

Fated out Chapter 46

46 Being Lyla's keeper.

Lyla

I hummed softly to an unknown tone as I moved the vacuum cleaner around the carpet in the living room. It's been three months since I started dating Xander and the only thing I regretted was not meeting him earlier.

Xander was everything I could ever hope for in a man. My heat cycles which used to be dreadful were something I looked forward to every month because Xander made it easy.

Today, I and Nanny were spring cleaning and I was alternating between my chores and texting

Xander.

My phone buzzed in my pocket again and I couldn't help the grin that spread across my face as I fished it out. Xander's name was flashed on the screen, accompanied by a message that made my heart flutter.

I set down the vacuum to reply him when Nanny's voice cut through my reverte. "Lyla! Are you on that phone again? We're not finished yet!"

I rolled my eyes but quickly tucked the device away. "Sorry, just checking the time."

She hissed, "Hurry up with the rug. There's still the kitchen to clean."

I nodded

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and continued cleaning. At some point, Nanny left me in the living room to the kitchen. Almost immediately, I fished out my phone from my pocket and tried to text Xander back. The phone was barely out of my pocket for a minute when without warning, Nanny marched over to me, her face set in a disapproving scowl.

Before I could react, she snatched the phone right out of my hand.

"Hey!" I yelled, my eyes widening in surprise.

Nanny held up the phone, wagging it in front of me. "You're supposed to be cleaning, not glued to this thing," she scolded. "What could possibly be more important than helping me with the

house?"

I rolled my eyes and let out a dramatic sigh. "It's just a text. I'm almost done anyway," I pouted.

"Don't give me that look, Nanny warned, pocketing the phone. "You can have it back when we're done."

The rest of the cleaning passed in tense silence. When the house was finally spotless, I sighed. with relief, my arms aching from all the scrubbing and cleaning.

"I'm going to freshen up!" I announced. Without wasting time, I headed upstairs to my room.

Once I was done freshening up, I came downstairs, feeling lighter and ready to relax. But I froze when I got to the top of the stairs, my heart lurched. There in the living room sat Nanny, clutching my phone, her face pale with a mask of shock and disbelief.

For a heartbeat, I just stood there watching her before my body kicked into action. I flew down, the stairs, my feet barely touching the steps. In one fluid motion, I snatched the phone from

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Nanny's hand, panic and anger rippling through me at the same time.

"What are you doing?" I shouted with a shaky voice, my fingers gripping my phone so tightly "How dare you! You have no right to go through my phone without my permission!"

But Nanny's face was ashen, her eyes were wide and unblinking as if she had seen a ghost – or perhaps something far worse, her mouth slightly open as though words had escaped her. It wasn't often that she looked shocked, but seeing the horror on her face increased the panic I felt.

"Why were you going through my phone?!" I demanded again, my voice louder this time.

Her eyes narrowed, but she seemed unable to look at me directly. "Lyla..." she whispered, her voice trembling. "Why... why have you been having... those kinds of conversations with Xander?"

My stomach flipped, and my eyes widened in shock as another wave of panic rose in my throat. I had kept my relationship hidden from her and never in my wildest imagination did I expect her to find out. Not like this.

"I – what?" I stammered, trying to gather my thoughts. "That's none of your business," I shot back opting for defiance even though my cheeks were red with embarrassment. "You have no right to invade my privacy like that!"

Nanny seemed to shake off her shock, rising to her feet with surprising speed. "I have every right!" she countered, her voice rising to match mine. "I am your guardian, Lyla. Your keeper and I have every right to know what's going on with you. It's my job to protect you!"

If I hadn't been so angry, I would have laughed. wwŴ.N(๖)©èlwøŔm.c.m

"Protect me?" I scoffed. "You're just an Omega, not my mother. You don't get to decide what's best for me!"

The words left my lips before I could stop them. I immediately regretted it as hurt flashed across Nanny's features before her expression hardened.

"Do you really mean that Lyla?" she scoffed, her voice quiet but laced with bitterness.

accepts me for

I hesitated but I was too angry to stop now. I lifted my chin defiantly, despite a small part of my trying to restrain me from doing what I was about to do. Still, I nodded. "Yes," I said, forcing confidence into my voice. "For the first time in my life, I've found someone who who I am, without judgment. Why can't you just be happy for me?" Nanny laughed – producing a humourless and bitter sound. "Happy for you? Lyla, we know nothing about Xander or his father except what they've told us. How can an Alpha leave his just because b www.m0Veltwor.m.coMf

worried his son would cause trouble? Have you forgotten why we left Blue Ridge pack in the first place? Why did you have your Pack Mark removed? Wasn't it to stay away from our kind, from werewolves? Why are you suddenly mingling with Xander?*

pack

"Because I like him! And he likes me too. He's not like the people from our pack. He's different." "Different?" Nanny repeated, her voice filled with doubt. "You're in a relationship with him, you're not married and you think it's okay to be sending your nude pictures, Lyla. Your

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messages are littered with sex talk and..." she choked on her words, her eyes filling up with

"That's not what a relationship at this age is supposed to be.

"It's normal!" I shouted, my face flushed with anger and embarrassment. "People in relationships. do that. They exchange pictures – nude pictures. There's nothing wrong with it and it's the human way. We live among them now!"

Nanny took a deep breath, her hands shaking as she clenched them by her sides, trying to keep her temper

under control. Her face was filled with worry and disappointment and for a moment, she looked as if she might explode from the sheer frustration. But instead, she exhaled sharply, her voice trembling as she struggled to stay calm.

"Lyla, do you hear yourself right now?" she asked, her tone becoming desperate as if she was pleading with me to see reason. "This isn't you. This isn't the girl I raised. You're still a child. You have no idea how relationships work and Xander is..."

"Xander is what?" I interrupted, glaring at her. "He's kind to me, he cares about me. He's not like the others. He understands me, Nanny. I'm not a child anymore. I'm old enough to make decisions about my life and my relationships.

Her eyes darkened with frustration. "He's distracting you. And now, I know why your teachers have been reaching out to me."

Her nostrils flared, and for a moment, I thought she was going to finally lose control. But then she took a deep breath, squaring her shoulders as she reached for her work bag on the coat rack in the corner of the living room.

"Fine!" she said, her voice clipped. "If you're so grown, perhaps you'd like to explain this." She pulled out a stack of papers, waving them in my face. "These are reports from your school. Nearly all your teachers have reached out to me, both by phone and in wiring, complaining about how you've been slacking off lately"

My stomach dropped but I fought so hard to maintain my defiant expression.

"You're missing assignments, skipping classes – Now I know why, she continued. "You've been too busy hanging around that weird boy to focus on your studies.

I glanced at the papers strewn on the floor as I skimmed through the letters. Words like 'incomplete assignments, and 'falling behind, stood out. But I shoved them aside. W(w)Ŵ.ñ0Vell(w)oŔm.coMm

"You're smarter than this Lyla. You have a future, a chance to do something meaningful and you're throwing it away for some boy? It's my fault, I should never have allowed you to agree to tutor him wwŴw.NoVe(1)wøøŔM.cOm

I looked away. "Xander isn't some boy. He's different, Nanny and I'm not throwing anything away." Her eyes softened. "Then why are you letting him put you away from everything you've worked so hard for?"

I stayed silent, not knowing what to say.

"I want the best for you, Lyla" Nanny sighed, her voice filled with love. "I always have. And this –

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this isn't the best. You don't even really know Xander or his family. You've only known him for a few months, and look how much you've changed. I'm worried about you."

I bit my lip, fighting the surge to cry. "You don't understand; I whispered my voice shaking.

"Then help me understand," Nanny pressed. "If you really care about Xander and if he cares about you, he'll respect your boundaries. He won't need you to send those kinds of photos, Lyla."

My eyes filled with tears, but I blinked them away, refusing to let them fall. "It's not like that," I whispered again, but the conviction in my voice faltered.

Nanny reached out, placing a gentle hand on my arm. "Please, Lyla. Break up with him. Before it too late."

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