

Fated out Chapter 18

18 Trinox

I slammed the door shut behind me and stormed down the dimly lit hallways of the healer's quarters. But no matter how hard I tried to shake it off, I could still feel it – 'the pain. A raw, searing agony pierced through my heart as if something had been torn away from me.

Every step away from her felt like wading through quicksand. The urge to turn back, to burst through that door and beg her forgiveness was almost overwhelming. I clenched my fists, my nails digging into my palms until I felt the sting of my skin breaking.

Damn, the Moon Goddess for creating this weakness. Rejecting a mate was not a decision to be taken lightly and now I understood why. I staggered through the corridor, my breath coming in short, painful gasps. Every time I inhaled, it felt like shards of glass were in my lungs.

"Why did you do it?" Lax howled. "Go back to her! She's ours!"

I ignored him, forcing myself to keep walking. This was the right thing to do – I repeated the words in my head like an anthem. The memory of her eyes as I had rejected her haunted me. She had stared at me in disbelief, pain flashing through her eyes.

She would never know what it means to have responsibilities bigger than your desires. For me to wield the power of the White Moon Throne, I must have a strong mate by my side.

When I arrived at the reception, I spotted the healer who was in charge of treating her and beckoned on him.

"Alpha," he began "Is everything alright with the Miss?"

I straightened, forcing my features into a mask of indifference. "I need you to ensure that she receives the best possible care and recovers properly."

"Of course, Alpha!" he nodded "I'll do just that. But forgive my curiosity, who exactly is the young miss? I've never seen her in our pack and she doesn't bear our mark. Is she a new pack member?"

16:45

18 Trinox

Fixing him a glare, I coldly stated, "That's none of your business," I snapped, my tone harsher than I had intended. The healer flinched and instantly, I regretted my words. But I couldn't afford to explain – couldn't afford to reveal the truth.

"No!" I said tersely, making another attempt to apologize to the healer without saying sorry. He has always helped to treat me secretly whenever I sustained injuries, I didn't want my grandfather to know about. "She's not from our pack and her identity is nothing to worry about. Just treat her secretly until she's better."

"Yes Alpha," he nodded. "Shall I provide you with regular updates on her condition?"

"That won't be necessary," I replied.

Before the healer could ask more questions, I pulled out a chequebook and quickly wrote out a sum that would more than cover Lyla's care. I thrust the check at the healer.

"This should take care of all expenses. See that no one says a word about her, okay?" [www.noveltorm.com](#)

"As you wish Alpha!" he nodded, giving me a curt bow

I strode in the direction of the exit door, feeling Lax moving restlessly but I shut him off, I didn't want to hear a word of what he wanted to say. As soon as I cleared the building, I shifted into my wolf and surged forward, paws pounding against the earth as I ran into the vast pack lands.

The trees blurred past me, and the cool night wind whipped against my fur, but the pain stayed with me no matter how fast I ran. Every time I closed my eyes, I saw her – Lyla, lying on the hospital bed, frail. Her lips trembling as she accepted my rejection.

I ran faster until I reached the edge of the pack lands before I slowed down and skidded to a halt, changing into my human form, my breath coming in heavy pants.

Now alone, Lax pushed himself into my mind, despite all efforts to control him.

18:45

18 Trinox

"You fool!" he growled. "You should have never rejected her! She was our mate, our only mate!"

I ignored him, lying on the soft grass, my face to the sky filled with stars. [www.noveltorm.com](#)

"Are you even listening to me?" Lax queried. [www.noveltorm.com](#)

"She would have dragged us down, Lax!" I sighed, "She is weak."

"You're lying to yourself," he snarled. "She has no wolf, yes! but there's something different about her. She is special, I can feel it. And you know she isn't weak. You're just afraid! Afraid of what she makes you feel!"

"Well, it's a pity that we wouldn't explore that. I told you from the first time you revealed yourself to me that I don't have time for feelings. I abhor the mate bond and the Moon Goddess. Why are you trying to force it on me."

"If it wasn't for the Moon Goddess who was merciful enough to give you, me, do you think you'd be better than Lyla? You're just a coward," Lax hissed. "Running from what he knows is right."

"Lax... I know you're desperate to be mated but you don't understand how it works here. No one would approve of my joining with Lyla. I don't want to waste my time and hers. It's for the best. We would have to go with Cassidy..."

"I didn't accept Cassidy seven years ago. What makes you think I would want

her now?" he retorted.

"You just have to!" I said with a note of finality. "Don't worry, she's not as terrible as you think. She knows her duties and marriage would benefit us and the pack."

"I'd rather..."

The rest of his words got swallowed by an incoming mind link. It was from my grandfather. So, I shut Lax off and concentrated on him.

"Ramsey," he said as soon as we connected. "I know you were trying to evade the Thorne's. Well, they've left, you should return to the pack house, we need

to discuss tonight's patrol plans." [www.noveltorm.com](#)

"Understood. On my way."

18:46

3/5

18 Trinox

But as I turned, ready to leave the forest behind me, when something caught my attention. From the corner of my eyes, I spotted a white form in the trees behind me. I ducked to the ground immediately, taking cover behind one of

the oak trees next to me.

Trying not to make any sound, slowly, cautiously, I turned towards the direction I had seen the vision. At first, I saw nothing – just shadows dancing among the trees. But then, a form emerged from the darkness, standing directly under the streak of moonlight penetrating through the tall trees. There, partially hidden by the undergrowth, stood a creature of nightmare. It was massive, easily the size of a Werebear. Although fully exposed, its face remained void and a mystery to anyone who meets it. No matter how hard one tries to focus, their features blur and slip away from memory. Only those with special powers such as the Moonsinger, can truly see their faces.

They were always cloaked in the darkness and led their pack with silent authority and once they were around, you would sense an overwhelming pressure that you are being watched by something unnatural.

My heart lurched in my chest as I quickly recognized the creature from the countless teachings I've had. It was a Trinox, one of the Dark One's creatures. These creatures were never found alone – where there was a Trinox, there must be a pack of Feral wolves.

It is said that those who try to look upon the faces of a Trinox for too long are driven mad. Quickly, I averted my gaze, cursing my decision to go for a

run.

It could already sense my presence, so hiding was useless. I pressed myself against the Oak tree, my eyes scanning for anything to use as a weapon. Just as I raised my head, I saw the form hovering in front of me.

I sucked in a deep breath, pressing myself further into the oak tree. Behind him were seven Ferals their red eyes gleaming in the darkness. I remained still, my muscles tense as the air thickened around me.

Behind it, the Feral wolves came forward, but something was off. Instead of attacking, they merely circled me, their noses twitching as they sniffed the

air around me, drawing closer but never lunging.

16:40

4/5

18 Trinox

My brow furrowed, my mind racing. I had expected bloodlust, attack or anything... but they didn't strike. Instead, they pressed in closer, their breath hot against my skin, their teeth flashing under the moonlight – but no bite

came.

All this while, the Trinox remained behind, its faceless gaze fixed on me as if it knew something that I didn't.

My chest tightened, every instinct demanding I fight or flee or at least send a mindlink to the warriors patrolling nearby but my body remained frozen in disbelief. 2

Why weren't they attacking? My gaze returned to the Trinox, wondering if I stared at it I would get answers but the more I did, the more the creature's form slipped from my mind. I felt watched, but not threatened.

Then, just as suddenly as they'd appeared, the wolves pulled back, their low growls fading into the night. The Trinox turned, leading them away, back into the shadows, leaving me sitting there, alone and untouched.

I finally exhaled the breath I was holding in, daring to finally move. I still couldn't make sense of it – Why didn't they attack?

Quickly, I changed into my wolf form and bolted toward the pack house. As I ran back, all I could think of was my encounter. If the Trinox was here, it meant more Ferals were close by. My pack – my people – were in danger.

Comment 13