

## Fated out Chapter 27

27 A visit to Blue Ridge Pack...

Ramsey

Warning [Mature Content]

It was my turn to be surprised. "Y--You knew about that?"

"C'mon, Ramsey," Lenny scoffed "You went into the Northern forests for her, no woman can make you do that except your mate and I also know you rejected her which I think was hasty. There must be a reason for her inability to shift. She's like an Omega or a

Gamma. Her parents are Alpha blood."

"That's not true..." I stuttered.

"Don't complicate things, Alpha," he said softly "I know everything and I've been waiting for you to say something about her being your mate, but since you didn't, I thought I shouldn't bring it up, but giving the situation on how everything turned out, I had no choice. I believe that we should look into Lyla more."

"What are you driving at?" I asked staring at him strangely.

27 A visit to Blue Ridge Pack...

"Ever heard of a wolfless Alpha before? That's what doesn't add up. There must be a reason she cannot shift. I think you should talk to her parents. See if they know anything that could explain all this. Something is going on with Lyla – the Ferals didn't suddenly appear, I checked and they showed up here when she came to the White Mountain Region. Suddenly, they disappeared exactly one week after she left. You're Alpha – maybe her parents will tell you something useful."

My mind raced, connecting dots I hadn't seen before. Could there be more to Lyla met the eye?

"What do you suggest?" I asked.

"I think we should invite her parents for an official meeting. There must be some backstory. They might have information we don't," Lenny proposed.

I shook my head. "It'll draw eyebrows if they suddenly come here. I'll go to them. I'm tired of hiding my condition from my grandfather and hiding from

Cassidy too. This will give me a good excuse to leave the pack for a few days and the fresh air might do me good."

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27 A visit to Blue Ridge Pack....

Lenny nodded. "I'll make the arrangements ready immediately. You need any break you can get. You already look like hell."

As Lenny left, I paced my room, suddenly feeling invigorated. Lyla's scent had helped a lot and had made me much better than I was when I left the healer's quarters. My gaze strayed to the box that had the scarf, I crossed over to where it was and opened the box again.

Without thinking, I pressed it to my nose, inhaling the while later, I decided rich scents that filled me. A s

to go take my bath. I stripped if my clothes, but before I could reach the bathroom, there was a knock on the door.

froze my senses on high alert. It was certainly not Lenny, he never knocks. Plus, I wasn't in the mood to talk to anyone, especially not in my current state.

The knock came again, more insistent this time.

"Ramsey? It's Cassidy. I know you're in there, can we talk?" she called out from the other side.

My heart sank. Cassidy. w@w.No(v)eL(w)OrM.côM

alanced my ficta mu inur tightening in frustration

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27 A visit to Blue Ridge Pack

What did she want? Our engagement announcement was set for the end of the month. A week and three days away. Why was she here now?

Lax growled for the first time in days. "Don't open the

door, I don't want her scent on us."

My eyes flicked to the door, debating whether to answer. I knew she wouldn't leave until I did. But Lax was right. Her scent, once neutral to me, now irritated me. It was nothing like the scent I craved – Lyla's.

"Don't" Lax warned again. "She's not our mate."

"I'm busy, Cassidy," I called ou

U's talk later."

I heard a huff of frustration, followed by retreating- footsteps. I sighed and opened the bathroom door. My mind drifted back to Lyla, and a deep ache settled in my chest. What would it take for me to have her scent near me again? If only I could figure out why she couldn't shift, maybe – just maybe- we could be together without hiding.

"Lax!" I murmured, "I want her more than you can imagine. If you can figure out a way to make her shift, I won't hesitate to make her ours. I swear."

ad into the shower letting the hot water

27 A visit to Blue Ridge Pack...

cascade over my aching body. As the steam filled the room, my mind wandered to Lyla's scent and I

imagined her soft lips brushing against my skin, her body pressed close to mine as I kissed every inch of www.ôvêlwor©.©ô(n)

her.

Desire flooded through me as I let myself remember the swell of her breast, the way she had arched when she had been under me. My hand moved over to myself as I gave in to the fantasy.

My breath hitched as I stroked myself, heat pooling in

\*h me. I groaned, my gut as I imagined her her running my hand up and downy shaft, coating it with the clear liquid that had seeped out of me, imagining it was Lyla's wet juices.

I stroked harder, placing my hand on the wall for support, as I pounded into Lyla in my mind, watching her twist and turn with want. The fantasy overwhelmed me, consuming me as I felt my body reaching for my release. My pleasure reached its peak, and I growled out her name like a plea.

I wanted her, needed her in ways I couldn't fully understand. Lax howled in agreement, pushing me further into the fantasy, into the heat of our imagined

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27 A visit to Blue Ridge Pack...

connection. As the water continued to pour over me, I surrendered to my want, allowing myself to forget – if only for a moment – the unbearable pain of our separation.

Two days later

The convoy of sleek black SUVs rolled into Blue Ridge Pack territory, our arrival causing a stir among the warriors on duty.

As we approached the Blue Ride Packhouse, I felt my heart pounding with dread and

icipation. I was here to see Lyla's parents but I hoped I would see Lyla, even if it was just for a second.

Since my last conversation with Lenny, Lax had grown increasingly restless. I was getting a bit better and the potions from the pack healer seemed to be working but no amount of potions or distraction could ease the longing I felt. And now, here I was, under the pretence. of meeting her parents.

The vehicles finally came to a stop and I stepped out, flanked by Lenny and a dozen warriors we had travelled with to avoid suspicion. Waiting for us

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27 A visit to Blue Ridge Pack....

outside the pack house was Alpha Logan, his wife and his other daughter, Clarissa. She had no resemblance to Lyla.

Alpha Logan came forward with unease and dipped his head in respect.

"Lycan Leader," he greeted cautiously. "This is ... an unexpected visit. What brings you to our pack? To

what do we owe this honour?"

I had anticipated this question but now that it was time to respond, the answer sounded foolish to me. I hadn't fully planned what I would say and the reason that had made sense while on the suddenly felt lame. Was it even worth admitting that I was here for Lyla? Did I want them, to know she had once been my

mate?

"Your daughter, Lyla, where is she?" I said finally. "I've come to see her."

A flicker of surprise crossed Alpha Logan's face, followed quickly by an exchanged glance between him and his wife. Their daughter shifted uncomfortably behind them.

After a long pause, Alpha Logan spoke, his voice

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27 A visit to Blue Ridge Pack....

trembling slightly. "Lycan Leader, whatever wrong Lyla has done, we beg of you – please spare our pack." "We knew something was amiss when she returned home a few days ago, claiming you let her go but we had no idea. If she's caused any offence, we'll make amends. But please, don't hold it against us."

My brows furrowed in confusion as I raised my hand to silence Alpha Logan's pleas. Why would they think I was here to punish their daughter? And why wasn't he begging on her behalf but for the pack?

"Lyla has done nothing wrong," I

struggling to keep the emotion

sharply,

of my voice. "I'm

here because..." I trailed off, suddenly realizing I had no prepared excuse for my visit.

Lenny must have noticed I was blanked and stepped in smoothly as he often did when things became overwhelming for me. w@w.ôvêlworM.côM

"Lyla was wounded by a Feral in the Northern forests near the White Mountain Region a few days ago. The Lycan Leader is here to inquire about her well-being." "Attacked by a Feral?" Luna Vanessa spoke up, her voice trembling as her h