

## Fated out Chapter 42

42 The unspoken heat

Lyla o

I woke up the next morning, blinking groggily at the warm sunlight streaming in through my window. I stretched, feeling a strange calmness settle over my body. The overwhelming tension that had gripped me yesterday seemed to have cased, leaving me surprisingly... normal.

I no longer felt that feverish, consuming desire – I was still horny but I felt like I could control it. As I made my way downstairs, I saw Nanny standing by the stove, staring at the pot on fire but she seemed to be absent-minded. Her eyes were blank, and her brows were furrowed in a frown.

“Nan?” I called out.

No reply.

“Nanny?” I called out the second time, this time louder than the first one. She snapped back to reality, flashing me a smile not before I saw worry flash in her eyes. She wiped her hands on the dish towel on the counter and came towards me.

“Good morning, dear,” she greeted softly, her eyes scanning me as though she was assessing my condition. “Are you feeling better? You don’t seem like you’re still going through your heat.” My body tensed under her scrutiny as I recalled what had happened yesterday with Xander. True, my pheromones were everywhere in the room but I wasn’t doubling with occasional flashes of desire, or moaning at the slightest move of my body. Did it have anything to do with. Xander yesterday? Quickly, I masked my unease with a faint smile.

“I’m still going through it!” I murmured awkwardly. “It must have been the sleep. I slept quite a lot yesterday.”

Her gaze softened, though there was still a hint of worry in her expression. “That’s good, but your pheromones are still very active. Be mindful of it, alright? This heat seems different from your usual cycles. Maybe it has something to do with your visit to Blue Ridge?” she gave me a suggestive look.

I shrugged, resisting the urge to say anything. The truth was, I was terrified of saying too much because I was afraid that I might let it slip that Xander had been here the previous day. I hadn’t told her about his visit and the mere thought of explaining what had happened alone made my heart race.

Quickly, I changed the subject. “Did you come to my room last night?” I asked, trying to sound curious. “I thought I saw you at the edge of my bed with someone else.

I

She froze, giving me a scared look. “No...No dear,” she shook her head severally. “I mean, I did come to your room but I was alone. Why? Did someone else visit you?”

“No!” I flashed her a strained smile, moving past her to the fridge for a bottle of water. Did

Nanny know? Could she possibly have figured out that Xander had been here? My hear an

to pound in my chest but I forced myself to remain calm. “Perhaps, I was just half-asleep,” I said.

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quickly, waving my hand dismissively. “I must have been dreaming or something”

Nanny studied me for a moment, as though she was trying to read something deeper in my expression, but eventually sighed. She set the dish towel down and walked over to where I stood.

“Lyla,” she began, giving me a serious expression. “I need you to be careful. I’ve seen Panthers around the café lately and you know what that means. I don’t know if they’ve come from the pack, but it’s strange that they’re lurking near us. We can’t take any risks.”

I blinked in surprise wondering if it was Mr. Dupree – Xander’s father that told her about the Panthers. But before I could respond, Nanny reached out a placed a reassuring hand on my shoulder. 7

“Promise me you’ll be careful,” she said, her eyes searching mine. *wurw.™véřWorm.Com*

“I promise,” I whispered with another strained smile. “Don’t worry, I’ll be at home all day.” *wW.nO(v)el(w)OŘ@.com*

She nodded and returned to the stove. “When are you going to tell me how you got injured?” she glanced at me before returning to her cooking. “You know you can tell me anything right? We agreed that there’ll be no secrets from us.” *t wurw.nOveLwoR.M.Com*

\*I’m

not trying to keep it a secret, Nan,” I sighed “I don’t think now is the right time to say anything. But I promise that I will, soon.”

An hour after Nanny left the house, I was pacing in the living room, wondering if I should just give Xander a call. I was giddy with excitement and my heat was slowly increasing. Seems whatever Xander had done yesterday was slowly dissipating.

My mind kept drifting back to yesterday and what had transpired between us. The memory made my pulse quicken and my checks flush, but before I could dwell on it too long, the doorbell rang. I opened the door, my breath catching when I saw Xander leaning by the door, a backpack slung casually across his shoulders. He was not in his uniform and he looked a little more relaxed than usual, his dark hair slightly tousled. His eyes, intense and unreadable as always, softened when they met mine.

“Hey,” he greeted with a wink.

“Hi!” I replied, fighting a blush, stepping aside to let him in. “Come on in

We went directly to my room today. After he settled to the couch in the room, his gaze sought mine where I was on the bed.

“How are you feeling?” he asked.

I exhaled slowly. “Better. Much better than yesterday. I managed to sleep through the night –which is rare.”

He nodded. “That’s good, but you’re not

I looked at him curiously. “What do you mean?”

w out of the woods yet.”

He shifted in his seat, his gaze becoming more intense. “The reason you’re still dealing with

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these pheromones is because you’re not doing anything about it. You’re supposed to be expelling that energy. The more you do that, the less intense it will be with each cycle” *wurw.řoⓈtworm.©OM*

I frowned, confusion washing over me. “Expelling it? How?”

“You’re so innocent, Lyla... much more innocent than the ones before you. Come!” he stretched his hand to me “I’ll teach you.”