

## Fated out Chapter 102

102 Kiss and make up...

Ramsey POV

Lax stirred within me, overpowering all my reasoning, filling every inch of my being with the primal need to be with his mate.

And before I knew it, I was closing the distance between me and Lyla, reaching up to cup her cheek as I drew her closer.

Her eyes widened when she saw me approach – it was as if she knew what would happen at that moment.

“Ramsey, wait – the words barely left her lips before my mouth crashed against her. Hungry. desperate for a kiss.

The kiss ignited years of suppressed longing that exploded into an intense wave of hunger. Years of trying to be with several women, hoping that with each one, I would feel the way I had felt the first time with Lyla. But none of them could measure up... none of those feelings could compete with the sweetness that coursed through my body right now.

I groaned, gathering her in my arms, pressing her tightly against me as I surrendered to the passion. Lax growled approvingly – he was sharing me with her now – urging me on, thrilled by the closeness of our mate. Every touch, every movement felt like I was being pulled deeper into pleasure so sweet that I hadn't allowed myself to feel it in so long.

I groaned as her lips parted, allowing me to explore the sweetness of her mouth. I suckled on her lower lips and got rewarded with an approving growl from her.

Did she miss me as much as I did her?

I had no time to think of that because her hands went around my neck, opening up herself to me, pressing those supple melons against my chest. I let my hand run down the small of her back and then lower down. I grabbed her butt cheeks squeezing them at the same time.

She moaned against my mouth, instinctively grounding on the length of my arousal that was pressing warmly on her thigh. I wanted her... It didn't matter if this wasn't the right place or

time... I wanted her.

With one hand trained on her butt, I pulled away from the kissing, lowering my lips to her neck, showering wet kisses as she arched. I found where my mark had once been and swirled my tongue around it... getting rewarded with another appreciative moan.

My free hand, cupped her breast, rubbing the already engorged nipples through the flimsy material of the mourning dress she had on. She threw her head backwards and groaned, then without warning, snaked her right leg around me, letting me feel the heat and smell of her arousal.

Nothing else mattered. The world vanished – Cassidy, my grandfather, the ever-watchful eyes of the White Moon Pack Elders, the judgmental gazes of the Southern Werewolf Alphas... Nathan's glare – it all disappeared. All that mattered was Lyla, the feel of her in my arms, the taste of her

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“So, this is what it's like,” I thought quietly, marvelling at the overwhelming feeling of rightness. It felt electric, consuming as if this kiss was mending every fracture in my soul.

Her hands caressed my chest, stopping to rub at my nipples already peeking out from the layers of my ceremonial attire. Then without warning, she moved down to my groin and grabbed my aching hardness.

I muttered something inexplicable, pushing myself into her. Loving the way, she ran her hand up and down my length.

“Fuck me!” she suddenly whispered into my ear, trying to reach for my zipper buried in the layers of my clothes.

Just as she reached for the belt a strong grip yanked me back, tearing me away from her. Disoriented, I staggered, reeling from the loss of her warmth. I tried to lunge at her again but a rough voice filtered into my ears, it was filled with rage.

Before I could understand what was happening, where the voice was coming from, a blow landed squarely on my jaw, sending me stumbling.

Blinking, I looked up, bewildered, only to see Nathan standing in front of me, fury written boldly on his face.

“What the hell do you think you're doing, Ramsey?” he growled, his eyes flashing.

And without another word, he lunged towards me again, fist raised. I had opened my mouth to explain to him but the next moment, I saw his blow coming towards me again. My reflexes came alive and I took a step to the side, dodging the blow.

I raised my hands, attempting to calm him down. “Nathan, wait! It's not what you think, I tried to say, still dazed from everything. But Nathan was not listening.

His eyes narrowed, with hatred as he swung at me again. I barely dodged the third time. At this point, trying to talk him out of it was as good as me trying to talk to a rock. He was beyond.

reason.

Unable to hold back any longer, I deflected his next swing and retaliated, allowing my fist to connect with Nathan's jaw. Lax snarled within me, feeding off the adrenaline as we clashed. In the next few minutes, both of us – good fighters from what I realized, landed blows at each other. I was getting pissed by the interruption while still wondering why he was fighting me. Our grunts and fists filled the air, each of us trying to gain the upper hand. I didn't know that our scuffle had attracted some of the people in the funeral hall. We continued fighting. ©

My knuckles stung as I blocked another jab from him, the strain almost making me lose my footing. This wasn't how I'd wanted this day to go – I had come here intending to pay my final respects to Alpha Logan, not to engage in a fight with a werewolf.

Suddenly, I noticed the small crowd. I could see the shock on their faces, the disbelief but no one seemed willing to try to break I and Nathan apart until Lyla's voice rang out.

“Stop! Both of you, stop it!”

Both of us stoned immediately – willing fiste nolueel mid–air panting an

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Lyla standing a few feet away. Her expression was a mixture of hurt and exasperation as she came towards us, her gaze flickering from one person to the other.

“Enough. Both of you,” her gaze rested on Nathan. “This is neither the time nor place for your little boy's squabble. Nathan... I expected better from you and you, Ramsey...” she turned to look. at me, disappointment coating her features. “You've disgraced yourself immensely before your people. How will you face them now?”

“I don't have any regrets, I said triumphantly, allowing my gaze to settle on Nathan who had a small cut at the corner of his eyes. “I'll do anything just to be with you.”

Just then, Beta Jeremy, Nathan's father arrived on the scene. He rushed towards us immediately, reading the situation without asking and immediately understood then he went back to the small crowd.

“Have you no respect for the dead? How can you call yourself noblemen when you're here. watching two people fool around? Get back inside, all of you, now!”

Jeremy Tanner was just a Beta but the authoritative tone was enough to send every Alpha present in the crowd, scrambling back to the funeral hall. Perhaps, this was how his son had inherited the fearlessness he always flexed in my face.

Once the crowd had dispersed, Lyla turned to him. “Please, Beta Jeremy. Could you take Nathan back inside?”

“And what of you?” Nathan asked, his eyes flashing with fury again. “He was forcing himself on you, Lyla. I saw him reach out to you. You shouldn't be within an inch next to him.”

“And you shouldn't have responded that way, Nathan., go with your father and get treated first.”

Nathan scoffed, shrugging out of his father's hands as he glared at me, then at Lyla before walking away. We watched as both father and son left. Then without looking at me, she reached out and grasped my hand firmly and began to lead me deeper into the garden.

“Come with me, was all she said.