

Fated out Chapter 135

135 The Moon Goddess is playing favourites...

Ramsey

1 sat near the centre of the White Moon Council meeting hall, my body was present, but my mind. **ŴŴ**^(w).**ř**ó**V**^(e)**l****wor****M**.**c****O**m

kept drifting.

The hall was filled with tension and uncase. Alphas, Lycan and Elders filled up the hall, their voices echoing loudly as every attempt at a normal conversation with them kept turning into full-blown arguments.

Not only that, I could sense the tension seeping out of everyone in the hall except Nathan who sat there motionless not saying or doing anything. In the last few days, we've recorded Feral attacks in almost all the packs in the Southern and Eastern regions.

Our warriors were tired, the people lived in fear... everyone was agitated but my mind was elsewhere – on Lyla. It's been a week and a few days since we pulled her out of the White Lake and she's been unconscious. Images of her, pale and motionless filled my thoughts. Despite all the attempts by the High Priestess, she was still trapped in her sleep.

I sat at the head of the table; my fingers interlocked as I tried to maintain an air of authority. Clearing my throat, I tried to call on the attention of everyone in the hall.

"I know there's fear in the people that's why I've gathered us here today because we need to..."

"Even coming here is dangerous. Lycan Leader, One of the Alphas in the region sighed. "The road is littered these days with a lot of Feral attacks. There are so many means we could hold our meetings starting from this moment without leaving our packs."

"I understand," I nodded sighing "But we can't keep hiding in our packs, doing the same thing we've been doing all the time. First, I've invited the Alpha of the Golden Gates Pack to speak to us by the recommendation of the High Priestess. There is a reason why Golden Gates Pack is yet to experience any attack." ^(v)**ww.nov@LwcrM.com**

"They have a lot of Sigma wolves there coupled plus the Moon Temple present in the pack. The Moon Goddess is playing favourites now, how cliché, Alpha Calder scoffed.

"Far from it," a burly Alpha with long hair suddenly spoke, his voice filling the hall with warmth. "That's because we've been training for this all our life. Every child born in Golden Gates is trained to defend themselves against Feral attacks. We simply put this into practice without going through the hassle of depending on our warriors." **www.nOvêŁuróŘm.c.©**

"Well, isn't it too late for us to start teaching our Pack? One Alpha hissed. "We cannot continue to lose packs to these Ferals attacks!" he thundered, slamming his fists on the tables. "Two smaller packs were destroyed by their attack three nights ago. They're spreading, moving away from the packs by the borders of the sea and are moving closer to our core lands. If there's anything you know, perhaps sharing it with us would do us good."

"Even Alpha Renwick had to be absent today. His pack was attacked and he's in the middle of a crisis. Aside from that, the people can no longer go for hunts. I don't know how much longer we can take this. Another Alpha cited.

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they're stuck in between two worlds. They do not have policies, no training, no teachings. The only thing they can do so well is to learn patterns."

"What do you mean?" Nathan asked for the first time. His face was gaunt and he looked like he hadn't had any sleep for a month.

"They learn your fighting pattern and store it. They learn how your warriors fight, by the time you attack them once or twice or thrice, they've mastered everything you're most likely to do and would attack first"

There was a stunned silence in the hall and almost at once, all the Alphas began to speak at the same time.

My jaw tightened as I fought hard to focus. The din of the hall grated on my nerves. I wish they would all stop talking already. I stood up abruptly, slamming my palm onto the table.

"Enough!" I barked.

The room fell silent, all eyes turning to me.

"Arguing won't solve anything, I said firmly, allowing my gaze to sweep over everyone present. "We're here to find solutions, not to argue or point fingers. The Ferals are our common enemy. If we can't work together, come up with strategies, we'll all fall one by one."

A murmur passed through the room, but no one said anything.

Elder Mira shifted in her seat and leaned forward. "How can we trust our strategies? It's hard to focus on finding solutions when the Moonsinger who should be helping up is lying unconscious. So, it's normal for everyone to be worried."

"Worry will get us nowhere, Elder Mira, The Alpha from Golden Gates pack sighted. "We have to stop fighting the Ferals instead we must protect what is left of our land, defend ourselves by staying away. Fighting the Ferals without the Moonsinger will only worsen their thirst for blood. When they know there is no restriction, they become more vicious."

"I think you're right!" Nathan nodded agreeing with him. "While the Moonsinger was still in our pack, all the times we had a Feral attack, they seemed to be growing more docile and wearier with each attack. The first time they were vicious, the second time, they were scared and just kept circling at our borders without approaching and the third time, they ran away by the time our warriors approached them. That was why we sent a few reinforcements to other packs."

"Yeah, the Golden Gates Alpha nodded. "All the Alphas of our packs have taught us from time to never fight a Feral without a Moonsinger. We have to wait until she comes to us. For now, we should be more focused on defending our lands and that's by allowing the priestesses to make protection barriers at our borders and also make available ingredients that are averse to both Trinax and Ferals. For instance, a Trinax cannot stand salt and Ferals are led solely by them."

"But for how long would we do this?" My grandfather asked.

"For as long as the Moonsinger comes to us. Her presence and aura would minimize causalities that come from each attack and all the warriors just need to follow her guide and we'll be fine."

There was a slight pause before most of the Alphas began to nod in agreement. I could tell they were not comfortable with the solution but we had no choice. We would take anything at this

"All we'll need is every pack should send a small security team to help pick up the priestess from the Moon Temple and return them when they're done. Each of the protective barriers can hold up for two weeks but not more than three weeks. At that time, you should be training every member of your pack on how to survive the best during an attack"

The meeting dragged on for a few more hours as the Alpha from the Golden Gates Pack continued to give tips used by his pack to avoid and survive during a Feral attack. Finally the meeting ended and the hall gradually emptied.

Nathan who has remained almost invisible throughout the meeting, finally spoke as the last person left the hall.

"I need to see Lyla," he said quietly. "Now!" **wuwŴ.n@V.sŁWor.m.coM**

I turned to him, stifling a sigh. "I told you that she's not in the state to receive visitors, I said carefully.

His eyes locked onto mine. "I didn't ask for your permission, Ramsey, I'm telling you – I'm going to see her. I want her moved home. I'm not comfortable that she's holed up in this region, let me at least take her home"

"It's not that simple, Nathan. She's still at White Lake Pack because moving her far away from her energy point would put her life at risk. A lot happened that day and..."

"I DON'T CARE!" he yelled. "She's my woman. You don't decide what happens to her

My chest tightened but before I could respond, the door of the council hall opened and the High Priestess entered the room.

"I'm glad, I caught both of you together. Is the meeting over?" she asked, her gaze flickering between both of us. "I will need both of you to set aside your differences. Lyla needs us all.

Nathan stepped away from me. "I just want to see her. You've been keeping her away from me for too long and I'm tired of staying here and doing nothing. Please..."

"Yeah, the priestess nodded "That's why one of you would help to wake her up:

"What do you mean?" Lasked.

"I noticed she has been trying to come back to this world for a few days now. She's been channelling her energy, of course, there's still a blockade but yesterday, there was a white hallow around her for nearly two hours. It's either the Dark One is teaching or forcing her to use her powers or she's trying to use them to come back to this world."

"What can I do?" Nathan asked immediately.

"Her heat would come in a few hours from now and I'll need someone that has close ties with her to try to pull her out. Miriam is not doing well emotionally but that's all alright. All you need to do is get into her head and try to guide her to leave. It's not as simple as it sounds and it's dangerous. So..."

"I'll do it!" Nathan didn't wait for her to finish,