

Fated out Chapter 17

17 Finally, a rejection...

Lyla

He stiffened at first at my touch but then his arms came around me, holding me gently. His hand moved to my hair, smoothing it down as he whispered.

"You're safe now... everything is fine."

We stayed like that for what seemed like an eternity before I heard the handle of the door to the room turn. Ramsey pushed me back as if he had just touched hot coal, adjusting his shirt as the Pack healer and a few nurses

entered the room.

"Alpha!" the healer said as soon as he spotted Ramsey "No one informed me of your presence. Welcome," he said.

Ramsey cleared his throat, his gaze darting at me for a second before he took the Healer's outstretched hand. "I had to come see for myself. Thank you for doing your best and bringing her back."

The healer laughed "It wasn't me, Alpha. It was all her and the other gentleman that was here, Nathan, right? Anyway, I need to check on the patient and know how she's feeling."

The healer came to me, a smile on his face.

"Welcome back, Miss. It's a good thing you're awake. Now, your body will heal quickly. Can you tell me your name first?" he asked.

My gaze darted to Ramsey and he shook his head, an indication that I shouldn't say my name. Anything that would tie me to him, he was avoiding it. I swallowed hard and looked out of the window.

"You can just call me Miss," I said.

"Great!" He nodded "Can you tell me how you feel?"

I hesitated, trying to think of how I felt now. Aside from the dull ache in my heart from my mate thrusting me away from him like I was some dirty

secret, I felt strangely fine.

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"I'm fine, I think. A little... confused and out of touch with the timeline but I'm

fine."

"That's normal," the healer nodded. "You've been unconscious for nearly a week. You suffered a Feral attack on your back and the wound was so deep that we thought it wouldn't heal, given the fact that you have no wolf and..."

"She has a wolf!" Ramsey suddenly said, interrupting the healer. "It must have been startled by the entire attack, traumatized. Isn't it, Miss?"

Was he now resorting to lies to protect his pristine image? I was sure the healer and the nurses didn't catch us hugging. So, what was the extra layer of security?

"Yes!" I nodded, confirming his lie. "I tend to suffer from panic attacks and my wolf too does that. There are periods where she shuts down for a while and does not communicate," I added.

"Oh!" The pack healer nodded, but he didn't seem to believe it. "I'll examine

you now!"

A few minutes later, he was done with the routine checks.

"Miss, you're going to be fine. The wound will take a lot of time to heal or maybe faster if your wolf reconnects anytime now but you'll recover. So, all you need to do is just rest and don't push yourself. Your body needs it."

"Thank you!" I let out a sigh of relief.

The healer nodded again, his gaze darting to Ramsey who had been standing silently at the corner of the room before turning back to me.

"I'll leave you to rest. If you need anything, don't hesitate to call."

With that, the healer left the room, leaving behind silence between me and Ramsey.

I turned my gaze back to him, half expecting an apology for what he did but the expression I had seen on his face before – the one filled with concern had changed and was replaced by something colder and more distant.

"I came here to reject you officially, Lyla," he stated, his tone as cold and emotionless as ever.

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I blinked, certain I had misheard him. "What?"

His eyes met mine devoid of warmth. "In the beginning, I thought I could cope with having you as my mate," he continued, not bothering to repeat what he had said. "But I can't deal with this kind of weakness, Lyla. I'd be wasting our time if I decided to accept you. You've been unconscious for seven days and yet you cannot heal...there was no change. Every day was the same as before. You're too weak."

My initial surprise gave way to anger that was slowly simmering inside me.

"I just came out from death's jaw, Ramsey. Do you really think this is what I want to hear? After everything you pushed me to do? How can you be so cruel? Do you hate me that much? Surely, this is beyond me not having a wolf." @W(.)Nr(.)e()w@rm.Cóm

His expression hardened. "Maybe but you can call me a monster if it pleases you. You have no idea how much responsibility lies on my shoulders. Do you know what it means to protect our entire world...Carrying you along with me would only mean extra baggage..."

My heart shattered at his description. "You don't mean that..."

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"I do!" he said without skipping a beat. "Having you by my side – someone who can't even heal properly," he scoffed "Is an extra burden that I cannot afford. You'd be baggage, Lyla – all the things I neither want nor need."

Tears welled up in my eyes as I stared at the man – My mate before me. This would be the thousandth time I have wondered why the Moon Goddess had chosen this brute as my mate. Everything I knew about the mate bond being sacred, about it bringing strength, instant love and protection for others, clearly didn't want to work for me.

This was cruel...the height of it.

Tears shone in my eyes but I swallowed them, refusing to give in to the pain that had spread from my heart to every part of my body.

"I can't believe this," I laughed dryly. "First, you acknowledge that you wanted me as your mate but you wouldn't acknowledge me as one, at least not in front of anyone. And now, you're rejecting me because I'm not good

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enough for you?"

He didn't flinch. "Yes."

"Fine!" I spat. "Let's not waste any more time, Alpha Ramsey. Go ahead and reject me. See if I care." @

Something flickered in his eyes – regret? Pain? But it was gone so quickly I thought I must have imagined it. He pulled himself to his full height squaring his shoulder. wWw.m0PeIw@0M.c0M

"I, Ramsey Kincaid, Lycan Leader of the White Moon Throne, reject you, Lyla..." he paused, frowning. He didn't know my surname.

Some mate he was.

"Woodland," I supplied coldly.

He nodded and continued, without a flicker of emotion. "Reject you, Lyla Woodland as my mate from this day onward and forever."

I swallowed hard, fighting the pain that gnawed inside me. "I Lyla Woodland, accept your rejection."

The words had barely left my lips when pain exploded through my body. It felt as if every cell, every fibre in my body was being torn apart. His mark on my neck burned with an intensity that threatened to consume me. I bit back a scream, refusing to show weakness in front of him.

I forced myself to remain still, my eyes still locked on his face.

For a moment, he hesitated, his expression flickering with something

unreadable. But then, without another word, he turned and walked out of the room, leaving me alone.

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I stared at the door, holding my burning neck, half-expecting – half-hoping? That he would return. That he would say it had all been a mistake, a cruel joke. But the door remained shut.

A sob rose in my throat and this time, I didn't try to hold it back. I curled in on myself ignoring the protest of my healing wound and let the tears flow freely. Every dream, even the slight hope I had harboured about my future with Ramsey crumbled to dust. 2

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Why? The question echoed in my mind. Why had the Moon Goddess given me a mate only to have him reject me after giving me hope that he wanted me? Why had he waited until now, when I was at my most miserable?

As my sobs quieted, I felt a new emotion growing within me. Anger... not the fleeting rage I had felt when we had argued; it was deeper than that. How dare he treat me this way? How dare he dismiss me as weak and call me baggage?

I took a deep, shuddering breath, wincing at the pain in my back. I was injured, yes. Weakened... definitely. But I was not broken.

"I'll show you," I whispered fiercely to the empty room. "I'll become stronger than you could ever imagine, Ramsey Kincaid. And one day, you'll regret this decision." O

I pushed myself into a sitting position, ignoring my body as it screamed in protest.

I have been passive for too long, letting others – my parents, Alpha Ramsey, Marisa and her friends... dictate my life but no more.

From this moment, I would forge my path and become a force to be

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reckoned with, a woman that no one – not even the mighty Lycan Leader of the White Moon Throne – could dismiss as weak @

As the last light of day faded from my window, I made a vow to myself. I would heal, I would train and I would learn everything I could about this world I had run away from for too long.

When the time is right, I would show Ramsey Kincaid exactly what he had thrown away.

I

may have lost my mate but I had gained something else and I would rise from this...

I will grow stronger...

With or without him.