

Fated out Chapter 63

63 To a past and a future...

Lyla

It's been a year and six months since that night...

Everybody has a turning point – a point where they become stronger or suddenly take up a cape and become a hero. Well, me... I wasn't interested.

I wasn't interested in becoming a hero for the people who mocked me, who shamed me for what I had no part in creating. I mean, if I am going to sacrifice my life and my peace, it should be for people who are worth it right? **w(w)W.m0VETW(o)rm.c0M**

That night had defined me in ways I still struggle to grasp. The dark memories had hovered in my mind like shadows, always present, though I had learned to push them away. I didn't allow myself to think about the horrors, the danger I had escaped or the truths I'd uncovered about myself.

After that chaos, I and Nanny had moved far from the life we once knew and started afresh. For months, I uld wake up in the middle of the night drenched in a cold sweat with my puls racing, trying to shake off the nightmares that seemed too real.

Simple things became a challenge for me walking alone after sunset, staying home without Nanny, even sleeping with the lights off. But I had fought back, not with grand gestures of bravery but with small, everyday acts of normalcy.

No matter what the world expected of me, no matter the whispers of my lineage or my supposed destiny, I chose to be content being human. I made up my mind to never ever take up any responsibility.

I never looked up the news reports about that night. Never questioned Nanny about her real identity, never attempted to connect the dots that might have explained why 1, of all people, had nearly married a 100-year-old evil.

The only thing I was interested in these days was tackling my monthly heat while trying to be a normal adult.

Today, standing in front of my full-length mirror, adjusting my graduation cap on my head, my reflection stared back at me. I was graduating from high school and it was a milestone I couldn't

ignore.

All I could see was a woman who had thrived despite the trauma, who had channelled all her energy into her studies, instead of chasing answers to a question I didn't want to ask.

My phone chimed with a notification and for a brief moment, my heart leaped, hoping it might be him.

But it was just another congratulatory message from a classmate. My fingers moved almost unconsciously to my chat history with Nathan, scrolling through two years of one-sided messages that had formed a digital shrine to a friendship that had vanished.

All the promises he made to me that night – now where was he?

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Two years of silence. Two years of trying to understand what I'd done wrong. The last message. I'd sent him was three months ago: 'Remember when you said we'd always be friends? I guess some promises are easier to break than keep.'

I sat on the edge of my bed, my graduation gown crinkling beneath me. I thought about our last chat together, wondering what I might have done wrong. But I was done... I've survived many things thrown at me, letting Nathan go was going to be easy peasy.

'Nathan. I typed. I've spent two years trying to understand what I did wrong. Two years of wondering if somehow I'd hurt you without realizing it. Today is my graduation and I wish you

could be here. But..."

I paused, trying to still my trembling hands.

If you didn't want to be identified with someone like me, you could have just said so. You didn't have to ignore me. I want you to know that I won't bother you anymore. I hope you find happiness in whatever path you've chosen.

I read the message over again before hitting send. Without giving myself time to reconsider, I pulled out the sim card from my phone, snapping it cleanly in half before dropping it into the small wastebasket beside my desk.

Nathan was my final tie to my past... I was done.

"Lyla!" Nanny's voice called me from downstairs, filled with excitement that had been building for weeks. "Are you ready sweetheart? We'll be late! Let's take some pictures before we go."

Wiping my eyes quickly and adjusting my makeup, making my final adjustment to my graduation cap, I grabbed my simless phone.

"Coming!" I called back as I took the stairs two at a time. I saw Nanny waiting at the bottom, camera already in hand, eyes glistening with proud tears.

"Oh, look at you," Nanny breathed, reaching out to straighten my gown. "My beautiful girl, all grown up and graduating with honours. I'm so proud of you."

My heart swelled with gratitude as I wrapped my arms around the woman who had been more than just a Nanny – who had been my constant, my saviour and my strength. Despite everything we've been through, Nanny has never faltered. She had held me together when I had been on the verge of falling apart and I would be forever grateful for that.

"I wouldn't have done it without you," I whispered.

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"Nonsense!" Nanny replied. "You did this all on your own. You rose above everything that happened to focus on building your future instead of dwelling in the past. I'm so proud of you, Lyla."

I stared at the ceiling, blowing on my eyes. "Stop, Nan!" I chuckled shakily. "I don't want to ruin my makeup."

"Now smile dear. This is your day and we're going to make it unforgettable."

For the first time in a long time, I allowed myself to feel proud of how far I had come. Despite the nain the heartache and the fear I had made it to this moment I had fought to reclaim mv

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life and now, I was stepping into the next chapter with my head held high.

We took pictures in the garden Nanny had planted when we moved here. It was a symbol of our fresh start. I posed with my cap and gown against the backdrop of blooming roses and swaying lavender.

Their sweet scent was a reminder that beauty could grow from any soil, given

time.

enough care and

"One more!" Nanny insisted, her eyes shining with joy as she adjusted the camera angle. "Give me your biggest smile!"

After a few more pictures, we headed out to the school. As I watched the city pass by outside my window. Somewhere out there, Nathan was living his life, perhaps, carrying secrets I would never understand. But that was okay.

I had my own life to live, my own story to write and it would be wonderfully, beautifully normal. **Www.novellworMl.č0mm**

"We should go for a vacation after your ceremony today. Maybe two days from today. Choose any place you'd like to see, consider it a graduation gift."

I turned to Nanny, my brows arching in surprise. "You don't just travel for a vacation. You have to plan for months, hotel, and flight bookings. That sort of thing."

"When did we ever do things according to the books eh?" she laughed heartily. "This is the only time you'd enjoy being free. You're starting work in two weeks and college at the beginning of summer... I bet you, there'll be no time to do something as simple as driving and feeling the wind in your hair. We might never get to spend time together, ever.

"You talk as if you've been a student once!" I teased her. "C'mon, Nan... you're making a big fuss out of nothing. College is a train ride from home and I promise I'll visit every weekend. I wish there was another way... you know I always wanted to stay with you."

She gave me a side glance. "Bloody liar!" she said chuckling. "If you wanted to say with me that bad, why didn't you choose the colleges in our beautiful city"

*And let you insist on coming to pick me up every day after lectures? Not a chance!"

The truth is, I got a job. Recently, these humans discovered I could draw anything – 'Bring to life' as they call it. Which is surprising because it was a fun sport back at Blue Ridge. I and Nathan would spend weekends on top of bare mountains trying to capture the sky with charcoal.

Anyway, I got a job as a children's book illustrator. Aside from its wonderful remunerations, I had a lot of flexibility to work and school, without feeling exhausted.

When we arrived at the school, I took a deep breath, stepping out of the car. The compound was filled with people dressed in our graduation caps and gowns. Nanny squeezed my hand giving me a reassuring smile.

"Go get your diploma girl," she whispered, her voice filled with pride. "You've earned it."

As the graduation caps filled the morning air, a while later, making endings and beginnings, mine flew among them, taking with it the last of what had been, making space for what would be.

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rules and live fully in the light of the day, leaving behind the shadows of my past where they

belonged...

Behind me.