

Fated out Chapter 101

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Ramsey

I followed her scent and found her by a small secluded bench under the tall, arching trees, a distance away from the funeral hall.

She sat alone, her shoulders hunched with her face buried in her hands as she cried silently. I stood there for a second, staring at her hopelessly. I didn't know if it was wise to console her or to give her space.

Deciding I needed to give her space, I took a step backwards trying to walk as stealthy as I could so I won't startle her but suddenly, she looked up. The moment she saw me, she rose to her feet, brushing away her tears and straightening her dress.

She didn't say a word, but the guarded look on her face said enough. She began to walk away but I chased after her, stepping into her path.

"Lyla... Wait! Please, don't go."

She let out a bitter laugh. "Why? Are you here to gloat? To remind me that I don't fit in too or is it to arrest me and keep me locked up? What is it you want this time around, Ramsey?"

My mind flipped with fear at her insinuations. For a moment, I felt so bad. But I tried not to show it. "I saw you leave the hall... are you alright?"

"Yes!" she said tersely. "Is there no reason I shouldn't be?"

"Of course not!" I shook my head. "It's just that, today is your father's funeral and as someone who has lost his parents, I know how overwhelming this can be and..."

"It's not overwhelming for me, Ramsey," she stopped me mid-sentence. "I'm not crying because I miss my father. I actually don't. I'm crying because I am so angry. I had to listen to everyone come up that stage with fake smiles on their faces painting a picture of my father that I don't know of. That's why I cried."

It was my turn to be surprised.

"Oh..." I nodded. "Erm... surpising, honestly. I didn't expect that. I thought you w

"What do you want, Ramsey?" she cut me short again, staring at me coldly. "Why are you here and if it's because of your message through your Beta... forget about it. There's nothing left to say between us.

This wasn't going as I had anticipated. Taking a deep breath, I let my eyes search hers. "There's something I need to give you, I said reaching into my pocket.

I pulled out a small, emerald chain, its delicate links glinting faintly in the sunlight. A simple charm dangled from it a tiny, roughly made crescent moon. "Your father...he gave this to me before he.. before he passed, I cleared my throat. "He asked me to make sure you got it." Her gaze flickered to the chain, her expression softening slightly as she recognised it. She reached out, hesitating before her fingers brushed the old charm. "I made this for him... when I

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was little... maybe 5 or 6," she murmured, looking up at me. "It's old, I didn't think he would still *Www.Novelworld.com*

have it."

"Well, he held onto it all these years," I said quietly. "While we waited for help and I held him... Even... even in his last moments, he remembered it, remembered you. I know you had a rocky relationship with your dad but he loved you, Lyla. More than you know. He was the only person he asked of you when he was dying."

She stared at me for a few seconds before she looked away and snorted. "So? What is this piece of information supposed to do? Format the years of constant maltreatment from him just because of some stupid neck chain and a charm I got from a cookie box? I don't know, Ramsey.. my father had either grown senile at the time of his death or you're just really ignorant about how loving my family had been; supposedly."

"How can your words be so careless?" I stared at her with shock. "You cannot seriously not miss your dad?"

"I don't..." she shrugged. "Why is it surprising to you? Anyways, thank you for spending his dying minutes with him, she snatched the necklace from me pocketing it. "It's a relief to know he didn't spend it alone. I should go....

"I miss you." the words left my lips before I could stop them. She paused and turned to face me, arching her brows at me. "gods! Lyla... I miss you so much that it hurts."

She raised her hand, stopping me from speaking further. "Don't, Ramsey. The only reason why I'm still here having this conversation with you is because there's nowhere else to go but don't test my patience. You won't like the outcome."

She turned to leave again.

"I mean it, Lyla, Unable to resist any longer, I stepped forward, wrapping my arms around her from behind. I felt her stiffen but I didn't let go. "Four years, I whispered against her hair. "Four years and not a single day passed that I didn't think about you."

"Ramsey..." her voice wavered.

"Just hear me out, Lyla... let me speak, just this once." My arms tightened slightly. "I know I hurt you, I know I let you down when you needed me the most. But rejecting you.... it was the biggest mistake of my life."

Her hands came up to grip my forearms, but whether to push me away or hold me closer, I couldn't tell. "Thank you for your kind words but I don't care. Now, will you let me go or..." She lifted her hand, revealing a small spray can that she pointed at my face. "This is wolfsbane spray... just in a little concentration. It will not kill you but you'd wish it does. Choose... Surprised, my hold loosened and she wiggled out of it, and then turned to face me. "I saw the Just in your eyes when you first arrived at the Funeral hall and even right now, I can tell there's an erection hidden under that layer of thick clothes..."

My ears reddened with embarrassment. "It's It's not what you think. I was just reacting to..."

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"I know you want to sleep with me so badly, she continued without letting me speak. "That's why you've been so eader in se me Vou want to have me one more ti

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to fuck your ex-mate?"

"Lyla!" my eyes widened at her choice of words and the carefree way she seemed to be using them.

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"I don't know if you expected me to fall over you and welcome you with open arms but Ramsey... listen to me carefully... we will never get back together. I bate you so much... I hate you more for what you did to my friend, Nathan, I hate you for how you enslaved my dad all because of your doggedness to find me... not that it makes any different now that he's dead but my sister seems to think it was my fault..."

"That's not what happened..." I tried again but she ingored me.

"The years didn't change anything for me and nothing has changed between us. You're still the Lycan Leader and I'm still the defiant who can't shift."

"But I have changed, I took a step toward her. "I'm not the same weak Ramsey who let others dictate his choices. I'm not letting you go again."

"Are you ready to break off your engagement with Cassidy?" she asked, staring pointedly at me. "C'mon, Lyla..." I sighed, "It's not that easy. It'll take a while... yes but... we can work on it and with you by my side...."

"I'll make it simple for you," she interrupted me again. "Break up your engagement to Cassidy Thorne, seek Nathan's forgiveness for what you did and mine too. Then maybe, I'll give you an audience but if you cannot... then this si the last time we'd be meeting in public and if you try to force me..."

Lax snarled within me... gaining control of my senses for a minute... before I could rein him in... I had crossed the distance between me and Lyla and lowered my head, capturing her lips.