

Fated out Chapter 50

50 Lyla's discovery...

Lyla

A while later, I was done dressing up.

I went down the stairs checking my phone to see if there were messages for me but there were none – not even from Nanny. I opened my chat with Nathan, my last message was still unread and it's been 8 months now. Was he angry with me? Did I do something?

Just as I reached the bottom step, my ears picked up the sound of raised voices coming from behind the room next to the staircase making me freeze.

I wanted to walk past or just go to

the kind that you

my room when I heard Xander's voice. It was filled with rage – didn't need to see it to confirm because you could feel it. That was strange, in our three months of dating, he had never lost his temper, what could be wrong?

Curious, I crept towards the source of the noise, pressing myself against the door. I didn't need to strain my ears too much because Xander was actually yelling.

"I didn't ask you to do that!" he shouted. "Why did you do it? Do know how scared she must have been?"

My breath caught in my throat. Were they talking about me?

Xander continued, his tone rising with each word. "If not for her unique abilities, she wouldn't have been able to withstand that. She could have died!"

My brows furrowed as I tried to piece together what he was talking about. Unique abilities? Withstand what? Who was he talking about? My mind raced, trying to make sense of what I was hearing.

Another voice responded, sounding low and suppressed but equally angry. It was Mr Dupree.

"This is taking too long. We should have settled all of this a while ago and moved on to more important things."

Settled what? I wondered, getting more confused.

"This is just like before, Mr Dupree continued "You're veering off course again.

"I'm in control," Xander shot back. "I know what I'm doing!

I heard Mr Dupree scoff. "In control? But you're lodged between her legs all the time. You're still her slave, even in this life. Wake up! You're much more than this."

My blood ran cold, my breath catching in my throat again. What were they talking about? This life? Slave? None of it made sense, and yet a chilling recognition ran down my spine it was as if I knew what they were talking about and at the same time, had no idea what it meant.

Suddenly, a loud thud echoed through the room, as if something or someone crashed against a piece of furniture, followed by someone being hit and then a grunt of muffled pain before silence. My heart pounded in my ears, my instincts screaming at me to run... suddenly, I heard footsteps approaching the door.

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Someone was coming.

Panic seized me and instantly, I turned on my heel, trying to move quickly up the stairs before the door opened but I had barely taken four steps when the door flew open behind me.

"Don't hide Lyla," Xander called out. "I know you were listening"

I turned to face him, my mind. scrambling for an excuse, an explanation anything to make sense of what I'd just heard. **Www.nOvELwOrM.cOM**

Xander stood at the doorway, his tall frame illuminated by the light spilling from the room behind him. His expression was unreadable but there was something in his eyes – they were blazing with a chilling intensity that made my skin crawl.

I paused mid-step, my foot hovering above the next step s

"L... I wasn't... I... I didn't mean to..." I stammered, words failing me as I took a step back, instinctively, retreating towards the stairs.

His lips twitched into a faint smile though it didn't reach his eyes. "No need to lie, Lyla. I can smell your fear from here."

I flinched at his words, my heart thudding wildly in my chest. The room felt suddenly smaller, as Xander took a step towards me. My mind raced, looking for something anything to say.

"I didn't mean to listen," I whispered "I just... I was coming downstairs and I heard... were loud; I couldn't help but overhear. I'm sorry."

your voices

His gaze softened; it was as if his initial fury had slowly faded as he looked at me. That was when I noticed something else. His knuckles were bruised and swollen with smears of blood. My eyes travelled upward, widening when they saw the splatter of blood on his face too. **(w)ww.N(ø)v©lWOrM.cOm**

Yet, strangely, I wasn't afraid. It wasn't the sight of the blood that worried me. It was how I felt at that moment I felt calm, and comfortable, as if this kind of thing was... normal.

He must have noticed me staring and wiped a hand across my face, smearing the blood but doing little to hide it. He sighed softly, his shoulders loosening from the earlier

tension. **www.NOvELwOrM(®).cO(®)**

"Give me a minute to clean up," he said in an apologetic tone. "And we'll go!"

I nodded, too stunned to speak. I should have been scared, I told myself. By all accounts, this was a terrible situation, I had just overhead and seen Xander beat up his dad – like his dad... and I was here, watching the blood dry on his hands, not minding.

Without another word, Xander brushed past me and headed to his room. I exhaled slowly, trying to shake off what I had just witnessed and started for the living room.

As I passed the door to the room where the heated conversation had taken place, it was still slightly ajar revealing a sight that sent a chill down my spine.

Mr Dupree lay crumpled on the floor, blood dripping from his nose, staining the front of his shirt. His lips were swollen, and his face was twisted in pain and anger. But what made me stop cold was the way he looked at me. His eyes were filled with pure, raw hatred as they locked onto mine.

It was as if he blamed me for what had happened like I was the reason he was lying there,

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Suddenly, his lips curled into a sneer, the malice in his expression deepening. His breathing was laboured and he shifted slightly, groaning as he tried to push himself up from the floor. I looked away from him, hurrying to the living room.

I settled on the couch waiting for Xander. Why wasn't I scared? Why did everything feel so strange, yet so familiar? I couldn't stop thinking of the conversation I had overheard. They couldn't possibly be talking about me right?

Minutes passed, maybe longer, before I heard footsteps approaching from the hallway. I straightened, my heart thumping as Xander appeared, his face clean, the blood splatter was gone and his knuckles bandaged. He had changed into a simple black T-shirt and jeans, looking like nothing out of the ordinary had happened just moments before.

"You okay?" Xander asked softly, walking into the living room and gazing at me warily. **Ww(w).nØV©l(w)©rM.c(ø)M**

I nodded though I wasn't entirely sure if I was. "Your Dad... I saw him..." I pointed towards the room. "Injured. Should we take him to the hospital?"

"He'll be fine!" Xander said in a dismissive tone. "Let's go!"

I wanted to argue but decided against it. I followed him outside and soon we hit the road. The journey was a quiet one and I had a lot of questions brimming in my chest..

Xander finally sighed, reaching over for my hand. "I'm sorry you had to see that. It's not every day I lose control like that."

"To the extent of beating your dad?" I blurted. "Losing control doesn't cut it. What are you people, you and your father?" The words rolled out of my mouth before I could stop them. "You're not a werewolf, right? There's no scent on you and whenever I talk about running under the full moon, you never have that spark in your eyes. Is Mr Dupree even your real father? And all the strange things you tell me and how you always seem to know so much about me when I don't tell you. Who exactly are you, Xander? And please don't lie to me.

He swung the car off the road and parked it. We stayed silent, I waited, hoping he would finally say something... something to ease my worry. Then he turned, a small smile playing on his lips. "It's complicated," he said carefully. "There are lots of things that you need to know but I don't think you're ready to hear them."

I frowned, feeling frustrated. "You keep saying that that I'm not ready. That I won't understand. But how am I supposed to understand if you never explain anything? Just tell me anyway, what's the worst that can happen? You know I am not like most... I won't freak out."

He chuckled. "You actually might."

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"Try me!" I urged.

"Well," he leaned back a smirk playing on his lips. "I am the Dark One, Lyla and Dupree... well I thought it was a funny name when he gave himself that... Is the Trinax, the one you've been seeing in your dreams."