

## Fated out Chapter 104

104 A man's tool...

Lyla

My eyes simmered with tears as I walked away from Ramsey.

The moment he touched my body I was reminded of the first day I had been with him. It wasn't the most tender of lovemaking but up until now, I still craved to be wanted like that. The pure lust, the ecstasy on his face when he had pushed against me... and truly, I wanted him.

Just his body... nothing else. Though there had been a certain longing that tangled with my emotion, I didn't want to dwell on it or think about it, so I pushed it down and made my way to one of the rooms adjoining the funeral hall.

There, I found Nathan

Cing restlessly, his brow furrowed with anger mixed with concern.

As soon as I entered, he stopped in his tracks and turned to face me, his jaw clenched. His eyes filled with worry and something else. He walked up to me our gaze locked onto each other.

"Do I mean so little to you, Lyla?" he asked, his voice filled with frustration and hurt. "Are you so tied to him that you cannot see he's only trying to manipulate you for his selfish heart like he did before? Can't you..."

gain, break your

I held up my hand silencing him. "Take a breather, Nathan," I sighed softly. "If this is about me going off with him, I had my reasons. Ramsey and I have a history one that warrants a conversation. So, I needed to speak with him to let him know that he shouldn't harbour any hope of us getting back together. Not now, not ever."

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"Oh!" relief flashed in Nathan's eyes as he came towards me, the tension on his shoulders ebbing away. He opened his arms and I didn't hesitate, stepping into them as he wrapped me in a hug.

I gave him a gentle squeeze before pulling back, a warm smile on my face. "Why did you act that way, Nath? It felt like you were going to kill him."

He hesitated, lowering his gaze. "... I saw him kissing you – like reaching out to you for a kiss and I thought he was forcing himself on you. I couldn't just stand by and let that happen."

I shook my head biting my lip, looking down for a moment before meeting his eyes. "At first... it I was like that. But then..." I paused, feeling a faint blush creeping across my cheeks. T-

well, I began to enjoy it. I got carried away for a moment, I chuckled. "But the truth is, I've been celibate for a while and my body reacted to him."

Nathan's eyes darkened slightly and I could tell he wasn't happy with my statement. "I see," he finally said looking away.

I stepped closer to him, reaching up to run my fingers gently along the shallow part of his cheek. "Nath, I know you're worried about me and I appreciate you always looking out for me... I really do. But you need to understand that I'm not the same Lyla I was before. I am stronger now and I can handle people like Ramsey. I promise."

"I know," he murmured. "I just... I worry about you. You've been through so much at his hands

and I may have overreacted. Not just that., I..." he broke off, shaking his head slightly.

"You're a good friend, Nathan," I offered him a small smile. "But you should really stop working yourself over anything now, I promise. I am in control of my choices and I alone should bear the consequences if I make bad ones"

"I'm not your friend, Lyla..." I heard him murmur but he didn't say anything else so I let it go. "And you deserve so much better, more than he can ever g

give you.

My heart ached at his sincere words. He reached up to touch my face, brushing against a

a strand of hair that had come loose. His thumb grazed my cheek gently with a warm and comforting touch.

"Thank you, Nath..." I whispered.

We stood there in comfortable silence for a moment until my eyes drifted to the small scratch near his cheekbones. I raised my hand to his face, allowing my fingers to brush lightly against the red mark left from his fight with Ramsey.

"You didn't have to fight him, you know," I murmured, using my thumb to gently trace the scratch as I reached for my handkerchief to dab it clean. "You're not his enemy."

He held my gaze, a wryly smile playing on his lips. "I became one from the first day he made you cry. No one has the right to do that to you. The way he said it made my heart skip a beat. "Hold still, I said softly, dabbing at the scratch as carefully as I could, though the tenderness in his gaze was making me suddenly uncomfortable. He has never looked at me like that.

He chuckled, wincing slightly as I applied a bit more pressure than intended. "I think I'd rather take a hit from Ramsey than sit still while you play healer."

I rolled my eyes, unable to stop myself from laughing. "Didn't I tell you to go to the healers to get it treated? Besides, for someone so tough, you're surprisingly sensitive to a little cleaning."

He grid. "Only for you, Lyla"

I finished tending to the scratch and our eyes met again, a comfortable silencing filling the void in the room. Then Nathan reached out for me, his fingers gently interlacing with mine. The warmth of his hands in mine felt comforting, reminding me of his unwavering support.

"So... you don't see me as a man?" he broke the silence.

"What?" "What?" I frowned. "What are you talking about?"

"You clearly enjoyed the kiss Ramsey gave you but you didn't enjoy mine. I have a man's tool too... do you want me to show you?"

I blushed to my roots, immediately removing my hands from hs as I stepped away. "Why are you suddenly saying that? We're friends, Nath... best friends. Have you forgotten. The kiss felt like a

"A hug?" he scoffed. "Maybe I should try Ramsey's method next. I'm a man too."

"Stop with this nonsense already, I glared at him. "C'mon hurry up, we've been long gone from the Funeral hall, they'll begin to talk if we don't join them soon."