

Fated out Chapter 41

41 Shadows of the past....

Miriam POV (Nanny)

I was hunched over a hardcover notebook in my small office at the back of the café. My brows furrowed in concentration as I jotted down Lyla's recent symptoms, trying to make sense of the changes I'd been observing.

Since she started getting her pheromones every month, I made it my duty to note down the symptoms and help her prepare for the next month but this month had taken us by surprise.

Excessive heat and increased sexual behaviour

I jotted it down checking other cycles to see what was missing. Today was the first day and she was already showing signs associated with the last day of her heat. Something was not right. My pen hovered over the book as I pondered for a moment, trying to figure out if her trip to Blue Ridge Pack was the cause.

Though she had promised to tell me everything about what went down there, 1 wish she would spill already. I knew something had happened to her and I didn't know why she wasn't telling

A soft knock on the door interrupted my thoughts. I quickly closed the notebook and pretended to be working with the system in front of me. Sarah poked her head in.

"Mrs Grayson? Miriam?" Sarah gave me a baffled expression "Someone is asking for you at the

counter. wWw.novels@r(m).coM

My eyebrows shot up in surprise. I wasn't used to visitors – especially the ones asking for me by my name. I didn't have any friends in town, nor did I socialize with anyone beyond the café regulars. Slowly, I dropped the notebook inside the table drawers, locking it before I rose to my

feet.

"Did the person leave a name or something?" I asked, my curiosity growing.

Hoping it was not another batch of Panthers. I've caught several of them this week hovering outside the café. They were all trying to get information about Lyla. Thankful for the little skills and knowledge I had, I had sent them home but in bad shape. I cracked my fingers, stretching my neck as I walked towards the door. I had to be prepared for anything.

Sarah shrugged. "He didn't give his name. Just insisted to speak with you."

"Thank you

you, Sarah," I flashed her a smile. "I'll be out in a minute.

A moment later, I made my way to the front. As I approached the counter, my heart dropped into my stomach. Standing by the entrance was a man I had hoped to never see again. He stood there, his eyes darting back and forth from the café, he looked so uncomfortable and out of place.

My expression hardened instantly. Despite an attempt to hide the hatred for him in my heart, it was visible in my eyes. I stopped a few feet away from him, not bothering to reach the counter, crossing my arms over my chest. Our gaze met and held.

41 Shadows of the past.

"What do you want?" I asked coldly.

– wWw.Novels@r(m).coM

His eyes flickered over my body and for a moment, a pang of guilt crossed his face. But it was gone as quickly as it appeared. He looked the same as he always had broad shoulders, tall, with a rough edge that had once been alluring but now only reminded me of all the pain he had caused.

"I need to talk to you, he said, his tone surprisingly soft as though he was trying to pacify me. The last time he had showed up, when Lyla had turned 17, we fought and since then, we never spoke. Wwww.novels@wORM.coM

I scoffed, rolling my eyes in annoyance. "Can't you say whatever it is that brought you without drama?"

"It's important your cars hear this alone, Miriam. Please..."

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"Fine!" I sighed gesturing towards the door that led to the back of the café.

When he came behind the counters, I led him to my small office. Once inside, I shut the door behind him, crossing my arms again, leaning against the edge of my desk and fixing him a steely gaze. "Well?"

He cleared his throat, shifting awkwardly. "How's Lyla?"

My eyes narrowed. "She's none of your business," I snapped. "Why are you really here?"

He ran a hand through his hair, a gesture so familiar it made my chest ache with unwanted memories. "Look, I'm only trying here. I know I haven't been present. But things are different now. Can you go easy on me for once?"

I smirked. "Easy on you? That's rich coming from someone like you. Why are you here?"

He sighed. "I've come to warn you..." wWw.novels@worm.coM

"Warn me?" My lips curled into a smile. "How noble of you. But I don't need your warnings. Your don't get to pretend to care about us just because you're feeling guilty."

His expression grew serious. "The Lycan Leader is looking for Lyla. You need to stay under the radar. Thankfully she doesn't have her Pack Mark on but he's been searching for her frantically. I told him, you're an Omega and do not have our mark. So, you must be careful.

"I already knew that, I scoffed. "Do you know how many Panthers I've had to deal with this week? Your warning came a little too late."

"He's also, watching me, Miriam. I had to slip out today because the annual Moon Goddess Ceremony commences soon and I know he'll be super busy."

"Thanks for your care but we're perfectly fine and It's my job to protect her."

He nodded, exhaling deeply. "Did she tell you she was attacked by the Ferals near the White Mountains – the Northern Forests to be precise? Has she recovered yet?"

The smirk on my face faltered for a brief moment. So that was how she got injured?

"I guess by the surprise on your face that you didn't know either?" he sighed, running his hand

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2

41 Shadows of the past.....

He took a step closer, his eyes pleading. "Things have changed. We need to tell..."

"No!" I cut him off, my voice firm. "We are not telling her anything. We don't need anything from you. I said we're fine. You don't need to worry about us and you certainly don't need to show up here like some concerned..." I bit my tongue at the last word. "You've never been that for her

He opened his mouth as if to say something else but my glare stopped him in his tracks.

"Save it. Whatever it is, I don't want to hear it. Just go."

"Mirima please..." he pleaded.

"Leave!" I said firmly.

He hesitated, his eyes flickering with something unreadable, but eventually, he nodded. Without another word, he turned and walked out of the office, leaving me standing there, my heart pounding in my chest.

As the door closed behind him, I let out a slow breath, although I was still feeling tense. I didn't trust him, but I was certain he wasn't going to interfere with Lyla again.

Later that evening, after the café had closed and I arrived home, my senses, immediately became on high alert. Something felt off – an unfamiliar presence lingered in the air. It was faint but it set me on edge.

I placed my keys on the table, looking around, my instincts telling me that something seemed, different. But as I walked through the house, checking the windows and doors, everything seemed in place. Still, the strange feeling was still there.

Then as I approached Lyla's room, I noticed something else – Lyla's Phercomones were not as strong as before. Usually, as she was on her heat, every part of the house would be filled with it. But the scent was unusually faint.

I panicked for a brief moment, myheart skipping a beat. Was Lyla gone? Did the Panthers get here already?"

I rushed to her room and kicked the door, prepared for the worst, only to find the girl sleeping peacefully in her bed.

Relief flooded my chest as I saw the girl was safe. I approached the bed, kneeling down beside her and reached out to gently stroke her hair, my finger threading through her soft strands.

For a moment, I just watched her, the tension in my shoulders easing. There was something about her -something beyong what Lyla herself knew... I've been watching over her since she was a baby and I wasn't goint to stop now. ?

Lyla stirred slightly in her sleep, her eyelids fluttering open as she blinked groggily.

"Nanny?" she mumbled sleepily.

"Shh," I soothed smiling softly, my hand still stroking her hair. "Go back to sleep sweetheart," I whispered. "I'm here."

41 Shadows of the past....

blankets. I continued to sit there, watching of her as my heart swelled with a fierce

protectiveness that only seemed to grow stronger with each passing day.

I waited until I was sure she was fast asleep. With ease, I gently flipped her over, removing the towel that was wrapped around her chest as I turned to inspect the wounds on her back. The so-called Feral wounds.

Since her room was dark, there was not much I could see. Just as I was about to turn on her bedside lamp, I noticed three dots gleaming on her back.

Frowning, I reached for the bedside lamp and turned it on. It was not

three dots – it was three stars, lined directly on her spine. 2