

Fated out Chapter 55

55 The awakening song...

Lyla

A few minutes later I was dressed in the ceremonial outfit.

The clothes looked unexpectedly good on me. I met Xander at the bottom of the stairs, his eyes glowing with adoration as I came down.

"You look so beautiful!" he sighed, reaching for my hand. **Www.movEIW@RM.CôM**

I smiled at him and allowed him to lead me towards his car. We drove in silence. I was trying to formulate an escape plan by trying to remember the road, using houses, trees or whatever my brain can remember as landmarks.

Finally, we arrived at what looked like an abandoned warehouse. He guided me towards a hidden entrance and we started descending into what looked like an underground tunnel. The walls were lined with flickering torches. The air was damp and thick with an unfamiliar scent that made my skin crawl. As we walked deeper into the tunnel, my anxiety grew.

I had no idea was awaited me at the end of this path but strangely, every step felt familiar. Like, I've done this before. You know that hazy feeling you get but your brain cannot remember? Yes! That's the onc.

When we finally emerged from the tunnel, my eyes widened in shock. The space we had entered was large, like an underground Cathedral. The ceiling stretched high above, disappearing into. darkness and it was filled with more people than I could count.

They all seemed to notice Xander's presence at once because they suddenly turned and in unison bowed their heads in reverence, but none of them paid me any attention which I liked or maybe not. They were humans clearly, and I was hoping I could get them to help me but... their loyalty was to someone else already.

I leaned toward Xander. "Who are all these people?" I whispered, my curiosity getting the better of me.

"They're recruits," Xander explained softly, with pride in his eyes and his hand resting on the small of my back. "They're humans willing to join me in creating a new world. But they can't fully join yet. I mean, they'll go through training like the ones before them but they cannot transform yet. Only you can give them the ability to shift into their wolf forms."

My heart pounded in my chest. Xander wanted to make humans, Wolves? Was that even possible?

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"If Werewolves can take up their nature become humans, they can also become your kind," he explained as if sensing my doubt.

"But out of all the mythical creatures, why did you choose us? I mean, you could have gone for Vampires..."

"Too messy!" he scoffed. "They have a lot of allergies and are not easily adaptable. Perhaps we can admit them in our new world but I intend to wipe them off the face of the earth. It's no use."

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I swallowed hard. "You... You want to kill the vampires?"

He nodded. "And every other creature that is not Werewolves or on the brighter side, we could admit them into the new world but that's yet to be seen. You know, Werewolves have the balance I want and need from Mythical creatures. They're closer to the Moon Goddess and easier to be turned into anything. Once they become like the Ferals, you'd see, they will never need the Moon Goddess ever again and I will reign supreme. #

I didn't respond, I didn't know what to say. My mind was reeling from all the information.

Thousands of humans waiting to be changed into werewolves and then wiping the entire

mythical world. I didn't need anyone to tell me that it would create an unbalance in the universe but the man beside me, didn't seem to be considering that and he didn't look like he cared either.

We reached the end of the hall and turned into a long corridor, walking until we came to a heavy set of doors. Xander pushed them open, revealing a Moonlit clearing. Immediately, I saw the clearing, I panicked. This must be the site of the ceremony Xander had spoken of.

The full moon hung low and heavy in the sky as if, if I stood on my toes, I could really touch it – bathing everything in its silver glow. There was a circle of standing stones with one large stone in the middle of it that looked like it could fit in two people.

The surfaces of the standing stones were etched with symbols, I didn't recognise but somehow felt I should.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" Xander murmured, his eyes fixed on the moon above. "It's called the Astral Moon or as the Humans call it – the Gemini Moon. The perfect setting for our union."

My heart was pounding so loud, I could hear it. I had to find a way out of his, and fast. I could. make out shadows in the bushes surrounding the clearing and I pressed closer to Xander.

"There's something in the bush!" I whispered.

"It's the Ferals – a few of them and their Trinaxes. They'll stand as witness to our bond. Now!" he turned to me, taking both of my hands in his. "I know this all feels strange but in time you'll come to realize that doing this is the best decision you've ever made."

"Yeah!" I nodded with a strained smile. "What will happen afterwards?" I asked, looking for a way to delay him while I think of an escape which seemed impossible but I had to try. "You never told

me."

"I will, after the ceremony. Now come!" he pulled me towards the clearing.

I followed him stiffly.

His grip on me tightened as he led me towards the centre of the stones. With a flick of his hand, a glowing light appeared lighting all the standing stones, the words on them came alive and the stones emitted a strange hum, an energy that made my skin crawl. Yet everything felt so familiar.

I was trying to push through the haziness of the familiarity that tugged at my mind as the glow of the light heightened. With Xander and the Ferals lurking in the bush around us, there seemed to be no way of escape.

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We stopped at the very centre of the clearing, the moonlight bathing us in an ethereal glow. Xander turned to me, his expression soft yet determined. He removed the outer robe of his clothing, letting it pool at his feet.

Then he came to where I stood and removed my robe, leaving m **Www.N©©#W.rfm.c(o)m**

in the slip underneath. He kissed my shoulders, leaving small bite marks on my neck. I moaned, suddenly forgetting that I was supposed to be planning my escape.

Here, with the Trinax and the Ferals lurking around in the bush, I felt warmth course through my body...an excitement that I only feel during my heat. Yet, it wasn't even my heat. I turned to him, reaching for his lips.

We kissed with a sense of urgency we'd never used before. His tongue twirled around mine, his hands fiddling and touching every part of my body and boy! Xander knew all the sweet spots. His hands settled on my woman core, rubbing it through the sheer slip.

I arched into his touch, letting him do with my body as he pleased. After a while of kissing and fondling, he took a step backwards from me. I was already riled up, panting and wondering why he stopped. He reached into his pockets and pulled out a small piece of parchment.

"Before we begin," he said, his voice low and hoarse, "I need you to sing this." He handed me the parchment, his fingers lingering for a moment as if reluctant to let go.

I glanced down at the paper. The words were written in symbols but somehow, I could understand. I interpreted the first line:

"From shadows deep, a whisper calls,

Ancient power behind stone walls,

Locked away by time's decree,

Now stirring, longing to be free."

Immediately I read the words, they formed a song, and I could almost hear the melody in my heart. I didn't know how I knew, but the moment I read the words, it felt as though they

belonged to me as if they had always been a part of me.

"What is this?" I whispered.

"It's a song for the Moonsinger, Xander replied, his eyes glowing faintly in the moonlight. "It will help you channel your power. Your voice can calm the wild and heal the broken. This song will awaken that part of you."

I stared at the parchment, my hand pounding. I didn't want to sing. I didn't want to be a part of this. But as I looked around, surrounded by the

Tals whose eeric red eyes I could see in the bushes, I realized I had no choice. If I didn't do this, who knew what Xander would do next?

"I thought you said it was going to be a union. Why do I need to sing? It's not like we need my power to be joined." **www.©oréLworm.Çm**

A faint smile appeared on his face as he came to me again, raising my cheeks tenderly. "I know we don't need to but we need to draw power from the Moon to light up that stone..." he paused and nointed at the middle stone surrounded by the standing stones "We need to onen in the

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world of the ethereal and draw power from the elements. You and me... so it would be a perfect **@ww.nOref@oRM.côM**

union.

Something was wrong, I could feel it. This wasn't right but... I had no choice.

So I nodded, cleared my throat and began to croon the words.