

Fated out Chapter 48

8 Echoes of

my

wolf... *WOLF.NOVELS.M.COM*

Lyla

I must have drifted into sleep when Xander took me to the guest bedroom upstairs.

Something tickled me on my chin and I opened my eyes.

I was in the Northern forests this time around the same forest where I had been attacked by those Feral wolves. Cold air brushed against my skin as I stood among the towering trees, their branches blocking off the light from the sun or was it the moon – I couldn't tell what time of the day it was.

How did I get here? I wondered looking around. I was so sure I was in the human world or did something happen to me while I was sleeping? My heart raced as I strained my eyes in the darkness hoping those wolves would not attack again. I try to bring out my phone to call someone, maybe Nathan, since I was back here, perhaps, he would take my calls or respond to

my messages.

But when I looked down, I was clad in strange-looking clothes. It was made with part metal, the kind used by warriors to fight in the old time and the other part was made of a really light material that resembled the gown, I had worn when I was healing at the healer's quarters in White Mountain pack.

How had I gotten into this? I wondered again. Was there another attack? Was this Ramsey's doing?

"Lyla..."

Suddenly, a voice called out. The whisper seemed to come from everywhere and nowhere at once. I spun around, my hear racing and eyes wide, as I searched for the source of the voice but all I could see were the trees blending into the shadows.

"Lyla..." the voice came again. *www.novels.m.com*

I shuddered stumbling backwards as I tried to look for a weapon. I would not allow them to attack me again. Anything that would make me stay away from Ramsey. I bent slowly, searching the ground around me while my eyes scanned my surroundings.

"Who's there?" I called out with a trembling voice.

I found something long and thick... maybe it was a stick. It was so dark, that I couldn't see. I picked it up and held it in front of me.

"Lyla!" the voice came the third time and it sounded like it was behind me. I whirled around but saw only trees and shadows. "Why don't you stop being a coward and show yourself" I called out, my voice wavering.

"I'm here, Lyla," the voice echoed, now seeming to come from my left. "I've always been here."

I turned once more, frustration and fear building within me. "Who are you? What do you want?"

A soft chuckle resonated through the trees. "I am your wolf, Lyla. The part of you that you've

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forgotten, the part that's been trapped."

I whipped my head to the side again, from where it seemed the voice was coming from but there was no one there, just more trees, more shadows. Panic rose in my chest as I turned again, this time to my right but the forest was still empty it was just me and the voice... I guess. "What do you mean, my wolf?" I scoffed. "No! That's impossible. I don't have a wolf. If this is a means to scare me, then you're failing because I'm just a werecreature without a wolf." "Are you so sure?" the voice asked, a hint of sadness colouring its tone. "You are not just a werewolf, Lyla... if you were, I wouldn't be here inside you, waiting all these years."

"Inside me?" I paused "You're inside me?" *www.NoVels.M.COM*

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"Yes!" the voice came again. "I've been here all this while. I came to you the other day but you got so scared and left. I'm sorry, I couldn't heal you after the attack. It's just that..."

"Hold on!" I interrupted the voice, lowering my stick weapon but not letting it go. "What sort of absurdity is this? If you are really inside me, I would know. You will manifest. You're lying, trying to get my hopes high or maybe you're working with those damn Feral wolves."

"No!" the voice said vehemently, it sounded offended. "Something is holding me back. I cannot. even physically communicate with you except through the dream world. I am caged, trapped in something that I cannot understand. You must go back to your mother... she will help you figure it out. Tell her everything..."

"My mother?" I laughed dryly. "Did you bring me here? Did you bring me back to this world because you wanted me to return to my mother?"

"No, Lyla. That's now what I mean. Your mom is..."

"You think my parents would suddenly forgive me out of the blues?" I cut the voice short before. it continued. "They hate me in case you haven't noticed and the only thing they might do is kill me. Look, I've been through so much already... I don't want another dose of that trauma."

There was a short pause from the voice before it continued. "Appearances can be deceiving, Lyla... Do not believe the front presented at you. Something is holding me... us back. It's like a trap and if you don't do anything, I might never meet you... ever..."

My pulse quickened. "I don't understand. What has that got to do with me? A trap? What trap?" I repeated my voice cracking.

"You must try to save us, Lyla!" the voice urged, growing softer, more distant. "A lot of lives rely on me and it's only a matter of time before the veils are torn completely. When you save yourself, when you break free from the illusions binding you, then I'll come, fully manifested."

"What illusions?" I pressed "What are you even talking about."

"You must trust your instincts, Lyla!" the voice was fading now... I could barely hear it. "It will guide you to the truth."

I turned in a frantic circle, my eyes darting between the trees the voice was definitely not coming from inside me. I would feel it, right?

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"Just tell me specifically what I need to save, who I need to save? What are you talking about?" I demanded, my voice rising in desperation. "Wait!" I called out as another whisper came from the trees. "Don't go! I still don't understand! I don't have a wolf or anything, I'm a deviant. I'm not like others!" *WOLF.NOVELS.M.COM*

Silence. The voice was gone leaving me standing alone in the stillness of the forest, I stood. there, frozen, my heart still thudding as I tried to entangle everything the voice had said. And then just suddenly, the forest shifted.

The air grew colder and thick with tension. My neck prickled... something was happening, I could feel it. Slowly, I became aware of movements in the shadows between the trees. Red eyes gleamed in the darkness with low growls filling the air. My breath caught in my throat as I realized I was surrounded.

It was the Feral Wolves – the exact ones that had attacked me before. They weren't alone... they had come with the other creature in white, the one who had attacked me. It was larger than I remembered. It moved with an unnatural fluidity and the face which in the past was a mass of nothing, suddenly became clear to me.

At least, I could make out the eyes.

"Well... well," it purred, its voice filled with mockery. "Look who's come back to play"

I took a step back, my heart pounding so hard that I was afraid it might burst from my chest. I lifted the stick and pointed at it. "Stay away from me," I warned, though my voice quavered with

fear.

"That's what you're going to fight me with, Moonsinge?!" It chuckled "You're different from the other ones although, you all share one thing in common – Stupidity," It huffed. "But I can see that you've made the right choice. You've chosen him... faster than the others ever did.

"No!" I shook my head vehemently. "I didn't choose anything. This is just a dream... it has to be. I am in the human world and not here with you."

"Is it?" it laughed, its eyes beaming with amusement. "Or is it the truth your consciousness refuses to see? You're so close, Lyla. So close to embracing your true nature."

My throat tightened. "What true nature?" I asked, backing away slowly, my feet dragging against the damp forest floor.

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Its mouth became visible to me. It grinned, revealing rows of beautiful pearly teeth. "You should choose already the final choice, I mean – all the way, it added, its voice dripping with glee. "Let him in. Let him show you how much you've been missing"

I shook my head, stepping back, trying to distance myself from the creature. "No... No! I don't want anything from you!

But it only laughed. "You don't understand yet, do you? Being with him, that's a choice. You've made your stance. The freedom... the power.... you've only scratched the surface – it can all be

yours."

The Ferals around me began to growl, their hackles raised as they closed in on me. My heart was

hantine facto

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against the rough bark of a tree.

"No," I whispered, terror clawing at my throat.

I just need to wake up. This is definitely a dream.

"You're lying. This isn't real."

The creature crouched, preparing to strike. "Let him in, and he'll show you a world you've only

dreamed of..."

With a bone-chilling howl and a terrifying burst of speed, the creature leapt towards me, claws stretched like before.

I threw up my arms in an attempt to shield myself, a scream tearing from my throat –

"NO!"

its

When I opened my eyes, sitting in a recliner across the room was, Xander... eyes fixed on me intently. @

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