

Fated out Chapter 44

44 Secrets and confessions.

Lyla

I clutched the orb, the room as Xander expertly played with my outer lips,

v soft moans fillin spreading the wetness pooling from it like lubrication before moving to my nub. With one probing finger, he found my rock-hard nub and began to rub his finger up and down, imitating my previous action.

I began to buck my hips up and down, following the movement of his hand.

“You’re so perfect, Lyla,” Xander said suddenly, with wistfulness in his voice. “Does it feel good?”

My only reply was to throw my head back even further moaning with delight. His breath was warm against my skin as he worked his tongue expertly, flicking it up and down, probing. searching... slowly, he inserted one finger, pulling it back and forth to spread the wetness fully. He pushed in until he was up to his knuckle and could go no further.

He twisted his finger in the slick slit, wiggling it around, making me thrash my head about and moan even louder when he hit a sweet spot.

“Don’t stop!” I cried, “Please, don’t stop!” *(w)wur.©Óve/WOrmm.cOm*

His tongue reached for my nub again, while still pounding his finger in and out of me and I went wild. His tongue replaced his hands at some point and I could barely hold on. The orb in my hand pulsed, emitting a faint warmth that somehow intensified my sensations. I clung to it as. though it was an anchor as my body trembled with waves of pleasure.

My muscles tightened, my back arched as the orgasm washed over me. I felt Xander’s grip on my thighs tighten momentarily before he pulled back, watching me with a look of quiet satisfaction as I slowly came down from my high.

He collected the orb from me before scooping me in his hands and taking me to the bed. My eyes were still tightly shut, relishing in the free falling I just experienced. When I opened my eyes, I saw he was lying beside me, his gaze fixed on the ceiling.

The air around us was calm, an unspoken understanding of what had just transpired, yet nothing felt awkward. Instead, a lazy smile crept onto my face as I rolled onto my side to face. My body. was still humming with the aftermath but something else had caught my attention.

My eyes trailed downwards towards the lower part of Xander’s body, as I stared at him curiously. “Are you... alright?” I asked.

Xander who had been lost in thought, turned his head to look at me, confusion flashing across his face for a minute. “Yeah, I’m fine. Why do you ask?”

My gaze dipped down again, more pointedly this time, landing on his crotch. “You sure? I mean... Is there anything I can do for you?”

He stared at me for a moment before a slow smirk tugged at the corner of his mouth as he let out a low chuckle. “I’m fine, Lyla,” he assured me teasingly. “You don’t need to worry about me. I’m more concerned about how you’re feeling”

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He sat up, moving to the side of the bed then swung his legs off the bed and stood up. stretching. I watched as he stood up, and then walked back to the mirror where the orb was lying. He picked it up and moved towards his backpack with it.

I bit my lip before asking. “What’s the deal with that orb anyway?”

For a moment, he didn’t respond, as if he hadn’t heard me. He toyed with the orb in his hands, rolling it between his fingers absentmindedly. I was about to repeat myself when he finally looked up, a small smile playing on his lips.

“It’s nothing, really, he said with a shrug. “Just something used by the healers in my pack use to help people suffering from well, conditions like yours. It’s supposed to help draw out the excess pheromones.

I eyed the orb suspiciously but eventually shrugged it off, deciding not to press further. Whatever it was, it had worked. The intense strain of my heat had faded, leaving me feeling

more in control than I had ever been.

I shrugged, accepting his explanation. “Okay...” I muttered though I wasn’t entirely convinced. My gaze drifted back to Xander, my mind now focused on a different question. A more important

in my opinion.

one,

“So, um...” I paused chewing my lower lip nervously. “What are we now? Are we dating or something?”

His eyes widened slightly at my question and he turned to me with a surprised, teasing grin, his eyes twinkling with amusement. “You would date someone like me?”

A blush crept up my cheeks but I couldn’t back down now. “Yeah, I’ confessed quietly, my fingers fidgeting with the edge of the blanket. “I mean, I like you. And ... you’re really handsome. I’m not blind – everyone at school is into you. The girls...” *www.noVelWormm.Com*

He laughed, his teasing smile growing wider. “Oh?” Are you using me for some kind of revenge mission against other girls?”

I couldn’t help but laugh. “Maybe a little,” I admitted. “But it’s not just that. I don’t have the best memories of school... From year one until now and now this sophomore year but I have wanted. to do little things like having a boyfriend. I’ve never had one before and you’re the only guy that has stuck around until now.” *wwww.noVelWormm.Cómm*

His smile softened. He crossed the room and squatted in front of me, taking both of my hands in his. “Everyone is an idiot, Lyla, because if I had met you earlier, I would have totally dated you and for the life of me, I can’t understand why your mate let you go. Is he blind?”

A pang of guilt suddenly sneaked into my heart but I pushed it down. Ramsey was an ex for at reason and was dead to me.

“Is that a yes?” I cocked my head at him.

He nodded slowly. “Let’s date.”

My heart skipped a beat, my eyes locking with his. I hadn’t expected him to agree so easily.

“Do you do you love me?” I I whispered “Or like me that seems fair enough. I mean we bust met

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and...”

He leaned forward and placed a kiss on my lips, a smile curving his lips as he pulled back.

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“Like you?” he repeated a playful grin tugging at his lips, as he wriggled his brows in disbelief at my question. “I’ve always loved you, Lyla. Since before you were born... and for centuries now.”

I frowned. “What are you talking about? You always say the weirdest things, I muttered giving him a playful shove.” *wWw.noveLwoRmm.cOM*

He chuckled, reaching up and gently pinching my nose. “You’ll figure it out one day, Lyla,” he said, rising to his feet. He straightened his shirt, his expression suddenly turning serious as he glanced at the door of my bedroom.

“I need to go now. I have a feeling your mother might show up soon.”

rest of his things into his backpack. I I nodded smiling at him. I watched as he gathe threw some clothes on before walking him to the door downstairs. When he stepped out, turned to me and our gaze held.

“Boyfriend!” I murmured, feeling a rush of excitement pool in my chest.

he

He just smiled and stroked my hair. He opened his mouth as if to say something but decided against it.

“Seems you have something to say to me?” I probed gently.

He nodded. “It’s a question, I’m just worried that I might offend you if I ask?”

“If I promise not be get offended, will you ask?”

He smiled and then nodded.

“Lyla, is Mrs Grayson your real mother?” his voice was so soft that I almost didn’t catch his words for a moment. The question caught me off guard. I stared at him unsure of how to respond.

“No!” I finally admitted. “She’s just my Nanny. My parents are back at Blue Ridge and they want nothing to do with me. So, Nanny practically raised me ever since I was little.

He cupped my face, his eyes boring into mine. “Why don’t you like talking about yourself, Lyla? I’ve told you stories about my childhood, how I grew up but it feels like I know nothing about

you.

What kind of person are you? Did your parents tell you anything at least? Maybe of your capabilities or something like that/

I shook my head, my throat tightening. “I just... don’t. It’s complicated, I guess. See, I do not have the best stories. My mother never liked me too much as a child, she preferred my sister, Clarissa and it only got worse when I became a deviant. My life wasn’t as colourful as yours, aside from being this every month... I have no other ability.

He nodded, giving a thoughtful look. “Why are you asking? Is it... is it going to change your mind about us?”

“No!” he shook his head, reaching for my left hand. “It doesn’t change anything. I was just curious.

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“Good,” I whispered managing a smile. “Then I’m glad.”

He nodded, finally letting me go. “I’ll see you later,” he said quietly pressing a kiss on my forehead before turning and leaving.