

## Fated out Chapter 150

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Nathan

We arrived at the pack house an hour later.

Clarissa had fallen asleep at some point, so I had to take her straight to the Alpha house. As soon as I walked through the gates of the Alpha house, I saw Luna Vanessa pacing the front of the house while my father hovered nearby helplessly.

"Alpha!" the guard on duty called out, announcing my presence as he bowed to me.

"Oh!" Luna Vanessa took in shaky breaths, holding her chest. She nearly fell if my father had not held her. "Is she dead?"

"Of course not!" I chuckled. "She twisted her ankle, but she's fine now. She even slept off. Will you show me her room so I can put her down?"

Luna Vanessa nodded, gathering herself as she led the way to Clarissa's room.

I adjusted the blanket around Clarissa's shoulders, positioning her injured leg between two pillows before I moved away from her. Her breathing was steady now, the earlier pain on her face had now turned to fatigue.

I watched her a moment longer to make sure she was settled and wouldn't move her feet too much before quietly leaving her room. As I came out, I saw her mother pacing outside her room, thumping at her chest, one hand rubbing tenaciously on her baby bump.

As soon as she saw me, she reached for my hands. "Thank you so much, Nathan. I feared the worst. She left the house before dawn saying she was going for a run, but when she wasn't coming back or taking my mind link, I feared the worse."

I covered her hands with mine, giving her a assuring smile. One day, she would be my mother-in-law. I have to treat her well.

"Don't worry, Luna... she'll be fine, okay? Just have a healer look at the leg once she's woken."

"I will," she nodded, flashing me another smile filled with gratitude. Since becoming an Alpha, this was practically my first interaction with her. "Thank you again."

I nodded and watched as she entered her daughter's room—if only she treated Lyla the same way as Clarissa... a lot of things might have been avoided.

As I stepped out of the Alpha house, I saw my father waiting for me at the bottom of the steps, arms crossed and a stern expression on his face.

"Morning, Alpha," he said in a clipped tone. "What did I say about informing of your whereabouts before leaving the house? Do you think you're invincible?"

"It was just going to be a quick run, and you were sleeping. I didn't want to wake you."

"Don't give me that bullshit, Alpha Nathan," he bristled.

It was always the way he insists on calling me by my title whenever he was angry at me that

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"Before you're the Alpha, you're first my son and I ought to know when you're about to do something stupid. You clearly sealed that forest and asked no one to go there for a run because of Feral attacks and yet you break the order first. Do you think being an Alpha means not doing

things the right way?"

"All thanks to breaking that order. I saved Clarissa. Maybe it's fate."

"Fate, my ass!" he spat. "She must have seen you going there and followed suit..." he lowered his voice, his eyes darting to the door. "You know how she has always been with you. I told you severally that the girl..."

"Dad!" I cut him short, raising my hand. "That's enough. She doesn't like me in the way you think. She's what... 19, 20? We all grew up together as kids. It's normal for her to see me as her big

brother." [www.Nðvε\(1\)@OrM.com](#)

My father glared at me, clucking his tongue as he shook his head.

"If I hadn't been there when you were born, I would have thought you were switched at the hospital, or worse, that you fell on your head. She's been bringing you food every morning, hanging around the house every evening waiting for your return and you think she's doing this because she thinks you're her big brother?"

I sighed. "Fine, how does that concern what happened this morning? I'm sure if I ignore her, she'll stop eventually."

"The point is, you must try to stop putting yourself in danger. You don't know who's watching you. Teenagers, whenever they have a crush, they lose their reason. I will not be responsible for

another misfortune. So, no more runs in that forest? Is that clear?"

I rolled my eyes. "Yes, Alpha Jeremy. Any other thing?"

He smacked my head. "I'm still your father. Respect me!"

"Okay, Dad. Sorry, Dad." I said teasingly, moving away from his hand before he could hit me again.

We walked out of the Alpha house and started towards the pack office building.

"First item on your schedule for today is the Beta selection interview/meeting. You've postponed the Beta selection interview twice already, and the council expects your decision this week. We need to get our reports in and do other important things."

I groaned. "We're still talking about this? I thought we agreed that you'd stay on as my Beta until [@VW.no@e\(1\)w@Rm.čđn](#)

the Feral situation is under control."

My father raised an eyebrow, shooting me a glare. "That was the plan, yes. But I'm tired, Nathan. Tired of wearing two hats and unable to treat you like my son. Being your Beta is constraining me from disciplining you. Do you know how frustrating it was to juggle this role and deal with you vanishing for two days without notice?"

The accusation hung in the air, and I couldn't help but chuckle.

I scratched the back of my neck, guilt creeping in. "Are we still on to that?" I mumbled. "I told you after the meeting, I stayed an extra two days at White Moon Pack because of Lyla. Thanks to

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me, she came out of the coma. We already talked about this." [www.NoVeL@or@c\(ø\)M](#)

He scoffed. "You do what you want because you think I'll always be here to clean up after you. Well, let me tell you something, Nathan: my patience is running out. The chances of me ending up in the dungeon for beating you—The Alpha of Blue Ridge pack are higher than me being kil by a Feral."