

Fated out Chapter 89

89 Emptiness that leaves you drained...

Lyla

“You killed him,” Clarissa echoed again, her eyes shooting daggers at me.

I stared at her, totally stunned while my heart hammered against my ribcage trying to process. her words. The accusation hit me – stinging deeper than anything I’d ever expected to hear from

her.

“What?” I whispered, hoping my voice was steady enough. “How could you... Why would you even say that?”

“Why would I even say that?” she repeated with a sneer, closing the distance between us until we were nearly nose to nose. Her eyes, which were the colour of my father’s shone with anger.

“Your father has just died, Lyla,” she should be with your family, mourning with us but

spat. “You here you are running away as usual. You only care about yourself and when things don’t work. out, you play the victim.”

I stared at Clarissa, with my eyes wide open. For as long as I can remember, my family has seen me as an outsider – a stain on the family’s name. My presence was tolerated, barely, yet now, after all these years, they dared to accuse me of running away?

They dared to accuse me of not sympathizing enough with them when I never felt like at daughter.

The accusation ignited resentment that I’d kept hidden for years and I exploded.

“Running away?” I repeated, taking a step towards Clarisa, my tone rising. “Yes, I am running away because that’s the only thing I was forced to learn, the only thing I know how to do better. What else was I supposed to do? When you all acted like I didn’t exist.” My fists clenched as I struggled to contain my anger.

“For four years, Rissa... no one bothered if I was alive or dead. Now you expect me to feel sympathy over the loss of a man who disowned me? A man who was ashamed to even call me his daughter? You think I should mourn him like he was a loving father?”

I watched as her face contorted with shock at my outburst, but I couldn’t stop now. “And you know what? I’m not sorry that he died. I don’t even feel sympathetic over the loss. If anything, I feel relieved that I don’t have anyone breathing down my neck, demanding that I should be

perfect.”

The scorn on Clarissa’s face slowly disappeared as she stared at me with disbelief.

“Y–You don’t really mean that?” she stuttered.

“I rarely say things that I don’t mean. I am not sorry Father died but that doesn’t mean I’m happy either. It means I don’t care. If I tell you half of the things I’ve done to survive? The things that happened to me out there while you were here, lounging comfortably as the Alpha’s daughter. Please... I cannot share in your pain.” *w@w.novelworm.co*

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Her eyes misted with tears as she stared at me, not saying anything. After a few seconds, she shook her head, swallowing hard.

“You left us, Lyla. No one asked you to leave, Dad and Mom said they had no hand in that. You disowned us as a family but never in a million years did Father think you are not his daughter. If anything, he... *WwW.novelworm.co*

“Please, Rissa,” I stopped her mid–sentence. “I won’t accept any explanation for a watered–down love. Father never liked me and neither did any of you and that’s okay. I’m here only to perform my duties and when I’m done, I’ll leave and stop existing.”

“And come back when mom dies?” She fired back.

“Maybe, but I doubt she would want me to attend her funeral.

She stared at me for a few more seconds then turned away, clearly done with the conversation

but I wasn’t finished. I reached out, grabbing her arm before she could leave. *ww@.nov@lworm.com*

“Wait!” I demanded. “Tell me why you were accusing me of killing him. I need to know.”

“Like you care?”

“I don’t but it’s enough that my reputation is nothing to write home about but I can’t let it go to tatters while I’m here. So tell me, how did I kill him?”

She whipped her head around, eyes flashing with hurt. “Because he has been licking Alpha Ramsey’s ass to stop him from looking for you.”

“What are you talking about?” I eyed her warily.

“The Lycan Leader went into a frenzy when you left. From locking Nathan up in the dungeon and always coming here demanding that Father must provide a way to contact you, Dad was constantly doing all he could to make him forget you. He went to the Annual Moon Goddess celebration to please Alpha Ramsey... he wasn’t supposed to go...”

She trailed off as a tear rolled down her cheek. “He hoped that if he showed support, Alpha Ramsey would stop looking for you.”

“What is the meaning of these lies? Have you stopped low to the extent that you now spin tales?”

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“They’re not tales, Lyla,” she said vehemently. “If he the celebration...If you hadn’t run away in the first place...” she yanked her wrist free my my grip, rubbing it as if my touch had burned her. “But somehow, you managed to drag him down with you, just like the way you ruined Nathan’s life.” *Ww@.novelworm.co*

“You’re wrong,” I whispered with a hollow voice. “You have no idea what you’re talking about. I didn’t think he would do that. So, you don’t get to do this. To force me to take responsibility for his choice. He made a choice and followed it through until the end.”

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“Oh, don’t act innocent, Lyla,” she spat, cutting me off. “If you hadn’t drawn attention to yourself, maybe he would still be alive.”

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My heart ached but I clenched my fists, refusing to let her guilt–trip me.

“No,” I said quietly. “He was trying to protect his reputation. His position. His perfect family image. I’m sorry he’s dead. I’m sorry you’re hurting. But I won’t carry the guilt for his decisions”

“As if...” she sneered.

“Fine. Belive whatever you want,” I said exhaustion seeping into my words. “But don’t you dare accuse me of something I had no control over? I didn’t kill him and I certainly didn’t ask for any of this.”

Clarissa crossed her arms, glaring at me. “Convenient, isn’t it? You always manage to deflect blame.”

Anger sparked in my chest again. But I took a deep breath, struggling to keep my composure. “And what good would that do me? What will I gain from doing that? I’m just telling the truth. You can’t keep blaming me for everything that goes wrong.”

“Is this what you call the truth? You wouldn’t know the truth if it hit you in the face. You’re a disgrace, Lyla. Nothing you do will ever change that.”

I blinked, steeling my heart. I shouldn’t hurt, I told myself, not after all these years. But it did. Like old scars that never healed.

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I took a step back, letting out a shaky breath. “You know what, Rissa? I don’t care anymore. Think what you want. Blame me for whatever makes you feel better. I’m done trying to prove myself to you or anyone else in this family.”

Her scowl deepened but she said nothing, turning away as though the sight of me was offensive. I watched her go, suddenly feeling lonely like the first day I’d left Blue Ridge....

I wanted to feel anger, to wrap myself in it like armour, but all I felt was hollow, a gaping emptiness that left me drained.