

Fated out Chapter 52

52 If truly, I'm the Moonsinger...

Lyla 0

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I stirred slowly, feeling every part of my body aching as if I had just run a marathon.

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The familiar scent of Xander's house greeted me before my eyes even fluttered open. The soft silk of the bedsheets brushed softly against my skin, I scanned the room I wasn't home yet and Xander or should I say the 'Dark One' was perched at the edge of my bed, watching me intently.

I tried to push myself up and immediately, he was by my side, his eyes filled with warmth as he assisted me to a sitting position.

"Easy," he murmured, gently supporting my back, not before stuffing pillows behind me and placing me gently on the stuffed pillows. "I was worried I hit you too hard. How are you feeling? he asked. His voice was gentle, but I recoiled from his touch, feeling alarmed and bewildered at the same time.

"What did you do to me?" I demanded, my eyes narrowing in suspicion as I stared at him.

His expression flickered with hurt as he sighed, running a hand through his dark hair. "Nothing harmful," he said with a pleading tone. "I didn't hurt you, Lyla. I just put you to sleep. I didn't want you to leave while you were angry. I mean you can be angry but be angry and stay. I know I have kept a lot of things from you and I'm sorry. I promise I'll answer any question you have for me."

His tone was sincere, but I scoffed.

"Right, putting me to sleep because I'm angry? That sounds like something a reasonable person does," a bitter laugh escaped my lips. I sat up fully now, pushing away from the dizziness that still clung to me. "I really have a knack for ending up with the wrong men, don't I?"

my words, gazing

"I am nothing like him, Lyla!" he shook his head looking pained by at me earnestly. "You shouldn't have been with him in the first place, you... lost your..." he inhaled sharply "You allowed him to have you first... but it's not a problem," he added quickly. "You're a beautiful woman and..." **Www.n0velw0rM.c0m**

I didn't know if I was still dreaming or if this was all a joke. This man or boy... sitting in front of me, from all the stories we've heard, was supposed to be some big bad evil, why was he acting like this to me? Was this a ploy to allow me to let my guard down before he killed me?

why you refused to have sex with me because he had me first?" I asked arching my

"Is that why

brows.

"No!" he shook his head, "Far from that, we promised that we would give ourselves to each other on our wedding night. I didn't forget!"

I couldn't help it, I laughed but it wasn't a pleasant tone, it was filled with sadness and exasperation at the circus my life was fast becoming. **wWw.n0velw0rM.c0m**

"When did I promise you that? Oh!" I chuckled "My reincarnate, what was her name again, Neriah?"

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He nodded; his eyes filled with adoration as he gazed at me. "She had that look when I first told her I loved her. Usually, it's almost impossible to get everything after a reincarnation but you're her – You're my Neriah."

"Okay!" I snapped my fingers. "Don't get carried away, Xan... what should I call you now?"

"Anything you want!" he responded immediately.

"I'll stick with Xander then!" I scoffed. 'Now, tell me... where exactly is this so-called moon bowe or whatever it is lodged in my body? You came for it, right? So, why don't you just take it and let

me go?"

His brow furrowed and confusion flickered across his face. "Lyla, what are you talking about? I

don't..."

I cut him off, my tone sharper now. "That's why you're here, isn't it?" 1 pressed on, my

.my tone filled with saccharine "You came for my power, didn't you? That's why you've been hovering around me, making me think you cared about me. You didn't really want me. You wanted whatever it is. you think I am. So, take it. Take it and leave me alone. If really I am the Moonsinger, then I don't want to be known... I don't deserve that spot.

He sighed heavily reaching out to touch my arm but this time, I recoiled more forcefully, curling away from him. My retreat stung and his face darkened with hurt. "You've got it all wrong" he said his voice tinged with desperation.

A humourless smirk, twisted my lips as my gaze hardened. "Wrong? I don't think so. For a moment there, I wanted to believe really believe that my life could change, that maybe this time, things would be different. I actually hoped that life with you would be an upgrade better than the shitty existence I'm used to. I thought things might finally work out. But no," I spat, "I fell in love with a centuries–old evil, who only wants me for powers that don't exist." Suddenly, the air around us thickened with tension. Xander's expression shifted in an instant, his eyes glowing an unnatural green as his anger boiled to the surface. He slammed his fist against the wall, the force reverberating through the room. I flinched, pressing myself against the headboard of the bed, but still, I held my ground, glaring at him.

For a moment, the room was filled with the sound of Xander's ragged breathing. Then, just as quickly as his rage had appeared, the anger drained from him. He approached my bed as if trying not to startle a wounded animal. "Lyla, please," he said softly. "You've got it all wrong. I'm not after your power. I've never been after your power.

I stared at him sceptically. "Then what do you want?"

"All I want... all I've ever wanted... is for you to choose me," he said. "I've always wanted us to be together. He sat on the edge of the bed now, careful to maintain some distance between us. "You probably don't remember, but we were on the verge of sealing our union before the Moon Goddess turned you against me. But now..." his eyes gleamed with hope. "Now, I know nothing can stop us if we're determined to be together and if you choose me."

The words washed over me, too fantastic, too impossible to be real. If only Ramsey had been as half as earnest as Xander was, I wouldn't have left my world and been tangled with Xander in the

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pushed myself off the bed and stumbled towards the door.

My hand reached for the doorknob, and with all the strength I could muster, I pulled it open.

But before I could step through, the door slammed shut in my face with a resounding thud. My heart raced as I yanked on the knob again, but it wouldn't budge. Slowly, I turned to find Xander standing behind me, watching me quietly.

"Let me out," I whispered, fear creeping into my voice.

"When Neriah first found out about my true identity," a soft sad smile clouded his features, "She saved me from her pack warriors and hid me in an abandoned house at the edge of their pack house. Her father was an Alpha just like yours and she was beloved of the pack. Every day she would bring me food and nursed me back to health. When I told her... when I first told her, just like you, she refused to believe but when she did, she didn't leave..." **www.m0vIE(1)to(r)m.co(m)**

"I don't want to hear stories about you and your ghost lover!" I tried to speak but he raised his hand, an indication for me to stop talking.

"She was angry, scared because I was being hunted by the warriors, they thought I was evil but I am not, Lyla... In time, Neriah came to see this and she stayed."

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"Then why did the Moon Goddess turn her against you? There must be a reason." "Because she's trying to subvert control... You werewolves live by stringent rules. Wolf bond, the cruel strata of the Alpha Omega level. The cruelty that comes from not having a wolf. You; more than anyone, can understand that... every month, you have to put up with those intense. heat cycles because the Moon Goddess made it so and after you found your mated, he didn't..."

"I think I know the story much better than you!" I cut him short, the pain of the past gnawing at my heart "Your point!"

"I will give you a world without baseless rules and orders. A world where everyone is equal... there are no mate bonds, you're free to marry whomever you want, free to do whatever brings joy to your heart. What evil is there in that?"

I sighed, "We need rules and laws to live, Xander. No one can exist without it..."

"Of course, we would have but not like the way your Moon Goddess wants it," he took a step towards me. "I won't hurt you, Lyla," he said softly. "I've waited centuries for us to be reunited. Doesn't that mean anything to you?" 1