

Fated out Chapter 105

105 Funeral disrupted...

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Lylan

The Funeral ceremony finally ended; it was now time to bury my father.

We moved out of the hall, following the procession of mourners as we made our way to the Pack's sacred burial ground an area reserved for all the Alphas who had served the Blue Ridge

Pack.

I and Nathan walked together. I allowed him to clasp my hand in his, feeling comforted by his warmth and fighting the urge to sneak a peek at Ramsey and Cassidy who also joined the mourning procession but was behind us. Finally, we arrived at the designated area and gathered around it.

As they lowered my father to the ground, the reality of his death struck me. Watching him, lifeless – not moving, not saying a word to me, not glaring at me in his usual manner... it dawned on me that my father had truly died.

I felt my chest tighten as a sob escaped my lips. I clutched at my chest, trying to hold myself together but it was no use. The tightness was making it hard for me to breathe as my eyes watered. I fought it... I didn't want to cry over a man who had been distant from me for years.

A man who had always been a shadow in my life rather than a guiding light... he didn't deserve my tears. I didn't want to miss him.

"Hey," Nathan called out softly to me, as his strong arms encircled me. "It's okay, Lyla... it's okay. to feel, he murmured.

"No!" my chest heaved as I fought to hold back the tears. "He he was not a good father..." I raved, my breath coming in short, ragged gasps.

I opened my mouth, trying to speak, but only a soft, strangled sound escaped me. My eyes. welled up with tears again, threatening to spill over but I blinked furiously, determined not to let

them fall.

"Maybe he wasn't," Nathan said softly "But it's okay to miss the people you love and I know you'll miss your dad. Allow yourself to feel, Lyla... it's okay..."

Still, I persisted. I placed a trembling hand over my heart, feeling the rapid pounding as I struggled to regain my composure, my body shaking with the effort to contain my grief. Suddenly, opposite me, Clarissa burst out in tears and fell to the ground sobbing.

"Dad...." She wailed.

That did it for me.

The tears slipped down my eyes, coming down in torrents as I burled my face in the crook of Nathan's shoulders. My shoulders shook as the Moon Priest crooned ancient words. Nathan was whispering comforting words to me, his deep voice grounding me but I could barely hear him over the pounding of my heart. I simply clung to him, as years of anguish poured out.

Long after the burial finished and the crowd began to disperse. I and Nathan remained by my

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freshly buried father. Finally, alone, I lifted my head from Nathan's shoulder, noting the dampness caused by my tears.

"I'm sorry," I murmured.

Nathan smiled, cupping my face in his hands as he gently wiped my face, using a face cloth. "You're not made of steel after all, he teased me lightly, "Crying is good sometimes, Ly... You'll feel better now and hopefully, those vicious Alphas would not try to pin your father's death on

you."

"Oh!" I chuckled dryly. "Because of my statement earlier?"

"Yes," he nodded. "Your grief has cleared it up. Come now... let's get you home. You'd want to rest right? Maybe eat something and just sleep."

I nodded, allowing him to lead me. As we walked towards the pack house, there were a handful of people in front of us. Some Blue Ridge Pack Elders, our guests and I even spotted Ramsey and Cassidy walking side by side. They were not holding hands this time.

Suddenly, a sharp cry pierced through the air, chilling me to my bone. The sound had come from the direction of the funeral hall, so most of us walking towards it, paused, trying to understand what was happening.

"What was that?" Alpha Renwick muttered from the side.

Beta Jeremy who had been walking with my mother and sister in front suddenly rushed towards us, his expression going grim. "I'll find out, stay here," he instructed

Nathan.

But before he could move, anguished cries filled the air. People started running from the direction of the funeral hall. Mostly Omegas and a few of our guests. Nathan pressed me close to himself, his eyes darkening as his protective hackles rose.

Most of the Alphas were already crouched, their wolves at the brink – a normal response to danger. A pack warrior weaved his way through the running people, panting and wild-eyed as he made his way to us.

"Alpha, the warrior exclaimed. "There are Feral wolves outside the Funeral hall."

The words hit me like a physical blow. My body went cold, my skin paling to a ghostly white. My heart began pounding violently in my chest, it was so loud that I could hear it. My vision. tunnelled, the people around me fading as a singular, paralyzing thought filtered into my mind. Xander.

Could he have found me?

My mind raced, recalling all the times I had spent every waking minute looking over my shoulder, every restless night spent in fear because I was scared Mr Dupree would come to my dreams. The constant scare that came from having zero social life, because I was scared Xander, would track me down one of these days. My body trembled...

"Lyla?" Nathan's voice sounded far away, distorted as though it was coming from underwater.

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The crowd's noise grew louder, panicked voices as the people scrambled behind the safety of all the Alphas present. But all I could think of was Xander.

Then I saw them.

Seven Feral wolves, big, black with eyes glowing red, moved through the crowd. Their eyes were wild as they continued forward. My eyes travelled the expanse of the land, searching and then I found it... a Trinax perched on a nearby tree, blending with the colour of the sky.

My legs refused to move, my breath was coming in shallow gasps now as terror clawed at my throat despite every instinct in me screaming at me to run.

"Lyla, Nathan's voice broke through my haze, his hands gripping my shoulders as he tried to pull me back to the present. "Look at me. Look at me!"

I blinked in response.

"You need to move. Those warriors will move you and your mother and sister to a safe place. No matter what, do not turn back."

Then he turned to the warriors who had gathered nearby waiting for his orders. "Form a perimeter! Keep them contained. The rest of you..." he pointed to a batch of warriors behind him "Take the women and the children to safety. Find a way to get into the safe house."

The warriors scrambled into action their movements swift and practised as they formed a protective circle... but the Feral Wolves leapt over them as if they were crossing a puddle of muddy rainwater and marched through the crowd, ignoring the people cowering and screaming

with fear

They were not attacking anybody.

That was when I knew...

"They're here for me. I whispered.

Finally!