

## Fated out Chapter 31

31 The girl who disowned her

parents...

Lyla

Sunlight streamed through the curtains, casting a warm glow across my bedroom. I stirred, my eyes fluttering open as I gradually came to consciousness. For a moment, I lay still, enjoying the comfort of my bed and the peaceful quiet of the morning.

It had been weeks since I'd last set foot in school and today will mark my long-awaited return.

I stretched lazily, feeling the dull ache on my back. Although I had healed completely, I still felt an occasional twinge on my back. I trudged to the mirror in my room and stood before it, gazing at the girl who stared back at me. The girl who left school all those weeks ago was not the same one preparing to return.

A soft knock sounded on my door before it was pushed open. When I turned, it was my Nanny, Miriam at the door. Her eyes widened when she saw me and

immediately, she rushed to where I stood.

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"Lyla dear, are you sure you should be standing? Remember..."

"I'm fine, Nan!" I replied with a smile "Honestly, I am. I feel better than I have in days plus I'll be going to school today and if I ever need to catch up on school work, I have to resume today."

"Your health comes first, Lyla," she sighed steering to the bed "How about you resume next week? I already spoke with your teachers and a lot of them are willing to let you retake most of the tests done in your absence."

"That's why I need to go to school, today. I cannot miss another of those mid-term tests, remember our exams are around the corner, ther a lot for me to catch up with."

"Fine!" she sighed patting my hand gently "But how are you feeling..." she paused as if contemplating if she should ask me or not. "When you first arrived, you looked so... sad, broken, worn out and maybe it's just my imagination or I am worrying but... what happened when you got home? Do you think you can tell me

now?"

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"I already told you, Nan!" I rose from my bed and crossed the room to my reading table, stuffing my school bag with books. "I disgraced my parents at the Gala and I decided to disown them to save them from

further embarrassment. End of story."

"You already told me that, but how did you get injured?"

I had deliberately skipped that part because for me to be in the Northern Forest which was far away from home, I must have been on my way to the White Mountains. But I didn't want to keep the truth away from Miriam. She was my best friend and we always tell each other stuff.

Still, would she believe me

told her I had found my

mate and he was the Lycan Leader?

"I'll tell you later!" I gave her an apologetic smile "When I'm ready and that's because I do not want to lie to you, so, please don't press any further."

"Fine!" she sighed rising from the bed too. "Hurry up then, we don't want to be late for school today."

An hour later, I came out of the shower and reached for my phone, intending to check for any messages

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from Nathan but my heart sank slightly as I saw he still

hadn't read my text since last night.

We've been in constant communication since I left

Blue Ridge but for some reason, he has been silent since yesterday.

"Odd!" I thought to myself wondering what could have happened.

Maybe he was busy with Pack Patrol or his Alpha training and hasn't had time for his phone. Pushing aside every worrying thought, I moved over to my wardrobe, pausing as I considered what to wear.

Today, I wanted to make a statement – I felt free for the first time in years and I've done something a lot of done – I disowned my teenagers wish they could h parents.

A smile settled on my face as I rummaged through my clothes, rejecting the baggy sweaters, oversized hoodies and jeans I'd once hidden behind. Instead, I selected a fitted black leather jacket with silver zippers glinting in the morning light. I paired it with dark wash skinny jeans that hugged my curves accentuating my lean figure.

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For my top, I chose a deep crimson blouse with a subtle V-neck, that hinted at my cleavage. The fabric was soft against my skin, reminding me of the newfound confidence I carried within.

I turned my attention to my long chestnut hair, gazing at the prominent Silver stripe on the hair. It has always been a source of ridicule from my classmates because of how weird I always looked with it. I'd often kept it pulled back in a messy bun or hidden under a beanie but not today. *wWw.Nv6Lw0rM.com*

I took my time, carefully straightening each strand until it fell in glossy waves over my shoulders. I proceeded to apply a light layer of makeup, nothing, too dramatic but just enough to enhance my natural look. By the time I was done, barely recognized the girl staring back at me.

Grabbing my backpack, I made my way downstairs. As I entered the kitchen, my Nanny looked up from the pot she had on the stove, nearly dropping the spoon she had in her hand.

"Moons!" she gasped, her eyes wide "Lyla? Is that you?" *WwW.Nv6Lw0rM.com*

I couldn't help but chuckle, feeling at ease at her

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reaction. "Yes, Nan... it's me."

She shook her head, a smile spreading across her face. "You look... different and in a good way. Grown up. I hardly recognized you."

"Thank you," I replied. "I think it's time I stop looking like the girl with the world's burden on her shoulders. I disowned my parents, what is the worst that can happen to me now?"

"Well, your new look suits you but... don't you think it's a bit too much? Are you comfortable like that?"

I stared at my outfit risking a laugh. "This is the most comfortable that I have ever been and today is the day I stop hiding," I added grabbing a slice of toast from the counter and an apple. "I'll meet you at the café after school," I called behind my back before slipping out of

the house.

Twenty minutes later, I wanted the ground to open and swallow me. Everyone was staring at me... not in the humankind of 'She's hot' or 'Who's that girl' kind of way but in the 'What did she do?'

Still, I marched forward. Everything had changed since that day since my father had found me soaking wet

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in my school corridor, humiliated by my classmates. I had faced dangers, far greater than school bullies. I had found my mate, even if he had turned out to be cold and cruel. I had stood up to my family and had liberated myself from them. And today, I was going to liberate myself from the foment of my classmates.

I took a deep breath as I approached the school gates, with my head held high I strolled into the building.

Whispers followed me as I walked down the hallway to my locker, some people pointed at me, while others gawked openly.

"Is that Lyla? The freak?" they whispered.

"The girl who was always hiding in corners and crying in the bathroom?"

I grabbed a few books for the morning lesson and continued to my class – let them stare, I thought. I was used to it already.

I had just settled on my desk at the back of the glass, ignoring all the whispers around me, when Mrs Caldwell, our English AP teacher arrived.

She cleared her throat, silencing the chatter. "Alright class... ah! Lyla!" she said with a genuine smile on her

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face when she spotted me "Are you back? We called

your guardian and she said you had something urgent to go do at home."

"Yes ma'am," I nodded flashing her a smile "I'm glad to be back. Sorry, I left without any prior notice."

"No worries, dear. I'm glad you're back. Anyways!" she turned her attention to the class. "Today, we'll be diving into Margaret Atwood's 'The Handmaid's Tale' and I want us to focus on the themes of power dynamics and societal control. Who wants to start us off?"

A few hands shot up, but to everyone's surprise, including my own. I was among them, for the first time. Mrs Caldwell's eyebrows raised slightly as she nodded in my direction.

"Yes, Lyla?"

I took a deep breath before I spoke. "I think one of the most striking aspects of the novel is how the concept, of freedom, or rather, the lack of it. The way, the author portrays Gilead's oppressive regimes shows how easily personal liberties can be stripped away under the guise of protection or societal good."

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"Yeah, and it's not just about physical freedom. Mental and emotional control is just as important," Jessica one of my classmates added.

"Excellent points, Lyla and Jessica," Mrs Caldwell nodded approvingly. "Lyla, would you like to elaborate more on what Jessica said?"

Just as I was about to speak, a knock sounded on the door of the classroom and the student counsellor Ms

Hayley ushered in a young man.

"I'm so sorry for interrupting," she rushed to the middle of the class with an apologetic smile on her face. "We have a transfer student today, let's welcome

him..."

But it wasn't the transfer student that caught my eye. Behind the transfer student, stood a tall, lean man with salt-and-pepper hair and piercing dark eyes, dressed in an impeccable suit, looking completely out of place ...R

He looked strangely familiar, a chill ran down my spine as I continued staring at him, unable to look away. His lips curled into a smile as our gaze met and held.

Who was he? *wWw.Nv6Lw0rM.com*

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