

Fated out Chapter 53

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Lyla

I pressed against the door as panic clawed in my throat. I reached for the doorknob again, yanking it furiously. "Just let me go, Xander. I'll think about your offer and..."

"You won't!" he gave me a sad smile. "You can't wait to leave here, I can see it in your eyes."

I back to the door and began pounding, screaming with all my might as tears streamed down my face.

"You'll hurt yourself," he said behind me.

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"Just let me go!" I cried, turning to face him again. "Please! Please, let me go! I don't part of anything. I am not who you want. I just want a normal life! I want to go back to my normal, boring life!" *www.n(o)vElWcR.M.co(m)*

But he remained silent... through all of my tantrums, repeated knocking on the door, calling out to anyone – even Mr Dupree; watching me with an expression mingled with sadness and frustration.

Eventually, my strength gave our

I collapsed onto the floor, my body heaving with sobs as I

buried my face in my hands, feeling defeated.

"I don't want this, I choked out between gasps. "I've suffered more than anyone to go back to this life, Xander. Please... just let me go. I promise, not even a word to Nanny. It'll be a secret

between us."

He came and knelt beside me, close but not touching. "Lyla!" he whispered. "You're special... too special to have a normal life. Someone like you... because of what you are... normality was never

an option."

I shook my head, too tired to argue anymore. Too broken to fight. My body trembled as I felt him gently lift me from the floor, carrying me in his arms like a bride – like I was something precious. I was too weak to resist... and somehow, my broken heart wanted this but with a different person, I

I wished more than anything that right now, this was Ramsey... holding onto me, telling me not to go. I sighed as he deposited me onto the bed with care like I was a newborn.

He reached for a soft towel inside a bowl of warm water by the bed and began to clean my tear–stained face with such tenderness that I felt my resolve wavering. His touch was achingly familiar, a reminder of the man I thought I knew the man I had begun to love.

Carefully, he continued cleaning the rest of my body. His touch was so intentional, so caring that my heart ached in confusion. How could he be the monster they claimed he was and yet treat me with such kindness?

The fight had drained out of me. Maybe, this wasn't a bad idea after all. I mean, I didn't know so much about the bad blood between him and the Moon Goddess, all the history books were always scanty and the people who did know preferred not to talk about it.

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I had an advantage here... he loved me or so he claimed but he liked me to an extent where I know he won't randomly kill me at least. So, perhaps if I play along... then everything will be

fine." *wW.W.n@reOwO@m.cOm*

"Maybe, I should stop fighting you...." I murmured gazing at him. "I'll stop fighting you. "You're not going to kill me, after all, are you?"

He paused, a soft smile touching his lips as he sighed with relief. "I had never thought of hurting you... not even when you killed me. That's how much I love you and..."

Before he could finish, there was a knock at the door. My heart lurched as I heard the familiar sound. The door creaked open and Mr Dupree stepped inside, holding Xander's phone in his hand.

"Master," he said quietly. "She's been calling nonstop; you need to answer or she'll begin to

worry!

Xander nodded and took the phone, ignoring the call as he turned to Dupree. "Apologize to

her! (2

Dupree paused for a minute and turned to him, a surprised look on his face. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"You made her scared the other nights and then the injury at the Northern Forests, I told you it was too deep. It still aches her occasionally. You should apologize to her for that."

"But..." Mr Dupree began to say but with one look on Xander's face, he turned to me, a cold smile glittering in his eyes. "I'm sorry, Miss. It won't happen again. I will no longer come to you in your dream.

"You can do that?" I asked eyeing him.

"It's one of my many specialities, he gave me an evil grin. I control the dream world... I feed on your thoughts and fuel your weaknesses and insecurities."

"Mind controlling in the dream world?" I huffed. "That's so shallow. Anyways, I forgive you. You saved me from the Panther that other day. Thank you!"

He looked at me for a minute before bowing curtly and stepping out of the room. As soon as we were alone, Xander turned to me. "Don't trust a Trinax... they're vengeful creatures... very much."

"I thought Panthers were!"

"They're worse than Panthers. Remember not to look at his face longer than ten seconds if he ever appears to you in your dream. He won't now but he would later. Let me know if you dream about him.

"I'm not going to be a snitch between you and one of your generals!" I huffed. "Can't you tell if he's in my dreams? Surely, you have enough power to do that."

"I used to have!" he gave me a quiet smile, crossing the room to deposit the towel and the bowl on the vanity "But you took them away. That was the first thing she did when the Moon Goddess began to poison her heart slowly. She severed all of our connections. I couldn't smell

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her her scent..."

"Is that why you used to be super comfortable with me whenever I'm on my heat?" I asked my eyes widening with shock.

He nodded, returning to the bed, with a steaming tea cup. "Chamomile teal!" he said and stretched it before me. He must have seen the fear in my eyes because he lifted the cup and drank from it. "I won't harm you, Lyla!" he said quietly an amused smile on his face. "There are no horns on my head... and this is my true form, don't worry. Although I'm a lot bigger than this I had to size down to fit a typical human student but I don't bite. I won't hurt you."

Still, I raised the cup to my lips and pretended as I drank it before dropping the cup on the bedside table.. *@Ww.n@veIw@R@.coM*

"So, Neriah took your sense of smell?" I asked, trying to gather as much information as I could.

"Yes!" he nodded, tugging stray hairs away from my face to the back of my ears. "She

at some point took my vision but during our last fight before well, she killed me weakened me because I cannot die, she gave it back to me. She said that if she didn't then it wouldn't be fair." "Wow!" I chuckled raising the cup to my lips again and pretending to sip. "That's a lot to unpack!" "That's why I needed the Trinax to give you a mark, for easy identification. I must say the presence of the Ferals at the place where you were when you were healing alarmed you kind but I made sure they didn't hurt anyone."

"They did!" I countered, remembering the day I was leaving White Moon Pack. They attacked a lot of people in the lower villages and injured them. A few people died too."

"That's because they attacked first. Although Ferals are subject to the Trinax's commands in certain situations they go Feral and cannot be stopped immediately. Your kind fears what they cannot control. A wolf lying by itself, not attacking you is no threat."

"Aren't those Ferals the wolves you promised a New World, why are they stuck in their wolf form? That's too harsh, don't you think."

He smiled, shaking his head. "To transform your kind into a level of bliss and peace, they need to be in their original form but they can transform. With the power of a Moonsinger who heals... and tames. You can do that and they would be able to have their human form, while still retaining their Feral Wolf form.

"And that's why you need me?"

He didn't answer immediately, he stared at me for a few seconds before nodding. "But I will not force you into whatever you're not comfortable with. I do not force anyone, Lyla. Every of your kind who joined me joined on their own free will. So, even if you want to or not, it's fine. I'm just happy that we're reunited. That's all."

The phone rang again and I stopped speaking as I watched him stare at the screen for a while before raising it to his ear.

"Hello!"

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It was Nanny's voice. It was tiny but I could tell it was her.

Hope surged through me. With the strength I didn't know I still possessed, I lunged forward, screaming.

"Nanny! He's kidnapped me and..."

Before I could finish, Xander's hand shot out. A burst of blue energy erupted from his palm, engulfing me. The rest of my words died on my lips, my body went limp and the world faded into black the second time.