

## Fated out Chapter 39

39 A wet massage...

Warning [Slightly Steamy Chapter]

Lyla

“Will you be alright by yourself?”

Nanny asked eyeing me with concern.

So, the weird behaviour yesterday was because my heat started. I groaned in embarrassment as I remembered how I had been all over Xander yesterday. I wonder if he thinks I'm crazy.

“I'll be fine, Nan!” I replied flatly, looking out the window. “I hate myself on days like this.” *wŴw.ñOvèlŴoɾm.čoo*

“I hate it for you too but, there's going to be a way soon. You know how curious these humans are, maybe when you're done with school, we could start looking for solutions. I'm sure there'll be a way.”

“Yeah!” I nodded, refusing to meet her gaze.

After settling me in and fluffing the pillows and ensuring that I needed everything I within arm's reach.

wanted

“If you need anything, just call me, okay?” Nanny said one more time as she rose to her feet..

I nodded, my voice barely above a whisper. “I will. Thank you, Nan.”

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With a satisfied smile, Nanny left the room, closing the door softly behind her leaving me alone. my thoughts and my oozing pheromones. This month's heat had caught me completely off guard. Usually, there were signs – subtle changes in my body, a slight rise in my temperature, mood swings – but this time, it had just come, leaving me completely unprepared.

I turned in my bed, trying not to think of the way, Xander's lips had felt on mine when I kissed him yesterday. I also felt guilty... but it only lasted for a moment. Ramsey was an ex-mate and it's okay for me to move on. It's been several months already. *ŴŴŴ.NOv(ε)Ŵo(ɾ)M.čOo*

An episode of desire surged through me as I groaned out, claspng my thighs together. The urge to touch the aching need in between my legs was so strong but it'll be a waste of time, especially since this was the first day.

Which was surprising because it didn't feel like the first day. The heat was unbearable and no matter how much I tossed and turned, I couldn't seem to find relief. It was as if my entire body was on fire.

Eventually, exhausted from staying up all night, I dozed off. Suddenly, a sharp ringing sound jolted me awake. It was the doorbell. Groaning softly, I pushed myself out of bed, cursing loudly as the doorbell rang every second. Thinking it was Nanny, returning and may have left her key, I trudged wearily toward the door.

As I pulled it open, I blinked in surprise. Standing there, in his school uniform and his quiet smile was Xander.

“Xander?” My cheeks turned red as my pheromones suddenly filled the air, and a flashback of the kiss we had came to my mind. “What are you doing here?”

He shrugged nonchalantly. “I came to check on you. Our homeroom teacher announced to the class this morning that you won't be coming to school because you aren't feeling well.

“Well!” I clutched at my gown “Not that I'm sick, it's just... I'm not sure she would understand if I explained the situation to her. But, thank you.”

“It's fine, I'm a werewolf, Lyla, I understand. Can I come in?” he asked.

I felt a sudden rush of panic. This wasn't right. I couldn't be near anyone like this, not while my body was in heat. My pheromones were already making me lightheaded and I was already picturing Xander in my head doing not-so-good things to me. I cannot be close to him... I might really lose control this time.

“You shouldn't be here, Xander,” I said stepping back, closing the door a little as my heart raced.

“I'm...I'm not in a good state right now. You need to leave.”

But he didn't move, instead, his gaze remained focused on me. “It's fine, Lyla. If you're worried about your scent, it's a nice smell and it won't affect me at all. Not in the way you think. I just want to help. I'm your friend.”

I shook my head, trying to reason with him, despite the wetness growing in between my legs. now. “No really. You don't understand. You should be in school, anyway. Why did you even

leave?”

His lips curved into a small, almost teasing smile. “School isn't the same without you. Besides, I couldn't just sit there knowing you were here...suffering alone.”

“It's... It's not suffering,” I sighed. “Maybe for some parts but...”

“It's suffering, Lyla... not having a mate to quench those annoying desires...” he trailed off. The way his gaze held mine, it felt like he was undressing me. I clamped my thighs together, fighting the moan that bubbled to my throat.

I wanted to argue, to push him away but the heat inside me was clouding my thought. It was too much- my body ached with need and my mind was foggy with desire I couldn't control.

“Please, Xander... I can't think straight right now.”

He pushed past me, stepping inside and closing the door behind him. “I know. That's why I'm here.

There was something different about him today there was an aura that I could feel and it was giving me a weird mix of strange energy that made my stomach flutter. He moved closer to me, so close that ifi reach for his lips... *wŴw.(n)ore(1)ŵoɾM.com*

Without thinking, I reached up, my hand slightly grazing his cheek as I leaned in. The warmth of his skin under my fingertips sent shivers down my spine. I could feel my heart hammering in my chest as my lips hovered just inches away from his...

But before I could close the gap, he gently caught my wrist, stopping me.

“Lyla!” he said quietly but he was gazing at me softly. “No!”

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“I'm...I'm sorry!” I murmured taking a step back.

“It's fine. I'm here to help in another way. I've seen someone with a similar condition like yours...”

“Really?” My eyes popped out.

“Yes,” he nodded “Wet massages always helped her.”

I frowned. “A... wet massage? What's that?”

“It's just like massage but wet and it'll help cool your body down, calms the pheromones. Trust me.”

My mind was too hazy to fully process his words and my body was crying for relief. “Okay” I whispered.

He took me by my hand and guided me towards my bedroom upstairs. I wanted to ask how he knew which one was mine but I was too busy, moaning as my peaking nub rubbed against my thigh each time I took a step. Once we were inisde, he guided me towards the bathroom.

I followed him without protest. Once we were there, he began filling the tub with water, adding a mixture of ingredients that smelled faintly of herbs and something else II couldn't quiet place. As the tub filled, Xander turned to me, his gaze soft but serious. “This might feel a bit strange, but just trust me. It'll help.

I nodded, my body already trembling with need. I could barely think straight anymore. Something about Xander... something about him was making me lose control. He brought out an orb and placed at the head of the tub. (2)

“What's that?” I asked.

“Nothing special,” he murmured. “Can I undress you now?”