

Fated out Chapter 54

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When I woke again, I was still at Xander's house and had lost track of time.

My eyes slowly opened, adjusting to the dim lighting of the room, my body was too weak to move, too weak to fight anymore. Although Xander was not in the room with me, I could feel his presence. I noticed the soft towel resting on the chair beside my bed.

"How long have I been out?" I murmured to myself trying to sit up.

What was I supposed to do now?

My mind replayed the events of the last few hours, trying to make sense of everything. Xander's but wanted confession about being the Dark One, his insistence that he didn't want my powers

me how could any of this be real? And yet, deep down, some p

– of me felt there was an

element of truth in it all.

I closed my eyes, willing myself to stay calm. There had to be a way out of this. There had to be some way I could escape and return to the life I had once known, even if it meant running forever.

But just as the thought crossed my mind, the door creaked open and Xander stepped inside, his face unreadable. He had on something that looked like Ceremonial attire. The rich fabric was embroidered with intricate red patterns that seemed to shimmer and move in the dim light.

"You won't leave, Lyla," he said quietly as if reading my thoughts. "Not until you understand who you really are... and why we were always meant to be together."

He approached my bed, carrying something in his arms that he set on the space beside me on the bed. "If you had drank the Chamomile tea, you would have felt better than you are now. What do you take me for, Lyla?" he scoffed, shaking his head.

How did he know that I didn't drink the tea? (w)W(w).nôvE⓪w(ó)*ŘM.côṁ*

"You think I'm some weak, magical being with a little power here and there. I've told you severally, if I wanted to force you to do whatever I want, it's the easiest thing to do but I don't force anyone and certainly not the woman I love.

"But here I am being held in your house!" I fired back weakly, "Some love, Xander!"

"Because you left me with no other choice and I'm tired of explaining myself over and over again to you. All these months, I've been nothing but a solid ground for you and this is how you choose to repay me?"

"I guess we're not meant to be even in this life too!" I snickered. "You cannot force me to accept your nature. I liked you as Xander – I might have even loved you but this!" I shook my head "I didn't sign up for any of it. I'd rather die than get embroiled in anything that had to do with people of my kind. I already left that life far behind."

"You're not doing it for them, Xander sighed. "Once you choose me, you don't have to bother about them. This is about revenge, right? Do you want to get them back for all the things they

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54 The ceremonial preparation.... wWw.flvVε/w⓪*Řm.côṁ*

did to you? I can help you."

I gave him a weird look. "No!" I said firmly. "Why would I want to do that, Xander? Revenge is messy, do I look like I have the emotional capacity to pursue something like that? I barely can manage my life. I'm not interested in any of your schemes and all this talk of a new world shenanigan, okay?"

He didn't say anything, he just gave me a contemplative glance and pointed to the clothes on the bed. "I need you to put that on."

I glanced at the clothes. They had the same strange designs on Xander's outfit. Panic fluttered in my chest, but I kept my expression as neutral as possible. I picked up the garments, feeling the soft material between her fingers.

"What is this?" I asked.

A smile played at the corners of Xander's mouth, but it didn't reach his eyes. "Tonight is the full moon," he said quietly. "We need to take advantage of it. We won't have another opportunity like this for a long time."

My heart skipped a beat, fear creeping into my voice. "What are you talking about?"

His smile widened, but it didn't put me at ease. "We need to be joined tonight, Lyla. We'll take the blood oath that will bind us together for life. Once we do that, it'll be easier for you to access the Ethereal realm. With my help, you'll be able to unlock all of your potential and then use it to create a new world." a

My chest tightened as his words sank in. Blood oath? Binding for life? Ethereal realm? It sounded like something out of a twisted fairytale and the thought of it happening to me felt unreal. I let out a shaky laugh, hoping to mask the terror growing inside me.

"I'm not interested," I said coldly. "Whatever you're offering, Xander, get over yourself. I'm not doing it!"

He sighed heavily, reaching for my hand. I tensed but didn't pull away as he pressed tiny, reverent kisses to my knuckles. Before looking up at me, his eyes boring into mine, filled with longing.

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"I love you," he murmured against my skin. "More than you could ever imagine. If you'd just let ΠE I'd show you how much I do."

I felt a lump rise in my throat. He wasn't lying... I could see it was the truth with the way he held me, in everything he did. He laid his head on my lap, his hair spilling over my legs. When he looked up, I saw sadness in his eyes.

"I'm not after the fact that you're a Moonsinger, he murmured. "That's not why I've sought you out. I'm just... I'm just happy that we can finally be together and I don't know but soon you may get your memories back and you'll see why I want to do this."

"It doesn't matter, Xander!" I sighed. "Fine, we can still date... I still love you but I don't want any of the other things. I just want to be a normal girl. I'll be in senior year soon and graduate, get a job and maybe find someone who will love me enough to get married to me and I'm not having children. I can't have my child on through this crare But that is nretty much my dream Not

54 The ceremonial preparation...

saving anyone."

"Lyla!" he chuckled softly, running a hand on the soft mound of my breasts, peaking from the blouse I had on. "Waiting all those months, acting like I didn't want you was the hardest thing I've ever had to do. But I've been waiting for centuries, I figured, I could wait a little more and I did. We made a promise and it's my duty to ensure it's fulfilled"

My heart tightened, not with affection, but with a strange mix of pity and fear. I took a deep breath and mustered the courage to ask the one question that had troubled me since he revealed his identity.

"But... you're supposed to be dead. The last Moonsinger killed you. Isn't that true?"

He shook his head slowly, an amused smile creeping up his eyes. "I told you, I'm invincible and all the Moonsingers, except Neriah none of them were strong enough to kill me. Neriah was the only one who tapped into some parts of her abilities and took away some parts of me but still – couldn't kill me. But..."

He sat up.

"They weakened me. The last Moonsinger was a man. He weakened me and locked me away before he died. But over the years, my followers you see, they're scattered across the world. And slowly, they began to regroup and to prepare waiting for my return, his gaze darkened slightly. "Your birth Lyla, released me from my prison."

I stiffened a cold chill running down my spine. "My brith?" I whispered. "How is that even possible?"

"That's how it's meant to be. As far as I am still alive, the birth of a Moonsinger weakens the bonds used by the previous one in trapping me. If you kill me..." he paused, chuckling "Which I know you won't- the birth of another one of your kind would awaken me. I waited for you for 10,000 years, now I know why the universe was preparing the woman I loved." @@Ŵ.mσvEtwσ⓪m.čôṁ

My mind raced. Could everything he was saying be true? Could I really be tied to something this ancient, this powerful? I didn't want to believe it, but his words stirred something deep inside

No! I had to stay focused. Whatever Xander was and claimed to be, I had to survive this. If I can leave this house, it'll be esaiser for me to attract help. So, I'll just play along.

"Alright!" I said softly, hating the way, his face lit up with hope. "I'll put on the outfit.