pierced through the

stillness.

"You let them die, Lyla," It accused.

I flinched trying to search for the voice but the wind was too strong.

"You let them die. All the people you loved – gone because of you."

"What?" I protested. "No, I... that's not true," I shouted, "I would never."

"But they died because of your cowardice. Why did you hesitate to come to me?" The voice became distorted now as if a thousand voices were speaking

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to me at once. "Why didn't you choose me and save them?"

"I don't understand," I fell to the ground covering my ears. "Please tell me... what have I done?"

"Look at your hands, Lyla!" The distorted voices commanded.

When I did, I screamed when I saw blood. "Their blood is in your hands. You failed them... you failed everyone..."

I clapped my hands over my ears, trying to block off the voice but it came on strong. Hurling accusations at me.

"Stop it! I screamed, tears streaming down my face. "Please, just stop!"

But the distorted voice grew louder and louder... just when I thought I could no longer bear it... the wind stopped howling and a different, gentle voice reached my ears. It seemed to be coming out from somewhere within me. "Lyla!" It called out softly but firmly. "Lyla...Lyla."

It was faint at first but it grew louder, more persistent and strangely, I felt at peace.

"Lyla! It's me..." The voice said again.

I quietened wondering where the voice came from.

"Lyla," It came again. "It's me... your wolf!"

Immediately, my eyes flew open. I found myself, not in a desert but in a place that smelled of herbs and on a bed that didn't feel like mine.

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And there, standing – looming over me with concerned eyes was my mate Ramsey.

For a moment, I just lay there staring at him, and then, unable to stop myself, I threw myself at him, burying my face in his neck. Thankfully he didn't pull away, he seemed to understand my need for comfort. *4 wɔɹw.nəV@lworm.c©m*

"It was just a dream," I murmured to myself, "Just a horrible dream."