

Fated out Chapter 47

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Lyla

I stood, stunned at Nanny's words, trying to process her demand to break up with Xander.

It made me speechless but only for a moment. Then slowly, a laugh bubbled up from my chest as I crossed my arms.

"Break up with him?" I repeated. "You have no right to tell me that. You cannot ask me to break up with him. There's no reason for that."

"It's for your own

good, Lyla!" Nanny sighed. "You'll thank me later, I promise you."

"No!" I scoffed. "Who do you think you are to make such decisions for me? My mother?"

I paused, trying to fight the tears at the back of my throat.

"Newsflash: You're not. I'll be twenty soon. I'm an adult and I can make decisions about who I date or who not to date."

Nanny clenched her teeth, her fists tightening at her sides. "Well, young lady you're still 19. And you're living under my roof, eating the food I put on the table. I take care of you; I buy every fucking thing you need. That's the least you owe me, to do as you're told."

The curse word hung in the air between us. In all the years we've been living together, I've never heard her use foul language. I knew I should back down by now but I was too angry to care about anything else.

"No!" I shot back. "What I owe you is gratitude for taking care of me all these years not blind obedience for the future. You're just jealous. You hate that I've broken free, that I've finally gotten away from the chains of our family and our laws that held me bound all these years. Well, guess what? I'm going to live my life on my terms, whether you approve of it or not. And if you're so tired of fending for me, maybe I'll just leave" *www.noV(ε)WOrM.cO@*

Nanny chuckled dryly. "Jealous of you? For what reason, Lyla? What about you triggers jealousy? The fact that your father rejected you and doesn't give a fuck about you. You think this is about being jealous?"

She shook her head, her voice growing stronger as she continued. "A relationship that makes you skip school, submit assignments late, go to class late, skip classes and Moon knows what else that's not the good kind, Lyla. You're supposed to be winning together and not slinking into this... this..." she trailed off shaking her head.

"Since you met that boy, Xander, everything about you has changed. You dress more.... seductively, keep late nights, lied to me consistently about school work when you were barely getting anything done and how many days have you taken off from the café? You've been neglecting everything you've worked for, everything we've worked for. Lyla, I need you to come to your senses, something is suspicious about all of this and the mark..." she trailed off again. I rolled my eyes. "You're so dramatic.

"I am trying to protect you!" she yelled. "And don't think I haven't noticed the sex toys in your

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room. I'm trying, Lyla... I've convinced myself that you missed out on a lot of things as a teenager and this is just a phase but let's face it, Lyla... I'm sick of doing this. You have to grow up and I mean it. This is not the pack house where you had everyone at your beck and call... here you have to work really hard to get anything you want and that means you have to do good in

school."

"You've been snooping through my stuff?" I screamed, taking a step towards her.

"Something is wrong, I can feel it. Something about Xander doesn't feel right and my instincts never lie. Why didn't he show up at the beginning of the school year which is the right time for students to transfer? He shows up in the middle of the year, and just likes you like that? Do you think this is what love looks like? You're throwing your life away for a boy you barely know! For a boy who had done nothing but drag you down. Take it from me, Lyla... it never ends well!" a

I felt my face flush with anger. "I don't need your protection!" I snapped. "You're just mad because I'm not your little puppet anymore. Do you think you can control me just because you've looked after me all these years? Well, I don't need you!" z

Nanny's face went pale, her hands trembled as she struggled to contain her emotions. For a moment, she looked so small, so defeated and I felt almost a pang of guilt. Almost.

"You know what?" I snapped. "I think I've overstayed my welcome."

With that, I turned on my heel and stormed up the stairs, my heart pounding furiously in my chest. Without stopping to think, I grabbed a small bag from my closet and began shoving clothes into it, ignoring the tears stinging my eyes. I wasn't going to let Nanny or anyone control me again. 1

When I came back downstairs, Nanny was standing by the door. When she saw me, her eyes widened with fear, her earlier anger replaced by desperation.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"Leaving!" I replied moving to the door. "I think I've been a burden to you for so long. I'll just try and figure out what to do with the rest of my life.

"Lyla please!" she begged, reaching out to hold me, but I shrugged her off. "Don't do this. We can talk about it. Just... just calm down and think this through."

"There's nothing to talk about," I threw her a cold stare. "In fact, I'm done talking," I added, not sparing her a second glance as I opened the door and stepped outside.

"Where will you go? Nanny cried, following me as I strode down the road. "Lyla, please! You're not thinking straight!"

I ignored her and continued walking.

"Lyla please!" Nanny's voice cracked but my heart was already hardened. I'll have to figure out my life now. I marched down the street, refusing to turn back. When I was a few blocks away, I pulled out my phone and called for a taxi.

Within minutes, a car pulled up and I threw my back into the backseat, sliding in without hesitation. As the car drove away, I looked back one last time, seeing Nanny standing in the

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doorway, sobbing silently.

But I didn't feel guilty. Not anymore. I was free.

I pulled up at Xander's house a few moments later.

It was as I remembered it sleek, modern and always a little too perfect. After I paid the driver, I stood on the sidewalk for some minutes, silently regretting why I had left the house. Maybe I had been too hasty in my decision. What if Xander turned me away? What if his father refused to let me stay? He was the only person I knew in this world I didn't have friends.

Before I could lose my nerve, I marched up to the front door and rang the bell. Seconds later, the door swung open to reveal Mr Dupree. His eyes took in my appearance and without saying a word, he retreated into the house. A second later, Xander was standing in front of me. *wɪw.nov8/wOrMl.c(◊)m*

"Lyla?" he said, his eyes wide with surprise. "What are you doing here? Is everything okay? Did I miss out on a date?"

The sight of him, made something inside me shift and suddenly, I was in his arms, sobbing into his chest. He held me close, murmuring soothing words as he guided me inside. When my tears finally subsided, I looked up to find him looking at me with worry.

"Hey, babe," he murmured, kissing the top of my head. "What happened? What's going on?"

I melted into his embrace again, burying my face in his chest as I let out a shaky breath. "I had a fight with Nanny," I muttered. *wɪw(◊).n©v8I@r-m.com*

He raised an eyebrow. "A fight? About what??"

I shrugged, trying to make it sound normal. "She doesn't like you," I said quietly. "You were right, telling her about our relationship will make it worse. She found out today and she wasn't happy about it. She asked me to break up with you. She thinks I've changed because of you!"

He chuckled, an amused glint in his eyes as he pulled me into his lap, pressing tiny kisses on my exposed shoulder. "Well, of course, you've changed," he said. "You're finally becoming your own person, Lyla. She doesn't want to lose control of you. That's Sigma Wolves for you!"

"Sigma Wolves?" I arched a brow at him. "No! Nanny is an Omega!"

He just smiled, wiping my eyes with his hand. "You're welcome to say here, forever, if you want."

"Really?" I shifted from his lap to the couch, looking towards the kitchen where I had seen his father go in. "Won't you ask your dad first? He's supposed to..."

He placed his index finger on my lips, before the rest of the words came out. "Don't worry, he won't mind.

"Still... 1 stuttered.

"Dad!" he suddenly yelled, his gaze on me. "Is it okay for Lyla to stay with us until, when she's tired of staying?" he asked.

"Yes!" Mr Dupree's voice came from the kitchen. D

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"I told you!" Xander sighed. "Come on, let's get you settled in."