

Fated out Chapter 100

100 Lavender and rain...

Ramsey

The moment I saw Lyla standing at the entrance of the funeral hall that morning, it had taken every ounce of self-control not to reach for her and for once... I was grateful for the bourgeois nature of the ceremonial Lycan Leader attire I was wearing as it helped to cover my erection.

The frightened, wide-eyed girl from four years ago had transformed into a woman with perky but full presses that were outlined on the mourning dress she had on. Her once narrow hips had widened, framing a perfect butt, that made me envision riding her from back and slapping those cheeks.

And gods... her neck! Slender, graceful...reminded me of the way she had arched it; the day I had marked her in the garden. Lax, was practically howling at the sight of her, urging me to claim what was rightfully ours to hold her, kiss her and mark her as our mate once more.

But I couldn't. Not with the entire Werewolves and Lycans watching. Not with Cassidy clinging possessively to my arm like a serpent waiting to strike. I had barely registered the other guests milling about. My eyes were glued to Lyla.

Every movement, every glance, she cast toward the ground or at the visitors accepting their condolences triggered a memory in me too. This had been me, 19 years ago at White Moon Pack receiving condolences when I had lost my parents. I was 8 years old at that time. ㉔㉔ ㊦

I could see the pain behind her eyes as she smiled at each guest, making me wonder if she missed her father. The years had sharpened her beauty and had added an allure I couldn't

ignore. She was no longer the fragile Lyla I'd once known; she was a woman now... a woman I've missed terribly.

I tried to stay composed as I walked toward her, Cassidy beside me. But when she finally looked up, and our gazes locked, I felt an uncontrollable urge to reach for her, bring her closer, and erase the years that had kept us apart.

Lax was going around in wild circles now that we were close enough to her. He was clawing at my insides, demanding to break through and claim his mate. But I managed to hold her hand, nodding in her direction and thankfully, I said their first words that popped into my head before moving to her mother.

I moved away from her quickly, a minute more, I would be tearing through those layers of clothes and sticking myself deep into her.

Lax was furious and was already snarling at me, urging me to throw caution to the wind, to take Lyla in my arms.

"Not here! I reminded him. "Not with Cassidy standing beside us, her presence is a constant reminder of the complication we would face if I go out of character."

Now with her sitting next to me and our thighs rubbing... I was struggling. Holding onto the last shred of my sanity... reminding myself that everyone in this room today was looking up to me. When she went on stone. Tuatebød her ofronder. My heart twister nainfully at the eight of her

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standing there, paper in hand deciding if to perform her duties as her father's daughter or let go completely.

"My father..." She started, her voice trembling with emotion. I could see how difficult this was for her- trying to paint a perfect picture of her father when the only memories she had were filled with rejection and isolation. Ww

I'd learned the truth about her through Lenny. How they had deserted her and treated her like an outcast. Learnt about all the whispers, the sideways glances, the barely concealed disgust – all because she was different. Because she hadn't shifted. Because she wasn't what they expected her to be.

When she could no longer pretend and fled the hall, I instinctively rose to my feet to go after her but before I could rise properly, Cassidy's hand rested on my arm, pulling me back to the chair with surprising strength with her perfectly manicured nails digging into my flesh.

"Where do you think you're going?" she hissed, loud enough for only me to hear.

I didn't bother replying, my eyes were fixed in the direction I had seen Lyla run to.

"Don't tell me you were actually going to chase after that deviant if I hadn't stopped you?" She asked with disbelief in her voice. "Have you forgotten where you are? Who you are? Your position as the Lycan Leader... all the people here are your subjects... is this the way you want to show yourself to them?"

"I'm sure my people would understand that I just as ordinary as they are. I only want to talk to her, I replied.

"Why?" she fired "I won't let you do this to me, Ramsey. If you move an inch from your seat, I will..."

I didn't wait to hear the rest. I wrenched my arm from her grip and rose to my feet. Lax leading me now. He was tired of pretending to be fine. He needed his mate.

As 1 strode out of the hall, I ignored the whisperes from the people that followed in my wake. Nathan had taken control of the stage and was saying few words about Alpha Logan and I could feel Cassidy's furious gaze boring into my back. Let her watch, I didn't care.

Four years of separation had done nothing to diminish the bond I still felt for her. If anything, seeing her again only strengthened it, pulling me tighter to her than ever. The note I had slipped into her hand carlier suddenly felt like it would do nothing to convey my feelings – there were so many things I needed to tell h

With each step, Lax's agitation grew as memories of the first time I met Lyla pushed into my mind. The way she had managed a smile at me, the way her eyes had lit up when she laughter, the feel of her in my arms and the taste of her kiss.

1 finally came out of the hall and immediately caught her scent – lavender and rain... only Lyla had that scent.