

Fated out Chapter 29

29 Keeping up with the Tanners

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Nathan

I trudged up the path to my house, my muscles aching from the long patrol with Alpha Logan.

I stopped halfway to reply to Lyla's text. It's been more than a week since she left and we've talked every day since then. Mostly texting and occasional video calls but I was glad she was doing well.

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I was processing my application to request a pass to the human world, once that comes through, I could go every weekend to visit her and rn before the beginning of the new week. No one would notice I ever left.

As I reached the front door of my house, a familiar scent wafted through the air, making me pause. The sweet aroma of curry stew filled my nostrils, a scent I hadn't perceived in months. My stomach rumbled in response – I would not be having pancakes for dinner again and a smile crept across my face as I rushed

inside.

"Dad?" I called out, grinning as I followed the

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tantalizing aroma to the kitchen. There, standing at

the stove with an apron tied around his waist, was 110 father – the Beta of the Blue Ridge pack–feremy Tanner and the busiest Beta've ever know.

"Dad!" I called out again, the smile on my face widening as I crossed the kitchen in two long strides and enveloped him in a tight hug

"Nath!" My father called out with a chuckle "You're back earlier than I expected I wanted to finish this before you came home. How was patrol?"

"It was fine, Dad, but I missed

You said you'll be

home by next week. What are

doing here?"

"Then should I go back?" he a: hed his brow at me, an amused glint in his eyes. "I missed you too, son, that's why I came back and I was worried you were not eating. I wasn't wrong though... there's no single food in the fridge? What have you been living on?"

He turned back to the pot, stirring it once more before placing the lid on it. "I decided to make your favourite tonight. You've been working so hard and I figured you deserved something other than pancakes"

I smiled, feeling a lump form in my throat. My father

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and I were buddies and it's surprising to me because we always clashed but since he started going on multiple missions, I began to value the little time he spent at home.

"Thank you, Dad. I promise I'll learn how to cook."

"That's a future impossible tense, Nathan but I'll be rooting for you. Go and take a bath. The food is ready."

I nodded and skipped out of the kitchen. A few minutes later, I came down, in my Pajamas with my hair slightly wet and a towel around my neck to mop up the draining water from it.

'My dad was setting the table. Ispite having one of

the cosiest and most beautiful dining areas in the pack, we seldom ate there. We preferred the small eating area in the kitchen.

"C'mon, Nathan!" My father grumbled "Why didn't you dry your hair? If it's wet, it'll break and become bristle. I can't believe a boy your age makes no effort on his

appearance."

"The hair can wait, Dad," I rolled my eyes. "I'm starving and I'm not a boy. I'm a man now."

I settled on one of the chairs in the kitchen ignoring

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dad who came up behind me and started drying off my wet hair using the towel around my neck. After another few minutes of complaining about not taking myself seriously, dinner was finally served.

I took a bite and closed my eyes in bliss savoring the

taste.

"How is it?" my dad asked

"It tastes and smells amazing as usual. Thank you, dad!"

He huffed "I've always been a good cook. Would have ended up owning one of the finest restaurants in the

ities." Eastern region if not for my Be

"You should consider that as a retirement plan!" I teased "That's if you don't bring a woman home before then."

He laughed. "Why are you forcing me to date, Nathan? If anything,... I should be asking you... why don't you have a girlfriend? Don't tell me you're still a virgin. I lost my virginity when I was 14," he retorted.

"That's not what everyone says but..." I shrugged my shoulders dramatically "I believe you."

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We shared another round of laughter and continued eating. Halfway, I looked up at him again.

"I thought the diplomatic mission to the Southern packs would span until three months. It's not even two

months yet?" I asked.

"I wrapped things up early." He responded, filling up my empty glass of wine. "To say the truth, those Southern

Packs are the easiest bunch I've ever worked with. I've

never signed treaties and collations so fast as I did with them. They made my work easier and their women..." he winked at me.

"Ohhhh..." I laughed "I was begi

g to wonder why you were suddenly glowing. That explains things."

"So tell me," my father finally finished his food. "What's been going on while I've been away? But before that... how was your program abroad? I'm sorry I couldn't attend the graduation?"

"It's fine Dad!" I nodded smiling at him "The last one you attended, you nearly ruined a lot of relationships but it went fine and now, I'm back to Blue Ridge for good and yes, I've been taking all of my Alpha classes."

"Good, I'm so proud of you and everything you've

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achieved," he nodded with approval. "So, bring me up to date? I heard there was a Gala and a bit of chaos. What happened?"

I sighed, poking at my food, deciding what part to tell him before looking up. "There's been chaos alright, and Lyla came back... Well, came and then left again."

My father's eyes widened with shock. "Really? Why did

she leave?"

"Same issue. She had a huge fight with her parents and she cut herself off from everyone. Masked her scent. and her Pack mark. This time and, she's not coming

back."

"Damn!" my dad shook his head, "That's so sad. I still think Logan is overreacting with you know... what happens to her every month. There are a lot of technological advancements these days that can help

with that."

"Tell me about it!" I shook my head and pushed my plate away suddenly losing appetite. "And then she was arrested on the other of the Lycan Leader, attacked by a Feral and nearly died... She's been through so much, so it's understandable if she doesn't want to be in our

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world again."

My father nodded; his brow furrowed with concern. "Sometimes, I used to wonder what I would do, maybe put myself in Alpha Logan's shoes and wonder what I would do if you were born with any... defects," He swallowed. "I don't think I can ever abandon my child, worse as it is. And I know you care about her a great deal."

I swallowed hard, trying to push down the emotions rising in my chest. "She's my best friend Dad – my only friend."

We both fell into a comfortable *www.flarelwp@.com*

nce for a moment. I

knew my father was waiting for me to tell him more

and then offer comfort. He never pushed too hard with

my emotions and always waited for me to talk. He

would simply offer support even when he didn't

understand.

"Anyways," I said after a while, forcing a smile. "I'm guessing you'll attend the council meeting tomorrow since you're here?"

Before my father could respond, a loud knock sounded at the door, startling both of us.

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We exchanged puzzled glances –

"Are you expecting anyone?" I asked my dad as the knock came again, firmer than before.

"Nope! You?"

"No!" I shook my head, wondering who could be talking

on the Pack's Beta's door by this time. *WWW@.@o(v)elwórt(n).com*

"I'll get it," My father said rising from the table. I

watched him go, a strange feeling settling in the pit of my stomach.

I listened as my father opened the door, and then I heard muffled voices in conver

Behind him stood none other than Alpha Ramsey – the Lycan Leader. *www.nðveIwo@M.coM*

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