

Fated out Chapter 151

151 You will not marry, Lyla.

Nathan D

I chuckled, unable to suppress my amusement. “Dad, you’re so dramatic. I didn’t know you had this side to you.”

“Laugh all you want,” he shot back, though his lips twitched for a second. “But you need to choose a Beta. So that by the time you return from one of your escapades and you see your pack in shambles, it’ll teach you a lesson.”

“Fine, fine,” I nodded. “But you know it’s up to Ragnar,” I said, referencing my wolf. “So far, he doesn’t agree with all the candidates we’ve had. It’s not my fault.”

My father muttered something under his breath but let the matter drop since we were already in front of the pack office building. When we got to my office, my father wasted no time in handing me a stack of files that required urgent attention.

For the next few hours, I worked through the documents, signing and approving where necessary. While he stood nearby, occasionally explaining key points.

The complexity of the paperwork was a stark contrast to the adrenaline-filled moments I usually preferred, but I knew this was part of my role as Alpha.

When I was done, my father gathered the signed files for documentation and was almost leaving the office when he paused at the door.

“Oh, I almost forgot,” he said, turning back. “Miriam called earlier.”

“Miriam?” I arched a brow without lifting my head.

“Lyla’s Nanny.”

My head shot up as I rose from my seat, anxiety filling me up.

“What? Why didn’t you tell me sooner? Is Lyla, okay?”

“I forgot, I’m sorry,” he said. “But relax. Miriam said she’s fine. She has a slight fever yesterday, but she’s recovering now. They took away her phone and other distractions to ensure she rested properly. Miriam said Lyla will call you as soon as she’s strong enough.”

The quick relief I had felt from being reached out to moments ago gave way to frustration. As I began pacing the room.

“Why didn’t she take my own calls? I knew something was wrong. I could feel it. Why didn’t she tell me sooner? Instead, they leave me in suspense, wondering if she’s okay.”

“They probably knew you’d have this reaction, but don’t worry too much. I’m sure she’s fine.”

“Oh!” I sighed, running a hand through my hair as I stopped pacing.

When I looked up, I saw my father watching me with amusement and exasperation on his face. After a moment, he spoke again. His voice was quieter. “Is that how much you like her?” *www.Novels(r@.c()M*

“What?” I scoffed, offended. “Like her? Dad, I love her. How can you even ask that?”

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He gave me a contemplative stare and came forward, placing a hand on my shoulder.

“I’m not questioning your feelings, son. But you need to focus on your work. You’re the Alpha

now, and you can’t afford to be distracted. And before you get any ideas, you’re not travelling to White Moon Pack. Else, I’ll report you to the council. Understood?”

I sighed before nodding slowly. “I get it. But there’s something you should know.”

My father raised an eyebrow. “What is it?”

Although I had promised to keep our relationship under wraps for now but I felt I needed to tell my father so he would understand why I always wanted to be with her.

I took a deep breath, deciding it was time to come clean. “Well, I proposed to Lyla, and she accepted. She’s going to be my Luna.”

The silence after that announcement was deafening. My father stared at me; his face unreadable. The longer he remained quiet, the more my confidence waned.

Finally, he shook his head. “No. You can’t marry her.”

My eyes widened with shock that gave way to anger. “What? Why not?”

“Because it’s not the right choice,” he said firmly. “If you won’t take my advice for anything after this... I beg you, Nath... you must listen to me now. Just this once. Whatever feeling you have for Lyla must die. Forget about your future with her.” @

I stared at him, still trying to wrap my head around what he was saying. “Didn’t you just hear me *Www.nove()wôR@.côM*

say

I love her? What does it mean to love someone if you have no intention of spending your life with them? I love Lyla... Dad... so much and for the longest time.”

“Then you can date her for a few months or whenever. You’ll realize in time that feelings change and, who knows, your fated mate might come along.”

“I am not interested in meeting my fated mate, Dad!” my tone rose. “Aren’t you listening to what I’m saying? I love Lyla to death. Either her or no one else. I’ve repeatedly said I don’t want to meet my mate and Ragnar has accepted Lyla...he loves her. There’s no other mate for us. If you will not approve of our union...”

“THIS IS NOT ABOUT ME!” my father yelled. Realizing what he did, he exhaled, rubbing his temples before facing me again. “This isn’t about me, Nathan. There are so many things that’s at play here. I like it when you’re happy and I know she makes you happy. Anyone but Lyla.”

“Is this about what happened between you and Miriam?”

His eyes widened as he turned to stare at me. “W–what are you talking about?”

“Oh!” I scoffed. “Don’t play coy, Dad. I know Lyla’s mom is Miriam and has always been for the longest time. I also know that you once dated her. I don’t know what bad blood you have against her mom, but you cannot take it out on Lyla. She doesn’t even know a thing.”

“What happened between me and Miriam was a mistake. I never meant...”

“It’s fine, Dad. That was like three years after mom died. It’s okay to want companionship. Miriam was a single, beautiful woman... I understand if...”

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“YOU UNDERSTAND NOTHING!!!” he thundered, his chest heaving. “It is more complicated that what you think you saw or heard. You will break up with Lyla because I will not approve of your joining. If you disobey me... fine, but just know this. I will not be a party to your marriage.”

My jaw tightened; Ragnar was already stirring restlessly within me. “I need a better reason than that, Dad. She’s my mate and my future Luna. What or why would you or anyone want to stand the way of that?”

His gaze softened, but his tone remained resolute. “I can’t explain it fully, not yet. But trust me when I say this is for your own good. Let her go, Nathan. Please...” he tried to touch me but I moved away from his reach. ©

“That will be all, Beta Jeremy, I breathed. “I want to be alone.”

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