

Fated out Chapter 38

38 Why is your scent all over the place?

Lyla

Something is happening to me – I think I am going crazy.

I keep hearing voices in my head, coupled plus the dreams where I am a soldier fighting in a man's body. It was the same thing over and over like I'm stuck in some time loop.

I spun the lock on my locker, musing over what to do with myself. I had asked Nanny for interpretation but she told me the dream didn't make sense and that it could be the psychological effect from my past traumas.

But I've cut off everything that linked me to this supposed emotional trauma and these days, the only thing that gave me butterflies was Xander. After that event with the Panthers, Mr Dupree came to the café for three straight nights with the same tired expression and the same pleas for me to tutor Xander.

He seemed desperate though I couldn't figure out why. It was on the last day that Nanny had agreed after listening to a sob story from Mr Dupree.

"Xander... he gave us a lot of trouble back at the pack. Since his mother died with his twin brother. He became so difficult to control and I had to leave before he got into some trouble and would be thrown into the holding cells forever. You know how our laws can be."

A tear had rolled down Nanny's eye at the end of his story and she'd agreed. Every day, Xander would meet me at the café by 3 and I would tutor him for 2 hours. With each passing day, he seemed a little more open, a little more comfortable. Even Mr Dupree no longer gave me the

creeps.

I found myself looking forward to our study session, not just because I enjoyed helping him but because I enjoyed his company. Xander seemed like a pro version of my friend, Nathan who stopped texting back. We shared small moments of laughter, snippets about his past and his pack and more than once, I caught him glancing at me longer than necessary. 2)

Just as I was done selecting textbooks for the next class, I sensed someone approaching. I felt him before I saw him – a shift in the air that made my heart skip a beat. I turned, a small smile playing on her lips as Xander came to stand beside me.

"Hey," he said softly, his eyes meeting mine.

"Hi!" I replied unconsciously tucking a strand of hair behind my ear, closing my locker softly. "What's up?" D **W**Ww.nOvêLWor@.õom

He leaned against the adjacent locker, his eyes boring into mine. "Just wanted to know where we'd be holding lessons today."

I turned to face him, imitating his posture. "Actually, I have the day off from the café today. How about you come over to my place? We can study there, it's quieter and it'll be fun."

He raised his brow at me. "And your mom is cool with that?"

"Of course, why wouldn't she? It was her idea to have you come over." I scoffed leaning away

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from the locker and started moving towards my class.

"It's just that she always looks at me suspiciously at the Café. I'm worried that she thinks I'm a bad person."

a hot girl and..." I caught "It's normal for mothers to worry about their children, after all, I'm myself before the rest of the words came out of my mouth and turned to Xander who had an amused smile on his face.

"I don't know why you shared that but... What time should I come by?"

I bit my lip, my face burning with embarrassment. I tend to say really nasty things in front of Xander these days. "Maybe around four? That gives me enough time to sort things out before

we start."

"Four it is. See you later, hot Lyla, he snickered before turning and walking down the hall as the bell rang, signalling the start of the next class.

Later that afternoon, I stood in the kitchen, setting out a few snacks for the study session. I was nervous, though I wasn't entirely sure why. **W**ww.nOvêLWor@.õom

Nanny suddenly poked her head into the kitchen a soft smile on her lips. "You ready for your..." she trailed off coming inside, a mortified expression on her face. "Is that makeup you have on?" "What!" Guilty flooded my cheeks as I swiped at my red lips "My lips were a little too dry earlier and..."

"I knew it!" Nanny sighed "I shouldn't have agreed to let you tutor him at home. You're already wearing makeup for him and look at that slutty dress you have on. Are you planning to seduce him or was this his idea?"

"Of course not!" I shouted looking now at the bodycon dress I had on. "Fine, I'll go change. I just wanted to look different for a start."

"Look different by changing your entire look. I think you should cancel today's tutoring. Who knows what he'll do if he sees you like that?"

"He's not that kind of person, Nan. Xander is a proper gentleman. All the girls in school have the hots for him but he doesn't look at them. If anything, he's easygoing

"I don't care," Nanny said, her expression growing colder. "Easygoing? That boy's quieter than at shadow, and it's quiet people like him who do the most evil. You think I'm going to leave your looking like this with him?"

Before I could protest, the doorbell rang.

"That should be him!" I said a little too breathless, rushing towards the kitchen door.

"Go upstairs and change into something decent and longer. I'll see him in."

"I'm 19, Na..." The rest of my words dried on my lips as she shot me a glare. Without another word, I trudged up the stairs. When I came back down, he was in the living room, talking to Nanny.

"It's a lovely place, Mrs Grayson," he commented looking around.

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oing to say more when I entered the room and cleared "Thank you!" Nanny said coldly and was my throat. Xander turned to me a smile on his face melting the annoyance in my heart.

"Hey!" he smiled..

"Hi!" I replied with a wider grin, feeling Nanny's gaze at us. She keeps forgetting that "Are you ready to dive into some thrilling academic pursuits?"

I was 1

He laughed, making the tension in my shoulders ease. "Oh absolutely!"

We moved to the dining table and dove into our lessons straightaway. Nanny hovered for nearly 45 minutes before she informed us loudly that she was going to the cafe and she'd be back in the

next 15 minutes.

"That was very tense!" Xander chuckled "I thought you said she was cool with us studying in your house?"

"She was," I sighed "Must have changed her mind. "Do you want a snack?" I offered, pushing the bowl towards him..

He nodded and selected a cookie. "It seems you've never brought a boy home?"

"At this point, I might die an old maid if she's reacting to you like this!" I sighed. "Let's get back to work, who knows she may have hidden cameras watching us." (w)Ww.n(ø)ørELW(ø)Om.č@m

We worked through problem sets and essay outlines having a little laugh here and there and small conversations. As I continued teaching him, I found myself watching Xander when he was focused on a particularly challenging problem.

The furrow of his brow, the way he absently chewed on his lower-lip – I couldn't seem to look away, I was suddenly intrigued by him.

At one point, our hands brushed as we both reached for the same textbook. A jolt of electricity seemed to pass between us and I looked up to find Xander's eyes locked on mine. For a moment, the world around us seemed to fade away, leaving only the two of us. My eyes drifted to his lips. The urge to kiss him was overpowering, heat pooling inside me.

Lyla, are you alright?" his voice snapped me back to reality. I blinked, realizing just how close

were were.

"Oh! I'm sorry," I stammered, pulling away quickly. My heart raced as I moved back to my seat. "You have really beautiful eyes, I blurted grabbing his test paper. "Since you're done I'll look at

it

"Hey!" Xander reached out, gently catching my hand as he took the paper from me. "We've been studying for a while. Let's take a break instead."

Reluctantly, I followed him to the couch in the living room, sitting down with a conscious effort to maintain some distance between us. My heart raced and I didn't understand why I suddenly felt so drawn to him.

As I fidgeted, Xander leaned towards me, reaching out to pluck something from my hair. Our faces were inches apart again. This time, I couldn't resist. I leaned in and kissed him, my lips meeting his with a sudden overwhelming innukse

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When we pulled apart, I jumped to my feet, my cheeks burning. "I'm sorry... I'm sorry... I wasn't

I thinking. It's just that, your face was so close to mine and..."

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Xander came to stand in front of me, an unfamiliar glint in his eye as he reached for my hands, tugging me towards him.

"Lyla... are you in heat?" he asked softly.

My eyes widened. If I was in heat I would know. There was always a warning. "No, of course not!" I stammered. 1

"Then..." His leaned in closer, his lips on my ears. "Why is your scent all over the

place?" (w)Ww.NoVê#wORM.COm

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