

Fated out Chapter 129

129 Lyla vs the other woman.

Ramsey

I stood at the head of the large oak table in the meeting room, scanning the map spread out before me. The Gammas of the White Mountain Region and the General from White Lake Pack stood around me, listening as I outlined my strategy.

Since the council meeting, a lot of Packs in the White Mountain Region have suffered severe Feral attacks. Unlike before when the Ferals just came and did nothing, this time around it was a full-blown attack White Hill Pack suffered twenty deaths yesterday plus a lot of injured people.

The High Priestess who had promised to send us a Priestess to help fortify our borders to keep the Ferals at bay suddenly fell ill and she was being taken care of. Over the past week, I've been shuttling between doing rounds on all the duty posts and running around for my Joining Ceremony which was coming up soon. **WwW.no t t e l w (e) R m. c O @**

Cassidy was oblivious to all the dangers the region was facing and was only concerned about looking her best for the ceremony, basically making last-minute changes to everything and trying to drag me into things that I hated.

"With the three thousand warriors from White Lake we would use them to secure the White

Moon Throne and then send our other warriors to bolster the defence along the southern borders" I said pointing to a cluster of villages near the edge of the map.

"The Ferals have been targeting these areas consistently. If we station warriors here and here, I marked two points "We can create a perimeter strong enough to repel any attacks before they reach the White Moon Throne."

The general nodded. "A solid plan, Alpha but we'll also need to reinforce the western corridor. Although there's been no history of attacks from there, this terrain gives us a natural advantage

as a severe fight breaks out and it's at a focal point bothering all the lower villages. If we Seave it exposed, all the other villages would suffer greater losses too."

I nodded. The weapons sent by Alpha Nathan, has it arrived yet?"

"Only a few arrived, Alpha but he also sent a few warriors from his pack, stating they're the only ones who can operate the weaponry. Where should we station them" another Gamma asked.

"How many are they

"About Twenty of them have arrived but in total, they're Fifty

"That stingy brat" I cursed under my breath. **w (w) W. f i o v e l (w) o r t m. c o M**

Since the attack had peaked for a few weeks now, Blue Ridge pack was the only pack that had not recorded any losses so far and it was from the weapon they were using and from Lyla's help.

kocording to the reports I received, she shouts instead of singing. She puts herself in a very dangerous situation that prompts her to shout. In the process, the Ferals are weakened and the Warriors attack them with the weapons they recently got. Not just that, the weapons without lake's hip have proven to be very effective. A strike from it can disarm a Feral.

Bad reached out to the manufacturers and was informed that they were sold out. Nathan had

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ordered all the ones they had available and extra. So, we were in line for production too. Because of the way the Ferals have been attacking lots of packs simultaneously, Nathan had agreed to send some of his warriors to us. **WwW. N O v e l w o r m. (c) o r m**

I had expected at least Five hundred, not Fifty.

Sighing, I skimmed through the map again, trying not to let my mind wander. I've successfully survived two weeks without going to Lyla. Even the training I had insisted I would come to, I tried attending one of the mornings and couldn't stand the intimacy being displayed by her and Nathan. It pissed the hell out of Lax, so I stopped going entirely.

"Remember to tell the warriors to retreat and get into the safety circle if the attack gets heated," **WwW. (n) (e) V E l w o r M. c o m**

I crooned.

The Gammas nodded.

As I continued detailing other, strategies that would be effective, the door to the meeting room slammed open with a loud bang, causing everyone to jump in alert but when we turned, it was Cassidy.

She stormed in wearing a mask of fury. Without acknowledging the people present there, she marched in and came straight to me.

"I need to speak with you. Now!"

The room fell silent as everyone exchanged uncomfortable glances. I took a deep breath, forcing myself to remain calm despite the annoyance building inside me.

"Cass," I said evenly with a strained smile. "I'm in the middle of an important meeting. Let's talk

later.

"What I have to tell you cannot wait, Ramsey," she crossed her arms defiantly. "The more you

delay, the more time goes."

"Cassidy, please..." I tried again. "Fine, I'll try to finish up in five minutes then..."

"I said it cannot wait!" she yelled "What is more important than me your Luna?"

One by one, the people present in the room filed out without waiting for me to say a word to them. I was already embarrassed. When the last person left, closing the door behind him, I turned to her, hoping I wouldn't lose my temper today.

"What is so important that cannot wait?"

call back my order asking Lyla to come to our

She stepped closer, her eyes blazing. "Why did you joining Ceremony and take up her role as my Veil lady?"

I blinked, stunned by the thing that was so important. "What?"

"You heard me, she hissed. "You said I could do anything I want, then why for fuck's sake are you denying me what I want the most. Lyla is the perfect person for my veil lady, why is that so hard for you to see? Are you trying to protect her? Do you still love her?"

"So, this is why you interrupted an important meeting about securing this region because of this? This is ridiculous, Cassidy. Look at what you've turned yourself into, obsessed with someone who doesn't care about your existence. We're getting married finally just like you've

always wanted, why are you still dragging, her into this? Are you that jealous?"

"Jealous" her voice rose. "Do you think I have time to be jealous of someone like her? She has the perfect height to be my veil lady and..."

"There are thousands of your friends who will sell an arm and leg to become your Veil lady and with the perfect height too. You should use them and stop going after Lyla. You're pissing me off. Tin tired of getting complaints that you're stalking her. I've told you several times, I already opted out of the training sessions I promised her and we've not met since the last time she was here. How else do you want me to explain this to you?"

"But you still love her?" she shouted, tears gathering in her eyes. "I see the way your features lighten at the mention of her name. I'm supposed to be your Luna, Ramsey! Yet, she's always in the picture, taking up space in your mind."

"I didn't stop loving her, Cass... I thought I made that clear enough. I cannot just unlove someone like that. Is it even possible"

Before she could respond, the door burst open again and Lenny rushed in, with an urgent expression on his face.

"Alpha," he said slightly out of breath. "We're under attack. Ferals have breached the walls of our pack and they're heading towards the Pack hospital."

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"Shit!" I muttered as adrenaline began to pump through me. "Ask all units to remain as they and let the warriors kept as extra begin to move to the Pack Hospital, this might be a trick to leave the White Moon Throne unsecured."

I didn't spare Cassidy another glance as I behind me.

Tabbed my jacket and strode out, Lenny trailing

Hours later, after we'd defeated the Ferals; driven back some and killed some, I finally made my way to the pack house, feeling weary.

As I headed toward my office, a group gathered in the main hall. Among them stood the High Priestess, regal and serene as usual and beside her was another woman, one that I couldn't stop staring at.

The woman looked vaguely familiar. Though I couldn't remember where I had seen her I was sure I had met her before. I was a hundred per cent certain.

When our gaze met, she motioned to the High Priestess we came towards me. "Alpha Ramsey, she greeted, inclining her head. "We need to be

the cleansing ritual as soon as possible. Sorry, I was down for a few days but my time is short, I need to hasten things up now."

"Has the Moonsinger been informed?" I asked.

"Yes, and she would arrive later today, I'm sure."

I nodded and kept stealing glances at the woman who remained beside the priestess. Something about her tugged at my memory. Unable to stop my curiosity, I nodded in her direction.

"Who is this?"

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help, she will help secure the borders and slow down the Feral attack"

Miriam inclined her head politely but her eyes refused to meet mine, as if she was purposely avoiding staring at me.

Suddenly, the sound of rushing footsteps broke into my thoughts. When I turned it was Lyla. She stood at the entrance of the main hall, her eyes were lit with happiness I'd never seen before and she was staring at the woman.

"Nanny!" she screamed with joy and rushed forward.

And then that was when I saw it the striking resemblance between Lyla and the woman... no wonder she had looked familiar.