

## Fated out Chapter 149

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Nathan

It was killing me.

Sitting and waiting was killing me. I barely slept a wink the entire night. Every second my eyes would dart to my phone until I ran the battery repeatedly, waiting for a return call from Lyla or Nanny.

My hoofs pounded on the wet earth as I pushed myself harder, the early morning air slicing through my lungs as I raced through the dense forest as Ragnar—my wolf. I wanted to escape the uncertainty that had taken root since I helped Lyla come back from her semi-trapped state. *wŴw.novefwór(m).côM*

I wanted to run away from the words The Dark One had whispered in my ears, with confidence brimming in his eyes as he told me he was waiting for me all along and knew I'd come.

I wanted to run away from the pressure of leading the pack. All I wanted was to lie beside Lyla and forget.

Oh! How I wanted to forget everything...

But Lyla wouldn't even take my call. It wasn't like her to ignore me and that made me worried. Was something wrong? Or worse, had Ramsey gone back on his promise?

My mind drifted to the last conversation I had with Ramsey before I left White Moon pack.

"I need to hear you say it again," I demanded coldly. "That you will not mess with her That you're going to stay with Cassidy."

anymore.

Leaning casually against the edge of a desk, a brow raised, he sighed. "I already told you, Nathan. Cassidy is my future Luna. She and I are getting officially mated as soon as these Feral threats get resolved to a good extent. And Lyla..." his voice faltered, his face hardening into a mask of indifference. "Lyla's yours. I know that much and I won't interfere."

I narrowed my eyes at him, searching his face for any sign of deceit. "You better mean it," I warned. "Because if you don't..." D

"I mean it," he cut in tersely. "You have

my word."

I slowed my pace, shifting immediately back to my human form, chest heaving, hands on my knees. I leaned against a nearby tree, sweat dripping down my bare torso as I stared at the surrounding forest. The flashback left a bitter taste in my mouth. I hated how much I still doubted Ramsey, and my unease wouldn't let me rest.

"If I don't hear from them by the end of today," I muttered to myself, wiping the sweat from my brow. "I'm going to White Moon Pack."

I wouldn't sit idly by while this uncertainty gnawed at me. Not when Lyla could be in danger—or worse, being seduced by Ramsey again. *Ŵw.NóEfworm.©om*

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The decision felt like a relief to my growing frustration. Straightening, I slipped on my T-shirt I had discarded before I went running and was preparing to head back when a loud, piercing cry filled the forest.

The cries were raw and filled with anguish that sent a shiver down my spine. I froze, straining my ears as I tried to locate the direction of the sound. A few seconds later, the cry came again. This time, it sounded more urgent than it did the first time.

I tensed, as Ragnar hovered on the surface, waiting to strike. Whatever it was, it could either be a trap or someone was really in distress. I kept my mind link open, ready to call for backup if need be before quietly creeping towards the sound.

The cries grew louder, more desperate, and I hastened along, still trying to be as stealthy as possible. Finally, I arrived at a small clearing filled with shrubs and a small stream and stopped.

Lying beside the stream, her legs inside the flowing stream, was Clarissa—Lyla's younger sister. She was nearly naked. Her body was trembling as she writhed in pain. Her dark hair was matted with leaves; her skin was scratched and bruised.

But that wasn't all.

She held her twisted right ankle; pain contorted her face, and she cried out again in agony.

Instantly, I let Ragnar settle before I crept closer to her, looking around for signs that this wasn't a trap.

"Clarissa?" I called out.

Her head snapped up as she turned in my direction. As soon as she saw me, her hands left her ankle and covered her exposed breasts. Tears were streaming down her face as she started crying again.

"Nathan... thank God, it's only you. I thought I was going to die." She wailed louder.

"Die?" I still kept my distance as my eyes hovered all over her body, looking for our secret pack mark.

Most people think the Pack mark on the left wrist is the only symbol used to mark a wolf but there was another hidden symbol located either at the neck, feet or upper back that is known only to Alphas and Betas and it was so invisible that if you didn't know it was a mark, you'd dismiss it as nothing.

That was one way we could tell shapeshifters apart.

My eyes landed on the mark near the nape of her neck, and I sighed in relief. I reached her in two strides, taking off my shirt and pulling it over her head, covering up her body.

"What happened?" I asked kneeling beside her.

Her hand returned to her ankle, clutching it tighter, as she gasped for breath. "I went... I went out for a run and then...I tripped and fell. That must have been it. I felt nothing at first, so I didn't bother. It was when I wanted to rest and wash my face. I just felt an unnatural movement through my body. My legs gave way and then this," she pointed at her ankle.

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She nodded weakly, biting her lip to stifle another cry as I carefully examined her ankle. The swelling was severe, and the skin around it was already darkening with bruises. She must have twisted it badly in her wolf form, possibly fractured it. My gaze swept over her, nothing the scrapes and cuts on her arms and legs.

"I thought there was an order prohibiting anyone from running in this forest," I tried to sound as gentle as possible. "What if there was a Feral or worse? How would you have defended yourself in this state?"

"I—I just wanted to clear my head," she stammered, her voice trembling. "Almost everyone from the pack follows the other trail we created. I just wanted to enjoy solitude for today. I didn't mean to..." The rest of the words dissolved into a sob and she shook her head, tears spilling freely down her cheeks.

"I'm sorry for being so clumsy."

"Okay, okay," I interrupted softly, my hand resting on her shoulders to calm her. "Don't worry about that now. We need to get you back and get this ankle looked at, but before that, I need to see if there's something I can do. Can you shift back to your wolf form?"

She nodded and, in a few minutes, a pale brown alpha wolf lay in front of me. I gently lifted her hind leg, examining the injury. In her wolf form, it'll be easier to snap it back into place and create a cast of some sort. It could also save her leg from developing further complications.

"Listen, Clarissa," I said gently, meeting her gaze, which held mine intently. "It's a dislocation, but I can fix it, at least. It'll stop any internal bleeding and save you from further complications. So, I'll just snap it in. You'll change into your human form and I'll make a cast for you. Can you do that?"

She whimpered in response, turning her head away as she shifted the leg to me. I took it as a sign for me to go ahead.

I finished creating the cast moments later, and Clarissa's eyes were puffy from crying. I knew she had been in a lot of pain from all the snapping I did, but now she looked more relaxed at least, and the swelling had subsided a lot.

"Good, we're ready to go." *wŴw.NóEfworm.côM*

She nodded, lowering her eyelids. "Thank you so much, Alpha Nathan. I'm sure I will heal before we reach the pack," she said.

"Are you flaunting your Alpha blood?" I teased.

She laughed. "Of course not. Thank you."

She tried to sit up, and I steadied her with a firm grip.

"Easy," I said. "Don't worry, I'll carry you." *wŴw.nó(v)(e)ŴORM.(c).om*

"But Alpha..." she protested. "It's a long way from the Packhouse. You'll tire. Don't worry, I don't feel a lot of pain now."

"You're not supposed to move the leg or put pressure on it," I murmured then, without waiting for her approval I glinned one arm under her knees and the other around her hack lifting her

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effortlessly.

She let out a small gasp, but her arms instinctively wrapped around my neck, her head resting against my shoulder. As I started toward the pack house, I couldn't help wondering if this was connected to Lyla—a sign that something was wrong.

Something was happening—I could feel it in my bones. 4